

A Quick Favor

by Pan

“Of course,” Trisha replied with a smile.

It wasn't until Amy flounced away – and Amy never walked, only flounced – did the Black girl realize what she'd done.

Amy wasn't, like, generationally wealthy, but like all White girls that Trisha knew, she sort of expected the world to fall at her feet.

And it kind of did.

Her car, for example. It was a perfectly fine car: a Honda Civic, less than a year old. But Amy hadn't bought it – it had been a gift from her mother, for graduating high school.

For graduating *high school*.

When Trisha had graduated high school, she'd received nothing but a pat on the back.

And Amy had gone straight from high school to college. She was just eighteen years old, with all the energy and pep that came with being a teenager. Trisha was seven years older, and not... world-weary.

Just world-*tired*.

She'd had to work her ass off to be able to make college work. And the only way she'd been able to afford to live close enough was to take a housemate.

Enter Amy.

The day that Trisha had moved in, Amy had cooed over her car. It was Trisha's pride and joy, a black Nissan 350Z – over a decade old, but gorgeous. She'd saved for it for two years.

And when Amy had asked to borrow it, Trisha had agreed without hesitation.

It wasn't even that she disliked Amy, they were just different people from different worlds. Amy was blonde, and thin, and the perfect size six. Her waist was slender, but her hips and ass had some real shape to them, and her breasts were small, but perky and cute. Her golden hair was the first thing you noticed about her: it perfectly framed her perfect face. Amy had blue eyes, a cute smile, and dimples.

Of course she had dimples.

But she was so bubbly and outgoing, and just friendly, and really, what could Trisha say, except 'yes'?

Well, Trisha thought to herself. *I could have said 'no, you have your own car, why do you mean*

mine?

But she hadn't. She'd just given the White girl exactly what she wanted, without hesitation. Just like it had always been.

Just like she sometimes felt like it would always be.

Trisha wasn't unattractive, though she couldn't help but feel it when standing next to Amy. Her skin was dark and smooth, her lips full, but she felt like an Amazonian next to the other girl, at six feet tall.

Her bust was fuller, but it just made her feel...bigger, not curvy. Her legs were long and strong, and her hips wide, her butt round and thick. Her favorite feature was her eyes – almond-shaped brown eyes that she'd been complimented on more times than she could count.

She liked the way she looked, she really did. Amy was just...perfect.

No, she told herself. Not perfect. Just White, which in this society with its obsession with Whiteness, is the same fucking thing.

Trisha's alarm went off, and she cursed. She had a date with Jerome that night...but Amy had already taken the car. A quick scan of their shared apartment confirmed that Amy had taken her own keys with her as well.

She texted Jerome to cancel – he didn't have a car (he was a few years younger than her; she'd met him in class), dodging the question when he asked why.

Because I forgot about our date and lent Amy my car, and now I have no way to come get you... something told her that wouldn't land well.

Jerome sent back an emoji, and Trisha settled back on the couch and resigned herself to a night of television. She'd been watching so much more TV lately, ever since Amy had gotten one of those new SpireSticks. It unlocked a bunch more channels, and Trisha had gotten hooked on one of those stupid teen dramas, *The Magenta County*.

It was full of pretty White girls, of course – the kind of thing that she normally never let herself watch – but she put that aside, and let herself just turn her brain off.

“Uh, yeah,” Trisha said, blinking twice at the strange request. “I mean..um. Yeah. Go for it.”

Amy squealed with excitement and kissed her housemate on the cheek. Only when she'd left her room and was halfway down the hall did Trisha reflect on the strange request.

Borrow her...boyfriend? Firstly, Amy had a boyfriend of her own, why did she need Trisha's?

Secondly, since when did one borrow...their...housemate's boyfriend?

And what was she going to borrow her *for*?

Trisha's mind was buzzing with questions – not least of all *why did I agree to this?* – but before she could catch up with Amy, she'd left.

Taking Trisha's car with her.

Trisha pulled out her phone and texted Jerome. "Amy's on her way over," she said, biting her lip as she tried to work out how to phrase it.

"She wants to...she's going to..."

After a few moments of staring into her phone, the college student shrugged and decided to use Amy's phrasing.

"She asked if she could borrow you for the night, and I said that was fine."

Trisha hit send, then abruptly decided she didn't want to deal with the inevitable follow-up questions that her boyfriend would have, and tossed the phone onto her bed.

She'd only known Jerome for a six month, and it wasn't like they were serious, right?

He was handsome, and had a helluva body. His shoulders were broad and his arms strong, and he was nearly as tall as Trisha.

They'd gone out a few times, and it had been fun, and nice, and good. Then they'd started having sex, and it had gotten even better. Jerome really knew his way around a woman's body.

Trisha winced as she realized she'd shared that with Amy. She'd been a little tipsy – Amy had suggested they share a bottle of wine, and while Trisha felt like she was at least twice Amy's weight, the White girl was could really hold her alcohol.

By the time the bottle was done, Trisha felt like the room was spinning, while Amy was just as chipper and cheerful as ever.

"He's hung like a bull, girl," Trisha had remembered saying. "And he eats me out better than anyone ever has."

Amy hadn't seemed embarrassed by her admission, encouraging the older woman to share, a wicked smile on her pretty face.

Trisha's phone chirped from the bed, but she ignored it. Instead, she fell back on the couch, grabbed the remote and turned the TV on, trying not to think about what Amy could possibly want to borrow her boyfriend for.

Her housemate didn't come home that night.

“Right now?” Trisha asked, not sure how to respond. Amy looked pleadingly at her, and she sighed and turned to her boyfriend.

“That okay with you, babe?” she asked, throwing Jerome a look.

She'd figured it was a pretty clear look. A 'don't you leave this room' look. A 'do not walk out in the middle of our date so that my housemate can borrow you' look.

But the look was in vain; the muscular young man was already getting up. Amy grabbed his hand and dragged him away.

Trisha could hear the pair giggling as they made their way down the hall, into Amy's room.

For the next several minutes, Trisha sat in shock. She and Jerome had been necking – her boyfriend already had his shirt off – when Amy had entered and made her request.

The same as last time. Could she 'borrow' Jerome? Like he was a piece of clothing.

Or a car.

And Trisha had said yes, like she always did.

Why? Trisha thought to herself. She was worked up and in need of relief, and no one – *nothing* – could make her feel good like Jerome could.

And yet, when Amy had asked, she hadn't put her foot down, refused, called her out for the request in the first place.

Instead, she hadn't hesitated to send her man off in the arms of another woman.

Amy had been on cloud nine when she'd returned home after the last time she'd 'borrowed' Jerome. Trisha hadn't asked, but she didn't need to.

It was very obvious what the pair had done. Especially when Amy had shot her that perfect smile of hers – how were her teeth even whiter than Trisha's? – and told her that everything the Black girl had said about Jerome had been completely true.

Any hope that she'd misunderstood her – that Amy had borrowed Trisha's boyfriend for entirely innocent purposes – was lost as she heard the sounds coming from Amy's room.

The two girls shared a wall, and so Trisha had spent many a night listening to Amy's pleasure. Mostly when her boyfriend was over, of course, but sometimes when Amy was alone.

Girl was *loud*.

Trisha considered getting up and leaving, doing whatever she could to avoid hearing her own boyfriend – a man she'd been growing close to, who she'd *liked*, maybe even loved – bringing her beautiful housemate to the heights of pleasure, but she couldn't bring herself to do so.

She could have taken her car and gone for a drive (it was the rare night where Amy wasn't borrowing it), or gone into the living room and watched TV, but instead she just lay in her bed, the sound of every gasp and moan from the other room echoing in her head.

The sounds got louder, and Trisha couldn't help herself. She'd been so worked up, and the sounds were so...pornographic. Before she could reason herself out of it, she had her hand inside her panties and was stroking herself, rubbing her clit in time with the rhythmic moans and shrieks coming through the wall.

Trisha came at the same time as Amy, and it sounded like her boyfriend wasn't far behind. Trisha lay there panting...as her sanity returned, a fury rose within her.

Jerome was *her* boyfriend. The Nissan was *her* car. Amy couldn't just...she couldn't just...

Trisha threw her head back with a sigh. All she'd done was ask. Something Trisha would never have thought to do.

That was the difference between them. Trisha had worked for everything she had. Amy just had to ask, and the world fell in her lap.

Trisha's world.

The Black woman sat in her bedroom, alone, waiting for Jerome to return. It wasn't until she heard the bedsprings of Amy's bed creak that she realized exactly what the request had been.

The same as last time. Can I borrow him *for the night*.

As the pants and sighs began permeating the thin wall, Trisha sighed and got out of bed. She was no longer worked up to get any pleasure from the erotic display.

Instead, she grabbed a blanket, and trudged down the hallway. If she turned the television up loud enough, maybe it'd drown out the sounds of the pair making love.

Maybe.

"Are you serious?" Trisha asked, her mouth open. Amy's eyes flicked down to the pink tongue her roommate's expression had revealed, and Trisha closed her mouth just as quickly as she'd opened it.

Of course she was stressed. It was Finals week. Trisha was stressed too – not least of all because she hadn't been properly fucked in a month. What the hell gave Amy the right – the audacity! –

to ask her to...to ask her to...

“It had better be quick,” Trisha said quietly, and Amy nodded, her eyes lighting up.

She sat down primly on the couch, looking at Trisha expectantly. The girl squirmed with discomfort.

Not only had she agreed to...to...

Not only had she agreed to *that*, it also seemed that she had to lead the way.

Trisha wanted to retract her offer, to explain to the spoiled White girl that she had her own study to do, that she was under stress too...that she *wasn't gay*.

She wanted to say all of that, and more, but the words caught in her throat. Amy was looking at her, and in response to her housemate's stare, Trisha reluctantly got to her knees and spread the White girl's legs.

She'd never done this before. She'd never had any interest in women, not once in all her life. Hell, even now she wasn't interested...

She was just doing Amy a favor.

Just a quick favor.

Amy was looking down at her with a smile as Trisha slowly reached up the teenage girl's skirt and pulled down her panties. Her skin was pale and smooth; Trisha had been with White guys, of course, but no White women.

No *anything* women.

Trisha's hands were shaking as she lifted her skirt higher and saw Amy's pussy for the first time. Her lips were bare, a tuft of light blonde hair barely visible above them. She glanced up at Amy once more, hoping for salvation, for her tinkling laugh and a declaration that she was just *kidding*...

But instead, there was just that look of expectation. Of entitlement.

She had done nothing to seduce Trisha. She hadn't even offered her anything in return. She'd just explained that her upcoming exams were stressing her out (she was taking Advanced Hypnosis, which was notoriously difficult) and that it would really help her out if Trisha just went down on her.

And Trisha had agreed.

Why the hell did I agree? Trisha thought to herself as she leaned forward, tentatively touching her tongue to the White girl's cunt.

But she knew the answer. Amy was just...she was the kind of girl that you helped out, when asked. The kind of girl the world fell over itself to please.

Including Trisha, it turned out.

Trisha took a deep breath and pressed her face into the teenage pussy. Amy's response was immediate: she let out a happy moan, her head falling back and her legs opening wide. It was the sounds that Trisha had heard through the wall so many times – including every time her boyfriend had come over in the past two weeks – but it was the first time Trisha had been the cause of them.

Unless you counted 'bringing her boyfriend over to pleasure Amy'.

The last time, Trisha hadn't even had a date planned. Amy had just come into her room and asked if she could text Jerome and invite him over.

Trisha had agreed, of course.

Even though she had no experience, Trisha knew what *she* liked, and as she licked and sucked at Amy's clit, the White girl was responding to her moves. Amy's fingers tangled themselves in Trisha's hair and she pressed her pussy into her housemate's face, her body trembling.

Her thighs squeezed tight against Trisha's ears, muffling – but not completely blocking – the sound of Amy's orgasm, the squeals and moans of joy as she came on Trisha's face, her grip on the Black woman's hair tightening, her whole body shaking and quivering.

Then she was done. She looked down at Trisha with a dazed, appreciative smile, before getting up and skipping back to her room.

Not even a thanks, Trisha grumbled to herself. *Not even an offer to return the favor*.

Not that she would have accepted it, of course. Trisha wasn't gay.

Although Amy wasn't either. Just...in need of an orgasm. To help with the stress.

Trisha could feel Amy's juices on her face, and wiped them away with the back of her hand. She could still smell the White girl's scent, but the taste wasn't too bad. Not something she'd ever want to repeat, but tolerable.

She considered driving over to Jerome's house and finally relieving her own tension...but she, too had to study.

Plus, she suddenly remembered, Amy had already asked if she could borrow her car that night.

And Trisha, of course, had agreed.

“Uh...”

Trisha was furious. As if her previous requests hadn't been offensive enough – now Amy had truly crossed the line.

She took a deep breath, trying to organize her rant. She had never identified with another character as much as Alexander Hamilton, from the musical – his ability to quickly formulate a rant, to tear his opponents apart.

Trisha rarely got to use her gift, but now was her time. Amy's question, her completely inappropriate, insulting, *racist* request...

“Of course,” she found herself saying in reply, eyes wide at her own response.

Amy's eyes lit up with delight. She leaned forward and kissed Trisha on the cheek, before skipping away, her blonde ponytail bouncing behind her.

Trisha had never heard such an outlandish request. Even for Amy, this was beyond the pale – no pun intended.

And yet, she'd agreed.

Hands clenched, ready to give Amy the tongue-lashing of her life – and not the type that she'd found herself giving her five or six times a week, whenever Amy was stressed (or, it seemed, just bored).

She'd never had such a perfect opportunity to put someone on blast, to take them down, to call them out, to give them exactly the roasting they deserved.

But instead, she'd agreed to do her housemate's laundry. And dishes.

And wash both their cars, while she was at it.

She didn't understand why she hadn't torn into the White girl. She didn't understand why she hadn't given her a piece of her mind. Trisha had never been full of such self-righteous anger...to ask your *Black housemate* to do your chores for you, to treat her like a fucking slave.

Yes she did. She knew exactly why.

Systemic racism wasn't the exclusive purview of Whites. She knew – not only from the reading she'd done, but also from personal experience – that she, too, had internalized the problematic structures of society.

Even as a Black woman, she propagated the racism inherent in America. She was just as susceptible to problematic thinking, to unconsciously being complicit in maintaining the power dynamic. When Amy asked her to do slave work – for what else could one call it? – she

intellectually knew that it was a completely inappropriate, racist request...but she'd been raised in the US, and deep down part of her had been programmed to agree.

To believe herself to be lesser, to be responsible for serving her White, privileged, housemate.

Amy probably hadn't consciously registered how fucked up her request was; she, too, had been exposed since birth to a system that disproportionately rewarded people who looked a certain way. Rewarded people who looked like *her*.

Trisha didn't believe that it was her responsibility to educate those who were ignorant of how toxic their attitudes were, but she also couldn't blame Amy for not knowing. After all, hadn't Trisha agreed to all her other requests? Hadn't Trisha spent more time in the last week on her knees in front of her housemate than working on her assignments?

She barely even had time to watch television any more.

Amy was as much a victim of their upbringing as she was. Trisha pitied her, in a sense – she would go through her life with no idea of how unfair the system was, no idea of the benefits she took for granted.

Especially if no one ever explained it to her.

Like Trisha should have, instead of just immediately agreeing. Instead of allowing herself to fall into the role that society had scripted for her hundreds of years before she'd been born, the role that she so desperately wanted to break free from.

Her hands shaking with anger and frustration, Trisha made her way into the kitchen, where Amy's dishes had been stacked up for weeks, and started cleaning.

She was still at them half an hour later, when Amy asked if she could borrow her car and go visit Jerome.

"I'd be...happy to," Trisha replied, her eyes flicking back and forth between Amy and her friend.

She'd met her before, but her name completely escaped her. She was Amy's best friend, but so far as Trisha was concerned, the two could've been twins: another blonde, beautiful, thin, rich White airhead.

No, that wasn't fair. Amy wasn't an airhead. She'd heard that she was the top of each one of her classes.

Perhaps because she didn't have to spend any of her time on housework. And her dedicated live-in stress relief probably helped.

Amy had even started asking for massages. Trisha had obliged, of course. She'd started using her (rare) spare time watching videos online to get better at it.

"Now?" Trisha asked, and Amy nodded, her face blank but her blue eyes shining with delight. She sat on the coffee table and leaned forward, an expectant look on her face.

Ah. Apparently she was going to watch.

As Trisha fell to her knees in front of her housemate's friend, she barely had to wonder why she'd agreed to this so quickly. She'd always felt awkward whenever Amy had friends over – the White girls were so comfortable about each other, chatting away in what felt like their own secret language.

It always made Trisha feel like an outsider. She knew she deserved to go to the same university (although her grades had been slipping lately; between doing all her housework AND Amy's, not to mention how much time she spent between the White girl's legs...and the latest season of *Pretty Little Puppets* had gotten her hooked) but whenever she was in a room full of younger White girls, she felt...lesser.

She knew that she *wasn't* lesser, that if anything her lived experiences as a Black woman had given her a greater depth of experience than all the White girls in her college combined...but that didn't stop her from feeling like that.

And so when she got asked to do something, it was too easy to fall into the pattern of agreeing. When Amy asked, Trisha happily served the girls drinks...once, she'd even cooked meals for her housemate, three of her friends, *and* her boyfriend.

She hadn't even questioned it until she was serving up dessert.

Exactly once, Trisha had accepted an invitation for a night out on the town. She'd been worried about getting drunk and sharing too much, but instead Trisha had found herself buying the drinks for everyone when asked – it was the only way she could really feel like part of the group – and then being the designated driver at the end of the night, dropping everyone home, before ending the evening by going down on Amy until her third screaming orgasm in an hour.

After that, she'd declined to join her housemate and her friends when they went out, and Amy had never pushed the matter.

So when Amy and her friends hung out in their house, Trisha was the silent observer, not a part of the group.

She didn't remember the name of Amy's friend; they all blurred together to her. This one was notable for being the bustiest, but otherwise she was just another pretty blonde White girl.

As Trisha lifted her skirt and leaned forward, Amy let out a small sigh of satisfaction. Her friend was quieter than she was, but Trisha was relieved to find that her practiced techniques worked: after so many hours, she was becoming an expert on the art of cunnilingus.

It was almost nice to be able to apply her skill to someone else.

It didn't take long for her friend's breathing to become labored. It didn't take long for her soft groans and sighs of pleasure to start turning into moans. Trisha redoubled her efforts, sucking hard on the White girl's clit, bringing her to a loud, intense orgasm.

Afterwards, the pair chatted away – not about Trisha, but around her. Trisha just stayed there, silently knelt in front of the two women, her face damp with juices, waiting to see if they'd need her again.

“O-okay,” Trisha said, her eyes flicking back and forth between the couple.

Phillip, Amy's boyfriend was exactly what you'd expect. Handsome, well-dressed, golden hair and a charming smile – everything that Amy was.

He was a little shorter than Trisha would have expected...but perhaps that was why Amy liked to borrow Jerome as often as she did.

Trisha had finally bitten the bullet and cut her course load in half. Between her job, housework, cooking for Amy and her friends, and going down on them whenever they came around (which had grown increasingly common over the last month), Trisha had almost no time to dedicate to schoolwork.

The only reason she hadn't dropped out entirely was because Amy still 'borrowed' Jerome every time he came around, giving Trisha just enough time to keep up.

Both with her few remaining classes, and her growing number of 'must-watch' shows.

All starring pretty young White girls, of course. Once upon a time, Trisha had refused to watch shows that didn't have a significant Black presence. She sometimes felt a little guilty about abandoning her principles...but there were just so many *more* shows with White casts.

She didn't know how Amy kept up with her own workload – with the amount of time she spent with Trisha's tongue between her legs, or 'borrowing' Jerome, or dates with her *own* boyfriend...but she was still excelling at everything she did. There was even talk of her graduating early.

Maybe that was why she was asking for Trisha's help. Maybe while Trisha helped her boyfriend out, Amy planned to go and study.

Nope. The White girl sat, just as she had with her friend (whose name Trisha still couldn't recall, despite having eaten her out more than a dozen times over the past few weeks) and watched, a bright smile on her face. Unlike last time, she didn't sit opposite, but beside her boyfriend on the

couch.

Trisha's heart was thumping as she fell to her knees in front of Amy's boyfriend. When she 'helped' Amy and her friends...well, that was just a favor. But going down on a man was something Trisha actually quite enjoyed, although she'd always felt a little uncomfortable doing it with her White boyfriends. Something about being Black, kneeling in front of a White man...

It just felt gross.

The same feeling returned as she knelt in front of Phillip, but it was tempered by how damn long it had been since she'd last had a cock inside her.

As she unfastened Phillip's trousers, she felt a twinge of guilt. Technically she was cheating on her boyfriend – well, she'd technically been cheating on him every time she'd gone down on one of the White girls, too, but that had felt different. That had just been to help them destress.

This, she was going to enjoy.

She tried to keep her face neutral as Phillip's cock came into view, its veiny girth making her mouth water. It was the first time in almost three months that she'd done more than make out with a man, and she couldn't wait to taste it, to feel it inside her warm mouth.

Without a skirt obstructing her view, Trisha could see Phillip's reaction as she took her first lick.

He let out a gasp and his cock twitched, and Trisha couldn't help but moan herself as the taste hit her tongue. He was salty, and musky, and the first taste reminded her of why she loved cock so much. It felt like coming home.

She licked at it, gently at first, and then more aggressively. She briefly wondered if her last few months of giving head to girls would somehow translate into an improved ability with men as well, before the thought drifted away as she lost herself in what she was doing.

Her hands came up to gently stroke his balls, and Phillip's moan was muffled by his girlfriend's mouth.

Trisha's eyes were wide as she watched the couple make out, the familiar sounds of Amy's pleasure mixed with the growls of desire that she'd heard through the walls countless times. The erotic display just spurred her on, licking and sucking at the White man's cock, feeling his dick throb against her tongue. She bobbed her head up and down, trying to take as much as him as she could, feeling him press against the back of her throat.

His hips were thrusting now, and Trisha relaxed, allowing the White boy to use her mouth, to fuck her face. His groans grew louder and his movements became more frenzied, until he suddenly grabbed her hair and held her in place as he came.

His seed spurted into her mouth, and Trisha gulped, swallowing as fast as she could. He tasted amazing, and the way his cock pulsed, his body quivered and shook...

She couldn't remember feeling so turned on in her life. She wanted to fall back on the couch, to offer to let him use more than just her mouth. Trisha wanted to feel Amy's boyfriend inside her, to let him fuck her, to make love to her.

The moment was ruined when Amy stood up, pulling her boyfriend from the couch into her bedroom, her eyes gleaming with lust. Trisha's cheeks burned. She couldn't believe that she'd let herself think that...that she could...

Phillip was Amy's boyfriend, not hers. She shouldn't have been thinking about another man like that, especially not one that didn't belong to her. She couldn't just *ask* him to take her, to pleasure her.

That would have made her just like Amy.

To get pleasure from another was something that had to be earned, not just...expected. And she didn't want to seduce Phillip. She had her own boyfriend. Phillip was dating Amy, not her. It wouldn't have been right.

The sounds of Amy's pleasure bounced down the hall. In their excitement, it seemed that Trisha's housemate had forgotten to close the door. She could walk down the hall and watch, watch the perfect couple make love, watch Phillip's gorgeous cock sliding into Amy's tight little pussy.

Trisha couldn't believe she was even thinking that. Amy was her *friend*; it would be such an invasion of privacy to spy on her during her most intimate moments.

But she felt okay with laying on the couch and touching herself as she listened. And when she was done, she lost herself to the screen for the next few hours.

"Of course, Amy," Trisha nodded. "Just let me finish up these dishes."

At the feeling of Phillip's hands on her waist, she realized that he didn't want to wait.

Or maybe he just didn't care if she was still doing dishes while he took her pleasure from her.

Trisha had finally invested in some knee pads – between Amy, her boyfriend, and her growing circle of friends, she was spending so much time on her knees that she was starting to get bruised.

Amy had held a party last week, and Trisha had spent the entire time getting drinks, cleaning up, and servicing whoever Amy asked her to. It wasn't until she was swallowing down his seed that she realized why one of their guests looked so familiar – he'd been one of Trisha's professors,

before she had to cut her course load down.

She'd felt a little sore that she wasn't spending more time talking to people, but it felt much more like Amy's crowd than hers. Not everyone was White, to be fair, and Trisha had blushed whenever she saw another Black woman watching her.

Watching her kneel in front of Amy's guests and bring them pleasure with her mouth.

But neither of them said anything – no one but Amy really talked to her all night – and she quickly just became another one of the guests that Trisha was there to serve. She tasted just like the White women did – not that Trisha had expected any differently, of course. After all, her White boyfriends had all tasted just like her Black boyfriends did.

Now, Phillip was unbuckling her pants and pulling them down. She wriggled her hips, helping him disrobe her as she continued washing the dishes.

Trisha let out a groan as he pulled her panties down, his hard cock pressing against her entrance. She couldn't even remember the last time she'd been fucked, and she was looking forward to feeling him inside her.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Phillip's hard length slammed into her, filling her in a single stroke. Trisha gasped – no wonder Amy had wanted to borrow Jerome so often. He was the master of foreplay, where Phillip had just...gone for it.

Of course, he probably wasn't like this with Amy. He made love to Amy; he was just using Trisha.

Which was fine. She was happy to be used for stress relief.

Well, not 'happy'. But certainly used to it.

Trisha let out a small whimper of pleasure as the White boy behind her began to thrust. His hips slapped against her ass, and the sound of flesh slapping against flesh echoed through the kitchen, the dishes forgotten.

Trisha closed her eyes, her hands clutching the sink's edge. Her fingers tightened as the White boy's thrusts became more frantic, her whole body tensing up as his cock slid in and out of her. If she hadn't been doing Amy a favor, she wasn't sure that she would've liked this...but when her housemate had asked if Jerome could quickly use her to get off, she hadn't been able to refuse.

The clumsiness, the roughness of it was sort of hot in its own way, but Trisha knew that her pleasure wasn't the point. She might not cum from this, and she was okay with that. It wasn't about her.

Still, it was hard not to enjoy the sensations as the White boy plowed her pussy, his breath hot against the back of her neck. She felt her pussy start to tighten up, her legs trembling with effort.

He had one hand on the sink, and his other came up to grope at Trisha's breasts through her top. She'd never been one for breast play, but his rough, demanding touch was surprisingly hot.

Trisha bit her lip to hide her groan of frustration as Phillip came. He grunted, and his seed flooded into her. She'd been so close – just a few more minutes would have gotten her there... but it felt nice, and Trisha's hips wiggled in appreciation, a happy sigh escaping her lips.

Phillip pulled out of her. He did nothing to help her redress, and so Trisha finished the dishes sans pants, the cum of her housemate's boyfriend sliding down her thigh as she did.

As soon as she was done, she'd retire to her bedroom and bring herself to an orgasm.

If Amy didn't need anything else from her, of course.