

# A Bit Of Bad Luck Part 4

## A Cute Date Night

The front door clicked shut with a weary, hollow finality, the sound reverberating through the silence of the apartment. Jules stepped inside, his shoulders slumped under the crushing weight of another long night shift, his entire frame vibrating with a deep, systemic exhaustion. He blinked rapidly against the intrusive glare of the morning light, his eyes bloodshot and heavy-lidded, searching for the familiar, grounding comfort of his girlfriend.

Instead, he found Amari. He was leaning against the sleek kitchen counter, looking infuriatingly refreshed, as if he had spent the night in a state of blissful repose rather than the frantic adrenaline of the hotel reception. He held a cup of steaming black coffee, the dark liquid mirroring the lazy, knowing expression in his eyes.

"Morning, man," Amari rumbled, his voice a low, resonant vibration that seemed to thrum through the floorboards and settle in Jules's chest. "You look like you've been through a war."

Jules managed a ghost of a smile, the expression not quite reaching his tired eyes as he dropped his gear by the door with a heavy thud. "Feels like it. The hotel decided to have a collective meltdown around 3 AM. Fire Alarm evacuation first. Then a flooded bathroom. Then an overbooking error."

"Sounds like a rough one!" Amari replied, almost satisfied at the news.

He trudged further into the kitchen, his movements sluggish, his gaze drifting instinctively toward the hallway. "Rose still asleep?"

"In the shower," Amari replied. His tone was a mask of casual indifference, yet his dark eyes flickered with a hidden, electric spark; a secret triumph of the events of the shower just 20 minutes ago. "I'm sure she won't be much longer. You want some breakfast? I can throw something together before I head out for the morning."

"I'm good for now, thanks, I'll wait and see what Rose fancies." Jules sighed, leaning back against the table, his muscles screaming for release. As he stood there, a sudden, intrusive thought pierced through the fog of his fatigue. He looked at Amari; the sheer physical presence of the man, the smug set of his jaw, and then toward the bedroom where he and Rose had spent the night.

The realization hit him with a strange, muted dissonance, a cold shiver running down his spine. He had spent the last twelve hours battling chaos in the hotel, drenched in sweat and stress, while his girlfriend had spent the night in the same bed as the man standing before him. It was a bizarre arrangement, one he had accepted out of necessity and friendship, but in the silence of the morning, the imbalance felt palpable. He didn't suspect anything, of course, but the mental image of them sharing a space all because of the mistakes he had made, left a bitter, metallic taste in his mouth.

Amari noticed the shift instantly. He watched the way Jules's gaze drifted, the way his posture sagged further, the subtle flicker of insecurity crossing his face. "You alright, Jules? You look more than just tired. You look... down."

Jules let out a long, shaky breath, rubbing the back of his neck where the tension had knotted into a hard lump.

"I don't know. I just feel disconnected, man. From Rose. We aren't used to this much distance." He looked down at his boots, his voice dropping an octave. "I love the work, but these shifts... it feels like I'm missing the actual substance of our relationship. I'm worried she'll get bored, just waiting around on her own all the time."

Amari shifted his weight, his expression softening into a mask of calculated empathy, though internally he was savoring the exquisite irony. "Bored, huh? You think she's gonna get that restless, so quickly?"

"I know her... she needs to feel connected. Appreciated." Jules replied softly, a flicker of genuine tenderness warming his voice. "There's this new immersive art exhibit downtown, a reception tonight for some avant-garde collective. I know she'd kill to go. And tomorrow, that new fusion place, The Red Velvet, opened up. They do these couple's night discounts. I want to take her, but with the work schedule and trying to pick up these extra shifts,... I know I can't."

Amari hummed, a low sound of contemplation. He leaned back further, the powerful muscles of his chest straining against the fabric of his shirt. "The Velvet Room, yeah, I've heard of it. New place, has had some pretty great reviews... Maybe I can get you on one of these dates."

Jules looked at him, a spark of hope igniting in his exhausted eyes, as he scanned Amari's face.

"Listen, I can't work tomorrow night. I've got a massive interview the following morning, and I need to be sharp." Amari began, a plan formulating in his head "But, what if I cover your shift tonight? You can just tack an extra one onto the end of your rotation. It gives you tonight together... go take her to that exhibit and enjoy some time together."

"Really?" Jules asked, a huge sigh of relief at the prospect of a full night with Rose passing over him.

"Absolutely. We've all got to look out for each other, right? And then tomorrow night..." Amari continued, "well, if Rose doesn't find it too weird, I'll happily take her to that new place for a bite to eat. We won't get the couples discount, obviously, but maybe do some scouting and see if it's a place she wants you two to come to in the future... I mean, if you're worried about her being lonely, I don't mind hanging out with her a bit more. And the night out? It'll take my mind off the interview the next day."

Jules froze for a fraction of a second. The proposal was a double-edged sword, slicing through his composure. On one hand, it offered a much needed night of absolute freedom; to take Rose out to the exhibit and make sure she knew she was still his priority. And on the other, it meant an extra shift added to the end of his current schedule. *But at least, Amari is offering to keep an eye on her. Take her out and make sure she's not too lonely,* he thought.

"Man, that would be amazing," Jules replied, a genuine sense of relief washing over him  
"You'd really do that for me?"

"Consider it done," Amari said, his voice smooth and devoid of hesitation.

"Hey, congrats on the big interview. What job are you going for?" Jules asked, playing the part of the supportive friend.

"Oh, nothing major. I don't want to jinx it," Amari said with a small laugh. "Let's catch up in a few days and I'll tell you all about it, and how it went."

"Sounds good. And thanks for tonight, man. I owe you one. Actually, probably more than one at this point. Seriously, Amari, thank you for everything."

Just as the words left his lips, the sound of the bathroom door opening echoed through the hall. Rose emerged, wrapped in a plush white robe that clung to her damp curves. Her skin was flushed a deep, healthy pink, her hair clinging to her shoulders in wet tendrils. She looked radiant, her eyes bright and her lips glossy a vivid contrast to Jules's gray, exhausted pallor.

Amari's gaze shifted, looking past Jules to take her in. The image of her on her knees in the shower, her mouth open and eager, her face painted in the thick, pearly white of his release, flashed violently in his mind. He could almost smell the musky scent of his cum on her skin, feel the way she had shuddered under the force of his orgasm. The memory was a hot brand, making his own cock stir beneath his clothes.

"It's my pleasure, Jules," Amari said, his voice dropping an octave, his eyes locked on Rose. "Trust me."

He stepped forward, his movements slow and deliberate, his gaze sweeping over her with a predatory appreciation that bordered on lust filled. He didn't just look at her; he devoured her.

"Morning, Rose. Did you just moisturise? Your skin is absolutely glowing."

The comment hit Rose like a blow that took her breath away, a jolt of electricity shooting through her core. She felt suddenly, terrifyingly exposed, as if the water and soap hadn't been enough to wash away the evidence of their depravity. She blushed, the heat creeping up her neck.

"Thanks," she murmured, her voice small and breathy, her eyes darting away from Jules. She couldn't look at him; not with the taste of Amari still ghosting on her tongue. "I... I always moisturise after a shower."

Amari gave her a slow, enigmatic smile; a sharp, knowing curve of the lips that promised a thousand forbidden things Jules would never be capable of delivering. It was a look of absolute ownership.

"I'll leave you two lovebirds to it then. If I don't catch you later, enjoy your night." He reached out, patting Jules firmly on the back; a gesture of mock-brotherhood that felt like a victory lap. Before turning to leave, he gave Rose one final, lingering look, his eyes

dropping to the swell of her breasts beneath the robe, marking her as his before he stepped out. "See ya."

As the door clicked shut behind Amari, the silence that rushed back into the apartment wasn't the peaceful quiet of a morning at home; it was a heavy, electric vacuum, charged with the residue of the depravity that had just secretly unfolded. The air still seemed to vibrate with the ghost of Amari's presence. Rose felt as if she were vibrating on a different frequency than the rest of the world, her skin still humming from the friction of his touch.

She stepped toward Jules, her movements fluid but tentative, as if she were walking through a dream. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him close, and pressed her lips to his in a sweet, lingering kiss. It was a performance of affection, a desperate attempt to reattach herself back to the role of the devoted girlfriend.

"Good morning, my hard worker," she whispered against his lips, her voice a soft, breathy caress. Then, pulling back just enough to look into his tired eyes, she played the part of the curious partner. "What was he talking about? Tonight?"

Jules beamed, the gray exhaustion of the night shift momentarily eclipsed by a surge of genuine excitement. "The best news. Amari's covering my shift tonight. We've got the whole night together, Rose. I thought it would be nice to actually have a date night, just the two of us. No distractions, no work, just us."

Rose felt a strange, violent surge of conflicting emotions crash over her. A wave of guilt fought with a sudden, sharp spike of disappointment.

"That's... that's really nice of him," she managed to say, though the words felt like ash in her mouth.

"Yeah," Jules said, pulling her flush against him, his voice thick with a newfound, misplaced respect. "You know, I really think we misjudged him. All those stories and memories from high school, the reputation he had as 'Bad Luck'... but he's stepped up. He's grown into an amazing guy. He's really taken a big load off us."

The phrase big load hit Rose like a physical blow, a psychic jolt that ripped her out of the kitchen.

Suddenly, the scent of coffee and morning air vanished, replaced by the suffocating steam of the shower. She was back on those cold, white tiles, the hot water drumming a rhythmic beat against her spine while her knees trembled with a mixture of fear and feral need. The memory surged forward with cinematic clarity: Amari's massive, dark-chocolate cock, thick and pulsing with heavy, protruding veins, standing rigid and imposing in front of her face. She remembered the way she had looked up at him, her eyes wide and glazed with lust, begging for it, her voice a pathetic, needy whimper as she pleaded for him to mark her, to cover her completely.

She could almost taste the salty, thick cream of his cum hitting her tongue, the feeling of it glazing her cheeks and breasts, the scent filling her nostrils. It had been an act of absolute dominance, a raw display of masculinity that had stripped her of her dignity and replaced it with a terrifying, addictive pleasure. In those moments, she hadn't been a girlfriend or a student; she had been a slut, a needy, broken thing that only Amari's colossal size could possibly satisfy.

The memory was so vivid it made her pussy throb, a sudden, sharp ache of longing that made her legs feel weak.

"Earth to Rose?"

She blinked, the kitchen snapping back into focus. Jules was looking at her, a concerned frown creasing his forehead, his hand resting gently on her waist.

"Sorry," she gasped, her voice sounding ragged and breathless, as if she had just finished a marathon. "I was just... miles away. Thinking about how nice it will be. Spending tonight together."

She leaned in and kissed him again, but this time, the contact felt sterile. It was a safe kiss, a sweet kiss, but it lacked the fire, the danger, and the raw, primal power she had experienced only an hour prior. Jules's lips were soft and familiar, but they didn't make her blood boil; they didn't make her feel like she was on the edge of a cliff. As she pulled away, she looked at Jules; the man she loved, the man who represented stability, kindness, and a future of quiet contentment.

"Let me make my hard worker some eggs!" she said, turning quickly toward the stove, her movements hurried to hide the turmoil and the lingering heat in her eyes. "Then maybe you can have a nap, make sure you're nice and fresh for our cute date night!"

As she cracked the eggs into the sizzling pan, a cold, jarring realization settled in her gut. Amari had volunteered. He had consciously stepped aside, giving up his own night to ensure she was tucked safely away with Jules.

Internally, she felt a surge of irrational anger. *Why was he being so selfless? Did he not want to spend the night with me?* She found herself craving the tension, the secret glances, the heart-stopping risk of being caught in the next room, and the feeling of being taken by a man who didn't belong to her. The idea of falling asleep in Jules's arms, enveloped in the predictable safety of their routine, suddenly felt like a prison sentence.

Instead of comfort, she felt a void. A hunger that was beginning to consume her. She looked toward the door Amari had exited, her mind already drifting back to the weight of his veined cock in her hands, the way it had felt to wrap her fingers around its impossible girth.

She tried to tell herself it was a lapse in judgment, a fleeting moment of weakness sparked by the thrill of the forbidden. She whispered to herself that she would never actually let him fuck her, that she would remain loyal to Jules. But underneath the guilt lay an arousal so potent it was frightening, and the knowledge that a brutal, erotic struggle was now inevitable. She wasn't just fighting Amari; she was fighting the slut that was living inside her.

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Rose stood before the full-length mirror in the bedroom, the soft glow of the vanity lights casting a warm, forgiving light over her skin. She smoothed the fabric of a cream-coloured midi dress, the material a delicate, breathable blend that clung to the swell of her breasts and the curve of her hips with a subtle, teasing precision. It was a modest piece; falling way

below her knees with a high, conservative neckline and short, fluttering sleeves; designed to project an image of purity and grace. This was the version of Rose that Jules worshipped: the sweet, dependable, and wholesome woman, a porcelain doll of a girlfriend who existed as a sanctuary of innocence in his life.

As she stepped into a pair of low block heels, she caught her reflection and felt a flicker of the old Rose; the girl who played it safe, the one who lived within the lines and never dared to rock the boat. For a moment, she tried to inhabit that skin again, convincing herself that this curated modesty was her true nature. She genuinely loved Jules, and the prospect of the immersive art exhibit they had planned for weeks felt like a soothing balm, a way to wash away the chaotic, depraved intensity of the last few days.

Yet, as she reached for her perfume, the scent of vanilla and jasmine filling the air, her thoughts drifted to Amari.

The guilt was there, but it was being rapidly overtaken by a simmering, subterranean heat. It had been incredibly selfless of him to cover the shift, practically handing her a night of romantic sanctuary on a silver platter. A small, secret smile touched her lips, one that didn't reach her eyes but lived in the depths of her belly. *Maybe I'll make him a massive breakfast when he gets back from work in the morning*, she mused, the thought feeling like a private, erotic pact. *Something hearty, to say thank you.*

Her mind shifted from the thought of food to the thought of fuel. She imagined the sheer amount of calories Amari burned to maintain that sculpted, impressive physique. Suddenly, she wasn't looking at her reflection anymore; she was seeing the image of Amari's muscles rippling under the drumming shower spray, the way the water chased the deep grooves of his abs and the powerful breadth of his shoulders. She could almost feel the phantom weight of him, the memory of his cock pulsing against her. She found herself biting her lower lip, her nipples hardening against the dress, the friction of the fabric sending a jolt of arousal straight to her throbbing clitoris.

"Hey, what's got you smiling and blushing over there?"

Rose jumped, a small gasp escaping her lips as she spun around to find Jules leaning against the doorframe. He looked handsome in a crisp button-down and dark trousers, his expression radiating a boyish, genuine affection. He looked at her, and his eyes softened with a warmth that usually made her feel safe, though now it felt strangely suffocating.

"Excited for our date, of course," she answered, her voice a little breathier than she intended, the residue of her fantasy still clinging to her tone. She gave a playful twirl, the cream fabric swirling around her calves in a flirtatious dance.

Jules stepped forward, his movements slow and comfortable, wrapping his arms around her waist and pulling her flush against him.

"You look stunning, Rose. Absolutely stunning." He kissed her forehead, his touch gentle and reverent, almost holy.

Internally, Jules felt a surge of possessive pride. He had always preferred her in these modest styles; he loved the psychological thrill of knowing that her lush, heavy breasts and wide, inviting hips were a secret kept primarily for him, shielded from the lingering, hungry eyes of strangers. To him, her modesty was a badge of purity, a sign that she

belonged solely to him, untouched and untainted. He had no idea that beneath that cream-coloured fabric, her skin was still humming from the touch of another man, and that her mind was currently imagining those same curves being gripped and bruised by Amari's large hands.

The evening was, by all accounts, a masterpiece of domestic perfection. The art exhibit was a sensory marvel; a labyrinth of light installations and abstract sculptures that Rose found intoxicating. She wandered through the galleries with a genuine sense of wonder, her eyes wide and sparkling, the ethereal colour's reflecting in her pupils.

Jules, while clearly out of his depth with the avant-garde, remained the perfect companion. He didn't pretend to understand the conceptual depth of the pieces, but he listened intently as she explained them, his hand resting lightly and protectively on the small of her back.

"I have no idea why that giant metal cube is supposed to represent grief," he whispered in her ear, his breath warm, a playful glint in his eyes, "but if it makes you happy, I'm all for it."

Rose giggled, leaning into him. It was sweet. It was safe. It was the kind of romance she had spent her entire life believing she wanted. But as she looked at the abstract shapes around her, she couldn't help but compare the beauty of the art to the raw, visceral reality of Amari. Jules offered her a gentle breeze, but Amari was a storm; and as she smiled up at her boyfriend, Rose realized with a terrifying thrill that the safety of the harbor was starting to feel like a cage.

Afterward, they shared a large salted caramel gelato, the cold, creamy sweetness melting on their tongues as they wandered slowly through the park. Around them, the city began to wake up in a million shimmering fragments, the streetlights twinkling like fallen stars against the deepening velvet of the twilight. The conversation drifted toward the future, a topic that had become a recurring motif in their relationship, a hopeful map of where they wanted to be.

"The overtime is really starting to rack up," Jules mentioned, his voice warm and hopeful as he squeezed her hand. "If I keep this pace for another month or two, I think we can actually start looking for our own place. Somewhere with a bit more space, maybe a balcony where we can watch the sunrise. Just the two of us, Rose. No one else."

Rose gave his hand a soft, reflexive squeeze, a practiced smile curving her lips. "That would be great, Jules. Really exciting."

But as the words left her mouth, a strange, jarring dissonance echoed in her chest, a discordant note in an otherwise perfect melody. *Was she actually excited? The thought of a private sanctuary with Jules felt... quiet. Mundane. Almost too quiet.* A voice in the back of her mind, dark and insistent, whispered that she might actually prefer the current chaos; the suffocating tension of the shared apartment, the electric, predatory atmosphere created by Amari's constant, looming presence. The idea of leaving the orbit of that dominant, masculine energy felt less like a step forward and more like a retreat into a sheltered, bland life she had already outgrown. She didn't want a balcony; she wanted the thrill of a door that might open at any moment to reveal a man who viewed her not as a porcelain doll, but as a sexual mate, ready to be claimed.

By the time they returned to the flat, the air between them had shifted. The sweetness of the date had evolved into a simmering anticipation. Jules was practically vibrating with excitement, his energy reminiscent of a puppy eager for attention, his desire transparent and earnest. Rose could tell he was desperate for her, and she felt a reflexive, almost maternal need to reciprocate.

*I want this*, she tried to convince herself as they stepped into the bedroom. *I'm just a little tired from the day. Once we get started, the spark will be there. I can make this feel real.*

As they stepped onto the carpet, Jules paused, inhaling deeply. He noticed the crisp, clean scent of the linens. "Oh, you changed the bedding?"

The mention of the sheets acted like a psychological trigger, a tripwire that sent her spiralling. Suddenly, the room vanished, and Rose was violently transported back to the previous night. She felt the slick, heavy sensation of oil coating her skin, the fragrance mixing with the raw, salty musk of Amari's sweat. She remembered the way she had arched her back, her spine curving like a bow as she used her lush, heavy ass to tease him, the feeling of his hand cracking against her flesh with a sound that had echoed in her soul. She recalled the aggressive, unapologetic dominance as he pinned her down, his weight crushing her into the mattress. She could almost feel the ghost of that godly cock, as he used her ass cheeks as a sex toy, to make him cum.

*Fuck*, she thought, her breath hitching in a sharp, audible gasp. *That was so hot.*

"I... I asked Amari to change them this morning," she stammered, snapping back to reality, her heart hammering against her ribs. "I just thought with the three of us sharing the bed, it would be gross if we didn't do it more often. Every other day even..."

Jules grinned, his eyes darkening with a playful, mischievous glint.

"Well, we might need to change them again in the morning," he whispered, raising his eyebrows with a confident smirk.

Rose giggled, the sound slightly forced and brittle, as they collapsed onto the bed. The kissing started as something sweet and tentative, but as clothes were shed and the friction of skin on skin increased, Rose felt a growing, desperate sense of urgency. She needed to feel something; anything, that could compete with the memory of Amari. Her hand slid down, bypassing the small of his back to find Jules's crotch. He was rock hard, pulsing against her palm, eager and ready.

And yet, as she gripped him, a cold, sudden shock of disappointment washed over her, leaving her feeling empty.

*What the hell?*

He felt... small. Not that he was inadequate by any objective standard, but in the wake of Amari's monstrous endowment, the comparison was devastating. She pushed him back slightly so she could see him, her hand stroking the shaft. The entire length of him disappeared easily into her grip.

Frustration, sharp and sudden, flared in her gut like a wildfire. She began to stroke him harder, faster, her movements becoming frantic, her mind involuntarily drifting back to

the shower. She remembered the beast she had held in her hands; that thick, veined pillar of dark heat that required two full hands just to encompass, and still, there was more of him, a relentless length that had filled her to the point of bursting. She remembered the way Amari's cock felt like a weapon, a tool of absolute pleasure and total surrender that had rewritten her understanding of sex.

*God, that thing is amazing*, she thought, her grip on Jules tightening to a point that was almost painful, her eyes glazed over as she stared at her boyfriend but saw only the towering, dominant image of the man who truly owned her body.

"Jesus, Rose... slow down," Jules gasped, his voice strained and thin, bordering on a plea. "Otherwise, we won't be able to... I'm almost there... fuck, you're going so fast..."

Rose snapped back to the present, her gaze dropping to her hand. She watched her fingers wrapped around Jules's member, and for the first time, the sight didn't spark a single flicker of desire. Instead, it felt clinical, almost pitiful. The contrast was a physical blow; where she craved a pillar of heat that demanded her full attention, she found only something modest and manageable. The fire she desperately wanted; the kind that burned and consumed, wasn't here. The hunger clawing at her insides couldn't be satiated by this gentle, safe, predictable love. It was like trying to quench a forest fire with a glass of water.

"That's okay, baby," she whispered, her voice dropping into a sultry, low register. The tone was a performance, a mask she wore for her own benefit, a way to trick her body into feeling the heat she was missing. "I just want to make you feel good. Enjoy it. My big man deserves it... let me see you cum for me."

The lie tasted like ash, but she leaned into it, accelerating her pace. Her strokes became hard, rhythmic, and mechanical. Jules let out a choked, desperate moan, his hips bucking slightly as he hit his peak. He came hard, the release spilling in erratic spurts across his stomach and over her palm. Rose stared down at the fluid; watery, pale, and thin.

Immediately, her mind flashed to Amari's load. She remembered the sheer, obscene volume of it; the thick, pearly, opaque consistency that felt like liquid silk. She recalled the way he had claimed her, coating her face and breasts in a hot, heavy blanket of ownership, the scent of him muskier and more potent than anything she had ever known. The memory hit her like a physical jolt of electricity, sending a surge of pure, unadulterated arousal crashing through her. Her pussy suddenly flooded, her walls pulsing and clenching as she became soaking wet in a matter of seconds.

"So hot... I need you, baby. I need you to make me cum," she declared, her voice suddenly aggressive, fuelled by a frustration she couldn't name.

She shifted her weight with a sudden, forceful movement, straddling Jules's head and pinning his shoulders down. She gripped his hair, her fingers digging into his scalp, and pulled his face hard against her soaking wet folds, grinding her clit directly into his lips.

"Eat me, baby... show me how much you love me... make me cum on that mouth of yours!"

As Jules worked frantically between her legs, his tongue darting and desperate to please her, Rose closed her eyes, shutting out the reality of the man beneath her. She wasn't seeing Jules. In the darkness of her eyelids, she pictured Amari's broad, muscular

shoulders blocking out the light, the predatory intensity of his gaze, and the way he looked at her; not as a partner to be cherished, but as a piece of fruit he was about to devour.

She imagined Amari's big black cock sliding deep inside her, the girth stretching her to her absolute limit, filling every void until she felt like she might break. She imagined the feeling of being completely overwhelmed, of being crushed into the mattress by a man who didn't ask for permission, but took what he wanted with a brutal, commanding power.

The fantasy pushed her over the edge. The mental image of Amari's size and raw dominance acted as the catalyst, and Rose screamed, her body arching violently. She came in a shuddering, convulsive wave, her internal muscles clamping down as she ground her clitoris relentlessly against Jules's face, using him as nothing more than a tool for her release.

"Yes! Sooo good!" she cried out, her voice echoing in the room, the pleasure peaking in a crescendo of imagined dominance and surrender.

In the aftermath, they collapsed into each other, the room returning to a heavy, suffocating post-coital silence. Jules wrapped his arms around her, his chest heaving, a look of absolute, blissful contentment on his face. He felt connected, proud that he had been the one to give her such an intense orgasm, completely unaware that he had been a ghost in his own bed.

Rose lay in his arms, but the usual cozy comfort was missing; it felt like a shroud. She felt a hollow emptiness in her gut that no amount of sweetness or tenderness could fill. She tried to shift, urging Jules to hold her tighter, to push his spent, softening member harder between her cheeks, trying to mimic the way Amari held her; with a possessive, crushing strength that left no room for doubt about who owned her.

But Jules was gentle. He was soft. He held her like she was made of glass.

As she closed her eyes, Rose felt a lingering, aching sense of dissatisfaction. She told herself that this was enough, but as she drifted off, the only thing that occupied her mind was the man currently working a night shift; the man whose arms she couldn't wait to fall asleep in tomorrow night.

## **A Hot Date Night**

Rose stood in the kitchen, the aggressive sizzle of thick-cut bacon and the buttery, toasted aroma of sourdough filling the air. To any outside observer, it was a curated portrait of domestic bliss; the soft morning light filtering through the window, the warmth of the stove, and Rose moving with a peaceful grace as she flipped eggs and plated generous portions of a hearty breakfast. But beneath the surface, a storm of guilt was raging, churning in her gut like a physical sickness.

She reflected on the previous night with Jules, and the memory felt like a faded photograph. It had been a lovely evening, objectively. He had been sweet, attentive, and gentle, treating her like a fragile piece of porcelain. Yet, the memory of their intimacy left a bitter taste of inadequacy in her mouth. She felt a profound sense of betrayal, not because

she had physically cheated in that specific moment, but because her mind had been a sanctuary for Amari.

Every tender touch from Jules had been a catalyst, a trigger that forced her to imagine Amari's larger, more aggressive hands gripping her. Every soft, loving word Jules whispered had been drowned out by the imagined echo of Amari's dominant commands, the way she thought that he would demand her submission and claim her body. The contrast was devastating; Jules was a soft breeze, but Amari was a hurricane, and Rose found herself craving the wreckage.

*It isn't fair, she thought, her grip tightening on the spatula until her knuckles turned white. Jules loves me. He is good to me. I can't keep doing this.*

She made a solemn, desperate vow to herself. She would fight the intrusive thoughts. She would reinvest every ounce of her emotional energy into her relationship with Jules and push the memory of Amari's monstrous cock, and his overwhelming, predatory presence into a locked box in the deepest recesses of her mind. She told herself she was stronger than a mere physical craving, that her heart mattered more than the primal, aching need to be stretched and filled by a man.

The heavy thud of the front door opening broke her reverie. Amari walked in, still clad in his crisp hotel reception wear, the fabric straining across his broad chest and powerful thighs. His presence immediately shrunk the room, sucking the oxygen out of the air. He looked tired, the shadows under his eyes adding a rugged edge to his features, but he still radiated a raw, masculine energy that made the air feel thick and electric.

"Something smells incredible in here," Amari remarked. His voice was a deep, resonant rumble that didn't just hit her ears; it vibrated in the center of Rose's chest, stirring a dormant heat between her thighs. He flashed her a knowing smile; a slow, predatory curve of the lips that seemed to strip her naked and see right through her fragile resolve.

A moment later, Jules appeared, smelling of soap and fresh towels, his hair still damp and curling from the shower. He stepped up behind Rose, planting a tender, chaste kiss on her cheek.

"This looks amazing, Rose. You're a saint for doing a big breakfast like this," Jules said, his voice brimming with genuine warmth and a purity that made Rose feel like a criminal. Stuck between two men. Two choices.

The three of them sat down to eat, the atmosphere deceptively casual, though the tension beneath the table was palpable. Amari leaned back in his chair, his broad shoulders nearly touching the walls. He watched Rose with an intensity that felt like a physical touch.

"So, tell me everything," Amari prompted, his dark, piercing eyes locked onto hers, refusing to let her look away. "Did the art exhibit live up to the hype? Did you get that couples night together, that you needed?"

Rose shared snippets of the evening, describing the abstract installations and the quiet beauty of the city lights. But as she spoke, her words became a blur. She found herself glancing at Amari, her gaze involuntarily dropping to the way his biceps strained against the sleeves of his uniform, imagining those arms pinning her down.

"Anyway," Rose said, clearing her throat sharply to refocus, her heart hammering against her ribs, "I really want to thank you, Amari. It was so thoughtful of you to cover Jules's shift so we could have that time together."

Amari shrugged, a playful, dangerous glint in his eye. "It was nothing, really. Besides..." He paused, his voice dropping an octave, becoming a low, intimate purr. "I'm looking forward to taking you out myself, tonight."

Rose froze, a piece of toast halfway to her mouth. The air in the kitchen suddenly felt stifling. She looked at him, confused at his comment. And shocked at his brazenness, to suggest he would take her out right here in front of Jules.

"Tonight?" She asked.

Jules chimed in, seemingly oblivious to the sudden, heavy tension vibrating between the two. "Oh, yeah! I forgot to mention. I was talking to Amari about that new place, Red Velvet. I really wanted to take you there, and I actually managed to snag some tickets, but with my schedule, I couldn't make the timing work with the shift cover. So, Amari offered to take you instead."

Rose felt the world tilt. She looked from Jules's honest, smiling face to Amari's dark, hungry expression. The "locked box" in her mind didn't just crack; it shattered. The thought of being alone with Amari, under the guise of a date arranged by her own boyfriend, sent a jolt of pure, illicit electricity through her, leaving her breathless and trembling.

The sheer absurdity of the situation was almost overwhelming, a dizzying cocktail of horror and arousal. Her boyfriend; the man who loved her with a gentle, uncomplicated purity, was essentially handing her over on a silver platter to the very man who had systematically dismantled her inhibitions. He was gifting her to the predator who had spent weeks carving his mark into her psyche and her body.

"Are you sure about this, Jules?" she asked, her voice trembling, a fragile thread of hesitation that sounded to her like a plea for rescue, but to Amari likely sounded like a challenge. "I mean... is it really okay if Amari takes me out for dinner and drinks?"

Jules reached over, squeezing her hand with a tenderness that made her stomach twist. His expression was one of pure, unwavering trust, a level of faith that felt like a physical weight on her chest.

"Of course it is, Rose. I don't want you sitting around the flat feeling bored or lonely while I'm stuck at work. I think it would be great for you two to hang out as friends. Consider it a scouting mission," he added with a small, hopeful smile. "If it's as good as the reviews say, you and I will head back there for a real date next month."

*If only he had all the information, Rose thought, a shiver of illicit electricity coursing through her. If only he knew about the oil, the bruising heat of the spanking, the way I screamed, the way I dropped to my knees in the shower and begged for him to cover me...* The guilt flared, a sharp, stinging reminder of her betrayal, but it was quickly eclipsed by a surge of depraved excitement. The danger of the lie was an aphrodisiac, making her clit throb against her panties just at the thought of the deception.

As the meal ended, Jules began clearing the table, humming softly as he tackled the dishes. Amari stood up, the movement slow and deliberate, enjoying the nervous look on Rose's face.

"I'm going to head for a nap," Amari announced, his voice a low rumble. As he passed Rose, he didn't just walk by; he invaded her space. He leaned in close, his chest nearly brushing her shoulder, his hot breath ghosting against the sensitive shell of her ear. His voice dropped to a dangerous, guttural whisper that sent a jolt of heat straight to her core.

"I want to make sure I'm nice and rested for our big dinner date. I can't wait to see you all dressed up for me... gorgeous."

He pulled away with a slow, confident wink, leaving Rose completely speechless. Butterflies didn't just erupt in her stomach; they felt like a swarm of heat, leaving her knees weak and her mind racing with images of what "dressed up" truly meant in Amari's vocabulary.

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The evening arrived with an electric tension. Rose spent plenty of time preparing and primping. She showered meticulously, the cascading warm water reminding her of the steam-filled shower she had shared with Amari. She moisturised every inch of her body until her skin glowed like polished marble, smoothed her hair into a sleek, obedient curtain, and applied a deep, provocative red lip gloss that made her mouth look wet and inviting.

In the hallway, Jules was putting on his coat, ready to head out for his shift. He looked at her, seeing her draped in a simple, modest robe, her face freshly made up but her expression carefully neutral.

"That's me heading off," Jules said, leaning in for a goodbye kiss. "How are you doing? All ready for your dinner? What are you planning to wear?"

Rose gave him a shy, innocent smile; the mask she had perfected. "Oh, probably just jeans and a jumper. It's just hanging out with Amari, so there's no need to go over the top, is there?"

Jules smiled, completely convinced, his trust blinding him. "Sounds good. Have fun tonight, honey. I'll see you tomorrow."

The moment the door clicked shut, the mask dropped. Rose walked back into the bedroom, her mind echoing with the low, commanding vibration of Amari's voice: *Dressed up for me. He probably doesn't think I have it in me, I'll show him!* She told herself.

She reached for the clothes she had hidden at the bottom of her wardrobe, garments that were less about fashion and more about invitation. When she finally emerged from the bedroom, she found Amari waiting in the living room. He was dressed in a sharp, tailored black shirt that clung to his chest and powerful arms, paired with dark trousers. He looked every bit the powerful, sophisticated man; a king waiting for his favourite toy.

As he turned to look at her, his expression shifted instantly. The casual confidence vanished, replaced by sheer, unadulterated lust. He stopped breathing for a second, his dark eyes widening as they scanned her from head to toe, consuming her.

Rose was a walking, breathing wet dream. She wore a black mini-skirt so short it was practically a belt, clinging to her wide hips and hugging her thick thighs and round, plump ass with punishing tightness. Every curve was accentuated, the fabric straining against her skin. Her top was a scandalous, low-cut piece of black lace that barely contained her massive cleavage; her heavy breasts were pushed up and presented as a blatant invitation, the dark lace contrasting sharply with her glowing skin. She wore sheer black stockings held up by intricate lace garters that bit into her thighs, and towering high heels that arched her feet and made her calves pop.

She stood there, exposed and craving, knowing exactly how she looked; and knowing exactly what Amari wanted to do to her.

"Holy fuck," Amari breathed, the words escaping him as a guttural, thick rasp. His voice had dropped an octave, vibrating with a raw, primal hunger that seemed to shake the very air between them. "I've never seen you dressed like this. I didn't even know you owned clothes that hot, Rose."

Rose didn't just stand there; she performed. She smirked, a slow, feline expression, and shifted her weight with deliberate precision. She let her wide hips sway, the hem of the micro-skirt riding up even further, teasing the tops of her lace garters and the creamy swell of her thighs.

"I don't know..." she murmured, her voice a playful, airy tease. "Maybe it's too much? I could go back and put on something... more modest."

Amari didn't hesitate. He lunged forward, his hand snapping out to grip her waist with a possessive, bruising strength that nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"Not a chance in hell," he growled, his eyes dark with a predatory intensity. "You are staying exactly like this. Every inch of you is perfection."

He guided her toward the door, his grip firm and unyielding, his voice brimming with a triumphant, masculine pride. "The whole fucking city is going to be jealous of me tonight."

As they stepped out into the cool night air, Amari offered his arm. Rose looped hers through his, she felt the rock-hard muscle of his bicep pressing against her side, a physical reminder of the power he wielded. To any passerby, they were a stunning, high-powered couple; a symphony of dark masculinity and provocative femininity. The contrast was striking: his towering, broad-shouldered frame and deep complexion against her lush, glowing curves and the scandalous black lace that barely contained her breasts.

She could feel the weight of the world's gaze on them. She caught the lingering, hungry looks of men who wanted her and the sharp, envious glances of women who wanted him. Instead of the modesty she usually wore like a shield, Rose felt a surge of intoxicating confidence. She wasn't just a woman on a date; she was a prize, a high-value trophy, and the thrill of knowing that this prize belonged exclusively to Amari for the night made her throb with a sudden, wet heat.

When they arrived at Red Velvet, the atmosphere hit them like a wave of opulence. The air was thick with the scent of expensive oud, floral perfumes, and the heady aroma of aged vintage wine. The lighting was dim, amber-hued, and designed for secrets. The maître d' checked their reservation, his smile beaming with professional enthusiasm.

"Ah, yes! You're part of our Couples Special tonight!"

Amari and Rose exchanged a quick, surprised look. They had assumed Jules had simply booked a standard table for a quiet meal. The irony wasn't lost on Rose; Jules had unwittingly set the stage to offer up his girlfriend to 'Bad Luck' on a platter.

"Oh, you two are in for a treat," the maître d' continued, gesturing toward the opulent dining room where velvet curtains draped the walls. "The full works tonight: a curated tasting menu, chilled champagne, and then, after dinner, our famous Couples Game Night. Get ready to prove you're the hottest couple in the room!"

Amari didn't miss a beat. The challenge was exactly the kind of fuel he thrived on. He slid his arm around Rose's waist, hauling her in with a sudden, forceful jerk that slammed her hip flush against his. His large hand splayed wide across the curve of her plump ass, his fingers squeezing the tight fabric of her skirt, moulding her flesh to his thigh.

"Oh, don't you worry," Amari proclaimed, his voice booming with confident, alpha energy. He looked down at her with a smirk that promised absolute dominance. "We're definitely taking home the award tonight. Right, pumpkin?"

Rose giggled, the nickname hitting her like a physical touch, sending a shiver of submission racing down her spine. She leaned into him, pressing her heavy breasts against his chest, playing the part with an enthusiasm that bordered on desperation.

"One hundred percent, babe," she replied, her voice dropping into a sultry, bedroom register. "The other couples don't stand a chance."

They were led to a secluded, candlelit table tucked away in a romantic alcove. A waiter appeared almost instantly, the crystal glasses clinking as he poured two flutes of vintage champagne, the bubbles dancing in the golden light.

"Compliments of the house, as part of the package," the waiter noted before disappearing into the shadows.

Amari raised his glass, but he didn't look at the wine. His eyes locked onto Rose's with a heavy, suggestive intensity; a look that stripped her naked right there in the middle of the restaurant. It was a promise of what was coming: the rough handling, the claiming, the absolute surrender.

"Here's to the hottest couple in town," he toasted, his voice a low, commanding rumble.

"To us," Rose replied, her voice barely a whisper, her heart hammering against her ribs.

As their glasses clinked, the air between them didn't just crackle; it burned. The game had begun. As Rose looked into the raw hunger in Amari's eyes, she knew that the "couple" act was merely a prelude to what might lay beyond, back at the apartment later.

## The Thrill Of Being A Couple

The candlelight at Red Velvet didn't just flicker; it danced with an erotic grace, casting shimmering, amber reflections across the crystal flutes and the deep, polished expanse of the mahogany table. For the first hour, the dinner was not a meal, but a slow, deliberate exercise in psychological and sensory tension. Amari didn't merely occupy his seat; he commanded the entire atmosphere of the alcove. He focussed his attention on Rose, watching her over the rim of his champagne glass with dark, heavy eyes that burned with a hunger far more visceral than any appetite for gourmet cuisine.

"Tell me something, Rose..." Amari murmured, his voice a low, resonant vibration that seemed to hum right through the table and into her thighs. "How does it feel? Walking in here, the way people are looking at us... knowing that every single person in this room thinks you're fucking a black man?"

The question hit Rose like a physical blow, sending a sudden, sharp spike of electricity blooming between her legs. The sheer, raw audacity of the question; spoken with such calm, cool confidence in a room full of strangers, made her audibly gasp. She instinctively glanced around the room, suddenly hyper-aware of the lingering gazes of the other patrons. She saw the way they looked at them: the powerful, towering masculinity of Amari contrasted against her own lush, provocative curves. They didn't see a date; they saw sexual ownership. They saw a woman claimed.

"I... I don't know," she whispered, her voice trembling, the sound barely audible over the soft jazz playing in the background. "It's... not a feeling I am used to."

"It's intoxicating," Amari corrected, a small, knowing smirk playing on his lips, his eyes tracking the way her chest heaved under the lace of her dress. "The thrill of the taboo. The exquisite rush of being claimed by something bigger, stronger, more primal. I can see it in your eyes, pumpkin. You're vibrating."

But as the main course arrived, the energy shifted, evolving from raw lust into something more complex. Amari leaned in, the predatory edge of his expression softening into a genuine, piercing curiosity. He didn't just want to possess her body; he wanted to dismantle and understand her mind. He began to ask her about her advanced environmental courses, pushing her to explain the intricate complexities of her research and the long-term goals for her career.

He listened with an intensity that was almost as overwhelming as his physical presence. He didn't just nod; he challenged her, offering sharp, insightful perspectives that forced her to think, to defend her ideas, and to expand upon them. For the first time, Rose felt a different kind of nakedness in front of Amari, an intellectual exposure. She felt he saw her, not just as a beautiful object or a submissive slut, but as someone he elevated above others, even himself.

In that moment, Rose realized the attraction was far more dangerous than she had imagined. It wasn't just about the staggering size of his cock or the crushing weight of his dominance. There was a profound, electric synergy here; a fusion of intellect and passion that she had never felt combined before. As they spoke, the sexual tension didn't vanish; it

deepened, becoming a rich, layered foundation for a connection that felt terrifyingly complete.

The atmosphere shifted again as the house lights dimmed to a sultry crimson and the "Couples Special" event officially began. The maître d' stepped forward, ushering half a dozen of the signed up couples onto a small, velvet-draped stage that sat like an altar in the center of the room. The announcer, a charismatic man with a booming, theatrical voice, stepped into the spotlight.

"Welcome, lovers! Tonight, we separate the sparks from the flames. Let's meet our contenders!"

One by one, the couples introduced themselves, their answers rehearsed and polite. When it was their turn, Amari didn't wait for Rose to find her voice. He stepped forward with a sudden, possessive movement, hauling her flush against his side. His hand splayed wide across the small of her back, his fingers digging into her skin through the thin fabric, claiming her in front of the entire room.

"I'm Amari, and this is my gorgeous Rose," he announced, his voice a commanding rumble that silenced the chatter of the crowd and demanded absolute attention. He looked down at her, his eyes flashing with a triumphant, alpha pride. "As for what makes us the hottest couple here? Just look at her. I've got a woman who looks like a dream and tastes like sin. I think the competition is already over."

The crowd erupted in cheers and whistles, the sound echoing through the opulent hall. Rose felt a wave of scorching heat rush to her cheeks, her heart hammering against her ribs. She was mortified, exposed, and utterly electrified all at once. Under the cover of the applause, she felt Amari's hand slide down from her back, his palm cupping the underside of her ass and squeezing firmly, reminding her exactly who she belonged to in this moment.

"Alright, alright!" the announcer laughed, his voice booming through the speakers and vibrating in the chests of everyone present. "Let's see if this explosive chemistry is backed by actual knowledge. Round one: How well do you know your lover?"

The women were handed slips of paper to answer three intimate questions in secret. Rose scribbled her responses, her hand shaking slightly, the pen nearly slipping from her fingers. Beside her, Amari was a silent, tectonic force; she could feel the heat radiating from his massive frame, an invisible pressure that seemed to pin her in place. Every time he shifted, the scent of his musk and expensive cologne washed over her, making her head swim.

"Gentlemen, it's your turn," the announcer proclaimed, the spotlight shifting to the men. "Question one: What is your girl's favourite color?"

Amari didn't even hesitate. He stepped toward the microphone with a cocky confident grin, his presence swallowing the stage.

"She's a queen of spades through and through," he declared, his voice a deep, commanding rumble that echoed through the hall. "Her favourite color is black."

The audience erupted in laughter and applause, the suggestive nature of the comment not lost on anyone. Rose buried her face in her hands, a blush filling her face at his words, though she was smiling and laughing like everyone else.

"Bold! I love it! Absolute confidence!" the announcer shouted. "Question two: What is your girl's favourite part of your body?"

Amari's eyes flickered to Rose. There was a dark, hungry glint in his gaze, a look that promised she would pay for her modesty later.

"That one's easy," he said, his voice dropping an octave, becoming a low, gravelly vibration that seemed to slide directly between her legs. "She just loves all that dark meat I'm packing..."

The room went wild. Whistles, cheers, and suggestive shouts filled the air. Rose felt as if she were melting into the velvet of the stage, her pussy throbbing in a rhythm that matched the applause. The sheer, unadulterated filth of the comment, delivered with such effortless poise and dominance, was almost too much to bear. She could feel her clit swelling and a leaking slick trail of arousal that dampened her panties, the thrill of essentially being called a slut for black cock in front of a crowd sending her into a sensory overdrive.

"And finally," the announcer said, leaning in with a mischievous, glinting grin, "a little naughtier. What is your girl's favourite position?"

Amari paused. He let the silence stretch for a heartbeat, a heavy, expectant tension that held the entire room captive. He looked at Rose, reading the desperation and raw arousal in her glazed eyes, seeing the way her chest heaved under the lace of her dress.

"She's a wild one," he told the crowd, his voice dripping with possessive pride. "But she loves to be dominated. Taken from behind, doggy style, until she can't scream any louder."

The applause was deafening, a roar of approval for the raw honesty of his claim. When the announcer revealed that Amari had gotten two out of three correct, the crowd cheered again, celebrating the chemistry that was practically radiating off the couple. As they stepped off the stage and retreated back to the sanctuary of their booth, Amari leaned in, his lips brushing against the sensitive shell of her ear, his hot breath sending shivers racing down her spine.

"Two out of three, huh? I wonder which two I got right, baby girl?" he whispered, his voice a lethal caress.

Rose giggled, and rolled her eyes at his playful cheekiness.

"That's for you to find out." She looked up at him, her eyes wide and shimmering. "I can't believe you just said all that stuff... in public."

Amari laughed, a deep, rich sound that vibrated in his chest. "Turns out it was mostly true, didn't it?" He winked at her, the gesture both playful and menacing, and raised a shot glass. "Here's to two out of three."

They knocked back the shots together, the searing burn of the alcohol mirroring the fire ignited in their veins. Two other couples had been eliminated, leaving only four contenders.

"Ready to keep winning?" Amari asked, his voice thick with anticipation and a simmering sexual hunger.

"Let's do it," Rose replied, a giddy, reckless courage taking over. She felt the boundaries of her "good girl" persona crumbling.

The next round required the couples to demonstrate their affection on stage. One couple, clearly nervous and new to their relationship, shared a shy, awkward cuddle that drew a few polite chuckles from the crowd. Then it was Amari's turn.

He didn't just kiss her; he consumed her.

He lunged forward, pulling Rose into the center of the stage with a sudden, possessive jerk. His arm locked around her waist like a vice, hoisting her up so her breasts were crushed firmly against the hard planes of his chest. When his lips collided with hers, it wasn't a performance for the crowd; it was a collision of raw, unfiltered lust.

From Rose's perspective, the world vanished. The lights, the noise, the people; everything dissolved into the scent of his expensive cologne, the scorching heat of his skin, and the overwhelming power of his muscles beneath her hands. She gripped his biceps, her fingers digging into the hard, coiled strength of him, feeling the sheer mass of his arms supporting her. As the kiss deepened, their tongues fighting for dominance in a wet, frantic dance, she felt his hand descend.

He gripped her ass with a bruising intensity, his large fingers digging into the plush curves of her cheeks, hauling her pelvis hard against his.

She gasped into his mouth, her body arching as she felt the massive, rigid outline of his cock pressing through his trousers. It was a demanding presence, a thick slab of heat that made her whimper with a mixture of shock and craving. The crowd was whistling and cheering, but Rose was lost in the sensation of being owned, of being completely overwhelmed by his masculinity.

When they finally broke apart, she was breathless, her lips swollen and glistening, her eyes glazed with raw, unfiltered lust. She looked at him, her chest heaving, completely undone by the public display of his power.

They were through to the final.

Back in the secluded intimacy of their booth, Rose collapsed against Amari, her chest heaving in jagged, desperate breaths. The adrenaline of the stage was still coursing through her, mixing with a thick, syrupy lust that made her limbs feel heavy.

"I don't think my boyfriend would appreciate that kiss," she teased, her voice a breathless whisper. Yet, as she spoke the words, the thought of Jules felt distant; a faded, monochrome memory from a different life, completely eclipsed by the vivid, high-definition intensity of the man holding her.

Amari's smile was slow and dangerous, the look of a man who had already won.

"I'm your boyfriend tonight, Rose," he murmured, his voice a low, possessive rumble that vibrated against her skin. "And I appreciated every single second of your tongue fighting with mine. You tasted like surrender, baby girl."

Rose bit her lip, a violent shiver racing down her spine. *I've not had this much fun in years*, she thought, the realization hitting her with a wave of illicit thrill. She felt like a wire stretched to the breaking point, humming with a frequency only Amari knew how to tune. Then came the final round: the dance.

The atmosphere in the room shifted instantly. The house lights dimmed, replaced by swirling, hypnotic disco lights in vibrant purples and blood-reds that painted the room in the colours of a bruise and a heartbeat. The music transitioned into a heavy, grinding beat; a bass-heavy track that didn't just play; it throbbed, mirroring the pulse between Rose's thighs.

"Show me what you've got, girl," Amari challenged, extending a hand. His eyes were dark, commanding, stripping her bare even through her dress.

Rose stepped into his space, the challenge accepted. For a fleeting second, she was conscious of the dozens of eyes on them; the judgment of the traditionalists and the raw admiration of the onlookers. But the moment Amari's hand clamped around her waist, the external vanished.

Their bodies locked together with magnetic force. Amari pulled her flush against him, their crotches grinding in a slow, rhythmic friction that sent jolts of electricity screaming through her nervous system. Rose could feel the hardness of his cock, a rigid, veined slab of heat pressing firmly against her clit through the fabric of their clothes. Every slow, circular grind was a calculated torture, a promise of the devastation to come.

His hands became possessive explorers, mapping her body with a familiarity that claimed her as property. They slid from the curve of her waist to the plush swell of her hips, gripping her with a bruising intensity that left no doubt about who was in control. Rose arched her back, pressing her massive cleavage into the hard planes of his chest, her movements becoming dirtier, more desperate. She wasn't just dancing; she was begging for him to fuck her right there on the hardwood.

As the music reached a crashing crescendo and finally faded into a heavy silence, they didn't stop. They remained locked in a filthy, passionate grind, their breath mingling in hot, ragged gasps. Their lips crashed together in one final, searing kiss; a collision of lips and tongue that tasted of champagne and obsession.

"I think we've found our winners!" the announcer shouted over the roar of the crowd, which had reached a fever pitch. "Give it up for Amari and his gorgeous girlfriend, Rose!"

They were crowned with kitschy, fake tiaras, posing for photos as the image of the perfect, high-octane couple. They were handed a bottle of vintage champagne, but Rose barely noticed the prize. Her mind was a haze of arousal; her pussy was drenched, her panties clinging to her skin, leaking a slick trail of desire that made every step a reminder of how badly she needed him inside her.

Just before leaving, Rose slipped into the restroom to compose herself. Leaning against the cold marble of the vanity, she looked in the mirror and barely recognised the woman staring back. Her eyes were wide, pupils blown, her lips stained a deep, swollen red, and her skin flushed with a radiant, feverish glow that only comes from the brink of an orgasm. She looked like a woman who had been thoroughly used and loved, and she had never felt more alive.

"Oh my god, congratulations!" another woman said, stepping up beside her. She looked at Rose with a mixture of genuine awe and naked envy. "You are so lucky. That man of yours is absolutely gorgeous. Jesus, girl... I bet he's hung like a horse, isn't he?"

Rose froze for a heartbeat, the bluntness of the question catching her off guard. But then, a surge of dark, possessive pride washed over her. The idea that the world saw her as the partner of such a powerful, dominant man; and the secret, visceral knowledge of exactly how that massive, dark cock felt in her hands, made her smirk.

She didn't say a word. Instead, she slowly raised her hand, holding her fingers apart to leave a gap of over a foot, mimicking the size of the monster waiting for her outside. She gave the woman a slow, knowing wink, the look of a woman who owned a treasure no one else could touch.

When she stepped back outside, Amari was waiting, leaning against a pillar with an air of effortless dominance. She didn't hesitate, sliding her hand into his and gripping it tight, her fingers interlocking with his.

As they walked down the street, dressed like a high-fashion fantasy and dripping for the man beside her, Rose felt a reckless, giddy courage. This was the hottest date of her life, a descent into a beautiful, taboo madness. And as she felt Amari squeeze her hand, she knew the night was far from over.

## **The Last Resistance**

The walk from the bar to the apartment door was a dizzying blur of adrenaline and stifled, breathless laughter. Rose felt as though she were floating, disconnected from the earth, the cheap plastic tiara perched precariously atop her head like a mocking crown of infidelity. In her hand, she clutched the bottle of champagne like a trophy of war. Beside her, Amari was a powerhouse of triumphant energy; he didn't just walk, he prowled, his presence vibrating through the night air with a confidence that made Rose's thighs ache.

"You better pick up the pace, Rose," Amari teased, his voice a low, gravelly rumble of amusement that sent a fresh wave of electricity dancing down her spine. "If the neighbours catch a glimpse of you dressed like a little slut, we're going to have a lot of explaining to do tomorrow morning."

Rose giggled, a girlish, frantic sound that betrayed how worked up she truly was. She fumbled with her keys, her fingers trembling with a mixture of excitement and terror, the metal clinking loudly in the hallway.

"I'm going as fast as I can!" she gasped, her breath coming in short, shallow hitches.

The moment the door clicked shut behind them, the playful atmosphere vanished, replaced by a sudden, oppressive sexual gravity. The silence of the apartment acted as a catalyst, transforming the simmering tension of the evening into an electric roar that drowned out everything else. Amari didn't wait for her to set the champagne down. He moved with the powerful grace of a man who had already claimed his prize, closing the distance between them in two long, commanding strides.

Rose found herself instinctively retreating a step, her pulse thundering wildly in her chest like a drum. A small, nervous smile played on her lips, her eyes wide and dilated, locked onto the dark, hungry intensity of his gaze. She retreated until the cool, unforgiving edge of the granite kitchen island pressed into the small of her back, pinning her in place.

"Amari... we shouldn't," she whispered, the protest pathetic and entirely devoid of conviction. She was practically begging for more, her body screaming for the very thing she was pretending to resist.

"Shouldn't we?" he murmured, his voice dropping to a dangerous, velvety register that felt like a physical touch against her skin.

He didn't give her a second to breathe. Amari reached out, his hands clamping around her thighs, and hoisted her up onto the granite countertop in one fluid, powerful motion. Rose let out a sharp, strangled gasp as the cold stone hit her backside and her skirt slid high up her hips, exposing the lacy tops of her stockings and the pale, trembling flesh of her thighs. Without thinking, she wrapped her legs tightly around his waist, locking him in, pulling his hardness flush against her soaking panties.

He descended upon her like a storm, his mouth crashing against hers in a kiss that tasted of expensive champagne and raw, unfiltered hunger. It wasn't an exploration; it was a conquest. He kissed her with a possessive violence, his tongue fighting for dominance, claiming every inch of her mouth. His hands didn't stay still; they roamed her curves with a desperate urgency, one hand squeezing her breast through the fabric, the other sliding beneath her skirt to find the drenched lace of her panties. Rose groaned deep in her throat, a sound of surrender, her fingers digging into the rock-hard muscles of his shoulders, her body arching upward, trying to force his cock through the barrier of their clothes.

Then, the air was sliced open by a sound that hit like a bucket of ice water.

From the depths of her handbag, the upbeat, frantic melody of an anime theme song erupted. It was the specific, cheerful ringtone she had assigned to Jules; a sound that usually signalled safety, love, and stability, but now sounded like a screaming siren of guilt and betrayal.

"Amari! Stop!" Rose gasped, the spell breaking as she pushed against his chest with a sudden, frantic strength. Her eyes went wide with panic, the image of Jules's trusting face flashing in her mind. "That's Jules!"

Amari let out a low groan of frustration, his forehead resting against hers for a lingering second. His breathing was heavy and ragged, the sound of a man pushed to the absolute brink of his control. He slowly stepped back, the sudden void where his oppressive heat had been leaving Rose feeling cold, exposed, and agonisingly unfinished.

Rose scrambled off the granite counter, her legs trembling so much she nearly collapsed. Her thighs were still humming from the friction of Amari's body, and her crotch was a drenched, throbbing mess of arousal. She dove for her handbag, her fingers shaking as she snatched the phone, pressing it to her ear with a voice that sounded an octave too high, thin and brittle.

"Hey, babe!" she exclaimed, the words rushing out in a frantic burst as she tried to smooth out the jagged, ragged edges of her breathing. She pressed her back against the wall, trying to steady the frantic drumming of her heart.

"Hey, honey," Jules' voice crackled through the line, warm, steady, and heartbreakingly unsuspecting. "I saw on the tracker that you're back at the apartment. I thought I'd catch you before you drifted off to sleep. How was the night? Did you and Amari have a good time?"

Rose sank onto the couch, the plush fabric feeling alien against her sensitised skin. Her chest was still heaving, her breasts aching and swollen from Amari's rough handling just moments before. She stared up at the ceiling, her mind racing to conjure the "safe," sanitised version of her evening, filtering out the filth and the fire.

"It was... it was great," she said, her voice trembling, a fragile lie hanging in the air. "The restaurant was lovely. The food was amazing, and the atmosphere was really sophisticated. We had a few drinks, and it was just a really nice way to spend the evening."

She carefully, surgically omitted the clothes she wore, being up on the stage, the probing questions, the public grinding that had left her breathless, and the thrill of being claimed by Amari in front of a crowd of strangers. She didn't mention the hot couples award, the tiara or the way she had practically begged for his touch.

"That sounds perfect. You deserve a night out, rather than being cooked up at home," Jules replied, his tone filled with a gentle, uncomplicated love. "How's everything going on your end? You sound a little out of breath."

"Oh, sorry babe," Rose lied quickly, her eyes darting toward the kitchen. "We just... walked in not two minutes ago. I'm just a bit tired. The drinks are hitting me now, you know how they make me sleepy."

As Jules began to reply, her gaze drifted, and she found Amari. He wasn't hiding; he wasn't even trying to be discreet. He stood in the center of the living room, a towering silhouette of raw masculinity. With a slow, deliberate motion, he began peeling off his shirt. The fabric clung to the sweat-slicked contours of his muscled torso before sliding away to reveal a physique that looked sculpted from obsidian; broad, powerful shoulders, a chest like a slab of granite, and abs defined into deep, hard ridges. As he tossed the shirt aside, Rose's eyes were drawn downward, magnetically pulled to the center of his lap. Even through the heavy fabric of his trousers, the size of the bulge was incredible; a rigid, demanding pillar of flesh that strained against the seams.

"You okay, honey? You seem a little distracted," Jules asked, his voice laced with genuine concern.

"I'm fine, really," Rose said, her voice softening, though her pupils were blown wide, fixed on that massive silhouette. "Tell me about your shift. How was it? Anything interesting happen?"

She steered the conversation toward him, leaning into the familiar, comforting rhythms of their relationship. Jules talked about the mundane details of his work, his voice a steady anchor of kindness.

As the call wound down, Jules whispered, "I love you, Rose. I can't wait to get home and hold you."

The words hit her like a physical blow to the solar plexus. A wave of crushing, suffocating guilt washed over her, momentarily drowning the arousal that had been screaming through her veins all night. The contrast was too sharp: the pure, selfless love of the man on the phone versus the dark, lustful hunger of the man standing half naked in front of her. When the call ended, the silence that followed was heavy, thick with the scent of betrayal.

Rose stared at the blank screen of her phone, the reality of her double life crashing down on her. She felt like a fraud, a traitor to the man who loved her with such uncomplicated purity. A battle deep inside her, between her desires and needs, versus her conscience

Amari had been watching her the entire time. He saw the sudden slump in her shoulders, the way the light dimmed in her eyes. He leaned against the wall, his expression unreadable, though not unkind, his dark eyes tracking the rise and fall of her chest.

"Guess, by the look on your face, we're calling it a night then?" he asked quietly, his voice a low vibration that seemed to hum in the small space between them.

Rose looked up at him, her eyes shimmering with conflict, a mixture of shame and lingering desire. "I'm sorry, Amari. I got carried away. We... we should never have let it get this far. It's not right."

Amari didn't scoff; he didn't push. He simply nodded, his voice calm and grounding. "It's alright, Rose. You've got to do what's right for you. I'm not here to force your hand."

Rose felt a sudden, sharp surge of appreciation for his understanding. It was a rare moment of softness from a man who usually dominated every room he entered, a glimpse of the man beneath the monster. But the moment of tenderness was short-lived. Amari shifted his weight, and the movement drew her eyes back to the massive, straining silhouette in his pants; the sheer size of it making her mouth water.

"But," he added, a wicked glint returning to his eyes as he reached down and tugged at the fabric, the movement emphasising the thickness of it, "you know I ain't getting no sleep until I take care of this beast. Not after all that hot dancing and kissing. I'm practically bursting over here."

Rose couldn't help it; a small, genuine laugh escaped her, a release of the tension. The sheer absurdity of the situation; the heartbreaking sweetness of Jules and the raw, animal magnetism of Amari, was almost too much to process. The guilt was still there, but the hunger was stronger.

"Go on then," she whispered, a playful, slutty smile returning to her lips as she watched him. "Go through and handle your business."

Amari gave her a slow soft smile, his gaze lingering on her one last time before he turned toward the bedroom, the heavy thud of his footsteps echoing the pounding of her own heart.

Rose stood frozen in the sudden, heavy silence of the apartment, the echo of Jules's loving voice still ringing in her ears like a ghost. She drifted back into the kitchen and poured herself a glass of water. Her hand trembled, the glass clinking against the rim, a physical manifestation of the war raging inside her. Yet, even as the crushing weight of guilt pressed against her chest, the heat between her thighs remained; a pulsing, insistent throb that refused to be ignored. Her pussy was drenched, the lace of her panties clinging to her swollen folds, screaming for the very man she knew she should be avoiding.

She closed her eyes, and all she could see was Amari. She felt the phantom sensation of the granite counter pressing into her back and the overwhelming, primal weight of his body pinning her down. The forbidden thrill of being "his" for the night, of being claimed and marked in the eyes of a crowd, had awakened something inside her that Jules's gentle love could never touch.

## **Watching Each Other**

Driven by a curiosity that felt less like a choice and more like a gravitational pull, Rose wandered toward the bedroom doorway.

Amari was stripped completely bare now, sprawled across the bed. He was a breathtaking masterpiece of deep obsidian skin stretched tight over sculpted muscle, every powerful shift of his body making those thick slabs ripple and flex with raw, masculine power. But nothing else in the room existed for her anymore. Her once innocent eyes, were helplessly locked onto the massive, throbbing monster in his lap.

His cock was utterly magnificent; a brutally thick, heavy pillar of dark chocolate flesh that looked almost obscenely oversized, far too huge to possibly be real. And yet it was the only truth to her right now. It jutted upward with pride, a veiny, rock-hard monolith pulsing with need. He stroked it with slow, lazy confidence, his big hand struggling to close completely around the impossible girth, fingers barely meeting as the fat, swollen head glistened with a slick bead of precum.

Rose's breath caught in her throat, her cheeks burning as a fresh rush of shameful heat flooded between her thighs.

As he let out a low, guttural groan between strokes, he opened his eyes and found her standing in the doorway, her face full of shyness and lust.

"Sorry," she whispered, her voice thick and husky, stripped of its usual modesty. "I'll... I'll give you some space."

But her feet wouldn't move. Her eyes were mesmerised, locked onto the sight of him. She watched the way the skin stretched over the thickness of his cock, the way the broad, flared head glistened with the shine of his pre-cum, reflecting the dim light of the room.

Amari smirked, an expression that told her he knew exactly how much power he held over her. His hand continued its steady, rhythmic slide, the sound of skin on skin filling the silence.

"Or... you could help speed things up a little. Give me some visual stimulation, baby girl. I can't stop thinking about how you looked in that outfit tonight. How you looked when I had you shaking on that dance floor. How you look right now, standing there. All naughty and nice."

*I should walk away*, Rose thought, the voice of her conscience a faint whisper. *I should go sleep on the couch, and pretend this isn't happening.*

But as she looked at him, she remembered the electricity of the stage; the feeling of being completely seen, stripped of her inhibitions, and desired with a ferocity that bordered on violent. She realized she had been the one to stoke this fire, fuelling his hunger with her own secret slutty desires. The idea of leaving him teased and unsatisfied, of denying that massive cock the release it craved, felt like a crime.

Slowly, deliberately, Rose stepped into the room. The click of her heels on the floor sounded like a countdown. She stopped at the foot of the bed, silhouetted by the amber glow of the bedside lamp, her eyes locked on the pulsing length of him.

"You've been staring at these all night," she murmured, her voice regaining its confidence, sliding into a sultry, provocative tone.

She reached up, her hands grasping her own breasts. She hefted the heavy, soft mounds of her chest, squeezing them together with a firm grip, creating a deep, inviting valley of cleavage that practically begged for his mouth.

"I think you deserve a better look," she added, her gaze challenging him.

With a slow, tantalising movement, Rose reached for the straps of her sheer black lace top. She slid the first one down her shoulder, the fabric grazing her skin, then the second. She reached down to pull her breasts free from the lace, exposing them fully to him.

She stood there, a vision of forbidden desire. Her huge, perfect tits were on full display, the pale skin contrasting sharply with the dark room. Her nipples were peaked and hard, dark berries straining toward him, reacting to the chill of the air and the scorching heat of his gaze. Below, she remained in the tiny black mini skirt and the lace of her suspenders; gone was her "good girl" aesthetic. Replaced here and now with her new, naughty filthy look.

Amari stopped stroking for a second, letting out an audible gasp at the sight of her. His eyes raked over her, from the heavy sway of her breasts to the curve of her hips, his gaze burning with an intensity that made her feel naked even in the parts of her still covered.

"Fuck me, Rose," he groaned, his voice raw. "You are fucking perfect."

He began to stroke himself again, his pace accelerating, the friction becoming more intense as his eyes remained locked on her chest. Rose watched him, her own breath coming in

shallow pants, the visual of his massive, throbbing cock and the raw hunger in his eyes stoking a fire in her gut that no amount of guilt could extinguish. They stood there in a silent, electric exchange of lust.

Rose sat down on the edge of the mattress, her body trembling, her breath coming in shallow, jagged hitches that rattled in her chest. Opposite her, Amari lay reclined like a god of obsidian and sculpted muscle, his massive black cock standing in rigid, pulsing defiance. He wasn't rushing; he was savoring the view, his large hand wrapped around the thick, vein-mapped shaft, sliding up and down in a slow, hypnotic rhythm that seemed to suck the very oxygen from the room.

She felt a primal, volcanic heat radiating from between her thighs, a pulsing, insistent ache that made her feel heavy, swollen, and utterly desperate. She didn't look away; she couldn't. Her eyes were locked onto the sight of him, mesmerised by the way the thick veins traced the length of his cock like rivers of fire, and the way the glistening head wept a heavy bead of pre-cum with every agonisingly slow stroke.

Driven by a ravenous need to be seen, to be desired with the same predatory intensity she felt, Rose reached up. She grasped her breasts, her fingers sinking deep into the soft, ample flesh of her heavy mounds. She squeezed them together with a firm, possessive grip, pushing them upward to offer him a feast of pale skin and hardened, dark peaks. She began to roll her nipples between her fingertips, pulling on them with a sharp, rhythmic intensity that sent jolts of pleasure through her body, making her pussy throb in time with the friction.

"God, Amari," she whispered, her voice a husky, seductive rasp that betrayed her complete undoing. "Just looking at you... your cock makes me so fucking wet. I can feel it dripping down my thighs."

Amari's eyes darkened, his pupils dilating until they were voids of pure lust. His gaze swept over her chest, lingering on the way her nipples strained and peaked under her touch, the pale skin of her breasts flushed with heat. His stroke quickened slightly, the wet, slapping sound of skin on skin filling the silence like a heartbeat.

"Is that so?" he murmured, his voice a low, vibrating rumble that she felt in the marrow of her bones. "Your needy little pussy is dripping for me right now? Tell me, Rose. Tell me exactly how bad you want this."

"So much," she groaned, arching her back in a graceful, desperate curve, her chest thrusting forward as if offering herself up for sacrifice. "My panties are ruined. They're completely soaked through... I'm a mess for you."

The admission seemed to ignite a fuse inside him. Amari stopped his movement for a heartbeat, his eyes locking onto hers with an intensity that made her toes curl and her breath vanish.

"Show me," he commanded.

The authority in his voice was a physical weight, a command that bypassed her logic and spoke directly to the slutty, awakened part of her soul that craved his dominance. Rose leaned back slightly, supporting herself with her arms. Her black mini skirt had already ridden up to her waist, leaving nothing but a thin, fragile strip of lace between her and the

open air. With a trembling hand, she reached down and peeled the sodden fabric of her panties to the side, exposing her most intimate depths.

She laid herself open completely, her pussy glistening under the dim light, the pink, plump folds swollen and shiny with her own overflowing arousal. She was wide open, a raw, pulsing invitation, the scent of her arousal now mingling with the musk of his cock.

"Fuck, Rose," Amari breathed, his voice thick and guttural with lust. "You are so fucking sexy. Look at that tight little pussy... it looks desperate. It looks like it's screaming to be stretched open by me."

Rose let out a soft, broken moan, twisting one of her nipples hard, the sharp sting of pain blending seamlessly with the overwhelming pleasure. She felt exposed, vulnerable, and utterly empowered by the raw hunger in his eyes.

"Stroke that little pussy for me," Amari ordered, his hand resuming its magnetic, heavy rhythm. "I want to see you. Show me how you touch yourself when you think about me. Show me exactly how needy you are for this big black cock."

Rose's hand slid down, her fingers finding the drenched, scorching heat. She began to rub her clit in slow, circular motions, a low, filthy moan escaping her throat. The sound of her own wetness; the loud, explicit squelch of her fingers sliding through her thick juices, echoed in the quiet room, a symphony of filth. She began to explore herself, sliding one finger, then two, deep into her tightness, her hips beginning to grind instinctively against her own hand, mimicking the thrusts she knew he would eventually deliver.

They sat there in a state of mutual exhibitionism, locked in a gaze of pure unadulterated lust. The tension was a living thing, a taut wire stretching between them, tightening with every stroke of his hand and every wet slide of her fingers, until the air itself felt like it might combust.

"You love this, don't you?" Amari's voice dropped. "You love the sheer dominant size of it. You're already addicted, aren't you, Rose? Hooked on the thought of what it will feel like to be stretched wide."

"Yes," she whimpered, the word barely a breath. Her fingers were moving in a blurred, frantic rhythm now, her breath coming in short, desperate gasps that sounded like she was drowning in her own arousal. "Yes, I am... oh god, yes."

"You're obsessed," he continued, his words hitting her like a rhythmic whip, driving her deeper into the abyss of her own desire. "I can see it in your eyes, that hungry, vacant look. You're thinking about how it tastes. You're imagining the feeling of this thickness sliding deep into your throat, gagging you, stretching your jaw open, claiming every single inch of your insides until there's no room for anything else."

"Amari... please... I can't..." she sobbed, her eyes fluttering shut, the world dissolving into a haze of white heat as she neared the precipice.

"Harder, Rose. Stroke yourself harder for me," he commanded, the authority in his tone absolute. "Think about the moment I finally slide this into you. Think about how it's going to feel when this head forces its way past your entrance, stretching that tiny little pussy to

its absolute limit. I'm going to resize you, baby. I'm going to fill you so completely, so violently, that you won't even remember how to breathe."

The thought of Amari's monster carving a path through her, expanding her until she was nothing but a vessel for him, sent a jolt of pure, electric agony-pleasure through her spine. Rose was spiralling, her entire existence narrowing down to the friction of her fingers and the predatory rumble of Amari's voice. She was grinding her hips now, her body shaking with a violent tremor, her moans evolving into guttural, animalistic cries of need.

"You're so close, Rose," Amari whispered, his voice now shifting into a commanding roar that filled the space. "You're right on the edge. So close to cumming for me. So close to giving yourself over entirely. Say goodbye to that sweet, reserved little girl, Rose. Let her go. Time to free that dirty, slutty woman and let her take over"

"Fuck! Oh god, fuck!" Rose screamed, her body tightening like a bowstring, her fingers working with a frantic, desperate intensity against her engorged clitoris.

Suddenly, Amari stood up. He didn't reach for her; instead, he stepped forward until he was looming over her. His huge black cock was hovering mere inches from her face, a dark, pulsing pillar of dominance. He began to stroke it rapidly, the head weeping thick beads of pre-cum, ready to erupt.

"You can try and resist for as long as you like, Rose... but we both know the truth," he growled, his voice dripping with raw power. "Tonight? Tomorrow? Next Week? It doesn't matter... I'm going to make you mine. I'm going to have you cumming so hard and so often on this big black cock that you'll forget why you ever wasted all those years with teeny-tiny Jules... You're my girl now. My slut."

The words were the final, devastating trigger. The combination of the filth, the cruel mockery of Jules's inadequacy, and the overwhelming visual of that enormous shaft shattered the last remnants of her restraint. Rose let out a piercing, soul-shaking scream, her body arching violently off the mattress as a massive, crashing orgasm ripped through her. She fingered herself with a frantic, almost violent intensity, her internal muscles clamping down in rhythmic, desperate spasms as she shrieked Amari's name into the room.

"I've never... oh god... I've never... Fuck, I'm cumming so hard!" she wailed, her voice breaking as wave after wave of pleasure continued to roll over her, leaving her breathless, trembling, and utterly broken open.

Amari let out a guttural, triumphant roar of his own. With one final, powerful, gripping stroke, he erupted.

Rope after rope of thick, scalding cum erupted from the head of his massive black cock in powerful, high-pressure jets, each one blasting out with obscene force like a claiming ritual. The first heavy rope streaked across her face in a long, pearly arc, splattering hot and sticky against her cheek before dripping down onto her chin and covering her trembling lower lip. Rose gasped sharply as the salty warmth hit her tongue, her eyes fluttering wide in shock even as her pussy clenched hard with shameful need.

The second massive blast slammed straight into her big tits, coating her pale, sensitive skin in a thick glaze of creamy white. It splattered heavily across her hardened nipples, the

searing heat making them throb and tighten even more as thick globs clung to the stiff pink peaks and slowly dripped down the gentle curves of her breasts.

"Yes! Yes, give it to me! Give me all of it!" Rose screamed, her eyes wide and glazed with a mixture of lust and submission. Her body arching instinctively toward him, pushing her chest out like an offering.

Amari kept stroking with long, powerful pumps, growling low in his chest as he unleashed even more. Rope after rope hosed her down without mercy; thick strands landing across her beautiful face, in her eyes, her hair. Dripping off her chin. One particularly heavy jet shot directly straight into the back of her opened mouth, causing her to gag momentarily, before she gulped down the mouthful thankfully.

"Fuck yes... take every last drop. This is going to be your new bedtime ritual. Desperate little cum slut." he groaned, voice rough with satisfaction.

She remained there, collapsed and shaking, her fingers still buried deep in her soaking, twitching pussy, experiencing a series of lingering mini-orgasms that rippled through her core as she felt the warmth of his cum cooling on her skin. She looked up at him, drenched in his essence, her chest heaving, her mind a complete blank of everything but the man standing over her. *Fuck*, she thought. *I can't say no to him. I don't want to say no.*

## **The Tenderness She Needs**

The bedroom had fallen into a heavy silence, broken only by the ragged, uneven cadence of Rose's breathing. She lay sprawled across the rumpled sheets, her limbs feeling weighted and disconnected, as if she were drifting in a warm, narcotic void. Her entire nervous system was still humming, the violent aftershocks of her orgasm pulsing in rhythmic waves through her thighs and deep into her lower back. She felt raw, psychologically stripped, and utterly consumed by the man who had just broken her.

She looked down at her own body, her vision swimming in a post-coital haze. She was a living canvas of Amari's possession. His thick seed was smeared across the curve of her cheeks and chin, dripping in slow, viscous trails from the undersides of her heavy, aching breasts, and coating her flat stomach in cooling, sticky ropes of white. The sight of it; the sheer volume of his release, should have shocked her, perhaps even repulsed her, but instead, it ignited a simmering, dark glow of pride in her chest. She looked like a woman who had been thoroughly used, claimed, and branded.

Her mind raced, replaying the last few minutes like a fever dream. The visual of him standing over her, that monstrous dark cock stroking in a rhythmic dance, and the sheer, unadulterated filth of his words. He had called her a slut. He had told her she was becoming addicted to him, that he would soon be resizing her, erasing every memory of the modest, timid intimacy she had known with Jules.

In her old life, such words would have been an insult, a violation of her feminine dignity. But here, in the erotic sanctuary of Amari's bedroom, they felt like the ultimate truth. He hadn't been lying. She was acting like a complete slut for him, and loving it. She craved the crushing weight of his dominance, the way he stripped away her inhibitions and laid bare

the hungry, desperate animal hiding beneath the reserved exterior of the "good girl." The realization didn't bring guilt; it brought a profound, liberating sense of relief.

A shadow fell over her, and Rose blinked, looking up to see Amari watching her. The raw intensity from moments ago had shifted. The hunger was still there, burning in his dark eyes, but it was tempered by something softer; a quiet, observant warmth that made her heart skip a beat.

Without a word, he reached down. He didn't tease her or make a comment about her disheveled, cum-streaked state. He simply slid one powerful arm beneath her knees and the other behind her back, scooping her up against his chest in one effortless motion.

Rose gasped, her head lolling against his shoulder, her skin sticking to his muscular chest. A flicker of confusion crossed her mind, a momentary worry about where he was taking her in her current, dripping state. Amari seemed to read the flicker of concern in her eyes. He didn't speak, but the way he tightened his grip, pulling her snugly against the hard, granite planes of his torso, was an answer in itself.

He carried her into the large double shower, a sanctuary of sleek glass and dark slate. As he stepped under the oversized rain-shower head, he turned the dial. A torrent of warm, steaming water cascaded down upon them, the heat instantly cutting through the chill of the air-conditioned room and enveloping them in a humid, private cloud.

The water hit the cum on her skin, turning the thick white streaks into translucent, milky swirls that washed away down the drain. Rose let out a long, shaky sigh, her body sagging into his strength, her muscles finally beginning to relax.

Amari set her down gently, keeping her backed against the cool, wet tile wall while he stepped firmly into her space, pinning her with his presence. He didn't immediately reach for the soap; instead, he just stood there for a moment, the water streaming over his dark, muscled shoulders and cascading down the length of his still-rigid cock. Even now, after the explosive release, he remained hard; a thick, pulsing pillar of dominance that served as a testament to the enduring fire he felt for her.

Then, he reached for the sponge, lathering it with a rich, sandalwood-scented wash. His touch was a revelation.

He began with her neck and shoulders, his hands moving with a slow, deliberate care that bordered on worship. He wasn't scrubbing; he was massaging, his large palms gliding over her wet skin with a tenderness that made Rose's eyes flutter shut. He moved down to her breasts, his fingers tracing the heavy, swollen curves of her flesh with an erotic devotion. He spent a long time on her nipples, swirling the soap around the sensitive, engorged peaks, teasing them with a light, circular pressure that sent fresh, electric jolts of pleasure radiating through her core, reminding her that despite the orgasm, she was still desperately hungry for him.

Rose found herself leaning into him, her moans shifting from sharp gasps to soft vibrations that echoed off the slate tiles. She felt the dizzying contrast of his nature; the terrifying strength and the unexpected gentleness. He was a man who could break her, who could stretch her to her absolute physical limits until she screamed for mercy, yet here he was, bathing her as if she were made of the finest, most fragile porcelain.

His hands wandered lower, the soapy lather creating a slick, frictionless glide as they slid over the swell of her stomach and dipped down to the flare of her hips. With a firm, commanding grip, he turned her around, pressing her front flush against the cool stone wall. The sudden shift in position left her exposed, her heavy breasts pressing against the tile as he began to wash her ass.

The sensation was overwhelming. His large, rough palms kneaded the juicy, trembling curves of her backside, squeezing and shaping her flesh with a possessive rhythm. The combination of the pounding rain-shower spray and the heavy pressure of his hands made her knees buckle. He caught her, his massive chest slamming against her back, pinning her to the wall. Rose felt the thick, pulsing length of his cock rubbing relentlessly against the cleft of her buttocks with every circular movement of his hand, the rigid heat of him searing through the water.

Rose let out a broken, whimpering cry, her forehead resting against the wet stone. She felt completely seen, completely known, and utterly stripped of every secret. This wasn't just about cleaning her body; it was a slow, sensual reclamation. He was claiming every inch of her skin through affection, marking her with tenderness just as he had marked her with his seed.

As he turned her back around to face him, his eyes locked onto hers with an intensity that made her breath stick in her throat. There was no mockery in his gaze, no predatory sneer; only a deep, possessive affection that felt more intoxicating than any drug. He reached down, his large fingers dipping into her heat, gently cleaning the last of her own squirting arousal from the swollen folds of her pussy. His touch was light and lingering, a slow, deliberate exploration of the wreckage he had left behind.

Rose looked at him, really looked at him, and felt the final wall of resistance inside her crumble into dust. She had spent so much time fearing the power he held over her, terrified by the way he dominated her every desire and instinct. But in this humid erotic moment, she realized that his dominance wasn't just about control; it was about a profound understanding of her. He knew exactly when to be the alpha who tore her apart and when to be the sanctuary where she could finally breathe. He knew she needed the filth and the degradation to awaken the slut inside her, but she needed this devastating tenderness to keep her from drifting away into the void.

The lingering loyalty to the safe, predictable, and modest version of her life with Jules simply washed away with the soap and water, swirling down the drain. She didn't want safety. She didn't want a gentle love that barely touched the surface of her needs. She wanted this. She wanted the duality of the man who could call her a filthy slut while resizing her insides, and then wash her with the reverent care of a lover.

"Thank you," she whispered, her voice barely audible, trembling over the roar of the cascading water.

Amari didn't respond with words; he didn't need to. He reached out, cupping her face in his massive, warm hands, and pulled her into a deep, crushing kiss.

It wasn't the hungry, desperate collision of their earlier encounters. This was slow, thick, and profound. He tasted of salt, heat, and raw masculinity, his tongue sliding against hers in a rhythmic, hypnotic dance of total surrender. Rose melted into him, her arms winding

tightly around his neck, her wet body moulding itself to the hard, granite planes of his muscled frame.

Under the steaming spray of the water, wrapped in the scent of expensive sandalwood soap and raw, unadulterated lust, Rose felt herself finally arrive. She wasn't just a girl playing a dangerous game or a woman caught in a taboo bet. She was his. And as she clung to him, feeling the insistent, heavy throb of his cock pressing hard against her thigh, she knew she would do anything; surrender any part of herself, to stay in this moment forever.

The walk back to the bedroom was a slow, heavy procession of agonising anticipation. Amari's hand remained firmly planted on the small of Rose's back, his fingers digging into her skin with a possessive certainty that turned her bones to liquid and her knees to water. Every step felt like a descent into a beautiful, dark abyss. As they crossed the threshold, the dim, amber light of the room seemed to press in on her, amplifying the sudden, sharp surge of hesitation in her chest. She could feel the ghost of Jules lingering in the corners of the room; the memory of a safer, quieter, and far more sterile love that acted as a fragile, crumbling barrier against the primal storm Amari brought with him.

He saw the flicker of doubt instantly. Amari had become an expert at reading the tremors in her resolve, the way her breath hitched in her throat when her mind tried to fight the truth her body already knew. He didn't push her or rush her; instead, he guided her backward onto the bed with a slow, deliberate pressure, the mattress dipping deeply under their combined weight. As she sank into the cool sheets, her eyes searched his, wide and conflicted, trapped between the girl she was supposed to be and the woman she was becoming.

Amari leaned over her, his massive, muscular frame casting a shadow that seemed to swallow her whole, erasing the rest of the world. A smirk played on his lips; not one of mockery, but of absolute, unshakable confidence.

"Stop thinking, Rose. Just feel," he commanded, his voice dropping to a low, guttural rumble that vibrated in her very marrow, sending a fresh wave of heat crashing through her.

He shifted his weight, the friction of his skin against hers, teasing her, but he didn't give her the release she craved.

"Don't worry about that cock," he added, his tone dripping with a cruel, erotic promise. "You aren't getting anywhere near it until you beg me for it."

The promise of denial was more erotic than the promise of pleasure. The thought of his thirteen-inch length; that veined, pulsing monster, remaining just out of reach made Rose let out a shaky, broken breath. Her head fell back into the pillow, her spine arching as the last remnants of her mental tension snapped. Amari began a slow, methodical descent, his mouth claiming her skin in a series of searing, wet kisses that marked her as his territory.

When Amari finally reached her breasts, he slowed his pace with deliberate reverence, as if he were worshipping at a forbidden altar. He cupped the heavy, aching weight of her massive tits in his strong black hands, squeezing them possessively, fingers sinking deep into the soft, overflowing pale flesh. He molded and kneaded them roughly, shaping them to his liking while his thumbs flicked across her swollen nipples.

Rose gasped as he leaned down and captured one fat, hard nipple between his lips. He sucked hard; deep, rhythmic, greedy pulls that sent sharp bolts of electric pleasure shooting straight down to her dripping clit. Her back arched violently off the bed, a raw, guttural moan tearing from her throat as her eyes rolled back.

In that moment, an image of Jules flashed through her mind, and the contrast shattered her. Jules had always touched her breasts like they were delicate porcelain; hesitant, almost apologetic, as if he were afraid of their sheer size and weight. Gentle little squeezes. Polite kisses. Never enough.

But Amari... Amari devoured her.

He groaned hungrily against her soft tit-flesh, sucking and licking like a man starved, treating her huge, heavy breasts like the filthiest, most delicious things he'd ever seen. He buried his face between them, motor-boating the soft, jiggling mounds before latching onto the other nipple even harder, biting down just enough to make her cry out. His big hands never stopped groping and slapping the heavy globes, making them bounce and ripple obscenely.

To him, her body wasn't something fragile to be careful with. It was a feast. Every overflowing curve, every soft, heavy inch of her was meant to be claimed, squeezed, sucked, and marked. And the way he worshipped her massive tits ; with raw, animalistic hunger, made Rose's pussy clench and leak with shameful need.

His strong hands never stopped kneading her heavy breasts, thick thumbs relentlessly flicking and rolling her rock-hard nipples, sending sparks straight to her throbbing clit. Then his mouth began its slow, torturous descent, trailing wet, open-mouthed kisses down the soft valley of her stomach. His tongue dragged hot and heavy over her skin, tasting the faint scent from her shower, leaving a burning trail of saliva and pure lust in its wake.

When he settled between her thighs, Rose didn't even consider closing her legs. Her knees fell apart shamelessly, spreading wide like a good little slut in heat, completely offering her dripping pussy to him. She was soaked. Clear, sticky juices leaked from her swollen pink folds, dripping down her ass and soaking the sheets beneath her. Her innocent body was betraying her, pulsing and clenching with desperate, aching need for the big black man between her legs.

Amari didn't tease. He dove in like a man possessed.

The first long, hungry swipe of his thick tongue dragged from the bottom of her dripping slit all the way up to her swollen clit, and Rose's back bowed violently off the bed. He didn't just lick her; he devoured her pussy with filthy, greedy hunger. His strong tongue swirled around her sensitive clit with heavy, flat pressure before spearing deep inside her tight hole, fucking her with it, lapping up every drop of her sweet juices like he was starving.

"Oh my god... Amari!" she sobbed brokenly, her fingers twisting into the sheets so hard her knuckles turned white. Her hips bucked helplessly against his face as he ate her like a man on a mission.

Rose's fingers twisted desperately in Amari's short, dark hair, her nails scraping across his scalp as she shamelessly tried to pull his face even deeper into her dripping pussy. She was grinding against him now; hips rolling and snapping forward in frantic, sloppy circles,

completely lost in raw, animalistic need. Her soft, pale thighs trembled around his head as she fucked his tongue like a desperate little whore in heat.

Every powerful swipe of his thick tongue, every hungry suck on her swollen clit, sent devastating waves of pleasure crashing through her body. It was too much. Too good. An overwhelming, relentless assault that was tearing her sweet, innocent mind apart.

Deep in her core, a savage heat was building, a terrifying pressure that threatened to break her completely. She had never felt anything like this; this absolute, merciless devotion to her pleasure. Jules had always been so careful, so polite... little gentle licks that barely made her wet. But Amari was devouring her pussy like a starving man, groaning into her folds as if her dripping cunt was the best thing he'd ever tasted.

The last fragile pieces of the "good girlfriend" she had always been for Jules were burning away right in front of her eyes. In their place rose something darker, hungrier; a needy white girl who didn't just want to be pleased... she wanted to be ruined. Destroyed. Turned into a filthy, cock-drunk slut for this powerful black man.

"Yes... right there, Amari... oh fuck, please don't stop!" she whimpered, her voice cracking into a broken, slutty sob that sounded nothing like the shy, modest girl she used to be. "Please... I'm so close..."

Amari growled against her soaked pussy, the deep vibration making her clit throb violently. He used his big hands to spread her puffy pink lips obscenely wide, completely exposing her dripping hole and swollen clit to his hungry mouth. Then he attacked her again with long, greedy strokes of his tongue; alternating between broad, heavy laps that dragged over her entire slit and sharp, wicked flicks directly on her sensitive nub.

The guilt that once gnawed at her conscience had been completely incinerated, burned away by the relentless friction of Amari's hungry mouth. Hesitation no longer existed. There was only the obscene, wet sounds of his tongue and lips devouring her pussy, her own broken, sobbing breaths, and the constant, throbbing ache of her swollen clit as he sucked and licked it without mercy.

Then the orgasm slammed into her like a freight train.

It wasn't a slow build; it was a sudden, violent explosion. Rose's eyes flew wide open as a raw, wild scream tore from her throat, loud and shameless. Her entire body seized up, back arching sharply off the bed in a rigid, trembling arc. Her toes curled painfully as her pussy convulsed in powerful, rhythmic spasms, clenching and fluttering around nothing while wave after wave of blinding pleasure ripped through her.

"Fuuuuck— Amari!" she wailed, her voice cracking into a high-pitched, slutty sob.

A hot, messy gush of her juices flooded his mouth as she came harder than she ever had in her life. Her hips bucked wildly against his face, grinding her soaking cunt against his tongue in desperate, uncoordinated thrusts as if trying to ride out the overwhelming ecstasy. Her vision went white. Her mind shattered. For several long, earth-shattering seconds, nothing existed except the devastating pleasure this black man was forcing out of her body.

When the peak finally began to fade, Rose collapsed back onto the bed, shaking uncontrollably, her chest heaving in desperate, ragged gasps. She felt hollowed out, ruined in the most delicious way possible. The “good girlfriend” she had always been for Jules was gone; obliterated by the sheer intensity of what Amari had just done to her.

She lay there for long minutes, a trembling, sweat-slicked, cum-drenched mess. Her pussy continued to twitch and leak, soaking the sheets even more as aftershocks rippled through her.

Amari finally pulled back, his handsome face glistening with her juices. A look of pure masculine satisfaction, shone in his dark eyes as he stared down at the wrecked, innocent white girl he had just broken with his tongue.

Without a word, he reached down and pulled the drenched, ruined sheet from beneath her, the fabric heavy with the evidence of how shamelessly she had cum for him. Then, with a surprising tenderness that made her heart flutter even in her dazed state, he grabbed a fresh, soft sheet and gently wrapped it around her spent body.

He slid into the bed behind her, pulling her into his strong arms, cocooning her against his broad, muscular chest in a warm, protective embrace. The moment their bodies connected, electricity crackled through her. Rose let out a soft, needy whimper as she felt the blazing heat of his massive, muscled frame envelop her completely. But what made her pussy flutter and leak all over again was the unmistakable, heavy throb of his enormous black cock nestled right between her soft ass cheeks.

A thick, pulsing pillar of scorching heat that dwarfed everything she’d ever known, pressed possessively against her ass as if reminding her exactly what her body was now craving.

“Mmmm...” Rose sighed dreamily, melting back into him like she belonged there. She tilted her head, resting it against his broad shoulder, a small, secret, utterly slutty smile curving her lips.

*Right where it belongs,* she thought, biting her lip as his massive cock twitched against her. *So big... so heavy... so perfect. And just waiting for me to claim it as mine.*

She could feel the strong, steady thump of his heart against her spine, each powerful beat matching the slow, arrogant pulse of the monster cock trapped between her cheeks. Exhaustion finally began to pull her under, but her mind kept replaying the night in vivid, filthy detail.

There were two Amaris now living in her head. One was the dominant, filthy black stud who had called her his little white slut whilst cumming all over her and then devoured her pussy like he owned it. The other was this tender, attentive lover who had gently washed her body and now held her so protectively.

And Rose realized with a deep, shameful thrill that she needed both.

She needed the brutal, commanding force that made her feel small and helpless... and the gentle strength that made her feel safe after he ruined her. The devastating contrast was quickly becoming her new addiction. All the careful resistance she had clung to for weeks had been completely demolished.

She didn't want gentle anymore.

She didn't want safe.

She didn't want Jules.

She wanted this; the fire, the intensity, the raw masculine power currently throbbing against her ass.

Most of all, she wanted that monstrous black cock inside her. Stretching her. Claiming her. Ruining her tight little white pussy.

As sleep finally claimed her, still wrapped safely in Amari's strong arms, one final, wicked thought drifted through her mind:

*One day soon... I'm going to beg him to fuck me. And I already know I'm never going to be the same again.*

**The End Of Part 4.**

**Part 5 coming soon.**