

A Bit Of Bad Luck CH3

Seven Nights

Rose wandered through the gallery's bright halls beside Jules, her arm looped loosely through his as they paused before a series of abstract sculptures that twisted in frozen agony and ecstasy, their cool marble surfaces gleaming under the soft overhead lights. She tried to immerse herself in the moment, to let herself be pulled away from the chaos swirling in her mind like a storm she couldn't outrun. Jules's commentary on the brushstrokes and color palettes of paintings usually drew her in, sparking debates that stretched into hours. But today, her thoughts kept drifting back to Amari, hijacking her focus with relentless precision. The shower replayed in vivid, scorching fragments: his strong hands sliding over her wet skin, fingers digging into the tense muscles of her shoulders, palms gliding across the slick plane of her stomach. Then higher, cupping the heavy weight of her breasts, thumbs circling her hardening nipples, making her moan low in her throat as her pussy ached for the invasion of that monstrous cock she'd glimpsed swinging heavy between his thighs.

That touch had been electric, forbidden, igniting a fire she hadn't felt with Jules; his gentle caresses too soft, too tentative compared to Amari's commanding grip. Guilt clawed at her chest, sharp and unrelenting; she'd crossed a line in that steamy enclosure, allowed him to touch her when she should have screamed and ran away. And now Amari probably expected more, saw her as willing prey, her body a playground for his dominance.

And then there was the bet? *'His house, his rules.'* The phrase echoed in her skull like a taunt, sending a traitorous heat pooling between her thighs. *What would he demand tonight? Strip for him slowly, letting him watch her peel off the sundress to reveal her flushed curves? Touch him? Wrap her fingers around that enormous, ebony shaft? Or more?* The idea of surrendering to his commands made her clit throb, pressing her thighs together under the light fabric of her sundress to trap the building slickness, mortified by her body's betrayal even as it craved all the things she imagined him doing to her.

A gentle nudge from Jules snapped her back to the present, his elbow brushing her side with affectionate warmth. He pointed to a whimsical installation: a cluster of oversized, cartoonish animals frozen in absurd poses, their exaggerated features comically human; elephants with sly winks, giraffes mid-laugh, their glossy surfaces catching the light in playful gleams. His boyish grin lit up his face, ginger stubble catching the light as his eyes sparkled with that innocent charm that had first won her over years ago, back when his shy smiles and steady hand felt like enough to fill the voids in her life.

"Look at this one," he said, chuckling softly, the sound rumbling from his chest as he squeezed her arm. "It's like that time we tried to build that fort in the park and it collapsed on us. Remember? We ended up covered in mud like a couple of idiots."

She forced a laugh, squeezing his arm. "How could I forget? You blamed the squirrels."

The distraction worked for a while, his easy affection grounding her. But the undercurrent of her secret lingered, a shadow slinking along the edges of their day, tainting the colours

of the paintings and the warmth of his touch with the dark promise of what awaited back home.

By early evening, they returned to the apartment, the city lights beginning to flicker on outside the large windows like distant stars awakening in the deepening dusk. Jules yawned as he kicked off his shoes by the door with deliberate care, respecting Amari's unspoken preference without a second thought, the soft thuds echoing in the quiet space.

"I should nap for a couple of hours, before the shift," he said, his voice thick with fatigue as he pressed a kiss to her forehead, his lips dry and chaste against her skin, lingering just long enough to stir a flicker of affection amid the guilt. "You good?"

"Yeah, go rest," Rose replied, her smile tight as she watched him disappear into the bedroom, the door clicking softly behind him.

She settled on the couch, a dog-eared novel in her lap; some romance she'd picked up weeks ago, but the words blurred into meaningless shapes on the page, her mind too fractured to hold onto the plot. Her eyes flicked to the door every few minutes, pulse quickening at the thought of Amari's return. He'd been out when they got back, but the space waited for him, thrumming with anticipation. *What would tonight bring?* The bet hung over her like a storm cloud, heavy and inevitable, promising nights where she'd have to refuse his demands... or obey.

Time stretched. The clock ticked past seven, then neared towards eight. Jules emerged refreshed, dressed in his work shirt and slacks, grabbing his keys. He pulled her into a hug at the door, lips brushing hers in a soft, lingering kiss.

"You okay?" he asked, pulling back just enough to search her face, concern etching lines around his eyes, his thumb tracing her jaw with worry. "You seem distant, like something's on your mind."

"I'm just sad about the seven nights. It's just hit me how long it'll be without you here, you know I don't sleep so well without you. I'll miss you." She lied through her teeth with a growing practiced ease that twisted the guilt deeper, her mind replaying those deep satisfying sleeps that she only felt with Amari's body pressed up against her.

He smiled, thumb stroking her cheek. "We can still catch up for a couple of hours each day. And hey, it's the weekend tomorrow. Why not get out? Call one of your friends, do that day trip we were planning. Better than moping around here."

"Yeah, maybe," she said, forcing brightness into her voice. "Beats sitting around the house."

"That's my girl." He kissed her again, deeper this time, his hands gentle on her waist. "Love you. See you in the morning."

The door clicked shut, leaving silence in its wake. Rose paced the living room, heart pounding, anticipation twisting with dread. *When would Amari walk in? Would he pounce with reminders of the bet, his rules, his expectations?* She imagined him demanding she strip naked, kneel before him; filthy thoughts that made her nipples tighten against her bra.

The lock turned, the metallic click slicing through the heavy silence like a promise fulfilled. Amari stepped inside, his gym bag slung over one broad shoulder, the black duffel thudding softly against the wall as he dropped it by the couch. His greeting was casual, a warm smile crinkling the corners of his deep brown eyes as he toed off his sneakers, leaving them haphazardly by the door.

"Hey, how was the gallery?" he said, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through the room as he crossed to the kitchen, pulling open the fridge door with a casual yank. He grabbed a chilled water bottle, twisting the cap off with a flick of his wrist before tipping it back, sipping deeply.

Rose blinked, caught off guard by the normalcy, her heart stuttering in her chest as she sat frozen on the couch, legs tucked beneath her. *I've been working myself up all day, and he's acting like nothing is different.*

"It was good," she managed, her voice steadier than she felt, fingers twisting the hem of her sundress. "Crowded, but we saw some great pieces. Jules loved the modern abstracts; the way the colours bled into each other."

"Sounds fun." He leaned against the counter, sipping deeply, throat working with each swallow. "Glad you two got some time out."

They chatted lightly for a few minutes; about the great weather, a funny exhibit mishap; his tone easy, no hint of the tension Rose had built in her head. No demands, no leers; just this domestic ease of two roommates catching up.

"I need a shower," he announced, setting the empty bottle down. "Went for a massage on this groin pull tonight; therapist worked me over good, but I'm still feeling all oily from the lotion. Sticky as hell."

As he turned toward the bathroom, he paused, glancing back with a teasing glint.

"Don't worry, though," he added, voice dropping to a husky murmur. "The masseuse's hands weren't anywhere near as good as yours; she couldn't get the same... reaction."

Heat flooded her face, a shiver racing down her spine. *Why did that thrill her?* The compliment, laced with memory of her fingers kneading his thigh, his cock twitching under his shorts. She watched him go, door clicking shut, the sound of water starting moments later. Biting her lip, she sank onto the couch, pussy aching with unwelcome need.

After he showered, dinner was simple; pasta she threw together, eaten in companionable quiet while Amari scrolled his phone, sharing snippets of a hiking trail video he went on earlier in the year. *Still, no mention of the bet.* Bedtime approached with agonising slowness.

Rose changed into her pyjamas in the bedroom, the soft cotton shorts and tank top a flimsy barrier, then joined him in the bathroom. They stood side by side at the double sink, brushing teeth in mirrored routine. Amari was shirtless, wearing just his usual pair of shorts. His broad back a canvas of rippling muscle under the warm glow of the vanity lights, shoulders rolling with each scrub of the brush, sculpted arms flexing as he worked. Rose couldn't help but let her eyes wander a little as they brushed. It felt domestic,

intimate; like a couple settling in. Sharing showers, spooning tight at night. The normalcy of it all unnerved her more than outright confrontation would have.

She spat toothpaste, rinsing with shaky hands, as they returned each to the bedroom. Rose decided to address what had been on her mind all day, as she climbed into bed.

"Look, about that bet earlier..." she started, voice muffled slightly as she pulled the silk sheet over her, propped up on the pillow. "I hope you're not thinking... you know, that it means anything more than it was. Meaningless."

"Shit, yeah, I forgot all about that," he said as he pulled the curtains closed with feigned innocence, a spark of amusement dancing in his dark irises. "Thanks for reminding me, babe."

"I wasn't reminding you!... and don't call me babe!" she protested, rolling her eyes as she watched him ready himself for bed. "I just... don't want things to get weird."

"Too late for that, don't you think?" Amari grinned back at her.

He stood at the foot of the bed, fingers hooking into his waistband. With deliberate slowness, he slid the shorts down, kicking them aside. His cock sprang free, thick and heavy, swinging between his thighs like a promise. The dark length, veined and imposing, made her breath catch. Stunned shock rooted her. No matter how many times she saw it she stared open mouthed, unable to look away, heat surging to her core as she imagined the things it could do to her.

"God, I sleep so much better without this big thing all tied up," he said casually, his voice a low drawl that cut through the charged air. He reached down, gripping the base with one large hand, fingers wrapping around the girth as he squeezed once; firm, possessive. The shaft thickened slightly in his fist, a subtle pulse rippling through the flesh before he released it, letting it bob back into place, the weight pulling it downward again.

Rose tore her eyes upward, cheeks burning with a flush that spread down her neck to her chest, and scrambled to pull the cool fabric of the sheet's up to her chin like a shield. He climbed in beside her, the mattress dipping deeply under his solid weight, the frame creaking faintly as his body settled. *What now? Would he demand she stroke it, or suck him off? Should she tell him to cover up, protest his nudity? But it was his house, his rules,* the words from earlier echoing in her skull like a mantra. He hadn't asked her to strip... yet. *Just ignore it,* she told herself.

Amari shifted closer, his naked body pressing flush against her back, the heat of his skin seeping through her pyjamas like a brand. His chest molded to her shoulders, firm pecs and the ridges of his abs aligning with her back, one muscular arm draping over her waist to pull her in. His cock, soft but enormous, nestled right between her ass cheeks, the weight of it separated only by the flimsy barrier of her cotton shorts. Even flaccid, it felt immense, trapping warmth against her.

He leaned in, breath hot on her ear, sending goosebumps prickling across her arms. "You're wearing those boring pyjamas again."

Here it comes, she thought, tension coiling. He'd try to coax her out of them, demand she bare herself.

"Well, one of us has to have a bit of respect," she shot back, her voice steady despite the tremor racing through her limbs, the way her pulse thrummed in her clit.

He chuckled, the deep vibration rumbling through his chest and into her back, resonating down to where his cock lay heavy against her. "I have a new rule you need to follow... You know? The whole my house, my rules thing that you were so keen to remind me about?"

"I wasn't keen!" she protested, twisting slightly in his hold to glare over her shoulder. The movement ground her ass back against his groin, the thick length shifting along her crack, sending a jolt of pleasure-pain through her core. "I was worried about what you'd... what this would turn into."

"You really think the worst of me, don't you?" He laughed softly, the sound warm and disarming, his hand tightening on her hip, thumb tracing lazy circles over the fabric, inching toward the waistband of her shorts.

"My rule? Tomorrow, let's get out of the city. I know you and Jules had plans and I kinda ruined them with the shift swap. Let me make it up to you. We'll jump in the car, drive up the coast. I know some great spots; fresh air, sunshine, good food, killer views. What do you say?"

Surprise washed over her. She'd braced for lewd demands: strip naked, jerk him off, let him play with her tits. For a split second, she pictured protesting against his demands, but her body yielding anyway as his cock hardened in her hands. *But this? It was thoughtful, almost sweet; a day away, just them.* A smile tugged at her lips, hidden as she faced the wall.

"Fine. But only if you shut up and let me get some sleep," she murmured, her voice softening, body relaxing back into the solid wall of his chest despite the insistent press of his cock against her ass.

His arm pulled her closer, possessive yet gentle, the enormous length settling more firmly into the groove of her cheeks, a comforting weight now that pulsed faintly with his heartbeat. *Seven night's of this,* she sighed, body melting into the solid warmth of his chest, the steady rise and fall of his breathing lulling her. As sleep claimed them, entwined and at ease, Rose drifted off wondering how long she could pretend that this wasn't her favourite part of her days.

Boyfriend Replacement

Rose and Amari lay entwined in the king-sized bed, the silk fabric whispering against their skin with every subtle shift. Their bodies had rearranged themselves during the night in a tangle of limbs and warmth; at one point her slender leg hooked possessively over the hard muscle of his thigh, the soft curve of her calf brushing the coarse hair there; then back into the spooning position, his thick arm slung across her waist, pulling her back flush against his nakedness. She stirred first, blinking against the brightness that danced across her

eyelids, acutely aware of the solid, radiating heat of his bare form molded to her back. His cock, soft but impossibly thick, rested heavy against the plush curve of her ass, nestled right in the cleft, pressing against the damp fabric of her pajama shorts. The sheer weight of it sent a lazy, insistent throb pulsing through her. They'd slept deeply once again, the steady rhythm of his breathing a soothing anchor that had lulled her into oblivion, chasing away the gnawing guilt that usually clawed at her edges when Jules was away.

Amari murmured awake behind her, a low, sleepy rumble vibrating through his chest as he nuzzled closer, his stubbled jaw scraping lightly against the sensitive skin of her neck, sending shivers racing down her arms. His hand slid up from her waist with intimate comfort, palm cupping the full swell of her breast through the worn cotton of her tank top, fingers splaying wide to encompass her. The touch was effortless, possessive, making her nipple harden into a tight, aching peak that strained against his thumb as he gave a gentle squeeze. A soft gasp escaped her lips, her body arching back into him, the friction of his cock shifting against her ass making her clit pulse with need.

"I sleep so good beside you," he rumbled, his voice husky and gravelly with sleep, laced with that deep timbre that always made her insides quiver. His breath was warm and against her ear, stirring the fine hairs there.

"Me too," she whispered, the admission slipping out before she could clamp it down, raw and honest in the morning haze. Heat flushed her cheeks in a burning wave, spreading down her neck to her chest; she hadn't meant to voice it, but it was achingly true. With him, the bed transformed into a sanctuary of shared warmth and unspoken promises. She didn't have the strength, or the want to tell him to get his hands off her. She needed it.

He chuckled low, the vibration traveling through her body, before untangling himself. Amari slid out of bed without a hint of modesty, his broad back flexing as he stood, cock swinging freely between his muscular thighs. It was semi-hard now, morning arousal thickening the veined shaft, the dark length bobbing with each step as he padded toward the kitchen. Rose watched from under the sheet, mesmerised by the casual display of his nudity, the way his muscled ass clenched with movement. Alone in the bed now, she shifted restlessly, feeling the dampness soaking through her shorts, the fabric clinging to her pussy lips like a second skin. Being this close to him night after night, with that huge cock always nearby; pushing against her in sleep, tempting her in dreams, it stirred something primal and insatiable in her, leaving her wet and wanting, her clit throbbing for friction even as a twist of shame knotted in her gut.

Five minutes passed in languid quiet, as she considered getting up out of bed. Then the scents drifted in on a warm breeze; toast golden and crisp, butter melting, fresh berries, the earthy aroma of dark roast coffee. Amari returned, carrying a tray for her surprise breakfast in bed. But it was his cock, still on display and swinging below the tray that caught her eye and made her lick her lips involuntary.

"Are you just going to be naked all the time now?" she asked, aiming for scolding but landing on breathless, her voice husky as she sat up fully against the pillows and headboard.

He set the tray down right atop her crossed legs, smirking as he straightened to his full height, cock jutting out proudly toward her, close enough that she could feel the heat radiating from it.

"I think you like it," he said, his eyes gleaming with mischief and heat, voice dropping to that teasing drawl.

"What? No, I don't," she protested, her stare turning into a scowl at the insinuation.

"Your nipples say otherwise," he countered, his eyes locking onto her chest with heated intent, the hungry sweep of his gaze making her feel stripped bare already.

She knew he was right. Her nipples felt like they could cut diamonds. She glanced down instinctively, worried to see just how on display they had been, before realising she had the sheet pulled up tight around her all along, covering them from his sight.

"Made you look," he added with a wicked grin, voice playful and light, breaking the intensity for a moment.

A surprised laugh bubbled from her throat, genuine and freeing, easing the knot of tension in her chest like a release valve. His silliness disarmed her completely, turning the charged air between them light and playful, a brief respite from the undercurrent of desire that always simmered.

"What's all this for?" she asked, inhaling the warm, comforting aromas from the tray of breakfast goods.

"Got to keep you preoccupied for a few minutes... stop you staring at my cock," he teased, winking. "The Coffee is black and strong. Just the way you like it!"

"You're such an ass," she shot back, but a hint of laughter and a smile tugged at her lips, softening the words..

"Hey, that's not very nice to tell the guy who just brought you breakfast in bed." He laughed, the sound rich and genuine, before heading to the bathroom. "I'm jumping in the shower. Looking forward to the day out. Enjoy your breakfast."

"Thanks," she called after him, her skin prickling with goosebumps from his flirting, and easy nakedness that filled the space like an invitation. As the bathroom door clicked shut and the sound of running water started; a steady hiss that echoed her quickening pulse, Rose bit into the toast, but her mind wandered to the ever-present ache of wondering how much longer she could keep resisting her own needs.

Later, and alone, as Amari popped off to prepare the car for their day out, she slipped under the shower. The water cascaded over her in relentless sheets, pounding against her shoulders and tracing down the curve of her neck, over the swell of her tits. She soaped her curves, lathering the creamy foam across her full breasts, thumbs circling her nipples until they ached with a fresh spark of pleasure. The suds slid lower, over the flatness of her belly, dipping into the trimmed patch of blonde curls above her pussy, where she parted her thighs slightly to let the soap tease her swollen folds. Her fingers lingered there, brushing her slick lips; not quite touching her throbbing clit, but close enough to make her breath hitch, a low whimper escaping as she imagined Amari's large hands doing the same. The water rinsed away the night's sweat and the faint scent of his skin on hers, but not the lingering arousal, the way her pussy pulsed with a craving for a stretch that she had never known.

Drying off with a fluffy towel, she faced the wardrobe, fingers trailing over the hangers in a moment of hesitation. Today called for something bold, a shedding of the insecurities that had always lead to her hiding her body under baggy clothes. She pulled on a pair of tight jean shorts that hugged her juicy ass like a second skin, the faded denim riding up high on her thighs to expose the lower curves of her plump cheeks with every shift of her weight. She topped it with a low-cut white tank top, the thin, stretchy material clinging to her braless breasts, the deep V-neck spilling her cleavage invitingly, her nipples faintly visible as dark shadows beneath the fabric. *No bra today*, she told herself. It felt like shedding restraint, embracing the breeze on her sensitive skin, the subtle bounce of her tits as she moved. In the full-length mirror, she turned slowly, barely recognizing the woman staring back; curves on full display, the confident glow in her blue eyes turning her into a pinup ready for adventure, hips cocked, ass perked. A slow smile curved her lips; she looked good, desirable in a way that made her core tighten with a mix of pride and wicked anticipation.

In the kitchen, Amari leaned against the sleek granite counter in tight fitting jeans that hung low on his hips, and a fitted gray tee that stretched across his broad chest and showcased the bulge of his gym-honed biceps as he crossed his arms. His dark eyes lit up as she entered, raking over her body with unapologetic heat; from the spill of her cleavage down to the way the shorts cupped her ass, making his cock twitch against the fabric of his jeans.

"Damn, Rose, you look fine," he said, his voice a low rumble of appreciation, gaze lingering on her tits before meeting her eyes. "That outfit... you should show that hot body of yours off like this more often. The whole state's gonna be jealous of me today!"

She waved it off with a playful roll of her eyes, cheeks warming under his praise, but a thrill zipped through her like electricity, straight to her pussy.

"Behave," she said, voice breathy despite herself. "It's just comfortable for the drive and the weather."

They gathered sunscreen in a bottle that smelled of coconut and summer, water bottles chilled with condensation beading on the plastic, and a cooler packed with snacks; crisp apples, cheese sticks, and granola bars, the air buzzing with anticipation that crackled between them like static. The front door creaked open just as they zipped the cooler shut; Jules, bleary-eyed from his gruelling night shift, his ginger hair tousled and uniform rumbled, dropping his work bag with a tired sigh that echoed his exhaustion.

"Whoa, heading off somewhere?" he asked, brows lifting in surprise at her outfit, his eyes widening as they traced the braless cleavage and the way her shorts hugged her thighs and ass, a flicker of desire mixing with the fatigue before softening to warm approval. He stepped closer, pulling her into a quick hug, his arms wrapping around her waist as his lips brushed her cheek in a soft, familiar kiss that tasted of mint gum and loyalty.

"Day trip up the coast," Amari explained casually, clapping Jules on the shoulder with a firm grip, his presence towering and easy. "Figured since I got in the way of your plans, the least I could do was step in and take her."

Jules nodded, squeezing her a little tighter before letting go. "Sounds perfect. Glad you're doing this, babe. Will be great for you to get out the city for the day... Thanks for looking after her, man. Will need to pay you boyfriend replacement fees at this rate!"

The words *boyfriend replacement* hit Rose like a cold splash, sending chills racing down her spine and twisting her gut with a sharp stab of guilt. Their constant overstepping the lines of decency together. Her cheeks burned, throat tightening as she forced a smile, the thrill of the day souring with shame, her arousal clashing violently with the image of Jules's trusting face.

"Pleasure's all mine," Amari replied smoothly, shooting Rose a subtle wink that promised more mischief, his eyes darkening with shared secrets as they headed out together, the door clicking shut behind them.

Jules waved them off and then shuffled toward the bedroom for much-needed rest, his body heavy with the night's toll. Alone for a moment, he paused at the king-sized bed, spotting the thick duvet still folded neatly in the corner, exactly as he'd left it after his nap last night. A fleeting thought crossed his mind; *had she slept without it? Under the sheets with Amari? Nah, she wouldn't feel comfortable sleeping like that; she'd toss and turn and worried about how inappropriate it was.* He smiled softly at the thought of her quirks, shaking it off with a chuckle, and collapsed onto the mattress, the pillows enveloping him as sleep pulled him under, oblivious to the rumpled sheets that still held the faint scent of Amari's body and Rose's arousal.

Amari's car roared to life outside, a sleek black convertible with butter-soft leather seats that hugged their bodies like a lover's embrace, the engine's deep growl vibrating through Rose's thighs as she settled in. He flipped the sunroof open with a grin, the morning wind whipping through her blonde hair and tugging at her tank top, making her nipples peak harder against the thin fabric as cool air kissed her exposed skin. They merged onto the highway, the city skyline shrinking in the rearview, replaced by open stretches of road flanked by rolling hills. Rose controlled the playlist on her phone, queuing upbeat tracks that filled the ears, pulsing pop anthems with thumping bass that synced with the engine's hum, indie beats with sultry lyrics that made her glance at Amari's profile, his strong jaw set as he drove one-handed, the other resting casually on the gear shift.

Laughter came easy between them, bubbling up like champagne; they played a road trip game, spotting absurd license plates and inventing wild backstories for passing drivers. Their banter flowed like old friends, but laced with heat; his hand brushing her knee during a turn, her eyes lingering on the bulge in his jeans, the wind carrying the salty promise of the ocean closer.

The coastal town welcomed them with a rush of salty air thick with brine and seaweed, colourful storefronts lining the main drag like jewels under the sun; ice cream parlours with striped awnings, boutiques spilling with beachwear. Rose darted into a quaint candy shop, the bell tinkling as she browsed glass jars of confections, emerging with a crinkling paper bag of hard-boiled sweets; Jules's favourite lemon drops, their yellow spheres promising a sharp, sweet crack on the tongue that dissolved into tangy citrus. A small gift, a tether to normalcy amid the day's illicit thrill, the boyfriend replacement echo reminding her how far she'd strayed from the man waiting at home.

At the nature reserve, they wandered elevated boardwalks that creaked underfoot through dense mangroves, the air humid and alive with the chirp of hidden birds and the rustle of fronds in the breeze. Sunlight dappled the path in golden patches, illuminating egrets perched like white sentinels on twisted roots and fiddler crabs scuttling sideways in the brackish mud below, their oversized claws waving like flags. A fun moment unfolded when

a cheeky monkey; bold and furred with mischief, leapt from a branch and snatched Amari's baseball cap right off his head, its tiny hands clutching the prize as it scampered up a tree. He gave chase with a playful growl, muscles flexing under his tee as he vaulted over roots, branches rustling and leaves shaking in his wake, his laughter echoing through the reserve. Rose doubled over laughing, her tits bouncing freely in the tank top, sides aching as he finally retrieved it with a triumphant whoop, the monkey abandoning it for the rustle of a bag of nuts from another visitor further up the path.

"The hero returns!" Rose teased breathlessly, wiping tears from her eyes, and he bowed dramatically, sweat glistening on his dark skin, before pulling her close for a spin that left her dizzy; his hands on her waist, bodies brushing in the dappled light, her curves pressing against his hard chest as the world blurred.

Late lunch at the seaside restaurant unfolded like a dream under the bright blue sky, the establishment perched precariously on the cliff's edge with panoramic views that stretched to the horizon; turquoise waves crashing against jagged rocks far below, sending sprays of white foam upward like fleeting applause. The air was filled with the briny tang of the ocean mingled with the smoky char of the grill, and the outdoor tables, shaded by fluttering white umbrellas, buzzed with the low murmur of other diners and the distant cry of gulls wheeling overhead. The waiter, a tanned local in his mid-thirties with sun-bleached hair tied back in a ponytail and a friendly, weathered grin that crinkled the corners of his eyes, approached their corner table, balancing platters that steamed faintly in the warm breeze.

He set down their seafood feast with a flourish: plump, grilled prawns glistening with a sheen of olive oil and garlic butter, their pink shells charred at the edges and tails curled invitingly; vibrant salads piled high with crisp romaine, cherry tomatoes bursting with juice, shaved fennel, all tossed in a light vinaigrette that caught the sunlight like jewels. Sliced lemons waited on the side, their citrus zing promising to cut through the richness.

"Enjoy," he said to Rose, his gaze lingering appreciatively on her sun-kissed skin and the way her low-cut tank top hugged her breasts, the cleavage rising and falling with each breath. "You and your partner make a handsome pair; lucky to see such chemistry these days."

Neither corrected him; the assumption hung in the air like a teasing veil, stirring a forbidden flutter in Rose's chest. Amari raised his glass of chilled white wine, the condensation beading on the stem like dew. His eyes twinkled with that signature mischief, reflecting the golden light as he tilted his head toward the full-length wall mirror positioned strategically to capture the stunning vista; and their reflections within it.

"Admit it, we do look great together," he said, his voice a low, velvety rumble that sent a subtle vibration through the table, nodding to the mirror where their images stared back: her fair skin glowing with hints of a newly developing tan, blonde waves tousled by the wind, the deep V of her tank accentuating the generous swell of her braless tits, nipples faintly outlined against the thin fabric from the sea's cooling mist. Beside her, he was a striking contrast; muscled frame relaxed yet commanding in his fitted tee, dark skin absorbing the sunlight like polished obsidian, his strong jaw set in a confident smile that made her pulse quicken.

She blushed, a warm flush creeping up her neck to tint her cheeks rosy, her fingers tracing the edge of her wine glass as she studied their image, the sight igniting an illicit warmth

low inside her. The way they looked side by side; intimate, matched, stirred memories of the night's forbidden closeness.

"Fine," she conceded, her voice soft but laced with a playful edge, meeting his gaze in the mirror. "We don't look too bad together. Happy now?"

He chuckled, the sound deep and resonant, popping a prawn into his mouth and sucking the juices from his fingers with deliberate slowness, his eyes never leaving hers.

"More than happy. Eat up." He smiled at her.

Afternoon waned into a languid haze as they finished their meal. They climbed the winding path to the cliff top nearby, the trail narrow and overgrown with wild grasses that whispered against their legs. Rose's shorts rode up with each step, the denim chafing teasingly against her, while Amari's hand occasionally brushed her lower back for 'support' on the steeper inclines. At the summit, they found a weathered wooden bench, its paint chipped and faded by years of relentless wind, positioned at the very edge where the ground dropped away dramatically to the roiling sea below. They sat close, legs dangling over the precipice, the thrill of the height making Rose's heart race as she leaned into him slightly, sharing the crinkling bag of lemon drops that she had planned to save for Jules.

The candy dissolved slowly on their tongues, the hard shells cracking with a sharp, satisfying snap before melting into sticky sweetness that coated their lips and teeth, the tangy citrus bursting in waves that made her mouth water. The sky bled into a symphony of orange, pink, and deepening purple over the endless expanse of ocean, the sun a fiery orb sinking toward the waves, painting everything in warm dreamy light.

"Thanks for today," Rose said softly, bumping his shoulder with hers, the contact sending a spark up her arm. The words carried genuine warmth, mingled with the undercurrent of their complicated dynamic. "I never expected this when you won that bet. Thought you were going to try something...else. But It's been... fun. More than fun, actually."

He popped another sweet into his mouth, the candy clicking against his teeth as he grinned, his arm draping casually over the back of the bench, fingers inches from her shoulder.

"The night's young yet, Rose. I might still have plans for you."

"I followed your rules already; sitting here with you, letting you drag me on this trip. What more could you want?" She rolled her eyes, but a smile tugged at her lips.

"This day out? That was yesterday's rule," he countered, his voice dropping to a playful growl that rumbled through her, low and teasing, his eyes locking onto hers with an intensity that made her breath catch.

"And tonight? You know how I get. You all dressed up like that, teasing me all day. At the very least, I'm gonna need to take care of things when hit the sack. Don't want these balls to ache too much... And Maybe I'll have you watch, see how hard you make me just by being around."

"Gross," she scoffed, shifting on the bench, but the word lacked conviction. *Watching wouldn't be too bad*, she thought to herself. *It's not like he's asking me to touch it*. Guilt

flickered, sharp and unwelcome to Jules, but the pull toward Amari was stronger, magnetic. "You can't just expect me to go along with anything you say. These games are silly."

"You wouldn't say that if you had the power," he shot back, leaning closer, his breath warm against her ear, carrying the faint citrus from the candy and the underlying musk of his skin. "You calling the shots, making me do whatever you demand. Bet you'd have me on my knees in no time."

"And how's that ever gonna happen?" she challenged, intrigued despite herself, her voice breathy as she turned to face him fully, the wind tousling her blonde hair across her flushed cheeks.

"Maybe you can win it," he said, his smile widening into something predatory yet inviting, eyes gleaming with excitement. "I set a challenge. You complete it, power's yours... for the night, at least. No more rules from me."

"I'm listening," she replied, heart pounding now, the sea's roar below mirroring the rush in her ears.

His eyes lit up, the playful glint sharpening into desire. "A kiss. A proper one. No interruptions, no pulling away. Five minutes, and the power's yours!"

"What? You have to be joking," she laughed, but it came out husky, her body already leaning toward him unconsciously. "A kiss? Seriously? So to stop you from asking me to do something inappropriate, I've got to do something inappropriate? That's not fair!"

"Plenty fair," he insisted, his hand reaching out to tuck a stray lock of hair behind her ear, fingers grazing her skin and sending shivers down her spine.

"What's a kiss between friends?" He laughed then, the sound rich and disarming, before his expression softened, vulnerability flickering in his gaze. "But I'm happy if you say no, Rose. Happy to not have you be able to boss me around."

She contemplated, the wind whipping around them. *A kiss wasn't so bad*; not after the shared shower, not after the nights of spooning, his thick length grinding against her ass in sleep, leaving her soaked and aching. Refusing might invite worse demands under his 'my house, my rules' regime, boundaries pushed further into territory that both terrified and tempted her. *Might be fun to take back control*, she thought.

"Alright," she said finally, voice steady despite the tremor in her core. "But just two minutes. That's as much as I am willing to do, without it feeling like it's too much."

"Two minutes," he agreed instantly, a triumphant grin spreading across his face as he pulled out his phone, thumbing open the stopwatch app with a beep that cut through the wind. "Deal. Power's yours if you make it."

He leaned in slowly, the sunset bathing their faces in a kaleidoscope of warm hues. His hand cupped her jaw gently but firmly, thumb tracing the plump swell of her lower lip, parting it slightly before his full mouth descended to claim hers. The kiss started soft, exploratory; lips brushing like a whisper, her breath hitching as his warmth enveloped her.

But it deepened fast, ignited by the pent-up tension of the past few days, his tongue sweeping in with bold confidence to tangle with hers in a wet, hungry dance that tasted of lemon drops and wine, sweet and tart and utterly consuming. She moaned into his mouth, the sound vibrating between them like a shared secret, her body leaning instinctively toward his heat, breasts pressing against his chest through her thin tank top. His free hand slid to the nape of her neck, fingers threading into her hair to hold her steady as he devoured her; sucking her bottom lip between his teeth with a gentle graze that sparked fire along her nerves, then plunging his tongue deeper, exploring every inch of her mouth with relentless hunger.

Unlike Jules's gentle pecks, soft and affectionate but always restrained, this was a storm of tongues wrestling in a slick, heated battle, breaths mingling hot and ragged, punctuated by soft, needy whimpers she couldn't suppress. Amari's dominance shone through, his lips claiming hers with a possessiveness that made her head spin, but she pushed back, her own tongue flicking against his, sucking lightly on it in retaliation, drawing a low groan from his throat that rumbled into her chest. The power tussle played out in the kiss itself; her hands fisting the fabric of his tee, pulling him impossibly closer until their bodies aligned, her nipples scraping against him. His grip tightening just enough to tilt her head back, exposing her throat for a moment before he recaptured her mouth.

When he finally pulled back, both were breathing hard, chests heaving, her lips glistening, core aching with unfulfilled need that left her thighs slick and trembling. She was dazed, eyes heavy-lidded and unfocused, a dazed laugh bubbling up as reality crashed back; the crash of waves, the chill of dusk settling in. He glanced at his phone, the screen glowing faintly in the twilight.

"Damn... Seventeen minutes and thirty-seven seconds," he said, voice rough with desire, thick and gravelly, his cock straining visibly in his jeans as he adjusted her gently back beside him. "You must really want that power, huh? Lost track completely; guess you win."

Rose blinked, stunned, a breathless laugh escaping as the weight of it sank in; the challenge forgotten in the heat. *But the power? It was mine. I can make sure he behaved. Keeps his clothes on. Or maybe I could...* She smiled to herself as she thought of all her options.

Her Rules

The drive back from the coast unfurled into the deepening twilight, the convertible's top down and engine purring a steady, throaty rhythm that vibrated through the leather seats and up Rose's spine. Rose leaned back in the passenger seat, her blonde hair whipping wildly across her face, the wind tugging at her tank top and making the thin fabric cling to her humidly damp skin. The taste of Amari's mouth still lingered on her lips; citrus-sweet from the candies, mingled with the masculine heat of his tongue. She crossed her legs tighter, trying to chase away the building arousal inside her, but the denim seam of her shorts just pressed harder onto her clit, making her bite her lip to stifle a soft whimper.

By the time they pulled into the apartment lot, night had fully claimed the sky, stars smothered behind the urban haze of sodium lamps and towering buildings. Amari killed the engine, the sudden quiet amplifying the pounding of Rose's heart and the distant hum

of city traffic. She stepped out, the cool air raising goosebumps across her sun-warmed arms and legs, pebbling her skin and making her full breasts bounce slightly with the motion. Stepping out of the elevator, her phone buzzed in the pocket of her shorts, she fished it out, screen lighting up with Jules's name, and answered as Amari carried their bags over his shoulder, muscles flexing under the tee shirt and catching her eye for second.

“Hey, babe,” Jules's voice crackled through, having just arrived at work for his shift. “How was the day out? Just got to work, was hoping to catch you before I left tonight. You guys nearly back yet?”

Rose leaned against the wall of the hallway, letting Amari pass her, he winked, unlocking the apartment door with a click, his lips curving into a knowing grin.

“Hey honey. Yeah we're just getting back to the apartment now. The trip was really great, I wish you had been there to enjoy it all with us.” she replied, her voice steady but husky from the lingering guilt of Amari's kiss, a flush creeping up her neck.

“The coast was beautiful; perfect weather and the waves crashing everywhere, we hit this nature reserve with trails through the dunes, had lunch at this seaside spot with views dropping right off the cliff. You'd have loved it! I'm exhausted. Looking forward to a goodnight's sleep!”

“Awww sounds perfect, so glad you had a nice time. Wasn't sure how you'd get on with Amari, stuck with him all day... but happy you had fun.” Jules said, a soft chuckle filtering through. “Missed you today. Catch up tomorrow? Maybe breakfast if we cross paths?”

“Yeah, Amari's been... fine, I guess. We get on well enough.” She answered, trying to choose her words carefully. Not wishing to cause any alarm by being overly complimentary towards him. “Breakfast tomorrow? That should work! I'll see you then? Have a nice shift honey, love you.”

Any sense of guilt eased into a numb detachment as she hung up, the screen going dark. It had been so easy, this day without him. The unfiltered thrill with Amari, the banter, the touches, the flirting and the way his gaze at her body had that left her soaked and empowered. Days like this made the distance feel natural, almost preferable, a secret rift widening between her loyalty to Jules and the insatiable pull toward something darker, more consuming.

The air was cool in the apartment, Amari dropped the bags by the couch with a thud, stretching his arms overhead in a slow, deliberate arch that pulled his shirt up, exposing the chiseled abs above his jeans. His skin gleamed faintly under the kitchen light, muscles rippling with the motion, and Rose's hungry gaze dipped once more to that massive bulge at his crotch, the thick outline of his cock twitching as if sensing her stare.

His eyes locked onto hers across the room, playful challenge gleaming in their depths, a smirk playing on his lips as he stepped closer, closing the distance like a predator.

“So, you got the power tonight, Rose,” he said, his voice dropping to that low, teasing rumble that vibrated through her bones, stirring the slick heat in her pussy anew. “But do you have the guts to use it?”

She crossed her arms under her chest, deliberately pushing her tits higher in the tank top, the soft mounds straining against the fabric, nipples dark shadows begging for attention. A smirk tugged at her lips, and she felt a rush of bold confidence flood her veins.

“We’ll soon find out,” she shot back, her tone firm and laced with heat, stepping forward to meet him halfway, her hips swaying with newfound authority. “Tonight, I call the shots. Think you can follow orders for once?”

He laughed, the sound deep and resonant, filling the space between them as he closed the gap until his body heat radiated against her like a furnace.

“Bring it, baby,” he murmured, his breath hot on her neck as he leaned in. “I can handle whatever you throw my way.”

Amari pursued her playfully, his large hands reaching out to grab her waist, but she twisted away each time, laughing breathlessly, the sound husky and empowered. She saw it clearly now; the way his jeans tented obscenely, the dark spot of pre-cum blooming; the subtle shift as he adjusted himself mid-chase, palming his shaft through the fabric with a groan that betrayed his need. Horny from the day's simmering tension; the stolen glances at lunch, the brush of his thigh under the table, that endless kiss where tongues had clashes and bodies had promised more; his desire was palpable, a weapon she intended to wield as sweet punishment for all his cocky teasing.

Tonight, she would flip the script. Circling back around the island, she stopped just out of reach, her chest heaving, breasts rising and falling rapidly.

“Enough games.” she said, voice firm and commanding, locking eyes with him as she turned toward the hallway, her ass cheeks flexing under the tight shorts with each step. “Meet me in the bedroom in five minutes. And you’ll do as I command, or you’ll regret it.”

“Fuck yeah!” he called after her, his cocky grin splitting his face wide as he watched her sway away, already palming his cock more openly now. He kicked off his jeans and pulled on his shorts in anticipation, wanting to give her quicker and easier access his prized asset.

In the bedroom, Rose's pulse thundered in her ears as she prepared herself. She grabbed a long, soft towel from the linen closet, its cotton weave plush and cool against her palms as she spread it across the king-sized bed. Anticipation coiled in her belly, tightening her core as she stood at the foot of the bed, fingers hooking under the hem of her tank top. She peeled it off slowly, the thin material sliding up her torso, freeing her heavy breasts with a soft bounce; they swayed freely, full and round. The jean shorts came next, shimmying the denim down her thighs, the fabric dragging over her hips. Stepping out of them, she stood in just a thin black thong, the lace barely covering any of her round ass cheeks, the thin string nestling deep between them. She climbed onto the bed, lying on her stomach, her curves on full display; the swell of her ass lifted slightly by the mattress's give, breasts pressing into the towel beneath her, thighs parting just enough to feel the air tease her inner skin. Calling him in felt like stepping into fire, her throat dry as she swallowed hard.

“Amari... I’m ready for you!” she called, her voice steady despite the wild flutter in her belly, projecting authority that masked the way her clit pulsed with need.

He entered moments later, the door clicking shut behind him, his eyes widening as they locked onto her prone form; skin still glowing slightly with a new tan from the day's sun

exposure, ass cheeks peeking invitingly around the thong's edges, the curve of her spine arching subtly as she waited. His gaze devoured her inch by inch, starting from her tousled blonde hair spilling over the pillow, down the dip of her waist, lingering on the full globes of her ass and the way her thighs pressed together, hinting at the heat between them. Hunger flashed raw across his face, his jaw tightening.

"Now, that's what I'm talking about," he murmured, his deep voice rough with desire, one hand dropping instinctively to grab the thick bulge straining against his shorts; the outline of his cock already half-hard and twitching under his palm as he squeezed it once, testing the pressure.

"Easy, tiger," she warned, propping herself up on her elbows to meet his stare, her breasts shifting forward with the motion. Her eyes narrowed, holding his gaze firmly. "Rule one for tonight: You aren't allowed to touch yourself. At all. Hands off that cock unless I say so."

His fingers froze mid-grip, then released slowly, enough to cause the bulge to sway. A slow, wicked smile spread across his full lips, his eyes gleaming with a mix of submission and challenge. "Your rules, Rose. I'm all yours."

He eyed her body unabashedly, gaze raking over her like he was a starved man, and she had been served up on a platter for him to devour. She felt utterly exposed under that scrutiny, a rush of power surging through her like electricity, making her skin prickle.

"Good, now my skin's a little dry from all that salty sea air," she continued, settling back down onto her stomach, cheek pressing into the pillow as she arched her back slightly to accentuate her curves. "You're going to be my good little servant tonight, eager to please me, right?"

"Yes, ma'am," he declared, his voice dropping an octave lower, laced with eager submission that sent a thrill straight to her clit, making it throb insistently.

"Good boy. Now grab the oil. Start on the shoulders, back, and arms. If you want to work on anything else, you need to ask permission. You hear me? No just helping yourself..."

"Got it. Loud and clear."

He moved to the nightstand, grabbing the bottle of citrus-scented oil; the label promising a zesty orange and lemon blend that filled the room with a sharp, invigorating aroma as he twisted the cap. The oil glugged out in a generous stream into his large palms, pooling warm and slick as he rubbed his hands together to heat it, the sound wet and anticipatory. He knelt, the mattress dipping under his weight, his knee pressing into the edge near her hip, close enough that she felt the heat radiating from his body. His touch landed first on her shoulders, strong fingers splaying wide to knead into the tight muscles there, thumbs circling deep into the knots with expert, firm pressure that made her gasp softly, tension unraveling like threads under his grip. Rose sighed deeply, her body melting into the sensation, his hands like heated, unyielding tools gliding over her skin, spreading the oil in smooth, even layers that made her glow under the dim bedside lamp.

He worked methodically down her back, tracing the line of her spine with his fingertips first, then flattening his palms to cover more ground, stroking long and firm from the base of her neck to the small of her back, just above the swell of her ass. The oil slicked every inch, his fingers digging into the muscles along her sides, brushing the sensitive undersides

of her breasts accidentally, sending jolts of pleasure radiating outward, her nipples scraping harder against the towel. Her arms came next; he lifted one gently, massaging from the shoulder joint down to her wrist, his thumbs pressing into the meat of her bicep, then her forearm, fingers interlacing with hers briefly as he rotated her hand, pulling and stretching the tendons with a pull that sent sparks shooting up her limb, straight to her armpit and beyond, making her toes curl.

The erotic undercurrent built slowly, inexorably, his breath coming warm and steady against the nape of her neck. She heard the rustle of his shorts with every shift, glimpsed over her shoulder the dark spot blooming at the tip where his pre-cum soaked through the fabric, his cock swelling harder now against the thin material like it strained to burst free, the head leaking steadily. Rose revelled in it, the power surging through her veins like a drug, her own arousal building, pussy lips slick against the thong's crotch, inner walls fluttering with the need to be filled, juices trickling slowly to dampen her inner thighs. He finished the upper body, his hands lingering at her sides, thumbs grazing the outer curves of her breasts with feather-light pressure that made her arch involuntarily, a soft moan escaping her lips.

“Permission to do your legs?” he asked, voice husky, eyes fixed on the way her ass shifted with her breathing.

She nodded into the pillow, her voice coming out husky and breathy, laced with command. “Granted. But no sneaky touches of my pussy. That’s for Jules only!”

“Understood... I’ll keep it clean.”

His hands shifted lower, pouring more oil into his palms before working it over her calves, fingers wrapping around the muscle to squeeze and release, thumbs digging into the firm backs before sliding up to her arches. He massaged her feet thoroughly, pressing into the balls and heels, pulling each toe individually until she whimpered at the unexpected pleasure bordering between highly erotic and ticklish. Then upward, to her thighs; deliberate slowness in every motion, inner lines receiving the most attention as his fingers kneaded the soft sensitive flesh, inches from the radiating heat of her core. Rose’s thong was thoroughly soaked, her juices seeping through the lace in a visible wet patch, the musky scent of her arousal mixing headily with the sharp citrus. Each upward pass brought him closer, his knuckles brushing the very edge of the fabric where it met her thigh crease, making her hips twitch involuntarily, her clit aching for direct pressure. She bit her lip hard, loving the exquisite tease of his touch and her power over him.

“And what about that big beautiful butt? Can’t leave that out of the fun. Ready for me to give it some attention?” he asked, hands hovering just above her ass cheeks, fingers flexing with barely contained urge, the air between them crackling with tension.

A low groan escaped her before she could stop it, her body betraying the heat flooding her veins.

“Yes,” she breathed, pushing her ass up slightly into the space near his hands, inviting yet commanding. “Make it shine for me.”

He poured more oil directly onto her ass cheeks, the cool liquid trickling down in thick streams, pooling briefly at the thin string of her thong before seeping toward her puckered asshole and the slickness of her pussy below. His large hands descended immediately,

pressing flat and wide to coat the full, round globes, fingers splaying out to cover every smooth inch, sliding the oil in firm, even strokes that made her skin gleam. The slickness amplified every touch, his hands gliding effortlessly as he started with broad sweeps, thumbs hooking under the curves to lift and spread her cheeks apart just enough to expose more of her to the room's air.

Then the kneading began in earnest; deep, possessive grips that dug into her firm flesh, pulling the muscles taut before squeezing them with rhythmic pumps, his fingers sinking into the soft give of her ass like he owned it. Thumbs pressed hard into the dimples at the base of her spine, circling with consistent pressure, unraveling knots she didn't know she had while igniting fresh sparks of need. Rose moaned softly, the sound vibrating from her chest as she arched her back, pushing her ass higher into his hands, her tits shifting against the towel beneath her with the motion. The oil warmed quickly under his friction, making her skin slick and shiny, every pull and squeeze causing her cheeks to jiggle slightly, the sensation building a slow burn in her thighs and pussy.

“Your ass is a masterpiece,” he told her, making her feel worshipped in a way she had never truly felt before.

His hands grew bolder with each pass, parting her cheeks wider with firm deliberate pulls, fully exposing the thin black thong strip nestled tight against her asshole. A thick thumb traced the edge of the material there, pressing lightly over the puckered ring through the barrier, circling the sensitive rim with slow, teasing pressure that made her asshole clench involuntarily, the muscle fluttering under the touch. She gasped sharply, her pussy responding in kind, inner walls contracting hard and flooding more wetness. The dual sensations; his thumb's insistent rub and the building ache in her slit, had her hips rocking subtly, chasing more friction while her clit throbbed untouched, swollen and demanding.

He spent an age on her ass alone, alternating between rough gropes that jiggled her ass and slower, sensual rubs that soothed and ignited. Fingers slipped along the undersides, lifting and spreading, his breath hitching as he stared at the view; her tight hole winking, the thong dark with her cream, lips peeking around the edges. His cock strained painfully, the fabric tenting obscenely, precum dripping steadily now. Rose's body hummed with electric tension, every nerve ending alight and buzzing, the intoxicating rush of power flooding her veins as she denied him release while he worshipped her curves like a man starved, his hands trembling slightly with restraint.

“Okay, turn over, let's make this a full body massage” he said finally, his voice laced with the edge of desperation as he pulled his hands away, leaving her ass slick and throbbing from the attention.

She complied slowly, rolling onto her back with a deliberate arch that made her tits heave upward, the full globes rising and falling with her quickened breaths, nipples standing out as diamond-hard peaks, flushed red and begging for his mouth or fingers. Her thong had shifted askew during the massage, the front panel twisted and clinging transparently to her slick pussy, pulsing with her heartbeat as fresh arousal beaded at her entrance.

“Ready for me to massage those big titties?” he asked, his dark eyes locked on her chest, pupils blown wide with hunger, hands hovering near her ribs as if afraid to overstep.

“Do it,” she gasped, her voice breathy and commanding, eyes locking onto his with a fierce intensity that dared him to disobey. “But do it rough; they're aching for attention.”

He chuckled darkly, the sound rumbling from his chest as he grabbed the oil bottle again, tipping it to pour a generous stream directly over her chest; the cool liquid splashing across her collarbone before running down between her deep cleavage, pooling in the valley and trickling over the undersides of her breasts. His hands followed without pause, cupping the heavy globes from below and squeezing with forceful, rhythmic pumps that made the oiled flesh overflow his grasp, spilling between his fingers like ripe fruit. Thumbs circled her wide areolas first, tracing the pebbled, textured skin with firm drags that made her nipples tighten even harder, before pinching them between thumb and forefinger; twisting just enough to teeter on the edge of pain, sending sharp zings of pleasure-pain through her body making her writhe beneath him.

Rose arched off the bed, a high-pitched whimper escaping her parted lips as he bounced her breasts in his palms, watching the oiled flesh slap together lightly and wobble with hypnotic motion, the slick skin glistening and jiggling under his rough handling. The slaps echoed softly in the room, each one making her nipples sting deliciously.

“I love seeing your big, perfect tits all oiled up and wobbling for me,” he growled, his voice thick with lust, delivering a light spank to the side of one breast; the sharp smack resounding as the flesh rippled and jiggled in response, a faint red mark blooming on her pale skin while her nipple throbbed from the vibration.

She watched his torment with a predatory smile, eyes dropping to the way his cock jerked violently in his shorts, the thick outline twitching with need, and let dirty words spill from her lips in a husky taunt.

“Look at you... I bet you're dying to take that big black cock out and shove it between these big white tits of mine. Watch it disappear between these soft mounds while you fuck them. Is that what you want, Amari? Do you want to fuck little nerdy Rose's big, geeky tits until you paint them with your load?”

“Fuck yeah,” he declared through gritted teeth, his hands still mauling her breasts with relentless squeezes and pinches, thumbs and fingers digging in as he hooked his thumbs into his waistband and yanked the shorts down in one swift motion, kicking them aside.

His cock sprang free with a heavy slap against his abs, thicker and more veined than ever, the dark shaft curving upward aggressively, the bulbous head flushed deep purple and slick with a steady stream of pre-cum that dangled in a thick string from the wide slit. It throbbed angrily in the open air, veins bulging along the length like ropes under the taut skin, balls heavy and drawn tight below in their smooth sac, desperate, leaking, and begging for her hands, mouth, or pussy to give it the release it needed.

Rose smiled wickedly, her gaze devouring the monstrous thing as it stood proud and untouched, her pussy aching fiercely at the sight, inner muscles clenching with the urge to wrap around it, but she held firm, her voice steady with control.

“That's too bad. Because tonight's not about you, is it? Tonight's my night. all about me getting what I need while you watch and wait. And I think what I need most right now, is a good night's sleep...and remember... no touching that thing!” She teased, her smile victorious as she looked at the anguish on Amari's face.

Amari stood frozen in shock at the edge of the bed, his broad chest heaving with ragged breaths that made his abs flex and release under the warm glow of the bedside lamp. His massive cock jutted out aggressively, the dark shaft pulsing with visible throbs along its rigid length. Rose watched him a wicked laugh bubbled up from her throat, light and triumphant, as she glanced at his expression.

“What the hell, Rose? You can't leave me like this,” Amari declared, his voice cracking into a rough, desperate plea that rumbled low in his chest, one hand hovering inches from his throbbing length but pulling back at the last second, knuckles whitening as he fought the urge to stroke himself.

“I'm about ready to burst here!” His balls hung heavy and tight below the base, drawn up in anticipation, the smooth sac contracting subtly with each denied pulse of his shaft.

Rose's amusement deepened into a wicked grin, her eyes sparkling with unbridled mischief as she used the the towel, wiping away the glossy sheen that made her soft stomach glisten and her hips flare invitingly. She paused deliberately at the curve of her hips, fingers lingering on the damp edge of her thong before skipping the generous swell of her ass entirely, leaving the full, round cheeks oiled and gleaming, the thin black strip of fabric wedged deep like a teasing promise. The surge of power coursed through her veins like liquid fire, hotter and more intoxicating now, seeing this towering, muscular man; usually so commanding and confident, reduced to a quivering mess of desperation by her simple whims. An idea ignited in her mind, wicked and thrilling. *Tease him more*, she told herself.

“Hope that kiss earlier was worth the blue balls,” she said, her tone dripping with playful cruelty as she tossed the towel aside with a flick of her wrist, letting it land in a heap on the floor. She shifted onto her side with deliberate slowness, her body curving into a sinuous S-shape. Then, with a coy glance over her shoulder, she scooted back against him, pressing her round, slick ass directly into the rigid heat of his cock; the searing hardness of him branding her through the flimsy thong, the thick underside nestling perfectly into the warm, oily cleft of her cheeks like it was made to fit there.

Amari groaned deep, the sound vibrating through his body as his hips jerked forward, the sudden friction making his cock slide an inch along her skin, pre-cum smearing across the oiled flesh in a hot, slippery streak.

“Oh dear, how clumsy of me. Looks like I forgot to wipe off some of this oil from my ass,” she teased, her voice dropping to a husky purr laced with feigned innocence, even as her pulse raced with the thrill of control. She gave a slow, deliberate twerk, rolling her hips in a tight circle that ground her cheeks firmly along his entire length, the oil turning the motion into a smooth, torturous glide that coated his shaft in her warm residue, the veins on his cock catching slightly against her soft skin with each pass.

“The towels out of reach... You don't mind if I use your big cock to wipe it off, do you?”

“Fuck me, Rose, what are you doing to me?” he groaned, the words torn from him in a strained rasp, his hands clenching into fists at his sides, fingers digging deep into his palms until the skin turned white, every muscle in his arms and shoulders tensing to resist the primal urge to grab her hips and thrust. The sight of her ass; full, plush, and gleaming with oil, swallowing his dick in that relentless, oily grind was the hottest torment he'd ever endured, her flesh moulding around his girth like a custom-fitted sheath, the heat of her

body seeping into him while her subtle rolls sent electric jolts racing up his spine to tighten his balls even further.

She continued the motion with teasing precision, slowing the rhythm to draw it out further, savoring the way his cock twitched and jumped between her cheeks with every grind, the fat head nudging against the string of her thong, pushing it aside just enough to brush the sensitive rim of her asshole before sliding down toward her soaked pussy lips. Her own arousal built in waves, a steady ache blooming deep in her core. Inner thoughts raced through her mind like wildfire: *This is intoxicating; pure power. He's so hard, so fucking needy, all because of me. I could make him beg forever, watch his body shake, hear him whimper my name. God, his cock feels massive back there, throbbing like it's about to explode.* She arched her back with a subtle flex, increasing the pressure as her ass cheeks squeezed his shaft in rhythmic pulses, clenching and releasing to milk pre-cum from him in steady drips that painted her skin.

“Maybe I’ll just tease you all night like this,” she murmured, her words laced with dominant filth that hung in the air like a promise, turning her head to catch his wild, dilated gaze over her shoulder, her blonde hair tumbling across one eye in disheveled waves.

“Not letting you cum, no matter how much you beg or how bad it hurts. You think just because you have the hottest, biggest, blackest cock; that you hold all the power here? But it’s my body that makes you want to burst at the seams. You need this ass grinding on you, these big tits you’re so desperate to touch, and it kills you knowing you can’t fuck them, can’t bury yourself in my pussy. Not unless I say so; and tonight, I’m saying no.”

Her voice dropped lower, a sultry command as she rolled her hips once more, hard and insistent, feeling his cock pulse desperately against her, the denial twisting her own desire into something sharper, more addictive.

Amari's body trembled uncontrollably as Rose's grinding intensified, her hips circling with deliberate force that made the oil squelch obscenely between them; wet, slippery slaps echoing in the dim room with each forward press. His balls were now aching with the need to unload. Sweat beaded on his forehead, trickling down the tense lines of his neck, as the veins along his length throbbed visibly, pulsing against her plush flesh.

“Please, Rose,” he begged, his deep voice breaking into a hoarse whimper that shattered the air, the big, muscular man crumbling completely under her unyielding control, his dark eyes glazing over with raw desperation. “I need to cum so bad!”

She laughed softly, her ass pressing back harder with a firm squeeze that made him gasp. Now she twerked with more intent, rolling her hips in tight circles that dragged the full girth of his shaft between her cheeks, the tip catching on the edge of her thong and tugging the fabric aside just enough to brush harder against the rim of her asshole; a fleeting, electric contact that sent a sharp shiver racing up her spine, her untouched clit pulsing with sudden, neglected heat. *God, he's breaking so beautifully under me,* she thought, a rush of triumphant heat flooding her veins. *I love this power, feeling his huge cock throb and leak against my skin, so close to losing it all because I won't let him. He's mine to break.*

Her words sharpened, turning into a commanding growl that dripped with filthy authority. “What happened to you Amari? The big confident cocksure alpha? Reduced to begging for permission? Completely at my mercy.”

“Fuck this, I can't take your bullshit anymore,” Amari growled suddenly, the words ripping from his throat like a raw confession, laced with the edge of a predator unleashed. In a blur of explosive motion, his arms hooked under her waist, flipping her onto her stomach with effortless strength that made the bed frame creak and groan under the sudden shift. Rose yelped in sharp surprise, the sound cut off as her face pressed into the soft pillow, muffling her gasp, her breasts flattening against the sheets while her round ass lifted instinctively into the air, cheeks parting slightly from the arch of her back. Before she could recover, his open palm cracked down on one full, oiled cheek with a resounding smack that echoed through the room, the impact sending a fierce sting blooming across her skin like wildfire, followed by a deep rush of molten heat that arched straight to her core, making her pussy flutter.

“You dirty teasing slut,” he rasped, his voice thick and gravelly with pent-up hunger finally breaking free, the words vibrating with possessive fury as his hand came down again on the other cheek, harder this time, the flesh jiggling and rippling under the force, turning a bright pink that contrasted sharply with the glossy oil. He straddled her thighs roughly, knees pinning her legs together as his rough palms gripped her ass cheeks and pushed them together with bruising force, trapping his rigid cock in the deep flesh like a vice. The oil-slick channel enveloped him perfectly, warm and welcoming, and he began to thrust with short, savage drives; his hips snapping forward to bury the full length between her cheeks.

Rose moaned into the pillow, her body igniting like dry tinder under his sudden, overwhelming dominance, every nerve alight with the thrill of surrender. The spanks rained down intermittently, each one landing with increasing force; his palm connecting with a wet slap against her slick skin, turning her ass a deeper shade of red, the pain twisting and blooming into exquisite, throbbing pleasure that made her pussy walls flutter and contract rhythmically, more cream leaking out to soak her thighs.

Oh fuck, he's using me like his personal slut. Spanking me hard, whilst he uses my cheeks like I'm just a sex toy to him. she thought wildly, her mind spinning with the intensity of it all. I've never felt like this before; so rough, so completely claimed and used, his big hands marking me up. My ass is on fire, stinging with every hit, and I love it. She pushed back against him instinctively, her hips rocking up to meet his thrusts, her swollen clit grinding against the rumpled sheets with every desperate grind, friction building a fresh wave of heat that had her toes curling into the mattress.

“Gonna paint this big round ass with my load,” Amari grunted through clenched teeth, as he delivered another sharp spank to her right cheek, the flat of his palm connecting with a resounding crack that made her flesh ripple and bounce. The impact sent fresh jolts of stinging heat radiating outward, her skin already tender from the earlier strikes, now blooming into a deeper, throbbing warmth that synced with the relentless snap of his hips.

His thick cock pistoned between her clamped ass cheeks with increasing fury, the veined shaft sliding through the oil-slicked valley in long, forceful strokes that dragged the swollen head up and down her cleft, bumping against the soaked fabric of her thong each time. The friction built to a fever pitch, her oiled skin providing a perfect, slippery glide that let him fuck the tight channel without resistance, while his heavy balls swung forward to slap wetly

against the thin strip of material covering her pussy, the smacks echoing like rhythmic punctuation in the heated air; each one pulling a involuntary twitch from her core.

“You love this, don't you?” he rasped, one hand pinning her hip down to the mattress while the other reared back for another spank.

“Pretending you liked to be in charge tonight, when deep down what you really craved was being dominated and forced to submit. Left begging to be marked like the filthy cock tease you are, dripping and desperate for my cum.”

Another spank landed square on her left cheek, the force jolting her forward into the pillow, then two more followed in rapid succession; left, right, left, his palm stinging her reddening flesh with unyielding precision, each impact making her ass cheeks jiggle and clench around his pistoning length. The cumulative sting pushed her perilously close to the edge, her skin now a vivid pink, hypersensitive and alive with pulsing heat that twisted the pain into molten pleasure, radiating straight to her untouched pussy. Rose's moans escalated into throaty cries, her body trembling uncontrollably as waves of overwhelming sensation crashed over her; the burn of her spanked ass, the relentless drag of his massive cock between her cheeks, the filthy dominance in his voice all conspiring to unlock something primal and feral deep inside her.

He's breaking me down, in the best fucking way possible, she thought, her mind fracturing under the onslaught, a haze of lust clouding everything. The way he talks to me, owns every inch of me right now; pushing me right over the brink, making me his without even touching my pussy. Her pussy fluttered wildly, the neglected heat building until a small, dirty orgasm ripped through her without warning, her clit throbbing as sharp pulses contracted her pussy in rhythmic spasms. She shuddered violently, gasping into the pillow, her thighs quivering as the release left her breathless and boneless, every nerve humming with aftershocks.

Amari sensed the sudden tension and release in her body; the way her ass cheeks squeezed tighter around his shaft mid-thrust, her muffled cry vibrating through them both, and it ignited the final fuse in his own building climax, the knowledge that he'd pushed her over the edge with just his words and spanks sending a surge of triumphant heat through his veins. He roared, a deep bellow that filled the room like thunder, his hips slamming forward one last time as his cock erupted in his grip. Thick ropes of cum burst, the first jet shooting hot and forceful to splatter across the small of her back in a messy arc, the pearly white strands cooling instantly against her sweat-damp skin. More followed in rapid pulses; second and third ropes landing heavy on the curve of her ass cheeks, painting the reddened flesh in sticky streaks that dripped down the slopes, pooling in the deep valley between her cheeks. The load was massive, an outpouring of pent-up need, hot and viscous like molten cream, searing her skin with its warmth as it clung in glistening webs, some strands draping over the swell of her hips and trickling lower to soak into the saturated thong, mingling with her own arousal in a filthy, slippery mix that made her feel utterly claimed.

He thrust through the orgasm, short and erratic pumps that milked every last drop from his pulsing shaft onto her body, his muscles locking rigid as waves of pleasure wracked him, balls contracting to empty themselves completely. Finally spent, he collapsed forward slightly, the roar fading into heavy pants as tremors shook his frame.

“God damn, would you look at that sight,” he panted, voice rough and satisfied as he pulled back just enough to take in the view; his hand sliding up to give her ass one final, possessive squeeze, fingers digging into the cum-smearred flesh and spreading the mess further across her curves.

“You filthy little slut. Just a hot piece of ass, that loved being covered in all my thick cum. Groaning and shaking, loving every second of getting marked and used.”

Rose lay there beneath him, utterly spent and glowing with a deep, sated warmth that seeped into her bones, the cum cooling on her skin into tacky patches that contrasted with the lingering heat pulsing in her spanked ass and fluttering pussy. Her body hummed with residual satisfaction, the small orgasm having eased the ache but left her craving the wild, unrestrained edge they'd just explored together. Inner thoughts swirled in the hazy afterglow, a mix of exhilaration and introspection: *What the hell did I start tonight? He flipped the script, used my ass like his personal toy, spanked me raw until I was red and stinging, called me a slut while painting me with his huge load; and I came from it, just from that brutal, filthy treatment without him even entering me. I loved every goddamn second, feeling owned and broken in like never before; his masculine dominance cracking something open inside me. Something Jules could never make me feel.*

After a long moment where the room filled with the slowing cadence of their pants, the faint drip of oil and cum hitting the sheets, and the musky scent of sex hanging thick in the air, Rose stirred beneath him. Her voice emerged soft but steady, laced with a quiet contentment.

“Pass me the towel,” she murmured, twisting her upper body just enough to reach back, her fingers brushing his thigh as he leaned over to grab it from the nightstand and hand it over without a word.

She wiped herself down as best she could in the awkward position, dabbing at the cooling mess on her back; swiping away the thicker ropes that had landed there, though some smeared instead into glossy trails. Turning her attention lower, she cleaned her ass cheeks, the towel soaking up the pooled cum in the cleft and the drips that had seeped toward her thighs, but remnants clung tenaciously to her skin, leaving faint, sticky evidence of their frenzy. Finally, she balled the towel and tossed it aside, climbing under the cool silk sheets that rasped deliciously against her bare, still-flushed body, she remained topless, her big breasts swaying freely as she settled.

Glancing over her shoulder at him, a small, secretive smile curved her lips, her eyes heavy-lidded with satisfaction. “Are you coming to sleep? That side of the bed is all messy, you’d better curl up nice and close”

Amari's face split into a broad, satisfied grin, his eyes raking over her form one last time before he nodded, his spent cock; still huge even in softening; pressing warmly against the side of her thigh as he slid in beside her. He spooned close, his chest moulding to her back, one arm draping over her waist to pull her flush against him; the woman he'd just painted and marked now nestled securely in his hold. Their bodies tangled together in the intimate aftermath, still bearing the subtle, hot, sticky traces of their passion, skin still humming with shared heat.

Without thinking, Rose captured his hand from her hip, her fingers intertwining with his as she guided it upward to cup her breast possessively; the soft, heavy weight settling

perfectly into his large palm, his thumb brushing idly over the hardened nipple and drawing a soft sigh from her lips.

“Good night,” she whispered, her voice fading into a contented murmur as her eyes drifted shut, the enveloping intimacy of his touch and the sheets wrapping around them like a cocoon, lulling her toward sleep.

The Weight Of It

Rose stirred awake slowly, her body felt deliciously heavy with satisfaction, every limb loose and languid from the deepest, most restorative sleep, as if the night's dirty exertions had drained her completely and left her reborn. Amari's large hand cupped one of her full, heavy breasts with possession, his fingers splayed wide over the soft mound, while his thumb rested idly against the pebbled peak of her nipple, a subtle pressure that sent faint tingles radiating through her chest even in his slumber. Behind her, the solid wall of his body pressed flush against her back, his broad chest rising and falling in steady rhythm against her spine, the heat of his skin seeping into hers like a living furnace. His thick cock, nestled against the plush curve of her ass, the veined length trapped between her cheeks where it had spent the night, a warm, heavy reminder of how he'd thrust there hours before, the faint crust of dried cum flaking slightly against her skin with each subtle shift.

A faint stickiness lingered between her thighs and on her skin, remnants of the oil and his release from the night before, a tangible echo of their heated frenzy. The scent of their mingled musk; sweat, citrus oil, his seed and her arousal; filled the air, a heady perfume that stirred her senses anew.

Guilt should have crashed over her like a wave, pulling her under with thoughts of Jules, of the life she had built with him, steady and loving. Shame for crossing lines she never imagined breaching, for the way she had teased and surrendered in equal measure. But instead, a quiet, electric thrill bloomed deep in her chest, pushing back the familiar tide of regret with surprising force. *This wasn't about betrayal; it was about an awakening!* A shattering of the invisible chains that had bound the old Rose; the geeky high school wallflower who'd buried her voluptuous curves under oversized hoodies and ill-fitting jeans, hiding the sway of her hips and the bounce of her tits from prying eyes; the obedient daughter who'd nodded through every parental lecture, suppressing the spark of rebellion; the accommodating girlfriend who'd stifled her hungers to keep the peace, letting Jules' modest touches pass without demanding more; the cautious college student who'd aced exams but never chased the thrill of risk. That version of her had dimmed her desires, locked away the naughtiness that begged to be set free.

Now, after last night, she understood the power in her body; the way her ass could make a man wild with lust, how her teasing whispers could make even a dominant like Amari groan and submit to her rhythm before driving him over the edge, and make him unleash himself fully and dominantly. It was intoxicating, this wildness uncoiling inside her, absurd in its intensity after one night of unleashing, but she couldn't fight the sly smile tugging at her lips. Even if last night proved a fleeting spark, a one-time unleashing of her inner tease and slut, it felt right. Like seizing fragments of her soul she'd long ignored.

Careful not to rouse him, she slipped from the bed softly. The digital clock on the nightstand glowed 8:47 AM in stark red digits, a ticking reminder: just over an hour before Jules would push through the front door, their promise of having breakfast together at the forefront of her mind. Shared bites of toast, light chatter about his shifts and her upcoming course work, a quiet anchor to pull her back into the comforting rhythm of their routine. But first, she needed to erase the traces: a thorough shower to scour away the evidence clinging to her skin, and the bed demanded attention; the sheets damp against the mattress, soaked with glistening oil, salty sweat, and remnants of Amari's cum that had seeped into the fabric, echoing the tacky film drying on her back and thighs.

She padded naked into the bathroom, the expansive shower loomed invitingly with its dual rain heads, a sleek luxury in their shared apartment that now pulsed with unintended layers of forbidden intimacy; memories of Amari's soapy hands roaming her body. Rose twisted the chrome knob, water erupted from the overhead sprays in forceful sheets, steam billowing in swirling clouds that fogged the mirrored walls and filled the air with humid warmth. She stepped under the deluge, the jets hammering against her shoulders with rhythmic pressure, cascading down between her tits, tracing the undersides where they jiggled softly with each breath, then forking over her stiffened nipples to send jolts straight to her clit.

The heat enveloped her like a comforting lover's embrace, easing the subtle ache in her thighs and soothing the deeper throb in her ass cheeks from his harsh spanks. She tilted her head back, eyes fluttering shut as the water soaked her blonde strands, turning them dark and heavy, streams pouring over her face and down her neck in tickling paths that made her skin prickle. Soap lathered in her palms, she ran her hands over her body slowly, tracing the swell of her tits, the roundness of her ass where a subtle warmth lingered from Amari's aggression. The water rinsed away the stickiness, leaving her skin flushed and clean, her mind relaxing and resetting after yesterdays escapades and last night's abandon.

The second shower head hissed to life with a sudden burst, spraying a forceful jet of steaming water that jolted Rose from her languid daydream. She blinked through the rising mist, her heart skipping as Amari's towering, muscular frame stepped into the enclosure, the glass door clicking shut behind him with a decisive snap. Water immediately beaded on his broad, chiseled chest, tracing glistening paths down the deep valleys between his pecs and over the sharp, etched ridges of his abs, each droplet catching the light like liquid diamonds on his dark skin.

A flicker of protest bubbled up in her throat, a knee-jerk remnant of the boundaries she'd once clung to. But it dissolved as swiftly as mist on hot glass, evaporating under the weight of their shared nakedness. Being bare together now felt utterly effortless, charged with an electric undercurrent yet wrapped in a deceptive comfort, like slipping back into the tangled sheets of the bed they'd shared together, bodies still humming from the night's fun.

He glanced at her through the veil of steam, his lips curving into a lazy, knowing grin that made her stomach flip, dark eyes gleaming with that familiar mix of affection and hunger. Reaching for the bottle of body wash on the tiled ledge, he squeezed a thick ribbon into his palm, the creamy lather foaming instantly under the pounding water.

"Morning, beautiful," he rumbled, his voice low and gravelly, carrying over the rhythmic drum of the sprays. "Sleep like the dead after all that fun? Woke up in the night and you were out cold, sprawled across me like you owned the damn bed... and my body!"

Rose met his gaze steadily, her pulse quickening at the casual intimacy threading through his words; the way he spoke as if their bodies were an extension of his own, claimed and casual.

“I slept amazingly well,” she admitted, her voice laced with a husky edge she couldn't quite suppress. “You?”

“Best yet,” he replied without hesitation, rubbing the suds over his powerful arms. His eyes dropped lower then, raking over her body with unapologetic appreciation; the heavy sway of her big tits under the cascading water, the subtle curve where her thighs met. He lingered there, gaze heating, before flicking back up to her face.

“Though I gotta say, last night was something else. Your ass is still looking a little red from those spanks; nice and pink, like ripe fruit begging to be bitten.”

Heat surged up her neck in a rush, not from embarrassment but from the vivid flash of memory assaulting her: his hands cracking sharply against the plush globes of her oily ass, the sharp sting exploding into a deep, throbbing pleasure that had her arching back for more. The water masked her reaction as she turned slightly under the spray, letting the hot jets pound against her back and shoulders, but she couldn't hide the way her nipples tightened into hard peaks.

“Yeah, well, you got carried away,” she shot back, a teasing lilt creeping into her tone despite herself, her hands gliding over her stomach to rinse away the last traces of soap. “But... maybe... I enjoyed it.”

Amari's expression softened at the edges, the mischief in his dark eyes deepening into something warmer, more possessive, as he stepped closer under the dual streams, the water from both heads mingling in chaotic sheets around them, soaking his close-cropped hair and streaming down his face in rivulets that highlighted the strong line of his jaw.

“Good to hear, baby. Real good.” His voice dropped, husky and intimate, as the space between them shrank to mere inches, his body heat piercing the steam like a physical touch.

“Maybe we'll think of something else fun to do tonight. Seeing as I have the power back now... my house, my rules. I have so much more I want to do with you!”

Rose paused, hands stilling on her stomach, the weight of his words settling over her like the steam. The games, the challenges, the push and pull of control, it had ignited her in ways she couldn't deny, but it pulled at the threads of her life with Jules, threatening to unravel everything stable.

“About that,” she said, forcing her voice to remain steady despite the internal tug-of-war raging like a storm, her eyes locking onto his with a mix of resolve and lingering desire.

“Yesterday... Last night? It was incredible. Fun. But this whole power and rules game, thing? It needs to stop. I can't keep doing it. We can't keep doing it.”

He rinsed the soap from his chest with deliberate slowness, hands sweeping over his pecs and down his abs, the suds swirling away in foamy rivers toward the drain, the water drumming steadily against the tiles like a heartbeat. He considered her words for a long

moment, his expression thoughtful, the intensity in his gaze never wavering as droplets clung to his lashes.

“Fair enough, Rose. But if you want it to end, you need to win it. Just like yesterday.”

Rose frowned, tilting her head to meet his gaze fully, droplets clinging to her lashes. “What do you mean? Win it how?”

“The exact same way you won yesterday,” he explained, his tone light but laced with that underlying intensity that always drew her in. “Another kiss. Ten full minutes, right here under this shower, bodies pressed tight, no pulling away. And then the games can be over for good. No more rules, no more power. You can walk away the winner.”

She pondered it, the idea settling warm and tantalising in her belly, a spark of excitement flickering despite her resolve. A kiss, nothing more demanding than what they had shared before, but prolonged, intimate in the wet heat of the shower. It didn't sound arduous at all; in fact, it appealed to the part of her still buzzing from the night, a gentle close to their wild chapter.

“That doesn't sound too bad,” she admitted finally, a small, reluctant smile breaking through the steam, her cheeks warming under his scrutiny. “Actually, it sounds... nice. A reasonable way to put an end to things. Okay, I agree. Ten minutes, and we're done.”

Amari's grin widened, satisfaction evident as he closed the distance, his body heat cutting through the spray. She stepped up against him instinctively, their wet skin brushing in electric slides; her breasts pressing against the solid wall of his chest, nipples scraping against him, sending jolts straight to her core; the soft mound of her pussy grazing the heavy weight of his cock hanging between his thighs. Anticipation coiled low and tight in her belly.

“One last stipulation, baby. To make it worthwhile. You need to hold my cock for the entire kiss. Grip it tight in those soft hands of yours. No letting go, no cheating.” Amari added in a commanding murmur that vibrated through her bones.

Her eyes widened in shock, breath catching sharply in her throat as she processed his words, the audacity of it hitting her like cold water amid the heat. “What? You can't be serious, that isn't part of the rules Amari!”

He didn't respond immediately, just stood there smiling, water streaming down his face, his cock hanging heavy between his legs, already thickening slightly under her scrutiny. She glanced down at it, mesmerised despite herself by its sheer magnificence: the girth, the length even at rest, the dark, veined shaft that promised so much. Inner thoughts raced through her mind like a whirlwind: *What would it feel like in my hands? The weight of it! The heat pulsing through the skin as it hardens under my touch. Just ten minutes? I might never get the chance to touch and hold such a huge cock ever again. Ten minutes and then it's done. The games end, and I can go back to my normal life with Jules.* The temptation clawed at her, a intoxicating mix of curiosity, defiance, and the lingering thrill of one last game together.

“Just ten minutes?” she asked, her voice softer, testing the waters as much as her resolve.

Amari nodded, eyes locked on hers, the challenge hanging between them like the steam. "Just ten minutes, Rose. Kiss me, hold me and win."

Rose hesitated, the hot water pounding around them, her heart thudding in sync. The feel of him in her grip, stroking perhaps without meaning to in the intimacy of the kiss, it blurred lines she knew she should hold. But the promise of closure, of reclaiming control on her terms, outweighed the risk.

"Fine," she said finally, determination hardening her tone. "Let's just get it over with, before Jules gets back from work."

He reached out, brushing a wet strand from her face, the touch electric even in its tenderness. The shower enclosed them, a private world of heat and anticipation, as they prepared to seal the challenge with lips and hands, the air thick with unspoken desires.

Rose's heart pounded in her chest, the relentless cascade of the shower drumming against her skin like a second pulse. She had stared at Amari's cock for what seemed like an endless stretch of time, her eyes fixed on its imposing form even in its relaxed state, the sheer mass of it drawing her gaze like a magnet, commanding her full attention. Now, with the challenge hanging between them like a dare from the gods, she extended her shaking hand with a mix of trepidation and electric curiosity. Her fingertips made contact first, grazing the silken underside with a feather-light scrape, following the prominent vein that snaked along its length. The texture hit her immediately; impossibly soft and pliant on the surface, yet radiating a deep internal warmth from his body heat that seeped into her skin, while the substantial weight of it tugged her palm downward, heavy and insistent, as if the organ itself demanded her complete submission and recognition.

Disbelief crashed over her, flooding her senses and tightening her throat. This bore no resemblance to Jules's modest dick, that small, unremarkable pale worm that she had become used to in their predictable, lights-off romps. Often forgettable and leaving her yearning for more without ever admitting it. No, Amari's cock was a total revelation, a massive beast embodying raw, untamed virility that dwarfed anything she'd known, stretching easily three times longer and thicker in its flaccid state alone. It dangled heavily between his muscular thighs, the skin a rich, deep chocolate tone that gleamed under the cascading water, veins subtly mapped across its surface, hinting at the brutal depths of pleasure it could plunge her into.

She gasped loudly as she ventured higher, fingertips skimming upward in a tentative dance over the flared corona of the head, feeling the subtle, spongy give of the glans beneath her touch, the slit at the tip already leaking, and making her mouth water. *So deliciously masculine*, she thought, a violent shiver racing down her spine and pooling as heat in her core, her clit throbbing with neglected need. *So fucking irresistibly sexy; the kind of cock that could split me open, stretch my pussy so deep it ruins me for anything smaller, ruins me for Jules.* The contrast stabbed at her, a fresh spike of guilt twisting in her gut for her sweet, oblivious boyfriend, but it only stoked her fire, her arousal spiking as she imagined this monster pounding her, claiming her in ways Jules never could.

"So big," she whispered, the words tumbling out laced with raw awe, her voice thick with wonder. Her fingers curled on instinct, attempting to wrap around the base in a firm grip, but her small hand failed miserably, the thumb and pinky apart by inches, unable to bridge the impossible girth. The realization ignited her like a spark on gasoline, her pussy clenching hard.

"Fuck, I need two hands just to hold it it's that fucking huge."

Her other hand joined the first, both grasping either side the warming shaft, sandwiching the thickening length between them in a reverent cradle. She explored with fascinating squeezes, her fingers kneading the soft flesh as it began to respond to her touch, sliding her hands upward in unison to cup the swelling bulbous head, thumb rubbing over the sensitive underside then gliding back down to the heavy, pendulous sac below. She rolled the soft, full balls gently in her palm, feeling them shift and tighten under her touch, the wrinkled skin drawing up as arousal stirred within him. The sheer intimacy of it all overwhelmed her, causing her pussy to pulse, as their naked bodies brushed closer.

As if attuned to her worshipful handling, the cock stirred to life in her grasp, it lengthened and swelled incrementally, the veins pulsing and protruding like cords under the tightening skin, the entire shaft rigidifying into a steel-hard rod that strained against her encircling hands.

"I can feel it getting hard," Rose's eyes flared wide, locked unblinkingly on the mesmerising transformation, her chest heaving with the effort to stay composed.

"Fuck, that's so hot; watching it grow, feeling it pulse and thicken right in my hands, like it's alive and hungry for me." she moaned, the sound raw and desperate, vibrating through the steam-choked space like a plea, her voice cracking on the edge of a whimper.

Hunger bloomed in her gaze, dark and insatiable. She was addicted already, ensnared by the size, the heat radiating into her palms, the undeniable power that pulsed with every beat of his heart. This was the cock of her dirtiest dreams, the one that could dominate her body and mind, awakening the slutty, desperate girl buried beneath years of restraint. Her hands began to move with fascination, stroking from root to tip in long, deliberate pulls, twisting slightly at the crown to coax out the first bead of precum that smeared against her skin.

Amari observed her unrestrained fascination, his muscular frame glistening under the spray, a smirk playing on his full lips. His dark eyes burned with triumphant amusement, drinking in the way she lost herself to the moment.

"Look at you, completely entranced by that big black cock," he rumbled, his voice a deep timbre that cut through the water's roar. A low laugh escaped him, rich and mocking.

"Bet you've forgotten all about our little challenge, haven't you? Too busy imagining what this monster could do to that tight little pussy of yours."

Rose's head snapped up, confusion clouding her features as she tried to figure out what he was even talking about. All she saw was his face smiling back at her, before she returned her gaze hungrily down at her hands stroking that beautiful big black cock.

"The clock doesn't start until our lips meet," Amari reminded her, his voice a low, playful command that rumbled through the steam, his dark eyes gleaming with the smug certainty that he had her utterly captivated, her focus fractured between the challenge and the throbbing heat in her hands.

She nodded, peeling one hand away reluctantly, only to press it against the solid wall of his chest. The muscles flexed under her palm, hard and unyielding, his heartbeat a steady drum that matched the ache building between her thighs. Stepping into him, their bodies aligned, wet skin sliding together as her other hand maintained its grip on his cock, stroking with mechanical devotion, unwilling to relinquish the sensation. The head bumped against her belly with each pass, leaving a trail of precum.

Rose rose on her toes, her big breasts brushing up against his body, nipples scraping deliciously against his skin. Amari leaned down, capturing her mouth in a kiss that ignited like wildfire. His lips were firm, demanding, parting hers with ease as his tongue delved inside, claiming every inch. She responded with equal fervour, her tongue tangling with his in a slick, heated duel. The kiss crackled with raw electricity, every deep suck and sharp nip at her lower lip firing sparks that arched down her spine to her core, making her thighs slick with more than just water. She loved how he kissed her; like he owned her, confident and deliberate, drawing out her muffled moans as if he relished every inch of her yielding surrender, her body arching instinctively to press her soaked pussy against his thigh for friction.

The shower's relentless heat wrapped around them like a suffocating blanket, turning their locked embrace into a steamy cocoon pulsing with unchecked desire, the water drumming on their joined forms in a hypnotic rhythm that drowned out everything but their shared breaths and the wet sounds of their mouths. What was meant as a simple ten-minute test, stretched impossibly into twenty, then thirty minutes. Time losing all meaning in the endless cycle of parted lips gasping for air only to crash back together, breaths mingling in ragged, desperate harmony. Rose's free hand roamed greedily over his broad back, nails digging in lightly to rake over the defined ridges of his lats and traps, tracing the flexing muscles as he held her steady, while her stroking hand accelerated its pace, the obscene wet schlick of her palm sliding over his shaft punctuating their kissing rhythm like a filthy underscore, her fingers squeezing tighter around the base on each downstroke to feel the veins bulge against her skin.

Amari's large hands finally descended from her neck, palms gliding smoothly over the flare of her hips; before seizing her ass cheeks in a possessive, bruising grip, his fingers splaying wide to knead the plump, jiggling curves with rough squeezes that made her gasp into his mouth. He spread her cheeks slightly, the cool air of the shower hitting her exposed asshole and puckered entrance for a teasing second before his thumbs brushed dangerously close to her dripping pussy, a throbbing torment that had her hips bucking futilely against his hold, begging silently for more.

He broke the kiss just enough to drag his lips across hers, murmuring hotly against her mouth.

"Keep stroking that fat black cock, Rose. Feel how it throbs for you? You want to make it explode all over you, don't you? You love holding all that thick, pulsing power right there in your pretty little hands... desperate to milk it until I paint your face white."

She whimpered into the next clash of mouths, her strokes turning firmer, faster, the girth straining her fingers as she pumped from base to tip. Precum leaked steadily now, lubricating her efforts, making the glide obscene and effortless.

"Yessss," she gasped during a brief separation, her voice husky, eyes half-lidded with lust. "God, I love this huge cock. It's nothing like what I'm used to... fuck, it's so much thicker, so much more. I need to make you cum, Amari. Please."

His tongue traced her lower lip before plunging back in, the kiss deepening into something feral. His hands squeezed her ass harder, pulling her flush against him, the hard length of his cock trapped between their bodies but still under her relentless control.

"You craving another shower of my hot load?" he growled between nips at her jaw, recapturing her mouth before she could fully answer.

"Yessss," she hissed back into the kiss, the word drawn out in a needy whine as her body ground instinctively against him, her nipples dragging repeatedly across his chest hair and drawing fresh, throaty moans from deep in her throat, her pussy lips parting slickly against his thigh with each roll of her hips.

"Cover me with it; drench my tits, my face. Show me I've earned every drop for worshipping this big dick properly!"

The plea hung heavy, pushing him over the edge of restraint. Amari's hands shifted to her shoulders, guiding her downward with firm pressure. Rose sank willingly to her knees, the shower floor a warm, tiled altar beneath her. Water pounded her upturned face as she gazed up at him, awe etching her features. His cock loomed massively before her like a glistening, veined behemoth, the dark shaft pulsing with urgent need, the head flared wide and flushed an angry purple-red. Both hands returned to it now without hesitation, double-fisted around the throbbing length in a tight, overlapping grip, stroking in perfect tandem; long pulls up to twist at the sensitive crown, then firm drags down to the base. She brought the leaking tip mere inches from her parted, panting lips, close enough that she could feel its radiating heat and smell the potent musk of his arousal cutting through the steam.

God, I want to suck that monster so bad, the thought screamed through Rose's mind like a primal howl, her mouth flooding with saliva at the mere prospect of wrapping her lips around the massive, veined shaft, her pussy clenching with a sharp, empty ache that made her inner thighs slick with fresh arousal. *Next time*, she told herself holding back, obeying the raw, insistent urge to worship and submit to him solely with her hands, her palms and fingers pumping faster and harder along the length, the motion turning hypnotic as she twisted her wrists on each upstroke, feeling the rigid veins pulse and bulge under her tight grip, the skin sliding smoothly over the steel-hard core beneath.

"Give me your cum, Amari," she begged, voice trembling with desperation, eyes locked on the slit weeping for release. "I need it, please. Leave me covered and dipping with it!"

"That's it, baby. Begging like the slut you are. Gonna paint that pretty innocent face of yours." He groaned, hips twitching forward, fucking lightly into her grip.

Her fists blurred, the pressure building in him evident in the way his abs clenched, thighs tensing.

"Open wide, tongue out," he ordered, voice gravelly with impending climax. "Let me see that eager mouth filling up with my seed, knowing you'll still taste me when you peck your

sweet little Jules good morning. Imagine his face wondering what that flavour is, when that slutty tongue of yours has just been glazed in black cock cum.”

The depraved vision slammed into her like a freight train.

"Yes, fuck yes," she cried out, the words ripping from her throat in a broken sob, her mouth falling open wide as her tongue lolled out flat and quivering, the pink muscle trembling in anticipation, ready to receive his offering like a devoted altar.

"Paint me, Amari. Let me swallow it, wear it all over my skin. I need to taste you, feel every hot load hitting my tongue, my face. Give me it all.”

Amari's roar echoed off the tiles as his orgasm crashed through him. The first jet erupted with force, a thick rope of cum exploding straight into her waiting mouth, splattering across her tongue and coating her lips in pearly white. She swallowed greedily, the flavour addictive; salty, musky, thick and potent, worlds apart from Jules's thin dribbles. The second pulse struck higher, glazing her eyelids and streaking her cheeks, forcing her to squint through the warm mess. Another followed, wild and uncontrolled, ropes landing heavy on her heaving tits, sliding down the swell of her breasts in thick streams. He kept cumming; load after load, across her chin, dripping onto her neck, pooling in the hollow of her collarbone, until she was a canvas of his release, breathless and milking him dry with squeezing fists that wrung out every pulse.

Her skin glistened under the shower spray as she milked him dry with squeezing fists that wrung out every final twitch and pulse onto her outstretched tongue, her thumbs pressing firmly into the underside to coax the last drops from his slit.

"So much cum," she panted, vision blurred by the cum-veiled lashes, but her tone was one of reverent wonder. She scooped a thick dollop from her chin with two trembling fingers, the creamy fluid stringing between them before she sucked it deep into her mouth, tongue swirling around the digits to savour the thick bitter richness that coated her throat, far superior to anything she'd ever known.

"Tastes so fucking good. Better than anything.”

Amari loomed above, chest rising and falling, a wolfish grin splitting his face as he took in the sight. "Damn, Rose, you look filthy hot covered in my load. Like you were born to worship this big black cock.”

She laughed then, the sound dazed and euphoric, bubbling up through her cum-smearred lips in a throaty, breathless peal that echoed softly in the shower. "Help me up? Can't see a thing through this mess; it's everywhere, sticking to my eyes like glue.”

His strong arms hooked under hers, hauling her to her feet with effortless power. They stood close, his softening cock brushing her thigh, remnants of his orgasm smearing between them in a sticky reminder of her initiation.

“That was incredible.” A giddy Rose declared, breathing hard trying to catch her breath but laughing at the insanity of it all.

"The best!" Amari said, voice softening to a conspiratorial warmth, glancing at the bathroom door. "But we need to get a move on, we lost track of the time and Jules'll be home any minute. I'll handle the bedsheets. You get yourself washed off."

He slipped out, leaving her alone under the soothing spray. Rose tilted her face into the water, letting it wash away the evidence, but not before her fingers dipped to her breast, gathering one last glob of cum. She brought it to her lips, tongue swirling around the digits, moaning at the richness that lingered, a far cry from the watery disappointment of Jules. Her other hand slid lower almost without thought, fingers parting her swollen pussy lips, two fingers plunging deep into the soaked, clenching heat of her core with a wet squelch that made her knees buckle slightly. She gasped sharply, her walls fluttering and gripping the intrusion like a vice, but it was a pale, frustrating shadow of what she truly craved; the stretch, the fullness only Amari's enormous cock could provide. Pumping them in and out with increasing urgency, knuckles grinding against her clit on each thrust, she replayed the visceral feel of his cock in her hands: the impossible girth that had strained her fingers to encircle, the scorching, velvety heat radiating through the skin, the way it had swelled and throbbed to claim every inch of space only he could dominate.

What would that monster feel like buried in my pussy? The question echoed relentlessly in her mind, her strokes quickening to a frantic rhythm, chasing the building orgasm that coiled tight from the mere fantasy of him splitting her open, pounding into her depths, owning her completely with brutal, unrelenting thrusts.

This was just the start, she knew deep in her bones; her awakening to the needy, cock-hungry woman clawing her way to the surface, utterly obsessed with Amari's size and power, sliding inexorably toward her total, whimpering surrender.