

Sista's Game

Erotica
By Jonathan Lockett

You're holding your breath.

Thin, sculptured nails tug gently at the zipper of your jeans. It is pitch black in the room, thus your sense of touch is your only guide. You hear her breathing, and of course, feel your own pulse race. You reach for her, touch a smooth, bare arm. Let your hand slide up her forearm toward her breast, hoping she won't stop you. She doesn't. Soft cotton confronts your touch. She's wearing a skintight Bebe top with the sleeves removed. You pause at her shoulder and then lightly let your fingers fall to her breasts. You realize she isn't wearing a bra and are immensely grateful. She has large tits, like sun-ripened melons, and as you squeeze gently, a moan escapes from her lips. You listen carefully to the sound, hoping to recognize the voice. Who is this fine sista, you ask yourself, as her quick fingers slip under the elastic of your boxers.

It all started as a Sorority prank a few weeks back. Summer session had just commenced, and with it began a long, hot summer. Some of the sistas had gone out on a Friday night to Jack's Nest for a few drinks. As the evening progressed their eyes had become more glazed, and their manner more insane. By midnight, they did not know how foolish they were acting, nor did they care. One of the older sorors, a junior named Tisha suggested (in between rapid sips of her Hennessey) that the bunch find an unsuspecting freshman and seduce him. Most of the ladies promptly agreed, with the exception of fairly shy young freshman named Kenya.

"It's not that I don't want to, but it's not right to do it to a brutha who ain't game." Kenya tilted her head back and inhaled the last of her

martini. Her body shuddered for a moment, and then she began to warm to the idea. “Shit,” she remarked, “what the fuck am I thinking?”

“Exactly!” her soror replied.

Actually, Kenya told herself it would be quite fun. Her hand gently brushed the insides of her thighs, and she felt her face flush.

She's stroking you. Using long, full strokes, you gasp while thrusting into her oily hand. Your own soft moans have filled the dark room, while she giggles at your condition. By now, you don't care where the light switch is, or what kind of game this honey is playing. All that's important is busting your nut, which God willingly will happen very soon, if she keeps this up. Your right hand leaves her breasts and travels down to her waist. Immediately you recognize the feel of slick leather, and you imagine the smell of those tight pants around her thighs. She arches her back as your fingers reach her pockets; the sound of her pants creaking is amplified by the large room, and you visualize her in slippery black leather, painted on to a tightness that takes your breath away. Her round full ass brushes against your hand, and you run the tips of your fingers inside her hot thighs. She responds to your touch with soft whimpers, but when you reach her cunt she lets out a low groan. The tight leather seems to be splitting her wide open, and you run your fingers in the moist cleft of her pussy lips, as her hips start to move. Up till now she has had your dick in her hand, slowly jerking you off. Now, you hear her giggle as she moves away from you. Before you have time to get up and search for her, her tits rub against your stomach, and her mouth plunges down onto your rock hardness.

Jade, a seductive chocolate-skinned girl sat on the edge of her chair, her long fingers grasping a thin straw and swirling it about in the tall glass in front of her. Her gaze swept to a bunch of fellas on the other side of the bar.

They were all wearing oversized shorts and polo shirts, and had just recently returned from lacrosse practice. They sucked down their beers quickly, obviously hot and thirsty. Jade concentrated on one tall brutha who grasped a lacrosse stick. As he twirled the thing in his hand, her eyes focused on the tip of the stick, where the brutha had taped the first nine or so inches with shiny black tape. Her sistas continued to plan their devious evening while Jade became mesmerized by the tip of that stick, focusing in on the black tape; the conversation around her fading into background noise. That's what I could use right now, she thought to herself, while unconsciously licking her full lips, as the jock casually ran his hand up and down that black shaft.

She's sucking you like you have never been sucked before. First, her tongue lightly touches the tip of your dick, tantalizing you. Next, she allows a few inches to slide inside her mouth. She keeps her lips snug around the shaft, and every few seconds, she sucks you harder. Then, ever so slowly, she lets the entire thing enter her throat, until your balls are touching her wet lips. She holds you like that for a moment or two as you savor the feeling, but just when you feel yourself stiffen, she pulls you out. This process is repeated over and over again, until you can't stand it anymore. You grab her bare tits and pull her down onto you, forcing your entire slippery dick into her mouth. She can't escape you now, that's for sure. Suddenly, you laugh for a moment, but that quickly dies, for your laughter turns into an animal groan as you feel yourself about to come.

At one thirty A.M., four slightly rowdy, very horny sorority sistas left the confines of Jack' Nest and headed for the freshman dorm on north campus. They knew that they would find a likely candidate up there, and the whole way up, they spoke of the wild things they would do once they found their subject. Susan led the group up the hill, with Kenya by her side,

and Jade and Rhonda, the other freshman, following in tow. They decided to stop at their house and change into some sexy clothes. Someone was in for a real treat that night.

Her hard nipples are brushing against your bare, sweaty chest. Your stomach tightens, and you give one long groan, suddenly feeling the pressure in the base of your cock start to build. She senses that you are about to shoot your load, so she grabs your balls and squeezes, while increasing the tempo of her sucking. Her head bobs up and down at a feverish pitch, as her slurping sound fills the room. You feel yourself exploding, so you push yourself up off the desk and come into her waiting mouth. A stream of thick, white fluid hits the back of her mouth, and slides down her throat. "Oh yes," you shout, squeezing your eyes tightly shut, and she chuckles in response. "Jerk it," you manage to say, in between short intakes of breath, and she does, milking all that you have to give. God, this must be a fantasy, you think, but the scent of your own sperm on her face and fingertips tells you this dream is real.

You were studying that night, trying to get a jump on Calculus 1. The professor was going so damn fast, as if he forgot the class was made up of undergraduates, and not PhD candidates. You left the library around midnight, and got back to the dorm by quarter past. You didn't really feel like going out, so you scrounged up a six of Coronas, sat in the first floor lounge and watched a Jamie Foxx Show rerun. The lounge was dark except for the television pouring out a bluish glow. You were alone, a cigarette in one hand, your leg draped over the arm of a worn lounge chair. Smoke drifted up and mixed with the eerie light of the T.V. set. You must have nodded off, because suddenly you sensed something move in front of the set,

cutting down on the light pressing against your closed eyelids. You looked up.

"Match?"

A sista with dreads stood over you, a spiked heel resting on the arm of the chair. You gazed up, following the lines of her muscular calf, and thigh. She wore coffee shorts that were two sizes too small, although she looked so damn good in them! A matching brown half shirt with the words "Phat Farm" adorned her upper body, leaving firm round breasts hanging slightly below the shirt line. She was gorgeous with her long dreads and watery black eyes. One hand was resting on her waist, showing impatience; the other, carefully holding out a cigarette for you to light. You tried to pull your gaze away, but you couldn't help looking at the narrow patch of fabric that barely covered her luscious pussy. She continued staring down at you, allowing you all the time in the world.

"What? Oh, yeah, my bad—a match," you mumbled, while fumbling in your pockets for a light. The sista reached into your breast pocket and extracted a lighter. After lighting her cigarette, she handed the lighter back to you and turned on her heels to stare at the set. Her shorts didn't leave much to the imagination, for the material covering her ass was only slightly wider than the one covering her cunt. A generous amount of black ass spilled from those shorts; you thought you'd lose it right there.

"Let's play a game, she said, before you could ask her name. "I'll go hide and you try and find me. That should raise your spirits a little. And listen, you better look real good, cause I've got something for you if you can find me." She strolled out of the room swinging those luscious hips from side to side. It took you almost a second to decide what to do. After all, you're no fool, and this game definitely beat watching Jamie that's for sure!

Two things are running through your mind right now. One, that was the best Goddamn blow job you've ever had in your life! And two, you sure could use a cigarette right now... if only you could find the light...

The sound of high heels interrupts your thoughts. They seem to be coming your way. You lay there, feeling exhausted, yet content. You'll get up in a second, as soon as the strength returns. Warm skin brushes your hand. You feel a leg, a thigh; your fingers glide over soft skin. A hand pushes you back onto the desk, and you lay back willingly.

"You win," a soft voice says, and you smile, while reaching for that thin patch of coffee-colored fabric covering her mound. She does not resist you. In fact, as you touch her there, she spreads her legs allowing full access to her wet pussy. Fingers glide between the crack of her ass and those fleshy lips, feeling a warm spot beneath the patch of thin material. You squeeze her ass, and she groans in response. A flame ignites off to the left, and a candle is lit. Three, no, four ladies are standing above you, staring with lust-filled eyes at the bulge in your pants. The one with the brown shorts is leaning against you, stroking the insides of your thighs.

"You win," she says again, and you stare in awe at the other three ladies. A tall light-skinned honey with tight leather pants stands off to the side, the right side of her face glazed with sticky, white cum. She offers you a smile which you weakly return. A thin dark-skinned girl, also in tight shorts, comes forward and tugs at her zipper. In a moment, her young body is stretched out beside you—a chocolate delicacy laid out all for you—offering her right titty inches from your waiting mouth. Behind her, one of the sistas is grasping her shorts and forcing the narrow cotton between her pussy lips. About now someone starts to moan with delight.

This isn't happening, you tell yourself, but as your dick grows hard again, you go with the flow, and play these sista's game.

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