

## A Bit Of Bad Luck Part 2

### The Grind

Jules emerged from the bedroom, the heat of the shower still clinging to his skin like a second layer. The apartment carried the scent of the dinner he had prepped earlier; chicken stir-fried with bell peppers, onions, and a hint of ginger and garlic; wafting from the kitchen. He padded across the cool hardwood floor, drawn by the rhythmic chop of a knife against a cutting board. Rose stood at the granite island, her blonde hair pulled into a messy ponytail, strands escaping to frame her flushed face. She focused intently on slicing green onions, but her knife hesitated mid-cut, her posture rigid, as if the weight of the afternoon pressed down on her shoulders.

He leaned against the wall for a moment, watching her, his heart twisting at the subtle signs of distress: the way her lips pressed into a thin line, the slight tremor in her hands. The shower incident replayed in his mind; the echo of her shriek, the blur of steam, and that horrifying glimpse of Amari's enormous cock swinging free, before she bolted. *God, please let the steam have hidden it all.* He couldn't bear the thought of her seeing that monster up close, comparing it to his own average length, the one she claimed satisfied her just fine.

“Hey, beautiful,” he said, his voice gentle as he stepped closer, wrapping his arms around her from behind. She stiffened briefly before leaning back into him, her body warm and soft against his damp chest. “Thanks for finishing up dinner. It smells incredible.”

Rose set the knife down with a soft clink, turning in his embrace to face him. Her blue eyes met his, shadowed by something unspoken, but she mustered a small smile. “No problem. You did most of the work anyway. Sit, I'll plate it for us.”

He released her reluctantly, pulling out a stool at the island. As she stirred the pan, the sizzle of vegetables filled the brief silence. Jules rubbed the back of his neck, the words tumbling out before he could overthink them.

“Rose, about the shower... I'm really sorry. I had no idea you might consider coming in there. I Should've let you know that Amari was there too. It was a total mess.”

She paused, spatula hovering over the wok, her gaze flicking to the floor. A faint blush coloured her cheeks, and for a heartbeat, her mind clearly drifted back to that steamy haze: the sudden reveal of Amari, water cascading over the ridges of muscle. So vastly different from Jules's body, that had been right there beside him, soapy and unassuming. She shook it off, forcing her voice to stay light.

“It's fine, Jules. Honestly, it was mostly my own fault for coming in there unannounced. I was trying to sneak in and surprise you; thought we could have a quick, fun moment together before you head out for your shift. Steamy reunion, you know?”

He searched her face, desperate for reassurance, his fingers drumming lightly on the counter. “Did you... see anything? Him, I mean? Did he catch sight of you?”

Rose took a slow breath, her eyes glazing over for a split second as the image resurfaced: that massive cock, veined and heavy, slapping wetly against her stomach in the mist. The sheer size of it, dwarfing everything else in the room, especially Jules's smaller, pink-tipped penis that she had glimpsed through the fog. Heat pooled low in her belly at the memory, unbidden and shameful. But she couldn't let Jules see that fracture; it would crush him. She blinked, composing herself, and reached for two plates.

“Luckily the steam was insane. Like a wall of it. I barely made out his face, then I heard his voice, that’s when it registered. But no, we didn’t see each other’s bodies, so don’t stress about it. It was just a close call, nothing more.”

She slid a plate in front of him, the food steaming invitingly, and offered a brighter smile, one that crinkled the corners of her eyes. Jules exhaled, tension easing from his shoulders as he pulled her onto the stool beside him, their thighs brushing. “Okay, good. Yeah, total accident. Suppose it’s to be expected when 3 people share one small space. Let’s eat before it gets cold.”

They dug in, forks scraping against ceramic, the normal rhythm of their life asserting itself. Rose speared a piece of chicken, popping it into her mouth, and chewed thoughtfully. “So, tell me about the shift. You survived your first night; how was it really?”

Jules swallowed a bite, his face lighting up with a mix of exhaustion and pride. “Intense at first; the lobby was packed with late check-ins, drunks stumbling in from the bars and I had no real clue what I was meant to be doing. But Victor, the manager, he was great. Showed me the ropes, promised me all the overtime I want. Double pay for those too. If I hustle, we could be back on our feet in no time and looking for our own place!”

She nodded, squeezing his knee under the counter, her touch grounding. “That sounds promising. I'm proud of you, seriously. And I can always pick up a part time job to help speed things up...Anyway, how did you sleep? Did you manage to adjust and get some? I couldn’t imagine sleeping when the sun is glaring outside!”

He chuckled, wiping his mouth with a napkin. “Nice subtle slide from the part time job comment into changing the subject babe... I Slept like a baby under that duvet, you know me I like the heat. Felt cozy, like you were there wrapping me up. Though the sun did wake me too early; apartment’s like a greenhouse in the afternoon... And as for the part time job. Absolutely not! You concentrate on your classes, and let me take care of you until you graduate!”

Laughter bubbled between them as they traded stories: her recounting a disastrous group project in her seminar, where a classmate had misquoted a scientific paper so badly it sparked a ten-minute debate; him mimicking Victor's gruff instructions on handling rowdy guests. Their knees knocked playfully, fingers intertwined over the empty plates, the cozy domesticity washing away the earlier awkwardness. For those minutes, it was just them again; Jules and Rose against the world, unbreakable.

As the clock ticked toward his shift, Jules stood to clear the dishes, but Rose waved him off. “Go get ready for your shift. I'll handle this.”

In the bedroom, he buttoned his uniform shirt, the crisp fabric a reminder of stability, and glanced at her folding a basket of laundry on the bed. The question had lingered all evening, tied to the extra duvet he had found by the bed.

“Hey, last night; how’d it go for you? Sleep okay sharing the bed? It wasn't too weird, right? I saw the big duvet kicked around; you didn't overheat or anything?”

Rose's hands stilled on a pair of his socks, her mind flashing to the truth: the stifling warmth of the thick duvet driving her to shove it aside in the wee hours, sliding under the cool silk sheets instead. Amari's body radiated heat like a bonfire, drawing her closer in sleep until she woke tangled against him; her head nestled on the firm plane of his chest, blonde hair spilling over dark skin, fingers tracing the chiseled valleys of his abs without conscious thought. The rhythm of his breathing had lulled her into the deepest rest she'd ever known, safe yet electrified. Guilt crashed over her now, sharp as a slap. No more of that. The duvet would be her fortress tonight.

She folded the socks neatly, keeping her tone breezy. “Slept okay, I guess. Not my best night; the duvet was warm, like sleeping in an oven. And yeah, I missed you. Bed felt strange without your body next to mine. Your cute soft snoring.”

Jules's eyes softened, a grin spreading as he crossed to her, enveloping her in a tight hug. Her curves molded to his softer frame, his chin resting on her head. “Aw, babe. Only a month or two of this craziness. I'll grab every overtime shift, stack the cash, and we'll be golden.”

She clung to him, inhaling his clean soap scent, the lie dissolving in the comfort of his arms. “Can't wait.”

“Back to the grind,” Jules, said as he kissed her goodbye at the door.

The front door latched with a finality that echoed through the quiet apartment. Rose lingered in the living room, stacking dishes in the sink, the water running hot over her hands. From the bedroom hallway, Amari appeared, his limp more pronounced now, right leg dragging slightly as he favoured the left. But his dark eyes twinkled with that irrepressible mischief, a broad smile cracking his handsome face as he eased toward the kitchen island.

“Well, if it isn't my favourite roommate,” he drawled, gripping the counter for support “Still thinking about that shower peep show? You looked like you'd seen a ghost; or maybe something bigger.”

Mortification heated her face instantly, her cheeks burning as she dried her hands on a towel, refusing to meet his gaze. The memory assaulted her: his enormous cock, thick as her arm, swinging pendulously in the steam, veins pulsing under the dark skin, the head glistening with water droplets like a tantalising tease.

“Shut up, Amari. You must've imagined it. The steam was a total blackout; I couldn't see jack.”

“Oh, so you were trying to look then?” He teased.

“In your dreams,” she laughed back at him.

He laughed, a deep, rumbling sound that filled the space, as he hobbled to the fridge, pulling out a beer.

“Nah. I saw you staring Rose. Your eyes were popping out of your sockets! And I got an eyeful of you too. That body of yours is killer! Stacked doesn't even cover it. Why you hiding it with all those loose fitting clothes of yours? A body like that, should be proudly on display!”

“Enough Amari!” she hissed, slamming the towel down, her arms crossing defensively over her chest, nipples tightening traitorously at the crude praise. “I'm not in the mood for your games, it's totally inappropriate even if you are just playing. Back off.”

Amari held up his hands, still grinning, popping the beer tab with a hiss. “Alright, alright. Message received. No more shower talk.”

He limped around the island, wincing as he reached for a plate of leftovers, the motion pulling at his injured thigh.

Rose watched, her irritation softening into reluctant concern. “What's the deal with your leg? Jules said something about a hiking injury?”

“Twisted my quad pretty good I think, maybe the groin too. Sharp pain every step. Feels like fire up there.” He grimaced, forking some cold leftovers into his mouth.

She couldn't help a smirk, leaning against the counter. “Sounds like karma. For peeping at me like a creep.”

He barked a laugh, nearly choking on his bite. “Karma? If that's how it works, you'd be on crutches yourself. Girl, your eyes were locked on my dong like it was the eighth wonder.”

“You do have the biggest... ego. It's obvious now why you don't have a steady girlfriend!” she retorted, but her voice lacked bite, the banter stirring an unwelcome warmth between her legs. She got up and began preparing him something to eat.

“Here, sit your ass down before you fall. I'll heat this up. Can't have you collapsing on my watch.”

Amari sank onto the stool with a sigh of relief, his massive frame making the seat creak. “I could get used to this hot girlfriend treatment. Did little Jules get off to work ok?”

The little Jules remark hit like a spark to dry tinder, her mind snapping back to the shower: Jules's dick, tiny and pale, shrivelled innocently under the spray, utterly eclipsed by Amari's beast. Her pussy clenched at the stark contrast in size and virility, slickness gathering despite the anger flaring in her chest.

“Why the hell do you call him that?” she demanded, voice edged with steel as she microwaved the plate. “It's rude as shit. He's not little; he's my boyfriend. Show some respect.”

Amari shrugged, his expression turning sheepish, though the grin lingered. “Old nickname from high school days. The guys in gym class ribbed him about... well, you know. Won't say it again if it gets under your skin like that.”

“Good,” she said curtly, sliding the steaming plate to him. “Eat. And give me peace.”

Whilst Amari ate his dinner, Rose tucked into some ice cream from the freezer. They shared the meal in a charged quiet, the clink of cutlery punctuating light conversation; his disastrous trail mishap, limping back down the hill for 2 miles before he got back to his car. But even as he talked, her glances strayed to the bulge in his shorts, the fabric outlining the heavy weight of his cock even at rest, a constant undercurrent pulling at her resolve.

As midnight approached, they retreated to the bedroom, the city lights casting silvery patterns across the king-sized bed. Rose was determined this time, unfolding the thick duvet with deliberate care and draping it over her side like a wall, creating a clear divide from Amari's silk sheet. She changed into her pyjamas; a soft tank top that hugged her full breasts and loose shorts that rode up her thighs, slipping under the heavy fabric. The weight pressed down, warm and insulating, a barrier against the pull of his presence. Amari settled on his side with a grunt, the mattress compressing under his weight. But soon, soft groans escaped him, his hand rubbing insistently at the top of his thigh, fingers pressing into the muscle through his thin shorts. He shifted restlessly, the bed creaking, his discomfort radiating like heat waves.

"Can't get comfortable?" Rose asked, rolling onto her side to face the duvet wall, her voice muffled but concerned.

"It's throbbing bad," he admitted, voice strained. "The strain might be deeper than I thought. The shower and heat packs help, but I might need real pressure to loosen it."

She bit her lip, debating. "You should book a physio tomorrow. Or go see your doctor. Limping around like that isn't sustainable."

He sighed, the sound heavy in the dark. "Yeah, probably. But right now? It's a massage I need. A solid massage would do wonders. What do you say? Just ten minutes on the thigh and groin; work out the knot. Otherwise, I'll be flipping like a fish all night, keeping you awake too."

Rose hesitated, the intimacy of the request hanging thick in the air. It was innocent enough; helping a friend in pain, nothing more. He'd been generous with the apartment, the job lead; turning him down now would feel ungrateful. And the thought of a sleepless night beside his tossing bulk soured her stomach.

"Alright," she conceded finally, voice firm. "But strictly ten minutes. And none of your funny business."

"You're a lifesaver," he murmured, tugging his shorts up to expose the injured leg, the dark skin gleaming faintly in the low light from the bedside lamp.

She kicked off the duvet to the ground, the cool air raising goosebumps on her arms as she knelt beside him, knees sinking into the mattress. Her hands, still soft from bedtime lotion, pressed into the firm quad muscle, fingers kneading with steady pressure. Amari's thigh was rock-hard under her touch, corded with power from years of athletics, the skin warm and smooth. He let out a low hum of approval, his body relaxing incrementally.

"Deep breaths," she instructed, working lower, her palms gliding toward the inner thigh. "Tell me if the pain and pressure is too much."

“Right there; yeah, the groin ties in, get in there too!” he said, voice dropping an octave. Her fingers ventured higher, encouraged by his guidance, thumbs digging into the sensitive crease where thigh met torso, mere inches from the radiating heat of his crotch. The air grew thicker, charged, and through the taut fabric of his shorts; thin cotton that left little to the imagination, the outline of his cock became impossible to ignore. It pressed heavily against the opposite thigh, the thick shaft curving slightly in repose, the bulbous head creating a pronounced ridge that strained the seam. Even flaccid, it dwarfed anything she'd encountered, a substantial weight that made her throat tighten, her mouth watering inexplicably as a forbidden curiosity stirred, unbidden images from the shower resurfacing: that meaty slap against her stomach, the veined girth swinging free.

Her eyes darted there once, tracing the impressive length snaking down his leg, then twice, before snapping back to her task with a jolt of guilt, cheeks warming in the dim light. But the sight lingered in her periphery, imprinting itself as she pressed harder, muscles bunching and releasing under her hands. Then she saw it; the first twitch, a subtle pulse as the cock stirred to life, lengthening against the fabric, the material shifting with a soft rasp as blood surged in, thickening the outline into something more insistent.

“Fuck, that feels amazing,” Amari groaned, his hips lifting subtly into her touch. “Harder, Rose. Really dig in; don't hold back.”

The command sent a jolt through her, her own body responding against her will: nipples peaking against the thin tank, a slick ache building in her pussy, lips swelling with need. She rubbed deeper, fingers brushing the edge of the groin, the cock now half-erect, tenting the shorts obscenely, the head flaring wider, pre-cum darkening the fabric.

“Your hands are magic,” he continued, voice husky, laced with pleasure. “Keep going just like that; yeah, baby girl, right there.”

The pet name hit like a slap; 'baby girl', intimate and possessive, yanking her from the hypnotic rhythm of her strokes. Her face burned, arousal warring with panic as she realized how wet she was, thighs pressing together to quell the throb. The outline of his cock pulsed again, fully hardening now, a monstrous length straining the seams, as it promised to pop free from its confines, begging for attention she couldn't give.

“That's enough,” she blurted, yanking her hands away, heart pounding. “Should be better now.”

She scrambled off the bed, fleeing to the bathroom, the door clicking shut behind her. Under the harsh fluorescent light, she twisted the faucet to cold, plunging her hands beneath the stream, scrubbing as if to erase the feel of his skin. Her reflection stared back; cheeks flushed crimson, breaths coming in shallow gasps, nipples tenting the fabric like beacons of betrayal. Lower, her shorts clung damply, pussy lips puffy and slick with arousal.

“God, what the hell is wrong with me?” she whispered, voice cracking, fingers trembling as desire and self-loathing twisted inside her.

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Rose lingered in the bathroom doorway, her pulse still racing from the massage, the cold water having done little to douse the fire low in her belly. She wiped her hands on a hand

towel, avoiding her reflection, and padded back to the bedroom on bare feet. The air felt cooler now, the bedside lamp casting a soft amber glow over the rumpled sheets. Amari lay propped on one elbow, his broad chest rising and falling steadily, the outline of his erection having subsided under the thin fabric of his shorts. He looked up as she approached, his dark eyes warm with gratitude.

"Thanks again, Rose," he said, his voice low and sincere. "That hit the spot. I feel so much better already; I think I'll be able to sleep now."

She managed a small smile, climbing onto her side of the bed and pulling the silk sheet up to her chin. The fabric whispered against her skin, cool and inviting after the heat of her embarrassment.

"I'm glad I could help," she replied softly, tucking her legs beneath her. "Just don't push it tomorrow. Rest your leg if you can."

"Will do." He reached over and flicked off the lamp, plunging the room into darkness broken only by the faint city glow filtering through the blinds. "Goodnight, Rose. Sleep well."

"You too," she murmured, her voice fading as she settled deeper into the mattress. As her eyes adjusted to the shadows, she realized she'd slipped fully under the silk sheet and had left the heavy duvet abandoned in a heap on the floor. She considered retrieving it, building that barrier again, but the silk clung to her body like a lover's caress, moulding to the swell of her breasts and the curve of her hips. It felt too comfortable, too luxurious to disrupt. *I'll sleep better like this*, she told herself, closing her eyes and willing her mind to quiet.

Sleep came swiftly, pulling her under like a riptide. The dream unfurled in fragments at first; steamy wisps of the shower, the humid air thick against her skin. She stood there again, naked and exposed, water droplets beading on her curves as Amari's form materialised through the mist. His body loomed, all hard planes and rippling muscle, dark skin glistening under the spray. But it was his cock that dominated the vision, swaying heavily between his thighs as he turned toward her, thick and veined, the foreskin partially peeled back to reveal a flared, plum-coloured head.

In the dream, her hand moved of its own accord, reaching out to wrap around that massive shaft. Her fingers barely met, the girth pulsing hot against her palm as she stroked upward, feeling the veins throb under her touch.

"I need it," she whispered, her voice husky with desperation, knees weakening as arousal flooded her core. "It's so big... so beautiful."

The words escaped her lips, her pussy clenching with empty need, slick juices coating her thighs. She sank to her knees in the dream shower, the water pounding her back, and parted her lips to take the head into her mouth, tongue swirling over the salty slit, sucking greedily as the cock hardened further, stretching her jaw.

The dampness between her legs grew, a warm trickle soaking through her shorts, her clit throbbing for friction. She ground her hips in the dream, humping the air, chasing relief as Amari's hands tangled in her blonde hair, guiding her deeper onto his length. Her pussy

ached, walls fluttering, desperate to be filled by that enormous cock, stretched wide until she screamed.

Her eyes fluttered open, the dream dissolving into the dim reality of the bedroom. But the sensations lingered; the wetness soaking her folds, the insistent pulse of her clit, the press of a hard, muscled body flush against her back. It was morning, and she was curled in the small spoon position, her ass nestled against Amari's groin, and something rigid and unyielding prodded her through their clothes: his cock, fully erect, trapped between them like a steel rod, the heat of it searing through the thin barriers of fabric.

A gasp escaped her as awareness crashed in. Her hips rolled instinctively, pushing back, grinding her ass cheeks along the length of his shaft. The friction sent sparks shooting up her spine, her soaked pussy lips parting slightly under the pressure, clit dragging against the seam of her shorts. She froze, breath hitching, wondering if he'd grabbed her in the night, pulled her close in his sleep. But a glance over her shoulder revealed Amari still deep in slumber, his face relaxed, chest rising evenly, one arm draped loosely over the pillow—not her.

It was her body betraying her, her own gyrations seeking more of that delicious pressure. She could feel every inch of him: the thick base nestled against her ass, the veined shaft curving upward to rest hot and heavy between her cheeks, the bulbous head twitching faintly against her skin. Her pussy throbbed in response, juices flooding her entrance, making her shorts cling wetly to her swollen folds. *What am I doing?* she thought, panic mingling with the haze of lust. But even as the question formed, her hips betrayed her again, rolling in a slow circle, pressing her cleft directly onto the ridge of his cock. Pleasure shuddered through her, a low moan building in her throat as her clit pulsed with the contact, her nipples hardening against the silk sheet.

The shock of it yanked her fully awake. She jerked forward, scrambling out of his embrace, her heart hammering like a drum in her chest. The bed dipped slightly under her sudden movement, but Amari didn't stir, his breathing unchanged. Rose bolted from the bed, bare feet slapping the cool floor as she fled to the bathroom, slamming the door behind her with a soft click. She leaned against the sink, breaths coming in ragged bursts, her reflection wild-eyed and flushed in the mirror. Her tank top was askew, one strap fallen down her shoulder, exposing the full curve of her breast, nipple stiff and begging for touch. Lower, her shorts were a dark patch of dampness, her thighs slick with arousal, pussy still aching from the denied friction.

"God, no," she whispered to herself, pressing her thighs together to stem the flow, but it only heightened the sensitivity, another wave of need clenching her core. Her body had betrayed her completely, grinding on him like some desperate slut in the night, chasing the ghost of that massive cock from her dream. Shame burned hot in her cheeks, mixing with the unresolved lust that left her trembling. She turned on the faucet, splashing cold water on her face, determined to wash away the evidence before dawn broke and the day forced her to face him again.

## **Better In Bed**

Rose stirred in the kitchen, the aroma of fresh coffee mingling with the slightly burnt toast she'd just removed from the toaster. Sunlight streamed through the large windows, casting

a warm glow over the open-plan space. She wore a simple oversized t-shirt that skimmed her thighs, her blonde hair tied back in a loose ponytail, still tousled from sleep. The events of the night before lingered in her mind like a half-remembered fever dream; the massage, the dream, the grinding, the betrayal of her own body; but she pushed them down, focusing instead on the routine of breakfast. She poured herself a mug of coffee, the steam rising in lazy curls, when Amari limped in from the bedroom, his athletic frame clad in loose gym shorts and a fitted tank top that hugged his broad shoulders and defined chest.

"Morning, Rose," he said, his voice gravelly from sleep as he eased onto a stool at the island. He flexed his leg experimentally, a small smile tugging at his lips.

"Morning. How's the leg feeling?" she asked, sliding a plate of sliced fruit toward him to keep her hands busy.

"So much better after that massage. Seriously, you have magic hands." He reached for a strawberry, popping it into his mouth, his dark eyes meeting hers with genuine appreciation. "Thanks again. I owe you one."

She felt a flush creep up her neck at the memory of her palms gliding over his skin, the heat of his muscles under her touch.

"I'm just glad it helped," she replied, forcing a casual smile as she buttered her toast. "It's no big deal."

Amari nodded, sipping his coffee. "Did you sleep well?"

The question hit her like a spark. For a split second, her mind flashed to the dream: that enormous cock in the shower, her hand wrapping around its thick girth, the desperate ache in her pussy as she sucked it deep. Then the reality of her waking up as his small spoon, her ass grinding back against his hardness, the slick wetness soaking her shorts, her hips rolling in shameless need. She blinked it away, heat pooling low in her belly.

"I slept okay," she said, her voice steadier than she felt. In truth, it was the second night in a row of the deepest, cosiest sleep she'd ever known, wrapped in the silk sheets and the subtle warmth of his presence. "How about you?"

He leaned back, rubbing the back of his neck, a sheepish grin breaking through. "Weird sleep, actually. I hope you don't find this inappropriate, but I woke up this morning hornier than I can remember. Had this wild dream about some girl pressed up against me. Felt so real; like her body was right there, grinding on me. Woke me up hard as a rock."

Guilt twisted in her gut like a knife. Had her unconscious movements stirred him? Had she been the girl in his dream, her ass cheeks parting around the rigid length of his cock through their clothes? She stared into her coffee, her pulse quickening.

"That sounds... intense," she murmured, not trusting herself to say more.

"Yeah, it was." He set his mug down, his expression turning serious. "This whole setup is going to be hard for me. I'm used to having female company most nights; taking care of my needs, you know? Not saying I regret helping you and Jules, but it's an adjustment."

Rose's mind raced. The last thing she wanted was to cramp his style, make him resent their intrusion.

"You don't have to change that for us," she said quickly, meeting his gaze. "If you want to have your girlfriend or whoever over for a couple of hours, go ahead. I can make myself scarce. We're the ones imposing here."

He chuckled softly, the sound warm and disarming. "Appreciate that. You're too kind, Rose. We'll figure it out."

The conversation shifted to lighter topics; her class schedule, his life at the hotel, but the undercurrent of tension hummed between them, electric and unspoken.

By early evening, Rose returned from her afternoon lecture, her backpack slung over one shoulder, feeling the weight of the day lift as she spotted Jules in the living room. He looked up from his phone, his ginger hair tousled, glasses slightly askew, and his face lit with a genuine smile that made her heart swell.

"Hey, you," she said, crossing the room to wrap her arms around him from behind the couch. He pulled her onto his lap, kissing her softly, his hands gentle on her waist.

"Missed you today," he murmured against her lips. "How was class?"

"Good. Energising." She nestled into him, savouring the familiar comfort of his embrace, though her mind flickered unbidden to the morning's awakenings.

The front door clicked open then, and Amari strode in, but he wasn't alone. A woman clung to his arm; tall, brunette, with sharp features and a low-cut top that showcased her cleavage. Her hand rested possessively on his stomach, fingers tracing lazy circles over the ridges of his abs as they stood by the kitchen island.

"Hey, everyone," Amari said, his arm slung around her shoulders. "This is Tori. Tori, meet Rose and Jules; old school friends who are crashing here for a bit."

Tori flashed a bright, toothy smile, her eyes appraising Rose with a quick once-over. "Nice to meet you guys. Amari's told me all about you."

Rose forced a polite nod, but something twisted inside her; a sharp, inexplicable dislike. Tori's touch was too bold, too intimate, her laughter too throaty as she leaned into Amari. *Why did it bother her? She wasn't jealous... was she? No, it must just be the awkwardness of sharing space.*

"Hi, Tori," Rose said evenly. "Nice to meet you."

Jules sensed the shift, squeezing her hand. "Yeah, good to meet you."

Amari caught Rose's eye, a hint of amusement in his gaze. "You two heading out to grab dinner? We'll probably have a little fun here for a few hours... don't worry, I'll make sure to change the sheets after," he added with a wink that made Rose's cheeks burn.

"Sounds like a plan," Jules said, standing and pulling Rose up with him. "We'll give you space. Italian place down the block, Rose?"

They slipped out, the door clicking shut behind them. At the cozy trattoria, Rose picked at her pasta, her mind elsewhere. Jules chatted about his shift, the prospects of becoming a supervisor or even a night manager, but she nodded distractedly, a twisting feeling knotting her stomach. *Jealousy? Surely not. It was just uncomfortable, knowing what might happen on that king-sized bed she'd share later.*

After dinner, she walked Jules to the hotel, their fingers laced, the city lights flickering on around them. "Text me when you get home," he said at the entrance, kissing her forehead.

"I will, I might go grab a coffee first. Want to make sure they are done, before I get back. Have a good shift."

"Makes sense. Though it's been a couple of hours already, I'm sure you're safe... anyway, got to go clock in. Love you. See you tomorrow." He told her, kissing her on the cheek goodbye.

She watched him go, then wandered to a nearby coffee shop, nursing a latte as the minutes ticked by. Over four hours since she had left them, she meandered back to the apartment.

But as she turned the key, unmistakable sounds assaulted her senses, crashing through the quiet like a tidal wave: wild, hardcore moans spilling from the bedroom down the hall, raw and unrestrained, the rhythmic slap of sweat-slick skin on skin pounding in obscene, primal cadence. No gentle lovemaking like the tender rhythms she shared with Jules, where touches lingered soft and kisses built slow; this was fucking, brutal and animalistic, the bedframe groaning under the force of relentless thrusts that shook the walls.

"Oh god, yes! Pound me with that big black cock!" Tori's voice cried out, breathless and demanding. "Deeper; fuck, you're so huge!"

Amari's deep grunts followed, the bed creaking under forceful thrusts. "Take it all, baby. You love this dick stretching your tight pussy."

The bed creaked violently, springs protesting as his hips pistoned forward, the filthy dirty talk painting vivid, inescapable pictures: his massive shaft; thick, veined black meat, plunging in and out, coated in her creamy arousal, balls slapping against her ass with every brutal drive.

Rose froze in the living room, the door half-open, her keys slipping from her fingers to the floor with a soft clink. Even from here, it was vivid: the wet sounds of his cock slamming into her, the filthy dirty talk painting pictures she couldn't unsee. *God, his stamina; over 4 hours of it, unrelenting.* Her body responded traitorously, nipples tightening against her bra, a familiar ache blooming between her thighs. She sank onto the couch in the dark, trying not to listen, but the words seeped in. *What would a cock that size feel like? Not slow, loving strokes, but pounding, filling her completely, making her scream like that.*

Her hand drifted downward almost unconsciously, fingers trembling as they slipped under the waistband of her skirt, delving into the waist of her panties. The fabric was already sodden, clinging to her slick folds, and her fingertips brushed her swollen clit, sending a jolt of electric pleasure spiking up her spine. She was soaked, pussy lips puffy and parting eagerly at the light touch, inner walls fluttering with need as she circled the sensitive nub once, twice; juices coating her fingers in a warm, slippery sheen. A soft whimper escaped

her lips, muffled by her bitten lower lip, her free hand clutching the couch cushion as her hips bucked subtly, chasing the friction. But shame crashed in like cold water, Jules's face flashing in her mind; his trusting eyes, the way he kissed her goodbye earlier. She yanked her hand away, fingers glistening in the dim light, heart hammering with guilt and unresolved lust.

Just then, the bedroom door swung open with a creak, spilling a sliver of warm lamplight into the hall. Amari stepped out, utterly naked and glistening with a sheen of sweat that traced the hard ridges of his athletic body; dark skin flushed from exertion, muscles pumped and twitching from the marathon fuck, his broad chest heaving with residual pants. The fridge's harsh fluorescent glow snapped on as he yanked it open, grabbing a chilled water bottle, the light etching his form in stark relief: powerful thighs flexing, abs contracting as he twisted the cap with a pop. But it was his cock that commanded her gaze, hanging heavy and spent between his legs, swaying pendulously with his movements. The shaft shone with a creamy mix of Tori's cum and his own drying seed. His heavy balls dangled low beneath, slick and full, the entire package radiating the raw power that had just ravaged another woman.

*God, it looks beautiful all massive, shiny and victorious like that,* Rose thought licking her lips from the shadows.

He turned, chugging the water deeply, throat bobbing with each swallow, cool droplets escaping to trail down his chin and over his pecs. Then his eyes locked on her in the shadows, widening in genuine shock, the bottle pausing mid-air.

“Shit, Rose... Sorry about that.” He didn't cover up, making no move to hide his nudity, just closed the fridge door with a soft thud, plunging the room back into dimness, the faint city glow from the windows outlining his silhouette.

“Thought you were still out, guess I lost track of time. Tori's just hopping in the shower now, then she'll head out. Give me half an hour to air out the room and strip the bed.”

She averted her eyes, staring fixedly at the floor, but the image seared into her brain: that massive member, wet and sated, veins still faintly pulsing, promising utter devastation if it ever hardened fully for her. Her pussy clenched involuntarily at the thought, a fresh trickle of arousal leaking into her panties, making her shift uncomfortably on the couch.

“It's fine,” she stammered, voice coming out hoarse and unsteady, throat dry despite the coffee from earlier. “Your place. Do what you need.”

Tori emerged not too soon after, as she sauntered out her dark hair wet and tangled from her shower, skin flushed and marked with faint red imprints; love bites blooming on her neck, thighs quivering slightly with the aftershocks of being thoroughly pounded. She walked with a satisfied, bow-legged sway, pussy undoubtedly sore from the stretch, a smug glint in her eye as she air-kissed Amari's cheek, her hand lingering possessively on his bare chest.

“Night, big boy,” she purred, then breezed past Rose with a casual wave and a knowing smirk. “Catch you later, roomie. Sorry to keep you waiting”

Rose busied herself in the living room, pretending to scroll her phone while Amari moved about, the rustle of fresh sheets and the faint citrus spray of air freshener wafting from the

bedroom. Bedtime finally came, the clock ticking past midnight, and she entered the room to find it transformed: the king-sized bed made up with crisp, white linens that smelled faintly of laundry detergent, candles flickering on the nightstand; their soft, golden flames dancing shadows over the walls, casting a warm, intimate glow that masked the earlier debauchery. The air held a clean, zesty freshness, chasing away the musk of sweat and cum, though a subtle undercurrent remained, teasing her senses.

Amari was already in bed, propped against the pillows in loose boxers, scrolling through his phone with one hand, the other resting on his flat stomach, the outline of his soft cock visible through the thin fabric; a heavy bulge that made her pulse quicken. He set the device aside as she approached, his dark eyes meeting hers with a mix of apology and easy confidence.

"Sorry again about the noise and the kitchen nudity," he said, voice low and rumbling. "Didn't mean to make things awkward for you. And Tori gets... vocal."

"It's your house," she replied, slipping under the covers in her tank top and shorts, exhaustion pulling at her. "We're the inconvenience to you, not the other way around. I'm tired, let's just call it a night."

He nodded, then hesitated. "One thing: while I changed the sheets, Tori's a squirter. Mattress on your side might be a little damp. You can take my side tonight."

She laughed despite herself, the tension breaking. "That explains the screams."

"Yeah, she doesn't hold back." He scooted over accommodatingly, the silk sheet sliding smooth. "Come on. Dry side for you. Get some good rest."

But as she settled onto his side, the fabric cool against her skin, a knot of jealousy tightened in her chest. The sounds from earlier replayed in her mind; Tori's cries, Amari's grunts, and she couldn't shake the image of them tangled together.

"Do you... like her? Tori, I mean. Is she someone special?"

Amari paused, his eyes meeting hers in the candlelight. "Nah, she's just a fuck buddy really. A convenient thing... nothing serious. I wouldn't have even called her today, but after waking up all horny this morning, after that dream, I needed the release."

Her pulse quickened at his bluntness, a secret thrill blooming inside her. So it was the dream; the one where she ground against him, that had set him off. Inner satisfaction warmed her, chasing away some of the envy. But she pressed on, her voice light but probing.

"Still, it isn't fair using her like that. Even if she likes it. If you wake up or go to bed horny, you should take care of it yourself."

He raised an eyebrow, a smirk playing on his lips. "Are you telling me to jerk off?"

She burst out laughing, the sound easing the air between them, her cheeks flushing. "I'm saying do whatever you need to do. As long as it doesn't involve me sleeping in yours and some other girl's mess!"

"Fair enough." His expression softened, gaze lingering on her. "Honestly, something about sleeping next to you has been getting me all worked up lately. You're right there, warm and close; it's messing with my head. And my balls. But I'll control it, take care of it myself..."

The confession sent a rush through her, her pussy clenching at the thought of his arousal stemming from her proximity. She bit her lip, masking the spark of pride. "Thank you. So... no more random girls while we're staying here?"

"Fine. No more girls coming over while you and Jules are here." He held her gaze, the promise hanging heavy.

"Good," she said, her voice firmer now. She noticed him scooting closer, away from the damp spot, his body heat radiating toward her.

"Now stop moving around so much. If the dampness is bothering you, come sleep a little closer on my side."

"You sure?" His voice was low, tentative, carrying a hint of that cocky edge she remembered from high school, softened now by the dim candlelight.

"Yeah. Just keep that big thing away from me." She teased, the words slipping out before she could catch them, her cheeks warming as the memory of his thick, veined cock swaying in the kitchen light flashed unbidden through her mind. The dampness between her thighs stirred in response, a traitorous pulse of heat.

"Oh, so you admit you've seen it now... and think it's big?" Amari's tone held playful challenge, his breath brushing her shoulder as he shifted nearer, the mattress dipping slightly under his weight.

"Shhhh. Don't make me send you back to the damp side. Goodnight." She turned her face into the pillow, hiding her flush, but a small smile tugged at her lips despite the flutter of nerves in her belly.

They lay almost touching, the heat of their bodies mingling in the quiet space, breaths syncing into a slow, intimate rhythm that echoed the subtle thrum of awareness between them. The silk sheets enveloped them like a cocoon, cool and luxurious against her skin, and sleep claimed her deeply, cozily, without dreams this time; though the warmth of his presence lingered at the edges of her consciousness, promising more tangled mornings to come.

Morning light filtered in as the alarm buzzed, but neither moved. They woke spooned together; her back to his chest, his hard cock pressed firmly against her ass, thick and insistent through the thin barriers. His strong arm draped over her waist, holding her close. The bulge nestled perfectly in the cleft of her cheeks, sending subtle throbs of awareness through her core.

Amari stirred first, his breath warm on her neck, but he didn't pull away. Rose's pussy clenched at the contact, a soft dampness gathering, but the moment felt too blissful to shatter. He reached for the nightstand, silencing the alarm with a press of snooze.

"Extra half hour?" he murmured, his voice husky.

"Mmm, yeah," she whispered, arching back just slightly, savouring the press of his erection, the solid warmth of his body. They napped like that, pure bliss enveloping them; his arm tightening gently, her ass grinding imperceptibly against his cock, breaths mingling in the quiet sleepy intimacy. Neither mentioned it, the unspoken tension weaving deeper into the fabric of their shared nights.

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The morning light filtered through the gauzy curtains of the apartment, casting a warm glow over the kitchen where Rose stood at the counter, pouring coffee into mismatched mugs. The aroma of freshly brewed beans mingled with the faint scent of toast, creating a domestic haze that felt both comforting and charged. Amari sat, his broad shoulders relaxed but commanding, a white towel draped loosely over his lap from his recent shower, droplets of water still beading on his dark, muscled chest and tracing lazy paths down to his hips. Neither of them had uttered a single word about the night before; the way their bodies had instinctively gravitated in the dark, her soft ass cheeks nestling back against the insistent hardness of his thickening cock; or how her hips had shifted in subtle, seeking rolls, grinding back against him just enough to feel the pulse of his arousal throb against her, a forbidden friction that left her pussy clenching with wet need. It hung between them like an unspoken secret, thickening the air with a tension that quickened her pulse, made her thighs rub together unconsciously whenever their eyes met across the room.

"Sleep okay?" she asked, keeping her tone casual as she settled into the chair opposite, her blonde hair pulled into a loose ponytail that did little to hide the flush still lingering on her cheeks from the night's fragmented dreams.

Amari took a sip, his dark eyes locking onto hers with that easy confidence she remembered from high school, now tempered with something deeper, more knowing.

"Better than okay. Best damn sleep I've had in years. You?"

She nodded, stirring her coffee to avoid his gaze. "Same. I don't know why, but... it was like sinking into a cloud."

Her mind wandered back to the silk sheets, the warmth of his body moulding in to hers, the forbidden thrill that had chased away her restlessness. *Why did it feel so right? So intoxicating?*

He leaned back, a smirk playing on his lips, his voice dropping to that cocky timbre that always made her stomach twist. "Some people are just better in bed, Rose... Admit it; I'm a pro at making things cozy."

She rolled her eyes, but a laugh bubbled up despite herself, breaking the spell. "Oh, please. Don't flatter yourself. It was the sheets, not you."

Even as she teased, her thighs clenched tighter, a subtle dampness gathering in her panties, her body betraying the lie with every traitorous pulse.

The gentle teasing banter lightened the mood, but as she gathered her books for class, slinging her bag over her shoulder, Amari called out from the table, pulling her back.

"See you tonight, my CLS."

She paused at the door, turning with a quizzical tilt of her head. "CLS?"

"Yeah," he said, his grin widening into something wicked, eyes sparkling with pure mischief as he leaned forward, elbows on the table.

"My cosy little spoon. The way you melt right back into me... the perfect fit."

A blush crept up her neck, warm and undeniable, but she laughed it off, shaking her head with feigned exasperation, though her voice came out breathy.

"That's... actually kind of cute."

She slipped out the door before he could see how his words wrapped around her like his arm had the night before, lingering on her skin, stoking the fire she tried to ignore as she headed to class, her steps quick to outrun the growing ache between her legs.

Dinner that evening drew Jules back into the mix, his face glowing with weary relief as he shovelled steaming pasta onto plates in the open kitchen, the sizzle of garlic and tomatoes filling the air with savoury warmth. The three of them crowded around the small table, the clink of forks against ceramic punctuating his animated chatter, the domestic rhythm a stark contrast to the undercurrents swirling beneath.

"Last shift tonight," Jules said, his ginger hair tousled from the day's stress, glasses slipping down his nose. "Four nights in a row; I'm beat, dunno how you do it so easily amari! But after tonight, we can actually spend some time together for a couple of days, Rose. Movies, late breakfasts, whatever. It'll be like old times."

She smiled at him, reaching across to squeeze his hand, her voice soft and genuine. "I'm happy for you, you deserve some downtime. It'll be fun to spend time together, just us."

But even as the words left her lips, her eyes drifted to Amari, who lounged against the counter, arms crossed over his muscled chest, watching her with that piercing gaze. His smile was subtle, almost predatory, as if he could read the hidden truth beneath her words; the way her body already hummed with anticipation for the quiet hours after Jules left, for the bed that now felt like theirs.

Amari's eyes held hers a beat too long, his smile deepening with shared knowledge, before he turned to plate his food. Jules, oblivious, launched into a story about a quirky guest at the hotel, and Rose forced herself to focus, pushing down the guilt that twisted in her chest like a knot.

Bedtime crept up faster than Rose anticipated, the apartment folding into a profound, velvety quiet once Jules's night shift pulled him out the door with a lingering kiss and a wave of reluctant goodbyes. She lingered in the bedroom doorway for a moment, the king-sized bed dominating the space like a magnetic pull. The thick duvet ruffled at the foot of the bed from Jules' earlier daytime sleep, and Amari's expensive silk sheets waiting beneath, promising cool indulgence against her warming skin. Tonight, she'd selected her sleepwear with a deliberate thrill humming in her veins; the lacy camisole and matching shorts she'd impulse-bought a year back to tease Jules, the sheer black fabric whispering over her curves like a secret. It hugged the full, heavy swell of her breasts, the lace edging teasing the hardened peaks of her nipples that poked against the thin material; the shorts

rode high on her plush thighs, the hem barely skimming the lower curve of her ass cheeks, leaving her long legs bare and her hips' soft flare on display. She caught her reflection in the full-length mirror by the dresser, blonde hair tumbling loose over her shoulders, and a flush crept up her neck; *was this outfit for the man who'd just left, or for the one who'd soon join her here?*

Amari entered from the bathroom, bare chested, towel riding low on his hips. His eyes; deep, smouldering brown, swept over her from head to toe, unhurried and appreciative, pupils dilating as they lingered on the way the camisole cupped her tits, then dropped to the exposed expanse of her thighs.

“Damn, Rose,” he drawled, voice roughened by the shower's heat, a slow grin splitting his full lips. “Lookin hell of a sexy... didn't think you had naughty nighttime wear like that! You dressing up for me now?”

She let out a breathy laugh, heat flooding her cheeks as she waved a hand dismissively, climbing onto the bed with a sway that made her ass shift under the shorts. The silk sheets slid cool and smooth against her bare legs as she settled, the fabric whispering up her skin and sending a shiver straight to her pussy.

“Don't get ahead of yourself. My other stuff's in the wash, laundry day snuck up on me.”

Amari dropped the towel without shame, or attempt to hide himself from her. His thick cock swinging free between his thighs for a few seconds, Rose's eyes staring still in disbelief and awe at the size of it, almost feeling disappointed when he quickly pulled on a pair of his shorts over it, before sliding in beside her.

“Your side's dry now, you know. Let's switch back.” He said.

“No way in hell,” she fired back, yanking the duvet higher to her chin, though her voice carried a playful edge laced with nerves, her heart pounding against her ribs. “This is my side now. You're not getting it back from me that easy.”

Her eyes darted to his, catching the spark of challenge there, and she felt the air thicken, charged with the memory of their bodies aligning the night before.

Amari chuckled, the sound low and rumbling. “Fine. I can't sleep on that side, so if you're not going to move, then we'll just have to share the same side!”

She didn't argue, her pulse racing at the casual intimacy of his words, the way they hung like an unvoiced vow in the air between them. They lay side by side, bodies inches apart but not quite touching, the empty space crackling with unspoken electricity; as if both were holding their breath, waiting for sleep to blur the lines and draw them together. Rose stared at the ceiling, hyper-aware of his presence: the steady rise and fall of his breathing, the faint warmth radiating from his skin, the subtle shift of the sheets as he adjusted his legs.

Minutes ticked by and Rose felt him stir beside her, the mattress compressing under his weight, a low exhale escaping him like a sigh of building discomfort.

“What's up with you? You're so restless!” she murmured, eyes closed. “Thigh still playing up?”

“Worse than that,” he confessed, his voice husky in the dark.

She turned her head slightly, curiosity piqued. “What’s wrong?”

“Got those blue balls, Rose. Aching like a motherfucker here.” His hand moved under the covers; she heard the faint rustle, and she could picture it: fingers grazing the thickening bulge in his boxers, the insistent throb he'd confessed to earlier.

A startled laugh bubbled from her throat, half-nervous, half-intrigued, her body tensing as heat surged to her core. “Already? It's barely been a day.”

He let out a heavy sigh, the sound thick with pent-up frustration, his body shifting again as if to emphasize the point. “Yeah, already. This thing don't play; needs a lot of handling to settle. Can't just roll over and pretend it's fine.”

The vulnerability in his voice, mixed with that cocky undertone, sent a forbidden thrill twisting through her, her mind flashing to the sight of him earlier. She bit her lip, back firmly turned to him, the image of his virile body; so different from Jules's softer frame, flooding her mind. That massive cock, always hard, always ready. What would it be like to feel that power unleashed? Heat bloomed between her legs, her pussy growing slick at the thought.

After a moment, she whispered, “You should take care of it then. I want to get some good sleep tonight. No distractions.”

Amari didn't say anything, but the sheets whispered as he moved, a soft creak of the bed frame following, and then the first slick sounds pierced the quiet; his hand delving into his shorts, fingers encircling the base of his thickening cock, drawing it free with a faint pop of fabric. He stroked slowly at first, the wet schlick of skin on skin echoing in the room, his palm gliding up the lengthening shaft, foreskin peeling back to expose the glistening head. Inches away from her back, yet Rose kept rigid, eyes clamped shut, pretending oblivion; but her body rebelled, nipples tightening to painful points against the lace, her clit pulsing with each rhythmic pump as she imagined the sight: his fist squeezing midway, thumb swiping over the slit to spread pre-cum, the veined length swelling to full, intimidating hardness under his touch.

The pace quickened subtly, the schlick-schlick growing wetter, more insistent, punctuated by his low, controlled breaths. Rose bit her lip until it stung, thighs pressing together to trap the building ache, wondering if he was picturing her in those frantic strokes; her big tits bouncing as she rode him, or her lips parting around his cockhead; or her ass grinding back against him, like last night, begging for him to thrust deep and claim her. Her pussy wept freely now, desperate for the friction she denied herself, the air thick with his arousal and the obscene symphony of his hand fucking his massive dick right beside her.

“Hurry up,” she breathed finally, her voice strained and husky, laced with a mix of frustration and unspoken need, her clit pulsing in time with his strokes.

“That's not gonna help me finish quicker,” he laughed, the sound low and breathless, vibrating through the mattress as his strokes quickened, fist twisting at the crown with a slick pop. “But damn, kinda hot knowing you're laying there just listening to it... get's me even harder.”

He paused for a beat, the wet sounds halting, and she felt him shift closer, his voice dropping to a teasing rumble. “You know, Rose, you could help a roommate out here. Make this go faster.”

Her eyes snapped open in the dark, heart slamming against her ribs as defensiveness surged through her, heat flooding her face. *Help him out?* The implication hit like a spark to dry tinder; images of her small hand wrapping around that monstrous cock, or worse, her lips stretching wide to take him in.

“What the fuck, Amari? No way! I'm not jerking you off. That's crossing a line I won't...”

He burst out laughing, the sound rich and genuine, cutting through her protest like a knife, his body shaking the bed with mirth.

“Whoa, whoa, slow your roll, girl. Damn, you got a one-track mind. I ain't askin' for you to get that involved... Nah, I mean maybe just some verbal encouragement. Talk me through it.” His tone turned playful, but edged with that cocky confidence, the kind that made her angry and aroused all at once.

She froze, biting her lip as the idea sank in, her mind racing. *Just words?* It felt safer, distant enough to pretend it was all in fun, but the thrill of it coiled low in her belly, her pussy weeping fresh slickness into her shorts at the thought of directing him, of wielding that power without touching. After a long, tense silence, she exhaled shakily, still keeping her back firmly turned, refusing to face the temptation of his naked aroused form.

“Stroke that big black cock for me, Amari. Wrap your hand around it and pump nice and slow; savour how thick and angry it gets when you're all worked up like this.”

“Fuck yeah, Rose! That's what I'm talking about,” he groaned, the words ripping from him like a prayer, his hand resuming with renewed vigour, the schlick-schlick louder now, wetter as pre-cum lubed the way. The bed creaked faintly under his shifting weight, his breaths deepening as her voice washed over him.

Encouraged by his reaction, Rose let the fantasy flood her senses, her own arousal spiking as she imagined her fingers barely encircling his girth, nails scraping lightly along the bulging veins, thumb pressing into the sensitive frenulum to make him buck.

“Yeah, just like that; grip it nice and tight as you stroke it. I bet all that pre cum is leaking all over your palm already, that fat head all shiny and swollen.” Her voice dropped lower, filthier, husky with the need pulsing between her legs, her pussy clenching rhythmically at the vivid mental image.

“Is this all because of me? My lacy little bed outfit with my hot body on display, making you throb like this? Were you picturing ripping it off me? Spreading me wide and slamming that huge black cock into my tight little pussy?”

“Fuck, yes; give you every goddamn inch,” he rasped, his breaths ragged and fast, the bed frame groaning softly with the force of his pumps, fist flying now over the slick, veined length. “Seein' you in that slutty little get up... imagining you soaked and begging me to pound you till you forget your boyfriends name.”

She squirmed under the covers, thighs squeezing together to grind against her swollen clit, the friction sending sparks up her spine, but it wasn't enough; her pussy fluttered desperately, craving the stretch only he could provide. Her words turned commanding, laced with a dominance that surprised even her.

“Faster now, Amari. Pump that huge dick like... like you're fucking me raw. Like you're showing me what I've been missing all these years. I want your cum, Amari! Shoot that hot load all over yourself while you growl my name. Do it for me; explode thinking about breeding my pussy full. Or covering my face or tits. Imagine how slutty I would look for you...”

His strokes turned frantic, the slick, obscene sounds echoing off the walls; fist slurping over the slick shaft, balls slapping against his thigh with each desperate thrust into his hand.

“Rose... fuck, Rose, I'm—” A guttural cry tore from his throat, his body going rigid beside her, muscles locking as the first thick rope of cum erupted, splattering hot and sticky across his clenched abs, followed by heavy spurts that painted his hand, chest, and even arcing toward the sheets. The volume was obscene; pulse after pulse of creamy white seed, the musky tang filling the room like a claim, raw and potent, making her mouth water despite herself as she lay with her back turned to him, imagining what the whole scene might look like. Temptation to turn around and see the mess she helped him make. But she knew that was a step too far.

“God damn, that was a huge fuckin' load,” he panted, voice gravelly with sated hunger, his chest heaving as he milked the last drops from his twitching cock. “You talked me right over the edge, Rose. That dirty mouth of yours is dangerous.”

She smiled into the pillow, a wicked secret thrill buzzing through her veins, her body humming with unspent need. “Go get cleaned up before you mess up the bed. I want actual sleep tonight.”

Without turning, she listened to the rustle of sheets, his feet padding across the floor, the bathroom door clicking shut with a soft latch. Alone in the velvet dark, the dam broke. Her hand dove under the waistband of her shorts, fingers plunging through her drenched folds, two digits sinking knuckle-deep into her clenching pussy while her thumb assaulted her clit in frantic circles. The other hand shoved up her camisole, palming her tits, pinching and rolling the rock-hard nipple until it burned, a soft, needy moan slipping past her lips. Pleasure coiled tight and hot, her hips bucking subtly as she fucked herself on her fingers, the squelch of her arousal mirroring his earlier sounds, whispering *'Amari... yes, stroke that big cock to me'* under her breath. The orgasm hit like a freight train, walls spasming around her intrusion, juices gushing over her hand as she shuddered through the waves in breathless silence, biting the pillow to muffle her cries.

When Amari returned a few minutes later, the mattress dipped under his weight. He didn't hesitate, scooting up behind her with purposeful intent, his crotch nestling firm against the plush curve of her ass; the heat of his semi-hard cock, still thick and heavy, pressing into her through the thin barriers of fabric. His strong arm snaked over her waist, tugging her back flush against the solid wall of his chest, his heartbeat thumping steady against her spine.

“Need my little spoon right here,” he murmured into her ear, breath hot and teasing against her lobe, lips brushing the sensitive skin.

She melted into the embrace, boneless and spent, the exhaustion wrapping around them like a cocoon as their bodies slotted together perfectly. Sleep descended deep and untroubled, their synced breaths lulling her under.

## Night And Day

The afternoon sun dipped low on the horizon, painting the city streets in hues of amber and gold as Rose and Jules stepped out of the apartment. Jules had finally wrapped up his gruelling four-night shift marathon at the hotel, his eyes heavy with exhaustion but bright with relief. He had crashed for a solid nap on the bed after a quick shower, emerging refreshed enough to suggest they grab a late lunch out and a leisurely walk in the park. Rose had nodded with genuine enthusiasm, her chest tightening with a cocktail of tender affection for him and that insidious undercurrent of guilt from the previous night's clandestine whispers. She threaded her arm through his as they ambled toward the nearby green space, the crisp evening breeze whispering through the leaves overhead, laced with the sweet, heady perfume of jasmine blooming from the colourful vendor carts dotting the path.

It felt achingly normal, this unhurried rhythm of their steps syncing together, his hand warm and familiar in hers. They settled at a cozy corner table in a quaint Italian bistro. Steaming plates of al dente pasta arrived, twirled around forks that clinked softly against porcelain, accompanied by ruby-red glasses of Chianti that warmed their throats and loosened the knots of the past days apart. Jules's laughter bubbled up as he regaled her with tales from his shifts; the bumbling tourist who'd got locked out of his room and appeared at reception in nothing but his boxer shorts, the midnight call about the couple next door having loud sex. Rose leaned forward enjoying his tales, her blonde waves tumbling over one shoulder like a silken curtain, her lips curving into authentic smiles that crinkled the corners of her blue eyes.

But even as she savoured the creamy bite of fettuccine on her tongue, her thoughts drifted to the forbidden fragments of last night: the rhythmic, wet noises of Amari, her own voice husky and commanding as she urged him on, the thick, musky wave of his essence hitting the air like a primal claim. She hadn't laid a finger on him, hadn't dared twist her body to witness the spectacle; just her words, filthy and electric, easing his frustration in the dark. *It was nothing, really; a favor for a friend bound by the apartment's thin walls and his restless nights. Jules could never know; the truth would shatter him.* She swallowed hard, forcing her focus back to the man before her, the one whose steady presence had weathered her storms.

Hand in hand, they meandered the winding park paths as twilight deepened, the first fireflies igniting like tiny lanterns in the gathering dusk, their soft glows pulsing against the velvety indigo sky.

“You've got this glow about you these past few days, Rose,” he said softly, his voice carrying a note of quiet wonder. “Refreshed, like the weight's lifted a bit.”

She lifted her eyes to meet his, those soft green depths framed by wire-rimmed glasses, and a surge of gratitude washed over her, mingling with the sharp sting of deception. "Yeah, thanks, Jules. I do feel... good. Rested. At peace."

A sly, hidden smile tugged at her lips, the real source bubbling up like forbidden champagne: those profound, endless slumbers cocooned in the king-sized bed's silk sheets, her body molded against Amari's unyielding heat, his presence nestling possessively against her ass, a silent promise that lulled her into oblivion. She couldn't voice it, wouldn't dare let the words escape to taint this fragile peace.

They lingered until the stars pierced the velvet canopy overhead, the city's distant hum softening to a lullaby of rustling leaves and distant traffic. By the time they retraced their steps back to the apartment, Amari was stood at the threshold, shrugging into a fitted black jacket that hugged his broad shoulders, his duffel bag slung casually over one arm, packed for his inaugural four-night shift rotation. The sight of the two men side by side; a tableau of oblivious normalcy and simmering secrets, sent a hot flush racing up Rose's neck, prickling her skin like invisible fingers. She dropped her gaze to the floor, pulse thudding in her ears, as Jules extended a weary fist for a bump, his knuckles brushing Amari's with easy camaraderie.

"Ready for the night?" Jules asked, unlocking the door.

"Yeah, first of four. You two have a fun night," Amari replied, his voice smooth, eyes flicking to Rose with a knowing glint. He paused, that smirk tugging at his lips. "And I hope you sleep well."

The words landed like a velvet arrow, straight to her core. She felt her cheeks burn hotter, the implication clear: without his solid frame spooning her, the bed would feel empty, the night restless.

She mumbled a quick "Night, Amari," and slipped inside with Jules, the door clicking shut behind them like a seal on her secrets.

The apartment enveloped them in its familiar coziness, the living room lamp casting a soft glow over the couch where they settled for a movie. Rose nestled into Jules's side, her head pillowed on his shoulder, the faint scent of his soap, mingling with the lingering wine on his breath. They queued up one of their go-to romantic comedies, the screen flickering with familiar tropes of meet-cutes and heartfelt confessions, the dialogue a soothing murmur that drowned out the city's pulse. His fingers wandered in idle patterns across her hip, tracing the curve through her light blouse, sending faint tingles across her skin. She angled her face upward, lips brushing the rough stubble along his jaw in a soft, lingering kiss, the simple contact easing the knot of guilt in her chest. Here, in this bubble, the world narrowed to his steady heartbeat against her cheek, the gentle weight of his arm anchoring her waist; a reconnection that felt tentative yet real, pushing the shadows of her betrayal to the periphery.

As the credits rolled, the room hushed, her body awakening with a subtle hum of desire, the earlier flush from Amari's parting words transmuting into a warmer, more innocent ache.

"Bed?" Jules murmured, his breath warm against her ear.

She nodded, standing and leading him to the bedroom, her pulse quickening. The king-sized bed loomed invitingly, silk sheets still faintly scented with citrus from Amari's earlier presence. Rose slipped into the bathroom first, changing into the lacy camisole and shorts; the same naughty set from the night before, the crotch still damp with the remnants of her secret arousal. She emerged, the sheer fabric clinging to her curves, nipples poking out through the lace in the cool air.

Jules had stripped down to his boxers, his shirt discarded on the floor, revealing the softer contours of his belly and the sparse ginger trail leading downward. His eyes rounded, pupils dilating as they roamed her form, lingering on the way the lace hugged the swell of her tits and the flare of her ass.

"Whoa, Rose. You haven't worn that in forever. What's the occasion?"

She closed the distance with a saunter, her bare feet silent on the carpet, a coy smile curving her lips to veil the storm of memories crashing through her mind: her voice dropping to a filthy purr, directing Amari's hand to pump faster, the obscene splatter of his cum ropes hitting his abs while she clenched around her invading fingers whilst he cleaned off in the bathroom. But she buried it deep, climbing onto the bed and swinging a leg over to straddle his lap, her damp pussy lips settling against the growing bulge in his boxers, the friction drawing a soft gasp from her throat.

"I only wear it for my special man on special nights," she lied, her voice husky as she climbed onto the bed, straddling his lap.

His hands came to rest on her hips, fingers splaying across the soft swell of her flesh through the thin lace shorts, tentative yet laced with a spark of eagerness that made her pulse quicken. The warmth of his palms seeped into her skin, a familiar anchor pulling her closer to the man she'd built her life around.

"Special, huh?" Jules murmured, his voice roughened by desire, green eyes darkening behind his glasses as they traced the way the camisole dipped low between her breasts. "I like the sound of that. Makes me feel like the luckiest guy alive."

Rose leaned in and captured his lips in a deep, searching kiss. Her tongue slipped past his teeth, tangling with his in a slow, deliberate dance, chasing the passion that had always flickered between them like a steady flame; hoping, desperately, for it to roar into the inferno her body now hungered for. But it remained gentle, his mouth yielding and sweet, the kiss unfolding with the unhurried tenderness of long-shared routines rather than the brutal, consuming fire that clawed at her insides.

Breaking the kiss, she whispered against his mouth, "I need your love tonight, Jules. All of it."

Before he could form a reply, his eyes widening with a mix of surprise and arousal, she shifted her weight, pivoting on his lap with a fluid grace born of pent-up urgency. The silk sheets whispered beneath her knees as she turned reverse, her back to his chest, and hiked up the hem of her shorts, peeling the damp crotch panel aside to expose her soaked pussy. She lowered herself toward his face, thighs parting wider to straddle his head, the bold aggression of the move; a stark departure from their usual soft, missionary-bound explorations, hanging electric in the air. Glancing over her shoulder, she caught the flicker of astonishment in his gaze, his pupils blown wide, but no protest came; instead, his hands

clamped onto her thighs, fingers digging into the plush inner flesh with a grip that bordered on reverence as she settled her dripping slit directly over his waiting mouth.

"Eat me," she commanded, her voice dropping to a husky timbre laced with raw urgency, the words spilling out unfiltered, filthy and demanding, echoes of the depraved encouragements she'd breathed to Amari just hours ago. "Make me feel good while I get my big man nice and hard for me."

Jules had never heard her talk like this, the words tumbling out filthy and demanding, fuelled by the forbidden fantasies she'd indulged the night before. His tongue darted out, lapping at her slickness, drawing a moan from her throat. She rocked against his mouth, clit grinding on his nose, pleasure sparking but not quite satisfying the deeper ache inside her.

Leaning forward into the sixty-nine tangle, she hooked her fingers into the waistband of his boxers and yanked them down his thighs. His erection sprang free, four inches of modest hardness, the pale shaft flushed pink and capped with a glistening bead of pre-cum at the tip. As her fingers encircled it, she felt a sharp twist of disappointment coil in her gut, unbidden and cruel. It felt smaller than memory served, almost fragile in her palm, the girth barely filling the loose curl of her hand compared to the monstrous, wrist-thick behemoth she'd glimpsed recently. That huge black cock that she had woke up and ground her ass back onto. Had her body recalibrated overnight, her senses poisoned by that imagined stretch? The contrast crashed over her like icy water; Amari's brutal length, heavy and hot, versus this delicate twitch. *It wasn't fair to Jules*, she berated herself fiercely, guilt surging hot and sour in her chest even as frustration gnawed deeper. *He was her rock, tender and devoted; this disparity was her sin, her secret corruption.*

She took him into her mouth easily, all four inches sliding past her lips without effort, her tongue vibrating against the underside as she sucked. The intimacy should have thrilled her, but the ease only highlighted the lack of challenge, the lack of stretch. Jules groaned into her pussy, his hips bucking slightly, and within seconds, he tensed, spilling hot spurts onto her tongue, salty and slightly bitter, coating her mouth in three quick pulses.

Rose pulled back with a gasp, swallowing the warm load reflexively, the act automatic yet laced with a flood of surprise and hollow letdown that settled like lead in her limbs.

"Jesus, Jules," she breathed, dismounting with careful grace, her pussy lips slick and swollen but achingly unfulfilled, clit pulsing in neglected protest. "I barely even got started; you came so fast."

He panted heavily, face flushed crimson from her juices smeared across his chin and cheeks, glasses fogged at the edges as he propped up on elbows.

"Fuck, Rose... you're just too goddamn hot. That outfit, the way you talked; couldn't hold it back if I tried." His laugh came out boyish and breathless, endearing in its vulnerability, and she mustered a smile, leaning in to cup his stubbled cheek, thumb tracing the line of his jaw.

"You're cute when you're all worked up like that," Rose said softly, the words a bandage over the chasm inside her. But beneath the affection, dissatisfaction lingered like a bruise, a hollow echo where consuming fire should have raged, her core clenching emptily around nothing.

Rose excused herself to the bathroom, brushing her teeth vigorously to wash away the taste, staring at her reflection under the harsh light. Her cheeks were pink, eyes bright with unspent need. Back in the bedroom, she slid under the covers on the far side; the one that had become hers, dry and claimed, infused with Amari's subtle scent.

Jules followed, settling beside her. "You don't usually sleep on that side of a bed. You always say it's weird and you can't get used to it."

"I know," she replied, turning to face him in the dim light. "Maybe it's just this bed... but I like it here on this side. Come hold me. I want to fall asleep tied up together."

He scooted closer, curving his frame around hers from behind in a spoon, his arm draping over her waist with comfortable laxity, hand flattening against her belly just below the camisole's hem. But as his chest pressed to her back, the contact felt... off, a mismatch that grated against her sensitised nerves. His build was leaner, softer around the edges, lacking the broad, unyielding wall of muscle that had enveloped her so utterly during the last few cosy nights; the way Amari's pecs had molded to her shoulders, his abs a ridged plane against her spine. The warmth was present, a gentle diffusion, but muted, not the searing, all-consuming blaze that had seeped into her bones and banished every chill. And lower, where her ass curved invitingly? Nothing but a faint, softening nudge of Jules spent shrivelled prick, a whisper where she craved that insistent, heavy bulge and weight of Amari's enormous dick slotting possessively between her cheeks.

His arms encircled her, pulling with affectionate steadiness, but they didn't clamp with that dominant force, didn't make her feel pinned and utterly possessed, body and soul. She sighed, the exhale heavy and laden in the quiet room, frustration coiling tight like a spring in her chest, her pussy clenching rhythmically on emptiness.

"Good night, Jules," she whispered, the words tasting bittersweet.

"Night, love," he replied, voice already drowsy, his breathing deepening into the even cadence of sleep within heartbeats, chest rising and falling against her in oblivious rhythm.

Rose lay awake, staring at the shadowed wall, frustration coiling tight in her chest. The bed felt vast, empty despite his presence besides her. Her mind drifted inevitably to Amari—his deep voice groaning her name, the tremor of his orgasm, the way his cock had throbbed against her ass in the morning, the way her body felt melted into his, as if they were one. The differences gnawed at her: the virility, the size, the unspoken pull that made her body sing even in denial. Tossing fitfully, she pressed her thighs together, the ache between them building into a restless torment. Sleep came in fits, haunted by uncomfortable dreams of what she couldn't have, the night stretching long and unsatisfying.

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Jules stirred groggily as his alarm buzzed with insistent urgency from the nightstand, the shrill vibration yanking him from a shallow sleep tangled in half-remembered dreams. He fumbled to silence it, the button clicking under his thumb, and turned his head, gaze settling on Rose beside him. Her blonde hair fanned out across the pillow in wild, sun-kissed waves, framing her face like a ethereal halo, her lips parted slightly as her chest rose and fell in the slow, even rhythm of deep slumber. Even though this was a day off, work obligation loomed; the hotel's mandatory fire and safety course for newcomers and those

needing their annual refresher, demanded his presence that morning. Propping up on one elbow, he leaned over her, the mattress dipping under his slighter weight, and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. His lips trailed lower, brushing the soft curve of her temple before settling on her mouth, lingering there to savour the plush warmth, the subtle taste of sleep-sweet breath mingling with his own.

Rose murmured a soft, incoherent sound, her eyelids fluttering like butterfly wings but not quite parting, her body shifting instinctively toward his touch in the haze of drowsiness. A lazy smile tugged at the corners of her mouth, even as consciousness slipped away again.

"Go back to sleep, beautiful," Jules whispered, his voice tender. "We've got so much to look forward to with these days off I've got. Tomorrow, let's hit that little café downtown for breakfast, then maybe the art museum you've been talking about. And the weekend? Picnic in the park, or that hike we keep postponing."

A small smile curved her lips, his enthusiasm infectious even in her drowsy state. The plans painted a picture of normalcy, of reclaiming the easy days they'd lost to financial strain and odd hours.

"Sounds perfect," she replied softly, her hand reaching up to brush his cheek.

He grinned, adjusting his glasses as he sat up. "I've got that fire safety course this morning, how about you meet me at the hotel around ten thirty, and we'll head out for the day from there. Go check out that gallery we've been talking about... I love you."

"Love you too," she mumbled, already drifting back as he dressed quietly in jeans and a button-down, grabbing his keys and slipping out the door with a final glance at her peaceful form.

Rose rolled over in the expansive bed, the silk sheets whispering cool and sleek against her bare legs. Without Jules's crowding her space, the mattress felt liberating, vast and yielding, conforming perfectly to her body as if tailored for her alone. She preferred the cosiness of a man beside her, but not after the subtle mismatches from the night before; the wrongness of his touch, the absence of that commanding heat, faded into irrelevance, allowing sleep to claim her deeper, unburdened by the coil of secrets and the gnawing ache of unmet desires. With Jules gone, she finally found her body unwinding, muscles loosening thread by thread, breaths deepening into the kind of slumber that healed invisible fractures.

When she finally stirred, the sunlight streamed bolder through the windows, no longer tentative but insistent, bathing the room in a warm, amber glow that clocked in at nearly ten in the morning. Panic surged through her like a jolt of electricity, eyes snapping open as she bolted upright.

"Shit," she hissed under her breath, heart pounding; her plans with Jules just half an hour away, and she was a tangled mess of sheets and overslept fog. Kicking off the duvet with frantic energy, she stripped out of the camisole and shorts in a whirlwind, the fabric pooling on the floor as her big tits bounced free, nipples hardening instantly in the cooler air circulating from the vents. Naked now, skin prickling with goosebumps, her blonde curls tousled wildly around her shoulders, she bounded toward the bathroom, bare feet slapping against the cool hardwood floor of the open-plan apartment. The ensuite door hung ajar, a faint billow of steam curling out like an invitation she didn't notice in her

sleepy rush, the steady flow of running water registering only as she shoved it open with her shoulder.

Amari stood under the expansive double shower, the jets pounding hot water over his broad, muscled shoulders in relentless cascades, droplets tracing the sculpted ridges of his chest; dark nipples hardening under the spray, down the chiseled planes of his abs, veering around the V of his hips to the thick, heavy cock dangling between his thighs. Water poured over it, making the skin glisten, droplets clinging to the coarse black hair at its base before dripping away. He turned slightly at the intrusion, the steam parting around his athletic frame like a veil, unfazed by her sudden appearance, his eyes locking onto her naked form with a spark of lazy amusement that sent an unwelcome thrill racing down her spine.

Rose froze in the doorway, arms flying up instinctively to cross over her breasts; fingers splaying to shield the rosy peaks of her nipples, and her other hand dropping to cup the blonde thatch of curls shielding her pussy, heat flooding her cheeks in a scorching blush that spread down her neck to her chest. Her heart hammered wildly, eyes darting from his face to the water-slick expanse of his body, unable to ignore the sheer physicality of him.

"Oh God, Amari!" she stammered, voice pitching high with mortification, backing up a step even as her gaze snagged traitorously on the sway of his cock. "I'm so sorry, I didn't know you were in here. I have to meet Jules in half an hour; I overslept like an idiot."

He chuckled low and deep, the sound rumbling over the steady patter of the shower like distant thunder, not bothering to shield his nudity or turn away; instead, he lathered the soap between his large palms, the suds foaming white against his dark skin. His eyes raked over her unabashedly, taking in the flush of her skin, the way her arms pressed her breasts higher, the subtle quiver in her thighs.

"No worries at all, Rose," he said, voice smooth and teasing, carrying easily through the spray. "That's the beauty of this double shower setup; plenty of room for two without getting crowded. Jump in under the other head if you're in a rush. I won't bite..."

His lips curved into a knowing smirk, the invitation hanging casual yet charged, his cock twitching faintly under the water as if echoing the undercurrent of tension sparking between them.

She hesitated in the doorway, her heart pounding like a drum in her chest, the thick steam curling around her naked body like a forbidden embrace she knew she should reject. But the clock was ticking mercilessly; only twenty-five minutes until she needed to meet Jules, and the promise of hot water blasting away the remnants of sleep won the internal battle. Biting down on her lower lip, she stepped forward under the second showerhead, deliberately turning her back to Amari, the powerful jets slamming into her skin in rhythmic pulses that soaked her instantly. Water streamed down her face, over her shoulders, tracing between her heavy breasts and along the curve of her hips. She snatched the bottle of shower gel from the nearby shelf and squirted a generous dollop into her hand, the citrus scent bursting forth to mingle with the humid air. But her resolve cracked almost immediately; her eyes, traitorous and hungry, darted sideways in stolen glances, unable to resist the pull of the man beside her.

There it was; his cock, the dark shaft veined prominently along its length, swaying gently with each subtle shift of his hips as he rubbed soap across his broad chest without a care in

the world. A deep flush crept from her cheeks down her neck, spreading across her collarbone and tinting her full breasts pink, her nipples tightening into stiff peaks not solely from the contrasting heat of the air but from the sharp, electric awareness of his presence. She could feel the weight of his gaze; if it was on her, roaming the exposed lines of her body: the rounded swell of her ass cheeks clenching slightly under the spray, the inward dip of her waist flaring to her hips, the way her breasts jiggled softly as she lathered her arms, soap suds foaming white and sliding down her skin.

Amari's voice sliced through the relentless patter of water, deceptively casual yet laced with a probing edge that made her stomach twist. "How'd you sleep last night, Rose? You look a little tired this morning... like you couldn't get a proper night's sleep without me there beside you?"

She forced a laugh, the sound light and brittle, echoing off the tiled walls as she tilted her face directly into the spray, letting the water cascade over her closed eyes to mask the deepening blush scorching her skin.

"Maybe I am a bit tired," she admitted, voice muffled by the flow, her hands scrubbing faster at her biceps to distract from the heat building low in her belly. "But maybe it's because my boyfriend kept me up all night..."

"I hope that's true," he replied, his tone dipping into that familiar teasing drawl, rich and unhurried, carrying over the noise like a private whisper. "A girl like you, with a body like that... deserves a man who knows how to fuck her deep all night long."

The words hit her like a spark to dry tinder, arousal pooling hot between her thighs. Inwardly, she recoiled and thrilled in equal measure; last night's encounter with Jules replaying in stark contrast: his quick release, the disappointing size that barely filled her mouth, the lack of that primal fire. Amari's crude promise evoked images of being taken roughly, thoroughly, her body stretched and claimed in ways Jules never could. She squeezed her eyes shut, focusing on soaping her arms, but her pussy throbbed, slickness mixing with the water.

Turning her back more fully to him, she stretched awkwardly to wash her shoulders, the gel bottle nearly slipping from her soapy grasp, her arms straining in the awkward angle. Before she could steady herself, she sensed the shift; the water's flow altering slightly, the air growing warmer and thicker with his approach. Her pulse skyrocketed, a frantic rhythm echoing in her ears over the shower's roar.

"What are you doing?" she asked, her voice coming out breathy and laced with alarm, body going rigid as she glanced over her shoulder.

His large hands landed on her shoulders without warning, palms broad and slick with soap, thumbs digging into the tight knots of muscle with firm, expert pressure that bordered on pain before melting into relief.

"Just helping out," he murmured close to her ear, breath hot against her wet skin. "You look so damn tense, Rose; like you need these knots worked out before you snap. Let me."

She stiffened further at the initial contact, every nerve firing in protest, but the massage was intoxicating; deep and unyielding, his strong fingers kneading the soap into her skin in slow, deliberate circles, easing the tightness from her shoulders and trailing down the

length of her back, thumbs pressing along her spine until she felt the tension uncoil like a released spring. He drew closer with each pass, the solid wall of his chest brushing her back, the radiant heat of his body cutting through the steam. And then she felt it unmistakably: the heavy press of his cock nestling once again against the crack of her ass, the soft flesh thickening rapidly, hardening into a rigid length that slid between her cheeks with the water's lubrication. His arms wrapped around her sides then, palms gliding flat over the soft plane of her stomach in languid circles, fingers splaying wide to trace the subtle contours of her muscles beneath. The touch turned intimate, possessive, his hands venturing higher to cup the undersides of her breasts, soaping the tender skin there before fully enveloping the heavy globes, squeezing them with a steady rhythm that made her gasp. He massaged them thoroughly, palms rolling the flesh, thumbs flicking over her hardened nipples in teasing circles before pinching them lightly between thumb and forefinger, tugging just enough to send sharp jolts of pleasure-pain straight to her core.

A low moan escaped her lips raw and needy, her head falling back against the solid plane of his chest as water pounded down around them. More groans followed, involuntary sounds bubbling up from her throat; deep, throaty hums, as her body arched instinctively into his touch, hips pressing back against the grind of his now fully hard cock. The steam thickened the air further, heavy with the sharp citrus of the gel and the underlying, primal musk of their rising arousal, her own scent of wet pussy mingling faintly. His shaft pulsed between her ass cheeks, the girth of it; easily three times as thick as Jules's, making her knees buckle slightly, the veined length sliding up and down in shallow thrusts with his movements, the broad head nudging against her lower back.

The shower gel bottle tumbled from her numb fingers, clattering sharply against the tiled floor and shattering the erotic haze like glass underfoot. Reality flooded back in a cold rush; *this was betrayal, teetering on the brink of irreversible damage to everything with Jules*. She straightened abruptly, pulling away from his grasp with a shaky jerk, water sluicing off her skin as she turned halfway toward the exit.

"Thank you," she stammered, voice trembling and thin. "I... I think I'm good now. Really."

As she pivoted to step out, her eyes dropped against her will to his cock, now standing fully erect and utterly daunting; towering upward at a slight angle, the shaft a deep, flushed mahogany color, veins bulging prominently from base to tip. It was the first time she had seen it fully hard, and it took her breath away. She tried to estimate its size. *It must be what? 12? 13 inches?* she pondered. Dwarfing the modest four inches that Jules could prove her. The memory from the night before, which had left her feeling empty and unsatisfied, her pussy aching around nothing as he finished too fast in her mouth.

The stark difference between them was night and day: Amari's size promised to fill her completely and make her come undone; her pussy fluttered hungrily at the sight, drenched far beyond the shower's flow, clit aching with a desperate throb that made her thighs press together.

"This is what you do to me, Rose," Amari growled, his voice rough and gravelly with lust, one large hand wrapping around the base of his cock and stroking upward once in slow emphasis, the motion making the head flare and more precum ooze out, washed away instantly by the spray.

Rose backed out of the shower in a hurried stumble, snatching a fluffy towel from the rack and wrapping it tightly around her trembling form, the fabric absorbing the water but

doing nothing for the flush burning across her skin or the slick heat pulsing between her legs.

"Have a good rest, Amari." She managed to choke out, her voice barely audible over the water, before fleeing the bathroom in a rush of bare feet slapping tile, then carpet, heart hammering wildly as she darted into the bedroom.

## Overtime

Rose burst from the bedroom in a whirlwind of damp energy, her skin still prickling with residual heat from the steamy shower encounter, every nerve ending alive and tingling as if Amari's touch had branded her. Her cheeks burned with a fierce blush that radiated down her neck, seeping into her collarbone like the steam had fused with her very bones, leaving her body humming with unwanted echoes of arousal. Her heart hammered relentlessly in her chest, a frantic tattoo that drowned out the distant hum of city traffic filtering through the windows. She clutched the towel tighter around her curves, the soft terrycloth absorbing the last beads of water from her skin but doing nothing to quell the slick warmth still coating her inner thighs, a treacherous reminder of how her pussy had clenched at the press of his hardening cock against her ass, the way his thumbs had pinched her nipples until they ached.

Hastily, she threw on a lightweight sundress in soft cotton that skimmed her breasts and hugged the swell of her hips without screaming for attention, the fabric whispering against her sensitive skin as she pulled it over her head. No bra today; her nipples, still peaked and tender from his touch, rubbed insistently against the thin material with every breath, sending fresh sparks of sensation straight to her core. She stepped into comfortable flats, and was ready to leave, but the clock on the wall glared mockingly: 10:47 AM. Jules would be wondering where she was by now. Guilt twisted sharp and cold in her gut, coiling around the insistent throb between her thighs like a vice; *how could she face him after moaning under Amari's hands, after her body had betrayed her so completely, slick and eager for more?*

She smoothed the dress down with shaky palms, the motion brushing her palms over her hardened nipples and making her bite back a gasp, before padding across the kitchen. She snatched her phone from the charger on the counter, the screen lighting up with notifications she ignored, her thumb hovering over Jules's contact photo; his goofy grin from their last park date, ready to pour out apologies in a frantic text: *I'm so sorry, overslept, on my way.* But before she could tap send, the front door clicked open with a soft, familiar snick, and Jules stepped inside, his presence like a balm to her frayed nerves.

His face lit up instantly at the sight of her, those warm eyes crinkling behind his wire-rimmed glasses, ginger stubble catching the light as he dropped his keys onto the entry table with a casual clatter that echoed slightly in the high-ceilinged space.

"Hey, you," he said, his voice soft and affectionate, laced with that easy warmth that always made her feel safe, closing the distance between them in a few unhurried strides.

"Oh God, I was just about to text you," Rose replied, relief flooding her voice like cool water over fevered skin as she set the phone down on the counter with a decisive thunk. Her

shoulders sagged slightly, the tension easing just a fraction at his nearness. "I slept in way too long; thought I'd hit snooze but must have turned the alarm off instead. I'm so sorry for making you wait."

He laughed, a warm, genuine sound that bubbled up from his chest and crinkled the corners of his eyes, chasing away the last shadows of his own fatigue. Crossing the remaining space, he pulled her into a quick but firm hug, his hands settling gently on her waist, fingers splaying over the curve of her hips through the thin dress fabric. The contact was comforting, his touch light and familiar, but it only heightened her guilt; his palms so much smaller, less demanding than Amari's had been moments ago, kneading her breasts with possessive strength. She leaned into the embrace anyway, inhaling the comforting scent of him: clean soap mixed with the bitter edge of coffee and a hint of his natural musk, grounding her in the normalcy she craved.

"I can tell," Jules murmured against her hair, his breath warm on her temple as he held her a beat longer. "You're all flushed and running hot; like you've been for a run or something. No worries at all, really. When you weren't at the hotel, I figured I'd walk slowly back and we'd bump into each other on the way. But seeing as you are still here, we can just head out from the apartment instead; grab that café brunch whenever you're ready. You okay? You seem a little... off."

"Yeah, I'm fine," she assured him, forcing a bright smile as she pulled back just enough to meet his gaze, her hands lingering on his chest, feeling the steady thump of his heart beneath her palms. She could taste the lie on her tongue, bitter and sharp, but she swallowed it down, willing her body to relax under his scrutiny.

"You know how much I hate oversleeping like this. It throws off my whole rhythm, makes me feel scattered all day. Just need some coffee and I'll be good."

"It's fine, really," Jules said reassuringly, his thumb brushing a stray strand of her damp blonde hair behind her ear, the gesture tender and intimate, sending a pang through her chest. His touch was so gentle, so caring, a stark counterpoint to the rough hunger she'd felt in the shower. "You deserve the rest after everything we've been through; the move, the stress. The course went smoothly, by the way. Got certified without a hitch; instructor even complimented my answers."

Rose nodded, her smile widening genuinely at his enthusiasm, the pride in his voice warming her despite the turmoil churning inside. "That's amazing, Jules. I'm so proud of you."

But before she could say more, the bedroom door down the hall swung open with a decisive creak, and Amari emerged, his presence filling the hallway like a sudden summer storm rolling in; dark, electric, impossible to ignore.

He wore only loose bed shorts that hung low on his hips, revealing the chiseled V of his abdomen and the ripple of muscles across his chest and arms, skin still glistening faintly from the shower. Water droplets clung to his close-cropped hair, and he moved with that effortless confidence, towel slung over one shoulder. Both Rose and Jules's eyes snapped to him involuntarily; Rose's with a jolt of forbidden memory, from their dual shower together. Jules's with a mix of camaraderie and subtle unease at the raw physicality on display.

"Hey, there's the man of the hour," he said, his deep timbre vibrating in the air as he closed the distance to Jules in two long strides, clapping a broad hand firmly on his back. The impact was solid, brotherly, but it carried the weight of Amari's unyielding strength.

"You get signed off on the fire safety?" He added.

"Yeah, all good. Passed with flying colours." He confirmed, his voice steady but laced with a quiet pride, rubbing his shoulder absently where the slap had landed. His eyes flickered behind his glasses, a mix of relief from the certification and the subtle undercurrent of intimidation at Amari's towering presence; the way his loose bed shorts did little to hide the thick outline of his thighs or the heavy sway of his endowment with each shift of weight. Hoping Rose was too innocent to notice it herself.

"Perfect," Amari replied, his lips curving into a wide, approving grin that flashed white teeth against his smooth, dark complexion. He released the back-slap with a lingering squeeze, his fingers flexing briefly on Jules's shirt before pulling away, the gesture casual yet dominant, like a lion marking its pride.

"That means you're a fully legit member of the team now. And it opens the door for those overtime shifts. What do you say? Fancy picking up some extra hours at double time? I've got vacation days burning a hole in my pocket, and I'd love to cash them in and take a real break from the place. What do you say? Fancy taking the rest of my shifts this week?"

Jules hesitated, his hand drifting to rub the back of his neck, fingers tangling in the short ginger hairs there as his enthusiasm dimmed like a cloud passing over the sun streaming through the windows. The offer was tempting as a lifeline; the extra cash could finally ease the vice around their finances. But it would mean seven straight shifts? That would devour the fragile bubble of time off he'd clung to in his mind: lazy mornings tangled in sheets with Rose's warm body pressed against him, her laughter echoing as they strolled hand-in-hand through the city's winding parks, shared dinners at that cozy bistro where the candlelight danced in her blue eyes. His gaze flicked to Rose, searching for her reaction, the subtle lines of fatigue around his eyes deepening with the internal tug-of-war.

"Well, I appreciate it, Amari, but we've got plans lined up for these days off," he said carefully, his tone polite but firm. "Rose and I were going to hit the gallery today. And the weekend... we've been talking about a picnic and maybe even a hike or a day trip. I don't want to bail on all that. She deserves it."

Rose's heart stuttered in her chest, an erratic flutter that sent a fresh wave of heat blooming across her flushed skin, her sundress suddenly feeling too thin. She stood there, caught in the crossfire of loyalties like a deer in headlights; part of her aching for those simple, grounding moments with Jules, the steady rhythm of his gentle touches, his sweet plans to get out and do things together. But another part of her; the insidious, humming core still thrumming from Amari's rough hands cupping her breasts, whispered of darker opportunities, of nights alone, deep sleeps, and where silk sheets and hot bodies pressed together like they belong.

She didn't know if her words served Jules's future security; the stability he deserved. Amari's need for time off. Or her own selfish curiosities. But they tumbled out anyway, her voice steady despite the flush creeping back up her neck like wildfire.

"Actually, Jules, you should take the shifts," she said, stepping forward slightly. "We have all the time in the world to spend together later; plenty of lazy days ahead once things stabilise. This overtime could really help us out financially, build that balance for a deposit on our own place again. If you think you can handle the stretch without burning out, go for it. It's a great opportunity, and if Amari needs the time off to recharge, then it's win win."

He turned to her fully then, his brows furrowing in that familiar crease of concern, eyes searching her face with an intensity that twisted the guilt sharper in her gut. His hand reached out instinctively, fingers brushing hers in a light, reassuring touch.

"Are you sure?" Jules asked, his voice dropping lower, intimate, laced with worry. "I don't want to abandon you here, Rose. We've been looking forward to these days; reconnecting, just us."

"I'm positive," she insisted, squeezing his hand tighter, her thumb tracing a small circle over his knuckles to sell the reassurance, even as Amari's dark gaze burned into her from across the room like a brand, making her core clench with illicit heat. She forced a smile, bright and unwavering.

"I'll be fine. Really. Catch up on some reading for class, maybe hit the market. Or I'll give one of the girls a call and see if they want to catch a movie. You've got this, Jules. I'm proud of you."

Behind Jules, Amari leaned casually against the granite counter, the muscles in his forearms flexing as he reached into the fridge with deliberate slowness, pulling out a small container of strawberry yogurt. The cool air from the open door wafted out, mingling with the warmth of the room, but his eyes locked onto Rose's over Jules's shoulder; a deep, stare that stripped her bare, his full lips curving into a knowing smile that promised secrets and sins. It sent a violent shiver racing down her spine, straight to the aching heart of her pussy, where fresh wetness gathered.

"Little spoon?" Amari asked, his tone deceptively innocent, but laced with a husky mischief that curled around her like smoke, his voice dropping just enough to evoke the night's intimacy.

Rose gasped sharply, *Did he really just call me that in front of Jules?* She panicked, flaring hot and electric through her veins as her mind flashed to the nights before; their bodies tangled under the silk sheets, her as the little spoon cradled against the furnace of his chest, his massive cock nestled heavy and half-hard against her ass so perfectly.

"What?" she blurted, her cheeks igniting in a blaze that spread to her ears, her voice pitching higher than intended.

"For my yogurt," he clarified smoothly, nodding toward the utensil drawer she was stood in front of, with a tilt of his head, that wicked glint in his dark eyes never fading as he held her gaze a beat too long. "Can you pass a little spoon, please?"

Relief washed over her in a mortifying rush. She was nearest the drawer, after all, her hand shaking slightly as she yanked it open, the wooden slide whispering against the tracks. Rifling through the silverware, she snatched a slender teaspoon, the metal cool against her palm, and handed it over to Amari. Their fingers brushed in the exchange; just long

enough for his rough pad to graze her skin, sending a jolt of electricity sparking up her arm.

"Here," she murmured, pulling her hand back too quickly, tucking it behind her to hide the tremble.

Jules, oblivious to the undercurrent crackling between the two of them, nodded thoughtfully, his expression shifting to reluctant acceptance as he glanced between them.

"Alright, if you're sure," he said, exhaling a soft sigh, his shoulders relaxing a fraction. "We can still head to the gallery today, make the most of the afternoon. I'll grab a nap around dinner time before the shift starts to help me power through. Sound good?"

"Perfect," Rose replied, her pulse finally steadying to a dull roar, though the ghost of Amari's touch lingered like a phantom ache on her skin.

"Let me just swap these shoes for trainers," Jules said, glancing down at his polished loafers with a wry chuckle, the leather scuffed from the morning's training.

The sudden hush of the kitchen wrapped around Rose like a velvet shroud, the distant thrum of city traffic filtering through the windows. Jules's footsteps had barely faded down the hall and into the bedroom when Amari moved, closing the distance in two fluid strides that ate up the space between them, his bare chest now mere inches from her sundress-clad body. The heat radiating from his dark, sculpted torso was palpable, a furnace of muscle and skin that made the air between them shimmer with unspoken tension.

"You smell fresh and well showered," he murmured, his voice a low, teasing rumble that vibrated through her chest, pitched just for her ears. "Maybe I should give you a helping hand every morning!"

She shivered hard, the memory crashing over her like a wave: his soapy hands kneading the tense knots in her shoulders, fingers digging in with firm, possessive pressure before sliding lower, over the soft swell of her stomach, tracing the dip of her navel. Then higher, cupping her full breasts with that unyielding squeeze, thumbs circling her nipples until they ached under his touch. The recollection flooded her senses now, vivid and unrelenting; the way her body had arched into him, traitorous and aching, her clit throbbing with the need to be filled by something far beyond Jules's gentle thrusts.

Her nipples tightened against the thin cotton of her sundress, hardening into stiff peaks that strained visibly against the fabric, begging for the rough pinch of Amari's fingers or the hot suck of his mouth. She bit her lower lip hard, teeth sinking into the plush flesh to stifle the soft whimper building in her throat, saying nothing as fear coiled tight in her gut. Afraid her voice would betray the slick ache building low in her belly, or alert Jules down the hall.

"Good job convincing Jules to take my shifts," he continued, his tone laced with smug approval as his dark eyes flicking down to her chest where her hardened nipples tented the dress before locking back on her face. "You must really have missed sleeping beside me huh? Miss the feel of that big cock of mine pressed up against you all night, thick and ready?"

“Don’t be so big headed... that’s not why I did it at all,” she lied, the words tumbling out in a rush too quick, too breathless, her cheeks burning with the heat of deception. “It’s for his own sake. The overtime, the opportunity, the money! It makes sense for him to take the shifts. We need the stability.”

Amari just smiled, that cocky curve of his lips stretching wide, a predator's grin that said he saw every lie, every hidden craving etched into her flushed expression. Her body responded despite the frantic warnings in her mind. Her pussy clenched at his proximity, the dominant width of his stance; legs planted wide, the loose shorts doing nothing to conceal the heavy outline of his cock.

“You know, I usually sleep naked,” he said casually, setting the yogurt down on the counter with a soft clink, his voice dropping to a husky drawl that wrapped around her like chains. His hand flexed absently on the edge of the granite, veins bulging along his forearm, a reminder of the power coiled in every inch of him.

“It’s only out of respect for you that I’ve been wearing these shorts; keeping this monster tucked away.” He adjusted himself subtly, the thick length shifting visibly under the fabric, drawing her gaze downward despite her resolve.

“But you’ve seen it all now, haven’t you? No need to hide it anymore. Tonight, no underwear in bed for me. And same goes for you! Skin on Skin, we’ll sleep like babies!”

"Don't be ridiculous," she protested, her voice emerging as a whisper-hiss, laced with desperation as she glanced frantically toward the bedroom door, the wood seeming miles away in the charged silence. Her arms crossed tightly over her chest, an attempt to shield her hardened nipples from his devouring stare, but the pressure only heightened the ache, rubbing the peaks against her forearms until sparks of pleasure-pain shot to her core. "That's not happening. We're not... I can't."

His eyes gleamed with wicked challenge, dark and unblinking, the intensity making her squirm.

“How about a bet?” he proposed, leaning in until his chest nearly brushed her arms, the heat of him searing through her dress.

“If I can get little Jules to say 'your house, your rules' within the next two minutes, then you have to agree to live by that. Everything I say goes from now on, no arguments, no backing out. If I tell you we’re sleeping naked, you’ll be a good girl and strip. If I tell you we’re showering together, you’ll soap me up and rinse me off!”

“Really Amari? More of your stupid high school boy games?” she muttered, her voice trembling with a mix of defiance and the illicit thrill bubbling under her skin. But the challenge hooked her, the forbidden edge sharpening her arousal. “Fine. But when he doesn’t say it, then you have to play by my rules and do as I say!”

Just then, Jules reemerged from the bedroom, his trainers laced up snugly over his socks, looking refreshed and ready with a casual smile that twisted the knife of guilt in her chest. His ginger hair was tousled from running a hand through it, hazel eyes bright behind his glasses as he adjusted his shirt.

“All set. Ready to go Rose? If we get there before midday it’s half price entry!”

Rose turned toward him, forcing a triumphant smile that didn't quite reach her eyes, victory buzzing in her veins as she stepped away from Amari's heat. *No time left for his little game, the clock will run out, and I win!*

“Hey, Jules,” Amari called out, his voice shifting to light, easy camaraderie as he straightened up from the counter, the predatory glint fading into feigned nonchalance. He crossed his arms over his broad chest, the picture of relaxed hospitality.

“It’s no biggie, man, but do you mind saving the trainers and shoes for the rug by the door? Don't want to be a stickler, but it's a little pet peeve of mine; keeps the floors clean, you know? Last thing we need is tracking in all that street grit.”

Jules paused mid-step, his expression flickering with mild surprise before softening into apologetic understanding. “Man, I'm so sorry. Of course. Your house, your rules, Amari. Won't happen again.”

The words hung in the air like a verdict, heavy and irrevocable, Amari's grin turning downright predatory as he locked eyes with Rose. His dark gaze burned with triumph, a silent promise of dominance that made her stomach flip, the floor dropping out from under her in a dizzying rush. Defeat coiled tight in her chest, mingling with an illicit thrill with the dark excitement of her potential surrender.

“My house, my rules,” Amari echoed, the phrase dripping from his lips like honeyed venom, laced with promise and possession. “I like that!”

“You two have a great day out. Soak up that gallery. And Jules? Thanks again for picking up those shifts. Seven straight nights off? Can't remember the last time I had that kind of freedom. I promise, I'm going to enjoy every last one of those nights. Gonna make it count.”

His gaze shifted fully to Rose then, intense and unyielding, holding hers with a magnetic pull that rooted her in place as Jules straightened and reached for the door. The weight of it stripped her defences, her body alive with a cocktail of excitement, fear, and raw arousal she couldn't name. Part of her dreaded the nights ahead, the inevitable slide into his bed. Another part, deeper and hungrier, the one that had come alive under his hands in the shower, couldn't wait to discover what Amari had in store.

