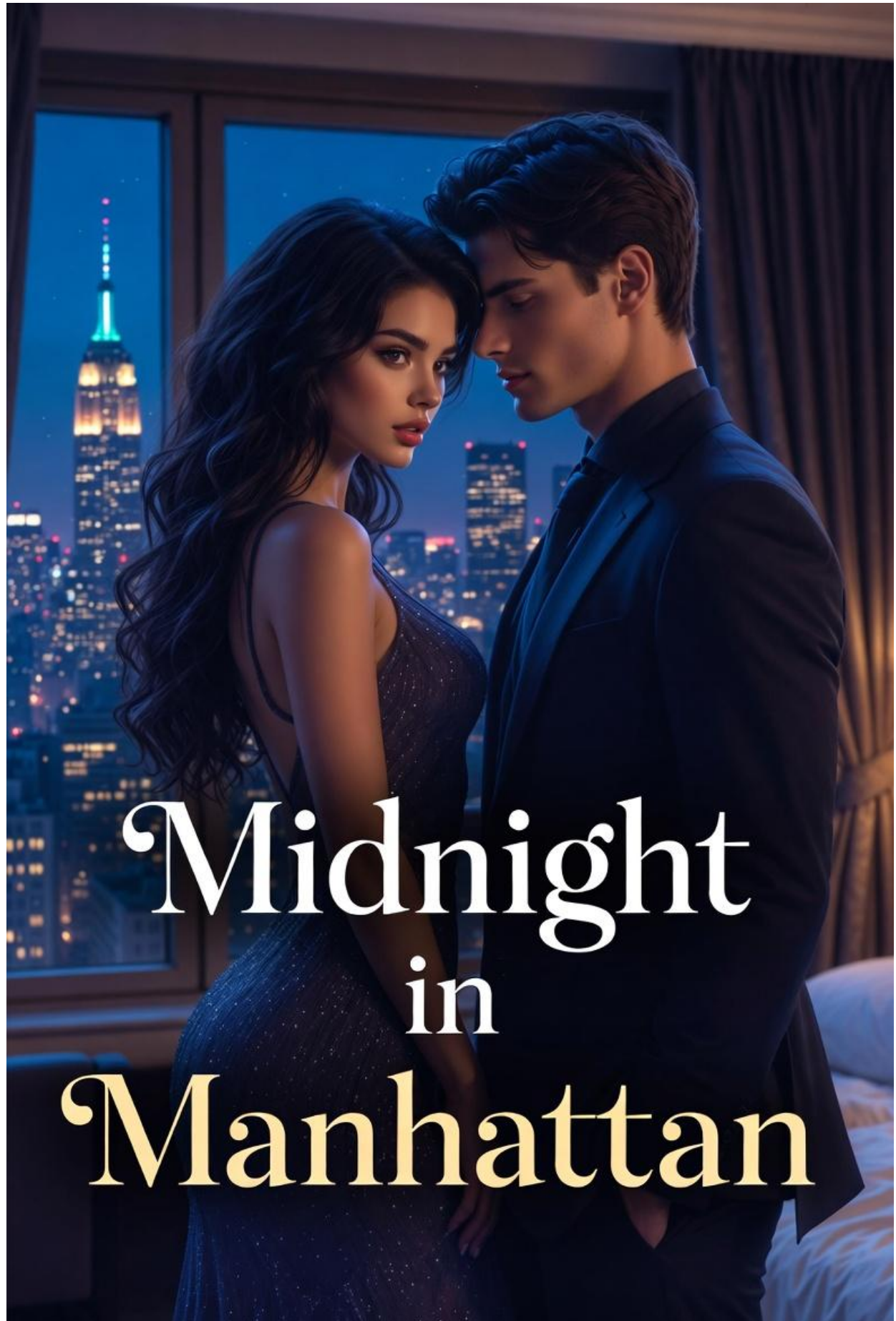




Midnight
in
Manhattan

Midnight in Manhattan

Michael and Elena had been married for twelve years. At thirty-five, both still turned heads—Michael with his easy smile and athletic build, Elena with her long chestnut hair, bright hazel eyes, and the kind of confident curves that made her impossible to ignore. They lived in Montreal but had flown to New York for a long weekend to celebrate their anniversary. On their second night, they decided to catch a late jazz show on Broadway.

The club was intimate, the saxophone wailing low and sultry. They found a small table near the stage. Halfway through the set, a tall, strikingly handsome Black man in a tailored shirt asked if the empty chair at their table was free. Jason introduced himself—he was a structural engineer from Texas, in town for a week-long project. His deep voice and warm laugh immediately put them at ease.



After the show, the three of them wandered to a nearby speakeasy-style bar. Drinks flowed easily: whiskey for the men, a spicy mezcal cocktail for Elena. Conversation moved from jazz to Montreal winters, Texas summers, and the architecture projects Jason had worked on. They discovered they shared a dry sense of humor and a love for spontaneous adventures. The chemistry crackled. Elena's gaze kept drifting to Jason's broad shoulders and strong hands. Michael noticed and felt a familiar thrill.

Later, as they stepped outside into the cool night air, Elena pulled Michael aside. Her cheeks were flushed. "What if..." she whispered, biting her lip, "we invited him back to the hotel? I want him. With you watching... and joining."

Michael's cock twitched at the idea. He kissed her hard. "If you're sure, baby. Let's do it."

Jason accepted their invitation with a slow, knowing smile.

Back at their sleek Times Square hotel suite, they ordered a bottle of bourbon. Soft saxophone music played from the speakers. Elena, feeling bold, took Jason's hand. "Dance with me?"



Michael settled into the armchair, heart pounding as he watched his wife press against the tall Black man. They swayed slowly, bodies molding together. Elena rose on her toes and whispered something into Jason's ear. Both of them glanced at Michael. He nodded, giving silent permission.

The kiss started soft, then deepened into something hungry. Jason's large hands roamed down Elena's back as she moaned into his mouth. They undressed each other between kisses—her dress slid to the floor, his shirt followed. Elena dropped to her knees, unzipped Jason's pants, and freed his thick, heavy black cock. It was already rock-hard and impressively large. She looked up at him with lust-filled eyes before wrapping her lips around the head, sucking him greedily.

"Fuck... that feels incredible," Jason groaned, threading his fingers through her hair.

Michael stroked his own throbbing cock through his pants, mesmerized.

Jason eventually pulled Elena up, laid her on her back across the king-sized bed, and spread her legs wide. He buried his face between her thighs, licking and sucking her swollen clit with expert skill. Elena cried out, hips bucking as he devoured her. She came hard the first time, thighs trembling around his head.



Jason moved up her body, straddling her torso. He slid his massive cock between her full breasts, fucking her tits while she eagerly sucked the head every time it reached her mouth. The sight was obscene and beautiful.

“Ready for me?” Jason asked, voice rough.

“Yes... fuck me,” Elena begged.

He positioned himself and pushed inside her in one slow, deep thrust. Elena gasped at the stretch. Jason fucked her steadily at first, then harder, pounding her into the mattress. Michael watched every thrust, stroking himself faster. Elena came again, screaming as her pussy clenched around Jason’s thick cock.

They changed positions—doggy style, then her riding him reverse cowgirl so Michael had the perfect view of Jason’s cock disappearing into his wife’s dripping pussy. Elena’s moans filled the room.

Finally, Jason pulled out and stood over her. Elena knelt, mouth open, tongue out, smiling up at him. With a deep groan, Jason erupted—thick ropes of hot cum splashed across her

beautiful face and into her waiting mouth. She swallowed what she could, the rest dripping down her chin and onto her breasts.

Spent, Jason collapsed into a chair. Elena, face glistening with cum, crawled seductively to her husband. She took Michael's aching cock into her warm, cum-smeared mouth and sucked him with loving intensity until he exploded down her throat with a guttural moan.



Afterward, Elena posed playfully for a few photos on Michael's phone—kneeling naked, face covered in Jason's load, smiling like the satisfied slut she was in that moment. She blew a kiss at the camera, then stood and walked toward the bathroom, hips swaying seductively, cum still dripping down her body.

Jason chuckled softly. "You two are something else."

Michael grinned. "Welcome to New York."

Elena called from the bathroom doorway, voice husky: "Round two after I freshen up?"

The night was far from over.