

Do or Die

Part I by Lady Adara

The situation was spinning out of my control. My business was going to crash and the whole global economy was shaking badly. I'm Marc, I design houses for a living and my son builds them. I used to make good living out of this, but as money is something that only some people have, and banks aren't going to give loans, my tiny firm is going to crash and burn. I maybe could get a job in other firms, but I doubt it. My son, Pete is also in the trouble and we both have our own loans to pay, so we need a job and really fast.

Sometimes I miss my wife Beth. She took care of all the office stuff in our tiny firm and everything was always OK, but then a drunk driver smashed his car into my wife's car and she was killed. The drunk driver didn't even get a scratch in the accident. I had to take care of our son and daughter after that and Pete was 10 years old, Alison just 6.

It was ten years ago. Five years ago, when I was having a really hard time with kids, I met Sue and she is kindest woman, after Beth that I know. She was a lot younger than me, but she didn't mind that at all. For some reason she tagged along with us and she helped me with the kids. Alison needed a mom and a friend at that point, but also Pete needed more support and Sue filled that void perfectly. I fell in love with her and she with me.

Now Sue is 33, Pete 20, Alison 16. I am 53, an old fart, yes. And also broke, can't buy anything from the stores and the bills are piling up fast. I had to put everything on one slim chance to clear my debts and make money. It's a Do or Die situation for us. I had heard of some projects where they need services which we can provide and I sent my papers in with a low price with hopes that I could get the job.

I waited couple days and then I got a call. They didn't hire me. I was stunned and things felt like they were just piling up more and more, I had to try to search for other projects and hoped to find something that we could do. I sent lots of quotations to companies around us, but usually got turned down, and then the bank manager asked me to pop in when I have time. A cold sweat rose on my forehead and I believed that now they would be asking for the keys of my office, car, etc. Which were still partly unpaid, I had to go. They were indeed trying to shut my company down, but I stalled them for few days so I could wait to see if any of my offers would be taken up. After that everything would be gone. I hate bankers. They don't care how many lives they ruin, all what matters is, that they get their money one way or another. They have been trained to look like your friends, but they are just sharks without conscience.

I got three days grace and I knew that it was my last chance and time was up. On the third day I got an offer from some kind of business man and he wanted to build a vacation resort and needed plans, foreman for builders and I could do everything that was needed. Plan; supervise building on site so he offered to accept my price, but also my expenses to stay there. I didn't think twice and I took the job.

After that I had a meeting with the bank manager and he agreed to give some more time to me and my family, as I had gotten the job. They just want money, one way or another. They don't care about anything else.

After I had dealt with the bank and other suppliers, I had finally time to check out the contract which I had made in hurry. I had to fly to Africa to build the vacation resort and I was stunned. I couldn't turn away from it anymore and I had to put my stuff together for the flight. Sue and Alison were sad that me and Pete had to go, but it was best for all of us. Pete's girlfriend, Mary, didn't like it either, but she knew that getting jobs nowadays was really hard for everyone and she hoped that Pete wouldn't kill himself with work while he was out there. They had plans for their wedding and I promised that I'll keep my son out of trouble and safe, so they could get married when we got back home. Pete and Mary left then to take care of their things and I had to leave Sue and Alison alone here. I didn't want to take them with me, not yet at least, but maybe later on. Main thing was that I could get my bills paid and the bank manager off my back.

On that last night Sue and I made love. She didn't want to let me go and she wanted more and more. Sue was sad, but knew that I had to do this. If I don't, we would lose everything. The next day Pete and I left for the Airport. The flight was long and dull. The Movies were crappy, food tasted awful and seats were like they usually are, small and felt like sitting on a torture rack, at least for me. I didn't like flying at all, but for money, I'll do anything at the moment. I swallowed my pride and took this crappy job in the middle of nowhere.

The climate was hot there and I hoped that I would get used to it sooner rather than later, as I had to be here for a long time. Luckily there was a driver to pick us up and he drove us to the building site. It was about an hour's drive before I saw it. There were already some buildings and I figured that we needed to build many more and it seemed that there was a lot of work to be done. Then the driver showed us the working site and it was one big mess. Pete was cursing out loud as he looked at the area. No wonder they hired us, as everything was really messy and it looked as if we would have to tear down whatever they had already started there and do it again. I work in own set of rules, I trust the buildings that I plan. Pete is the builder, but whatever others have done, I don't trust before I check them. When I finished the driver took us back to see our host.

He was tall and overweight black man. Bald, bearded and he had really big hands. I could tell that he was fond of old Godfather movies as he was dressed in that way. A fat black man trying to look like an Italian mob guy, is this even possible? I guess it is when you have enough money. I was right again. When we talked, he talked like the Godfather and told me, that those movies were his favorites. Around here, he was Godfather and he gave jobs to local people on his vacation resort and building site. Everyone always came to Emeka Ekwueme to ask for help from him. He was really wealthy and he had lots of gold jewelry on him. Maybe partly for his Godfather impersonation and partly for his own vanity. I could pay my bills just with three gold rings from his hand. They were that big.

His voice was really deep and we started talk about his plans about the vacation resort. He had workers, he had materials, but what he needed was plans for everything, from the sewers to highest point of houses. We had lots of work ahead of us and he gave me keys to two houses where we could stay while we were there. I was sweating like never before and that really hot and moist climate wasn't my thing. Still I had to do this job, so I could pay my debts and keep my firm alive. We talked for hours about his plans, how big his vacation resort should be, what kind of houses he was wanting and how fast.

After that he finally let us to go and see our temporary homes there, and they were suitable for our needs. Our host sent the needed plans, maps and other materials to my house so I could start right away. I didn't want to do that, as that hot climate was driving me crazy. The temperature got lower later at night and it felt nice again. I could start to read the maps and other plans, so I could have some basic info on what they had been doing before us. My fears were proven right as I noticed several critical errors on the plans and we would have to tear everything down. Pete came over to talk about tomorrow and we put together some kind of timetable for us, so we would know how long we are going to be there. It took us a couple hours to get the answer and it seemed that we would be here for a whole year or even more. We both knew that that was bad news, but we were committed now.

We started our project by tearing down those crappy houses from the site and we had to make sure that everything we would build would be better than our host even wanted. The main problem was with workers, as only a few of them understood English and even fewer spoke it. Also, local workers were slow and undereducated for this kind of job. From time to time, I wondered if this was ever going to be worth of all the trouble. I spoke about our main problem to our host and he gave us some guys to keep the workers in line, and acted as interpreter between us and workers, but also took care of other tasks. I have to say, that our host, Emeka provided a lot of things for us so we could do our jobs at our best.

The other side of the vacation resort was in use and was visited by lots of people. Rich black people, white people, just anyone who could pay the prices. Pete was putting speed on the workers on the building site, as I made proper plans for everything that we needed. Local workers seemed to be lazy, but they did long days, so I guess they were worth their pay. I don't know what Emeka paid them and I didn't even ask about it. I had sold my son and myself rather cheap into this project, but I had no other choice. I needed the money to save my firm and family, Emeka had lots of it and if we could pull this off, his money would make sure, that our family and firm were saved.

The days there grew longer as I tried to keep our timetable and had something to show to our generous host. After the first month, we had torn those crappy buildings to pieces, made sewer, power, water, and gas lines to those houses and the first of bases were ready. Emeka seemed to be really happy with our progress and wanted to throw a party to honour our deeds. We had worked long days over a month, I was tired like Pete, so we didn't refuse his offer.

A little break could be nice for us and later on that night, Emeka had a party in one of his bars. There were lots of other people and they also joined in the party, as Emeka wanted to be a generous host. Most people were from the other side of the resort and it seemed that workers had their own party in another location.

I didn't care about it at that time, as all I wanted was, time to get long shower, good night sleep and to call Sue and Alison. We hadn't got a lot of time to call or email home but, we had done it from time to time. I wanted to hear news from home as often as I could and they were doing well there. Emeka had paid our wages into our bank accounts and they had paid the bills with those. It seemed that we could really pay off our debts as long we kept building his vacation resort.

Emeka demanded strongly that I stay at his table and the waitress carried different drinks to his table. There were lots of drinks and Emeka said that we could take as many as we wanted, we had done a good job there and he seemed to be happy. Later on that night, when Pete had went to get some fresh air, I sat there with Emeka. He asked if I would like a woman for the night. Every man has his needs and he said that he could provide certain helper for me, as I was very important person for him. He wanted to keep me happy and my "needs" taken care off. I laughed a little bit and tried to refuse politely, but he didn't listened to my answer and again he pulled that Godfather crap up and said that he'll make an offer that I cannot refuse. I was stunned as that black guy ruined the whole godfather movie trilogy from my mind. Still at that point I saw something within his eyes, that he was deadly serious about it. I kept my mouth shut as I didn't want to end up to having to take long walk on short pier, with really heavy boots.

He said, that what Ekwueme can't provide, no one needs. He got up, told me to wait there and went somewhere for a while. I was trying to see where Pete was, but I had no luck. I sat there at Emeka's table and felt a bit lonely. I didn't want to have any other woman but Sue, but she was in our home and taking care of Alison, at least keeping eye on her. A few moments later Emeka returned and he had a young black woman with him. He nodded to her and she sat next to me and smiled. She smelled really nice, her long black hair was curly and her dress was revealing. She had a slim figure, nice perky tits, slim waist, long smooth thighs. She could have been a model or something. She had to be around 18 or 19 years old, but still she was so young in my eyes. I was just a 53 year old office rat, almost in every way just like regular Joe's. Emeka smiled and started to talk about his big visions about his resort to me. I almost jumped up as I felt girls hand touching my thigh and moving slowly up.

Emeka just smiled at me and said that she'll take care of my "manly" needs. I tried to talk myself away from that situation, but he didn't listen to my words and just ignored them. He didn't give me any chance to get away from there without the girl. The black girl was more than eager to please me and she was rubbing my cock through my trousers. I have to admit, that I was hard fast and "mini me" was really happy with her attention. She started to kiss my neck, while opening my zipper and sliding her hand into my pants. After I felt her slender hand find my cock, my game was over.

I couldn't push her away anymore and I did have needs that I had overlooked, because I wanted to be faithful to Sue. The girl whispered something into my ear, I didn't know what she said, but I could take a guess it was something about sex. Her hand moved slowly on my cock and her whole body was pressed against mine. She felt so smooth and hot. Emeka just talked about his visions like he was tormenting me while the girl did her job.

Then she did something I couldn't believe she would do. She leaned into my lap and pulled my cock out from its jail. Then I gasped for air, as I felt her hot lips around my cock and she was sucking my cock right there in the Bar, Emeka was just watching and had wide smile on his face. The girl knew what to do and she worked slowly, so I didn't cum in her mouth that fast and I really enjoyed her hot mouth. I tried to keep Sue in my mind and tried to fight against my own lust, but I was losing that battle and I was losing badly. At least Emeka's table was on higher place inside that Bar, so others couldn't see what was happening inside Emeka's private booth.

The black girl used her tongue really well and I had to keep my hands on the table, so I could keep myself in more likely sitting position. Still after a month not being with Sue, or another women, I unloaded my sperm into her mouth and she swallowed all of it willingly. I was panting heavily as I felt how my body trembled from the huge surge of pleasure. Sue and I enjoyed having sex together and I don't need to have affairs with other females. I trusted that Sue was feeling the same way about me and that I kept her well satisfied, like she often told me in our bed.

Now here I was with a black girl's head in my lap, my cock deep in her mouth and I had shot my load down her throat moments ago. Still I wanted more and I had given in to my lust. The girl cleaned my cock with her tongue really nicely, and it made me to want her even more. I asked her to get up, so we could take care of the whole thing somewhere else. Emeka stayed in his Bar, while the black girl led me outside. Emeka's driver was waiting for us there and he gave us a lift to my house. She was a really hot girl and her hands moved wildly on my body. I wanted to fuck her right there, right now, but I had to wait to get her inside my bedroom before I could let her take care of my needs.

A few moments later, we were in my house and she was tearing my clothes away while kissing me passionately. I hadn't felt that kind of lust before and I hadn't been with a black girl before. I pulled her black revealing dress off and found out that she didn't have any underwear on at all. She smiled at me and pulled me into my bedroom. She pushed my pants down and my cock was hard again. I wanted to ram my personal tool into her hot toolbox and I really enjoyed touching her lovely young slim body. Sue also had a slim figure, as she was athletic in nature and that made her a really tough partner in bed. She could last ages as she kept herself in shape. I loved to play with her firm b-cup tits and she went crazy when I sucked her nipples.

This black girl was so sexy, that I wanted to fuck her really hard and to fill her womb with my seeds. Her black tits were insanely perky, her black nipples were rock hard and her waist was slimmest that I had ever seen. She pressed herself against me and we kissed again. Her hand rubbed my hard cock and I just wanted to hear her moaning sooner rather than later, so I just pushed her on the bed and made sure, that she was on her back. She laughed a little bit, but it felt like she was also waiting for me to fuck her pussy. She opened her long smooth skinned thighs and I just jumped on top of her.

She didn't waste any time, as she helped my cock to find the right place and pulled me against her. I felt how hot and wet her pussy was. She moaned softly and I have to say, she felt so awesome, that I began to fuck her harder than I had fucked anyone for a long time. She cried out loud from pleasure as I fucked her black pussy with fierce thrusts. She was panting a bit and her hands moved on my chest, neck, back and I felt her nails on my skin. She moaned and groaned while saying something in her own language to me, but I couldn't understand the words, but the meanings of those words were more likely to be "please, more". At least I got that feeling from her touches.

I grunted as I fucked her in the best way I could and she was really wonderful. Her pussy felt so hot, wet and tight around my cock. I loved to lick her insanely perky tits and felt her legs pressing me deeper into her. Her arms and legs were around me in that position and it felt so insanely hot, that I fucked her like animal. I don't know what was wrong with me, but at that point, I didn't care and I just fucked her as hard as I could. She moaned as loudly as she could and it was pure lust. We weren't making love, we were fucking, having hot raw intense sex together and I really loved her young black body that seemed to give me a new passion to take her.

As my pace started to fade, she pushed me on my back on the bed and started to ride on my cock like mad woman. She moaned and panted heavily while riding hard on my cock. I laid there and pushed my hips up against her hips as much as I could and enjoyed the view. Young naked, with hard tits, this black girl rode on my cock and she rubbed her black nipples just the way I have seen in the movies. She cried out loud as her orgasm racked her and her whole body trembled strongly. Her cunt was tighter than ever and I felt it trigger me and I unloaded a second load of seed into her hot young pussy. She felt me cum in her and it seemed to please her, but it seemed that she wasn't going to stop with that. She rested for a while, before starting to suck me hard again and somehow she managed to do that. She went on her hands and knees in front of me and looked at me with a nasty smile. She offered herself to be fucked again and I was up to the task once again.

I placed my cock on her pussy lips, but then she stopped me and placed my cock on her arse. I was a bit surprised about it, but when a lady asks it, she shall have it, and I started to slide my cock into her tight arse bit by bit. She trembled and whimpered a little bit at first, but then she started to moan again. She was full of surprises. I have rarely had anal sex with Sue, never with Beth and this girl just wanted it. She was hotter than before and pushed her ass against my hips to have more of my cock in her darker hole.

I gave it willingly to her and I couldn't believe how intense her moaning became. It didn't matter if I fucked her in a gentle way or harder, she moaned like never before. Her smooth black skin felt like it was burning and she was sweating. We both were sweating on my bed, and she took my cock so easily in her arse. She really enjoyed it and I have to say so did I. She was like hot slave right there in my firm grip, her black body trembled from the waves of pleasure, her skin was hot, her perky tits were harder than the rocks outside and her moaning would make even a deaf and blind man horny.

I lost count of how many orgasms she had, or how many times we switched our positions, but later on she laid there on my bed next to me and fell asleep after our long intense sex session. I was tired and well satisfied. I didn't even think about Sue at that time when I finally closed my eyes to sleep.

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