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## Executive Suite or Sweet Executive

### The Interview

Dwayne Williams walked to and through the front doors of his corporate offices and main manufacturing plant from the double wide parking space with its 'Reserved for Mr. Williams' sign large enough to make the point that no one should park in front of it. Sitting in the spot now was a 2006 Racing Red Ferrari SuperAmerica with a 65° V12 producing 532 bhp out of 350.8 cubic inches attached to a six speed F1A / Manual transmission. This little jewel goes from 0 to 62 miles per hour in a mere 4.20 seconds with a top speed of 199 miles per hour. Dwayne Williams worked long hard hours to build his business and every time he walked into any of his manufacturing plants or sales offices he laughed to himself. The reason for the smile on his face was not the newest of his six Ferraris, nor was it the \$5000.00 custom hand-made Oxxford suit he was wearing, or the fact that his entire office was furnished in irreplaceable artifacts he's collected in his short thirty-two years of living.

Dwayne Williams graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Undergraduate School of Business and went directly to the Wharton School of Business for his Masters in Business Administration. The Admissions Committee was loath to take a fresh-out-of-school graduate, but his perfect score on the General Management Aptitude Test and the Law School Aptitude Test combined with a perfect 4.0 cumulative grade point average spoke to them loud and clear. Dwayne Williams proved to be the smartest, cleverest, and most appealing individual to grace the halls of that hallowed school of business. He also had a very dry, acerbic sense of humor. He named his company Acme Manufacturing. Being a student of all things Negro, Black, and African-American, he maintained a love as well as abhorrence for what can be said is the funniest black comedy ever produced. 'Amos 'n Andy' made him laugh and cry at the same time, but it was from one of the classic radio and television shows he took the name of his company.

Seems the Kingfish needed to use Andy's office to complete one of his hair brained schemes. Andy not being able to deny the Kingfish allowed him to use his office while he was out to lunch. The Kingfish knew full well that he had an hour to make or break his million dollar slam dunk money-in-his-pocket scheme. The individual that was the Kingfish's mark arrived at the appointed time and was escorted into the President of Acme Manufacturing's office. He was duly impressed with his surroundings, but had one very important question to ask the man standing behind the mahogany desk, The Kingfish.

"Excuse me, Mr. Kingfish," stated the individual, "would you be so kind as to explain what you manufacture here at Acme Manufacturing?"

The question absolutely put the Kingfish into a tizzy. Flummoxed he turned his back to his questioner, placed his right hand below his chin as his left hand cradled his right elbow, and with his pose set he turned around and stated while rubbing his chin, "We, ah, manufacturers, ah, Acmes. Small Acmes, medium Acmes, and some, ah, very large Acmes."

Needless to say, the potential mark just looked askance at the Kingfish and stormed out of not the President of Acme Manufacturing's office.

So, every time Dwayne Williams walks into his multi-million dollar specialized manufacturing business, he chuckles thinking that all he manufactures are, ah, Acmes. God, how he loved that only a very few people knew the reason why he named one of the leading manufacturers of specialized medical resonance and surgical equipment as he did.

The other thing that people wondered about Dwayne Williams was why a 32 year old, six foot six inch, two hundred and twenty five pound, physically fit, well educated, and a very wealthy man was single. Dwayne Williams did not have an ounce of fat on his body. He worked out seven days-a-week with one of two of his on-staff personal trainers. His meals were prepared and cooked by a highly paid nutritionist who specialized in maintaining the closest to perfect amount of vitamins, minerals, amino acids, and whatever else she felt his body needed to maintain a long healthful life. Walking down the main street of any city, Dwayne Williams turned the women's heads. Men, unafraid of their being called homosexual, would admire the physical size of Dwayne Williams and the way he carried himself. Men and women put off by his size just looked away or crossed to the other side of the street to avoid him. Self-assured power exuded from within him and was obviously expressed by his personality when interacting with others.

The one thing that Dwayne Williams kept to himself was his love of white women. Not just any white women, but young married white women preferably between the ages of twenty-one to thirty-five. With all his African-American self-empowerment, Dwayne Williams preferred to be sexually active with white or Asian women. He also preferred the role of the dominant male in any relationship, but sexually, he made it a very obvious rule. Why? Very simple. God, or whomever you believe created the human race, endowed Dwayne Williams with a cock that could, no should, be in the Guinness Book of Records. Not really, but his twelve inches were enough to make any of his ladies cry out in pain and pleasure. That was one of the only other things that made him chuckle to himself is when he would catch some woman staring at his crotch. He wasn't homophobic, but anytime he caught a man looking at his crotch he was either gay or stunned. No matter how he tried, he could not hide the fact that his sexual organ hung down this left leg almost halfway to his knee.

Dwayne Williams was going to be interviewing a new sales executive this morning. On paper, she looked excellent. Just two years out of college and already closing deals in the millions of dollars. Just the Type A personality he needed to expand his business out of hospitals into medical surgical suites now being established by surgeons looking to reduce the cost of surgery while maintaining a high level of medical and surgical confidence. He scheduled the meeting to cross over lunch so he could spend some time with her seeing how she acted in a more social setting. Interviewing someone in your office is one thing, but talking to them over lunch is another. One can learn a lot about a person as they relax and begin to open up in a less stressful environment. Dwayne Williams inferred from the minute he saw the head shot of Priscilla Andrea Johnston that accompanied her resume from the executive headhunting service he used; that she would be better off talking to him in a more relaxed setting.

"Good morning, Mr. Williams," said Agatha McCormack, a sturdy woman of sixty-five years who started with Dwayne when all he had was a small plant in the worst run down area of the Bronx. Dwayne never forgot how hard she worked for him, how much she admired what he was trying to build, and how selfless she was making herself available to complete mundane secretarial tasks so he could build his business. And, most importantly, she could keep a secret. Corporate and personal intelligence that passed across her desk which would ultimately end up on his was as secure as Fort Knox. That is why Ms. Agatha McCormack was his personal assistant, confidant, and the highest paid person, other than himself, in the company. He made sure to check on her family and their needs. He never gave a second thought when she asked for something special, because she never said no when he needed her to do something while his company was in its infancy or now for that matter.

"Good morning, Aggie. You have a good weekend?" replied Dwayne looking directly into her deep brown eyes.

"I couldn't have asked for anything better, Mr. Williams. My children and grand-children spent the weekend with me. God blessed me and it is just so sad that Matthew couldn't be here to enjoy his grand-children."

Dwayne Williams smiled to himself. She wears her religion on her sleeve, but she doesn't force it down anyone else's throat. No matter how many times he told Aggie she could address him as Dwayne, she always called him Mr. Williams. No matter how many times he told her that she should be addressed as Mrs. McCormack, she replied that she worked for him and not the other way around. Dwayne Williams knew that the day she left his organization through retirement or death he'd be hard pressed to replace her.

"I'm truly happy you had a great weekend, Aggie. I have an eleven AM appointment, please be sure to escort Ms. Johnston in promptly, hold all my calls, and call Jacques at La Bonne Auberge to confirm my twelve-fifteen reservation." Dwayne Williams turned, noticed Aggie had already hit the button to automatically open the door to his office, and slowly sauntered into his office. The new week was beginning, he had to review last week's final sales and production numbers, and he wanted to be sure that he was ready for this morning's interview.

On his desk he found the folder with the previous week's numbers. He didn't like to see the cost of fuel rising as well as some of the strategic metals his products required. The slightest rise in certain raw material costs could cripple some of his American plants. Closing plants in the United States was not on his agenda. Trying to make the unions see that if they continued to fight his use of technology, he would have to move his production off shore and in the end put his fellow Americans, no matter what their racial or ethnic background out of work. He reached for his phone and dialed the extension for Michael Jackson, his Vice President of Operations. How his mother could have ever named him that he never could understand.

The phone rang twice before Mike picked it up. "Mike, come to my office. I want to discuss some of last week's numbers with you." Dwayne didn't even wait for an answer. Two minutes later the door to his office opened and in walked Michael Jackson. He was a childhood friend that had enough sense to go to college and get a degree in business. Dwayne hired him only after he made him go into the Marine Corps for four years to learn to be a man. It worked, because Mike came back a different individual more self-assured and confident in his abilities. He was also grounded on the realities of life and what one needed to truly succeed.

"Mr. Williams," Mike started to speak as he entered the office "I don't see anything out of the ordinary with the numbers. There was a minor spike in the cost of the strategic raw materials, but I called three of our suppliers and got them to reduce their price by twelve percent for the next three months. I can't do anything about the fuel until the end of the month when we renegotiate our contracts."

"I know, Mike, but the plants in Mississippi and Louisiana are going to see a rise of at least thirteen percent in their manufacturing costs. That means we're going to see a decrease of at least twenty-five percent in profit after cost-of-goods sold. We can't support that with how tight our margins are."

"Dwayne, you have to understand that I am on top of it. The numbers are not fluctuating as wildly as you think. I've been doing this long enough and I've never not come to you when I believe something is going wrong," replied Mike, knowing that Dwayne was just going through his Monday morning bullshit.

"Sounds good to me," replied Dwayne. "So, how was your weekend?"

"Great, just great... My older daughter took her brand spanking new car and wrapped it around a tree. My son knocked up his under age girlfriend. My wife decided to see if the basement could be turned into an indoor pool by letting the washing machine overflow for a couple of hours. And you ask me how my weekend was?"

"Now, I have to believe after I just finished making you crazy over the numbers, Mike, you're just trying to get a rise out of me. I know for a fact that your daughter did not wreck her new car because she came over my place yesterday to show it to me. So, I'll ask you again, you have a good weekend?"

"Damn, Dwayne... You know me too well. It was a typical family weekend. Quiet. Dinner Saturday night with Darla while the kids did their thing. I can't believe that Michael, Jr. will be graduating college this year and his sister will be starting NYU in the fall. How time flies. Damn, look at the time; I have a phone conference with the European Subsidiaries in ten minutes." Without waiting for a reply from Dwayne, Mike turned and walked out the door.

Dwayne sat for a few minutes thinking about this morning's exchange with his childhood friend and realized that Mike was right. The numbers weren't that bad and Mike would do everything to make sure that profits did not sink into the abyss. He pushed back in his leather chair and wondered if Ms. Johnston would be as appealing as he hoped. Dwayne knew it was getting near that time for the WWLC to meet for their quarterly fun fest. Dwayne and five of his closest "*Nigga Brothers*" made up the private club. What was even better all of them worked for him and to a man loved what he did - white women - and married to boot. And that is why they named the club - White Women Lover's Club. Not a really cool name for their club, but they all loved the simplicity of it and the underlying possibilities.

Dwayne naturally held the President's title and everyone else were just members. Michael Jackson, Rutherford B. Washington, Archibald '*The Reverend*' Jones, Jamal '*The Dunk*' Livingston, and Marcus Iverson were founding members of the exclusive WWLC. All of them were married to African-American women, each of them had something no white woman's husband had, and each of them loved to see the reaction of the women and their husbands when they exposed their black manhood to them. Dwayne was the only single member and the only member that tried not to maintain a long term relationship with his white woman. All the others seemed to feel more at ease knowing they always had at least two to three women that would beg to be invited to the quarterly fun fest. The only condition they all agreed upon was that none of them ever told their wives or children about the club. The reason for the weekend away was always announced as executive business meetings required to discuss the corporate needs of the upcoming quarter.

At precisely 10:45 AM, the intercom on his phone gave one short beep which was a surreptitious signal from Agatha that the individual for his 11:00 AM meeting had arrived. If he did nothing, Agatha new to keep the person waiting until the appointed time, if he sent her a return beep, she knew that an earlier entrance would be acceptable. Dwayne did not want to show his anxiety about meeting Ms. Johnston by returning a beep, but he wanted to see if his expectations were correct. He reached for his phone and gently tapped the button labeled Agatha. He took a deep breath, sat up straight in his executive chair, and waited for the door to open.

Agatha didn't wait long to invite Ms. Johnston into Mr. Williams office. "Mr. Williams will see you now, Ms. Johnston. The door will open automatically," she stated in an even voice considering the woman who just stood up was one the prettiest women she'd ever laid eyes on.

Priscilla Andrea Johnston straightened her navy blue skirt, stood up, and thanked Mrs. McCormack, "Thank you," and turned towards the mahogany door that was slowly swinging open.

Priscilla Johnston stood six foot even in her stocking feet, but because she was on an interview she decided to wear moderately high heels which brought her height to an even six feet three inches. To say the least, she towered over all the women she met and a good portion of the men. She wore a Donna Karan Exclusive navy blue business suit, matching white DKNY blouse, navy blue stockings, and a pair of Bally navy calfskin leather three inch heel shoes. Her briefcase was a custom made lambskin soft case that had exterior pockets and was large enough to carry a laptop computer. Her blonde hair was neatly trimmed to shoulder length and was stick straight. Her closest friends and everyone she met was take by her turquoise eyes, not hazel, not blue, but a deep turquoise with flecks of gold surrounding the black iris opening. She carried her 145 pounds exactly the way a runway model would. She was extremely thin for her height, but her daily workouts kept her muscles toned and the toned musculature only accentuated her beauty. On her left hand were a gold and platinum wedding ring and a two carat solitaire diamond engagement ring. She wore a Breitling Model 826 Fighter set with diamonds on the bezel on her left wrist. Aside from being a Type A personality, she had style and apparently the money to afford her level of luxury.

Dwayne Williams made it a point to remain sitting behind his desk when potential employees entered his office. To him, it was a sign of authority - the man behind the desk and the power within the company. When he saw the tall, svelte, blonde woman stride through the door he knew he had to hire her, but more importantly without even a word between them he knew. Dwayne Williams just saw the next white woman he wanted to fuck. With that idea set in his mind, he did something he's never done with a potential employee - he stood up.

Priscilla Johnston strode up to the front of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century French ornate desk that Dwayne stood behind, offered her right hand, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Williams. I would like to thank you for taking the opportunity to meet me to discuss the possibilities of my joining your company. From the information I've gained by searching the

Internet, I found that you built this company from scratch and now have it poised to corner the medical resonance and surgical equipment market. Quite impressive, if I don't say so myself."

Dwayne Williams just smiled at Priscilla Johnston as he held her soft white hand in his big black paw. He did not squeeze her hand very hard, but hard enough to let her know that he could crush it if he wanted to. It had been a long time since he met a woman and felt a stirring in his loins. He found his tongue and replied, "Thank you Ms. Johnston. From your resume, I see you've climbed the sales management ladder and easily passed through the glass ceiling. Please sit so we can see if you're the sales executive I need to help push the company into a market that I believe is ripe for the taking."

Priscilla Johnston noticed that the only chair in front of Mr. Williams' desk was an antique oak straight back chair with no cushion. Dwayne continued smiling as he pointed to the chair that he noticed had gotten her attention. She placed her briefcase next to the chair, used her hands to smooth her dress from her hips to her thighs, and sat down with her knees together pointing to her right, his left. She made herself as comfortable as she could when she realized he placed the chair there for one and only one reason – to see how the potential employee handled an uncomfortable situation. After settling in, she looked directly at Dwayne Williams and smiled.

Dwayne saw the momentary hesitation and then the realization of why the chair was there on her face as he sat down in the deep piled executive leather chair. Some interviewees could not handle the hard chair the minute they sat down on it; while others took from ten to thirty minutes to begin to squirm and get really uncomfortable. He thought to himself that Ms. Johnston is going to be one of the very few people to sit and mentally put all thoughts of pain out of her mind to complete the interview without moving a leg muscle. He made a bet to himself that she'd probably never cross her legs either.

Dwayne never liked interviewing potential employees especially since the government, the physically handicapped, mentally handicapped; yadda-yadda-yadda decided that certain questions were politically incorrect. "How long did it take you to commute here this morning? Monday mornings can be rather tedious trying to get here from any part of the tri-state area."

Priscilla knew the drill. Start with a conversational question. Make the candidate relax. Elicit a simple answer. Then go for the throat. "I did my commute work up front, Mr. Williams. I had two weeks to Google the company, go to Mapquest for directions, and a week ago Sunday I took the time to drive here without the vagaries of a Monday morning commute to see if my Internet directions needed a tweak or two. I knew it would take me about thirty-five minutes to get here and gave myself fifty-five. Never can be too cautious with time when traveling in the City."

Dwayne was impressed with her answer and the direct, no bullshit way of stating it. Must be that Midwest honesty and forthrightness. "Ms. Johnston, would you please explain to me why you're looking to leave the company you're with?" Dwayne asked the rather vivacious woman sitting opposite him.

Without missing a beat, Priscilla Johnston replied, "Mr. Williams, have you ever accomplished something in a record period of time and find out that you've emptied the barrel. In the eight months I've been with Silverstein Partners, I've closed six of their biggest deals. They've never encountered someone like me. I closed deals that others were working on for years. That is when I saw they had nothing in the pipeline and their product was at its end-of-shelf-life. I knew, if I wanted to continue to grow in the business world, expand my sales abilities, and continue to make the base salary and commissions I'm used to, I'd have to seek greener pastures. Actually I did something I shouldn't have done, but last Friday I told them I would not be returning today. I should have given them two weeks or even four weeks notice, but I knew that it would be a waste of time. To my surprise, my boss gave me my leave and told me I would have my final check by week's end."

"I see you where you started taking classes at the Stern School. What are your concentrations?"

"Marketing. Finance."

"What about the modern day Internet, media, and mass mailings," asked Dwayne a bit surprised at her two single word answers.

Priscilla hadn't moved a muscle since sitting down in front of her inquisitor. She paused for just a second or two and answered, "Marketing comprises all avenues of letting the world know about your product. It also opens the statistical analysis door to see if your advertising programs are reaching your demographics. Your potential customers. But, I believe your product is so vertical that putting together a marketing and advertising plan should play to the potential market. I believe that a good sales executive should have a solid foundation in marketing and finance."

"I see you're only two years out of a small college in the Midwest. Are you a transplant to New York?"

"Yes, Sir. I knew that I had to migrate to the largest commercial center in the world to make my mark and hopefully take my place in the yet to be built Business Hall of Fame."

"Your resume says you have a Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration and a Bachelor's of Arts Degree in Psychology. You dual majored in what seems to be two diametrically opposed studies."

"Not really, Mr. Williams. The business degree gave me my basis in accounting, ethics, and business practices. Psychology gave me the understanding of people, cultures, and brain functions so I could better deal with the intricacies of closing major deals. It really is a natural synergy, not diametrically opposed as you think."

"Prior to joining Silverstein Partners you worked at a company called Johnston Construction in Kansas City, Kansas. It seems you joined them directly out of college. Why did you go there instead of coming to New York City directly? It would seem that selling is not a big part of what they do. Don't get me wrong Ms. Johnston, but selling siding or room additions is not what you call major business."

Priscilla smiled to herself when he finished asking his question. "Johnston Construction is my husband's father's company. They aren't a small siding or addition type of construction company. I'm surprised you haven't heard of them considering they're contracted to build three of the four tallest buildings in the world. One in Dallas / Fort Worth, one in Singapore to pass the height of the PETRONAS Towers in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and one scheduled to be built right here in New York City on the West Side. I was deeply involved with the Singapore and New York bids. In fact I take pride in helping the company close the New York bid because of the ancient ways the City and State of New York work when it comes to major real estate deals."

"If you were so successful, why did you decide to leave for New York? And why did your husband give up any chance of inheriting the company?"

"That is an easy question to answer Mr. Williams. My husband's family decided to sell the business about eleven months ago. My husband is not the favorite son and his choice was simple. His brothers were to receive the lion's share of the sale after they stewarded the new owner's investment for two years. All my husband was going to receive was a small settlement of about fifty thousand dollars. We saw the handwriting on the wall. It was an easy decision."

Dwayne was impressed with her honesty and candor. "I know the next question is definitely out-of-bounds and you don't have to answer it if you don't want to. What does your husband do for work?"

"Sad to say, but, Dennis has been unemployed for several months. He has a Bachelor's Degree in Accounting, but never went any further with his studies. It is not easy to find a well paying job for a junior accountant. And, I do make the lion's share of our income."

"Children? What I mean to ask is are you considering having children?"

Priscilla angled her head to the right when she heard the question. "According to all information I have about that specific type of question I do not have to respond. But, I know that you're wondering if I'm going to accept employment and then sometime in the near future walk in and say I'm pregnant I'm leaving you or want six months paid maternity leave. So, at this point in time, I am not thinking about children. My biological clock is ticking, but I believe I can wait longer and I really want to make my mark in business. To be blunt Mr. Williams, I believe that I have the ability to take your company where you want. Without question."

Dwayne sat back, put his hands behind his head, and just stared at the woman. Her eyes did not flinch. "Where do you see yourself in five years?"

"I see myself sitting in a high backed leather conference room chair on your right side in the Executive Committee, Board of Directors, and Shareholder's Meetings as your CSO."

Dwayne frowned when he heard CSO. "CSO?"

"Yes, CSO. Chief Sales Officer. I don't believe that Corporate Vice President of Sales is the correct organizational identifier for the position I believe I will end up holding in your company, Mr. Williams."

*'Extremely self-assured'* Dwayne thought to himself. I wonder how she would react when I have her legs spread open and the head of my cock pressing at the gates of her opening. God how he wanted to just throw her down on the floor and force himself on her. He could feel himself actively trying to defuse his desire for this woman. It will take some doing, but he knew he'd be fucking her in a matter of weeks or more hopefully days. He also knew from the short time he'd been interviewing her, that he was going to offer her a contract. A very healthy contract.

"Well. Ms. Johnston are you ready for something to eat?"

"I wasn't really planning on lunch, but I see it is nearing that time. I'd be honored to accompany you to lunch. We can continue our interview there," she stated in an even business like tone.

"There'll be no need to continue the interview process over lunch. Priscilla. Excuse me, but it is alright that I call you Priscilla?"

"Of course, if I can call you Dwayne," Priscilla countered.

"In the business world you'll be Ms. Johnston and I'll be Mr. Williams. When were alone or amongst friends and certain associates you'll be Priscilla and I'll be Dwayne. Why don't you leave your briefcase next to the chair? No one is going to bother it as the door to my office is controlled by electronics. I've made a reservation at a nice French restaurant and depending upon traffic can be considered not far from here."

Dwayne Williams stood, walked around his desk, and for the first time he noticed that Priscilla had scanned his body from head to foot; stopping for more than a split second when she crossed the area of his crotch. Priscilla Johnston tried hard not to openly stare at the front of his pants, but she realized that he had to be the largest man she's ever seen in person. He picked up his suit jacket, put it on, and took Priscilla by her left arm and guided her to the ever so slowly opening door to his office. Just as they arrived the door opened fully and they strode out into the anteroom that was just outside his office.

Agatha looked up from her desk and knew that Mr. Williams had made up his mind about hiring Ms. Johnston. "I take it you're headed to Jacques for lunch, Mr. Williams."

"Yes, Agatha, but I do have something for you to do while we're eating. I left a document with you this morning. Please use level five for the numbers and have it ready for me when I return," stated Dwayne as he guided Priscilla out of his office suite to his Racing Red Ferrari. Agatha McCormack realized that Mr. Williams had told her to modify the Acme Standard Employment Contract salary and commission terms for the employment he was going to offer Ms. Johnston. Without question, she found the folder and began revising the document on her computer.

The ride from Acme Manufacturing to La Bonne Auberge did not take very long considering the midday traffic was horrendous, but a fifteen minute drive at night did take close to 33 minutes to complete. The restaurant was located in a house on the edge of a residential area. The city allowed the owner to make the necessary changes to a commercial building right next to the property. Jacques razed the building to put in a covered parking lot. Upon arriving at the restaurant, Dwayne could see the valet removing three red traffic cones from a spot directly next to the front door. He maneuvered the Racing Red Ferrari into the spot, shut down the engine as the valet opened the door for him to exit, walked around the vehicle to open the door for Priscilla, and helped her out of the vehicle.

"Keep an eye on it Mark and don't be standin' next to it drooling. I just picked it up on Saturday," Dwayne said as he slipped the valet a fifty dollar bill. Priscilla noticed that he did not give the keys to the valet.

"So, I see you have your own parking space here," said Priscilla.

"Not mine exclusively, but Jacques has two spots on each side of the main entrance for his preferred customers. You'll enjoy today's lunch. Jacques maintains what would be considered a four star restaurant under Guide Michelin and Fodor's rules." He took her by her left arm and gently moved her towards the main entrance where a slight man in a black tuxedo stood holding the handle of the door waiting for them to get close enough to open it.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Williams. Nice to see you again Sir it has been a few weeks now, hasn't it Sir?" asked the doorman.

"It has at that Wilson. I've been on the road keeping my eyes and ears open for that special song you've been telling me you're going to have playing nationwide."

"Oh, Mr. Williams, please now, you know I was just havin' some fun with you. What do a sixty-two year old broken down second string footballer know about today's music." With that Wilson began laughing quietly as he opened the door for them to enter. Again Priscilla noticed the quick but not so surreptitious slipping of a folded bill into Wilson's left jacket pocket.

The interior of the restaurant could only be explained as exquisite. The Victorian house was in perfect condition and the furnishings were all 15<sup>th</sup>, 16<sup>th</sup>, 17<sup>th</sup>, and 18<sup>th</sup> Century French antiques. The wall were covered with flocked wall paper, the wood through out the building was pine, white oak, red oak, and mahogany stained to match the interior décor of the room, and the floors were all random width oak floors. Some of the wood on the floor was recovered from some of the most prestigious mansions the used to line the streets of this area of the Northern Bronx and Southern Westchester County. The main door opened into a vestibule area that was manned by the Maitre'D and his top assistant. Priscilla noticed that Mr. Williams was greeted and without question they were taken to the third floor in a private elevator.

Waiting in a small room was the owner Jacques. "Bon jour, Monsieur Williams. Como va tu?"

Priscilla immediately noticed the use of the familiar forms of the French verbs. "Ca va, Jacques. E tu," replied Dwayne in perfect French.

"Bien. Enough with the French!!! I have laid out a nice lunch consisting of a very special lobster bisque, a wonderful Rack of Lamb, two green vegetables, mashed garlic potatoes, and for dessert your special chocolate ice cream. In between each course a small taste of lemon sorbet to cleanse the pallet. I have decided to be a bit daring and have ordered up a bottle of Chateau Lafayette Rothschild for the wine accompaniment. Please..." Jacques waved to the small table sitting just in front of a bay window. The tablecloth was white damask linen, the plates were solid silver as was the silverware and the wine and water glasses were 100% leaded crystal.

"Thank you Jacques." Dwayne held the chair for Priscilla to sit down and walked around the small table to his seat. After getting comfortable, he looked directly into her eyes, "I've noticed that you've all of a sudden become very quiet. Is there a special reason?"

Priscilla knew she'd have to spend some time with her potential employer, but she'd never been around a man with such an obvious sexual package. She realized that for the first time in her life she was at a loss for words. Not because of a lack of intelligence, but because she didn't know or understand the feelings that were coursing through her body and brain. "No, there isn't any specific reason. I was impressed with the Ferrari, this lunch, and..."

"You need to relax, Priscilla. There is a part of the job description that puts you into direct contact with me on a daily basis. It may be in person or on the phone. E-mails will be the other means of communication, but I know my, what did you call it; yes; my CSO; will be intimately involved with the day-to-day sales operations; which, Priscilla, translates into intimate contact with me on a daily basis." Dwayne sat back thinking to himself how he'd like to be



intimate with her right now. Here besides the table. Priscilla bent over, her arms resting on the table as he pistoned his black cock in and out of her white pussy. He noticed a slight change in her face when finished speaking.

Lunch was as uneventful as their conversation. Jacques provided a meal that any gourmand would kill for. Dwayne and Priscilla ate and discussed everything from business and politics to sports and which teams each of them rooted for. Dwayne had told Jacques to make sure that some time passed between the main course and dessert. He wanted to make sure that everything would be perfect for the presentation of the chocolate ice cream. The time had come and he signaled for dessert.

Jacques brought out a single plate. On it was half a peach, half a tangerine, the ice cream, and a small amount of white cream sauce. He placed the plate in front of Priscilla and not in the middle of the table. "Enjoy," was all he said as he turned and left the room closing the door behind him.

"Excuse me, but is that what I think it is?" Priscilla intoned.

Dwayne replied, "It is your dessert named the Widow's Delight. It is made up of chocolate ice cream, white chocolate sauce, and two pieces of fruit."

Priscilla cried, "Mr. Williams!!! The ice cream is in the shape of a...'

"Phallus?" retorted Dwayne.

"Are you trying to make me not take the job?"

"No, Priscilla. I'm testing how you react to the unexpected. Now, I expect you to do whatever you need to eat the ice cream."

"With what? There are no utensils of any kind on the table."

"Use your imagination. Stand if you have to. Turn the plate. If you're wondering, the phallus is exactly twelve inches in length, five-and-a-half inches thick, and the cream at the tip is the white chocolate sauce. I think you know what the pieces of fruit represent."

Priscilla Johnston stared at Dwayne Williams. Her demeanor did not change. She looked down at the ice cream phallus and back at the man who presented the test to her. The longer she took to make her decision she believed the shorter it would take for her prospective employer to decide not to hire her. She looked at the plate and decided the only way to eat the ice cream was to stand, lick the white cream that was dripping off the tip and the sides, and somehow get the ice cream into her mouth. Priscilla smiled, stared hard at Dwayne Williams as she pushed her chair back from the table, and stood. She took the plate holding the ice cream and moved it closer to the edge of the table which brought it directly under her face. She looked down at the tip of the chocolate phallus, pulled her hair back, smiled, and bent her head down to the frozen dessert.

Priscilla Johnston proceeded to lick the tasty white chocolate cream sauce off the tip of the chocolate phallus. She slowly turned the plate so she could get all the tasty sauce off the head and side of the frozen treat. She licked from just below the ridge of the head to the top and when she thought she had enough of the sauce removed from the ice cream she opened her mouth and placed it over the head of the chocolate ice cream phallus. She'd never in her life had anything that large in her mouth. She stretched it as wide as she could and she pressed her head down taking the head of the edible sex organ into her mouth. She knew she would win this trial and would also make sure the man sitting opposite her paid for her humiliation.

Dwayne Williams sat back in his chair and sipped his rich dark French roast coffee. He felt a twinge in his crotch as he watched Priscilla Johnston begin to fellate the chocolate ice cream phallus that was her dessert. For a woman that seemed very conservative and probably religious also, she took to sucking the ice cream with a vigor borne from experience. Maybe not experienced with the size of the black man's cock, but she seems to be a natural at

cocksucking even if it was a cold piece of ice cream. He was duly impressed as she used the warmth of her mouth to slowly melt the head and begin to eat the ice cream by sucking the phallus into her mouth.

For the next ten minutes, Priscilla sucked the chocolate dessert. She got it to the point where she could take about seven inches into her mouth and throat. With each movement of her head on the ice cream dessert it became thinner and easier to suck on. She knew it was time to end Dwayne's fun. She picked her head up, looked across at him, and then took about four inches of the ice cream phallus into her mouth and bit it off. With a bit of chocolate ice cream dripping down from the corners of her mouth she sat down and proceeded to chew the delightful tasting ice cream and swallow it. She did not stand up. She sat there and wiped her mouth and waited for Dwayne to speak.

"You left some on you plate, Priscilla." Dwayne said in a matter-of-fact way.

"Mr. Williams, you've had your fun and I believe, no, I know I've passed your test. You have only two choices from here. One, you tell me I didn't pass your infantile fellatio test and I will wait here while you have one of your lackeys bring my briefcase here to me or two, stand up, take me by the arm back to your office, and double whatever number is on the contract that awaits my signature. Your choice, Dwayne.

For the first time since he met Priscilla Johnston he was flabbergasted. He didn't expect her to dial in on his test, complete it to a point, and then make demands of him. She was an intelligent, strong-willed white woman who could and would feed his desire to bed her and see if he could break her.

"I guess we're headed back to the office Ms. Johnston," said Dwayne as he stood up, smiled, and took her arm. "Welcome to Acme Manufacturing, Priscilla and maybe we can find some work for Dennis."

The drive back to the offices took just as long as the drive to the restaurant. Priscilla sat a bit catty corner and looked at Dwayne as he maneuvered the Ferrari through the mid-afternoon traffic. Every so often he would turn to look at her and on more than one occasion he felt he caught her looking at his crotch. Driving a Ferrari with F1 paddle shifters meant his legs were not moving between the gas, break, and clutch pedals. Which meant his left leg was basically not moving and one could see the outline of his flaccid cock resting on his left thigh. He also noted that Priscilla was not as concerned about how she sat and he swore she was giving him a small taste of what lay ahead. Wishing was one thing, but knowing white women the way he did, knowledge was power and he knew that she'd succumb to him.

Sitting in his office after lunch proved to be an exercise in raw business negotiations. Priscilla did not back down from her statement about Dwayne doubling his offer. They bandied the pay, bonus, and benefits back-and-forth for a good hour-and-a-half. At one point, Priscilla stood up, leaned across his desk, and without any fear told Dwayne Williams he could take his business and his big black cock and shove them where the sun don't shine. Dwayne at that point knew he'd have to increase his employment package and see if she'd accept his other package which was stirring because of her standing up to him.

"Ok, Ms. Johnston. I offer you a base salary of 1.5 million per year. All health, long term disability, short term disability, and life insurance company paid. Double indemnity on the life insurance and the value of the term life insurance will be five times your salary. A company car of your choice with the insurance being paid by Acme Manufacturing. All air miles earned are yours and any taxes incurred will be paid by Acme Manufacturing. Bonus structure where you can earn up to 20% of your gross profit on sales when they pass ten million in delivered and installed equipment. Stock options will be provided and the ability to buy any IPO offering at the lowest possible price per share. You will have a 10% match against your 401k plan beginning with the first pay issued." Dwayne Williams looked across his desk waiting for her response.

"What about vesting in the 401k?"

Dwayne rolled his eyes. He knew she had him over a barrel. Ok, Ok, I'll vest you with your first paycheck.

"I want it all put into a contract with a golden parachute should you decide to terminate my employment even if that termination is for cause. The golden parachute will consist of the total value of my base salary, health care until

I'm sixty-five, and cash for the value of any unrealized gains in the stock options not redeemed." Priscilla sat stone straight in the chair and waited for his answer.

Dwayne Williams stood up and walked around his desk and stood in front of the most captivating white woman he'd seen in a long time. He leaned against the edge of his antique desk, smiled and said, "You have a deal, but there is one more thing you need to do for me, now." Without taking his eyes from hers, he used his right hand to lower the zipper on his suit, and reached in and took out his not so flaccid cock.

"All you have to do now, CSO Priscilla Johnston, is take that sweet mouth and do to me what you did to the dessert. And if you threaten me with some form of lawsuit based upon sexual harassment, I'll have no problem crushing you and your husband like bugs when I win the case. So, all you have to do to accept employment contract is suck my cock."

Priscilla Johnston was flabbergasted at what Dwayne Williams was proposing she do. She had never in all her years cheated on Dennis. Yes, prior to getting serious with Dennis she had slept with two others in college, but as she sat there in front of her soon to be boss with a potential of becoming a millionaire in less than one year she had a decision to make. Some people would council that sucking a cock was not having sexual intercourse; therefore, it was ok to perform fellatio on someone you weren't married to. She sat for a second thinking about his offer, how she knew she'd make more money than she and Dennis could spend in a lifetime. She hesitated for what seemed like an eternity and then reached for his cock. She was surprised at the weight of it. She had slept with two other men before meeting and marrying Dennis. None of the men were as endowed as the man standing in front of her. She let his cock rest on the palm of her left hand as she cupped her right hand and slowly began to massage the stiffening sex organ. Something happened to her she didn't expect. She felt herself begin to get wet. She knew by holding Dwayne's black manhood she had committed herself to performing the act of fellatio a second time. Only this time it would be not on a cold ice cream phallus, but on something much hotter to the touch. She continued stroking his cock when she leaned forward, opened her mouth, and took the head of Dwayne Williams' circumcised cock into her mouth she knew she had in a sense just signed her employment contract.

"That's exactly what I thought you would do, Priscilla. Your mouth looks so sweet wrapped around my cock," Dwayne said as his right hand caressed the soft tresses on the back of her head.

Priscilla proceeded to take as much of his cock as she could. The girth of his manhood stretched and filled her mouth from the top of her tongue to the roof of her mouth. Her cheeks were forced open to accommodate his size. Dwayne took her upper arms and directed her to grab his backside so she could slide his cock into and out of her mouth. She couldn't take it all and decided that one hand was enough to signal how he should fuck her mouth, so she used the other to stroke the thick shaft between her lips and the opening of his suit pants. Priscilla continued to suck his cock and as he got more into it he became more verbally abusive.

"Yes, you white bitch. Suck a superior black cock. Show me that my offer to you was worth it. Come on bitch, suck my dick. I bet your husband doesn't even come close to what is filling your sweet white bitch mouth. You dripping yet? Damn girl, suck it so the whole thing goes down your fuckin' throat!!!"

Priscilla continued her oral ministrations on a cock that was the biggest she'd ever seen or much less had in her hand and mouth. She could feel him pressing when his cock hit the back of her throat. She tried with all her might to fight the gag reflex as she felt the first time she coughed out his cock would be the last time she exerted any control over how deep he thrust into her throat. The shaft had three veins sticking out and the head was a color of purple she'd never seen before. She was amazed at how hard the shaft felt in her hand and how soft and pliable the head was against the roof of her mouth and on her tongue. She hoped he wouldn't take her by the back of her head and force his cock down her throat. She'd never deep throated any of the three cocks she sucked before doing Dwayne's. She closed her eyes and just continued to provide a warm wet place for her employer's cock. At this point in time, enjoyment was not foremost in her mind. All she wanted to do was to get it over with.

Dwayne didn't like that she closed her eyes. Using both his hands he grabbed each side of her head, stopped her from sliding up and down his shaft, and growled, "Don't you dare close your eyes when you are providing oral pleasures. No matter how many times you suck my cock in the future, you will always look into my eyes and use

your eyes to tell me how wonderful you feel about what you are doing to and for me. The cock you're sucking today is definitely the only cock you'll ever suck from today forward."

With that he let go of her head and Priscilla looked up at him and continued to fellate him. She kept her beautiful eyes open and realized she had to get off the chair and on her knees to comply with his wishes. Without skipping a beat, she slipped of the chair and onto her knees in front of her boss. It made it easier for her to look up at him and continue to stroke and suck his cock. She didn't know how long it would take him to cum and tried her hardest to make it happen as quick as humanly possible. Priscilla increased the speed of her hand on his shaft in concert with the increase in speed of her head moving up and down the hardening shaft.

"Yes... Keep it up, Priscilla. Oh, God, a CSO and now a CSC... God, yes, I anoint you my Cock Sucker in Chief... Don't stop now. Yes, yes, yes..."

Priscilla felt the shaft thicken in her hand and the head expand in her mouth. She knew he was going to explode in her mouth in just a few seconds. Taking his cock deep one last time, she felt the bottom of his cock begin to pulse as his cum rose from his balls to mix with the fluid produced by his prostate gland. She kept just the helmet head in her mouth and let him spew his juice while she used both hands to stroke and masturbate him. The whole time she continued to look up at him and noticed that he had closed his eyes as he ejaculated seven strong ropes of cum into her mouth. She had a hard time keeping up with his orgasm and only through a mighty effort did swallow all but a small amount that dribbled down her chin. She felt him begin to soften and released his cock from her hands and let it slip out of her mouth.

Dwayne looked down at the woman he just hired to be his top executive salesperson, smiled, took his right index finger and scooped up the little bit of him that hung just below her lower lip. He took the finger and offered it to her, "Now Priscilla take my finger into your mouth and finished eating what dribbled down your chin." Priscilla opened her mouth and sucked the digit in. She moved her head twice back and forth, swallowed, and released his finger.

Dwayne didn't even think about putting his cock back in his pants. He bent over and slipped his hands under Priscilla's arms and easily lifted her to a standing position. She stood without fighting or making a fuss about what had just happened between them. Dwayne could see something in her eyes and pulled her close to him. He didn't care that she had just swallowed his cum, so he leaned in and placed his lips on hers. He could feel her response to his kiss course through her body. Her body was telling him that she was not afraid to be close to him and that she was accepting of his advances. Dwayne used his tongue to force open her mouth and began the oral mating of their tongues. Priscilla responded by taking his tongue in her mouth and then using her lips to suck it just like she had done with his massive cock. She pressed her hips forward acknowledging her desire to have him between her legs and inside her.

Then without warning she pushed away from him. Priscilla Johnston had just broken several of the Ten Commandments and it hit her like a ton of bricks. Priscilla Johnston had just had sex outside her marriage. She stood looking at Dwayne Williams standing in front of his desk with a now flaccid cock hanging from the open fly of his suit pants. "I think we'd better call it a day, Dwayne. I don't know what came over me, but the thought of not getting this job was paramount in my acquiescence to your request. Think you can put that snake back into your pants? I have to go home and prepare for my second day at work, considering I just did some very special salesmanship today."

Dwayne took his black monster and put it back into his pants and zipped up, thus closing the door that he opened only fifteen minutes ago. He stared at the beautiful woman in front of him and thought he should apologize for what had occurred between them. He thought better of it and smiled as he said, "Priscilla Johnston it is a pleasure to have you in my employee. Be here tomorrow morning at 8:30 AM sharp. We'll finalize the signing of your employment contract, introduce you to your private secretary, and get you settled into your office."

Priscilla Johnston smoothed her clothes, picked up her briefcase, and said, "I'll be here promptly and now please hit the button to your electronic door so I may depart with my head held high."

Dwayne Williams returned to his executive chair, sat, and reached under the desk to press the button that would open the door to his office. He watched his newest employee depart his office and with a smug attitude knew

that she was going to be his to fuck at will. The only thing he had to control was his emotions, because he felt something he had never felt before. He knew that if he wasn't careful he could fall in love with Priscilla Johnston.

### The Explanation

Priscilla Johnston arrived at home just in time to see her husband Dennis finish setting the table for dinner. He hadn't set up the small table in the breakfast nook, but the large cherry wood dining room table in the formal dining room. She noticed he had also taken out their bone china dinner settings, sterling silver utensils, and the leaded crystal stem wear. Although he was setting a table for a celebration feast, she had a pang of fear over what had occurred between her new boss and herself. She took a deep breath and said, "So, Denny you clairvoyant or are you just assuming that I was hired?"

Dennis looked up, smiled, and replied, "Hi Cill!!! Yes, I just got this feeling that you accepted the position with Acme Manufacturing; so, I broke out the celebratory dinner ware, because I know you took the job." He walked over to where she was standing, placed his arms around her waist, pulled her to him, and planted a kiss on her lips. The lips that just an hour earlier had slid up and down the largest cock she'd ever seen in her life.

Priscilla didn't really want to kiss him without first going upstairs to brush her teeth and gargle with Listerine. She allowed him to press his lips on her momentarily, but did not respond to the probing tongue and thrusting hips. Dennis didn't stop trying to get his wife sexually aroused. He had planned to basically have sex with her on the dining room floor in celebration of her new job. He continued to press against her and didn't take long for his cock to rise in his pants. Priscilla didn't respond to his advances, broke his embrace, and said, "Dennis please, I need to go upstairs, wash, and change my clothes. I'm tired, want to relax, and have a quiet dinner."

Dennis was floored by his wife's lack of response to his advances. Priscilla never stopped, deterred or denied his advances or a sexual liaison. She was always responsive and available to him. He stepped back from her and just stared at her. His face was crestfallen and the erection that had grown in his pants was no more. "Priscilla, please, what is wrong? I thought we'd celebrate by making passionate love right here on the dining room floor. Feel our bodies connected in the most passionate of dances. Your legs wrapped around my waist, me inside you, our mouths seeking each other, and my cock buried inside your hot love tunnel..."

Priscilla couldn't take anymore of his sexual play. She needed to tell him the truth, but she knew now wasn't the time. She had to get upstairs; away from the man she loved, and be alone to cleanse herself of what she had willingly done. "Dennis, just go inside and finish dinner. Set the table in the breakfast nook. I'll be down in ten minutes. I want to wash and change. I need a few minutes to unwind. Don't argue with me, Dennis. Please, just do it."

Dennis was dumbfounded. Priscilla never spoke to him like that before. She was always considerate of his feelings as he was of hers. He stood there as she turned away from him and walked to the stairway leading to the upper floor of their center hall colonial home. When he saw her disappear up the stairs he sighed and went into the kitchen to get the everyday dinnerware onto the table so they could eat where she asked him to. Priscilla took a bit longer than the ten minutes she had said it would take her to wash and change her clothes. When she did return she was wearing a baby blue running suit and a pair of Adidas pink and white running shoes. Even dressed as she was Priscilla Johnston could make a man stop in his tracks and stare. After all their years together, Dennis Johnston was absolutely floored by his wife's beauty.

Dennis approached his wife, took her hand, and guided her to the breakfast nook where their dinner awaited. Sitting as they did across from each other they began to eat in silence. Dennis didn't say anything to her and just divided up the lemon veal, asparagus, and spring mix salad putting on it a simple oil and vinegar dressing. He opened a bottle of Australian Shiraz and poured a glass for each. With each bite the silence grew on each of them. Never in their years of dating and marriage had the silence been so thick you could cut it with a knife. Dennis was the first to break the silence.

"Cill, would you please tell me what I did wrong?"

"Dennis, you did nothing wrong." Priscilla paused, looked down at the plate of food in front of her, and said in barely a whisper, "I did."

"What are you talking about? I know you terminated your employment with Silverstein Partners before you even had anything on the horizon. I've tried my hardest to find a job here in New York. I know you were disappointed when my father cut me out of the sale of his company. I didn't argue with you when you decided that it would be good for your career to take the job in New York City with Silverstein Partners. Did you not get the job with Acme Manufacturing?"

"Jesus, Dennis!!! It has nothing to do with Acme Manufacturing. I was offered an executive package that any man or woman could only dream about. A base salary of 1.5 million dollars a year, company paid benefits, completely vested in the retirement program from day one, company car, and a bonus package that would make your hair stand on end. Dennis, I got more than I expected. It was the way I negotiated that is causing me to act the way I am."

Dennis sat across from the woman he loved a knife in his left hand and a fork in his right hand. The moment the final words passed out of her mouth he dropped both. The clatter of the utensils made Priscilla jump as Dennis grabbed the edge of the table and just stared at his wife. It took a moment for him to regain his ability to speak and when he did, he screamed, "What the fuck are you talking about? What kind of negotiation were you involved in with, what the fuck is his name, yeah, I remember, Dwayne Williams!!! Well???"

Priscilla jumped for the second time since she arrived home. She watched Dennis' face turn a crimson color and his hands grip the edge of the table even harder. For the first time since she first met him, Dennis exploded verbally raising his voice and actually scaring her. She saw for the first time Dennis as she's never seen him before. His brothers were short fused as was his father, but Dennis maintained an even keel even through the toughest dilemmas. Now he sat across from her red faced, sputtering and waiting for an explanation.

Priscilla took a deep breath and spoke in what she hoped would be an even calming tone, "Dennis, I've never done anything like I've done today. I'm so sorry. I hope you can forgive me. I, I... I secured my job today by performing for my potential employer. He took me to lunch at a beautiful French restaurant and that is where it started." She looked at Dennis expecting some sort of response or interruption, but none came.

She continued. "Dessert turned out to be a test of my ability to react to the unexpected. The owner brought out a plate with the dessert. On it was two pieces of fruit, ice cream, and a cream sauce. The ice cream was in the shape of a chocolate phallus and the cream represented... Well, you know what it represented. My task was to eat the ice cream without any utensils. Dennis, please... Do I need to explain what I had to do?"

Dennis had calmed down enough to respond to her, "Yes, you need to explain. You need to tell me everything."

Priscilla looked down at the plate in front of her, back to his face, and continued, "Since I didn't have any utensils to eat the dessert and Mr. Williams wanted me to solve his rather sophomoric problem; I stood up and basically performed fellatio on the chocolate ice cream phallus. I sucked an ice cream cock and didn't even think twice about it." Priscilla saw Dennis relax a bit and his hands let go of the table.

"So, you're telling me you sucked an ice cream cock to show your potential employer that you could react to and solve the unexpected? Is that what bothered you so much you couldn't make love to me?"

"Well, no Dennis. There's more." Again she waited for a verbal or physical response from her husband and when nothing was forthcoming she continued. "I confronted Mr. Williams and told him that if I passed his sophomoric test we'd better get back to his office so he could double whatever he was going to offer me. If I had failed his test, then he'd better bring my briefcase to me because I wasn't going anywhere with him. When we returned to his office we continued our negotiations until he stood up, walked around his desk, and stood in front of me. I thought he was going to offer me his hand to seal the deal, but he did something totally unexpected."

Dennis didn't bite. He didn't utter a word to her. He just sat across from her and waited for her to continue. Priscilla took a deep breath, let it out, and continued, "Mr. Williams is a very tall man. I'd estimate that he's a good six foot six inches tall. He in excellent shape and I bet he works out seven-days-a-week. I'm digressing but Dennis, you need to know what I was confronted with. Dwayne Williams is probably, no definitely the best looking black man I've

ever encountered and he was standing directly in front of me. He said it was time to seal the deal and proceeded to pull down the zipper of his pants. He pulled out his cock and commanded me to fellate him."

Dennis shifted in his seat when he heard what his wife had just told him. Priscilla noticed that he wasn't boiling over or coming across the table at her, so she continued, "His cock was, no is, the biggest cock I've ever seen in person. I took it in my hands and began to masturbate him. I waited a minute hoping he would say that was good enough, but I thought wrong. After playing with his growing and hardening cock for about three minutes, I leaned forward and took the purplish head into my mouth. He responded by placing his right hand on the back of my head and sighing. Dennis, I sucked his cock while looking into his deep black eyes. He came in my mouth. When he was done he welcomed me to his company. He didn't care that I had just debased myself by performing fellatio on him. I'm so sorry Dennis!!!"

She noticed that Dennis just sat there staring at her. He shifted in his seat again and for the first time Priscilla realized that Dennis was turned on by her recounting of her sucking her new boss' cock. "Dennis, say something to me."

"Oh, my God, Cilla, that is so hot. I've wanted to tell you for the longest time how hot it would be to see you with another man. But, a black man with a huge cock, that is even hotter!!!" Dennis couldn't hide his excitement so he jumped up and that is when Priscilla saw that not only was he emotionally excited, but his cock was straining against the inside of his pants.

Priscilla screamed at Dennis, "You son-of-a-bitch. Look at you... You're hard as a rock!!! How long have you been hiding that from me? Are you a fuckin' cuckold wannabe? And I was worried? Shit, Dennis... Tell me that you're turned on by what I've done and that you want more."

Dennis walked over to where she was sitting, undid his belt, opened his pants, and pulled them down with his underpants to reveal his rather mediocre sized testicles and his five inch erection. He didn't care that the blinds were open, although no one could really see into their house it was something each of them never did – exhibit their genitals in public. Dennis stood in front of her and thrust out his hips trying to entice her to lean into him the way she did Dwayne Williams. Priscilla stared at him trying to control her anger and her need to reach out and twist his cock or his balls so hard he would lose his erection.

"Dennis, pull up your pants and sit down," Priscilla growled at her husband. "I can't believe that you would accept my indiscretion by sporting an erection, but I've learned you're more of a loser than I thought."

Dennis caught himself and did what she asked. He stepped back from his wife, bent over, and pulled up his pants. He then returned to the seat opposite his wife and revealed to her something that for all the money in the world she never would have thought of. "Priscilla, I don't know how to you're going to accept what I have to say, but here goes. For my entire life, I have been the brunt of my father's and brother's making fun of my average endowment. See Priscilla if you hadn't already noticed, my father and brothers all have rather large packages. The never forced me to do anything homosexual with them, but they always made fun of how small I am. They were astounded that a woman of your beauty would fall for a man like me. To them, I was nothing more than a sexual wimp. And that is basically why they cut me out of the business and their success. The only thing that I outdid them all with was you. To keep you mine, I'd do anything you'd ask of me. I love you that unconditionally."

She saw something she never thought she'd see from Dennis. He sat there with tears in his eyes and the same rolling down his cheeks. Dennis Johnston had just revealed to the love of his life the one thing that could make her end up hating him. His failure to continue his education or use what intelligence he had to find a decent job frustrated her to no end. Up until today, she didn't care that his penis was not the largest one she'd had prior to marrying him. Sex was satisfactory and not the most important thing in her life or between them, but seeing him erect and hot over her sucking another man's cock was upsetting and disgusting to her. She sat across from her husband fuming and seeing him crying and in essence telling her he would do anything for her, she finalized in her mind that she would take charge of their relationship. She would be the dominant one and make him into the wimp he thought his family wanted him to be.

"Dennis, I've made a decision and you're not going to like it, but at the same time you may actually get emotionally and sexually excited by it. I have told you that since I committed myself to you, I have never done anything to jeopardize our relationship and marriage. Today, I did and from your reaction, I could have from the day I met you. I was forced by Dwayne Williams to look into his eyes as I fellated him. At first, I did everything to keep myself divorced from the act I was performing; but something clicked when he was looking down at me and I knew that I wanted him to make love to me. I wanted to feel his twelve inches inside more than my mouth. I was hoping that when I got home and got close to you again I would put such thoughts out of my head. How you reacted to my telling you of my indiscretion solidified my desire to have Dwayne. And, I'm informing you now that you are nothing more than a cuckold in this relationship."

Dennis sat across from her with his mouth hanging open trying to figure out how he should react to his wife's telling him that she was going to take her boss as her lover. He fought the sexual desire that was coursing from his brain to his crotch. He noticed that Priscilla did nothing to hide her disgust for him and just sat there waiting for his response. She lightly tapped her fingernails on the table in annoyance as she waited. Dennis didn't want to disappoint her, but he didn't want to say the wrong thing to her and totally crucify himself.

"Cilla," he whispered.

Priscilla smacked the table with her right hand and pointed her index finger at him, "Don't you dare use your pet name for me. From this moment on in our relationship, you address me as Priscilla or you can take your weak ass out of my house."

Dennis didn't flinch, but knew that he was now going to see a side of his wife that he never saw before. "Yes. Priscilla, I understand. I know that I've made a mess of your telling me of your indiscretion by getting sexually excited. I have to ask you, Priscilla, what is a cuckold and what does that mean for me?"

"A cuckold my dear Dennis is a man who has an unfaithful wife. I am that woman in the sense that I just fellated my boss in an attempt to guarantee my executive position. Now, I'm definitely going to be that woman, a total cuckoldress, when I lay on my back and feel my lover take me for the first time of what I hope will be many times in the future. You will not do anything about it and will accept whatever I or maybe even Dwayne tells you to do. You can assume that whatever you father and brothers did to you in the past, will be nothing compared to what you will suffer through with me in the future."

"Oh my God," screamed Dennis. "Where did this dominance arise from? In all the years we've been together, we've never asserted any form of dominance over one another. I was so careful not to tread on your career or your life. Now, I'm relegated to some minor role as you open yourself up to your new boss. What about our having children and raising them together? What about growing old together? What about my deep soulful love of you and our life together?"

"You decided to put all that in the shitter Dennis when you stood in front of me with that what I now know to be a rather less-than-average erection trying to get me to suck you the way I did Dwayne. Your actions this evening so far has done nothing to make me want to even touch you again. If I have, what I know will be a man making love to me in the future; you will have to satisfy your sexual needs through masturbation or not at all. Don't think I'm going to let you find a lover or some crack addicted prostitute to satisfy your needs. Your sexual satisfaction is of no concern of mine and from this point on, I will control if, when, and how you have an orgasm." Priscilla had thrown down the gauntlet and she waited for her soon to be useless husband's response.

Dennis laid his head down without thinking that the plate of food was still in front of him. He moaned and began to cry. He felt his entire world come crashing down on him. His heart raced and his body shook from the stress he was feeling from his wife's pronouncement. His life was now where his father had told him it would be on the day of his wedding, married to a beautiful woman without any way to provide for her economically, and more importantly sexually. Dennis looked up at Priscilla, his face covered in lemon sauce and clarified butter, "Priscilla, please reconsider. All I have done this evening is for you. I have told you the truth about me. Don't destroy our marriage."

Priscilla stood up and walked over to the other side of the small breakfast nook table. She picked up his linen napkin and began to gently wipe his face clean. She smiled at him as she cleaned his face of the food and his



tears. Dennis relaxed as her hand gently wiped clean his face and she felt the stress depart his body. When his face was as clean as it was going to get, she took her left hand, placed it under his chin, raised his face to hers, and she placed a kiss lightly on his forehead. She spoke softly to her husband, "Dennis, nothing you do is going to change how I feel about you. I have and will always love you. I have and will always take care of you economically and medically. I will not take care of you sexually. I have found something I've never had before and I'm going to bring it as much pleasure as it gives me. Don't start crying again because that will be the proof to me that you cannot handle our marriage going forward. You have to commit yourself to me."

Dennis looked up at his wife and whispered, "Commit myself?"

"Yes, Dennis. Commit yourself to our marriage in its new form. Pledge your undying love for me by showing me how much you'll do for me no matter how distasteful it may be to you. By doing that, you'll never have to worry about anything other than pleasing me in any manner I see fit to ask of you."

"Priscilla, I pledge my unconditional love to you and commit myself to you to do as you ask me." Priscilla smiled down at her husband, placed her hands on the back of his head, and pulled him close to her. She held him and used her right hand to caress the back of his head and neck. Dennis just sat in the chair and did not respond to his wife by trying to hold her hips and legs in his arms. Priscilla felt herself starting to rub his face against the area of her body between her hips. She took her right hand off Dennis' head and slowly peeled down the sweat pants she was wearing. Although she hadn't asked Dennis to, he gently moved his hands to a position that would allow him to aid in her quest. He took a deep breath and took in the sweet fragrance of her now exposed sex.

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that Priscilla had gotten a bit turned on by her husband's acceptance of his new position in their marriage. She lifted up her right leg to allow Dennis to remove the pant leg over her running shoe. With her legs free, she opened them and placed his face into her crotch. She cooed to her husband, "Kiss me. Make me feel as good as I made Dwayne feel this afternoon." Dennis stopped for the briefest of moments at hearing her tell him to do to her what she did to her boss.

Dennis used his hands to ease a bit further open his wife's legs and positioned himself under and between them as his tongue began to caress her damp honey pot. Priscilla kept herself trim but not bare. His tongue sort out the sweet honey that gathered between the lips of her pussy. From the first time he performed cunnilingus on Priscilla up to and including the act he was about to perform, he absolutely loved the taste of the fluids her sex produced. His tongue sought the lower portion of her vagina where he knew a good amount of her liquid would be waiting for him. His father and brothers may have made fun of his ( to them ) a lack of cock length and girth, but what they didn't know about him was his deft ability at using his tongue to slice through a woman's labia in search of her fluids and to ultimately caress her clitoris. That was exactly what he was doing now and he knew Priscilla would not be able to orgasm standing where she was.

"You know how much I love to have you make oral love to my pussy. I can feel your tongue seeking my juices. Taste me Dennis. Taste me the way I tasted Dwayne's precum. I didn't tell him how much I loved the taste of his ejaculate. I will... Oh, my, Dennis, you like that, I can feel you seeking my juice so you can let it flow down your throat. I know you're in need to taste me." She knew she wouldn't last without some support behind her, so, as he husband used his tongue to bring her off, she moved ever so carefully to place herself between him and the edge of the table. Once she had her backside supported by the edge of the breakfast nook table she opened her legs and used her hands to force his mouth against her sex.

Dennis shifted with her and continued to lick her now soaking twat, but he was surprised that she took his head and positioned it so the bridge of his nose was pressed against her clitoris. Priscilla took control of the sex act and began to literally hump his face. She used the position of his nose to excite her clit and masturbate herself against his face. Dennis tried to extricate himself from the position she put him in, but her strength and need to orgasm kept him there forcibly. He resigned himself to be used as a nose dildo as Priscilla rubbed her now open cunt all over his nose and mouth.

"Get used to it Dennis. This is the only sex you're going to have with me. Your mouth and nose bringing me off without concern who has been inside me and what they left in me. Do it Dennis!!! Make me cum!!!"

Dennis just let her rub herself all over his face until he felt her legs tighten and her liquid flow more freely. He wished he was sucking it deep into his mouth and swallowing, but he had to content himself with her using his face to masturbate. Through the entire masturbation act, Priscilla thought of what it would be like to have Dwayne insider her, pounding his magnificent cock into her open pussy. She exploded as the thought of him ejaculating into her wracking her body with the ebb and flow of orgasmic pleasure. Dennis couldn't believe how tight she held his head into her crotch as she exploded against his face. She released the hold on his head as she descended from the crescendo of her sexual release. Priscilla Johnston had just orgasmed over the thought of her boss fucking and coating her insides with his cum.

Priscilla looked down at her husband and could see he was futilely trying to keep from playing with himself. "If you want to cum Dennis, stand up and do it in front of me. Masturbate yourself and tell me how hot it is thinking that soon you're going to be cleaning up your cum from your hand. Yes, Dennis, if you decide to jerk off now no matter where your cum lands you'll have to lick it up."

Dennis didn't wait for any word from her. He stood up, opened his pants, and freed his erect cock from its confines. To the surprise of his wife he asked her, "Priscilla if I cum, may I cum all over your pussy? I know what you told me and I'd love to fulfill a fantasy. I've always wanted to eat my hot cum from your just fucked pussy. Please, Priscilla!!!"

Priscilla Johnston leaned back against the table and smiled at her husband. Her response put all that happened today into perspective. "Dennis, you can fulfill your fantasy, because it will be more of a reality than the fantasy of eating cum from me in the future, but it isn't going to be your cum. Not that I'm going to let you jerk off all over me, but if I desire your oral services after Dwayne has made love to me it will be his cum you'll be sucking from my cunt. And remember, you will never feel the heat of the inside of my sex around your sex. You will show me your acceptance of what I just said, by jerking off, shooting your cum on my pussy, and licking it off of me until I orgasm again thinking about Dwayne's black cock."

Dennis didn't respond to her. He just continued to stroke his cock in acceptance of his wife's demands that he allow her to cuckold him. He moved forward to try and slip the head of his cock between her labia. Priscilla's right hand shot forward, grabbed his left ear, and twisted it causing him to stop trying to put his cock between the lips of her sex as well as stroking his penis. Priscilla used this moment to angrily explain to her husband that he has no rights to her body anymore. His only connection with her body will be his mouth and nothing else. She did not try to relax her grip to give him some relief. All she did was to continue to stare at him, growling, and waiting for his response.

Dennis lost his erection and pleaded with Priscilla, "Please, I didn't think you were serious about me not having you anymore. I love you Priscilla. How can you deny me your physical love?"

"Listen to me Dennis and listen to me good. You're not going to enjoy me sexually the way you used to anymore. You decided your fate when you tried to get me to suck your average cock. You accepted my definition of your status in this relationship by standing up after you sucked my pussy to show me how you'll jerk off for me. Now, if you want to get off, you can go into the bathroom and deposit your load in the toilet. I am never for the rest of our life together ever going to let you deposit any amount of your cum on or in my body."

Priscilla moved away from Dennis and the breakfast nook table. She bent over to position her sweat pants properly, and placed her right foot into them, and pulled them up covering the lower half of her body. She looked at her husband, didn't smile or say anything. She just turned and walked away from him. When she got to the bottom of the stairs to the second floor she yelled to him in the kitchen, "Dennis, I think you should get your body into the powder room and get yourself together even if that means jerking your pathetic self to orgasm. When you come to our room you'd better have only one idea in your head – sleep. Tomorrow morning you're going to accompany me to Acme Manufacturing to meet Dwayne and find out what type of work he has for you. Don't answer me, just do it."

#### The Aftermath

Priscilla Johnston made no bones to Dennis and subsequently to Dwayne about where her marriage was headed. Dennis Johnston learned very quickly on the first day that he'd better not be an arrogant individual or he'd suffer the consequences. During that initial meeting, he stood and tried to make the point that he was and still is

Priscilla's husband. Both Priscilla and Dwayne laughed at his lame attempt to sway the inevitable. Dwayne sat behind his desk wondering how Priscilla could have ever married this lame excuse of a man. Priscilla could see the gears working in Dwayne's head as he pondered what type of employment he could or should offer Dennis.

"So, Dennis, now that you understand that your wife, my employee, is not interested in anything more from you sexually, what do you think you're qualified to do for my company?"

"Dwayne..." was all Dennis got out of his mouth when Dwayne Williams stood up and yelled, "You address me as Mr. Williams or Sir. Never address me as Dwayne. Do you understand me?"

Dennis was obviously stunned by his outburst and he began to shake as he sat in the chair that Priscilla had sat in for her interview. He took a couple of deep breaths, tried as hard as he could to calm himself, and started answering a second time, "Mr. Williams, I can do anything you ask. I can perform financial duties, customer service duties, and/or manufacturing control duties. All I ask is the opportunity to show you what a competent employee I can be, Sir."

Dwayne sat back down and looked over to where Priscilla was sitting listening to the exchange. He smiled at her and turned back to Dennis, saying, "Dennis, I don't need any of those types of positions filled, but I do have a very special opening that I think you'd be perfect for."

Dennis sat not knowing if it would be proper for him to ask what position Mr. Williams had in mind or to just sit there and wait for him to continue. He looked at his wife for some sort of hint, but was flabbergasted to see her sitting there with her legs spread open giving Dwayne a clear view of her panty covered privates. He decided to say something to her, "Priscilla, do you have to sit there like some common slut showing your privates to your boss?"

Priscilla Johnston laughed at her husband's query and made it a point to open her legs more. "Dennis, you have to realize that you have nothing to bring to the table when it comes to our relationship or any other relationship I may or may not enter into. You proved yourself last night when I confided that I did something I'd never done before. So, just sit there, listen, and speak when you are asked a direct question."

Dennis flinched upon hearing his wife enunciate that he no longer was the head of their household. He sat there stifling his need to scream and openly cry at his fall from grace with the love of his life. He was realizing that he was going to be a broken man just like his father said he would be. He would never be able to face any of his family considering his wife was now making him into a second class citizen within their marriage. She told him he would be a cuckold, but he didn't believe her. He never even knew the word or the definition before last night's row with Priscilla. Now, her boss was watching and smiling as she confirmed his lowly place in their relationship.

Looking back at Mr. Williams, Dennis waited for him to continue to tell him what type of work he had for him. Dwayne sat and waited specifically to see how long Priscilla's husband would wait before he couldn't take the silence anymore. Dennis sat in a controlled rage knowing the game Mr. Williams was playing. He couldn't understand why his wife decided to become a bitch towards him, but he did know that even though she was castigating him in private his strength of will would make him sit there and wait. Dwayne Williams sat and the longer he did the more impressed he got with the determination shown by Dennis Johnston. To bad that determination wouldn't help him when he assumed his new role as the company's night janitor. He would also be responsible for cleaning the retreat when his special club met once a quarter.

"Dennis, I am offering you a job in our Maintenance Department. You will arrive here in the afternoon and begin to clean the offices. You will have eight to ten hours to complete the tasks assigned to you by your supervisor. If you do an excellent job, I will think about promoting you to the mail room. As you may or may not know, a lot of very powerful people rose through the ranks to the top positions of some very large companies by starting in the mail room. I don't think you have the abilities to work in our mail room right from the start, so, I'm offering you a janitorial position in Acme Manufacturing's Maintenance Department."

Dennis was stunned again. He had a college degree. He couldn't believe that Mr. Williams didn't think he had the ability to deliver the mail. He wanted to stand up and storm out of his office, but he knew better because if he did he'd lose Priscilla forever. "What if I don't take the position you're offering me?" queried Dennis.

Dwayne looked over at Priscilla for some sort of signal or to see if she was going to answer his question. She saw the look in Dwayne's eyes and took the cue from him. "Dennis, if you don't take the job Mr. Williams is offering you, I promise you your life with me will be such a living hell that you'll beg me for a divorce. Unless of course, you'd like becoming my maid and performing the duties delegated to you by me. And don't forget that if Mr. Williams comes over to be with me for ten minutes or ten days, you'll have to listen to him too. So, what is your decision?"

Dennis couldn't believe his ears. He looked up at the ceiling and began to audibly moan in preparation to bursting out in tears. He saw his decision as a no win proposition. Either he became a janitor in Mr. Williams employ or a maid to his once equal partner who has assumed the mantle as a female dominant. Dennis bent his head forward and placed it in the palms of his hands and began to weep. His body shook as he cried his eyes out over his dilemma and he had no thoughts about how he should reply to them. Priscilla couldn't take seeing her husband bent over crying because he couldn't come to terms with what was happening to him.

She spoke to both of them, "I think it will be best for him to stay at home and take care of our household. This way I can get him acclimated to his new status in our marriage. I will also give him the opportunity to seek a divorce if he so wishes. The only caveat is Dennis will move into the guest room as he will no longer share our marital bed."

Dennis' head snapped up as Priscilla finished her last sentence. Daggers flew from his eyes and he looked at the woman he loved because she had just announced in a round about way that her bed was not open to him. "You, you, bitch," spat Dennis. "After all I did for us, for you? Please Priscilla don't do this to us, to me!!! You know I love you with all my being and I'll do anything for you, but, I won't leave our marital bed." He looked at her waiting her reply.

"Oh, yes you will Dennis or I'll move out and leave you with all the expenses. Let's see... Mortgage of \$3545.00 a month. Lease car payments totaling 1525.00. Utilities. Food. Lawn care. Shall I continue or will you accept that you're now my lesser partner in our marriage? You have nothing to fear Dennis as long as you keep in mind that my telling you of my indiscretion, you're subsequent erection and your apparent sexual stimulation was your undoing. There is no need to make up your mind; I've all ready made it up for you."

Dennis hung his head in defeat. "Yes, Priscilla, I accept your decision. I will return home, move my clothes to the guest room, and await your return to make a schedule of responsibilities for me. Would you please arrange a ride for me?"

Priscilla stood up, walked across Dwayne's office to where her now broken husband sat, and with the gentlest of motions cradled his head in an apparent show of support for him and their relationship. While holding his head she mouthed to her boss to please call a cab so he could return to their home and await her arrival. Dwayne picked up his phone and made the necessary arrangements to get Dennis home. After he hung up the phone, he stood and walked around his desk to where Priscilla stood and Dennis sat. He looked down at Dennis and chuckled knowing that he would soon be doing all the chores of a cuckold male. He looked at Priscilla and leaned forward to kiss her lips in front of her husband solidifying his position as the Alpha Male. Dwayne also took it upon himself to place one hand on Priscilla's breast and then slid it down to her crotch where he raised her skirt and placed it between her legs. Priscilla did nothing to stop him from groping her.

Dennis knew that he had just squeezed his wife's privates in front of him and just quietly sobbed as she released his head and threw her arms around her boss' neck to return his kiss. By breaking her connection to Dennis and kissing Dwayne she confirmed him as her lover. Without thinking or caring, Dwayne spun Priscilla around so she was able to rest her backside on the edge of his antique desk. While they continued to kiss in frenzy, he pushed her skirt up, and literally ripped her panties from her body. He lowered his hands, undid his belt buckle, lowered his zipper, and took out his hardening cock. He broke the kiss and looked into Priscilla's eyes. Not that he needed permission, he wanted confirmation that she wanted him to take her now, no questions asked.

Priscilla looked into his deep black eyes and whispered, "Yes..."

Dwayne's cock was hard enough to penetrate her and penetrate her he did. He didn't take any time to rub it between the lips of her pussy. He didn't care that she may not be ready to accept his monster. He placed the head at the opening of her body and pushed it in. Dwayne Williams wanted to be inside this woman. He wanted to fuck her.

Not make love to her, but fuck her. Priscilla's body stiffened as she felt him force his manhood into her body. She let out moan that told Dwayne she had never had something so big inside her. He pushed his twelve inches all the way in until his pubic bone was pressed against hers. Priscilla lifted her legs so her new lover could have an easier access to her sex. Dwayne could feel her pussy surrounding his manhood and the heat emanating from her body was mesmerizing him. He didn't immediately begin to trust in and out of her. He just stood balls deep in Priscilla and kissed her.

After a good two to three minutes of them just pressing against each other, Dwayne found his need and began to thrust in and out of his Chief Sales Officer. He didn't just pull a few inches out of her. He would pull back so just the head of his cock was inside her. He'd look into her eyes and see their reaction as he slammed his manhood back into her slender body. Dwayne Williams loved to hear the moans and breath leaving the woman he was fucking. Once he began the dance of love, Dwayne Williams was all business. He lowered his hand to where her buttocks touched the top of his desk and held her there. He didn't care if he was hurting her. All he wanted now was to use the hole and the muscles of that hole to make him ejaculate into her. For all intent and purpose, his cock now controlled his mind and his cock needed to be rubbed, stroked, and massaged until it gave to her his seed and to him his all encompassing feeling of sexual release.

Priscilla moaned and didn't care that her husband was sitting behind her boss watching as he fucked her for the first time. She raised her legs and tried to open them as wide as possible so her lover could fuck her with ease. She never felt anything like the way she felt now. Full, sexually high, and emotionally tied to the man that has his erection in her. If Dwayne didn't care that he was fucking her in her office, she didn't care. All she wanted was to feel his manhood deep inside her and cunt stretched wider than it has ever been before. She knew that she could never fuck another man the size of her husband. All it took was her fellating him and him fucking her to solidify that she was hooked on his black cock.

No words passed between them. They spoke with their eyes as Dwayne assaulted her body with his cock. All Dennis could see was the back of Dwayne moving to and fro as his cock entered and left his wife's body. Neither Dwayne nor Priscilla took the time to look at Dennis because if they did, they would have seen his pants tented by the erection he sported because of their sexual activities. Thankfully for Dennis, they didn't notice and even if they did it would have confirmed their belief that he was nothing more than a cuckold. Priscilla looked into Dwayne's eyes trying to tell him to fuck her harder, but she dared not speak because Dwayne was not being verbal as he used her body.

They fucked for a good twelve to fifteen minutes before Dwayne thrust deep into her body and kept himself there. Priscilla felt his cock grow within her body and the muscles of her pussy grasp the needed invader even tighter. She knew he was going to give her his seed and then she felt his cock spasm. Dwayne moaned and just took short strokes as he emptied his balls into her body. Priscilla rolled her head back and sighed as she felt his cum coat her insides and her own orgasm take over her being. Dennis couldn't help himself either. Hearing their moans of pleasure was enough to send him over the edge. He filled his briefs with his cum making an obvious wet spot on the front of his pants.

Dwayne finished ejaculating and didn't remove himself from Priscilla's body. He stood there embedded in her pussy savoring the feeling of her pussy as it contracted in orgasm around his cock. They started into each other's eyes and without any sort of obvious verbal message passing between them; they confirmed that this would be the first of many such liaisons. Priscilla smiled at Dwayne and waited for him to take himself out of her body. She could feel his cum pooling around his cock but not leaking out as her pussy lips and muscles kept a tight grip on his manhood. Dwayne knew he'd better pull out because if he stayed in her any longer he'd get hard again and have to fuck her a second time. Trouble with that was he'd be in her for a good thirty minutes before ejaculating a second time.

"Priscilla that was one of the best fucks I've ever had. You are one sweet white woman," declared Dwayne as he pulled his cock from her body. She kept her legs open and looked down to see her juices and his juices coating his cock as the combined fuck liquid began to drip from her stretched cunt. Dwayne took a step back and for the first time Dennis saw what was buried in his wife's body. He eyes buggered out of his head at the sight of Dwayne's manhood. Dennis turned his head to see his wife's pussy stretched open and their combined love juices sliding out from within. He knew he'd never again feel the warmth of the interior of her cunt around his cock again.

Priscilla looked at her husband, and asked gently, "Dennis, please go into the bathroom and get some towels so I can clean up. I really don't want to make a mess of Dwayne's desk more than I've all ready have. Please, be kind and do that for me."

Dennis didn't respond to her, but stood up and did what she asked. When he returned they both laughed at the sight of his obvious wet spot on the front of his trousers. Priscilla took the offered towels and used them to stop the flow of Dwayne's cum and her juices so she could walk to the bathroom to clean herself up. Dennis sat back down and noticed that Dwayne hadn't moved from where he stood. He also noticed that he hadn't pulled up his pants. He just stood there with his cock hanging down grinning as he watched Priscilla carefully walk to his private bathroom to clean herself up. When she closed the door to Dwayne's private bathroom, Dwayne looked down at Dennis and said, "Next time I fuck your wife you'd better know what to do when we're done."

Dwayne bent over, pulled up his pants just enough to let him walk comfortably, and hobbled over to the bathroom. He knocked and Priscilla opened the door to let him in. Dennis sat in the rigid straight back chair and began to cry anew. His wife had consummated her relationship with her boss and turned him into the cuckold she said he would be. He wondered what she would be requiring of him in the future. All he could do was sit there and wonder.