



Hot in Here

By Contel Bradford

A Silk's Vault Electronic Publication, in arrangement with author Contel Bradford.

ISBN: 1-934055-27-1

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Cover Design and Art by Carmel St. James, © Copyright 2006

Edited by Rene Walden

Silk's Vault Publishing

www.silksvault.com

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“God damn, it’s hot!” Meka would swear it was at least the third time she’d confessed it in the past ten minutes. Jerry Hodak forecasted a mean, muggy day with plenty of sunshine and blistering temperatures in the low to mid 90’s. Fuck that! Meka could attest to the fact that it was at least over the century mark in her apartment. Even with the huge blinds folded close, the sun and muggy mass of air managed to seep its way through her domain.

“This is ridiculous.” Meka figured she’d stay cooler in the thin yellow tank top and cute, little pair of orange booty shorts. Was she ever a fool. There seemed to be no escaping the heinous heat wave that plagued the Midwest over the past week. Just two days ago the air conditioning malfunctioned at her job, making the furniture warehouse a most miserable place to be employed. Thank goodness she was on a week’s vacation the following day, only to be forced to suffer the fierce climate in the privacy of her new residence.

Adjusting her lounging position on the couch, Meka opened her legs wide; assuring the thick lips of her fleshy coochie had breathing room. She rubbed in between her breast and felt a slight dampness on the tank top. Glancing down, she noticed a pair of well-rounded, pointed nipples poking out. Oh well ... she was the only one there, who cared? Squeezing them for a second brought forth minimal arousal as she figured against masturbation.

Meka scanned through about ten minutes of *Chasing the Big Ones 26*, the newest in the collection of her and Ron’s adult features. She instantly liked what she saw from the onscreen cast, but eventually became too hot and bothered by the temperature to enjoy. When it’s too hot to go searching for the everlasting, forever ready, vibrating dick of stainless steel she liked to call, MR. FINGER, you know there’s an issue. Why even geek herself up for the moment? Meka usually liked to play with herself before intercourse; get the pussy wet preferably as she pleased. She always had a ball, inner twining with lotions, dildos, beads and what not. Ron enjoyed the show also, often jerking on himself while watching his girl cream the sheets. After finishing herself, Meka attacked with the savvy of a sexual predator, taking Ron to the point of no return or ... “baby I can’t go no mo”. But as of now it was all a dream, a far-fetched fantasy. Ron was

slaving away at work and wouldn't return for at least another three hours.

“What bitch?”

Meka flipped frustrated through the channels of the TV, appalled at the appearances of goofy looking celebrities, athletes and broadcast journalists. She cracked up after seeing a bitch on the sportscast that looked as if she could pass for one of Jerry's Kids. The trace of hashish in her veins kept her calm and sane considering the circumstances. Even after showering an hour ago she felt disgustedly sticky. The heat was just too much. She peeled the fabric of her shorts, ran a finger along her clit and sat it against her nose. Meka was just weird like that. She had to make certain that the precious was always ready and edible. Ron loved to go down, so she craved to stick it in his face during the most unexpected moments.

Jacob busted through the door with reckless abandonment, ruggedly throwing a wrinkled towel on the already junky floor. Bastard!! The sneaky little creep scared Meka half to death. She quickly grasped her knees into her chest and assumed the stationary cannon ball position on the couch. She was just looking too ravishing for Ron's little brother to barge in and see her sitting skimpy on the sofa. Meka wasn't one of those hoes that pranced around with high rising shorts up her ass to attract the attention of her man's friends. But if she flipped her position the wrong way in the slightest degree, Jacob would catch a good glance at her ass. To her chagrin, the young lad walked past her and the scrambled path of belongings and stormed for the bathroom, slamming the door hard.

Meka quickly adjusted herself, trying her best to deflate those hard nipples, but to no avail. With all the commotion of moving from her home of three years, she nearly forgot that Jacob was the newest member of their circle. How could she forget? She and Ron had to drive a zillion hours down a tainted path to Arizona to bail the boy out of trouble...again. On this occasion, Ron revealed that something occurred with Jacob's baby mama. Apparently the two got tangled in a heated dispute in the midst of her older cousin and maniacal brother. To no surprise, the froggish duo attacked from the blind side, knocking Jacob to the floor and stomping him for a

few minutes. Adrenaline pumped their blood, but their antics were actually useless and quite hoesh. After the mauling, Jacob sprang to his feet with confidence, body in tact, hardly no bruises on his face. Story short ... he torched baby mama's house, almost frying her and a male friend as they barely escaped the collapsing inferno. Authorities hadn't suspected Jacob yet, but he figured to split before things became hectic.

Meka suddenly felt uncomfortable. Jacob kicked through the door with attitude, probably upset that the place looked as trashed as it did before he left. Indeed, Meka had done nothing all day but watch ABC soaps and inhale THC. So what! She was fatigued as hell. Ron, the boy genius, had decided to move numerous amounts of freight and personal belongings on the hottest weekend of the year. Finally she, Ron, and Jacob transferred every last piece, cramming the majority of it in the living room where Meka chilled until they felt like unpacking. This array of junk only worsened things; more items to absorb more heat to dish punishment onto her ass.

The heat and hash floored her mind to different dimensions. She had nothing against Jacob at all ... other than the fact that he was a grown man and should be able to fully fend for himself, but that wasn't her place. Ron often got sensitive when attempting to pry into family affairs. But she liked Jacob so there was no problem. He was a good boy who fell prey to the glamour, hoes and highs, yet retained a reputable status.

"Its hot," growled Meka while pulling the shorts from her cheeks. Glaring about the room in a diabolical trance, she realized the cluster fuck that was her life. Boxes, entertainment centers, exercise equipment and all type of shit scattered everywhere; the situation was starting to bother her.

Meka sluggishly left the couch, trampled over a few items, and approached the big ugly fan. This ancient piece of equipment was considered a family heirloom. Meka could recall the times when the fan kept a roomful of relatives cool on those hot nights at Grandma's house. Meka sluggishly left the couch, trampled over a few items, and approached the big ugly fan. This ancient piece of equipment was considered a family heirloom. Meka could recall the times when the fan kept a roomful of relatives cool on those hot nights at Grandma's house.

It was a mystery how the bruised and battered machine even made it this far. Her sister's badass son spilled kool-aid all over it; and Ron's clumsy self dropped it down the stairs during the move. Grandma's fan just kept on pushing, only now it seemed as if it blew out the steaming air of a raggedly car's exhaust system. It was a mystery how the bruised and battered machine even made it this far. Her sister's badass son spilled kool-aid all over it; and Ron's clumsy self dropped it down the stairs during the move. Grandma's fan just kept on pushing, only now it seemed as if it blew out the steaming air of a raggedly car's exhaust system.

Over the years the family had been warned not to adjust the fan over a medium level of speed. Her mom spoke of it as if the shit would self-destruct and violently spew its organs all over the place. Meka dared to be bold and spited the myth. Just a little more of any kind of breeze would satisfy her body so much. With a powerful twist of the faulty knob, she forced the fan to spin high and fast.

"Oh hell yeah." She smiled as a rush of wind like air engulfed her face and chest area. Micro-sized bits of dust probably flung from the rusty blades and into her skin, but she gave a fuck. Meka simply smiled, drying herself of the perspiration that plagued her body.

"Oh shit!" Her mother's word became a horrible reality as the fan shook and vibrated faster than Mr. Finger. Loud, disturbing spurts came from it and the blades slowed. Meka reacted with haste, sprinting over to the wall and yanking the maniacal machine's lifeline. After another ten seconds of erratic spinning the blades finally stopped. Meka took a long sigh of relief and sat her sorry self back on the couch. She cursed herself, twenty-three years old and her head still as thick as a boulder.

"I have no choice." Meka gave in and dug into the big red cooler. The contents were a pool of water, a few floating ice cubes and about six cans of beer. The freezing water felt so refreshing on her hand. Meka snatched a can out and pressed the cold beer against her forehead. "Oh yeah." She shut her slanted eyes and relaxed, caressing the cool can all over her face.

Meka peeled the top from the beer and guzzled like a dry fish. "Still nasty." Beer was always the last choice when it came to liquor. It was actually some of the most horrible tasting

shit ever brewed in her opinion. But over the past few days Ron and Jacob made the malt beverage look so tempting, guzzling cans away like Absopure. This would suffice for now. There was no way she'd risk suicide by walking two blocks in the ferocious heat to grab a few hard lemonades.

Meka slammed the rest of it down quickly, loving the refreshing feeling and loathing the terrible flavor. That was certainly much better than the lukewarm orange juice she'd been sipping. Just as Meka went for another beer, she witnessed a most disturbing image. "What the fuck?" Her eyes must've been playing tricks because she swore to see a naked man, huge cock and all sitting in the middle of the living room in a chair that wasn't even there. Sure, the potent hash probably played a factor, the barbaric way she guzzled the beer in record time probably didn't help matters either; but Meka blamed the horrid heat for driving her absolutely delusional. Naked men sitting in the living room? She would be the first to admit the status of perv, her mind constantly in the gutter, but never had Meka ever experienced anything like that.

Bringing herself back to reality, Meka declined the beer for the time being. As of now she had a cooler plan in mind. The water of the bathroom faucet ran cold quickly, faster than most sinks could pour. On her way to the bathroom she envisioned filling the sink up and dipping her face into the pool of cold water. Skinny-dipping would be her best bet, but there was no pool anywhere near this area of the hood.

Slithering down the compact hall, Meka nearly slipped on a pair of shoes. She was starting to feel faint, the bothersome heat brutalizing her body with every step. Meka stumbled to the bathroom door and busted inside with satisfaction, feeling as if she'd just reached the thirst-quenching oasis of the hottest desert. What she stumbled upon was a most steamy surprise.

"God damn girl," Jacob barked. "I could've been in here pissin'!"

Meka was more than stunned to find a topless Jacob standing in the mirror. She gasped at the sight of his rippled back. After turning to scold her, she noticed a well-defined, nicely toned chest and abdomen area. The annoying little brat Ron often referred to as "that lil nigga" had evolved into a rather attractive man. Perhaps it was the heat, but right now Jacob looked as

tempting as a tall glass of iced tea. What confused her even more was the setting. Thick smoke fogged the bathroom giving it the feel of a marijuana sauna. The heat inside was simply unbearable.

“Is there a problem,” asked Meka, gazing Jacob down from the rear.

“Nothin’ but the invasion of my privacy.” Jacob continued to puff, gazing at the bruise underneath his eye in the mirror.

“You too good to share your weed with me?” Meka developed a quick attitude after recognizing the air’s potent aroma. He wasn’t just being stingy with a mediocre crop of the greens; the bathroom stunk of a powerful bud strain, possibly Dro or even better ... the Gans.

Meka crept up behind the youngster and noticed the blemish on his face. “Turn around,” she instructed. “What happened to you?”

Though reluctant Jacob turned to face her, eyes to the floor. “Me and Neecey got into it. I almost killed that bitch.”

A terrible feeling suddenly consumed her. “You didn’t fuck her up did you?” A terrible feeling suddenly consumed her. You didn’t fuck her up did you?

“Naw. Took all my power not to though. I grabbed that hoe up by her neck and got the fuck on. Shit almost got ugly.”

Meka just shook her head, recalling what a stank hoe her ex-friend, Neecey, had evolved into. She regretted even introducing Jacob to the lying skeezer a few years ago. Neecey was cool back then, and Meka thought the two just looked so cute together. If the temperature outside weren’t so oven like, she’d storm over to her house and tell that bitch about herself. Meka didn’t condone domestic violence, but Neecey was one of those women who had the jabber to provoke an ass whipping. She even admitted to being turned on after one of her male friends viciously flung her around the room. What a demented bitch.

“I told you to leave that crazy hoe alone.”

Jacob smacked his lips and returned, “Yeah ... after you hooked me up wit the psycho bitch.”

To hell with that issue. Meka just couldn't focus with the blazing bud blowing her way; she could barely concentrate as the heat scrambled her brain. She just couldn't resist as young Jacob stood there wounded, emotionally distraught and looking as magnificent as ever. Meka snatched the diminishing blunt from his grasp and paced backwards, her eyes locked on him the entire way. She closed the door with her back to it and took an enormous puff of the weed.

Jacob frowned. "What you doin' girl? It's hot as fuck in here!"

"Tell me about it." Meka took three quick, consecutive tugs and launched the roach of the blunt into the tub. She then turned slowly, tooting her ass out as she locked the door.

"What you doin'?" Jacob gave a momentary grab at himself while gazing upon the perfectly plump rear. Meka's beautiful bubble smothered the thin fabric as her cheeks peeked out from the tiny orange shorts. His crush on this astonishing woman was established way back in the day. Jacob caught himself turning his neck every time she walked by with a smaller but still very shapely ass. He would forever regret blowing the one chance he might have had with her. It was about five years ago, before Meka and his brother were madly in love. Ron offered him a chance alone with his gorgeous girlfriend right as Meka stood beside him. She didn't confess that she was down with it nor did she deny. Meka simply gave Jacob that glorious smile, intimidating the hell out of him. Well he was a full-grown man now. And while Ron would probably be pissed enough to kick his ass right out of the apartment, he couldn't blow this one. Meka was just too hot.

As Meka approached with the unmistakable glare of lust roaming her eyes, thick beads of sweat commenced to trickle down both their faces. She couldn't believe it. She was about to do "the damn fuckin' thang" with her mans little brother. What fucked her up even more was the lack of hesitance she portrayed. She was such a bad girl.

Meka paused in front of Jacob and elected to tease him for a second. She designed various shapes on his perspired chest with a busy finger. He smiled and tilted his neck for a tantalizing tongue kiss. Meka melted instantly, the temperature of her body soaring to dangerous degrees.

Her pussy moistened as he grabbed a firm hold of her cheeks, stretching the fabric up her

crack like a pair of thongs. Feeling equally vicious, Meka snagged the small flesh of Jacob's neck with her teeth, destined to make a mark of passion in the spot. Oh yeah, he was about to get it good, possibly better than big brother ever received.

"Why you doin' this?" His question sounded so pathetic. Jacob practically drooled over her shoulder while cupping her booty for dear life. Being the sturdy, strong man that he was, knowing he could physically reject Meka and she'd comply, she labeled his pleas BULLSHIT. On trips back and forth from the U-Haul truck she felt those sexy hazel eyes of his crawling down her spine and through the crack of her ass, igniting a fire from afar as she strutted her stuff when moving boxes. Meka caught young Jacob with his tongue out when squatting to disassemble the computer, captivating cleavage bosoming perfectly in the little tank top. She wasn't trying to bait the boy in ... it was 92 degrees out ... even more devastating inside ... hot ass fuck!

Meka answered Jacob by slurping all over his neck, making it look as if he'd been attacked by a swarm of blood craved mosquitoes. With passionate hunger she clamped her mouth around a muscular pec, planning to work her way down to his crown jewel. But young Jacob was a few steps ahead, flipping their position by throwing her mid-section against the sink, tugging the flesh of her bubble in his teeth as he sank to Meka's favorite level, ass to mouth.

"Hurry up," she begged, bending uncomfortably over the sink allowing Jacob to ruggedly rip the shorts to her ankles. With both massive hands he opened her cheeks as far as they'd stretch, taking the dive of his life, and dipped a long, sticky tongue in her most sensitive entrance. Meka moistened to the highest power, feeling the juice of her love trickle down her legs. She squalled out in passion, forehead damn near banging the hot knob of the faucet. Jacob munched her ass like a famished pheasant in the wilderness, grinding his teeth into the luscious cheeks on occasions. Meka thought she'd surely flood right in his face once he snagged her clit into his mouth, wide nose still buried in her ass. This was just too much. She would never let Ron taste her below at a time like this, as she'd been so sweaty. Meka and her man carried the utmost respect for each other on a sexual level. Meka wouldn't throw his dick between her jaws if it wasn't freshly scrubbed. But this insanely intimate moment with Jacob was totally unscripted,

unsanctioned and off the hook. She lusted for him to keep his head in the right place until she showered his smooth face and newly grown mustache.

“Come on now, don’t stop.” Meka stood bent over at his absolute mercy. She’d gladly swallow him whole, suck the balls from under his cock or take it standing on her head at this time. The heat’s extreme effect was mesmerizing, and like Beyonce’, she began to lose her breath.

“I got somethin’ better.” Jacob spoke with arrogance as his pants dropped and out flung the thickness. She smiled as her cheeks pleasantly separated again, feeling the rock like mushroom poking her way. “Oh ... fuck yeah!” Meka slammed her eyes shut and grabbed the slippery sides of the sink.

Jacob banged fast and hard with the grace of a professional, grinding each and every wall accordingly. A wanting tongue hung from his mouth while staring upon her asshole, soaked and glistening like a treasured treat. He wished to eject for a moment and take another swipe of it with his tongue, but his dick hogged the sensation.

“Ooh yeah ... slap my ass baby ... fuck me!” Jacob gave no objections as he whacked that ass hard, watching the perspiring mound bruise in an instant. Meka’s alternative entrance shimmered while pulsating out of control, pleading for attention. Already lubricated from his tongue, Jacob dipped a finger in his hot mouth and plunged it into her ass.

“Oh ... yeah. Get this ass ready baby.” To hell with all the jibber jab, Meka was completely analicious. She loved it, craved the feeling of something moist, prickly and hard in between her buns. Ron could never complain about the lameness of his sex life because 90 percent of the time Meka was on it, often marking the spot for him to come and ravish.

While most bitches were timid, would lie, or just didn’t allow it, Meka was a true warrior in the game of ass play. She could vividly describe how it all began ... 16 years old, Mom and Dad partying late at uncle Batman’s wedding reception, Dad’s Vanessa Del Rio flick just happened to slide from the box underneath the bed. Latoyna, down the street, advised the fact that masturbation was much more gratifying with lubrication. Girls of their time were just experimenting and didn’t have much knowledge of wetting the pussy on their own. Well Meka

massaged the mound real good with a dose of mom's secret love oil. She became so enthused that she ran a finger far underneath herself and mistakenly slid it near her ass. She kept it there, wiggled the long acrylic nail inside and plunged until a showering fountain spewed from her soaked coochie. Meka was sprung from there. She'd acquired a new method to keep the boys wrapped around her sticky little finger.

As Jacob slowly grinded into the darkness there was nothing left to do but brace himself and enjoy. Meka flinched while biting down on her lip. She shut the lids of her eyes and accepted the pleasurable pain. Jacob pounded the tightest walls with the force of a freight, massive balls massaging and slapping against her oozing love. Meka enhanced the effort by caressing her own clit, slipping a finger inside as he banged even harder.

Thinking as the clever nympho that she was, Meka pulled away, faced Jacob and squatted to the floor. Images of the sensual, but graphically explicit flick filled her naughty mind. Why not reenact a few scenes? She crammed about four inches of it into her mouth, slowing her way to the base while a few anxious fingers tickled his hefty sack. Meka could taste her ass all over the beautiful cock, yet it thrilled her even more, directing those busy little fingers from Jacobs balls down to a drippy pussy.

"It ain't over nigga." Meka planted a wet kiss over his thick, luscious lips, smearing the musk of their making over them. She hopped up on the sink and aimed her legs to the sky, displaying a perfect spread of everything. Meka cupped a cheek from underneath and dipped a moist finger into her ass. She closed her eyes and bit her lip once again, pussy pulsating out of control as her nipples stiffened. The clit looked lonely, yet so tempting; Jacob figured he'd show it some attention, clutching and sucking the erect flesh into his mouth.

The heat grew insanely intense with each passing moment. She was sure to drop a few inches off that cute little gut after a workout such as this. The anticipation of penetration was immense even though she had just taken it out. Meka just couldn't wait; she had to have it again. With the agility of a jungle feline she pounced up into his chest, arms wrapped around Jacob's neck, legs curled tightly around his waist, horny ass positioned just over his dick. He

clutched the soft, but firm cheeks and lowered her onto the man of steel. Meka shrieked out after plunging down on the dagger like dick. She felt devilishly evil as sadistic quotes of the pin-headed demon ran through her brain. The fictitious fiend of the screen often spoke of the twisted pleasures of the flesh; the irony of brutal agony tangled with paths of delightful anguish. Meka experienced them all as Jacob pleasurable punished her with each blow, becoming more enthused with every pounce to his dick.

All six feet of young Jacob served as a human sex toy and the boy's performance was immaculate, just like a machine. Indentations of his bulky fingers would be branded for moments after, due to his leach-like grip on her bottom. Meka clung tighter once the going got rougher; Jacob's dick expanding with each upward lunge, surely ripping her ass apart, possibly causing spinal damage.

She then let off a lengthy whine and sank her teeth into Jacob's neck, salvaging her last bit of sexual sanity. There was no way Meka would walk away from this one. Ron was liable to find her sprawled on the couch, ass naked, in attempts to recover ... that's if she made it from the bathroom.

Humid, high and horny Meka had drifted into that realm. She loved how their slick, perspired bodies collided ... up and down ... in and out. The untamed volcano that was her pussy finally erupted, exploding from the fantastic friction of his crotch against her clit, sizzling cock filling her ass. Meka suddenly blacked out from her reality by the raunchy wrath of lust. She seized control in fierce fashion, ramming Jacob inside at an uncontrollable speed, wrapping her legs tighter around his waist. Meka would ride the massive, mesmerizing dick in her ass until she broke their horizontal position ... or his back.

"Oh ... fuck!" Jacob rested his back against the sink, his tender spine the only factor to balance as she grinded herself into anal destruction. The air grew thick like the atmosphere of an inhabitable planet. He could hardly see as sweat beads trickled over his thick lashes and into his eyes. The once firm grip on the slippery cheeks had become loose, his fingers faint and damn near numb. Weakness settled into his knees. That feeling began to boil its way from the bottom

of his scrotum and into the shaft of his cock. Jacob was on his way to an unearthly climax, one the youngster had never known, yet he wouldn't relinquish himself from the fiery ass until he collapsed or worse. He had certainly left his stamp deep within big brother's dime piece of a dame. And the closer he came to finishing, the more he was impeded by guilt. But there was still more of Meka to cherish. Jacob held out as long as possible, re-gripping the bouncing onion and swaying it from side to side, letting off the tune of a few crackle and pops. In one final, powerful strike he exploded her anal cave with creamy anticipation, holding her in the air by the cheeks as cum leaked from her ass and down his shaft.

As soon as she opened her eyes, Meka was viciously bombarded by the fierce heat, which infected the apartment. A bit of saliva filled a corner of her mouth, sticking to the sofa's pillow. She awoke surprisingly on her stomach, nude with a hot, drenching pussy riding her palm. Meka gave a little chuckle, realizing her masturbation session went somewhat haywire. She looked to her left at the television as it played the last scene from the mesmerizing adult movie.

Ole girl was getting it swell from two of the porn industry's finest brothers. She rode a massive cock as the other man sandwiched her from above and plowed her ass. Just laying eyes upon the stimulating image caused Meka to think of the steamy tryst she envisioned with young Jacob. It seemed too real. So real that she could feel the stinging of his huge rod splitting her ass. That's when she tilted her head and observed the ten-inch dildo sticking up from her buns. Apparently the new toy and the swift movement of her hand sent the freakish woman out of control, forcing her to sexually overheat and lose it for a moment.

"What the..." Meka was forced into a double take after noticing something else behind her.

Seated in a chair, in the midst of all the room's junk and clutter, Ron watched his horny little devil as she relished in the aftermath. He stroked himself gently, cock towering as it's blood pumped to the max.

While she was appalled to find her man sitting there naked, watching her get off on the couch, Meka greeted him with a warm smile. She took a quick glance at the movie as the scene

wrapped up, both studly men stood over the attractive girl, spewing thick loads all over her face. Her tight, pleasing little cunt excited all over again, Meka unscrewed the dildo from the rear and sensually jammed it into her mouth, sopping it real good as if it were the real deal in the flesh.

“Nasty little girl. Hope you ready for what I got in store.” Ron grinned devilishly while staring upon the hot, horny woman, realizing that Meka was peaking strong and would make this short workday well worthwhile.

“Bring it on,” Meka returned, rolling over on her back to stroke the purring kitty, jamming the plastic, flavored dick into her mouth.

Her heart almost stopped when Jacob crept from the hallway. His nude frame was perfectly chiseled, elevating the already unbearable temperature a few degrees. Jacob’s dick expanded with every step, and while it wasn’t as hardy as the tool of her dreams, it would certainly suffice. He went and stood behind his brother’s chair. Both stared Meka down with magnetic beams of lust, melting her right there on the spot. She couldn’t wait for this threesome to jump off. Meka rose from the couch and pranced towards the sexy sibling duo, caressing the lubricated toy in between her breast.

