



# LITTLE NIKKI GRIND

**K'WAN**

Rome lounged on the leather sofa with his shoes off and his ankles crossed. Between his lips dangled an expertly rolled blunt that was packed to the brim with neon-green buds. The Cush went for six-hundred an ounce, but was well worth it. New York had one up on LA with most things, but when it came to grades of weed Cali won the contest hands down.

Footsteps on the hardwood floor drew his attention to the hallway. The young lady who appeared at the mouth of the living room was a tender thing with butterscotch skin. Her dark hair cropped just above her ears. Her silk robe swung freely as she moved exposing the sheer watermelon colored Teddy beneath. It was a sexy number that barely covered her stripper sized ass. She flopped on the couch next to Rome. He could smell the sweet scent of vanilla over the Cush. His dick got hard but his face stayed neutral.

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Her name was Helen if he remembered correctly. At five-six with a mean walk she was knocking a lot of chicks out the box. Rome had met her earlier that day working the cash register at Duane Reade on 94<sup>th</sup> and Columbus Avenue. Even beneath the red smock and loose fitting slacks he could tell that she had it and went in for the kill. Surprisingly enough, it didn't take much for her to give up the number, and with a bit of G, he found himself waiting outside her job to take her home that afternoon for God only knew what kind of fun.

“Damn, you rocking that shit ma,” he said, running a hand along her thigh.

“This is just a little something I picked up in the Bahamas,” she said, as if it was no big deal. In all truthfulness a lot of thought was put into the outfit. She had planned to wear it for her man on their one year anniversary, but catching her best friend giving him head two days prior changed the plan.

“You know, when I saw you standing behind the register today I knew there was something special about you,” he said in his Billy D voice.

“Nigga, knock it off. You saw me and thought I had a phat ass and that's why you pushed up,” she said, letting him know that she was bullshit proof.

“Come on, ma, it ain't always about a physical attraction. How do you know I didn't just dig you for your personality?”

Helen smiled then her face went very serious. She scooted closer to him and whispered in his ear. “Let's cut the bullshit, daddy. You saw me and wanted to fuck me. Ain't no shame in it cause I thought the same thing when I saw you. So lets not be coy about the whole shit.”

Rome was surprised and turned on by Helen's directness. Usually he had to apply at least a little game but in this instance it was her that took the initiative. Not one to be out gamed Rome opened his mouth to make a snappy comeback, but she hushed him by placing her mouth over his. Helen's breath tasted like

peppermint sticks as his tongue explored her mouth. Helen purred from somewhere low in her gut before biting his bottom lip playfully. Rome immediately jerked away.

“What’s the matter, did I hurt you?” she teased.

“So, you like the rough shit, huh?” he said, touching his lip to make sure it wasn’t bleeding.

“If it ain’t rough it ain’t right,” she said flatly. That was all he needed to hear.

Rome grabbed Helen by both arms and lifted her. For all the ass that Helen had he was surprised by how light she was. Rome placed her on his lap and began to run his tongue up and down her neck. Helen hissed in approval and began grinding on his lap. Through his jeans he could feel the call of her warm pussy. Rome’s hard dick pressed against her through his jeans only making her grind with more force.

Gracefully Helena slid off his lap and knelt before Rome. She ran her hands up to his chest and back down, stopping at his crotch. She cupped his dick through his jeans and tested the size of his penis. Rome smiled because he knew that he had a big dick and now she did too. Slowly she unzipped his pants and removed his penis from his pants. Sure enough Rome was very well hung and hard as a rock. Helen stroked it for a while to get a feel for the large muscle before taking him in her mouth. She started at the head, running her tongue in circles around the rim of it. Rome grunted, but wouldn’t allow himself to show her how good it was feeling.

Helen took her time playing around the head before taking him halfway into her mouth. Rome felt his dick hit the back of her throat at about the halfway point and was pleasantly surprised when she opened up and took him in almost to the balls. With wet, slurping sounds, Helen ran her lips and tongue up and down Rome’s shaft. Rome shivered when warm saliva dripped down the side of his dick, beneath his balls, and into the crease of his ass.

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“You like that, don’t you?” she looked up at him hungrily, while still stroking his dick.

“Yeah,” he gasped.

“You don’t sound convinced,” she said, sliding his jeans and boxers down to his ankles. “Let me see what I can do to change that.” Helen stroked Rome’s throbbing dick and began to juggle his balls in her mouth. Every so often she would go up the shaft with her tongue, but she concentrated on his balls. Rome let his eyes roll back in his head and enjoy the ride while she sucked him off. He was on cloud nine until something wet around his ass hole caused him to jump straight up, knocking Helen to the ground in the process.

“Fuck is you down there doing? Bitch, I ain’t wit that anal penetration shit!” Rome barked, trying to keep the near panic out of his voice.

“Relax, baby,” she said, easing him back down on the couch. “I wouldn’t even play you like that. I got something special I want to try. Just relax and enjoy it.”

Reluctantly Rome sat back on the couch and let Helen go back to what she had been doing. She licked beneath his balls, tickling that thin layer of skin that went from the nuts to the asshole. Once she had him fully relaxed again she moved her tongue further south. She could feel Rome tense when her tongue brushed over his asshole, but he didn’t bolt up again. As delicately as she could, Helen began flicking her tongue around the rim of his asshole.

Rome gritted his teeth and grabbed the back of her hair forcefully. At that moment he was having very mixed emotions about getting his salad tossed for the first time. One part of him wanted to slap her and yank her away from his ass, but the other part of him was turned on. Shorty was doing her thing and he was half enjoying it. He couldn’t help but to wonder if that meant he had homosexual tendencies.

Helen attacked Rome’s ass with tongue and lips, stroking his

dick the whole time. He cursed her under his breath as she made feel like a bitch. He could feel the cum building up in his dick and prayed that he didn't come prematurely, but doubted that his prayers would be answered. Helen must have felt it too because she started stroking and licking faster. As the first squirts of sea-men began to shoot from the head of Rome's dick Helen moved from his asshole back to his dick. She took the head in her mouth and caught the cum as it came shooting out. Rome roared like a jungle cat as Helen sucked the last few drops of cum from him and swallowed hard.

“Shit, that was some good head!” Rome gasped, slumping further into the couch.

“Oh, that was just he beginning,” Helen said, wiping her mouth with a dish cloth. She stood up and slipped out of her robe so that he could appreciate her body fully. She placed her knees on either side of Rome and ran her moist pussy against his half limp dick and smiled. “The best is yet to come.”

As Helen straddled Rome and proceeded to give him the fucking of his life he quietly hoped that he wouldn't be too wiped out afterwards to meet up with his crew later evening.



