

## **A Bit Of Bad Luck Part 6**

### **Thanking Him For Taking His Girl**

Early morning light filtered through the apartment windows in soft, painting the living room in hues of amber and cream that seemed to caress every surface. Dust motes danced lazily in the beams, suspended in the stillness like tiny, forgotten memories. The space felt hushed, the familiar scent of freshly brewed coffee lingering from the kitchen, the low hum of the refrigerator, the quiet creak of floorboards that had become the soundtrack to their shared life. It was the kind of ordinary morning that should have felt comforting. Instead, it hummed with an undercurrent of electric tension, like the calm before a storm that Rose could feel building in her chest, a low, thrumming vibration that seemed to pulse in time with the phantom ache between her thighs.

She stood in the doorway of the kitchen, her fingers absently tracing the edge of the doorframe; the same fingers that had been buried deep inside her own wet pussy last night, the same fingers that had felt Amari's thick cock slide past her lips as she gagged around him. She watched Jules move around the living room with that familiar, slightly rumpled energy. His hair was still mussed from sleep, and his shirt, a soft grey cotton, was tucked haphazardly into his jeans. He looked at her with such open, trusting affection that it twisted something deep inside her; a pang that was equal parts guilt and sorrow, sharp and clean as a blade.

Jules walked over and kissed Rose's forehead. "Sounds like he's up and about, I can hear him in the shower, I'll go ask him now about taking you with him."

The sound of running water filled the air as he stepped into the bedroom and outside the en-suite. He gave the door a knock, before opening it slightly.

"Amari? Is it cool to come in?" Jules shouted, as the steam billowed around him, he pushed the door open and stepped inside.

"Yeah man, come in. Just getting refreshed for the drive up North." Amari called back through the fog.

As he stepped closer to the large open, dual shower, the steam cleared enough for him to begin to see his roommate. Amari stood under one of the large shower heads, his back to the entrance, water cascading over the broad, sculpted muscles of his shoulders and back. The sight hit Jules like a quiet punch to the gut. He had almost forgotten just how big Amari was; not just tall, but powerfully built, every inch of him carved from dark, rippling muscle.

Amari glanced over his shoulder, water streaming down his face, and gave a casual, friendly nod. "Morning, man. What's up?"

Jules cleared his throat. "Hey... I wanted to ask you a favour. I know you weren't expecting us up at the lake house for a few days, but Rose has been talking about how much she needs a real break; getting out of the city, into nature, that kind of thing. Would you mind if she went with you today? I know it's last minute, but I think it would do her a world of

good to have a full break, not just a rushed couple of days. And I'll come up in a few days as planned and join up with you."

Amari turned fully now to face Jules, the water still running over his powerful frame. There it was again. His heavy cock swinging openly between his legs. Monstrous; long, veined, and swaying with casual weight under the spray. Jules tried not to stare, but his eyes kept flicking back to it, a strange, uncomfortable heat rising in his chest.

Amari gave a slow, reassuring smile. "Of course she can. She's more than welcome, will be good to have someone else around the place. Don't worry about a thing, I'll make sure she gets everything she needs."

Jules eyes dropped back to his cock, *'giving her everything she needs'* feeling more like a warning than a comfort.

"Thanks, man. Really. It means a lot." Jules, nodded gratefully as he retreated back towards their bedroom.

*Cock size doesn't mean anything to her*, he told himself firmly, swallowing hard. *Rose isn't like that. She's never been into bad boys or guys who only care about sex. It's love she wants. Connection. Stability. That's what we have. I have nothing to worry about.*

Still, the image burned itself into his mind; leaving his sweet, beautiful Rose alone for three full nights in a remote lake house, with the notorious 'Bad Luck'. *Nothing's going to happen, it's no different than leaving her on nightshifts.*

Jules crossed the room and pulled her into his arms, holding her close as he told her the news that she had better start packing. His embrace was warm, safe, familiar. The same arms that had held her through so many nights of uncertainty. Rose melted into him for a moment, breathing in his scent. It felt like home. Or at least, a memory of a home she once knew. But now, beneath that familiar scent, she could still taste and smell the ghost of Amari: the salty, musky tang of his skin, the lingering slickness of his cum that she had swallowed so desperately, the way her throat still felt raw from the relentless pounding he had given it.

"You sure you're okay with this?" Rose asked quietly, her voice gentle.

"Absolutely. I know it's last minute, but... you really do need the break, Rose. The city's been wearing you down. And Amari's been good to us. He'll look after you." Jules replied into her hair. His breath was warm, his lips brushing her temple.

Rose swallowed hard, her throat tightening with a painful mix of tenderness and deceit. She forced a soft smile, tilting her head up to look at him. Her eyes met his; those warm eyes that had never once doubted her.

"I know. I'm excited. The lake... it's been so long since I've been somewhere like that. Thank you for understanding about it. And I'm so proud of you, you know? The night shifts and the night manager position. I know it's not what you dreamed of, but you're going to be amazing at it."

Jules's face softened with gratitude. He brushed a strand of hair behind her ear, his thumb lingering on her cheek. The touch was gentle, almost reverent. "I couldn't have done any of

this without you. You've been so patient. So understanding. I love you, Rose. More than anything."

The words landed like a stone in still water, sending ripples of guilt through her. She rose onto her toes and kissed him; slow, tender, full of the history they shared. Their lips moved together with the familiarity of years. She felt the softness of his mouth, the slight stubble on his jaw. For a fleeting second, she tried to hold onto that feeling; the safety, the comfort, the warmth of the boy who had loved her since college. But even as she kissed him, her mind betrayed her.

She remembered the night before. The way Amari had used her throat like he owned it; the brutal, punishing rhythm of his hips, the heavy slap of his balls against her forehead, the thick, endless ropes of cum covering her face and flooding her mouth while Jules sat just one room away, watching TV, completely oblivious. The taste of Amari still lingered faintly on her tongue, a secret she carried like a brand. She could feel the phantom pressure of his cock at the back of her throat, the way her gag reflex had surrendered to his dominance, the aching satisfaction of being completely owned.

She pulled back, her smile soft but her eyes distant, as if she were looking at Jules from a great distance.

"I love you too," she whispered.

The words felt true in one way, but hollow in another. The love she felt for Jules now felt like the affection one has for a dear friend, or even a brother; warm, protective, but no longer the fire that consumed her. That fire belonged to Amari. It burned in the memory of his voice, his size, his absolute command over her body and soul.

This goodbye felt bigger than just a few days away. It felt like the quiet closing of a chapter. The end of the girl she used to be; the innocent, devoted girlfriend. The beginning of the woman she was becoming; a woman who craved more.

Jules smiled, oblivious, and kissed her forehead. "Go get some fresh air. Have fun and Recharge. And I'll see you in a few days up there."

Rose nodded, her heart pounding with a strange, bittersweet excitement as she began looking for clothes she wanted to pack.

She stood in front of the open closet, fingers trailing over hangers, but her usual modest choices; the loose sundresses, high-neck blouses, and long skirts meant to hide her curves, suddenly felt wrong. Too safe. Too much like the old Rose. The girl who dressed to be invisible.

Her cheeks burned as she remembered the way Amari's eyes had devoured her in that low-cut tank top and tight jean shorts on their coastal drive. How her nipples had strained visibly against the thin fabric. How his hand had rested on her thigh under the table at dinner, fingers inching higher.

A wicked little thrill ran through her.

She pulled out a soft, pale yellow sundress she'd bought on impulse months ago but never dared wear. The hem was shorter than anything she normally chose; mid-thigh at best,

and the fabric was light, almost sheer in the right light. The neckline plunged into a deep, flattering V that would put her full, heavy breasts on prominent display. No bra. She didn't even consider one. The thought of her nipples pressing obviously against the thin material the entire drive, hardening every time Amari looked at her, sent a fresh rush of wetness between her thighs.

She slipped it on in front of the mirror. The dress clung to her curves like a second skin, hugging the swell of her tits and the flare of her wide hips. When she turned, the hem rode up just enough to show the lower curve of her plump ass cheeks. *Perfect.*

Rose bit her lip, staring at the woman in the reflection. This wasn't the modest, bookish girlfriend Jules thought he knew. This was the woman Amari had slowly awakened.

She didn't pack much else. Some jean shorts, a few revealing crop tops, a tight short dress, a few tiny lace panties, one skimpy bikini for the lake, and the silk robe Amari liked seeing her in. *No need to go overboard*, she thought.

As she zipped up her small suitcase, she felt the slickness coating her inner thighs. No panties under the sundress. Just bare, needy pussy lips already swollen and aching with anticipation. The corruption felt complete in this small, secret choice.

She was dressing for him now.

-----

"We best get on the road, don't want to get up there too late." Amari said as he carried both his own duffle bag, and Rose's suitcase out of the bedroom, leaving them by the door.

Jules turned to him, extending a hand. "Hey, man... thanks again for taking my girlfriend up there with you. She really needs this. I trust you to look after her."

Amari shook his hand firmly, his grip strong and deliberate. His expression was warm and reassuring on the surface, a mask of friendly sincerity. "Of course. She'll be in good hands. Don't worry about a thing."

As they shook, Amari's eyes met Rose's over Jules's shoulder. The look he gave her was pure heat; dark, promising, loaded with everything they had done the night before and everything they were about to do. Her nipples tightened painfully. She shifted subtly, pressing her thighs together, feeling the slickness coat her inner lips.

Jules stepped back, completely unaware of the storm raging inside her. "Drive safe. Text me when you get there."

Rose gave him one last hug; tighter than necessary, as if memorising the feeling of his arms around her. She pressed her face into his shoulder for a moment, breathing him in, feeling a pang of sorrow that was almost unbearable. But even as she held him, her mind was already miles away, already feeling the weight of Amari's gaze on her back.

She pulled away and followed Amari toward the door. Her heart pounded with a cocktail of guilt, excitement, and raw, aching need. The guilt was a dull ache, a familiar ache, but the excitement was a sharp, electric pulse that made her knees weak.

Rose glanced back once at Jules, who stood waving with that trusting, loving smile. The door closed behind them with a quiet click, and she felt the separation like a physical severing. The old life, the old Rose, the girl, was left behind on the other side of that door. The woman inside her couldn't wait to be fully set free.

## **A Journey Starts**

The sleek black convertible hummed smoothly along the highway. The top was down, and the wind whipped through Rose's hair, tangling the golden strands into a wild mane around her face. She leaned back in the passenger seat, the short pale yellow sundress riding high on her thighs, the fabric fluttering in the wind. The hem kept teasing higher, threatening to expose the fact she had chosen not to wear panties, and she was loving the thrill of it. The low rumble of the car felt like a promise of freedom; a declaration that they were leaving the city, the guilt, the lies behind.

"God, I missed this," she said, her voice carrying on the wind. "Just... driving somewhere with no deadlines, no worries, no nothing."

Amari glanced over, his eyes warm behind his shades. He smiled, a slow, lazy curve of his lips that made her pulse quicken. "You and me both. The city starts to feel like a cage after a while. Up here... it's different. Quieter. Real."

They fell into easy conversation at first; light teasing about Rose's terrible sense of direction, Amari's horror stories from the hotel night shift, Rose's latest environmental policy paper that had her professor impressed. The miles slipped by, the highway curving closer toward the promise of the lake.

"My family used to rent a gorgeous little cabin on a lake every summer when I was a kid," Rose said, her voice wistful, almost dreamy. She let her head fall back, her eyes tracing the clouds.

"Nothing fancy. Just a tiny place with a dock and a fire pit. My dad would wake us up at dawn to fish, Mom would make these ridiculous blueberry pancakes... I'd spend all day swimming until my fingers pruned. At night we'd roast marshmallows and tell stupid ghost stories."

She smiled, but there was a longing in it, a deep ache that settled in her chest.

"I always told myself one day I'd have a place like that. A real lake house. Somewhere I could take my own kids every chance I got. Teach them to swim, build forts, make memories that last. Maybe even retire there when I'm old and grey, sitting on the porch watching the sunset with... whoever I end up with."

Amari was quiet for a long moment, the wind rushing past them, the only sound the hum of the tires on asphalt. When he spoke, his voice was lower, more serious than usual, carrying a weight that made her breath catch.

"I told you this, but this place we're going to? It was my grandparents place... They left it to me." A small, bittersweet smile touched his lips, and he took a deep breath, as if steadying

himself. "I used to spend whole summers there when I was young. Grandpa taught me how to skip stones and fix engines. Grandma made the best peach cobbler on the planet and told me stories about growing up in the South. That house... it's full of them. Full of memories. I love it, but some days walking through it hurts. I'd trade every brick and beam just to have one more summer with them."

Rose's chest tightened, a physical ache that spread through her ribs. She saw the vulnerability in him, the way his jaw tightened, the way his hand flexed on the gear shift. She reached over and placed her hand gently on top of his, her fingers curling around his knuckles, feeling the warmth of his skin, the strength of his bones. She squeezed, a silent offering of comfort.

"They'd be so proud of you, Amari," she said softly, meaning every word, her voice barely audible over the wind. "Look at the man you've become. Responsible. Successful. Kind and thoughtful. They'd be bragging about you to all their friends at the lake."

Amari turned his hand palm-up under hers, his fingers lacing through hers, holding on for a long, warm moment. The simple touch felt even more intimate than half the things they'd done in the apartment over the last few nights. The gesture spoke of trust, of longing, of a connection that went beyond the physical.

"Thank you," he murmured, his voice rough with emotion, thick with something she couldn't name. "Means more than you know."

They stayed like that for a while; hands linked, wind in their hair, the sun painting everything gold. The world rushed by, a blur of green and blue, and Rose felt the tension in her shoulders melt away, replaced by a warmth that had nothing to do with the sun. She gave his hand a playful squeeze, breaking the heavy silence, and he responded with a gentle squeeze of his own.

"Okay, enough sensitive stuff. Road trip rules. We're playing 'Would You Rather' and you're going first, big guy." Rose's voice cut through the emotional weight like a splash of cold water, her grin bright and mischievous as she twisted in her seat to face him.

The next hour flew by in laughter, the kind that came from deep in the belly, the kind that left your cheeks aching and your lungs burning. Amari's answers were ridiculous and filthy in equal measure. When she asked "Would you rather fight one horse-sized duck or a hundred duck-sized horses?" he didn't even hesitate.

"Easy; I'd tame the big one and make it my new pet. Name him Gerald. We'd terrorise the lake together."

Rose doubled over, clutching her stomach, the wind stealing her laughter. She fired back with fun, increasingly bold questions, teasing him about his endless string of admirers at the hotel, and the waitress from their date together. He roared with laughter when she admitted she'd rather skinny-dip in the lake in the middle of peak season than ever have to give a public speech; her cheeks flushing as she said it, wondering if at one point over the coming days they might do a little skinny dipping themselves.

Eventually the music shuffled to one of her favourites; an old indie folk song she'd loved since college, a melancholic melody about summer love and fleeting moments. She started

singing along, her voice carrying on the wind. She was surprised when Amari's deep, rich voice joined in perfectly on the harmony, wrapping around her like a velvet blanket.

She turned to him, eyes wide, mouth falling open mid-lyric. "You know this song?"

He grinned, not missing a beat, his eyes fixed on the road but his smile spreading slow and easy. "Used to play this album on repeat the summer it came out. I know every word."

From there it became a game. Song after song, they traded lines, laughing when one of them forgot the words and the other carried them through. Rose discovered Amari had surprisingly eclectic taste; he knew her favourite indie tracks, some old soul, even a couple of the cheesy pop songs she was embarrassed to admit she loved. He sang along to a Taylor Swift bridge with the same enthusiasm as a Marvin Gaye classic, his voice dropping low and sultry on the ballads, rising with playful energy on the upbeat ones.

By the time they hit a long, empty stretch of road, they were both singing at the top of their lungs. Wind whipping Rose's hair wildly as she laughed until her sides hurt, her voice cracking on a high note, Amari's laughter booming over hers. The car felt like a bubble of joy, suspended in time, the world rushing by in a blur of green and gold.

Then a sudden, strong gust of wind blasted across the convertible.

It came out of nowhere; a violent rush of air that tore through the front seats like a living thing. Rose yelped as the short sundress flew up, the hem snapping upward with brutal force, exposing her completely. The pale yellow fabric billowed around her waist, and for one long second, she was laid bare to the bright sunlight and open air.

Her bare, glistening pussy was on full display.

"Oh my god!" she cried, half-laughing, half-mortified, her thighs pressing together instinctively, trapping the fabric between them.

She scrambled to push the fabric down, her hands fumbling, face flaming scarlet. But Amari saw everything. The neatly trimmed patch of hair above her slit, the swollen pink lips glistening with the arousal that had been building since they left the city.

Amari let out a deep, delighted chuckle, his eyes flicking between the road and her lap. The sunglasses hid his pupils, but she could feel his gaze like a physical touch, burning against her exposed skin.

"Damn, baby. Looks like God is on my side today; granting all my wishes before we even get there."

Still laughing, he reached over. His large, warm hand settled high on her inner thigh, the heat of his palm searing through her skin. His fingers slid upward with deliberate slowness, tracing the sensitive skin of her inner thigh until his palm cupped her soaked, puffy pussy possessively.

He didn't push fingers inside. He simply held her there, the weight of his hand pressing against her mound, the heat radiating from his skin seeping into her. Two fingers rested gently along her slick folds, the tips dipping into the wetness that had gathered there, feeling the swollen lips of her cunt through the dampness.

Rose gasped, her hand flying to his wrist; not pulling him away, just holding on. Her fingers wrapped around his forearm, feeling the cords of muscle beneath his skin, the steady pulse of his heartbeat. The contrast between his casual driving and the possessive claim of his hand sent a shiver down her spine.

"Amari... what are you doing?" she breathed, her voice already husky, thick with a need she couldn't hide.

He kept his eyes on the road, his expression calm and composed, but his lips curved into that cocky, knowing smirk she was growing addicted to. The one that said he knew exactly what he was doing, that he was in control, that she was exactly where he wanted her.

"I promised little Jules I'd take care of you," he said smoothly, his thumb brushing ever so lightly along her slit, collecting her wetness, spreading it over her clit in a slow, teasing circle. "Can't have truck drivers getting an eyeful of what's mine now, can we? Gotta protect the goods."

Rose let out a shaky laugh that melted into a soft moan as she instinctively rolled her hips, grinding her dripping pussy against his palm.

"You're terrible," she whispered, but there was no conviction in it. Only heat. Only surrender.

"And you're soaked, baby girl," he murmured back, his voice low and satisfied, pressing just a little firmer against her clit. The pressure was perfect; not too much, not too little, a steady, possessive weight that made her clench. "Keep grinding on my hand like that and we might have to pull over before we even reach the lake."

Rose bit her lip, her eyes fluttering half-closed, the wind whipping across her skin, the sun warm on her face. She rocked her hips against him, slow and shameless. The leather seat creaked beneath her, and Amari drove on, one hand on the wheel, the other claiming her, his expression calm and satisfied, as if this was the most natural thing in the world.

For the next several miles, she didn't stop. She couldn't. The rhythm of the car, the vibration of the engine, the steady pressure of his hand; it all melded into a hypnotic, intoxicating dance. She could feel the orgasm building, a tight coil of heat in her belly, a pressure that demanded release. She bit her lip, trying to hold back, wanting to savour it, wanting to make it last.

But he knew. He always knew.

"Not yet, baby," He pulled his hand back, just slightly, easing the pressure, letting her cool down. She groaned in frustration, her hips chasing his touch, but he held firm, his palm flat against her mound, a steady, grounding presence. "We're almost there... Save that for me."

Rose opened her eyes, her gaze meeting the sharp line of his jaw. She was panting, her skin flushed, her pussy aching and empty, the wetness cooling on her thighs. She wanted to argue, to beg, to grab his hand and shove it back where it belonged.

But instead, she smiled, a slow, wicked curve of her lips.

"Fine," she said, her voice husky, her hand sliding up his arm, tracing the veins that bulged beneath his skin. "But you owe me..."

Amari laughed and squeezed her thigh, his thumb tracing a pattern on her inner thigh. "I always deliver, Rose. You know that."

The lake house was close. And Rose couldn't wait.

## **Finding Her Paradise**

The black convertible slowed as Amari turned onto a narrow, tree-lined drive. Gravel crunched beneath the tires, mingling with the chorus of birdsong and the gentle rustle of leaves overhead. The canopy of ancient oaks and pines formed a natural tunnel, dappling the path in shifting patterns of gold and shadow.

Then the trees parted, and the lake house came into view.

Rose's breath caught in her throat, stolen clean away by the sight before her. It was far more beautiful than the photo he had shown her. The photograph in her mind was a faded Polaroid; this was a living, breathing painting.

The cabin stood two stories of weathered, honey-coloured wood, its siding worn smooth by decades of sun and storm, yet lovingly maintained; each plank sealed and stained, the corners trimmed with white that gleamed in the afternoon light. Tall windows stretched from floor to ceiling on the ground floor, their glass catching the sun and throwing blinding diamonds across the lawn. A stone chimney climbed one exterior wall, rugged and gray, promising cozy fires on cool nights. The wide front porch wrapped around the front and side, dotted with Adirondack chairs, their cushions plump and inviting. A wooden swing hung from chains at one end, swaying gently in the warm breeze.

But it was the setting that stole her soul.

The cabin was nestled among tall, whispering pines, their needles brushing against each other in a soft, ceaseless murmur. The trees framed the property like sentinels, creating an incredible sense of seclusion; as if this place existed outside of time, outside of the world, a secret pocket of paradise known only to those lucky enough to find it. The air was filled with the scent of pine, warm earth, sun-baked grass, and the mineral tang of the water carried on the breeze.

The lake stretched out before them like a sheet of liquid sapphire, calm and impossibly clear, reflecting the sky in a perfect mirror. The water was so still that the clouds seemed painted onto its surface, drifting lazily across the deep blue. Sunlight danced on the ripples, scattering into a thousand glittering fragments.

A sturdy wooden jetty extended from the grassy bank like a finger reaching toward the horizon, its planks weathered silver-gray, a small rowboat tied to one of the posts bobbing gently. Dragonflies skimmed the water's surface, their wings catching the light, and fish breached the surface in the distance, the splash echoing across the stillness.

Birds called softly overhead; the cry of a jay, the trill of a thrush, and the only other sound was the whisper of wind through the pines and the gentle lapping of water against the shore.

Rose stood by the car, taking it all in, her breath coming in shallow, awed whispers. Her eyes were fixed on the cabin, on the lake, on the life she could see unfolding there.

"Amari... all this is yours? It's gorgeous," she whispered, her voice hushed, almost reverent, as if speaking too loud would shatter the spell.

"Some place, huh?" He paused, his voice softening. "I spent every summer here as a kid. Learned to fish off that jetty. Had my first kiss in that hammock." He nodded toward the trees. "It's... it's my favourite place in the world."

Rose's heart ached at the tenderness in his voice.

"Come on," he said, pushing his door open. "I'll show you around."

The lake house had character, visible in every detail. The weathered but lovingly maintained wood siding, silvered with age, bore the marks of weather and time; small knots, hairline cracks, the faint grain of decades. The large windows were spotless, their frames painted a crisp white that contrasted with the warm wood. The stone chimney rose from the roof, rugged and solid, each stone unique in shape and color. A clay flowerpot sat on the porch steps, filled with wildflowers; daisies and black-eyed Susans, that had seeded themselves there, a touch of unplanned beauty.

It felt like a place where real life happened. Where memories were made. Where children grew up and lovers grew old. Where the world's noise faded into the background, leaving only the essential; connection, peace, joy.

Rose felt a lump form in her throat.

"I would be here every single weekend if this was mine," she said, half-laughing, half-serious, her voice thick with emotion. She walked a few steps toward the lake, the grass cool and soft beneath her feet. Then her voice softened, dropping to a near whisper, as if she was sharing a secret. "I dream about a place like this. A family lake house. Kids running around on the grass, jumping off the dock, roasting marshmallows at night..."

She trailed off, the old vision flickering in her mind. A future she had once pictured with someone else; with Jules, in those early, hopeful days, when everything seemed possible. A modest cabin by a lake, two or three kids with his sandy hair and her green eyes, summers filled with laughter and sunscreen and the smell of smoke from a campfire.

But that future had blurred, replaced by something more real, more intense. A future that looked like this; this cabin, this lake, this man.

Amari watched her closely, reading the shift in her expression, the way her eyes went distant, the slight tightening of her jaw. He stepped up behind her, his hands settling gently on her waist, his fingers warm and firm through the thin cotton of her sundress. He pulled her back against his chest, the solid warmth of his body pressing against her, and she felt the steady beat of his heart against her shoulder blades.

"Plenty of room for that kind of future here," he murmured against her ear, his voice low and warm, sending a shiver down her spine despite the sunshine. "Kids running through the grass. A dog barking at the ducks. You on the porch with a glass of wine, watching the sun set."

He pressed a kiss to the curve of her neck, his lips soft and lingering. "All you need is the right person to share it with."

Rose shivered, her eyes fluttering closed, her body melting back into his. The vision shifted, transformed. She saw beautiful dark-skinned children with his smile, their laughter echoing across the water. Saw herself on that porch, older, softer, a glass of wine in her hand, watching him teach them to fish off the jetty. Teaching the boys how to be a man. Teaching the girls how to follow their hearts and dreams.

It felt more real than the old dream.

He gave her the tour outside first, his hand never leaving hers, his body always close. The small boathouse was tucked at the edge of the property, its weathered door creaking open to reveal an old canoe, its wood faded and cracked but still solid, and a collection of fishing gear; rods, tackle boxes, a net with a broken handle. Dust motes danced in the slivers of light that pierced the gaps in the walls, and the air smelled of old wood and lake water and motor oil.

"This was my grandfather's," Amari said, running his hand along the canoe's gunwale. "He taught me to paddle in this. Took me out every morning before the sun got too hot."

Rose smiled, imagining a younger Amari, all long limbs and eager eyes, learning to navigate the still waters.

The sturdy jetty extended from the grassy bank, its planks weathered to a soft silver-gray, worn smooth by years of bare feet and rain. Amari led her to the end, where they stood looking out over the water. The lake stretched before them, calm and endless, the far shore a distant line of green.

"It's so peaceful," Rose breathed, leaning into him.

"It gets even better at night," he said, his arm sliding around her waist. "The stars are incredible. No light pollution for miles."

And then, tucked back in a quiet clearing among the trees, he showed her the hammock.

It was large and deep, strung between two sturdy pines, its fabric a faded red and white stripe, softened by years of use. The trees stood like sentinels, their branches forming a natural canopy overhead, dappling the ground in shifting patterns of light and shadow. The clearing was surrounded by ferns and wildflowers, a hidden pocket of nature and peace.

Rose's face lit up, her eyes going wide, a genuine, childish joy spreading across her features. "Oh my god, I love hammocks."

She kicked off her sandals without a second thought, the white strappy sandals landing in the grass with soft thuds. She approached the hammock with the enthusiasm of a child, grabbing the edge and trying to climb in with far too much energy.

The hammock rocked wildly, swaying precariously, the ropes groaning at the strain.

Rose squealed, her arms flailing, her body off-balance, and she tumbled out the other side in an undignified heap onto the soft grass. She landed with a soft oof, the grass cushioning her fall, and lay there for a moment, stunned and embarrassed.

Amari burst out laughing; a deep booming sound that echoed through the trees, startling a flock of birds from their perches. He doubled over, hands on his knees, his laughter filling the clearing.

"Graceful," he teased, his voice thick with amusement, his eyes shining. He offered her a hand, his palm open, his fingers long and strong.

Rose took it, her cheeks burning, but she was laughing too; a breathless, helpless laugh that shook her whole body. The embarrassment was there, but it was light, airy, swallowed by the joy of the moment. She let him pull her up, his strength effortless, and she stumbled into his chest, still giggling.

"You're never going to let me live that down, are you?" she asked, looking up at him, her eyes bright, her lips curved in a sheepish grin.

"Never," he confirmed, his grin wide and warm. "I'm going to tell our grandchildren about the time their grandmother tried to climb into this hammock and showed the whole forest what she was working with."

Rose groaned, burying her face in his chest, but she was still laughing. He held the hammock still to allow her to climb in, before he joined her.

"This is my favourite spot in the whole world," Amari said quietly, his voice carrying the weight of memories etched into the very fabric of this place. One arm wrapped around her shoulders, pulling her close, his fingers tracing lazy patterns on her skin as they rocked gently in the hammock's embrace. The ropes groaned softly beneath them, a rhythmic, almost musical creak that blended with the whisper of wind through the pines and the distant lap of water against the shore.

"When I was a kid I'd lie in here for hours," he continued, his voice dropping to a hush, as if speaking too loud would shatter the spell. "Feeling the breeze on my face. Smelling whatever Grandma was cooking drifting over from the house."

He paused, his chest rising and falling in a slow, contented breath. "I'd read my books or comics, or just stare up at the leaves, watching them dance against the sky. It felt like the whole universe slowed down. Like nothing else existed except this clearing, this hammock, and the peace that came with it."

Rose turned her head to look at him. The sun painted warm highlights across his dark skin, catching the curve of his cheekbone, the strong line of his jaw, the faint stubble that shadowed his chin. His eyes were soft, distant, lost in memory, and she felt a surge of tenderness so powerful it stole her breath.

She reached up and brushed her fingers along his jaw, her touch featherlight, tracing the strong line from ear to chin. His skin was warm, smooth, the muscle beneath twitching at her touch.

"I can picture it," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "You as a little boy, legs dangling off the edge, completely at peace. A comic book in your hands, your tongue sticking out slightly as you concentrated on the pictures." She smiled, the vision vivid in her mind. "Maybe barefoot, shorts with grass stains on the knees, a smudge of dirt on your cheek from exploring the woods."

He caught her hand and pressed a kiss to her palm, his lips warm and soft, lingering. "Close," he murmured against her skin. "Except I wore overalls. Had a pair with dinosaurs on them. Wore them until the knees ripped and Gran had to patch them with fabric from an old pillowcase."

Rose laughed softly, the sound blending with the rustling leaves. "That's adorable. I would have had a crush on you even then."

"You think?" he teased, his eyes glinting.

She swatted his chest playfully, but her smile was radiant, her eyes shining.

A comfortable silence settled between them, deep and natural, the kind of silence that only exists between two people who are completely at ease with each other. The hammock swayed gently, a lazy, rocking motion that felt like being held in the palm of the world.

Rose closed her eyes, letting herself sink into the moment. The warmth of his body against hers, the gentle sway, the soft fabric of the hammock cradling her. She felt safe. Wanted. Loved.

Then Amari shifted, and she felt him reaching into the pocket of his shorts. The rustle of paper broke the silence, and she opened her eyes to find him holding a small, beautifully wrapped package. The paper was a soft, mossy green, tied with a simple twine bow. A sprig of dried lavender was tucked under the bow, its purple flowers still fragrant.

"I got you something," he said, almost shy, hesitant, as if he was offering her a piece of his soul.

Rose sat up slightly, the hammock shifting with her movement, her curiosity piqued. She untied the twine carefully, savoring the ritual, then peeled back the paper.

Her eyes opened wide in happy surprise.

Beneath the wrapping lay a hardcover collector's edition of *The Secret Garden*. The cover was a deep, rich green, the title embossed in gold leaf that caught the light and shimmered. The illustration on the front showed the hidden garden gate, overgrown with ivy and roses, a robin perched on the latch. The pages were edged in gold, gleaming like treasure. She opened it gently, running her fingers over the endpapers, which were illustrated with delicate botanical drawings of the garden's flowers. It smelled of fresh ink and old stories, of libraries and rainy afternoons, of childhood dreams held in ink and thread.

It was her favourite childhood book. The one she had mentioned in passing days ago during one of their late-night talks; a conversation she barely remembered, just a casual remark about how she had read it so many times the spine broke and the pages fell out.

She had never expected him to remember. Had never expected this. Her eyes stung, heat prickling behind them.

"Amari..." she breathed, her voice cracking. She looked up at him, her eyes wide, shimmering with unshed tears. "Why?"

He shrugged, a small, self-deprecating smile curving his lips. "I listen when you talk," he said simply, his voice soft, sincere. "I could see how much it meant to you. You said it was the first book that made you cry. That you wanted to find a garden of your own someday."

He paused, his eyes searching hers. "I thought you might like reading it here. In the hammock. Or on the porch. Wherever feels right."

Rose clutched the book to her chest, pressing it against her heart, overwhelmed by the gesture. The thoughtfulness of it. The care. The way he had listened, remembered, and acted. It was more than a gift; it was proof that he saw her, truly saw her, in a way she had never been seen before.

A tear escaped, sliding down her cheek. Then she leaned in and kissed him.

It started soft; grateful, tender, a simple press of lips meant to convey what words could not. But the moment their lips met, something deeper ignited. The gratitude melted into hunger, the tenderness into urgency. Amari made a low sound in his throat, his hand sliding into her hair, fingers threading through the golden strands, cradling the back of her head as he angled her mouth to his. He took control of the kiss, deepening it, his tongue tracing the seam of her lips, asking, demanding.

Rose moaned softly into his mouth, the sound vibrating against his lips, as his other hand roamed down her side. His palm was warm, firm, tracing the curve of her waist, the dip of her hip, before sliding down to cup the curve of her bare ass through the thin cotton of her sundress. He squeezed, his fingers digging into her soft flesh, pulling her closer, pressing her against the growing hardness in his shorts.

The book slipped from her fingers, landing softly on the grass below.

The hammock rocked gently beneath them, swaying with their movements, the ropes creaking a steady rhythm. The lake breeze cooled their heated skin, raising goosebumps across her arms and legs, but she barely felt it. All she felt was him. His mouth on hers. His hand on her ass. His cock pressing against her thigh.

Rose pulled back just enough to rest her forehead against his, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Her eyes were heavy-lidded, dark with desire, glazed with something far more dangerous; love, she realized with a jolt. She loved him. Not just wanted him, not just craved him; she loved him. It terrified her. It thrilled her.

"Amari..." she whispered, her voice trembling with emotion, with need, with the weight of everything she felt but couldn't say.

He stroked her cheek with his thumb, his touch gentle, reverent, wiping away the tear that still clung to her lashes. His eyes burned into hers, fierce and tender all at once, carrying a depth of emotion that matched her own. The air between them crackled with unspoken words, with promises yet to be made.

"I know, baby," he murmured, his voice low and rough, thick with wanting. "I feel it too"

And in that moment, lying in the hammock in the golden afternoon light, with the lake singing its quiet song and the pines keeping their ancient watch, Rose knew that she was exactly where she was meant to be, and with the man she was meant to be with.

## **Amari's Girl**

The sun was a masterpiece of fire and honey, bleeding across the treetops in shades of molten gold and bruised purple as Amari guided the convertible into the sleepy embrace of Pine Hollow. Rose's hand rested in his on the center console, their fingers loosely intertwined, his thumb tracing slow circles on the sensitive web of skin between her knuckles. This felt so natural, so terrifyingly right, that it made her chest ache with a fullness she couldn't name.

They parked near the main street, a picture-perfect slice of small-town America. White clapboard buildings with hanging flower baskets, a hardware store frozen in time, a neon sign flickering to life outside the waterfront diner.

Amari came around to her side, and opened the door for her, offering his hand, palm up, an invitation and a command all at once.

He pulled her close, his lips brushing her temple in a kiss that was both a greeting and a claim. Their fingers together deliberately, as they began walking down the street as if they had been a couple for a dozen years.

Rose's heart fluttered against her ribs. The hem of her yellow sundress flirted with her mid-thigh, dancing with every step. The cool evening air worked against her, pebbling her nipples to tight, aching points that pressed visibly against the thin cotton. She was acutely aware of every inch of her body beneath that single layer of fabric; the soft swell and bounce of her large breasts, the curve of her hips, the warm dampness between her legs.

People noticed them. Perhaps not used to seeing young interracial couples in these parts, they stared, they looked twice, they nudged the person they were with and raised their eyebrows.

An older couple walking their golden retriever slowed, the woman's eyes sweeping over them with a mixture of curiosity and quiet assessment. The man gave Amari a respectful nod, then his gaze dropped to Rose's legs and lingered a beat too long. The woman tugged his arm, and they continued on.

A group of teenagers outside the ice cream parlour went silent, their conversation dying mid-sentence. A gangly boy with a skateboard under his arm stared openly at Rose's hard

nipples, his mouth slightly agape. His girlfriend elbowed him hard, but her own eyes were fixed on Amari, tracking his broad chest as he passed.

A man washing the windows of the waterfront diner paused, rag in hand, his gaze tracing the line of Rose's thigh where her dress rode up. She caught his look and held it for just a second, a small, secret smile playing at her lips, before she turned her attention back to Amari.

*This feels right*, she thought, a fierce, wicked pride swelling in her chest, pushing her spine straighter, making her hips sway just a little more. *Being Amari's girl*.

They wandered the charming main street hand-in-hand, stopping first at the small grocery store. Amari grabbed steaks, fresh fruit and veg, wine, and ingredients for breakfast while Rose added strawberries, whipped cream, and a chocolate cake with a mischievous little sweet tooth smile. Every time he brushed against her in the narrow aisles, his hand grazed her ass or lower back. The tension between them crackled like electricity.

After checking out, they walked to the little waterfront diner, the brown paper bag of groceries swinging from Amari's hand. They ordered burgers and thick vanilla milkshakes to eat on the go, then found a weathered wooden bench overlooking the town, feeding each other fries and laughing when Amari got ketchup on his chin. Rose wiped it off with her thumb and sucked it into her mouth slowly, eyes locked on his with a heat that could melt steel.

Amari's jaw tightened. The look he gave her wasn't just hunger. It was a promise. A threat. A timeline for the inevitable.

"You're going to get exactly what you're asking for girl," he said, his voice low and rough.

A shiver ran down her spine, settling in her core. She smiled, slow and sweet.

"I'm counting on it."

They wandered further down the street, the last light of dusk bleeding into the soft glow of street lamps. The neon sign of an old-school arcade buzzed in the twilight, and Amari's face lit up with a boyish excitement she had never seen before.

"It's still here!" He declared in joy.

"No way," Rose laughed, genuinely delighted by this crack in his smooth, modern facade. "You play these?"

"Watch and learn," he grinned, dropping coins into the old battered Mortal Kombat machine.

He was a blur of focused intensity. She watched his fingers dance on the buttons, his brow furrowed in concentration, his tongue caught between his teeth in pure, unselfconscious joy as he demolished the computer. He set in his initials into the 8th highest scoring slot, the same initials that held top spot and 5 other's in the top 10.

“Wait, you have most all the high scores here?” Rose said, as she looked around at the other arcade machines, seeing his initials on most of them. She turned to him, eyes wide with discovery. “You’re a gamer boy?”

"Don't tell Jules," he said, his grin turning sheepish.

Rose doubled over, laughing, the sound bright and free. "All that smooth, bad-boy energy, and you're just a dork. A geek who spent his formative years practicing victories in arcades. I am scandalised. I am appalled. I am—"

He moved before she could finish. He pulled her flush against him, one hand sliding up her back to tangle in her hair, and he kissed her.

It was not a shy kiss. It was a statement.

His mouth slanted over hers, hot and demanding, prying her lips apart with authority. His tongue swept inside, tasting of salt and vanilla milkshake, exploring her with a slow, thorough possession

The drive back to the lake house was exquisite torture. Every second stretched into an eternity of desperate, aching want. Rose squirmed in her seat. Her hand rested on Amari's muscular thigh, her fingers tracing slow, teasing circles that climbed higher and higher with each passing mile. She could feel the thick outline of his cock straining against his shorts, a massive, undeniable ridge of flesh that made her mouth water and her cunt clench with hollow, aching emptiness. The heat radiating from him through the thin fabric was intoxicating, a promise of the fire waiting for her.

She watched his jaw tighten, the muscle in his cheek twitching as he focused on the winding road ahead. His knuckles were white on the steering wheel. He was holding back. For her. For this moment. And she loved it.

By the time the convertible pulled up to the cabin, nestled in the gathering dusk among the towering pines, Rose was trembling. Her whole body hummed with a low, electric vibration, a current of pure, raw need that had nowhere to go but outward.

The front door swung open, and Amari stepped through first, his arms laden with brown paper bags full of groceries. Rose followed close behind, her heart hammering so hard she could hear the blood roaring in her ears.

Amari began making moves to put the groceries away, but Rose couldn't wait a moment longer, she pounced.

She spun on Amari, a woman possessed, and shoved him back against the sturdy wooden counter. The impact knocked the air from his lungs in a surprised grunt, and the grocery bags slipped from his grip, spilling their contents in a chaotic mess around them. Her hands fisted in the fabric of his black t-shirt, balling the cotton in her fists as she rose onto her toes and crashed her mouth against his.

It wasn't sweet. It wasn't gentle. It was a collision. A hungry, desperate, starving clash of lips and tongue and breath. It was like a pressure valve finally released. She bit his lower lip, hard enough to taste copper, and swallowed his groan of surprise and pain.

"Amari," she gasped between frantic, devouring kisses, her voice a wrecked, jagged thing. "I can't wait anymore. I'm so fucking wet for you. My pussy is dripping. Please... I need your big black cock. I need you to fuck me. Make me yours completely. I'm so ready for you, baby. Please."

She ground her soaked pussy shamelessly against the thick bulge in his shorts, her hips rolling in desperate circles, leaving a wet smear on the fabric. "Feel how wet I am for you? I've been aching for you all day. All of my life."

Her hands roamed frantically over his chest, tracing the hard ridges of his pectorals, the defined valleys of his abs, before sliding down to palm the massive, straining bulge in his shorts. She was panting, shameless, pressing her wet, naked cunt against his thick thigh and grinding against him like an animal in heat, the friction sending jolts of electric pleasure straight to her clit.

Amari groaned into her mouth, the sound low and primal, vibrating through his chest and into hers. His hands found her ass, fingers digging into the soft, yielding flesh with enough force to leave bruises, and he lifted her effortlessly onto the counter. Groceries scattered further; a bag of apples tumbled, a bottle of olive oil tipped and rolled away.

None of it mattered.

He kissed her back with equal ferocity, his tongue claiming her mouth with a dominance that made her knees weak even though she was already seated. One hand slid between her legs, cupping her dripping bare pussy with a possessiveness that made her gasp.

The feel of his palm against her was electric. His fingers were thick, and they slid through her wetness with an obscene, wet sound that echoed in the quiet cabin.

"You sure you're ready for this, baby?" he growled against her lips. Two thick fingers parted her slick folds, sliding through the copious wetness before circling her entrance with maddening slowness. "Once I start, I'm not stopping until you're mine completely. Ruined for anyone else."

Rose whimpered, a desperate, animal sound torn from the back of her throat. Her hips bucked against his hand, her body moving on instinct, chasing the friction she craved. Her forehead pressed against his, her breath coming in ragged, hitching gasps.

"I'm sure," she breathed, her voice breaking on the words. "I don't want anyone else, Amari. Just you. Only you. Please... please fuck me. Make me yours. Completely. Utterly. I need you. I need you inside me so badly."

Amari's eyes darkened, the pupils swallowing the rich brown of his irises until they were bottomless pools of pure possession. The look he gave her was not a look of a man making a decision. It was a man accepting the inevitable.

He scooped her up. Her legs wrapped around his waist instinctively, her ankles locking behind his back. The press of his massive bulge against her bare, wet cunt made her gasp, her hips grinding against him shamelessly. He carried her through the house, past the stone fireplace, past the windows that framed the darkening lake, his mouth never leaving hers.

They kissed like they were drowning and the other was air. Desperate. Gasping. Clinging.

The door to the master bedroom swung open with a push of his shoulder. The room beyond was bathed in the soft, dying light of dusk filtering through the sheer curtains, the massive bed a dark silhouette against the window.

Rose's back hit the cool, soft comforter before she could process the movement, and Amari was on top of her, between her thighs, his weight pressing her into the mattress, his mouth already trailing down the sensitive spot on her neck, before sinking into the soft spot just below her ear, right where her pulse hammered frantically against her skin. He sucked, pulling the delicate flesh between his lips and drawing hard, bruising her, marking her.

"Fuck... Amari..." Rose gasped, a strangled sob escaping her lips.

Her voice was already broken into desperate, pleading whimpers. Her fingers dug into his shoulders, nails raking down the hard muscle of his back, trying to pull him closer, deeper into her.

He answered with a growl that vibrated against her throat, his lips never leaving her skin as he sucked another mark lower, onto her collarbone. His hand slid down, rough and impatient, finding the thin straps of her yellow sundress. He didn't bother with delicate undoing. He grabbed a fistful of the fabric and yanked. The sound of tearing cotton was sharp and final.

The straps snapped from her shoulders. The bodice sagged, then fell. Her big heavy breasts spilled free, bouncing against the cool air, the sudden freedom making her nipples tighten even harder. The fabric bunched around her waist, trapping her arms slightly, adding to her feeling of helpless surrender.

Amari reared back just enough to look at her body, his eyes devouring the sight of her pale, flesh.

"Goddamn," he rasped. "Look at these perfect fucking tits."

His hands came up and he palmed them roughly. The soft, overflowing flesh bulged between his fingers, spilling over the edges of his grip. He squeezed, hard enough to make her gasp, his thumbs finding her nipples and rolling them into rigid points.

"So big... so heavy... Made for me to play with. To suck on."

He lowered his head, his gaze never leaving hers, and his mouth closed over her left nipple. The heat of his tongue was perfect; wet and hot and impossibly skilful. He didn't tease, didn't warm up. He attacked. Sucking hard, pulling the sensitive bud deep into his mouth, his tongue flicking rapidly over the desperate peak in a rhythm that made her see stars. Rose cried out, a sharp, piercing sound torn from the back of her throat. Her back bowed sharply off the bed, pressing her breast deeper into his mouth. Her hands flew to his head, fingers twisting in his short hair, holding him there.

He switched to the other, giving it the same brutal attention. He sucked harder, his teeth grazing the stiff bud before he closed his lips around it and pulled, stretching it. Rose hissed, the line between pain and pleasure blurring completely. Then he released it with a wet pop, leaving her nipples swollen, slick with his spit, aching in the cool air.

His hand came down. A sharp, stinging slap against the heavy globe of her right breast made her jump. She looked down, watching the pale flesh jiggle wildly, the red imprint of his hand blooming across her skin.

"These are mine now," he growled, his voice thick with absolute possession. His eyes bore into hers, demanding. "Say it."

"They're..." Rose gasped, her voice a broken prayer. "Yours."

"Louder."

"They're yours, Amari!" She sobbed the words, tears of overwhelmed pleasure pricking at her eyes. "My tits are yours... my mouth is yours... my pussy... me! I'm yours... please!"

He groaned, a deep, satisfied, primal sound that came from somewhere low in his chest. He buried his face between her soft, pillowy breasts, motor boating her, the wet vibration of his roar against her sternum sending shockwaves through her sensitive flesh. He licked a hot path down her sternum, over the flatness of her belly, leaving a trail of fire. His hands never stopped moving; kneading, squeezing, slapping her breasts and hips possessively, claiming every inch of skin he could reach.

He shoved the torn sundress up around her waist, exposing her completely from the navel down. The cool air hit her slick, bare pussy, making her shiver.

Amari spread her thighs wide, his large hands gripping her knees and forcing them apart until she was fully open to him, vulnerable, offered up for his consumption. The sight of her made him pause. Her pussy lips puffy and slick, completely shaven, glistening with her arousal. The scent of her need rose to meet him, musky and sweet.

"Look how fucking wet you are for me."

He murmured it like a prayer, mesmerised. He dragged two thick fingers through her slippery folds, gathering her wetness, spreading it over her swollen clit. The sound was filthy; a wet, squelching glide that echoed in the quiet room. Her hips bucked instinctively into his hand.

"This pretty white pussy has been starving for big black cock, hasn't it?"

"Yes," Rose sobbed, the confession torn from her. "Please... it needs you so much Amari... please!"

There was no gentleness, no slow build, he just dove in. His tongue dragged from her dripping, fluttering entrance all the way up to her swollen clit in one long delicious stroke. He tasted her deeply, greedily, groaning against her flesh at the flavour of her.

Rose screamed.

It was a raw cry of pure abandon, her hands flying to his head, pressing his face deeper into her cunt. Her hips ground against his mouth, riding his tongue, chasing the friction. Amari ate her like he was claiming territory. Long, wet, sweeping licks that circled her clit and

then focused, his lips closing around the tight bud and sucking hard while his tongue flicked the tip mercilessly.

"Oh my god... Amari!"

He tongue-fucked her tight hole, thrusting deep into her with a rhythm that mimicked what was coming; deep, possessive strokes that made her walls clench around him. His hands gripped her ass, spreading her wider, tilting her hips up to give himself better access.

"I've needed this... needed you..." she wailed, her thighs shaking, clamping around his head, trapping him against her. "Since the first fucking day we moved in... the first time I saw your body... the first time I saw that huge black cock in the shower... I've been fucking obsessed with you..."

He groaned into her pussy, the vibration against her clit sending a shockwave through her system. The sound spurred her on, loosened her tongue completely.

"I've touched myself thinking about it," she confessed breathlessly, her voice a wrecked, desperate whisper. "Whenever I had time alone... I'd slide my hand into my panties and rub my pussy thinking about how big it was... how it would feel stretching me open... how much better you'd feel than Jules..."

Amari growled at the confession, a possessive, triumphant sound. He sucked her clit harder, punishing her for her confession and rewarding it in the same motion. Two thick fingers slid deep inside her, finding little resistance, her walls slick and welcoming. He curled them immediately, finding the rough, spongy spot on her front wall, and pressed. Rose's eyes rolled back. Her vision went white at the edges. Every muscle in her body went taut.

"Yes... yes! I'm so close, I'm going to cum so hard for you.." She screamed. Her thighs clamped down.. The orgasm was a physical storm surging up her spine, a wave about to crash over her.

Then he pulled back.

The absence of him, was a cruel shock. The cool air rushed against her burning pussy, making her flinch. Her hips bucked against nothing, chasing the sensation that had been ripped away. She sobbed, a raw, desperate sound, reaching for his head, trying to pull him back. He resisted.

Amari rose up slowly. His lips and chin were glistening with her arousal, coated in her essence. A sheen of her need covered the lower half of his face. His smile was wicked, his dark eyes bottomless with possession and patience. He relished the sight of her; shaking, empty, whimpering, spread open and waiting.

"Not yet, baby girl."

His voice was rough, authoritative, brooking no argument. He dragged his wet fingers through the mess he'd made of her pussy one last time, then brought them to his mouth, licking them clean, holding her gaze the entire time.

"You're not cumming tonight until this big black cock is buried deep inside you. Then I'll have you cumming so hard, you forget every other man ever existed."

The desperate whimper that escaped her lips was barely human; a raw sound of pure, unadulterated need that clawed its way up from the depths of her chest. She tried to drag him back down, her nails scraping against his ribs, trying to bring his mouth back to her aching, empty pussy.

But Amari was immovable. He rose over her like a monument carved from obsidian and muscle, his chest heaving, his eyes burning down at her with predatory satisfaction. He let her grab the waistband of his shorts, let her yank them down with frantic, trembling hands. The fabric caught on the thick, straining mass of his cock, and she had to pull harder, a frustrated, keening sob tearing from her throat. Then it sprang free.

The sound of it slapping against his lower stomach was a wet, heavy thwack that echoed in the dim room; thick flesh meeting solid muscle. The massive, veined shaft bounced heavily, vividly alive, the flared head an angry, swollen purple, slick with a pearl of pre-cum that caught the faint light filtering through the curtains.

"Fuck..." Rose moaned at the sight of it. The size and weight of it made her mouth flood with saliva.

Her eyes widened, pupils dilating, drowning in a wave of pure, worshipful lust. She sat up quickly, her small, pale hands reaching out and wrapping around the thick base. Her fingers couldn't fully close. They worked around the impossible girth, a stark visual testament to his magnitude. The heat radiating from his dark skin was almost scalding, searing against her palms.

"I love this cock," she confessed. "I love this fucking monster. I've thought about it every single night since I first saw it. It's consumed me."

She leaned in without hesitation, pressing her soft, flushed cheek against the side of the heavy shaft. The skin was hot, velvet-smooth, stretched impossibly taut over the rigid, pulsing steel beneath. She nuzzled it reverently, rubbing her face against the veined pillar, inhaling his thick, masculine musk.

Then her tongue began to work. Slow, deliberate, worshipful. A flat, wet stroke that started at the very base, dragging up over every pulsing vein, circling the thick, flared ridge of the crown before swiping directly across the weeping, sensitive slit. She tasted the bitter, electric salt of his pre-cum, and a deep satisfying moan vibrated in her chest.

Amari groaned from deep in his diaphragm. His hand slid into her golden hair, fingers tightening possessively in the blonde strands, not forcing her, just holding, grounding her, claiming her.

Rose looked up at him, her eyes glassy, pupils blown wide, the lower half of her face already slick with spit and need. The expression she wore was complete, utter surrender; a woman lost, a woman owned.

She opened her mouth wide, stretching her lips around the fat head, and sucked. Her cheeks hollowed with a wet slurp. Her tongue swirled frantically around the sensitive rim, mapping every ridge, every vein, tasting every molecule of him. Thick strands of saliva

immediately began to spill from the corners of her lips, running in messy, clear rivers down her chin. She bobbed eagerly, greedily, taking more and more of him with each hungry pass.

*Gluck... gluck... gluck...*

The room filled with the symphony of her devotion. The wet, rhythmic sounds of her throat working, the lustful moans from them both, the wet slosh of her spit.

When the head bumped the back of her throat, she gagged violently. A deep, reflexive spasm that made her eyes water and her whole body shudder. But she didn't pull back. She pushed. Forcing herself deeper, her throat convulsing around the intrusive, massive flesh, her body fighting against the invasion even as she demanded it. Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes, her mascara beginning to bleed into a dark smear.

She pulled off with a gasping, desperate pop, a thick, glistening rope of saliva connecting her swollen, red lips to the slick, angry-purple head. She didn't wait for praise. She grabbed his shaft, heavy and wet in her small hands, and slapped it against her tongue, against her cheek, against her lips; the wet, fleshy smacks echoing in the quiet room.

"I love how fucking big you are," she panted, her voice raw, hoarse, completely wrecked with lust. "A real fucking man's cock. Look at it."

She wrapped her hands around it again, demonstrating the futile gap of her fingers.

"I can't even fit my hands around it. Every thick, fat inch of it is mine to worship... mine to take..."

She dove back down with renewed, frantic devotion.

This time, she found the angle. She relaxed the muscles in her throat, tilting her head back slightly, opening herself up. She took him deeper than anyone ever had. Her nose pressed into the trimmed dark pubes. Her lips were stretched impossibly wide around the base of his shaft. Her throat bulged obscenely with the intruding mass.

She held herself there. Nose mashed against his body. Eyes streaming. Mascara a ruin of darkness on her cheeks. Spit bubbling up from the tight seal of her lips and pouring down her chin, dripping onto the heavy, pale swell of her tits below. The overwhelming scent of him filled her lungs. The taste of his skin was on her tongue. The heavy weight of his balls pressed against her chin.

Amari's grip in her hair tightened, tilting her head back just enough so he could look down at the pornographic picture she made.

"Goddamn," he rasped, his voice thick with raw approval. "Look at you. Taking every thick inch like a fucking champion. So pretty with your mouth stuffed full of dark meat. You're turning into such a greedy little slut for me, aren't you?"

Rose moaned around his cock, a deep, vibrating sound of pure agreement. The filthy praise sent a jolt of liquid lightning straight to her core. Her pussy, slick and desperate, clenched down on air, soaking the sheets beneath her even more. She nodded frantically against his pelvis, never wanting to stop, never wanting to come up for air.

She bobbed faster, a sloppy, desperate rhythm of pure devotion. She sucked with an intensity that bordered on religious fervour. Her hands pumped the thick base, twisting and squeezing as her tongue worked the sensitive head relentlessly.

She pulled off again, gasping, drool and pre-cum stringing from her lips in a continuous strand. She couldn't get enough. She ducked her head lower, pressing her face against the heavy, tight sac of his balls. She licked and sucked each one, coating them in her saliva, taking the smooth, heavy weight into her mouth before dragging her tongue back up the entire pulsing length of his shaft to lap greedily at the weeping head again.

Her confessions spilled out between gasps for air, her voice a wrecked, desperate whisper.

"I've wanted this for so long, Amari. Every time I saw you walking around the apartment with that big fucking bulge. Every night I felt it pressed against my ass in bed while you were asleep. I would lie there imagining it, imagining this... counting down the days until I could give myself to you fully."

Amari's eyes burned down at her, dark and bottomless with possession. He let her worship him for a moment longer. He watched her, mesmerised, as she gagged, drooled, and moaned like a woman possessed. Her face was a masterpiece of ruin; running mascara, swollen lips, spit-smears, her expression a perfect portrait of total feminine submission.

Finally, he pulled her off with a wet pop. Thick, shining ropes of saliva stretched from her parted, devastated lips to the glistening, angry-purple head before breaking and falling in messy strands across her chin and chest.

Rose looked up at him, completely broken, beautifully ruined. Her eyes were glassy with tears and desperate, shameless need. Her body trembled. Her cunt ached.

"Please, Amari," she begged, her voice a raw, trembling prayer torn from the depths of her soul. "I'm ready. I need you so bad it hurts. Please fuck me. Make me your girl... your slut... I want this big black cock. Please... I can't wait another second... I'm begging you..."

## **Taking Him, Claiming Him**

Amari positioned himself between her spread, trembling thighs. The thick, swollen head of his enormous cock nudged against her slick, dripping entrance. The wet heat of her pussy radiated up against him.

Rose's entire body was a live wire of pure, vibrating anticipation. A broken, keening whimper escaped her lips as her hips ground forward in a frantic, mindless attempt to impale herself on the impossible weight poised at her entrance. Her fingers dug deep into the muscled skin of his shoulders, nails raking red marks into his flesh as she braced herself for the imminent, devastating invasion.

"Amari..." The name was a ragged breath, a desperate prayer torn from the depths of her shattered composure. "Please... I need you inside me. Now."

He leaned down and captured her mouth in a kiss that was deep, possessive, and bruisingly tender. It was a seal, a brand, a promise of ruin. His tongue slid against hers in a slow, thorough exploration that tasted of undiluted male dominance.

Against the velvet seal of her kiss, his hips pushed forward.

The head of his cock pressed hard against the soaking resistance of her tight entrance. Her tight ring of muscle trying to bar the way. He didn't force. He simply applied the steady, relentless pressure of his weight, the crown spreading her open by sheer, unhurried intrusion.

Rose tore her mouth from his with a sharp, shuddering gasp. Her eyes flew wide, pupils blown black with shock and ecstasy. The sensation was a lightning bolt of pure, consuming fire. The incredible girth began to split her open, a slow, deliberate burning stretch that had her pussy clinging and spreading around the huge invader.

"Oh... fuck..." she moaned, the words shattering into a series of broken, breathless gasps as the first thick inches sank deep into her spasming heat.

Her pussy fluttered and clenched in a violent, helpless spasm around him. The stretch was a living thing; a divine, agonising pressure that reshaped her from the inside out. Every ridge, every pulsing vein of his thick shaft dragged against her sensitive, velvet inner walls in a friction that was pure, consuming electricity.

"Look at you." Amari's voice was a deep, rough vibration of power against her ear. "Look at how perfectly your pussy stretches around my cock. So tight... so wet... so fucking made for me."

He kissed her again, slow and devastating, swallowing her choked sobs as he fed another fat inch deep into her squeezing heat.

"Take it, Rose. Every. Last. Inch."

Tears of overwhelming ecstasy spilled from beneath her lashes. She had never felt so full. She had never felt so completely, utterly claimed. Her small hands slid from his shoulders down his powerful back, pulling him closer, her legs wrapping around his waist, her heels digging into the small of his back to draw him impossibly deeper.

"So good," she whimpered against his lips, her voice broken and worshipful. "You're so much bigger than him... you're ruining me... Amari... making me yours!"

Inch by inch, he sank deeper into her. The pressure built in her core, a breathtaking fullness that bordered on pain and exploded into pure, undiluted pleasure. Finally, with one last, slow push, Amari buried himself to the hilt. The heavy weight of his balls came to rest against her ass, and Rose let out a broken, sobbing moan. She had never felt so full. So claimed. Her walls were stretched around his massive shaft, every inch of her pussy gripping him in a desperate, fluttering embrace. She could feel him pulsing deep inside her, the thick head pressing against something profound and untouched, sending sparks of pleasure radiating through her pelvis with every heartbeat.

He held himself perfectly still, a monument of dark, dominant flesh buried completely inside her trembling body. The only motion was the thunder of his heart against her chest,

the heavy, deep pulse of his thick cock throbbing inside her gripping heat. A shudder wracked her body. The stillness combined with the fullness, was its own kind of exquisite torture.

He kissed the tears from her cheeks, tasting the salt of her complete surrender.

"Hold on, sweet girl," he murmured against her jaw, his voice thick with restraint. "Stay right here. Feel what it's like to have every inch of this big black cock buried in your tight little pussy."

"God yesss... So much cock. I feel so stuffed... So complete." She whimpered, a broken, desperate sound, her body trembling on the edge of a precipice she couldn't name. Her inner walls fluttered and clenched around him in a helpless, greedy spasm.

He stayed there, buried completely, letting her body adjust to the profound invasion, holding her in that perfect, tense stillness. The moment stretched into an eternity, the air thick with the scent of their shared arousal and the overwhelming promise of what was to come. Her entire world had contracted to the thick, pulsing presence deep inside her. She was utterly his.

Then, finally, a shudder wracked his massive frame, and he began to move.

It wasn't frantic or desperate. It was a deliberate, devastating exhumation of her very consciousness. He rolled his hips back slowly, drawing the thick, pulsing pillar of his cock backwards. A wet, suckling sound of her tightness and displaced arousal followed his withdrawal, echoing in the heavy silence of the room.

He pulled back until just the thick head was the only thing remaining inside her, held hostage by the tight, spasming ring of her entrance. The emptiness was instant and profound, a cold absence where she had been so devastatingly full.

Rose whimpered, a broken, desperate sound. Her hips bucked instinctively, trying to keep him captive inside her. Her eyes locked on his, wild and desperate, pupils blown black with raw need.

Then he pushed back in.

It was a single, seamless, devastating stroke. The fat head breached her clinging lips, spreading her wide, the rigid ridge catching and dragging against her sensitive inner walls. Her mouth fell open in a silent scream as the incredible thickness followed, driving deep, deeper than she thought possible, until she felt the tip of him kiss something deep inside her, a place untouched by anyone, a spot that sent lightning bolts of pure ecstasy radiating through her pelvis.

"Oh, fuck..." she breathed, the words a broken, worshipful prayer torn from the depths of her surrender.

He repeated the motion. Slow. Deep. A perfect, punishing rhythm.

Each stroke was a revelation. Each withdrawal a sacred loss. Each plunge a devastating claim that reshaped her from the inside out. Her big tits bounced with every thrust. He

leaned down, capturing a hard, aching nipple in his mouth, sucking hard, his tongue lashing against the sensitive peak as he continued his deep, steady fucking.

Rose's moans deepened, evolving from soft gasps into raw cries that vibrated in her chest and echoed off the walls. Her body trembled uncontrollably, her legs wrapped tight around his waist, the heels of her feet digging into the small of his back, trying to draw him deeper, trying to fuse their bodies into one.

The pleasure built without warning, a tidal wave rising from the core of her being, from the exact point where his thick tip was kissing that perfect spot.

"I'm cumming!" she cried, the words ripped from her throat, high and desperate. "Fuck, Amari, I'm...yesssss, fuck...cumming so hard!"

The orgasm hit her like a freight train, blindsiding her completely. Her back arched violently, her entire body bowing off the mattress. Her pussy clamped down around his invading thickness in a fierce, desperate rhythm, a visceral, pulsing grip that tried to milk every last drop of him deep inside her. Tears spilled over her cheeks, tracking down her temples. Nails raked down the dark, sweat-slicked skin of his back, leaving angry red trails. She sobbed his name, the only anchor in the storm of blinding ecstasy that consumed her entirely.

Amari didn't stop. He fucked her through the peak, his strokes steady and deep, refusing to relent, using her own violent pleasure as fuel to drive her deeper.

"That's it, baby," he praised, his voice a rough, possessive growl against her ear. "Cum for me. Let me feel every spasm. Let me feel how much you love that big black cock."

His words unlocked something inside her. A second orgasm struck her almost immediately, violent and consuming, triggered by the way his thick shaft dragged perfectly, relentlessly over her g-spot on every inward thrust. She gushed around him, a hot, copious flood of her release soaking his balls, his thighs, and the darkening sheets beneath them.

Her body surrendered completely, a vessel pouring out every ounce of her pleasure for him. The words tore from her soul unbidden, raw and true, spoken between shattered breaths and desperate sobs.

"I love you," she cried, tears streaming down her face as another powerful orgasm ripped through her. "I love your big black cock... I love how you stretch me... how you own me... I love you so fucking much, Amari!"

It was a confession of everything; the quiet betrayals of Jules, the surrender of her innocence, the complete, unashamed possession of her heart and body. It was the truest thing she had ever spoken. She loved him.

He kissed her harder, his thrusts growing deeper, more possessive, more urgent. "I know, Rose. You're mine now. All mine."

-----

Rose lost count of how many times she came; the orgasms blending into a single, endless plane of blinding pleasure. She was floating outside her body, her mind a haze of ecstasy.

Every vein, every pulse of his thick cock stretching her walls was a revelation. The contrast with Jules's gentle, unsatisfying fumbling was night and day. This was what she had been starving for. This was the claiming she had craved her entire life without even knowing it.

Tears streamed down her face as another powerful climax washed over her, her body trembling like a leaf in a storm. She clung to him desperately, kissing him with everything she had, tasting herself on his lips, salt and sweetness and undiluted desire.

"I love you," she whispered again against his mouth. "I want to make you mine too..."

Amari slowed his thrusts, the frantic rhythm easing into deep, grounding rolls of his hips. He looked deep into her eyes, his gaze burning with love and raw, possessive lust. "You already have me, Rose."

She smiled through her tears, a wicked, hungry glint returning to her eyes. The vulnerability shifted into something sharper, needier.

"Let me ride you," she breathed, her voice husky with spent passion and fresh, greedy hunger. "I want to fuck you. I want to make you feel as good as you make me feel. I'm going to ride this big cock until you're the one who can't live without me. Until the only pussy you ever want and need is mine."

Rose's palms slammed flat against the granite slab of Amari's chest, not a tentative lover's press, but a ferocious, desperate demand. Every ounce of her spent, trembling body channeled into that one offensive push to turn him around and push him back down underneath her.

She swung her thigh over his hip, straddling his waist, the slick wet heat of her pussy hovering directly above the thick column of his cock. The vulnerability that had glazed her eyes was gone. In its place was a feral, ravenous hunger that promised no quarter. The quiet girl who had been slowly seduced and remade was fully awake now. She was no longer the claimed. She was the conqueror. And she intended to take every inch of what was rightfully hers.

Amari's eyes widened in genuine shock, before it was swallowed by a dark, deeply satisfied grin. He spread his arms wide against the sheets, a king ceding his throne with absolute approval.

"Fuck," he murmured. "Look at you. All cock hungry and desperate to take the reins!" His hands settled on the curve of her hips, but he didn't guide, didn't pull. He held on, waiting for her command, a tacit signal of his surrender.

Rose didn't deign to answer with words. Her answer was enacted. She reached down, her fingers wrapping around his massive black shaft. She stroked him once, deliberately, savoring the rigid heat of his surrender, before guiding the swollen, leaking head directly to stretched lips of her entrance. She didn't sink immediately. She teased him there, at the very threshold, dragging the fat crown through her soaked folds in a slow, torturous circle, grinding it against her swollen clit before pulling it back.

"You wait for me," she whispered, her voice husky with absolute, unyielding authority. The submission in his eyes was the ultimate aphrodisiac. "I'm in control now. My rules."

His hands clenched into fists on her hips, a visible strain of restraint. "Yes, ma'am."

When she had teased him for long enough, she angled his cock, and she sank. An agonising, deliberate descent, feeding herself onto him. Her tight walls parted around his incredible width, the stretch a familiar, exquisite burn that she controlled completely this time. She watched his face contort; the slackening of his jaw, the flutter of his dark lashes, the way his chest heaved as every inch of her wet, gripping heat consumed his cock. She owned his pleasure now.

She stopped when she was halfway down, her muscles clenching around him in a tight, pulsating vice, torturing them both.

"You feel this, Amari?" she breathed, her voice low and dripping with cruelty. "My tight little pussy milking you, squeezing you? You feel how your cock throbs, desperate for more when I'm the one in control?"

A strangled, guttural groan was his only answer, his hips instinctively bucking up into her. She pressed down on his stomach, holding him still.

She smiled at his desperation; a slow, wicked, triumphant smile, and then dropped hard. Her ass met his thighs in a wet, fleshy slap, taking his entire length to the absolute hilt. The fullness was a devastating invasion, but the delicious, absolute control, was hers. She held herself there, impaled, flexing her internal muscles deliberately around him, savoring the way his eyes rolled back into his skull.

"God, you love how I feel, don't you?" she mocked him softly, using his own words against him. "You love the way this tight white pussy swallows your big black cock whole. You love feeling claimed."

He could only nod, his eyes black and glazed with raw lust.

She began to ride him. Not a frantic, desperate bounce. A slow, deep, devastating grind. Her hips rolled in a languid, hypnotic figure-eight, dragging her sensitive inner walls against every ridge and thick vein of his buried shaft, milking him with deliberate, punishing slowness. Her heavy tits swayed hypnotically with the motion, the hard, aching peaks of her nipples dragging across the air, begging for his mouth but denied by her dominance.

"You like that?" she purred, her voice low and filthy with a new, dominant cruelty. "You like feeling my tightness gripping you like a fist? You like feeling how wet I get for you? This big cock was made for me, I'm going to make it mine!"

Her pace escalated. The slow, torturous grind exploded into a fierce, punishing bounce. Her ass came down on his thighs in a series of wet, rhythmic smacks, the sound of her sodden pussy swallowing his cock again and again filling the room; an addictive anthem of her complete ownership. The air filled with the scent of their mingled arousal, the slap of skin, her ragged, triumphant breaths.

She leaned forward, letting her tits dangle just inches from his lips, a tantalising offering he couldn't yet reach.

“I’m going to fuck you so good, Amari,” she moaned, her voice a ragged, breathless promise. “This tight little white pussy is going to milk every drop of cum out of your big black balls. You’re going to be left drained and forever dreaming about the way it feels to be completely claimed by me.”

His restraint shattered completely. His hands shot up from her hips, greedily groping the heavy, bouncing mounds of her tits, squeezing them hard, his thumbs dragging roughly across her rigid nipples.

“Fuck, baby...” His voice was a growl, stripped of all pretence of control. “You’re so fucking wild like this. Take it. Take all of it. It’s yours. Every inch of me is yours.”

The triumphant laughter that spilled from Rose’s lips wasn’t just breathless; it was the sound of absolute power fully realized, a raw, melodic war cry of conquest. It vibrated through the air, wrapping around Amari’s dazed senses as she sat atop him, feeling every faint tremor of his body beneath her. But she was far from satisfied. The hunger coiling in her belly was a living thing now, a bottomless pit of possessive, primal need, and tonight she was a goddess of explicit desire, demanding worship and absolute tribute.

She leaned back, letting her spine curve into a deep, sensual arch that drove his huge cock into the deepest, most exquisitely sensitive chamber of her sex. The angle was perfect; a brutal impalement that forced a shuddering gasp from her lips as the thick head nudged against her cervix. She planted one palm flat on his chest, feeling the frantic, captive thunder of his heart against her touch. With the other hand, she reached behind her, her fingers tracing over the curve of her sweat-slicked ass, until she found him.

She cradled the heavy, weight of his balls in her palm, not with a gentle lover’s touch, but with a possessive, appraising grip. An explicit inventory of her spoils. She rolled them slowly, deliberately, feeling the swollen, dense fullness of his seed, the tight, hot pressure of his impending surrender. They felt heavier than ever before, drawn up tight and aching to burst.

“I can feel how full they are,” she crooned, her voice dropping into a low, filthy purr that vibrated with triumphant delight. Her fingers squeezed gently but firmly around the heavy sac; a warning, a promise, an explicit threat of the torment and pleasure she intended to inflict.

“So heavy... so tight... so ready to explode deep inside me. You want to cum so bad, don’t you, baby?” She teased him as she leaned forward. “But only when I decide. Only when I’m done claiming what’s mine.”

She released his balls, her fingers sliding back up to grip his hips. She locked her eyes onto his, they were wide, glazed, utterly captive, blown black with helpless need.

Using the strength of his chest as an anchor, she began to ride him with a ferocious, punishing intensity. The slow, torturous grind detonated into a frantic, desperate bounce. Her hips slammed down, her ass smacking against his thighs with a slap that echoed through the room like a drum. Her heavy tits bounced wildly, slapping against each other with a hypnotic, fleshy rhythm.

“Look at you,” she taunted, her voice ragged but sharp as a Serrated blade of pure cruelty. Her eyes held his captive, drilling into his soul. “I can feel you... trying so hard to last longer. Clenching your jaw... holding your breath... gripping my hips like a lifeline...”

She punctuated her words by grinding down even harder on him, her clit dragging against the hard base of his pelvis, sending electric shocks of pleasure through her core.

“But it’s useless. This tight little pussy is too good, isn’t it? It’s wrapped around you like wet silk. Gripping you... milking you... draining your resolve. You’ve never had pussy like this before. Pussy that fights back. Pussy that conquers.”

Amari’s head fell back against the pillow, his neck straining as a deep, desperate groan was torn from his chest. His hands flew to her ass, his dark fingers digging into the soft, pale flesh of her cheeks. In this moment, and for the first time in his life, he was no longer the dominant man, in control of his own pleasure. He was a ship battered by a hurricane, utterly at the mercy of a force far greater and more powerful than himself.

“Fuck... Rose...” His voice was a wrecked, broken rasp. “You’re a demon... I can’t... I can’t hold back much longer... it’s too fucking good...your pussy is too fucking good!”

A triumphant smile stretched across her lips, a smile of pure possession.

“Good,” she purred, grinding down hard. “I want it. I want every thick, scalding, desperate drop of that hot cum painting my insides. This pussy deserves it. It conquered you. It owns this cock now, Amari.”

She didn’t wait for a response. She crashed her mouth down onto his, her tongue plunging past his lips in a fierce, hungry, conquering kiss. She swallowed his helpless moans, tasting herself, tasting him, tasting the sweet, metallic tang of victory on his breath. She kissed him deeply, savagely, her tongue duelling with his as her hips continued their punishing, frantic rhythm, driving them both closer to the edge of oblivion.

She broke the kiss, their lips still brushing, her breath hot and ragged against his mouth.

“You’re mine now, Amari,” she whispered, the words a hot brand seared onto his lips. “This big, beautiful black cock belongs to me. Every thick, perfect inch of it. I own it. I worship it. I conquered it. No other woman will ever touch it again. No one can milk it like I can. I’m a goddess of this cock, and I’m going to drain your balls every single day for the rest of your life.”

Amari’s breathing turned into frantic, desperate pants, his chest heaving beneath her. His hips bucked instinctively, trying to drive deeper, but she was the one in complete command. She controlled the angle, the depth, the speed, the very rhythm of his pleasure. She met his instinctive thrusts with crushing counter-thrusts, riding him, owning him, breaking him with every bounce, every grind, every filthy, possessive word that dripped from her lips like molten honey.

“I can feel it,” she taunted triumphantly, reaching back again to cup his balls. The heat and tension coiling in them was unmistakable, the frantic pulse of a volcano ready to erupt.

“I can feel those big balls tightening. You’re so close. Don’t you dare hold back, baby. I want my reward. Fill me up with load after load. I want to feel you throbbing inside me as you empty yourself completely. I want to feel my pussy overflowing with your seed.”

Amari’s tenuous grip on any control he had shattered into a million pieces. A deep primal roar tore from his throat; a sound of absolute, unconditional surrender and pleasure. His entire body went rigid beneath her, the iron slabs of his muscles clenching and locking. His massive black cock pulsed violently deep inside her core, a frantic, powerful heartbeat of absolute, devastating release.

The first jet of his hot cum hit the deepest, most sensitive part of her womb with a shocking, undeniable force. It was immediately followed by another, and another; thick, powerful, seemingly endless ropes of hot, sticky seed flooding her pussy, filling every available inch of her tight, milking depths.

“Yes! Fill me up! Give it to me!” Her voice was a broken, delighted sob as her own orgasm crashed through her like a tidal wave. Her pussy clamped down hard around his pulsing cock, milking every thick, scalding rope of cum as it painted her walls. “I can feel it... so much cum... you’re flooding me... oh god, yes!”

Rose cried out in ecstatic triumph, her back bowing into a tight, trembling arch. The feeling of the hot, wet flood of his surrender pouring into her, marking her from the inside. Her orgasm exploded through her like a detonating star, shaking her body violently. Her internal muscles clamped down on his spasming dick with a ferocious, milking vice, extracting every last possible pulse of his offering. She ground her hips against him, feeling the sticky overflow begin to leak out down his shaft, a glistening seal of her absolute victory.

Rose’s mind spun with overwhelming pleasure and a deep, profound sense of finality. *This is it*, she thought, tears of joy streaming down her face as another orgasm ripped through her. *This is the beginning of us. His cum inside me... claiming me... marking me forever.* The thought only made the aftershocks of her orgasm even more intense, her pussy convulsing greedily around him, milking every last drop as if her body refused to waste even a single drop of what belonged to her now.

She collapsed forward, her boneless body falling onto his chest. Her face buried in the crook of his neck, breathing in the scent of him; musk, sweat, sex, surrender. She rode him through the final aftershocks, her hips still grinding in slow, satisfied circles, savoring the way his softening cock was still buried deep inside her, bathed in the hot evidence of his release.

The room fell into a sacred silence, broken only by the ragged, gasping rhythm of their breathing. She felt his heart slamming against her cheek, felt the exhausted trembling of his powerful thighs pressed against hers.

Amari was left stunned, his eyes staring up at the ceiling with a dazed, shattered, completely satisfied expression. He looked utterly wrecked; shocked, drained, conquered, perfectly ruined.

“Fuck... Rose...” His voice was a hoarse, reverent, awe-struck whisper. “That was the most incredible fuck of my life. You’re... incredible.”

Rose lifted her head slowly, her hair tumbling around her face. She looked down at him, a wicked, exhausted, deeply loving smile curving her lips. She deliberately clenched her well-fucked pussy around his softening cock one more time, milking a last, sensitive drop from him. He groaned weakly, his eyes fluttering closed at the exquisite, torturous sensation.

“You belong to me now,” she whispered softly, her voice carrying the absolute weight of absolute truth. “This big black cock belongs to my tight little pussy. And I’m never, ever letting it go. You’re mine, Amari. My man. My cock. My conquest. My property.”

He stared up at her, a slow, amazed, completely surrendered smile spreading across his handsome face. He reached up, and tangled his fingers in her hair, pulling her face down into a deep, slow, passionate kiss. Their tongues tangled gently, tasting the mingled salt of sweat and the residual sweetness of their releases on each other’s lips.

When they broke apart, his voice was thick with exhausted, absolute devotion.

“Fuck yes, I am.” His grin widened, equal parts awe and sheer, complete happiness. “I’m yours. Completely. Forever.”

She settled fully onto him, nestling her face into the warmth of his solid chest, feeling the sticky, wet seal of their combined fulfilment gluing their bodies together. She listened to the steady, slowing rhythm of his heartbeat beneath her ear.

“Good,” she murmured against his skin, a final, victorious whisper. “Because, we’re just getting started. I have very big plans for you and this delicious cock of yours for the next few days.”

“The next few days?” Amari asked, eyebrows raised.

“The next few decades!” Rose answered, with certainty.

She knew in that moment that she belonged to him fully. Her heart, body and soul. And that equally, he belonged to her.

## **Past and Present**

The heavy click of the front door latching shut echoed through the silent apartment like a tomb sealing shut. Jules stood in the entryway, the weight of another long night shift pressing down on his shoulders until they ached with a deep, bone-weary exhaustion. His eyes were gritty, burning with fatigue, the bright lights of the hotel lobby still seared onto the back of his retinas.

He kicked off his shoes and dropped his bag by the door, listening to the silence. It wasn't peaceful. It was a void, pressing in from all sides, amplifying the hollow ache where Rose's presence should have been.

He pulled out his phone, the screen glowing in the dim morning light filtering through the blinds. His thumb hovered over Rose's name, trembling faintly with the desperate need to hear her voice, to anchor himself to something soft and warm, something that was his. But

the clock read 8:23 AM. She might still be sleeping in that beautiful lake house, wrapped in the scent of pine and fresh water, dreaming in the quiet stillness of the morning. He hated the thought of disturbing her peacefulness.

"I'll call her in an hour or two," he muttered to himself, his voice swallowed by the empty air around him. "Let her sleep. She deserves the rest."

He drifted into the living room, rubbing the sore knot at the base of his neck. The apartment felt smaller without her. Wrong. His eyes swept the space and landed on Amari's laptop, sitting open on the coffee table. A weak, sardonic smile touched his lips. Amari and his endless collection of pirated Hollywood movies. A perfect distraction to numb his tired brain for an hour or two, until he could hear Rose's voice and reassure himself she was safe.

He sat down heavily, the couch groaning under his weight. He lifted the lid. The screen glowed to life immediately. No password. No lock screen.

The movie folders were all neatly arranged into genre's: Action, Comedy, Thriller, Drama. A man of organized habits, even in his leisure. And then, at the very bottom, a folder that seemed to pulse with its own dark gravity, a quiet challenge in the midst of order.

"XXX".

Jules let out a short, nervous laugh, the sound brittle in the heavy silence. "You dirty dog, Amari."

He shook his head. He hadn't watched porn in years, not since his high school years. He had Rose now. He didn't need it. But boredom was a corrosive acid, and the long, loneliness of the apartment was eating him alive. Curiosity, sharper than any blade, dug its hooks into his skull.

He clicked.

The folder opened to reveal a library of names. Ava. Sophia. Emma. Isabella. Chloe. A digital trophy case of conquered women. His heartbeat quickened, an uneasy flutter in his chest. This wasn't downloaded porn. These were names. Specific, individual names. His cursor hovered over the first file. "*Ava*".

He double-clicked.

The video snapped into focus, crisp and clear. It wasn't glossy or professional. The lighting was warm, intimate, the camera handheld or recorded on a phone. The setting made his stomach drop instantly, a cold plummet into a pit of recognition.

It was their living room. The same couch he was sitting on. The same throw pillows Rose had napped on. The same lamp casting its soft glow.

A gorgeous blonde woman, curvy, with heavy, swinging tits and long, wild hair, crawled toward the camera on her hands and knees. Her eyes were locked on the lens, burning with a hungry, reverent devotion that made Jules's mouth go dry.

"Oh my god... it's even bigger than the photos," she breathed, her voice already thick with desperate, shameless lust.

The camera tilted down. Jules's breath seized in his chest. His lungs locked.

Amari's cock came into frame. It was huge. Thick as a forearm, impossibly long, dark as polished obsidian, and crossed with thick, pulsing veins that writhed like rivers on a map of pure, absolute power. It looked alien. A weapon of absolute conquest. Jules had seen him in the shower, but seeing it like this, fully hard and angry... he had never seen anything like it, not in the most depraved corners of the internet, not in the darkest fantasies he had ever allowed himself to entertain.

His own modest erection twitched in his pants, a traitor stirring against his will, and the shame of it hit him like a physical blow.

The blonde wrapped both hands around the base, her fingers failing completely to meet. A visible gap remained between her hands.

"Fuck... it's massive," she moaned, before lowering her head.

The sounds filled Jules ears. Wet, slurping, desperate. A symphony of worship and struggle. She gagged, her eyes watering, her throat visibly bulging as she fought to take him deeper, her nose pressing against his pelvis. Drool ran down her chin, pooling on her heavy tits.

Jules sat frozen, his mind screaming at him to close the window, to walk away, to preserve whatever was left of his innocence. But his body had betrayed him completely. His hand slid down his thigh, pressing against the stiff, aching hardness straining in his pants. Shame flooded his cheeks in a hot, red tide, but his eyes remained locked on the screen, devouring every frame.

Amari's voice came through the speakers, low and commanding, dripping with absolute, unquestionable authority. "That's it, baby. Suck that big black cock like a good little slut. You've been dreaming about this, haven't you?"

The woman moaned around his shaft, nodding frantically, her eyes rolling back in pure, surrendered bliss.

The action grew dirtier. Amari took control, gripping her hair and fucking her face with brutal, measured thrusts, her gags and moans blending into a single desperate sound. Then he bent her over the exact couch where Jules was sitting, her hands gripping the same cushions, her ass raised high and inviting. His hands clamped onto her pale hips, his dark thighs slamming against her flesh with a wet, punishing thunder that echoed through the speakers.

She screamed. Raw, animal screams of pure pleasure. Her body shook with orgasms that seemed to tear through her one after another.

Jules stroked faster, his breathing ragged and shameful. The woman on screen looked a little like Rose. The same golden hair. The same curvy build. The same heavy tits. *But Rose was way hotter*, he told himself desperately. *And Rose would never degrade herself like*

*this. She was pure. She wanted love, connection, sweet intimacy. Not this raw, animal submission. Not this monstrous cock splitting her open.*

Yet as the woman screamed, cumming hard on Amari's shaft, her pussy clenching and fluttering around him, Jules felt his own walls crumbling. The image on the screen bled into his imagination, merging into a single, devastating vision.

It was Rose on her knees.

Rose's blue eyes looking up with that same desperate, hungry reverence. Rose's lips stretching around that massive black shaft, struggling, gagging, worshiping. Rose's voice moaning Amari's name. Rose's body bent over this couch, taking every inch, screaming in surrender.

The thought was a poison and a key.

He came hard with a choked, agonised gasp, spilling hot and thick over his knuckles, his body shaking with the force of a climax he instantly hated. He pumped into his own fist as the woman on screen begged for Amari's cum, the fantasy of Rose's absolute submission exploding behind his eyes in a cascade of shame and forbidden pleasure.

The orgasm ripped through him, leaving him trembling, panting, utterly hollow. Then the shame hit him a second later. Cold. Corrosive. A wave of disgust that washed over him from head to toe.

He scrambled for the box of tissues, frantically scrubbing at his skin, wiping the sticky evidence of his weakness from his stomach and hand. He scrubbed until his skin was raw, as if he could erase the memory, the thought, the image seared onto his retina like a brand. His face burned. His stomach heaved with self-loathing.

He needed her. He needed to hear her voice. He needed to bring himself back to reality, to remind himself she was his, that she was safe, that she was nothing like the woman on the screen.

He grabbed his phone, his fingers clumsy and shaking. He dialled Rose. The ringtone pierced the silence, loud and jarring in the empty apartment. Ring after ring, it went on.

It clicked over to voicemail. Her cheerful, recorded voice felt like a cruel mockery from a different universe. "Hey, you've reached Rose! Leave a message and I'll call you back!"

He hung up and called again. Same result. The cold knot in his stomach tightened into a serpent of pure, visceral dread that coiled around his spine.

He stared at the laptop screen. The folder of names was still open. Ava. Sophia. Emma. Isabella. Chloe. A river of nameless women who had knelt for that monstrous cock, who had been conquered, filled, and discarded.

*Is this what he likes? Making woman submit to him and filming it?*

The question burned in his mind like a brand pressed to his brain. Rose was up there with him for three nights. Three nights alone with him. With that devastating, dominant

presence and that calm, confident smile. With that massive, veined, world-ending cock he had just watched conquer a girl not too dissimilar to his Rose.

*Would he try the same, with Rose?*

*'Hey give me a call when you get this. Hope you are ok. Love you. Jules xx'*

As he sent the text, the serpent of dread tightened its coils around his chest until he could barely breathe. The silence of the apartment screamed around him.

Something was very, very wrong. And as he waited for her reply, he found himself clicking on the file named *Chloe*.

-----

Rose surfaced from the depths of a dreamless, perfect void, her consciousness rising slowly like a bubble through dark, warm honey. Her body was deliciously heavy, every muscle humming with a deep, satisfied ache that settled into her bones like a brand of ownership. Her hips were tender, her inner thighs slick and sticky with the evidence of their coupling. The phantom sensation of his massive, thick cock sliding deep into her from behind was still imprinted on her senses. That last, lazy spooning fuck had been a masterpiece of slow, intimate torture.

She could still feel it: how they had both woken from their sleep, before the heavy weight of his arm draped over her waist, his chest pressed against her back, before he slowly buried the thick length of himself inside her once more. He had moved with a languid rhythm, his hips barely rocking, just enough to keep the head of his cock nudging that deep, secret spot inside her. His mouth had been pressed to her ear, his voice a low, filthy, loving whisper that promised her everything.

"This pussy is mine," he had murmured, his cock throbbing inside her. "Every inch of you is mine."

And she had. Whimpering, trembling, completely undone. The feeling of his hot cum pumping into her once again, thick and claiming, had sent her spiralling into a quiet, shaking orgasm that felt more like a vow than a release.

A possessive warmth bloomed low in her belly, a deep satisfaction that went beyond simple pleasure. The thought, born in the half-light of dawn, had crystallised fully in the golden morning. A family. Children with his easy, devastating grin and her bright eyes. Laughter echoing across the glassy lake. Summers spent teaching them to swim and fish from the wooden jetty, their tiny hands wrapped around fishing poles. This house, filled with life and the echo of their passion, the scent of pine and lake water and home. The vision was so clear, so achingly beautiful, it made her heart clench in her chest.

She smiled against the pillow, stretching her limbs like a cat seeking the morning sun. Her body was sore. Sticky. Utterly claimed. A new woman, forged in the fires of the night before.

A scent drifted into the room, weaving through her drifting consciousness. Rich, dark coffee. The sweet, smoky caramel of bacon. Something else, warm and cinnamon-spiced; pancakes? Amari. Her man. Cooking her a loving breakfast.

The cool air of the cabin kissed her skin as she slipped from the warm cocoon of the bed. She didn't bother reaching for his discarded shirt or one of the plush robes hanging in the closet. She wanted to feel the morning air on her bare breasts, the grain of the cool, wide pine floorboards under her sensitive soles. She wanted to walk through this space as it truly felt; their space. Naked and free.

Amari stood in the kitchen with his back to her. His feet were bare. A pair of loose black shorts hung low on his hips, revealing the powerful, smooth muscles of his back. The morning light traced the sculpted geography of his broad shoulders, the defined ridges of his spine, the rich, dark satin of his skin that she had mapped with her lips and tongue just hours ago. He was humming a low, melodic tune as he worked, the muscles in his forearms flexing as he flipped a pancake in the pan.

As if he sensed her presence, he turned.

His face transformed from quiet concentration into a slow smile that made her heart flutter in her chest. His eyes swept over her naked form, a slow, possessive perusal that left a trail of heat in its wake, lingering on the heavy swell of her breasts.

"Well, good morning," he rumbled, his voice thick and rough with sleep.

He crossed the kitchen in two swift strides, his powerful arms wrapping around her. One hand splayed across the bare small of her back, fingers warm and sure, pressing her closer. The other cupped the full, bare curve of her ass, squeezing gently, possessively, as he pulled her flush against the solid heat of his body. Her softness melted perfectly into his hard planes.

He kissed her. Deeply. Deliberately. A slow, searching, claiming kiss that tasted of dark coffee and pure, masculine authority. When he pulled back, it was just far enough to look at her. His thumb traced the line of her jaw, feather-light.

"You look incredible," he murmured. "Absolutely radiant. Glowing. Like a woman who got exactly what she needed."

Rose laughed softly, pressing her naked body even closer, her nipples brushing against the warm, firm wall of his chest, pebbling instantly. "I did. Multiple times. You wore me out in the best possible way. I feel... remade."

He grinned, a wicked, boyish flash of perfect white teeth against his deep, smooth skin. He dipped his head to nuzzle her neck, inhaling her scent deeply, his lips pressing a soft kiss to the sensitive spot behind her ear.

"Good. Because I plan on doing it again tonight. And tomorrow morning. And the night after that."

"At this rate," she managed, her voice breathy, "I won't be able to walk straight for a week."

"That's the plan, baby," he said against her skin, his voice a playful. "Now come on. Breakfast is almost ready, we both need to regain our strength!"

After a delicious breakfast filled with smiles, knowing looks, and Amari reminding her how wild she had gotten last night, they drifted into the bathroom together, the space bright and clean and open. He squeezed a perfect ribbon of toothpaste onto her brush and handed it to her with a soft smile before squeezing his own. They stood side by side at the double vanity, a perfect, intimate tableau of domestic bliss.

The wide mirror reflected them back. A study in stark, beautiful contrast. Her pale, pink-flushed skin beside his deep, smooth ebony. Her wild, tangled golden hair spilling over her shoulders beside his sharp, closely lined black face. The way his taller frame seemed to shelter her smaller one, even standing side by side. The domestic ritual; the scrape of bristles, the running of water, the quiet, comfortable silence, felt sacred. Perfect.

She caught his eye in the mirror. A slow, secret smile spread across her lips, pink and glossy with toothpaste foam. He grinned back at her reflection, a wicked, boyish flash, white foam gathering at the corner of his own mouth.

Without a word, he leaned over.

Before she could react, he captured her lips in a clumsy, minty, perfect kiss. The taste of peppermint toothpaste mixed with the warm, familiar taste of him. White foam smeared across her upper lip, across his chin, their faces becoming a laughing, messy disaster of bubbles and shared breath. She let out a startled, joyous giggle against his mouth, the vibration of it making him groan softly against her.

They broke apart, foreheads resting together, their breath mingling in the close, humid air. She was laughing, the sound high and pure and free, and he was chuckling, a low, pleased rumble deep in his chest that she could feel against her own. The white mess on their faces made them look like giddy teenagers, shameless and drunk on new love.

He reached up, his thumb gentle and tender as he wiped the smear of toothpaste from her upper lip. He found her gaze in the mirror again, holding it firmly. A quiet moment passed between them, filled with everything unspoken.

He tapped her chin lightly. "There. All clean."

She caught his hand, turning her head to press her lips to his knuckles, a soft, grateful kiss. "Thank you."

"I could get used to waking up together like this every morning," he murmured, his voice a low, intimate thread between them, quiet and certain. "To sharing coffee. To getting toothpaste on your beautiful face. To having you in my space, naked and smiling and completely mine."

Her heart swelled, pressing against her ribs. A lifetime of this. Of him. Of mornings in this sun-drenched cabin, of nights tangled in sweat and passion, of building a home and a future together.

She placed her hand over his, squeezing softly, anchoring herself to him.

"So could I," she whispered, the words a vow, a surrender, a joyful beginning. "So could I."

The morning light shone around them like a blessing, the air filled with the scent of coffee and cinnamon and love, the gentle sound of the lake lapping at the shore. It was a perfect, frozen moment of pure domestic bliss. A snapshot of the future she was choosing, a preview of the life she could build with him. A home. A family. Her man.

-----

The late morning had ripened into a perfect golden hour, the sun climbing higher to cast long, dappled shadows through the pines surrounding the cabin. The lake shimmered beyond the window, a plate of hammered glass reflecting the brilliant blue of the sky. Rose found Amari packing a small hamper with care. A bottle of chilled white wine. Two stemless glasses nestled beside it. Sandwiches wrapped in foil. A cluster of deep purple grapes, a wedge of sharp cheddar, a bag of salted almonds. She noticed the extra touches; the way he tucked a small cloth napkin beside the glasses, the way he added a knife for the cheese, he was a man who thought of all the small details as well as the big important ones.

He caught her watching and grinned, a slow, boyish flash of white teeth.

"A man must be prepared," he said, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through the intimate space between them. "You can't take a woman to the middle of a lake without proper provisions."

Her heart swelled, full and warm. "You thought of everything."

"I thought of you," he corrected softly, crossing the kitchen to her. He wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, pulling her back against the solid warmth of his chest. He pressed a kiss to the curve of her shoulder, his lips lingering. "Now, let's get you out on that water."

The rowboat was a classic wooden lapstrake, painted deep forest green with white trim, the name *Serenity* curling in elegant script across the stern. It rocked gently, tied to the cleat, its oars resting neatly across the thwarts.

Amari stepped onto the dock first, his bare feet sure and steady on the familiar planks. He turned and offered her his hand. She took it, her smaller hand disappearing into his grip, and let him guide her down the slightly swaying boards. The wood was cool and smooth beneath her bare soles, the warmth of the sun just beginning to seep through. She settled onto the cushioned seat, the boat dipping and swaying beneath her weight. He untied the line and stepped into the boat, and took his place at the oars.

The first stroke cut into the water with a soft, liquid shush, the oar blade slicing cleanly through the glassy surface. The boat glided forward, pulling away from the dock, from the shore, from the entire world of responsibilities and complications. The cabin receded behind them, a warm wooden jewel nestled among the pines, smoke from the morning's fire curling lazily into the sky.

Rose leaned back, propping herself on her elbows, and let her fingers trail over the side. The water was cool and silky against her skin, dark and deep and impossibly clear. In the shallows, she could see a mosaic of smooth, worn rocks and pale sand, the dark shapes of fish gliding through the sun-dappled depths.

Amari rowed with a steady, commanding rhythm. The muscles in his shoulders bunched and released beneath his thin white shirt, catching the light. The oars dipped and rose, dipped and rose, droplets of water catching the sun like scattered diamonds. He wasn't even breathing hard. He was watching her, his gaze soft and unguarded, drinking her in like she was the most beautiful view the lake had to offer.

"What?" she asked, a smile tugging at her lips.

"Nothing," he murmured, his voice carrying easily across the quiet water. "Just taking a mental photograph. I want to remember this exact moment forever."

Her cheeks flushed with a warmth that had nothing to do with the sun. "You're going to make me blush."

"Good." He dipped the oars again, the boat gliding deeper into the heart of the lake. "You're extra beautiful when you blush."

They rounded a gentle curve in the shoreline, and the landscape opened up. Other cabins came into view, scattered along the treeline, their docks reaching into the water like eager fingers. A family with young children splashed and laughed near a floating platform, their dog barking joyfully from the shore. An older couple sat on their dock, fishing rods in hand, their chairs tilted back, their heads bent close in easy conversation.

The older couple noticed them and raised a hand in a slow, friendly wave. "Good morning!" the man called out, his voice warm with a lifetime of lake-morning greetings.

Amari lifted his oar in a casual salute.

"Morning!" he called back, his voice rich and confident, a man greeting his neighbours, his people, his tribe.

Rose waved too, a bright smile blooming across her face. The older woman smiled back, her eyes crinkling, her gaze lingering on the two of them with a knowing, approving warmth. A beautiful couple, that look seemed to say. New love. Summer love. The kind that lasts.

Rose leaned into Amari's side, her body pressing against the solid warmth of his arm. She felt part of something larger than just the two of them. Part of a community, a rhythm, a life that had been playing out on this lake for generations. She was a thread being woven into the fabric of this place, and it felt like coming home.

Amari tied the boat at a small, weathered dock on the far side of the lake. A narrow trail wound upward through the pines, the path soft with decades of fallen needles, the air thick with the sharp, clean scent of resin and earth. He grabbed the picnic hamper with one hand and reached for her with the other, his fingers threading through hers, warm and sure.

"This is a great spot," he said, his voice low and intimate, as if sharing a secret. "I discovered it when I was twelve. Used to come up here to think, to get away from my cousins when they were driving me crazy."

She squeezed his hand, her heart aching with the sweetness of the shared memory. "Thank you for sharing it with me."

They climbed together, the trail winding through dappled light and cool emerald shadow. The ground was soft beneath their feet, the air filled with the rustle of leaves and the distant, melodic call of a wood thrush. He held her hand, guiding her around exposed roots and low-hanging branches, his touch gentle but firm, a constant anchor.

The trail opened suddenly into a clearing, and Rose stopped, her breath catching in her throat.

It was a revelation. A flat expanse of moss and low grass, ringed by ancient pines that stood like silent sentinels. The view was a panoramic sweep of the entire lake, the water spread out below them like a sheet of polished silver, the distant mountains hazy and blue in the afternoon light. The silence was profound, holy almost, broken only by the whisper of the wind through the needles and the faint, distant cry of a hawk circling high overhead.

"Wow," she breathed, the word escaping her lips like a prayer.

Amari spread the thick wool blanket over the softest patch of grass. He knelt, unpacking the hamper, as he arranged it all with an artist's eye, creating a small feast that was as beautiful as it was delicious.

He looked up at her, his dark eyes soft, his smile tender. "Welcome to my sanctuary," he said quietly. "Our sanctuary now."

They settled onto the blanket, the thick wool soft beneath them, the sun warm on their skin. Amari poured the wine, the pale liquid catching the light as it swirled into the glasses. They clinked the rims together, a soft, musical note that seemed to hang in the air.

"To us," he said, his voice a low, intimate murmur.

"To us," she echoed, and the wine tasted like sunshine and promise.

They ate slowly, savoring every bite. The bread was crusty and warm, the cheese creamy and rich, the grapes bursting with sweetness against her tongue. He fed her a piece of apple, his fingers brushing her lips, and she held his hand, licking the juice from his skin, her eyes holding his.

They talked for hours, the words flowing easily, naturally, like the water lapping against the shore below. He told her about the summers of his childhood. She shared her dreams of writing, of the life she wanted to build; a home, a family, a place where she belonged.

"We could have that," he said, his voice quiet but certain. "Right here. This house, this lake. I could see you writing on the porch, watching the sun set over the water. I could see our kids learning to swim from that dock, learning to fish just like I did."

Tears pricked at her eyes, warm and unexpected. "You've thought about this."

"I've thought about nothing else since you walked into my life," he admitted, his gaze holding hers, raw and unguarded. "I know it's fast. I know we're still learning each other."

But I also know what I feel. And what I feel is that I don't want to spend another day of my life without you in it."

She set down her wine glass, her hand reaching for his, their fingers intertwining across the blanket.

"I feel it too," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "Every time I'm with you, it feels like I'm exactly where I'm supposed to be."

He lifted her hand to his lips and pressed a kiss to her knuckles, soft and reverent. "Then let's make it real. Let's build it. Together."

Later, when the sun had begun its slow descent toward the mountains, casting long golden shadows across the clearing, Rose laid her head down in his lap. The wool blanket was warm beneath her cheek. His thigh was solid and firm beneath her head. His hand found her hair immediately, his fingers threading through the tangled strands with a gentleness that was almost unbearable in its tenderness.

She closed her eyes, the world behind her lids a warm, soft red. She could hear his heartbeat, steady and strong, just beneath her ear. She could feel his breath, slow and even, matching the rhythm of the wind in the pines. His fingers stroked her scalp, tracing lazy patterns, and she felt herself drifting, floating, completely safe.

A single white cloud drifted across the flawless blue of the sky, unhurried, untroubled. She smiled, her lips curving against his thigh, a deep, peaceful contentment settling into her bones.

*This is it, she thought, the words forming like a prayer in the quiet sanctuary of her mind. This is the truth of everything. Not just the passion. This. The quiet. The belonging.*

The knowledge that she was completely, utterly, and safely his. And he was completely, utterly, and safely hers.

She let herself drift, suspended in the golden late afternoon light, cradled in his warmth, wrapped in his love. The sound of the wind in the pines, the distant cry of the hawk, the soft, steady beat of his heart beneath her ear; it all blended into a single, perfect chord of peace.

*The perfect man. The perfect day. The perfect future.*

She had never felt more alive. More loved. More hers.

## **The Weight of Reality**

The sun was beginning its slow descent toward the horizon as the rowboat glided back toward the lake house dock. Rose sat nestled against Amari's side, her head on his shoulder, the gentle rhythm of the oars lulling her into a deep, contented haze. Her body still hummed with the memory of the day; the sun on her skin, the taste of wine on her

tongue, the way Amari had looked at her like she was the only thing in the world that mattered. She was glowing, floating, wrapped in a perfect bubble of peace and love.

She could stay like this forever.

But as the boat bumped gently against the dock and Amari tied it off, a little bit of reality crept back in like a shadow at the edge of her vision. Jules. He would be arriving in two days. The thought hit her like a cold splash of lake water, pulling her out of the golden dream and back into the messy, complicated truth of what she had done.

She hadn't thought of him once today. She hadn't even picked up her phone this morning to see if he had messaged her through the night, or when he returned from his shift.

Amari held the door for her, and she stepped inside. The cabin was bathed in the warm glow of the lowering sun, the wooden floors painted in shades of honey and amber. The remnants of their morning still lingered; the coffee cups by the sink, the faint scent of bacon and fresh fruit. It looked like home. It felt like hers.

But the knot in her chest was tightening.

She looked out her phone from the bottom of her bag, the screen a harsh blue glow in the dimming light. Notifications crowded the lock screen. Nine missed calls. Multiple texts. All from Jules.

She opened the message app with a thumb that felt too heavy, too slow.

*Hey, babe! Hope the weather is nice up there! Let me know when you get this!*

*Babe? You okay? Starting to get a little worried...*

*Hey... just checking in. Love you.*

*Can you please just text me when you can? Even just a word? I love you.*

Each message was a small, sharp blow to her chest. They were full of love and worry. A love that she was actively betraying. The warmth in her veins turned cold, congealing into a dense, sick knot of guilt that settled low in her stomach.

Her throat tightened. She could feel the tears pricking at the edges of her eyes, hot and unwanted.

"Shit..." she whispered, the word barely audible, a breath of surrender.

Amari walked in from the kitchen, his own phone in his hand. His expression was calm, but his eyes found her immediately, scanning her face, reading the tension in her shoulders.

"I've got missed calls from Jules too," he said, his voice low and measured.

She looked up at him, and the weight of it all came crashing down.

"I don't know what to do, Amari." Her voice cracked, the words spilling out in a raw, unguarded rush. "I need to sit him down and tell him the truth, but it's going to break him. He doesn't deserve this. He doesn't deserve any of this."

She sank onto the edge of the couch, the leather cool beneath her thighs, the phone clutched in her hand like a piece of evidence. She felt small. Guilty. Caught between the life she had built and the life she had found.

Amari set his phone down on the kitchen counter, the soft click of plastic against wood loud in the quiet room. He crossed to her with the slow grace of a man who knew exactly what he was doing. He lowered himself to his knees in front of her, his large hands finding hers, prying the phone from her grip and setting it aside. His eyes met hers, steady and calm, a deep well of quiet strength.

"Hey," he said softly, his voice a balm over the raw edges of her panic. "Look at me."

She did. His gaze held her, grounding her, pulling her back from the spiral.

"You don't have to figure it all out right now, or tonight," he said, squeezing her fingers. His thumbs traced slow circles across the backs of her hands, a gentle, grounding rhythm.

"Send him a message. Tell him you're fine, the signal is bad up here, and you'll call him tomorrow. That's all he needs right now. That's all you need to do right now."

She shook her head, a tear slipping free and tracing a hot line down her cheek. "But—"

"We have tonight and tomorrow, completely to ourselves," he interrupted, his voice firm but tender. "Tomorrow, we'll figure out how we deal with Jules. Together."

He lifted her hands and pressed a kiss to her knuckles, his lips warm and deliberate. "You're not alone in this, Rose. Not ever again. I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere."

The words wrapped around her like a warm blanket, easing the knot in her chest, loosening the tightness in her throat. She wasn't alone. She had him. She leaned forward, pressing her forehead against his, breathing him in.

"Okay," she whispered, her voice fragile but steadier. "Together."

She picked up her phone again, her fingers steadier now. She typed out her message.

Amari pulled her into his embrace. Wrapped in his arms, his heartbeat steady and strong against her ear, she could feel the shape of the future he had promised. It was real. It was waiting for her. And she wanted it with a ferocity that surprised her.

Tomorrow, they would work out together how to face the weight and the wreckage of telling Jules. But tonight, the lake house still glowed amber in the twilight, and the man who held her was whispering the promise of a perfect life against her skin.

She closed her eyes. *Enjoy the night, tomorrow can wait.* She told herself.

-----

It was early evening and the apartment was dark and silent.

Jules sat on the couch, surrounded by the glow of Amari's laptop screen, the only light in the room. Empty coffee cups and crumpled tissues littered the coffee table. His eyes were red, burning with exhaustion and worry. He had barely slept. He hadn't eaten. He hadn't showered.

He had given up pretending he could sleep three hours ago. Four hours ago. Time had dissolved into a single, looping reel of flesh and moans and that monstrous black cock.

He double clicked a file named "*Theresa*".

The video loaded with a soft chime, and the scene filled the screen. Another blonde with heavy tits that swayed as Amari bent her over the kitchen counter. The granite countertop. The same space where he and Rose had eaten breakfast a few mornings ago.

On screen, Amari's body was a study in power; defined muscles coiling and releasing with every deep thrust. And his cock. God, his cock. It was a weapon. It emerged from her pussy slick and glistening, impossibly thick, impossibly long, stretching her open in a way that looked painful and ecstatic all at once.

"You like that, don't you?" Amari's voice came through the laptop speakers, low and smooth, a velvet command. "Tell me how much you love this big black cock."

The woman's response was a broken stream of filthy praise. "God, yes, I love it... You're so much bigger than my husband... please don't stop, please, please..."

Jules watched, frozen, his hand resting limply on his own thigh. He didn't want to touch himself again. He had sworn he wouldn't... But his cock stirred, fattened, pressed against his boxers with a throbbing insistence that made him sick.

He hated himself. He hated the way his stomach clenched with disgust every time the woman screamed. He hated the way he imagined Rose in her place. Rose's face superimposed itself over the blonde's. Rose's blue eyes, glazed with lust, looking up at Amari with the same slack-jawed worship. Rose's full lips stretched around that thick shaft, her throat bulging as she took it deeper.

"She wouldn't want this," Jules whispered to the empty room, his voice a ragged croak. "She wants love. She wants connection. She wants me."

But the screen showed him women breaking. It showed women surrendering to a pleasure so vast it erased every other thought, every other loyalty. It showed them becoming property, owned and claimed, crying out in languages of pure, primal need.

Jules clicked on the next file. And the next. Each one blurred into the next; blonde after blonde, curvy after curvy, all of them bearing a disturbing resemblance to Rose. Same body type. Same hair color. Same soft, full lips.

*He has a type. And that type is probably sitting across from him at the kitchen table in some remote lake house, right now!* He thought, as his stomach churned.

He had stroked himself raw over these videos. Four times. Five. He had lost count of how many orgasms he had wrung from his aching, overused balls while imagining Rose on her knees, Rose bent over that counter, Rose taking that monstrous cock down her throat. The shame was a thick, suffocating blanket, but the arousal was a fire he couldn't extinguish. Every time he swore he would stop, his hand drifted back down. Every time he closed the laptop, he sat looking at his phone waiting for her to message back. And when the wait went on, he pictured why she might not be calling back. He pictured her naked on a bed. He pictured her face, as Amari climbed between her legs. And every time, his fingers found the laptop and opened it again.

He was addicted to his own torment.

The ping of his phone finally shattered the spell.

Jules jolted upright, his heart hammering. He scrambled for the device, his fingers clumsy and slick and sticky with sweat and pre cum. The screen was bright in the dark room, a single notification glowing like a lifeline.

*Rose.* He almost sobbed with relief. He opened the message, his breath held tight in his chest.

*Hey, signal is terrible up here but I'm fine. The lake is gorgeous. See you soon.*

He read the words once. Twice. Three times.

No babe. No I love you. No kisses. No warmth. No emoji. Nothing that sounded like her. The words were sterile. Clinical. They read like a report, a formality, something dashed off to satisfy an obligation. They felt dictated. Or stolen.

He stared at the screen, and the knot in his stomach tightened into a cold, hard stone. This wasn't the Rose who sent him good morning texts with a dozen heart emojis. This wasn't the Rose who called him just to hear his voice. This was a stranger writing from a place he couldn't reach.

His gaze drifted back to the laptop. The video player was paused on a final image: the blonde woman on her knees, her eyes locked on Amari's cock, her tongue tracing her lips in anticipation. Waiting. Worshipping.

*That wasn't Rose who messaged me... What if Amari was the one who messaged me back. What if Amari was doing something to Rose right now? Against her will?*

A multitude of thoughts hit him like a physical blow. His vision swam. The bile rose hot and acidic in his throat.

"Fuck this," he grated out, the words raw and broken.

He grabbed his phone and stabbed at the keypad. The line rang twice before a tired voice answered.

"Hey... it's Jules. A family emergency has come up. I can't make it in tonight. Please find cover for my shift."

The lie felt good. It felt like action. It felt like the first thing he had done right all day. He hung up without waiting for a response. He didn't bother to clean up the wreckage of tissues and mugs. He put a pair of jeans on and snatched his keys from the hook by the door.

The door clicked shut behind him, the sound final and hollow.

His little car sat waiting, a tired, faithful machine that had never let him down.

Jules gripped the steering wheel, his knuckles white. He didn't know what he would do when he got there. He didn't know if he was coming to rescue her or if he would find Rose reading a book, smiling at him when she noticed the surprise of his arrival.

But he was going. He had to see for himself.

## **A Summer Storm**

Rose was completely naked. The lamplight painted her skin in warm gold and deep shadow, highlighting the heavy curve of her breasts, the tight peaks of her nipples, the glistening trail of moisture on her inner thighs. She was a vision of raw, unapologetic need, her eyes blazing with a hunger that matched his.

She bent forward, her palms bracing against the wall, her spine arching into a deep, offering curve. Her ass pressed back against the heavy, thick weight of his cock, trapped between them, a promise of what was to come.

"Fuck me like this," she demanded, her voice husky and commanding. "I want to feel every single inch of it, while I push back on you."

Amari groaned in appreciation of her hunger. His hands closed over her hips, thumbs pressing into the soft dimples just above her ass. But he didn't move. He stood still, a pillar of dark, waiting power, letting the silence stretch, letting her feel the weight of her own request. He was giving her the reins.

Rose reached back and guided his cock down through her soaked folds, dragging it against her swollen clit before pressing it firmly against the tightness of her entrance.

She pushed back. Hard.

A long, broken moan tore from her throat as she impaled herself on him. The stretch was still immense, still devastating, a deep, parting invasion that made her toes curl against the wooden floor. But she was soaked and ready, her pussy swallowing him in a greedy, velvet grip until her ass was flush against him, his cock buried all the way inside her.

"God... yes..." she gasped, her forehead resting against the cool wood.

She began to rock. Thrusting back onto him with deep, powerful strokes that made the tendons in her neck stand out. Her ass slapped wetly against his thighs, the sound sharp

and rhythmic in the quiet room. She was fucking herself on him, using his body as an instrument for her own pleasure, her own release.

"Fuck, Amari... I love that big black cock... love fucking myself with it."

He let her take control. His hands gripped her waist, steadying her, but he didn't thrust. He let her set the pace, let her grind and bounce and take what she needed. Her tits swung wildly beneath her with every backward thrust, the motion visible in the reflection of the dark mirror across the room, a mesmerising dance of flesh.

But Amari was not built for passivity. He had let her control things for long enough.

A growl rumbled from his chest, low and dangerous. His hands slid from her waist to her hips, fingers digging deep into the soft flesh. He surged forward, driving her onto the bed. Rose sprawled across the rumpled sheets, a gasp escaping her lips as the air was forced from her lungs. He followed her down, a dark avalanche of muscle and heat. His chest pressed against her spine, his weight crushing her into the mattress, pinning her completely. His legs tangled with hers, spreading her wide, leaving her completely vulnerable beneath him.

"Look at you," he growled, his lips brushing the shell of her ear. "Taking this cock so deep. My perfect little slut."

She whimpered, her fingers clawing at the sheets as he began to move. Slow, deep strokes that stirred her to the core. Each thrust drove his thick cock into her with a wet, sucking sound, the headboard knocking against the wall in a steady, building rhythm.

"Harder," she begged, her voice muffled by the mattress. "Don't stop. Fuck me harder."

He gave her what she wanted.

His hips slammed down, driving into her with punishing, pounding strokes that made the bed frame groan, the springs screaming in protest. Rose screamed into the mattress, as an orgasm ripped through her. Her body convulsed beneath him, her pussy clamping down around him in violent waves. She was completely undone, a mess of pleasure beneath his weight, his cock plunging deep with every thrust.

He slowed, pulling out until just the tip remained, dragging against her sensitive walls. The absence was a cruel tease, leaving her gasping and empty.

"You look about ready to tap out, Rose." Amari challenged her.

"No..." she whined, thrashing beneath him. "Never... Don't stop..."

She wasn't going to let him win that easily.

With a surge of desperate strength, she bucked and rolled, dumping him off balance, forcing him off the bed. He landed on the floor with a surprised grunt, his back against the wall, his cock standing slick and rigid, glistening with her juices in the dim light.

She was on him in a heartbeat.

She threw a leg over his hips, straddling him in reverse, facing his feet. Her pussy was a dripping, swollen invitation, the lips parted and slick. She didn't wait. She reached down, aligned the head with her soaked slit, and slammed down onto him.

"Fuck!"

The angle was devastating. She could feel every ridge, every vein of his massive shaft as it filled her completely, rubbing against a spot deep inside her that sent stars bursting behind her eyes. Her back arched, her spine a beautiful curve, her sweat-slick skin glowing in the faint light. Her hands braced on his legs for leverage as she began to ride him.

Not a gentle rocking, but a fierce, furious bouncing. Her ass rippled with every slam down, the sounds of her fucking him hard filling the cabin. She leaned back, driving him deeper, grinding her clit against his pelvis with every rotation.

"This cock was made for my tight white pussy," she gasped, breathless, her hips working like a piston. "And this pussy was made for your cock. We're perfect together... fuck, you feel so good inside me..."

Amari groaned beneath her, his head falling back against the wall, his eyes rolling back in pure pleasure. His hands gripped her ass, fingers pressing into the soft cheeks, guiding her rhythm faster, harder. He was completely lost in her, a willing sacrifice to her insatiable hunger.

They were a storm. Sexual equals. Both aggressive, both insatiable, both demanding the absolute filthiest pleasure from each other.

Rose threw her head back, her hair swinging wildly, as another orgasm tore through her. It was violent, consuming, a white-hot explosion that left her screaming. Her walls clamped down around him, milking him with frantic, pulsing waves. "I'm cumming again... fuck, I love your cock so much!"

Outside. Jules little car crawled to a halt as the gravel driveway came into view. He pulled off the main road, parking far enough away that the headlights wouldn't reach the cabin.

The lake house stood quiet in the darkness, a single warm light glowing in one of the upstairs windows.

He sat behind the wheel, heart hammering, staring at the house. It was a beautiful summer night, stars shining, cool breeze blowing. But something felt wrong. It felt like a storm was brewing.

He gripped the steering wheel tighter, his knuckles white.

He had to know.

**The End Of Part 6.**

**Part 7 Coming Soon.**

