

**WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO
HAVE EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED?**



N-WORD

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Once they were inside Blake handed Antonia a clean towel, a red, tight fitting cocktail dress with matching bra and panties and pointed her in the direction of the bathroom.

Once inside his lavish white marble bathroom she peeled off her sweaty clothes and stepped into his walk through shower, taking a moment to take in the breathtaking cityscape view from the window. The water was heated to absolute perfection and as it rained down over every inch of her caramel chocolate skin, she tilted her head back and sighed in satisfaction as that warm liquid washed away her cares. Thousands and thousands of droplets of liquid all caressing, kissing, and licking, her neck, breasts, back, arms, and butt. Tens of thousands of droplets of liquid combining with eucalyptus scented oil to lubricate her hands allowing them to glide effortlessly across every curve of her perfect form. As she bathed her nipples slowly began to fill with blood and stiffen to the touch.

And Antonia moaned with pleasure.

Once finished, as she stepped out of that shower with her new young body now feeling and smelling as clean as it was beautiful. She looked at the cocktail dress that was hanging up against the door, then the lingerie, and then a bathrobe. Half a minute later she was wearing the lingerie and the experience was glorious.

It was so form fitting, so tight, and yet so soft against her skin at the same time. It accentuated her voluptuous hips, full breasts and thick yet muscular thighs so seductively that she wished she had a camera on hand to capture how perfect she looked.

Never in her past life would she have ever dared to wear something so unashamedly feminine and sexy. Never had she felt worthy of the honour. Deserving of the privilege. She felt so empowered, so liberated, so beautiful.

This is what it feels like! This is how it feels to be gorgeous!

She was so happy she could almost cry, so elated she could hardly draw breath, so confident she decided she didn't need the cocktail dress. It just wasn't relevant. There was no need to mask her body's awe-inspiring beauty. She had nothing to fear.

Nothing to be ashamed of.

She wasn't going to hide away under the presumption that her new form was inherently wicked, distasteful, or unseemly to the eye. Not anymore. Antonia was going to wear that lingerie, put on that bathrobe, make sure it was untied, and head out with her head held high.

However, as soon as she opened the door, Blake was right there, staring deep into her soul with those piercing blue eyes while presenting her another glass of Dom Perignon. Unlike Antonia, he had seen fit to ensure his exquisite frame was fully clothed and was wearing a

navy blue silk shirt with gold cufflinks and matching trousers. He was clearly surprised that she wasn't wearing the cocktail dress.

Which wasn't surprising.

"Your queen wanted to make herself comfortable." she said with a smirk, slowly growing into her confidence.

"Your king humbly respects his queen's decision. But now he feels somewhat overdressed for the occasion." He replied, still looking her directly in the eyes before slowly removing his shirt, trousers, and socks right before her. Soon Blake was completely naked save for the small gold chain hanging around his neck and tight pair of red boxer shorts which did precious little to hide the mild swelling between his legs.

He took a step towards her and stopped, his chest grazing her thick breasts as she gasped in shock. Smiling, he grabbed her by the arms, guided her from the doorway, and pressed her against the wall with his chest now wedged tight against hers and her thigh trapped tight against the growing rock that was sadly confined to his tight boxers.

Still peering past her eyes and into the heart of her essence itself, Blake held her right hand above her head with his left as his right hand cradled her cheek.

Her body became awash with submissive bliss as his pupils dilated so wide she looked like she was on hard drugs and her trembling fingers struggled to hold onto that champagne glass spilling expensive Dom Perignon all over her painted toenails.

With that, Blake leaned in, let his lips graze against Antonia's neck and ear and said.

"Excuse me."

Before walking right into the bathroom leaving her completely breathless and able to do nought but pull her trembling hand to her lips to down what was left of her champagne. Seconds later, he returned wearing a white bathrobe of his own, took a look at her empty champagne glass, smirked, and said:

"My queen needs another drink."

All Antonia's young body had the strength to do was nod meekly before he took her by the hand and led her through his beautiful living room out onto his balcony which overlooked the expansive cityscape. It was now dark, dusk, and yet tranquil still.

Calm, safe, and seemingly nurturing in a way one wouldn't imagine a city at night to appear. Tens of thousands of stars twinkled brightly in the night's sky as the moon shot a constant luminant beam like a lighthouse guiding lost ships at sea to safety.

As the quiet hum of city life and traffic penetrated and caressed Antonia's eardrums Blake poured her yet another glass of champagne.

Neither spoke another word but then again no words were needed. Side by side they stood in perfect silence, the all-encompassing background hum of New York City massaging their senses and blending seamlessly with the thousands of soft fizzing pops of carbonated bubbles that escaped their champagne glasses.

Blake positioned himself directly behind Antonia with his arms surrounding her on the railing from either side but still said nothing. A whole minute passed, but still he said nothing.

Slowly, Antonia continued to grow in confidence. Slowly, she earned the courage to back her butt up ever so slightly in search of his dick. And eventually, she found exactly what she was looking for. There it was, trapped within the confines of his blood-red boxer shorts and her bathrobe; her thick and ample butt found the thick cock which strained to press against it.

Both searching for the same thing. Both yearning to be pressed against each other skin to skin but both restrained by torturous prisons of cloth and fabric.

It had been years since Antonia felt anything remotely so exhilarating. So erotic, so sensual. His cock felt so big but so fucking hard that her mind began to drown in a sea of carnal fantasy. Yes, her eyes were locked onto the city's lights, and yes, her tongue was savouring the sweet taste of that expensive champagne, but her mind was somewhere else entirely.

Antonia's mind had become a lifelong artist passionately painting its magnum opus on a blank canvas, frantically cross-referencing the data her butt gave her about the rock-hard tool that pressed against it to construct a mental image of exactly how it looked.

How it felt.

How it smelled.

How it tasted.

"You won't have to think so hard if you get out of that," Blake whispered into her ear. His chocolate hands slowly pulled her bathrobe from her trembling body, and dropped it to the cold, hard, and marble floor of his balcony. As Antonia felt the chill of the New York City air rush across almost every inch of her near-naked skin, the fine hairs on her arms quickly became as erect as Blake's cock.

She was flowing further into sensual ecstasy, standing against that balcony wearing nothing but lingerie with that agonisingly sexy black man standing right behind.

She needed to touch him, kiss him, press herself against him, and she tried to make that happen. She craved for the feeling of his flesh coming into contact with hers, and again she tried. She tried to turn around, but he held her in place. She tried yet again even harder still but still couldn't budge an inch. He was just too strong. She tried with everything she had but she was helpless. Physically helpless. She couldn't move.

Suddenly, she felt his bathrobe hit the floor and graze her ankles. And seconds after that, she got the shock of her life as his big, thick, and fully engorged black tool wedged itself between her butt cheeks and right against her the thong line of her panties.

It was no longer constrained by his underwear.

Now, Antonia could experience every last millimetre of its twitching length. Now, she could feel the coursing blood pumping through the veins that pulsated along its surface. Now she could feel it bulging from base to tip, each minor spasm making her ass convulse in responsive arousal, and each convulsion causing that cock to twitch even harder in frustration.

"Uuuuhhhh..." she moaned. It was deep, guttural, and primal. A moan which erupted from deep within her chest. A moan which wasn't even finished before Blake's lips once again found their way to her ears and said:

"Your body feels so soft, so smooth. It's incredible."

"You're so hard," she replied. Not knowing if she was talking about his muscular body or dick.

"It's such a beautiful night. The stars are out, and the city is alive in the distance. We're surrounded by hundreds of thousands, maybe even millions of people who have no idea what we're doing," he continued, his lips kissing her ears while his left hand traced a line from her shoulder down to her smooth and tight stomach.

"Wives watching TV with their husbands, mothers feeding their children. All those people living all those lives, and then there is us."

"Us..." Antonia replied breathlessly.

He took a step closer. Now she could feel his swollen testicles bulging against her butt as the fingers of his left hand briefly ran underneath her panties before resting on her hip.

Antonia moaned again, this time even more guttural than before, deeper than before. And this time, he smothered her mouth with his hand to stifle her noise.

"Shhh. Focus, my queen. You can handle this."

His cock was so hot it was almost boiling against her skin. She wanted to touch it. She needed to experience it. She tried to grab it and managed to graze a fingertip against its head before he grabbed her hand and held her in place.

"My queen, you need to focus. I want you to do that for me. Will you do that for me?"

"I don't know if I can..." she moaned.

"Yes you can, but you're letting your thoughts run away with you. Your mind is losing itself to the moment, and you're letting it win. But you're better than that. Focus."

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