

A woman with dark hair is shown from the back, wearing a red lace bra and a matching garter belt. She is holding a red strap in her right hand. The background is a warm, orange-toned wall with a textured surface.

Nasty No Chaser: Erotic Storytelling

Tomorrow's Pay for Today's Lay

Hard work is fun and games when it's Nasty Work.

Tomorrow's Pay for Today's Lay
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A Nasty No Chaser erotic short story

Sharissa McClendon works hard and plays none. After having been hurt in a previous relationship she finds herself lonely and sexless. Her friend steps in convincing her to let the girls and kitty out to play, setting her up on a blind date. The blind date, fine ass Royce shows up and takes her mind off work as he put is work the Nasty way. Sharissa plans to mingle but, unexpectedly gets one hell of a tingle. A first date turns in to a play date and pay day as Royce clocks in with his cock on the rocks.

Sha stood over her bed, dressed in cream-colored sexy boy shorts and a matching lace bra that cupped her breasts and behind perfectly. She firmly believed sexy underwear made you feel like a sexy lady. She picked up dress after dress and tossed them back across the bed with angst and disgust. She had been going through this monotonous routine of pick up, look over and put down for the past hour.

“Pink, black, red, come on Sha, get your head in the game. Ugh, head... my damn hair isn't done. Crrrrystaal.” she growled, as she remembered that her friend Crystal, who she had called over an hour ago, had not shown up yet to do her hair. “It’s official, I’m about to lose my damn mind up in here, up in here”. She took a couple of steps back away from the bed, raised her hands slightly above her head and slowly brought them back down, taking a moment to whoosaa and bear a cross across her chest. She looked to the ceiling, releasing a silent prayer. “I’m calling on him. Do you hear that universe?”

Sha had been single for nearly three years and tonight she decided she would bring an end to the fifteen month stint without a single date. That fifteen months was less than her sexual drought: twenty-one months, to be exact. Prior to the dry spell, she had been in love and lust with her high school sweetheart Roderick and was certain they were headed towards a wedding and bliss. Nothing doing, as soon as Sha started taking night classes towards her PhD, Roderick started getting his PHD: Plenty Hoes Daily. It must have been fate that one of her classes was cancelled, bringing her home to the sound of H-Town’s ‘Knocking Da Boots’ bumping in the living room. It brought a smile to her face. Although it was old school, it was one of her favorite songs and Roderick knew it.

She dropped her coat and backpack on the floor and did a slow sexy wind. “You must have read my mind, baby, I’ve been in heat all day. The cat is throbbing so hard between my thighs I could bust a vein before you get a chance to bust a nut,” she called as she made her way towards the bedroom, stripping seductively. She traced her waistline with her fingertips. As she reached the bottom of her blouse, she began to raise it: blouse over the head, blouse on the floor. She cupped and squeezed her breasts, then lifted them as high as possible to glide her tongue across each. She let her fingertips trail to the middle of her breasts: bra unsnapped, bra on the floor.

Steadily making her way down the hall, she softly sang, “My baby bout to be knocking my boots.” As the music faded, voices became audible.

She heard Roderick’s first. “This dick good, ain’t it?”

Then an unknown, “Uh... damn...” and a gasp.

Then she heard his again. “Rod got that hot rod for your ass. I’m the plumber, snaking up that ass up and rodding your ass out, holler! That’s right, holler!”

Roderick and the daily hoe were fucking so loud and hard they hadn’t heard a sound Sha made. Sha couldn’t believe her ears. Sha froze in time and space as the situation clicked; slowly registering as she thought, *This... bitch... fucking... some...body*. Sha felt she was in the Matrix as she felt herself travel in time and float across the room with no idea as to how the lamp got in her hand. It came crashing down on Roderick’s back as she found herself yelling, “You holler, motherfucker!” She raised it up again to strike a second blow as Roderick sprinted like a cockroach from the bed, leaving the bitch looking bug-eyed dead into Sha’s face. Down came the lamp and up came the lump in the daily hoe’s forehead. The lamp rose again, but Roderick tackled Sha, making the lamp fall to the floor.

“Baby, baby, you going to hurt somebody, please calm down,” he said.

“Yeah, both of you bitches. Get the fuck up off of me. You stink like hoe.”

The Daily momentarily acted as if she wanted to be froggish and leap. “Uh-un, this bitch hut meh.” The sound of the Daily’s Ebonics further incensed Sha.

“What the fuck, this hoe sounds like fucking Elmer Fudd and looks like Daffy-damned-Duck.” She struggled to get free of Roderick’s grip. “I said, get the hell off of me and get this Looney Toon ass victim the fuck out of here.”

With that comment, the Daily knew Sha had snapped. She grabbed her coat and dashed for the front door, asshole out. Roderick was soon behind her, having made the mistake of releasing Sha and letting her make her way to the nightstand. Sha went into the drawer and pulled out the Smith and Wesson her granddaddy gave to her for protection while away at school. “Are you going to get gone or get dead, motherfucker?” It was done and Sha was single.

At 28, Sharissa McClendon, nicknamed Sha as a kid, was a successful, single, bad-ass body, gorgeous head-turner. She could make man or woman drool on sight. At 5’9” and 155 lbs., measuring 36, 26, 38, she had a smooth coconut shell complexion and a face to paint a portrait from. Her breasts ballooned from her body, complimenting curvaceous curves a protractor couldn’t match and a booty that protruded like luxury cotton-filled camel humps. It was a body that Beyoncé would pay to have. She was a banger with no one to bang her. Sha wasn’t complaining. The hiatus was intentional. She wanted time to let her heart heal and her education and career come full circle. It had, and she was happy with where she was, but after continued nagging and prompting, one of her friends had finally convinced her to go out with their cousin. She chided Sha about her lack of romantic interest, saying, “If nothing else, I’m going to get you laid, even if I have to pay for it.” She was ready, excited and looking forward to it. She wanted to be wined and dined on someone else’s dime and treated like a lady for an evening. She wanted the whole shebang. The plan was for her date to pick her up between six and seven and go for a nice dinner in downtown Chicago. The destination was undetermined, which made her more excited over the spontaneity of choosing a restaurant.

It was quickly approaching 5:30, but Sha figured the hour-long window more than likely meant he would be arriving closer to seven than six.

“Let me call this chick. She is going to have me out here looking like scrappy doo.” She reached for her cell phone as the doorbell rang. “About time, Crystal!” She raced to the door swung it open while looking down at her phone and saying, “I was wondering what your malfunction was, girl, and what does this text...?” She looked up from the phone to see her date, Royce. Mid-sentence, her jaw dropped. “What the...” It was partly because he was unexpected, but mostly because this man was a melting pot of every good looking man, all molded into one: Tyrese, Shemar, Trey, LL, and even some Tatum Channing were in that damn pot. *Damn he fine*, she thought to herself as her heart and nerves fluttered.

“That’s what I’m saying.” Royce was all smiles, with a set of pearly whites that had all the sparkle you saw in toothpaste commercials. He reached towards Sha’s face, putting his hand gently on her chin to help her close her gaping mouth. “Hello, I’m Royce. I get the impression you thought I was someone else. I’ve caught you by surprise and got a pleasant surprise for myself.”

Shaking her head and coming out of her daze, she realized she had been standing there half naked. She tried to regain some composure. “Um yes, you did and I was.” She stepped aside. “Come in. Please pardon my indecency, but like you said, I wasn’t expecting it to be you just yet. I look a mess in more ways than one. I thought you were my friend Crystal.” She thought to herself, *Crystal*,

who had warned me to take caution when it came to the possible dates I might set me up on. She had simply said that, “They are into to some funny things,” without further clarification. Sha thought, *Well, I’m laughing all the way to the bank on this one because he’s hot cha-ching!*

Royce smiled. “Sweetheart, if you must consider yourself a mess, then let me help you clarify that you are a hot ass mess, damn... Right now I’m wishing this was like date four or five and this surprise was intentional.” Shaking his head, looking like he was holding back tears, he said, “Um um um um...woo...ok, oookay!”

Something in the way he said that woo, the look in his eyes, and that he was sexy beyond the scope of reason told her to get some clothes on quick. “You know, I was just about ready. Let me go on and finish up.” She turned to head towards her bedroom, but no sooner had she turned her back to him than he pressed her against his whole damn body; she quivered, and he felt it. Royce was quick; as she turned, he placed both his hands on her waist and pulled her close to him. He leaned in over her shoulder, putting their faces cheek to cheek.

“Is that absolutely necessary?” Royce teased in a naughty voice. That good old pulsating feeling from the days of Roderick was back. Between her clutched thighs, Sha’s vagina beat against her now even *more* creamed-colored underwear like a blind bat. Sha was taking an ass-whooping from her own pussy.

She mustered a shaky and stalled, “What do you mean?”

He replied, “I think your ass can understand and feel what I mean.”

Yes, it could; Royce’s dick was brick hard. The hot ass fire burning between Sha’s legs needed to go from its current two hundred degrees to four hundred to melt it down to size. A whopping 8-inch long and 4 to 5 around brick was what this dude was working with. Sha was guesstimating, of course. She tried to slyly move her ass to take measurements, but she knew she was damn near on the money.

Royce pulled her closer to his hard dick and slowly whistled a soft breeze down her neck before saying, “You don’t have to go in there to finish what’s been started.” He chuckled and added, “In my Kanye voice, I’mma let you finish, but...” He parted his lips and slung his tongue out, slaying her neck with it. He bit down into her neck like Dracula on crack. It felt so good, she hoped he’d OD on it. Instead, she was the one foaming from both sets of lips. It was a wrap; she was resigned to the fact that she was about to get fucked by this big dick stranger and didn’t give a damn.

Just for the thrill of it, she decided to play coy and unassuming about what was about to go down. She moaned, “Royce, what are you doing?”

Cool, calm, collected, and manly as hell, he said, “Sweetheart, I’m about to fuck you into tomorrow.”

Sha whimpered, “Oh, ok. But wait, it’s only 6 o’clock.”

“Well then, I’ve got six hours of work to put in.”

Those words struck Sha like a thunderbolt. She thought to herself, “Hell yeah” and swiftly swung around, driving her tongue straight down Royce’s throat. Their lips were in a brawl and it was outright down and dirty street fight. The harder Royce’s thrust, the harder Sha’s thrust. She thought, “I’m going to lose a tooth in this damned kiss.”

Realizing he was dealing with a competitive spirit, Royce took control of the situation by breaking from the kiss and devouring her left breast. Sha felt like a Dairy Queen Blizzard as her body melted, creamed and was milked; she was instantly whipped by his touch. Royce then honed in on her right breast as he let his hand massage her thigh, creeping towards her vagina slow and methodically. She feared by the time he caressed her there, she would saturate his hand with cum. He gently caressed between her legs with his index finger.

Sha erupted like a champagne bottle. Royce looked down between Sha's legs and smiled with those damned white ass teeth. Sha's reaction... more cum. Dairy Queen was going to go out of business if Royce held true to his word of fucking her into tomorrow. Sha's body was out of control and Royce was in control of it.

She thought, *He gone make me lose my mind up in here, up in here.* Royce took his whole hand and cupped Sha's vagina. While he sucked at her breast, he reached back with his free hand and massaged the small of her back, roaming back and forth, up and down, round and round her ass.

Sha was beside herself with pleasure. She stood there, helplessly convulsing with her head thrown back, mouth open and her eyes rolled damn near out her head. Royce took a breather to pull his shirt over his head.

Sha readily assisted, only to find herself saying, "Oh my damn!" There it was, the body of a demigod Royce was ripped and equipped. Sha blinked once, twice, three times before catching herself in a faint. She recovered and went straight for the belt with her teeth; the freak had been unleashed. She was wet with perspiration, saturated with cum and oozing with excitement from every pore, crevice and open space on her body, ready to see the brick dick. Royce's pants fell to the floor, then his black silk boxers, and there it was, the most palatable and scrumptious looking penis she had ever laid eyes on. In her head, she could hear magical melodies playing as she gazed upon the bulging beauty.

Her mouth watered, salivating like a rabid animal as she licked her lips and went straight in...the dick... was in... the mouth. It was so big and luscious, it would make any women develop an insatiable appetite to suck dick. It was so inviting, not only would one want to suck dick, they would want to do it all day long. Sha bobbed and weaved and slurped, and then she choked on it and choked on it some more. She wanted to choke on this big dick until she was blue in the face. She wanted to get a tonsillectomy from this brick dick.

She couldn't believe the enjoyment she felt in servicing Royce; it had never been her thing in the past. Royce's reaction to the unexpected surprise turned her on even more. His strong masculine body trembled and convulsed. She felt his hands tighten their grip on her head. She went from a slow slurp to a gentle trail-like grind along his penis as she eased away, letting the head linger in her mouth. Her tongue was a gentle carousel around it. She listened to his moans with growing excitement and lust. She reached up his back slowly and then brought her hands back down even slower, letting her fingertips tread along the skin of his back. She let them fall even lower to massage his firm sculpted behind rigorously, hoping he would feel violated and turned on: he was.

Royce felt himself becoming climactic. He reached back, taking Sha's hands mid-squeeze, pulling them around and letting them rest briefly at his navel. He then moved them sensually up his chest, bringing Sha from her knees to face him. He took her fingertips and succulently lollipopped each one before taking all of her fingers, with the exception of her thumb, into his mouth. With a deep gulp, he was massaging her hand with his mouth. She could have sworn he was downtown throwing down, and then he was.

Royce dropped down to his knees, pulled Sha's panties to her kneecaps, dropped his head between Sha's legs, and went to work. He was like a jackhammer on the loose. He dined away at Sha's vagina sacrilegiously, as if it was his last supper, his last meal and testament. She could not only feel but see in her mind his tongue and mouth make every lick, suck, slurp, gnaw and stroke; with visual clarity as she looked down to see the top of his handsome head moving from slow to fast. Sha could barely stay on her feet. The pleasure was weakening. She moaned, screeched, screamed and howled like a caged animal, but freedom from the experience was last thing she wanted. Royce slowed to gentle kisses and a soft blowing between her thighs as he gently

massaged and caressed her ass. It was so sensually relaxing, Sha felt as if she could float away on the cumfall that was streaming from her. She moaned a soft, slow, lingering, "Oh baby."

Royce liked the sound of that. He smiled and looked up. "If it means I have can this delicious body yours, then damn right I'm your baby, papa and whoever else you need me to be."

Royce swooped Sha up off of her feet, carried her over to the chaise and laid her down on it. Then, he stood up and looked down at her body in wonderment. "You, my dear, are a treat of a gig that's unimaginable. You would make a saint a sinner at the sight of you."

She didn't have the slightest idea what treat of a gig meant, but she liked the sound of it. Sha smiled and said, "There are no saints among men, so let's sin." Sha yanked at Royce's arm and pulled him down on top of her. Royce wasted no time gaining entry into her hot, wet and ready vagina. He entered with a thrust and Sha erupted yet again. It was a welcome hostile takeover. The expression on his face after he entered her made Sha felt like the Queen of Sheba, and Royce had just been enslaved and pussy whipped. She loved it.

Royce lay still for a few seconds, letting the moment linger before he continued putting the rest of his six hours in. With her hands resting on the small of his back, she felt him begin to sway from front to back and then switch to a smooth circular motion, taking a lay of his lay. It was nice and she liked it, but after twenty-one months, it was not enough. She grabbed Royce's head with a yank, pulling it in and bringing them nose-to-nose.

She said with ferocity, "Fuck...me!"

Sha thrust her tongue down his throat with such vigor, Royce was almost at a loss as to how to respond. Almost didn't count, he picked up the cue and went jackhammer on Sha's pussy. Sha yelped at the aggressiveness of his thrusts and begged for more.

"Oh yeah fuck... ah, ah, ah, ah... me." It was so good, she couldn't get her words out.

Royce came up on his knees, pulling her snugly onto his dick. Sha's felt as tight as a vice on his dick. Sha was a feast and she definitely brought out a beast in him.

With her up close and him tightly inside, he took her legs and spread them against his chest. Royce kissed up and down her leg as far as his position would allow without him losing his place inside of her. He alternated kissing, licking, biting and sucking between her legs; he relished her. It felt amazing, she thought to herself.

Are my legs really an erogenous zone, or is this man just a master manipulator of a woman's body?

Royce took both his hands and reined them onto Sha's breast. It was a hoof-bucking rodeo after that. Between him pounding her pussy like he was a dog in heat, tugging and gripping her breast with vigor, Sha nearly screamed herself mute. She lay silent, taking it like a champ with clenched teeth. Her eyelids were closed so tight they seemed welded shut. Her hands gripped the pillow behind her head and she came like Niagara Falls with a gush and flow that seemed never-ending.

Royce had been a man at work, in hard labor for nearly thirty minutes. His jaw line seemed even more statuesque and his pearly whites bared themselves, grinding in agonizing pleasure at approach of his climax. She could for some reason, hear Maxell singing. She smiled like a vixen,

thinking that this was a woman's work. And then he came, with a winded cry. He collapsed down onto Sha, putting their faces cheek to cheek.

Her work was done; however, his wasn't.

She whispered into his ear, "Into tomorrow, right?"

Royce smiled and said, "Damned right," as he whipped out his tongue and slew her neck with it.

She giggled girlishly until he stopped. Royce's phone rang; he sat up on the bed as he answered. She could tell he was attempting to whisper and tried not to listen to his conversation. Unfortunately, she couldn't help but hear him say, "For sure, I got the job done...few hours of manpower left to put in, but it's safe to say it'll be another satisfied customer. My work speaks for itself."

He made a noise, something between a chuckle and clearing his throat. "If you would have been here, you would have heard," he replied with confidence. "We'll settle the account as soon as I wrap things up. Is that cool with you?" Then he hung up the phone.

Sha, bewildered by the conversation, asked him, "Is everything ok? Was that your boss? You don't have to go to work now, do you?"

He replied, "No. It was my cousin. The one who set this up." He leaned in and kissed Sha's forehead, chuckled again with deviance and said, "I thought I have been at work." Then he climbed back into bed.

The Nasty End