**Brooklyn Rooftops**

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Michael and Nia sat on his Brooklyn deck, a rare and ambitious luxury in the city, staring out at the lonely rooftops warming themselves in the summer sunset. A couple of discarded sparkling seltzers sat between them.

"What about them?" Nia asked, pointing her long, strong arm towards an apartment. The two of them could see the silhouette of a couple who seemed to be in the middle of a commonplace dinner.

"Swingers," Michael said, assuredly, taking a sip of his beer. "They're carbo-loading before they hit the club."

Nia laughed and swung her long braids over her shoulders.

"That's where I think you're wrong," she smiled, turning to glance at him. "He's her little slave. She lets him sleep over when he's been a good little boy."

"You trying to hint at something?" Michael asked, raising his eyebrows.

Nia rolled her eyes. "I'm grabbing another beer. Want one?"

As Michael nodded, he watched his fuck buddies curvy frame disappear from behind a door. The two of them had been happily fucking for months now, both comfortable with the arrangement. While it'd been her looks that immediately entranced him, he was often surprised (in a good way, of course) at the depths she'd go to please him, surprise him...

Nia returned with the beers, and handed one to Michael.

"What about her?" He asked, pointing out a thin, waif-like white woman crossing the street below him.

Nia frowned in thought for a moment.

"She's got one of those dildos that lays eggs inside of her."

Michaels' eyes widened. "What the fuck?"

"It's a whole thing," Nia smiled.

The two of them lapsed into silence as they watched the woman turn down the street and leave their view.

From the corner of his eye, Michael could see droplets of sweat forming on Nia's brow. He watched one slip down her ochre skin, down her full cheeks, and nestle itself between her breasts, where it hesitated for a moment, and then vanished.

Nia caught him staring at her and grinned, her white teeth gleaming against her dark skin. She arched her back keeping his eye, and smiled, licking her lips.

"You like that?"

Michael rose out of his chair and began to walk towards her.

"And what about that woman, right there?" He motioned towards her.

"Oh, she's a real slut," Nia said, still smiling. "She wants to get fucked on the porch."

"In front of everyone?" Michael asked.

"In front of everyone," Nia said. "She wants to put on a show."

Michael continued walking towards her until he was at the foot of her chair. He reached out and gently grabbed her by the throat, and bent down to kiss her neck.

"A show, huh? Might be fun."

As he began to kiss her neck, Nia let out a low moan, leaning against him, her breathing

ragged as he continued his ministrations, gently biting her neck and kissing behind her ear. She craned her neck down to try and feel him on her lips, but he held her in place.

She giggled lustily as he moved his hand down from her neck, lightly skimming his hands over her shoulders and the tops of her breasts, before shoving his hands in her bra and grabbing her breasts.

Nia smiled in the corner of his shoulder and began to ksis and nuzzle at him. Michael began to trail kisses down her clavicle and landed between her breasts, lapping at the sun-soaked, sweaty cleavage.

Nia wriggled her arms loose from under Michael and took off her shirt. Michael paused for a moment to admire her tits - large D-cups coming loose from their restraints to be relished in the summer heat.

In the beginning of their relationship (if you can call fuck buddies that), Nia was shy about her body, hiding her curves from him in dark lighting and under lacy lingerie. Through months of tutoring, Nia had finally come to realize that her body, as is, was gorgeous to him. Every roll of her copper-colored skin, the tops of her chubby thighs, her thick belly - every inch of it had been kissed and loved on.

And tonight was no different.

After pulling away for a moment, Michael returned to her, burying his face in her chest, mouth eagerly tasting and licking her breasts. He started by gently tonguing the sweat off of her, and then he began to lick large circles around her dark nipples. She leaned back to enjoy his work, and he took her silent cue, using his hands to push together her big breasts and continue to lavish affection on them, enjoying the salty flavor.

As she was turning to putty in his hands, he pushed himself away.

"Now me," he was able to say, his voice husky.

Nia, staring into his eyes, got off the chair and knelt at his feet. She unbuckled his belt and pushed down his shorts. She teasingly began to lick and suck at his cock through his cotton underwear.

Michael exhaled and pushed his groin further into her, as Nia began to move her mouth up and down his still-clothed cock. As his underwear became more and more wet, the outline of his cock became more and more obvious, harder and harder, until Nia took pity on him and pulled his underwear down, his cock springing free.

She looked up at him, and smiled, and took his white cock into her mouth, straining to get as much of him in her mouth as he could. Michael groaned as she pulled his cock out and spat on it, then continued to lick the length of it as she stared into his eyes.

She used a hand to lift up his cock as she began to lick and bathe the underside of his cock with her spit. In time with the motions of her mouth, she used her hand to continue to jack him off. Michael's eyes began to close as he kept feeding her the length of his cock. With his eyes closed, all he could feel was her beautiful engulfment, her warmth and the loss of almost all other sensation except for that of his hard cock.

"Doggy," he said, and she took herself off of his cock, and draped herself over the deck chair.

He drank in the sight of her, pussy offered to him, as she looked back at him over her shoulder and smiled.

Before fucking her, he reached his hand to her pussy and caressed her, feeling the heat and warmth emanating from her very core as she whimpered. He used the slick moisture from her pussy to coat his cock, and stroked it a few times, taking in the sight of her, waiting on the chair. Waiting for him.

He waited a little longer, teasing her, until he could stand it no longer. He plunged his cock into her, hearing her moan once again, happy and satisfied now, finally, that he was inside of her.

Michael continued to fuck her, and reached one hand around her to play with her clit, teasing it gentle as he continued his long, powerful strokes. It was only moments before she began to fuck herself against him, moving her large ass back to meet his thrusts, their bodies in perfect rhythm.

The sounds of their fucking grew louder as her moans became more unabashed, less shy, and more primitive. He began to exhale, sighing almost, she buried himself in her, rubbing her clit furiously. He was already close to coming, and drew himself out of her.

Nia gasped, needing him back inside of her as quickly as she could.

"What do you say?" Michael growled, the tip of his cock waiting at the edge of her pussy.

"Please." Nia whispered quietly, and as a reward, Michael's cock quickly filled her up again. She threw her ass back at him with no hesitation now - no more games, just the need between the two of them growing hotter and hotter.

Nia looked over her shoulder to see Michael. From far away, she thought she could see the couple from the window staring back at them. The thought barely occurred to her before she found herself coming on his cock, continuing to grind up against him as her braids bounced wildly.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," she said, closing her eyes tightly, wishing that image would never leave her.

As she felt Michael's thrusting get more and more frantic, she bit her lips, and rejoiced in the feeling of him coming in her.

She couldn't wait for their next adventure.