

THE HAITIAN

At the age of 41, still full of passion and desire, but much more selfish with her body these days, she began to think of her younger, less selfish self. Sexual escapades that, had she not been there, even she would find hard to believe. One in particular is the time she met that Haitian dude. Now that was like something out of a sexy-ass fairytale.

She had just walked outside to go do a load of laundry that day. Normal day, nothing special. There she was walking past the pool to get to one of the two laundry rooms inside her apartment complex. And there he was, sitting poolside with nothing but a pair of tan cargo shorts on. His delightfully muscular brown chest just a glistening in that Arizona sun.

She had never been into the buff type before, with the abs and arms and whatnot, but hell, nice is nice. She could not help but notice this gorgeous sight as she walked by. Without breaking stride, she continued on to the laundry room with her basket under one arm while resting on her hip. She promptly put a load in the wash then proceeded back to her apartment. And yep, dude was still sitting there.

He saw her the first time she walked past, but this time he stood up and called out to her. Shit! Her panties got wet immediately. He walked over to her and asked, (with the thickest accent ever) what her name was. She answered him and she asked the same.

Jean Claude and before she could say Van Dam, he told her his last name was Jules, and that he gets the joke about his name far too often. J.C. for short.

Introductions out of the way, he asked if she lived there. She replied, "yeah right over there" as she pointed to her apartment. He said lived there too and had never seen her before. After a brief get to know you chat in which she understood every third word coming from this man's mouth through his thick accent. They parted ways but not before he told her what his apartment number was and gave her an open invitation to stop by anytime, day or night.

She walked back to her apartment and he stood there enjoying the sight of her plump, salacious brown frame walk away. She wasn't in the door three minutes before J.C., the fine ass Haitian was knocking at her door. She opened the door and man, was he happy to see her, at least according to the huge bulge in his pants.

Few words were exchanged once inside. Instead, lustful glares between them. He led her to her own bedroom as if it was his house. He slowly undressed her without hesitation then laid her down on her bed. He then unbuttoned and unzipped his cargo shorts and let

them fall to the floor. And boom! There it was. Just as hard as can be. Although his body was unmistakably ready to penetrate this new found territory, he chose to indulge his tongue with the taste of her willingness.

After slurping the last of her sweet nectar, J.C. inched up her body still using his tongue until he met her lips, then he slowly and simultaneously inserted his tongue into her mouth, giving her serious wet kisses while his dick invaded her treasure down below. He began giving her long, strong strokes. All the way in and all the way out. Every thrust as good as the first, her pussy squeezing the tip of his dick as he pulled it out each time. Once he measured the depth of her, his thrusts became harder and faster. She was loving every moment of the Haitian who she barely understood delving deeper and deeper into her pussy. J.C. flipped her body around so she was lying on her stomach then snatched her up onto her knees by forcefully grabbing her at the waist. Yep, doggy style. She came and came and came some more. Between the balls of the whole scenario, the sexiness of this beautiful Haitian man, and the intense pleasure she had no idea she'd be feeling between her legs when she woke up that morning, she was in heaven. Thinking back, she was glad she had not been selfish with her body that day. The Haitian was an unexpected treat.

