

A Bit Of Bad Luck Part 5

Sweet Dreams Are Made Of This

The sun was a molten weight upon her bare skin, searing and golden, as Amari lowered her onto the plush, soft blanket spread across the emerald grass at the water's edge. The lake was a shimmering mirror of sapphire and gold, the rhythmic, gentle lap of the waves against the shore harmonising with the desperate, ragged cadence of their breathing. Rose looked up at him, her heart hammering hard, her vision blurring as she surrendered entirely to the raw magnetism of the moment.

He loomed over her, a titan of dark, sculpted muscle that eclipsed the sun. His deep, bronze skin a powerful shadow against the pale curves of her trembling body. With a slow, possessive deliberation, he gripped her thighs, hauling them wide and exposing her glistening, soaked entrance to the open air. Rose let out a sharp, broken gasp as she felt the massive head of his cock press against her; an impossibly thick, scorching pillar of heat that throbbed with need.

“Amari...” she whimpered, the name a prayer and a plea, her voice trembling with a desperate, starving want.

He leaned down, capturing her lips in a deep, bruising kiss that tasted of hunger and ownership. As he began to sink into her, the world narrowed to the sensation of being stretched. Inch after agonisingly thick inch, he forced his way inside, expanding her in a way that felt both violent and divine. Rose moaned into his mouth, her nails digging deep into the hard ridges of his broad shoulders, her pussy fluttering in rhythmic spasms as it fought to accommodate the massive intrusion.

“Oh my god... it's so deep,” she gasped, her voice cracking as she wrapped her legs tightly around his waist, locking him in. “So fucking big... I love this big black cock... I love how you fill me up... please, stretch me more...”

Amari let out a low, animalistic groan, his muscles locking as he buried himself to the hilt, bottoming out against her cervix with a heavy weight. He began to thrust; slow, deep, soul-shattering strokes that made her toes curl and her eyes roll back into her head. Every plunge sent tectonic waves of pleasure crashing through her nervous system. His powerful hips rolled with a primal rhythm, the heavy weight of his balls slapping against her ass, claiming every hidden corner of her under the vast, open sky.

“I love you,” she whispered breathlessly, the words escaping between sobbing moans as her hands roamed frantically over the sweat-slicked expanse of his back. “I love you so much, Amari... don't stop... please, never stop fucking me...”

And then, the vivid gold of the sun began to bleed away. The scent of lake water and wild grass dissolved into the familiar musk of linen and skin. The roar of her own pleasure faded into a heavy, peaceful silence.

Rose's eyes fluttered open.

She was in the apartment, cocooned in the dim, early morning light that filtered softly through the curtains. She was naked, lying in the sanctuary of his bed, spooned tightly against Amari's towering, powerful frame. His massive arm was draped over her, a heavy weight that pinned her possessively against his chest, marking her as his even in sleep.

As she shifted, she felt it; the unmistakable, rigid presence of his cock. It was still semi-hard, a thick, pulsing shaft nestled snugly in the valley between her soft, plump ass cheeks. The fat head of his member was resting right against her dripping pussy lips, slick with the evidence of her unconscious desires.

She realized with a flush of heat that she had been grinding against him in her sleep, her body instinctively seeking the size and strength of him even while her mind drifted. Her inner thighs were slick, her pussy throbbing and swollen, leaking a steady stream of arousal that coated his shaft in a glistening sheen. The sheer girth and weight of him pressed between her cheeks made her feel small, fragile, and exquisitely feminine; a submissive piece of clay in his hands.

Rose let out a soft, shaky breath, melting deeper into the heat of his embrace. *This felt... right.* More right than any safety Jules had ever provided. The way Amari's massive body enveloped her completely, the steady, dominant thump of his heart against her spine, the intoxicating scent of his skin; it was a sanctuary of power and protection.

Amari stirred behind her, his muscles shifting like tectonic plates. His deep, sleepy voice rumbled against the shell of her ear, the vibration sending a fresh, electric shiver cascading down her spine.

"Good morning, beautiful," he whispered, his lips brushing the hypersensitive spot just below her ear. "You were having the deepest, sweetest sleep I've ever seen."

Rose smiled, a shy, secret, and utterly slutty little smile, and deliberately pressed her ass back against him. She moaned softly as she felt his heavy cock twitch and thicken further between her cheeks, reacting instantly to her touch.

"I was," she whispered, her voice thick with lingering desire. "I had the best dream... We were... I mean, I was, up at the lake. The sun was shining. Great company. Everything felt... perfect."

Amari's arm tightened, his large bicep flexing as he hauled her backward, erasing every millimetre of space between them. His hand splayed possessively over the soft, pale expanse of her stomach, his fingers digging slightly into her skin as if marking his territory.

"The lake, huh?" he asked, his voice a low, gravelly rumble that vibrated through her spine. His thumb began to trace slow, hypnotic circles against her skin, a gesture of surprising tenderness that contrasted with the raw power of his grip.

"You mentioned something about it at dinner last night too. You really love it up there?"

Rose nodded, her body turning to liquid in his embrace, melting into the heat of him.

"It's my favourite place in the world," she murmured, her voice airy and distant. "When I was little, my family used to rent a cabin every summer. Those are some of my happiest

memories; swimming all day until my skin pruned, campfires at night, falling asleep to the rhythmic sound of the water on the shore..."

She paused, her voice softening, thick with a bittersweet nostalgia. "I've always dreamed of having a little place up there someday. Somewhere to escape to for summer breaks... family holidays with lots of kids running around... maybe even retire up there one day."

Amari leaned in, pressing a slow, lingering kiss to the sensitive nape of her neck, his lips warm and demanding. "Sounds like a beautiful goal. Peaceful. Private. Just you, the kids, the water... and the man you love."

Rose's heart fluttered violently against her ribs. *The man she loves*. For years, that mental image had been populated by Jules; the safe, predictable, gentle man who had been her anchor. But as she lay there, pinned by Amari's strength, the image shifted. She bit her lip, a vivid, electric fantasy flashing through her mind: herself, glowing and content, flanked by half a dozen gorgeous, dark-skinned children with Amari's striking features, their laughter echoing across a sun-drenched dock. The thought didn't bring guilt; it brought a surge of primal, feminine longing.

"We ought to think about getting up," Amari murmured, giving her one last loving, firm squeeze before he began to shift his weight to pull away.

The thought of the cold air hitting her skin; and the loss of his heat, was unbearable. Rose reached back instinctively, her small hand finding the iron-hard ridge of his forearm and pulling it back tightly around her waist, anchoring him to her.

"Just ten more minutes," she whispered, her voice husky, thick with a mixture of post-coital contentment and a simmering, renewed need. "I don't want to move yet."

Amari let out a soft, dark chuckle, the sound a deep vibration that echoed in her chest. He adjusted his hips with a slow, deliberate grind, letting his semi-hard cock settle more firmly into the valley of her ass cheeks. The thick, pulsing shaft nestled perfectly against her swollen, soaked pussy lips. Rose let out a soft, needy sigh, her hips rolling instinctively against him, her slickness coating his member in a glistening, aromatic sheen of arousal.

They lay in that heavy, charged silence for awhile longer; naked, intertwined, their breathing syncing into a single rhythm. Rose closed her eyes, letting her mind drift over the sensory overload of the last twenty-four hours.

The wild, electric energy of the date. The visceral thrill of being claimed and showcased in front of a crowd at the Velvet Room bar and restaurant, the public admission that she was his. The filthy, desperate heat of their mutual masturbation, the sight of his massive cock twitching in her hand. The tender, intimate shower where he had meticulously washed every drop of his cum from her body, treating her like a priceless piece of treasured porcelain. The way he had devoured her pussy with hunger until she had screamed, her body arching in total surrender. And the way he had held her afterward, his possessiveness acting as a shield against the rest of the world.

This feels so right, she thought, her heart aching with a truth she could no longer deny. His body against hers felt like the missing piece of a puzzle. His strength, his absolute dominance, and the surprising tenderness he reserved only for her; it made her feel safer, more seen, and more desired than she had ever been in her entire life.

She thought of Jules; sweet, gentle, safe Jules, and felt a fleeting pang of guilt. But the emotion was distant, a fading echo of a former life. It felt irrelevant, almost trivial, compared to the overwhelming sense of home she felt wrapped in Amari's arms.

She loved the duality of him. She loved how he could challenge her intellect over dinner, teasing her with a sophisticated wit, and then, in a heartbeat, turn into a predator who could pin her down and break her will. She loved the way he looked at her; not always as a fragile thing to be protected, but as a woman to be owned and adored. She remembered the feeling of his large hand enveloping hers as they walked the street last night; she had felt invincible. Desired. Protected. Utterly wanted.

Rose squeezed her thighs together, trapping the thick, throbbing shaft of his cock between her cheeks, and let out a soft, dreamy moan of pure satisfaction.

God... I'm falling for this man.

She turned her head slightly, glancing back at him over her shoulder. Their eyes locked; his were dark, intense, and shimmering with a quiet, absolute possession. *He knew*. He could feel her surrender in every twitch of her muscles.

Amari smiled slowly, a predatory curve of the lips, as he reached up to brush a stray lock of hair from her flushed face.

"You keep grinding on me like that, baby girl," he murmured, his voice dropping to a low, dangerous register that promised a total lack of restraint, "and we're never getting out of this bed before Jules get's home and finds us."

Rose bit her lip, a wicked, slutty thrill racing through her veins. She pressed her soaking wet folds firmly against him one more time.

Maybe that wouldn't be such a bad thing...

Black And White

Jules pushed open the apartment door, the familiar metallic click of the lock sounding heavier, more oppressive than usual. He felt every single hour of his brutal night shift etched into his bones; his shoulders were locked in a permanent ache, and his eyes burned with a gritty, exhausted heat. But as he stepped across the threshold, the weight of the world outside was momentarily lifted by the scent of breakfast and the thought of the woman he cherished so much. The rich, roasted aroma of fresh coffee mingling with the sweet, buttery fragrance of something sizzling on the stove. A tired, genuine smile tugged at his lips, the simple domesticity of it acting like a balm to his frayed nerves.

Rose was already in the kitchen, a vision of soft, domestic intimacy. She was wearing nothing but a plush white robe that barely reached mid-thigh, the fabric contrasting sharply with the delicacy of her frame. The belt was tied loosely, almost carelessly, and with every fluid movement she made, the robe shifted and gaped. It offered teasing,

accidental glimpses of the smooth, pale expanse of her thighs and the generous, heavy swell of her breasts, which strained against the fabric with every breath.

She turned at the sound of the door, her face illuminating with that warm, radiant smile that had always been Jules's sanctuary.

"Hey, baby," she said softly, her voice a gentle caress.

She crossed the kitchen to greet him, her bare feet padding silently on the floor. As she reached him, she rose onto her toes, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him down into a kiss; sweet, lingering, and saturated with a familiar affection. Jules groaned softly, wrapping his arms around her waist and hauling her flush against him, burying his face in the crook of her neck. He breathed her in, vanilla, soap, and the faint, muskier scent of sleep, grateful for the comfort of the woman he believed was his entire world.

"You're up and looking lively this morning," he murmured against her lips, his voice thick with fatigue. "I thought you'd have a sore head after your night out with Amari."

"I feel fine, we didn't have too much to drink... besides, I wanted to make you breakfast before you crash," she replied, her tone tender as she brushed a stray lock of hair from his forehead. Her touch was light, almost ethereal. "You've been working so hard, Jules. You deserve to be taken care of."

They drifted into their usual morning rhythm, a choreographed dance of habit and love. Rose moved with grace, preparing eggs, crisp bacon, and golden toast, while Jules leaned against the counter, recounting the mundane chaos of his shift. She listened with an intensity that felt like devotion, laughing at the right moments, her hand occasionally grazing his arm or shoulder. To Jules, she was the perfect, caring girlfriend; the wholesome anchor in his turbulent life.

When the conversation naturally shifted to her time with Amari, Rose didn't miss a beat. Her expression remained open, her voice light and breezy, devoid of any tremor that might betray the electric, carnal memories currently screaming in the back of her mind.

"It was nice. The Velvet Room was really fancy. But it was fun to get out the house," she said, flipping a pancake with a casual flick of her wrist. "Amari left for the gym about half an hour ago. He was practically vibrating with energy; said he wanted to get a brutal workout in to clear his head before his interview."

Jules nodded, though a sharp, sudden sting of jealousy pricked at his chest. He watched her move, his eyes tracking the rhythmic sway of her hips beneath the white terry cloth. Every time she reached for a plate or leaned over the stove, the robe pulled taut across her chest, the fabric straining over the rounded peaks of her breasts and revealing a deep valley of cleavage. He could tell by the way the fabric draped; by the lack of any structured line or strap, that she was completely naked underneath.

For one fleeting, irrational second, a dark, intrusive thought clawed its way into his mind. *Does she walk around like this when it's just her and Amari?*

The image flashed vividly: Rose, stripped of her modesty, parading through the apartment in nothing but that robe, her nipples hardening in the cool air, Amari's gaze locked on her with the same warmth and appreciation Jules give hers.

He immediately shoved the thoughts away, a wave of self-loathing washing over him. *Don't be insane, Jules. She's your girlfriend. She loves you. Amari is our friend. We're all just... sharing the apartment and the bedroom out of necessity. Nothing more.*

Still, the seed of doubt had been planted. The image of Rose's growing comfort around him, paired with her near nakedness, multiplied with the thought of Amari's overwhelming physical presence, lingered just long enough to send a sudden, traitorous jolt of jealousy through him.

Once the breakfast was finished, Rose rose to clear the table, her movements fluid and deceptively innocent. As she leaned over the granite surface to gather the plates, the loose tie of her plush white robe betrayed her. The fabric opened wide, sliding back to offer Jules a full, mouth-watering vista of her heavy breasts. They swayed freely with every motion, the dark, swollen peaks of her nipples grazing the air, glistening with a faint sheen of perspiration from the stove.

Jules felt a sudden, violent surge of heat coil in his gut, his dick hardening instantly, straining against the rough fabric of his work trousers. Driven by a primal need for the woman before him, he stood and closed the distance in two strides. He slid his arms around her waist, hauling her back flush against him, his chest heaving against her shoulder blades.

"You look so good in the morning," he whispered, his voice husky with desire, as he pressed a series of lingering, wet kisses into the sensitive curve of her neck.

Rose let out a giggle; a soft, melodic sound that carried an undercurrent of nervous tension. She could feel it: the ridge of his erection pressing firmly into her ass. It felt small, eager, and painfully familiar. It was a sensation she had known for years, a predictable rhythm that once felt like home but now felt like a whisper in a room where she had grown accustomed to screaming.

"I need to shower, baby!" She murmured, turning in his arms. She gave him a quick, chaste kiss, her eyes flickering with a guilt she couldn't quite mask. "I still smell like last night."

Jules grinned, his eyes darkening with a hopeful, hungry intensity. "Then, let's shower together."

For a heartbeat, Rose froze. A sharp flash of visceral reluctance surged through her; a mental recoil that screamed I don't want to... not right now. The thought of Jules's gentle touch felt almost intrusive after the raw, bruising intensity she had experienced with Amari. But she quickly suppressed the impulse, scolding herself with a frantic internal plea. *He's your boyfriend, Rose. He loves you. Stop being so cruel.*

She forced a smile, her fingers interlacing with his as she led him toward the bedroom.

"Let's shower," she agreed, her voice a soft, obedient echo.

Inside the ensuite, the air was already humid. Rose let the white robe slip from her shoulders, the heavy cloth pooling in a heap of white at her feet. She stepped under the

steaming spray of the large dual shower, the hot water cascading over her curves, slicking her skin and making her breasts glisten under the recessed lighting. Jules stripped with a frantic energy, his work clothes discarded in a heap as his dick sprang free; stiff, pulsing, and pointing upward with an almost childlike excitement.

As he stepped into the spray behind her, Rose turned to face him. Her gaze instinctively dropped to his erection.

The sight hit her with a jarring, silent impact. *It looks... so small. Almost cute.*

In the past, this sight had been the catalyst for her arousal, the promise of a sweet, intimate connection. But now, the mental image of Amari's monstrous cock flashed across her vision; the sheer, impossible girth that had required both of her hands to grip, the heavy, pulsing weight of it, the thought of how it would stretch her to her absolute limit. Compared to that dark, towering pillar of dominance, Jules's dick looked almost comical; stiff and eager, yes, but fundamentally insufficient. It was a candle flame compared to a forest fire.

Stop it. Stop comparing them. He is your partner, she commanded herself, her heart hammering against her ribs.

Desperate to reclaim her loyalty, Rose pulled him close. She pressed her ample, wet breasts firmly against his chest, the friction of their skin creating a slippery, sliding sensation under the torrent of water. She kissed him deeply, her tongue searching for a spark. Jules moaned into her mouth, his hands roaming her body with a frantic, loving hunger, squeezing the plush curves of her ass and pulling her tighter against him.

But as the kiss deepened, the void only grew. His touch was gentle. It was safe. It was familiar.

It was nothing like the way Amari had claimed her in this very shower less than ten hours ago. The memory struck her like a lightning bolt, sending a jolt of electricity straight to her clitoris: Amari's tongue dominating hers with a hunger, his strong hands gripping her hips and ass, with a strength that left bruises, his thick, vein-ridged cock pressed brutally between her thighs while he owned her mouth and her breath.

Rose tried harder, her desperation manifesting as a sudden, urgent intensity. She ground her hips against him, trying to force a reaction, trying to summon the fire that Amari ignited with a single look. But no matter how much she writhed or how deeply she kissed him, the sensation remained muted.

The difference wasn't just physical; it was elemental. It was the difference between a gentle stream and a crashing tidal wave.

It was Black and White.

Under the relentless, steaming torrent of the shower, Jules pulled Rose flush against him. His hands, slick with soap and water, slid down the arch of her wet back to cup the plush, heavy globes of her ass, squeezing them with a tender, desperate affection. As their kiss deepened, Rose closed her eyes and fought a mental war. She tried; she truly, frantically

tried, to lose herself in the familiarity of him. His lips were soft, his breath smelled of mint and morning coffee, and his touch was a sanctuary of love and safety.

But to Rose, it felt pale. It felt like a ghost of a sensation. It was as if she were reading a description of passion in a book rather than feeling it in her veins. The intimacy that had once been her entire world now felt distant and muted, a flickering light compared to the supernova that had scorched her soul.

The sudden, sharp rap of knuckles against the bathroom door shattered the moment, making them both jump.

“Yo! You guys in there?” Amari’s voice boomed through the wood; a deep, resonant bass that seemed to vibrate in the very marrow of Rose’s bones.

Jules pulled back, blinking droplets of water from his lashes, his expression one of mild annoyance. “Yeah, we’re showering, man!”

“I’ve got my interview in thirty minutes and I’m running late as hell,” Amari replied, his tone urgent yet commanding. “I need to jump in real quick.”

Jules was already reaching for the faucet, his instinct to be accommodating and polite. “No problem, we’ll get out and—”

“It’s fine. Just come in, Amari.” Rose shouted, cancelling out the sound of Jules.

The words cut through the air, calm and unnervingly steady. Jules’s head snapped toward Rose, his eyes wide with disbelief. “Rose?!”

She met his shocked gaze, her expression a mask of deceptive innocence, a small, playful smile dancing on her lips. “It’s alright, baby. We’re all flatmates here. It’s a big shower. He’s in a rush, it’s no big deal.”

“But... you’re naked,” Jules whispered, his voice cracking, the sheer taboo of the suggestion sending a jolt of anxiety through him.

Rose shrugged, the movement causing her heavy, wet breasts to bounce and sway, the dark nipples hardening under the spray.

“Then you can stand in the middle so he won’t see much of me,” she suggested, her voice laced with a hidden, wicked thrill.

The door creaked open.

Amari stepped into the humid setting wearing nothing but a white towel slung precariously low around his hips. He was a vision of raw, masculine power; his dark skin was still glistening with a fine sheen of sweat from the gym, highlighting the deep grooves of his abdominal muscles and the powerful, rippling slabs of his chest and shoulders. Standing beside him, Jules looked fragile; a soft, pale sketch of a man compared to the high-definition, sculpted god that was Amari.

“Sorry about this,” Amari said casually, flashing a confident, easy smile that didn’t reach his predatory eyes. “Lost track of time at the gym.”

Without a shred of hesitation or modesty, Amari reached for the knot of the towel and pulled. The fabric dropped to the tiled floor in a silent heap.

Jules's jaw dropped, his breath hitching in his throat. Rose's breath caught entirely, her lungs seizing as her gaze plummeted downward.

Amari's cock hung heavy and thick between his powerful, muscular thighs. Even in its semi-flaccid state, it was monstrous; a dark chocolate coloured slab of meat that looked utterly alien in its proportions. It was long, thick-veined, and swayed with a heavy, rhythmic momentum with every step he took. The mushroomed head was already glistening under the spray.

It easily dwarfed Jules's stiff, modest erection. Where Jules's dick pointed upward, eager and small, like a hopeful child, Amari's hung low and weighty, a weapon of pure dominance that seemed to claim the entire space of the shower.

Amari stepped under the second shower head, sliding into the narrow gap beside them. The three of them stood there; naked, drenched, and impossibly close, the air thick with steam and an electric, suffocating tension.

The visual contrast was brutal. Jules looked painfully diminished, his slim, pale frame and modest little cock appearing boyish and insignificant next to the towering black man. Amari's broad, dark shoulders seemed to block out the light, his massive, intimidating piece of meat swinging just inches away from the couple, a silent, pulsing reminder of exactly who made her body tingle with arousal.

Rose was paralysed, her gaze locked in a hypnotic, rhythmic oscillation between the two men. She couldn't stop staring; the visual disparity was a visceral shock to her system. On one side was Jules; her sweet, devoted partner. His dick was rock-hard, a thin, pale sliver of flesh barely reaching five inches. It was cute, with its eager stiffness, pointing upward with a desperate, hopeful energy.

Then, her eyes slid to Amari.

Even completely soft, Amari's cock was a masterpiece of raw, masculine power. It was magnificent; thrice as thick and twice as weighty as Jules's fully erect member. The skin was smooth yet taut, mapped with thick, pulsing veins that hinted at the monstrous girth hidden beneath the surface. As Amari shifted his weight, the shaft swayed pendulously, a slow, heavy swing that commanded the space around it. The sight sent a jolt of electricity straight to Rose's core; her nipples tightened into hard, aching peaks against the spray, and her pussy gave a sudden, violent throb, flooding her thighs with a fresh wave of slick arousal.

Why does seeing them side by side like this make me so wet? she wondered, her teeth sinking into her lower lip to stifle a moan. *God... the difference is obscene. It's not even a fair contest.*

Amari began to lather up, his large hands sliding over the sculpted terrain of his chest and abs. With every motion of his arms, his heavy cock swung with a primal momentum, the thick, blunt head occasionally brushing against his muscular thigh. Rose's mouth watered,

her throat going dry as she imagined that same heavy weight sliding deep inside her, stretching her beyond her limits.

“Is it a really big one, Amari?” she asked, her voice sounding breathy, draped in a facade of sweet innocence.

Jules blinked, glancing at her in confusion at her question, and the focus of her eyes.

“What?”

“What?” Rose corrected instantly, a flush of heat creeping up her neck and cheeks. “His interview, I mean! Is it a big opportunity?”

Amari let out a low, vibrating chuckle; a sound that felt like a physical touch against her skin. His dark eyes locked onto Rose’s over Jules’s shoulder, stripping her bare in a way the water never could.

“Yeah... it’s pretty huge,” he replied smoothly, his voice dripping with a heavy, explicit double meaning. “Sometimes you just gotta realize it’s time to step up from the little leagues and stretch yourself. Life-changing stuff, you know?”

Rose’s pussy clenched in a sudden, tight spasm. The blatant disrespect, the raw dominance of his double edged words, and the way he was essentially claiming her right in front of her boyfriend made her head spin. She knew exactly what he was talking about; the "little leagues" were Jules, and the "stretch" was the agonising, blissful fullness of Amari’s cock.

Jules, completely blind to the sexual warfare happening inches from his face, nodded earnestly. “I hope you get it, man. You deserve it.”

“Oh, don’t worry, buddy,” Amari replied, his smile widening as he stared directly into Rose’s eyes, his gaze dark, possessive, and utterly certain. “I always get what I want.”

The air in the shower became electric, thick with a tension so heavy it felt like it could be touched.

Amari finished rinsing, his body glistening like polished obsidian under the light. As he stepped out of the stream, he paused, giving Rose one last lingering look; a look that was a promise of total surrender and absolute ravishment.

“I’ll leave you two lovebirds to your cute little time,” he said, the word cute landing like a slap. His eyes flicked down one last time to Jules’s small, hard dick, still pointing desperately upward, before he turned away.

As Amari walked out, the white towel draped carelessly over his shoulder, Rose called after him in a soft, needy whisper, “Good luck...”

Once the door clicked shut, Jules let out a nervous, airy laugh, shaking his head.

“What’s so funny?” Rose asked, turning back to him, though her heart was still racing.

“The insanity of it all,” he said, leaning against the tile. “Us in the shower like this... with him. Amari ‘Bad Luck’... and you standing here naked, wishing him good luck. It’s all just surreal.”

Rose smiled sweetly, a mask of the devoted girlfriend, and reached up to pull his head down toward her chest.

“You’re not jealous, are you?” she teased, her voice a purr. “I can wish you good luck too...”

She guided his mouth to one of her heavy, sensitive nipples, pressing the dark peak against his lips. “Good luck sucking on these...”

Jules moaned, a sound of pure gratitude, and latched on eagerly. He sucked and licked with a gentle, loving intensity, but as he worked, Rose’s mind drifted far away from the man holding her.

She closed her eyes and pictured the shower moment again, but this time, she wasn't standing beside her boyfriend. She imagined herself dropping to her knees on the wet tiles, her hair plastered to her face, while Jules stood frozen beside them. She saw herself wrapping her lips around that thick, godly black shaft, her jaw stretching to accommodate the monstrous girth, worshipping Amari shamelessly while her boyfriend watched in silent, emasculated awe.

She could almost taste the salt and musk of him, feel the heavy throb of that veined meat against her tongue.

And as Jules sucked on her nipple, a soft needy moan escaped her lips, vibrating through her entire body, as she imagined herself pleasuring another man.

“Mmmmm...”

Reasons To Celebrate

Rose pushed open the apartment door a little before five, the click of the lock echoing in the quiet hallway. She felt the weight of her bag slung over her shoulder, a reminder of a long day spent navigating the sterile corridors of her university, handing in assignments, meeting with her professor and enduring the superficial chatter of classmates. But the moment she stepped inside, the atmosphere shifted.

The warm, savory aroma of something simmering on the stove enveloped her. Jules was already awake, perched on the edge of the couch. He looked endearing in his usual state of domestic disarray; sleep-rumpled hair, an oversized t-shirt that hung off his slim frame, and soft lounge pants. He looked like safety. He looked like home... her old home.

“Hey you,” he murmured, his voice thick with a tired but genuine warmth. He stood up to greet her, his movements slow and gentle.

Rose leaned into him, kissing him softly. As he pulled her into a hug, she felt the familiar comfort of his embrace, the softness of his chest against hers. It was nice. It was stable.

They drifted into an easy, domestic rhythm. While she prepared a quick snack, Rose filled the room with the mundane details of her day; the professor's critique of her thesis, the

petty drama of the campus gossip circles. Jules listened with an attentive, loving focus, nodding along, his eyes reflecting a simple, uncomplicated happiness just to have her back in his space.

Then, the front door opened.

The energy in the room shifted instantly, the air becoming charged with a sudden, electric tension. Amari stepped inside, and Rose felt the breath leave her lungs. He looked devastatingly sharp in a tailored charcoal suit that seemed to mould itself to his physique. He looked every inch the successful, alpha male who had just conquered his world.

Rose's heart skipped a beat, a visceral reaction to her building attraction to this man and the raw masculinity radiating off him.

"You've been at your interview all day?" she asked, her voice betraying her, a hint of breathless excitement leaking through. She stood up quickly, her gaze roaming over the expensive fabric of his suit, imagining the hard, muscular body hidden beneath.

"How did it go?"

Amari's lips curved into a slow, and utterly confident smile. His dark eyes locked onto hers, flashing with that familiar, possessive warmth; a silent communication that reminded her exactly who she belonged to in the dark.

"It was a breeze," he said, his voice a smooth, deep rumble that vibrated in Rose's marrow.

"Spent most of the day with the higher-ups, going over structural changes, mapping out the future... I told you, Rose; I always get what I want." His smile widened, flashing a hint of triumph.

"I got the job."

A delighted, instinctive squeal escaped Rose's lips. Without a second thought, she rushed toward him, throwing her arms around his neck and pulling him into a tight, enthusiastic hug. The impact of her body against his solid, unyielding frame was like a jolt of electricity. She pressed herself against him, her breasts crushing into the charcoal fabric of his suit, breathing in the scent of sandalwood and success. She lingered for a heartbeat too long, her body humming with a need that was becoming impossible to mask.

"Congratulations!" she whispered against the warmth of his chest, her voice thick with genuine pride and a hidden, simmering lust. "I'm so proud of you."

From the couch, Jules watched them. He felt a strange, cold tightness constrict his chest. The sight of Rose hugging Amari; the freedom of her movement, the warmth of her expression, the way she seemed to melt into the larger man, sent a flicker of instinctive discomfort twisting in his gut. It was a primal signal, a warning that he was being eclipsed, but he pushed the feeling down, trusting in the bond he thought they shared.

He stood up, forcing a smile, and offered his hand. "Congrats, man. The hotel's gonna miss you. What does the new role actually entail?"

Amari shook his hand with a firm, crushing grip, before clapping him heavily on the shoulder; a gesture that was friendly on the surface but carried an undertone of absolute dominance.

“Thanks, brother. But don’t start saying goodbye just yet...” Amari’s gaze flicked between the two of them, his expression calculating. “No one at work knows yet, but Lucy is leaving next week... Say hello to the new Hotel Reception Manager!”

Jules blinked, his expression a mix of shock and genuine happiness for Amari. “Seriously? That’s amazing Amari. Congrats!”

“Thanks Jules,” Amari grinned.

“Not sure how I feel about sharing an apartment with my new boss...” Jules joked, causing Amari and Rose to laugh.

“Hey, we should celebrate tonight. All three of us. I’ve already arranged for Mohamed to cover your shift tonight Jules. And besides...” Amari’s eyes slid back to Rose, dark and promising, and then back to Jules once more. “I’ve got something important I want to ask you properly.”

Rose’s eyes sparkled, her mind already racing toward the possibilities of the evening. The thought of the three of them together, the tension, the secrets, the illicit thrill of it all, made her pussy throb.

“I’d love to,” she breathed. “Let’s do it.”

Jules hesitated for a fraction of a second, a lingering shadow of curiosity crossing his face as he pondered what he might want to ask him, but then he smiled, swept up in the excitement and the generosity of his friend. “Yeah... alright. Let’s celebrate. You deserve a fun night!”

The atmosphere in the apartment shifted from domestic warmth to a charged, anticipatory tension. Rose retreated to the bedroom, the door clicking shut behind her, leaving her in a sanctuary of mirrors and silk. She took her time, savoring the ritual of transformation. She selected a sleek black dress; a piece of fabric that felt more like a second skin than clothing. It was daringly tight, clinging to the swell of her heavy breasts and sculpting the curve of her hips with ruthless precision. The neckline plunged low, teasing the pale valley of her cleavage, while the hemline climbed high up her thighs, leaving very little to the imagination.

As she stepped back into the living room, the silence was immediate. Jules’s eyes widened, his gaze traveling slowly from her high heels up the expanse of her exposed legs to the heaving rise and fall of her chest. He wasn’t used to seeing her dress this way.

“Wow... you look incredible,” he murmured, his voice thick with a raw, genuine appreciation. “Really sexy, babe. Like, really sexy.”

Rose offered him a sweet, practiced smile, but her pulse was drumming a different rhythm. Her eyes instinctively flicked toward the hallway, where Amari stood leaning against the

wall, watching her. He didn't speak, but his gaze was a physical weight, stripping her bare beneath the black fabric. The thrill that surged through her was electric; she knew with a delicious, illicit certainty that she hadn't dressed for Jules. She had dressed to be devoured by Amari.

As they stepped out into the cool evening air, Amari's voice rumbled, smooth and commanding. "Since Jules missed out last night, it'd be a shame not to show him the place. Let's head back to The Velvet Lounge for a few drinks."

The walk was a study in contrasting energies. The sharp click-clack of Rose's heels echoed on the pavement, the sound punctuating the silence. In a moment of distraction, her heel caught a crack in the sidewalk, and she stumbled. Before she could even gasp, a large, powerful hand clamped firmly around her waist, steadying her with effortless strength. The heat of Amari's palm seeped through the thin fabric of her dress, sending a jolt of arousal straight to her core.

Recovering with a playful giggle, Rose instinctively slipped one arm through Amari's muscular bicep and the other through Jules's slimmer arm. Sandwiched between them, she felt like the center of a gravitational pull; one man offering gentle devotion, the other offering raw, dominant power.

"I must be the luckiest woman in the city," she laughed, leaning her head back. "Two strong handsome men making sure I don't fall."

The Velvet Lounge was a sensory assault when they entered; the scent of expensive cocktails, the low thrum of bass, and the dim, amber glow of the lighting. They hadn't even reached the bar before a waitress from the previous night spotted them, her face lighting up with recognition.

"There's our winning couple!" she exclaimed, her voice bright and knowing as she looked at Rose and Amari. Then, her eyes drifted down to where Rose was still lightly holding Jules's arm. A flicker of confusion crossed her face.

"Oh... are you two together?"

The air seemed to freeze. Rose's mind raced, her survival instinct kicking in with a flirtatious spark. She flashed a dazzling, innocent smile.

"This is my brother, Jules! He's visiting from out of town and thinking about moving to the city."

Jules stiffened, his entire body locking up. He looked at Rose, then at the waitress, his expression one of utter, bewildered shock. He opened his mouth to speak, but the words seemed to die in his throat, trapped by the sheer absurdity of the lie.

The waitress grinned, her eyes scanning Jules with newfound interest. "Well, your brother is kind of cute. If you do decide to move here handsome, come find me. I'd love to show you around."

Jules blushed a deep, furious crimson, his confusion now mingled with an awkward, misplaced flirtation.

“You guys are just in time,” the waitress continued, oblivious to the internal crisis unfolding. “We just put the new photos up on the Wall of Fame!”

She led them toward the back wall, and as they approached, Jules’s stomach didn't just drop; it plummeted.

There, under a spotlight, was a large, high-gloss photograph. It was an image of raw, magnetic chemistry. Amari’s arm was wrapped possessively around Rose’s waist, his fingers digging slightly into her hip, pulling her body flush against his. Rose was beaming, her head tilted back, wearing the tiniest black dress with stockings and the plastic tiara, looking every bit the conquered queen. Above them, a golden banner screamed: *HOTTEST COUPLE*.

They didn't look like people playing a game; they looked like a perfect match of sinful eroticism, who had come and claimed the room and victory over everyone in it.

Jules stared at the image, the reality of the night before crashing down on him in a wave of cognitive dissonance. He felt small, eclipsed by the sheer scale of the man holding his girlfriend in the photo.

As the waitress drifted away, Jules turned to Rose, his voice a strained whisper. “What the fuck...?”

Rose leaned in close, the scent of her perfume swirling around him. She spoke quickly, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. “We had to pretend we were a couple last night because of the tickets you bought. Don’t worry, it was just silly games, Jules. But please, don’t say anything or they’ll maybe ask for the champagne back or charge us for the saving you made by buying the couples voucher...Just play along.”

She gave him a quick, playful wink; a gesture that usually worked, and then, with a boldness that left Jules breathless, she turned and grabbed Amari’s hand, interlacing their fingers tightly.

“Come on, baby... let’s show my brother a good time!”

Amari’s lips curled into a slow smirk. He squeezed her hand, his grip firm and possessive, asserting his dominance without saying a word. As they walked deeper into the lounge, their hips brushing with every step, they left Jules standing alone in the dim light, staring at the photo of the woman he loved being claimed by another man.

The Velvet Lounge was a sanctuary of curated decadence, bathed in a warm, amber glow that seemed to liquefy the air. Soft, sultry jazz drifted through the space, the saxophone wailing with a low, longing quality that mirrored the tension humming between the three people sliding into a plush, secluded booth. The deep crimson velvet of the seat swallowed them, creating an intimate cocoon that felt dangerously isolated from the rest of the room. Jules sat opposite Rose and Amari, his posture stiff, feeling an inexplicable, gnawing sense of displacement. He was the boyfriend, the partner, yet he felt like a guest in his own relationship. Beside him, Rose was nestled comfortably; almost possessively, against Amari’s side. Her tight black dress had ridden up with the movement, exposing the smooth expanse of her thigh, a provocative sliver of skin that seemed to glow under the amber

lights. Amari's arm rested casually along the back of the booth, his large hand draped near her shoulder, framing her in a way that signalled total ownership. To any observer, they were the picture of power and passion, a living mirror of the photo still hanging on the Wall of Fame.

It was surreal, a waking fever dream of displaced loyalty and rising lust.

Amari raised his glass of neat whiskey, the amber liquid catching the light, his expression one of effortless confidence.

"Here's to new beginnings," he declared.

Rose immediately lifted her champagne flute, her eyes shimmering with a mixture of adoration and mischief.

"To Amari... the new boss!" she chirped, her voice a melodic contrast to his bass.

Jules hesitated for a heartbeat, a flicker of uncertainty crossing his face before he joined in, clinking his beer bottle against their glasses with a hollow sound. "Yeah... congrats, man."

As the conversation flowed, Rose's hand vanished beneath the mahogany edge of the table. The shift in her demeanour was instantaneous; while her face remained the picture of a supportive companion, her body entered a state of arousal. Her fingers found the mountain of Amari's muscular thigh, her nails tracing slow, teasing circles into the expensive fabric of his trousers.

A wicked, electric thrill surged through her. The sheer audacity of it; the filthiness of pretending to be the perfect couple with Amari while her actual boyfriend sat mere inches away, made her heart hammer against her ribs. She could feel her pussy beginning to throb, a heavy, aching heat pooling between her legs, soaking into her lace panties.

Amari remained the image of composure, his gaze locked on Jules, his voice steady and professional. Meanwhile, Rose's hand crept higher, her touch becoming more insistent. Her fingers brushed over the thick, heavy bulge straining against the fabric of his slacks. Even in its semi-soft state, the sheer mass of him was staggering. She let out a silent, shaky breath and squeezed him gently. She felt the organ twitch beneath her palm, a primal reaction as it began to swell and harden under her touch.

God... it's so big... and getting hard for me already, she thought, biting her lower lip to stifle a moan. The danger of the moment; the proximity of Jules, the public setting, the absolute taboo of the act, acted like an aphrodisiac, driving her into a state of desperate hunger.

Amari's voice never wavered, his professional mask flawless as he transitioned the conversation toward the hotel's operations.

"From now on, I'll be working daytime shifts, running the whole reception team," he explained, his tone authoritative.

"After all those years on nights, it's going to be a big change. But I know the night shift inside out; its strengths, its weaknesses. The hotel has never had a proper Night Manager before. Just supervisors. I've been given the green light to change that."

Rose's hand grew bolder, her inhibitions dissolving in the heat of the moment. She abandoned the teasing circles and instead stroked the full, impressive length of his thickening cock through the trousers. She gripped the fat head of his member, squeezing it firmly, feeling it pulse with a life of its own as it grew rock-hard under her fingers. The sensation of his rigidity; that massive, uncompromising pillar of masculinity, made her vision swim. She was drenched, her mound pulsing in time with the throb of his cock.

Amari glanced at her for a split second. It was a brief, lustful look, a dark, knowing smile touching his lips that told her he knew exactly how wet she was, exactly how much she was enjoying this betrayal. It was a silent communication of dominance and shared filth.

He turned back to Jules, his voice smooth and commanding.

"That's where you come in, Jules. I don't trust any of the other guys to run it properly. I know you're new to the team, but I need someone reliable. Someone who'll take full control of the night team; shift patterns, training, health and safety, the works."

Jules leaned forward, his eyes wide with a mixture of shock and hope, completely oblivious to the fact that beneath the table, his girlfriend was practically worshipping the cock of the man offering him a promotion. "Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

Amari nodded, his expression a mask of professional courtesy that barely concealed the sexual hunger swirling in his dark eyes.

"I want you as my Night Manager, Jules. It'll mean more responsibility, certainly. Maybe some extra shifts here and there to get the transition right. But the salary bump will more than make up for the effort. What do you think?"

Beneath the mahogany table, Rose's hand tightened harder around Amari's massive, throbbing cock. The fabric of his trousers was a thin barrier against the raw heat of him, and she began to stroke him with a rhythmic, insistent intensity. She could feel the thick, corded veins pulsing against her palm, the organ twitching with every word he spoke. The sheer audacity of the moment; Amari altering the trajectory of Jules' life while she continued to pleasure him, sent a jolt of lust straight to her core. Her pussy was dripping, a hot, slick flood soaking into her lace panties, and her nipples peaked into hard, aching points against the tight fabric of her black dress.

Jules looked stunned, his face lighting up with a mixture of shock and genuine gratitude. "That's... that's amazing. Rose, did you hear that?"

Rose leaned forward, her voice a breathy, melodic purr, while her fingers continued to grip and slide along Amari's length, squeezing the fat head of his cock with a mix of aggression and affection.

"Oh honey, I'm so happy for you!" she exclaimed, her eyes shimmering. She turned to Amari and pressed a kiss to his cheek, lingering just a second too long, her lips brushing his skin in a way that was a silent, filthy promise. "That's such a generous offer, Amari. We'll have to think of a way to thank you properly..."

Amari smirked, his cock giving a violent, rock-hard twitch in her hand, as if acknowledging the challenge.

After a few more drinks, the atmosphere in the booth had grown heavy with unspoken tension and the scent of expensive whiskey, domestic beer and Rose's rising arousal. Amari leaned back, the movement shifting his weight and pressing his erection more firmly into Rose's palm. He dropped one last piece of news with a casual confidence.

"I've got the week off before I start fully in the new role," he said, his voice a deep, resonant rumble. "I'm planning on heading up to the lake house for some downtime..."

Rose's heart skipped a beat, then began to hammer against her ribs. The world around her seemed to blur, the jazz and the chatter of the lounge fading into a dull hum. *He has a place on the lake?* The same sanctuary she had confessed dreaming about that very morning; a place of raw nature and unrestrained passion. The coincidence felt like fate, or perhaps a calculated move by Amari to claim her entirely.

"You have a lake house?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly, unable to mask the sudden, sharp spike of excitement.

"It was my grandparents. I inherited it a few years ago, here check it out..." Amari smiled, a slow, knowing curve of the lips, and pulled out his phone.

He slid the screen across the table, showing them photos of a breathtaking wooden cabin nestled among towering pines, with a private dock that stretched like a finger into crystal-clear, sapphire water. It looked like a paradise designed for sin.

"So I'm heading up there tomorrow for six nights," he continued, his gaze sliding from the phone to lock onto Rose's eyes. "You two would have the apartment to yourselves... or, if you fancy it, Jules has three night shifts after tonight, then three off. You're both more than welcome to come up and join me. It'd be a great way for the three of us to celebrate."

Rose's mind spun in a dizzying whirl of lust and anticipation. This man was handing her the exact fantasy she had whispered into his skin hours ago. A secluded cabin. The scent of pine and lake water. The thought of being trapped in that private paradise with Amari's dominating presence, made her clit throb with a desperate, aching need.

"Oh my God, that would be incredible!" she gasped, her fingers curling tightly around Amari's rock-hard cock, giving it a firm, possessive squeeze that nearly made her moan aloud. She looked at her boyfriend, her eyes wide and pleading.

"What do you think, Jules? Wouldn't that be the best?"

Jules nodded, completely captivated by the photos and the generosity of the offer. "Yeah... that does sound pretty awesome. I'm in."

Amari raised his glass one final time, his eyes burning into Rose's, claiming her soul and her body in a single, predatory look.

"To the lake house."

Plotting To Leave Him Behind

The atmosphere in The Velvet Lounge underwent a visceral transformation as the lighting dimmed to a deep, bruised purple and the music shifted. A slow, throbbing R&B track began to bleed through the speakers; a bass-heavy, seductive rhythm that felt less like sound and more like a physical vibration, wrapping around the patrons like a thick, aromatic smoke. Rose felt the beat resonate in the very marrow of her bones, triggering an immediate, pulsing ache between her thighs.

She turned to Jules, her eyes wide and shimmering with a calculated hope, knowing that he hated to dance. She reached for his hand, her voice a sweet, melodic plea. "Baby, come dance with me? Please!"

Jules shifted in the plush velvet seat, his posture awkward and hesitant, as he worked out his excuse. He let out a small, nervous laugh that sounded thin against the richness of the music.

"Ah... the music's pretty slow. And wouldn't that be weird? I mean, we just told the waitress that we're brother and sister. It'd be... you know, weird if they saw us."

Before the silence could stretch, Amari's voice cut through the air; a deep, resonant rumble that commanded attention without effort. A smirk played on his lips as he stood, his towering frame casting a shadow over the booth. He extended a large hand toward her, his gaze locking onto hers with an intensity that promised total possession.

"He has a point, you know," Amari murmured, his tone smooth as silk and hard as iron. "Looks like you're stuck dancing with me."

Jules blinked, his mouth opening to protest. "Wait, I didn't mean it like..."

But Rose didn't let him finish. She didn't even look back. She slid her hand into Amari's, her small fingers disappearing into his massive grip. He led her onto the dance floor with a firm, proprietary tug, leaving Jules frozen in the booth, a spectator to his own displacement.

The moment Amari's arm slid around her waist, the rest of the world dissolved into a blur of purple light and distant chatter. He didn't just hold her; he claimed her, pulling her body flush against his with a sudden, powerful jerk.

Rose let out a soft, shuddering breath, melting into him. The contrast was intoxicating: her soft, heavy breasts were crushed firmly against the unyielding wall of his muscular chest, the thin fabric of her black dress offering no protection from the heat radiating off his skin. Amari's hand settled low on her back, his palm spanning the width of her waist just above the swell of her hips, while his other hand locked her fingers in a grip that felt like a shackle.

They moved in a slow, hypnotic synchronisation. Rose began to roll her hips, a languid, sensual grind that traced the powerful lines of his thighs. With every sway, the hem of her tight dress crept higher, exposing the creamy expanse of her thighs and the lace tops of her stockings. She made no effort to pull the fabric down; instead, she arched her back, offering herself to his touch.

From the periphery, Jules watched, his heart beating like a drum. He was mesmerised and horrified, unable to tear his eyes away from the sight of his girlfriend being consumed by another man. And not just any man. Amari 'Bad Luck'.

Amari leaned down, his lips grazing the sensitive shell of Rose's ear. He whispered something low and filthy, a command that made her gasp and tilt her head back, exposing the long, pale line of her throat. Her eyes were glazed with a mixture of lust and submission, her smile radiant and unguarded in a way that felt like a betrayal to Jules. As they turned in a slow circle, Amari's hand drifted lower, his fingers digging possessively into the plump, rounded curve of her ass. He gave her a firm, bruising squeeze, marking her as his in the middle of the crowded room.

Rose didn't flinch. She whimpered softly, pressing her pelvis harder against him, her body responding to his dominance with an instinctive, animal chemistry.

Jules's stomach twisted into a knot of pure agony. The visual was striking, almost obscene in its perfection: Rose's glowing, soft femininity draped against Amari's dark, muscular dominance. They looked like two halves of a whole, a magnetic pairing of power and surrender. *They really are putting on a convincing show of pretending to be together*, he thought.

A waitress appeared at the booth, sliding a fresh beer in front of Jules. She followed his gaze to the dance floor and beamed.

"Your sister and her man look so good together," she said warmly, her voice dripping with genuine admiration. "They seem so in sync. You must be so happy for her."

Jules forced a smile that felt like a fracture in his face. "Yeah... they do look happy."

The waitress gave his shoulder a sympathetic pat. "Don't worry, cutie. You'll find someone who looks at you the way she looks at him."

On the dance floor, Rose's hand had migrated upward, her palm flat against Amari's chest, feeling the steady, powerful thrum of his heart. She looked up at him, completely lost in the orbit of his presence. As she ground her hips in a slow, circular motion, she felt it; the unmistakable, rigid ridge of his cock pressing firmly against her lower stomach. An instrument of desire that dwarfed anything she had ever known.

For a fleeting second, Rose's eyes met Jules's across the room. She saw his pain, his confusion, his longing. She gave him a small, almost guilty smile; and then, with a deliberate, provocative slowness, she turned her face back into the crook of Amari's neck, nuzzling into his scent. She let out a soft moan, her fingers tracing slow, teasing circles on his chest while Amari's hand remained clamped on her ass, claiming her publicly and ruthlessly.

The song continued to throb, and so did the heat between them. Rose felt a dizzying rush of adrenaline; the illicit thrill of being handled like a piece of property while her boyfriend watched from the sidelines.

Amari's lips brushed her ear again, his voice a rough, guttural growl. "You're so fucking beautiful tonight, Rose... And when I pack up the car for the lake tomorrow, I expect my girl to be sitting in the seat besides me."

Go up to the lake with Amari, whilst Jules stays behind? Rose shivered violently at the thought, her breath hitching. She pressed her hips forward in a sharp, desperate thrust, grinding her soaking wet mound directly against the thick, pulsing length of his cock through their clothes. The friction sent a jolt of electricity straight to her clitoris, making her toes curl in her heels.

She was drenched, her panties clinging to her skin, her body screaming for the barrier of their clothes to vanish. She didn't want the song to end; she wanted to stay in this haze of submission, owned and marked by the man who truly knew how to break her.

The apartment door closed behind them with a heavy, final click, the sound rolling through the shadowed hallway like the last note of a forbidden symphony. It was well past midnight, and the decadent chaos of The Velvet Lounge still clung to their skin; whiskey and perfume, the low throb of bass still echoing in their blood, and a thick, electric hunger that had trailed them home like smoke.

Amari exhaled, a deep, satisfied sound that seemed to fill the space around him. With deliberate slowness, he lifted a hand to his shirt and freed another button, revealing the powerful column of his throat and the hard planes of his chest beneath the crisp fabric. Even in the muted amber light, he dominated the room; broad, commanding, a man who moved as though the world had already consented to his possession of it.

"Thank you," he said, his voice a low, resonant timbre that brushed across Rose's skin like a physical caress. "Both of you. Tonight... it meant something. Celebrating with you felt right."

His gaze slid to Rose.

It was not a glance. It was a claiming. Dark eyes heavy with memory and promise, silently reminding her of the way she had parted her thighs for him beneath the tablecloth, how she had bitten her lip while his fingers squeezed her ass slowly, relentlessly, in the middle of the crowded dance floor. The recollection made heat bloom low in her belly. Her clit pulsed against the damp silk of her panties, aching, slick with the evidence of her shameless need for him.

"I'm turning in early," Amari continued, his tone shifting into something warmer, almost affectionate, as if the beast had momentarily sheathed its claws. "I want to set off for the lake house by late morning. There's a lot to prepare."

He stepped toward Jules and clapped a firm, brotherly hand on his shoulder; a gesture of easy camaraderie that only sharpened the cruel beauty of the secret. The man who with one hand was plotting to steal and claim Jules's girlfriend, now offering him career advancement with the other hand.

"Think about the Night Manager position," Amari told him. "Sleep on it. You can give me your answer when you come up to the lake in a few days. No pressure."

Then his eyes returned to Rose.

This look was pure predation; slow, heated, and devastatingly intimate. It promised pine-scented isolation, the crackle of a fireplace, and the kind of raw, relentless fucking that would leave her voice hoarse and her thighs trembling. A dark smile ghosted across his lips, there and gone in an instant.

Without another word, Amari turned and disappeared down the hallway, his footsteps measured and unhurried. Each one felt like a tick of a clock counting down toward what was coming.

The moment his bedroom door clicked shut, the living room was swallowed by a ringing, dangerous silence. Rose stood perfectly still, her pulse roaring in her ears, the air between her and Jules now thick with everything unsaid.

Jules exhaled a long, unsteady breath and sank into the couch as though the weight of the entire evening had finally dragged him under. The tension bled from his shoulders in visible waves. He patted the cushion beside him with a tired, affectionate gesture, his face a quiet storm of exhaustion and unspoken questions.

Rose summoned her softest smile, the mask of the loving girlfriend settling over her features with practiced grace. She slipped into his side, curling against him like a contented cat, tucking her legs beneath her and resting her cheek on his shoulder. His scent; familiar, gentle, safe, washed over her. For one fragile heartbeat, it almost felt ordinary: just the two of them, tangled together after a night out.

But the illusion was paper-thin.

Every inch of her skin still hummed with electricity, aching for the brutal, commanding presence of the man now behind the closed bedroom door. Jules's gentle warmth only made the contrast sharper; an ache that settled deep in her chest, almost painful in its sweetness.

"That was... weird," Jules murmured after a heavy silence. His fingers traced idle, absent patterns along her arm. "Watching you dance with him. You two looked so... comfortable. Too comfortable."

Rose tilted her head up, widening her eyes into perfect, guileless innocence. A soft, airy laugh escaped her lips.

"We were just playing the part, baby," she whispered, her voice light as silk. "You know how it is. Those tickets you got us came with the whole 'couple' package. We had to sell it. Otherwise people would've started asking questions."

Jules's brow furrowed. He was remembering the way Amari's large hand had claimed her hip, the way her back had arched shamelessly into his body, the unmistakable heat between them.

"Yeah, but..." His voice trailed off, thick with doubt. "The way you looked at him..."

Rose's mind moved like quicksilver. She shifted closer, letting her fingers drift slowly across his chest in soothing strokes, her tone turning playful, almost teasing.

“You do realize that blonde waitress was practically undressing Amari with her eyes the whole night, right? He asked me to play along, to tease her and make her a little jealous...”

Jules blinked, thrown off balance. “Wait...but she told me I was cute. And she thought you two were a couple.”

Rose let out a melodic little giggle, the sound perfectly calibrated. “Exactly. Some women are like that. The moment they think a man is taken; unattainable, he becomes a challenge. A conquest. So I leaned into the act. Made the dance a little more convincing. And on the way out?” She smiled sweetly. “I saw her slipping him her number. Mission accomplished. He’s got himself a new admirer.”

The lie flowed from her tongue like warm honey; effortless, elegant, devastating. Pushing him completely away from the truth of why she looked so good and comfortable in Amari’s arms.

Jules stared at her for a long second, then shook his head, the sharp edge of suspicion melting into a bewildered chuckle.

“Girls are weird,” he muttered, half-amused, half-exasperated. “Seriously weird.”

Rose smiled, soft and adoring, and pressed a tender kiss to his cheek. Her heart thundered against her ribs.

Relief flooded her, but it was the darker current beneath that truly thrilled her; the electric rush of deception, the sheer audacity of lying so sweetly in the arms of one man while her body still ached for the other. The man who truly owned her was only a few walls away, waiting.

And the taste of betrayal on her tongue felt almost as intoxicating as the promise of his hands.

The conversation drifted back toward the Night Manager offer. Jules sat with his brow deeply furrowed, caught between ambition and the cold weight of reality. The position was far removed from the sleek, creative future he had once imagined for himself after university. Yet with their mounting bills and the slow death of the economy, pragmatism was beginning to win.

Rose, ever the gentle architect of his surrender, shifted closer. She rested her hand on his thigh, her fingers pressing and kneading the muscle with slow, rhythmic strokes; comforting on the surface, yet subtly possessive beneath. Her touch was a velvet leash.

“It’s a wonderful opportunity, baby,” she murmured, her voice low and silken, wrapping around him like warm smoke. “The pay is so much better, and you’ve already shown how good you are at the hotel. With the economy the way it is... why fight it? Think of it as a strategic step. You can always return to your original path once things improve.”

Jules released a heavy sigh and let his head fall back against the cushions, eyes fixed on the ceiling as if searching for answers there.

“You wouldn’t get bored?” he asked quietly. “If I take it, I’ll be working even more nights. We’ll hardly see each other.”

Rose’s smile bloomed; tender, angelic, almost luminous. But behind her wide eyes, something darker ignited.

She pictured it so clearly: long, cosy nights with Jules gone for twelve-hour shifts. The apartment transformed into a private kingdom. Amari coming home after his own long day; broad, powerful, finding her already wet and waiting. She could almost feel the thick, veined weight of his cock pushing deep inside her, stretching her open with that relentless, animalistic rhythm while Jules was miles away, politely managing guests in a brightly lit lobby. The image sent a sharp, liquid pulse through her core, her pussy clenching with fresh, shameful arousal.

She leaned in and pressed a lingering, affectionate kiss along his jawline.

“It only makes moments together like this feel more precious,” she whispered sweetly. “Quality over quantity, right?”

Jules’s resistance finally crumbled. A small, weary smile touched his lips as he surrendered to her warmth.

“Alright,” he said. “I’ll take it. I’ll tell Amari when we arrive at the Lake.”

Triumph surged through Rose like dark champagne. Her heart raced with wicked delight at how effortlessly she had orchestrated her own freedom; more nights alone with him, to be used, claimed, and ruined by the man who she truly wanted. The victory tasted rich, sweet, and utterly forbidden.

They fell into a comfortable silence, the television flickering with a show neither of them was truly watching. The cool, ghostly blue light danced across their faces, casting soft shadows over the couch. On the outside, they looked like the perfect couple; tangled together, peaceful.

Inside, Rose burned.

Her blood sang with heat, her thighs pressed subtly together as she savoured the delicious secret pulsing between them. The man who would soon control her nights was only a few rooms away... and Jules had just handed her the keys to let him in. But she wasn’t finished plotting just yet...

During a commercial break, Rose stretched lazily, arching her back and letting her breasts strain against her clothes, a subconscious invitation to a man who wasn't there.

“That lake house looked incredible, didn’t it?” she murmured, her voice trailing off into a dreamy, longing sigh.

Jules nodded absently. “Yeah... it really did. Like paradise.”

“I can’t wait to get up there,” she continued, pressing her body more fully against his, her hip brushing deliberately against his thigh. “I need to escape the city so badly. The constant noise, the stress of the move... it’s all starting to crush me.”

She paused, allowing a carefully curated hint of melancholy to seep into her tone. “I just wish it was us going up there for the full six nights, rather than just the three... It feels like we're always rushing.”

Jules went quiet, his expression shifting from relaxation to a deep, gnawing concern. He turned to look at her, his eyes softening with a guilt that Rose knew exactly how to exploit.

“You really need that break, don't you, baby? Everything okay? I feel like I've been neglecting you with all these shifts.”

Rose nodded, her eyes wide and shimmering with a faux-vulnerability. She played the part of the exhausted, nature-loving girlfriend to perfection.

“Yeah, everything's fine... You know me. As much as I love the city, I'm a nature girl at heart. A walk in the park is a band-aid, but getting out into the real wilderness is how I actually recharge. It's fine, though. Three nights is plenty. I'm not complaining... just dreaming of more.”

Jules stared at her for a long moment, the guilt clearly warring with his desire to be with her. He saw her as a fragile thing that needed tending to, unaware that she was currently a predator stalking her own happiness. Finally, he spoke, his voice gentle but resolute.

“You should go tomorrow... With Amari.”

Rose blinked, her breath catching in a perfectly timed feign of surprise. “What? But... what about you? I can't just leave you here...”

“I'll be fine,” Jules insisted, squeezing her hand firmly. “You need this more than I do. You've been stuck in this apartment alone, while I've been working these shifts. Go up there, recharge, swim in the lake, read your books; do whatever you need to feel like yourself again. You can scout out the best spots and things to do for when I join you in a few days. It'll be a surprise for me.”

Rose's heart hammered, a frantic drumbeat of victory. She kept her expression soft, her voice trembling slightly with gratitude. “Are you sure? I don't want to leave you behind... I'd feel terrible.”

“I'm sure,” Jules insisted, pulling her into a tight embrace. “You deserve this, Rose. I want you to go and enjoy yourself. Truly.”

Rose leaned into him and kissed him deeply, her hand sliding up his chest, her nails lightly grazing his skin. “Thank you, baby... I love you so much.”

As they settled back into the couch, Rose rested her head on his shoulder, a small, secret, and utterly victorious smile curling her lips. She had just convinced her loving, unsuspecting boyfriend to hand her over to another man for multiple days and nights of secluded, primal passion.

The Thrill Of Betrayal

The television flickered with the slow, hypnotic pulse of a late-night broadcast. Jules's arm draped protectively around Rose, her body nestled into the warm crook of his shoulder, their limbs loosely entwined on the plush couch. They looked like the very image of a young couple bound by trust, comfort, and quiet devotion.

Only Rose knew the truth.

Beneath the serene surface, she was a storm of dangerous electricity. Her heart hammered in a frantic, uneven rhythm; a volatile blend of suffocating guilt and sharp, sinful anticipation. Each breath felt too heavy, as though the weight of her secret was pressing down on her chest, making her skin feel feverishly tight.

She shifted against him, the sleek black fabric of her dress whispering across the cushions, and pressed a soft, lingering kiss to his jaw.

"You ready for bed, baby?" she murmured, her voice a silken caress. "It's getting late."

Jules exhaled a long, contented sigh, his fingers tracing slow, absent patterns along her arm.

"Honestly? I'm wide awake," he admitted, his voice still thick with the haze of his earlier nap. "Slept pretty deep most of the late morning through the afternoon, so my body thinks it's still the middle of my day."

He reached down and brushed a stray lock of hair from her forehead with such gentle care that it twisted something deep inside her. It was the kind of tender, protective affection she had once cherished; the kind that spoke of safety, stability, and a future built on solid ground.

A sharp pang lanced through Rose's stomach. Inside her, a silent war raged. The old Rose; the loyal, devoted woman who had once treasured this gentle love, yearned to sink deeper into his embrace and be the partner he still believed her to be. But the new Rose, the one awakened that very morning slick and desperate, grinding shamelessly against Amari's thick, monstrous cock, was already clawing to break free. The memory of his raw, unrelenting dominance flooded her veins like a drug, turning the quiet comfort of Jules's arms into something almost suffocatingly tame.

She forced a soft, understanding smile, her eyes shimmering with carefully manufactured innocence. "Okay... if you're sure. Just don't stay up too late, alright?"

She leaned in and kissed him; slow, sweet, lingering. Jules cupped her face with heartbreaking tenderness, returning the kiss with the modest, familiar passion that had once felt like home. For a fleeting moment, Rose tried to lose herself in it, to remember why this should be enough.

But her mind had already fled the room.

Even as their lips moved together, she was drifting down the shadowed hallway in her imagination. She could already see Amari waiting for her in the bedroom; broad, powerful,

and commanding, his dark eyes promising the kind of brutal, consuming pleasure that left marks on both body and soul. The contrast made her core throb with fresh, shameful heat.

When they finally drew apart, Rose rose from the couch with fluid, deliberate grace. She smoothed the tight black dress over her body, the fabric clinging shamelessly to the full swell of her breasts and the generous curve of her hips. One last dazzling smile curved her lips; the flawless mask of the devoted girlfriend firmly back in place.

“Goodnight, baby. I love you.”

“I love you too,” Jules replied, his eyes shining with an uncomplicated, heartbreaking trust. “Sleep well. I’ll come nap beside you in a few hours...”

Rose turned and walked down the hallway, the moment she crossed the threshold and disappeared from his sight, the mask shattered completely.

A wicked, ravenous smile bloomed across her face. Her eyes darkened with raw, primal hunger. Her heart thundered in her chest, a wild gallop of adrenaline and forbidden excitement. Between her thighs, her pussy pulsed with sudden, liquid heat, slick and aching. She could already feel the phantom grip of Amari’s powerful hands, the brutal stretch of his massive cock preparing to claim her. She wasn’t walking toward sleep. She was walking toward her new delicious addiction.

She slipped into the bedroom and closed the door behind her with a soft, metallic click that sounded final; like a gavel sealing her betrayal. The room lay wrapped in intimate shadows, illuminated only by the ghostly neon glow of the city skyline bleeding through sheer curtains. Long streaks of violet and amber painted ethereal patterns across the floor and walls.

Amari was sprawled across the expansive bed like a fallen god sculpted from obsidian and raw power. The sheets twisted loosely around his waist, hanging dangerously low on his hips and revealing the carved ridges of his abdomen and the broad, muscular expanse of his chest. Even in sleep, he radiated an overwhelming dominance. And there, resting heavy and thick against his powerful thigh, lay the unmistakable silhouette of his cock; massive, dormant, yet still commanding the very air around it.

Rose froze in the doorway, breath caught sharply in her throat. Her heart didn’t merely pound; it thundered, a chaotic storm of terror and ecstasy.

*Jules was right there. Just a few walls away. Awake. Thinking of her. Believing she was drifting off to sleep like a good, faithful girlfriend... while she stood here, already soaked, ready to crawl into bed with another man. His friend.
Her...*

She couldn’t bring herself to finish the thought. The word *lover* felt too heavy, too permanent. Too damning. It stripped her of the last remnants of innocence and transformed her into something far more illicit.

Something shameless.

Something slutty.

And God help her... the realization only made her wetter.

With trembling fingers, Rose reached behind her back. The slow rasp of the zipper descending sounded unnaturally loud in the hushed room, like a confession she could no longer contain. She let the tight black dress slide from her shoulders and cascade down her body like liquid midnight, pooling silently at her feet.

She stood before the bed in nothing but a delicate set of black lace; chosen with deliberate, wicked intent. The bra barely contained her heavy breasts, her nipples already tight, aching peaks straining against the sheer fabric. The matching thong disappeared between the soft curves of her ass, the thin strip of lace clinging to her swollen, dripping pussy. She had selected this lingerie specifically for him, knowing how the dark lace would look against her pale skin. The same beautiful contrast of how Amari's deep dark skin looked alongside her.

She climbed onto the bed with a seductive grace. The mattress dipped beneath her weight, a subtle shift that sent another spike of adrenaline racing through her veins. She slipped beneath the cool sheets and moved forward until she was nestled perfectly between his powerful, spread thighs.

The heat rolling off his massive body was intoxicating; a living wall of warmth that drew her in like gravity. She inhaled deeply, savoring his scent: clean soap, expensive sandalwood, and that rich, primal masculine musk that made her mouth water and her core clench with raw need.

Her gaze dropped to his cock. Even soft, it was magnificent. Thick, heavy, resting against his muscular thigh like a sleeping weapon. The sheer size of him made her stomach flutter. Compared to Jules's modest length, Amari was in another realm entirely; monstrous, commanding, overwhelming.

What am I doing? A final flicker of guilt pierced through her. She pictured Jules in the living room; warm eyes, trusting smile, completely oblivious that his girlfriend was half naked and dripping between another man's legs.

But the guilt lasted only a heartbeat.

It was devoured instantly by a tidal wave of dark, aching lust. The danger, the betrayal, the sheer taboo of it all only sharpened her hunger. She didn't just want Amari. She needed him.

With a soft, shaky exhale, Rose leaned down. Her small, pale hand reached out and wrapped around the thick, velvet base of his shaft. He was so wide her fingers couldn't fully close around him. She looked up at his sleeping face one final time; her eyes burning with a mixture of reverence and shameless, slutty excitement.

Then she lowered her head.

Her lips parted, and she pressed a slow, reverent kiss to the broad, heavy head of Amari's cock. The skin was velvet-smooth and fever-hot, carrying the deep, intoxicating scent of raw masculinity and clean musk. She lingered there, moulding her mouth to the rounded tip with shameless devotion, before placing another kiss, and another; soft, lingering presses that slowly coaxed the dormant flesh to life.

Her lips trailed along the thick, sleeping shaft, feeling the heavy weight of it stir beneath her touch. With every kiss, every brush of her breath, the muscle twitched and swelled, gradually thickening against her mouth as blood surged into it.

Rose wrapped both small hands around the base. Even semi-soft, her fingers could not fully encircle his girth; a deliberate gap remained between her thumbs; a visceral reminder of just how monstrous he truly was.

God... it's so fucking big. The thought sent a fresh wave of heat crashing through her core. She couldn't escape the obsession. Even in this relaxed, half-awake state, Amari dwarfed Jules in every way; thicker, longer, heavier than her boyfriend had ever been at his most aroused. The cruel comparison only sharpened her hunger. A pulse of illicit thrill shot straight to her clit, soaking the already drenched lace of her thong.

With a soft, hungry sigh, Rose opened her mouth wider. She took the fat, glistening head between her lips in a slow, worshipful glide. This was no mere act of pleasure; it was adoration. Her tongue swirled languidly around the sensitive rim of the glans, savoring the faint, salty taste of his skin. She suckled gently, creating a warm, wet vacuum that drew more blood rushing into his shaft. The heavy head swelled thicker against her tongue, hardening with each devoted stroke as she coaxed him toward full, brutal readiness.

Amari stirred beneath her, a low, deep groan rumbling through his powerful chest like distant thunder. The sound vibrated against Rose's skin, sending a fresh shiver of delight racing down her spine. He had not yet awakened, but his body was answering her devotion with unmistakable hunger.

Emboldened, Rose grew bolder. She opened her jaw wider, stretching her lips to their limit as she sank down, taking the thick, veined shaft deeper into the wet heat of her mouth. Her head moved in a slow, rhythmic worship; bobbing, gliding, savoring every inch as her saliva coated him generously. Obscene, muffled sounds filled the shadowed room: the wet slide of her lips, the soft squelch of her throat working around him, all hushed beneath the heavy duvet.

She pulled back with a soft, wet pop. Thick, glistening strands of spit connected her swollen lips to his now fully hardened cock. It rose proud and intimidating between them; a dark, veined pillar of raw dominance, pulsing heavily with every heartbeat.

Rose stared at it with open, shameless adoration, her pupils blown wide with lust.

"So fucking perfect," she whispered, her voice a breathless, husky rasp. "I love this big black cock... I love how it makes me feel."

Her own filthy words, sent another rush of heat flooding between her thighs. Driven by a starving, almost frantic need, she dove down again. This time she didn't stop. She pushed further, forcing the swollen head past the soft resistance of her palate and into the tight clutch of her throat. Her muscles constricted around his massive girth as she gagged softly, the sound low and choked. Tears welled at the corners of her eyes, spilling down her flushed cheeks. Her nose ran. Her throat burned.

Yet she did not pull away. She began grinding herself hard into the mattress.

Instead, she leaned into the discomfort, embracing the brutal stretch, the overwhelming fullness. The feeling of being used so completely; of her throat being claimed and reshaped by him, triggered something completely submissive inside her. A violent orgasm tore through her without warning. Her pussy clenched hard, spasming around nothing as fresh wetness soaked through her ruined thong. Her entire body trembled and shook, thighs quivering as she held him as deep as she possibly could, face flushed, eyes watering, lost in the exquisite pain and pleasure of her surrender.

Amari woke with a deep, guttural groan, the sudden, intense grip of her throat around his cock dragging him violently from sleep. His hand slipped beneath the sheets, fingers threading possessively into Rose's hair, gripping her scalp with firm authority as he guided her rhythm.

"Fuck... Rose?" His voice was a rough, sleep-roughened growl, thick with raw, explosive lust.

With one powerful motion, he yanked the duvet aside, exposing the sinful tableau to the dim, neon-tinted light filtering through the curtains. There she knelt; Jules's girlfriend reduced to nothing but scraps of black lace that barely contained her heaving breasts. Her pretty face was stretched obscenely wide around his massive cock, saliva dripping from her lips and trailing down her chin onto her chest in shiny strings. She looked utterly debauched. Worshipful.

Amari's eyes darkened into predatory voids, burning with naked possession. There was no shock in his gaze, only satisfaction. The look of a man who had finally won and claimed what was his.

"Look at you..." he rasped, his grip tightening in her hair as he forced her eyes upward. "My dirty little secret. Waking me up with that greedy, slutty mouth while your boyfriend is sat just a few rooms away. Do you have any idea how fucking perfect you look right now? How much I love seeing you like this?"

Rose pulled off his cock with a wet, gasping breath. A long, glistening string of saliva still connected her parted lips to the swollen, purple head of his shaft. She stared up at him through glassy, lust-drunk eyes, her chest rising and falling rapidly, her voice a needy, broken whisper.

"I couldn't help it..." she breathed, trembling. "I needed this... needed you. I had to taste you."

Rose didn't simply return to him; she dove back down with feral, desperate hunger. Her mouth closed around his thick girth with ravenous urgency, stretching wide as she fought to take every inch of the monstrous shaft. She bobbed her head with frantic devotion, each plunge deeper than the last, the head battering the back of her throat and forcing wet, choking gags from her struggling lips.

The sounds were filthy and unrestrained; loud, sloppy, obscene. The wet slurping of her saliva, the rhythmic choking as she forced herself further, all of it filling the shadowed room. She was painfully aware of the thin walls separating them from Jules, and that very danger only sharpened her arousal into something electric. The risk didn't frighten her. It consumed her.

Every brutal thrust into her throat sent fresh tears spilling down her cheeks, yet she craved more. She loved how impossibly big he was. Loved that he stretched her limits, forced her to struggle, to gag, to surrender completely. In these moments she felt stripped of every pretence of modesty; reduced to nothing more than a warm, eager vessel for his pleasure.

And she had never felt more alive.

Amari groaned deeply, his fingers knotting tighter into her hair, gripping her with possessive command. He no longer guided her. He used her; steering her head up and down his length with slow, punishing strokes.

“That’s it, baby girl,” he rasped, his voice a low, vibrating growl of pure dominance. “Suck that big black cock like the good little slut you’re becoming. Jules is out there, probably dreaming about his sweet, loyal girlfriend... and here you are, on your knees, choking on my all this dark meat like you were made for it. You love being my dirty little secret, don’t you?”

Rose couldn’t answer with words, but she moaned loudly around his throbbing shaft, the vibrations traveling straight through his cock. Her desperate sound made his hips buck involuntarily. She pulled back just long enough to gasp for air, lips swollen and shining, a thick rope of saliva trailing from her chin down onto his heavy, dark balls.

The sight of them; so large, so full, so undeniably masculine, sent another molten wave of lust crashing through her core.

She immediately lowered her head, her tongue darting out to lick the salt from his skin. She began to worship his balls with a religious devotion, slurping each heavy orb into her mouth, swirling her tongue around them, and sucking them with a needy, wet intensity. While her mouth was occupied with his balls, her hands worked frantically, stroking the thick, veined length of his shaft, her palms sliding through the lubricant of her own spit.

“I love these big black balls,” she whispered filthily, her voice a wrecked, slutty rasp between wet licks. “So big and heavy... they feel so full. All that delicious hot cum for me... I want it all, Amari. I want you to fill me up.”

Amari’s head snapped back against the pillow, his eyes closing as he surrendered to the sensation. “Fuck, Rose... you’re getting so fucking nasty for me. I can feel how much you love this. Keep going. Show me exactly how much you worship this cock.”

She obeyed with a desperate fervour. She alternated between long, sloppy licks along the sensitive underside of his shaft; tasting the pre-cum leaking from the tip, and plunging herself back down for deep, throat-stretching strokes. She pushed herself to the brink, forcing the head of his cock deeper until she was gagging violently, her face flushing a deep red, tears streaming down her cheeks. She didn’t pull away; she leaned into the struggle, the feeling of being dominated by his size making her pussy throb.

The psychological weight of the moment was overwhelming. Every wet slurp, every muffled choke, every desperate moan felt like a betrayal of everything she had been with Jules, and that betrayal was the most erotic thing she had ever experienced. She wasn’t just a sweet girlfriend anymore; she was a woman. A cock-hungry slut, owned and used by the hung stud her and Jules once labelled as ‘Bad Luck’.

Amari's grip in her hair tightened, pulling her head back sharply so she had to look into his dark eyes. His voice dropped to a rough, commanding growl.

"You're mine now, aren't you? Not his. Mine. Say it, you little slut."

Rose pulled off his cock with a loud, visceral pop, a long, glistening thread of saliva connecting her lips to the purple, throbbing head of his shaft. She looked up at him with glassy, lust-drunk eyes, her chest heaving, her voice hoarse and dripping with absolute submission.

"I'm yours, Amari... I'm your slut. I'm nothing but your slut. I need this cock so bad... please, let me be yours."

Without waiting for an answer, she dove back down, taking him as deep as humanly possible, her throat gripping him in a tight, desperate vacuum, drooling all over his magnificent black cock as she surrendered herself completely to his power.

The night was far from over, and Rose had never felt more awake.

The Need To Be His

Rose pulled off Amari's massive cock with a loud, wet pop, a thick, glistening string of saliva stretching obscenely from her swollen, cock-drunk lips to the angry, throbbing purple head. She looked up at him with glassy, half-lidded eyes, her face flushed crimson, chest heaving as she gasped for air. Her voice was a wrecked, hoarse rasp after gagging on his enormous shaft.

"I want to feel you between my tits..." she whispered, the words dripping with desperate, slutty hunger. "Please, Amari... fuck my big tits..."

Amari's eyes darkened, his pupils swallowing the iris as raw, predatory hunger took over.

"Then give me those big, perfect white tits, baby girl. Strip for me. Show me exactly what those heavy mounds were made for."

Amari's eyes darkened with raw lust. "Then give them to me, baby girl. Strip. Show me exactly what those heavy white tits were made for."

Rose didn't hesitate, she sat up on her knees, frantic and eager, reaching behind her back. Her fingers trembled with need as she unclipped the tiny black lace bra. The moment it released, her massive, full breasts spilled free with a heavy, hypnotic bounce. The pale, globes quivered and swayed, her dark pink nipples rock-hard and aching, begging for attention.

With a soft, needy moan, Rose cupped the heavy undersides of her tits and lifted them, squeezing them tightly together. She forced the soft, overflowing flesh into a deep, suffocating valley, creating the perfect, tight tunnel of pale cleavage for him.

Leaning forward, she let a long, thick string of spit drip from her mouth onto the swollen head of his cock. Then she went further; licking and drooling messily all over his thick, veined shaft with devoted, sloppy hunger, coating every inch of his dark meat until it glistened obscenely.

With a whimper of anticipation, she leaned in and wrapped her soft, heavy tits around his massive black cock.

The contrast was breathtakingly filthy.

His dark, veiny monster disappeared between her pale, plush breasts, the thick shaft stretching her cleavage to its absolute limit. The fat purple head poked out at the top, nestled just below her collarbone, smearing pre-cum across her skin.

“Fuck... look how big you are,” she moaned, her voice dripping with filthy, religious awe. “My tits can barely contain you... God, I love this big black cock so much. I love how it feels to be filled by you, even here.”

She began to move, slow and deliberate at first, sliding her heavy, soft tits up and down his thick, glistening black shaft. The wet, slippery friction of her pale skin against his dark meat created the most obscene, slick sounds. Every upward stroke pushed the fat, swollen head of his cock right against her lips. Rose greedily flicked her tongue out, swirling it messily around the leaking tip, savoring the salty mix of her own spit and his thick, clear pre-cum.

Amari let out a deep groan of pleasure. His hand came down to grip the back of her head, fingers knotting tightly in her hair as he took control. He pushed her down harder, forcing her heavy breasts to squeeze his massive shaft with crushing pressure.

“That’s it, my good little slut,” he growled, his voice a low, vibrating rumble of pure dominance. “Look at those big, perfect white tits wrapped so tightly around my black cock. So fucking pretty. You were made for this, baby. Made to service me and give me pleasure. Made to worship big black dick until you can’t think about anything else.”

Rose moaned louder around the head of his cock, the sound muffled and desperate. Her eyes stayed locked on his, wide, glassy, and shimmering with total submission. She squeezed her tits even tighter around him, practically crushing his thick shaft between her soft mounds as she began fucking him with her tits in a frantic, hungry rhythm.

“I’m so turned on for you,” she confessed breathlessly, pulling back just enough to speak, her voice trembling with need. “I can’t stop thinking about you, Amari... even when I’m with Jules. I close my eyes and imagine this big black cock stretching me open, owning me. I get absolutely soaked just looking at you. I need this cock in my life. I need you... Please, just keep using me however you want.”

She dove back down with renewed desperation, her heavy tits sliding up and down his slick shaft with wet, slapping sounds. Her tongue never stopped dancing and swirling around the fat head, licking up every drop of pre-cum as she surrendered the last pieces of her dignity to the overwhelming power of his massive black cock.

Amari’s grip tightened violently in her hair, fingers knotting deep into the strands as he used her like a toy. He bucked his hips upward with raw power, thrusting his massive,

veined cock between her soft, yielding tits with punishing force. The heavy impacts made her breasts jiggle and compress, moulding tightly around his thick shaft.

“You’re such a nasty little whore for me,” he growled. “These big, slutty white tits were made to be wrapped around my cock. I’m going to dress you up so fucking sexy now you’re mine. Short, tight dresses that barely cover your fat ass, no panties underneath, and sky-high heels that make your back arch and your cheating pussy drip for me. I’m going to show you off like the hot little white slut you are. I want every man who sees you to know exactly who you belong to now.”

Rose whimpered pathetically, a needy, broken sound. Her pussy was a complete flooded mess beneath her, thick, creamy juices running down her thighs and soaking the sheets. She didn’t just love his words; she craved the corruption. Every filthy promise stripped away another layer of her good-girl modesty, replacing it with a dark, burning hunger to be used, displayed, and owned.

“Yes... please...” she gasped, voice wrecked and trembling. “I want that. I want to be your slut. I want everyone to see... I want them to know I’m yours.”

The bedroom filled with the wet sounds of her spit-lubed tits sliding frantically up and down his dark, throbbing shaft; loud, rhythmic slap-slap-slap noises that echoed her total surrender. She was lost in a trance of pure submission, eyes locked onto his gaze as her tongue worked desperately over the swollen, leaking head of his cock with every thrust. Her big tits bounced and jiggled wildly, squeezing him tighter as she worshipped his black cock with every fibre of her being.

Amari suddenly yanked Rose upward by her hair, forcing her head back. He crashed his mouth against hers in a deep, bruising, hungry kiss, their tongues tangling desperately in a wet, messy battle. His strong hands roamed her body with possessive aggression; squeezing and spreading her plump ass cheeks hard enough to leave marks, then groping her heavy breasts, kneading the soft, overflowing flesh like he owned every inch of her. Between the heated, saliva-slicked kisses, he growled against her lips, his breath hot and thick with lust.

“Fuck, Rose... I wish you were coming with me to the lake house tomorrow. I want to finally ruin that tight little pussy the way it needs to be ruined. I want to stretch you open until you can’t walk straight, make you scream my name for six straight days until your throat is raw and your cunt is gaping and leaking my cum nonstop...”

A sharp, electric thrill of forbidden excitement shoot straight through Rose at his filthy promise. She kissed him back even harder, her body trembling with need, before pulling away just enough to whisper her naughty confession, a wicked, slutty smile curling her lips.

“I already made it happen,” she breathed, voice shaking with lust and mischievous pride. “I worked on Jules tonight... played the tired, needy girlfriend. I convinced him I really need the break. He’s going to ask you tomorrow morning if you’ll take me with you.”

Amari’s expression shifted into pure, dominant triumph. A wicked, predatory grin spread across his face, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction at how thoroughly he had corrupted sweet, innocent Rose into his eager accomplice.

“Oh, you sly little slut...”

Rose let out a delighted, playful squeal as Amari suddenly seized her with effortless strength. He lifted her off her knees and threw her onto her back on the bed. The mattress bounced violently beneath her as he descended on her like a hungry predator, his powerful muscular frame pinning her down completely. He shoved her thick thighs wide apart, exposing her soaked, swollen, dripping pussy to the dim light.

Amari buried his face between her trembling thighs with a deep, hungry growl, like a man starved for her taste. His thick, expert tongue speared straight into her soaked pussy, thrusting deep inside her with sudden, forceful strokes. He licked and sucked on her swollen clit with ferocious, greedy hunger, his hot breath fanning across her sensitive folds as he devoured her like she was his favourite meal.

Rose's back arched violently off the bed, her spine curving sharply as a piercing cry of overwhelming pleasure tore from her throat.

"Shhhhh," Amari growled menacingly against her dripping cunt, his deep voice vibrating through her core. "Unless you want little Jules walking in here and seeing exactly what his sweet, innocent girlfriend has really become."

He flicked his tongue rapidly over her throbbing clit before sucking it hard between his lips. "You want him to see you shaking like a desperate little slut while I eat this cheating, needy pussy, don't you?"

The filthy words hit Rose like a lightning strike. She bit down hard on her lower lip, the sharp pain only feeding her twisted arousal. Shame and excitement twisted together in her belly as she fought to stay quiet, turning her loud moans into broken, muffled whimpers.

Oh god... what if Jules hears us? What if he walks in and sees me like this?

The terrifying thought only made her pussy clench desperately around Amari's invading tongue. She was soaking wet, dripping down his chin as he continued to feast on her without mercy; tongue-fucking her relentlessly, sucking and slurping on her swollen clit like he wanted to pull her soul out through her cunt.

Rose's thighs shook uncontrollably around his head, her hands flying down to grip his short hair as she teetered right on the edge of a shattering orgasm, the dangerous risk of getting caught only making her wetter.

Sensing her impending orgasm, Amari claimed her with renewed hunger. His mouth descended on her like a man starved, delivering long, greedy licks along the entire length of her swollen, dripping slit. He sealed his lips around her engorged clit and sucked with powerful, rhythmic pulls that made her toes curl and her vision blur. His thick tongue speared deep inside her tight, soaking channel, curling and stroking her insides with merciless precision. He groaned into her pussy, the low vibration traveling through her core like dark thunder, devouring her as though she were the most exquisite, forbidden fruit he had ever tasted.

"You're so fucking wet for me," he murmured against her dripping flesh, his voice a deep, resonant growl that sent electric shivers racing up her spine.

“This pussy already knows who its master is now. I should drag your slutty little body out to the living room right now... bend you over the coffee table in front of Jules and finally fuck you properly while he watches you scream my name.”

The raw, filthy fantasy was too much for her. The image of Jules witnessing her complete surrender; watching Amari ruin her, ignited the final spark. Rose’s body seized.

“Oh fuck— Amari!” she cried, her voice fracturing with overwhelming pleasure.

In a desperate panic, she grabbed a pillow and crushed it over her face just as the orgasm tore through her like liquid lightning. Her back arched violently off the bed, hips bucking wildly against Amari’s mouth as wave after wave of ecstasy consumed her. She squirted hard, hot and clear girl-cum flooding his tongue and spraying across his chin in forceful, glistening streaks. Her muffled screams of rapture poured into the pillow while her body shook and convulsed uncontrollably.

Amari didn’t retreat. He pressed forward, licking and drinking every drop of her release with animalistic greed, growling into her spasming pussy like a beast claiming its prize. When the most violent tremors finally began to ebb, leaving her limbs trembling and heavy, he pulled back. His dark, handsome face glistened obscenely, slick with her squirt and saliva. He wiped his chin slowly with the back of his hand, smearing her essence across his skin like a mark of conquest, and looked down at her with a dark, satisfied smirk.

“Look at the mess you made, you filthy thing,” Amari said, his voice thick and rough with barely restrained lust. “Soaked my entire face. Now it’s time to repay the favor.”

He seized her hips and dragged her down the bed in one smooth, powerful motion until her head hung off the edge. The position left her utterly exposed; throat stretched and open, body arched awkwardly, her still-twitching pussy glistening and leaking from the aftershocks of her orgasm.

Amari rose above her like a dark god of raw desire, towering and commanding. He took his heavy, veined cock in hand and began slapping it against her flushed cheeks and parted lips. The thick meat landed with wet, obscene smacks, marking her overheated skin.

“Open that pretty mouth,” he commanded, the deep authority in his tone brooking no resistance.

Rose obeyed. Her jaw fell open, tongue sliding out in complete, shameless submission, the picture of the perfect little slut he had awakened in her.

But Amari did not feed her his cock right away. Instead, he lowered his heavy, low-hanging balls onto her face, dragging the warm, textured skin slowly across her lips and nose, smothering her in his masculine scent.

“Suck them,” he ordered, voice a low, vibrating growl. “Show me you love my balls more than that little boyfriend of yours. Get them nice and wet for me, my little whore.”

A desperate, needy moan escaped Rose as she eagerly obeyed. She sucked one heavy orb into her warm mouth, then the other, lavishing them with starving devotion. Her tongue swirled and lapped with wet, hungry strokes, coating the sensitive skin in thick layers of

saliva. As Amari began tea-bagging her mouth, her hands reached up to stroke the massive, throbbing shaft hovering above her face, pumping the slick, veined length with slutty need.

“That’s my good girl,” Amari groaned, his voice rough and strained with mounting pleasure. “Now open wide for your new man.”

He offered no further teasing. With one authoritative thrust, he fed his thick cock into her waiting mouth, driving deep until the fat head breached her throat. Rose gagged instantly, her throat convulsing around the brutal invasion, but she forced herself to relax, eyes watering and rolling back as she gazed up at him in utter, worshipful surrender.

Amari began fucking her throat with long, deliberate, punishing strokes. His heavy balls slapped wetly against her forehead and nose with every deep plunge, the rhythm merciless and possessive. The bulge in her neck was obscene; a visible, beautiful testament to his girth stretching her to her absolute limit, claiming not only her breath but her very will.

“Finger that greedy pussy while I use your throat,” he commanded, his voice a deep, vibrating growl of absolute dominance.

Rose obeyed instantly. Her hand flew between her thighs, fingers plunging into her soaked, swollen heat. First two, then three, stretching herself open as she fucked her own dripping cunt with frantic desperation. The room filled with a filthy symphony: the wet squelching of her fingers driving in and out, mingling with the obscene gagging and slurping sounds of Amari using her mouth as his personal toy. Every brutal thrust forced the air from her lungs in muffled, whimpering cries that felt dangerously loud in the quiet apartment.

“You want this cum?” Amari growled, his voice thick with the edge of release, his massive cock buried to the hilt in her spasming throat. “You want me to flood your stomach while your boyfriend sits just a few feet away, completely clueless that his girl is being claimed by a real man?”

Rose couldn’t speak. She could only gargle a desperate, affirmative moan around the thick shaft stretching her throat. Her eyes were wide and glassy with lust and total submission, hot tears streaming down her flushed cheeks and mixing with the rivers of saliva coating her face. She looked up at him with pure, starving devotion; silently begging for the release only he could give her.

Amari’s rhythm shifted from controlled dominance to raw, unrelenting brutality. His hips snapped forward with violent precision, fucking her throat with deep, erratic strokes. Rose was lost in him; drowning in cock and saliva, throat stretched beyond her limits, her body trembling under the merciless onslaught.

Then, with a deep, primal groan that vibrated through his entire frame like a predator claiming its prize, Amari buried himself to the hilt. He pinned her head firmly against the edge of the mattress and unleashed.

The first powerful rope of cum erupted against the back of her throat like a searing jet. Thick, hot, and shockingly voluminous, it flooded her in heavy, pulsing waves. Rose’s eyes rolled back, her throat convulsing as she swallowed frantically, desperate to take every drop. He wasn’t simply cumming; he was emptying himself into her, flooding her throat and stomach with staggering amounts of rich, creamy seed.

Another massive surge followed, then another, each jet thicker and more forceful than the last. The salty, musk-heavy taste of him coated her tongue and throat as she gulped greedily, her muscles working overtime to accept the sheer volume of his release. Some escaped the corners of her stretched lips, dripping down her chin in glistening white streams.

The overwhelming intensity; the feeling of being so completely filled and used, pushed Rose over the edge with shattering force. Her pussy clenched violently around her fingers, spasming as a second orgasm tore through her. She came hard onto the sheets beneath, her body convulsing in helpless ecstasy while she continued drinking down every thick pulse of Amari's cum. Pleasure and submission fused into one blinding storm, leaving her trembling and gasping around his throbbing cock.

Even as the final, heavy ropes ebbed, Amari kept himself buried deep, savoring the tight, fluttering heat of her throat as it milked the last drops from him.

When Amari finally withdrew, it was with a slow, wet pop that echoed in the quiet room. He stood over her, chest heaving, drawing in deep breaths as the last ripples of pleasure coursed through his powerful frame.

Rose lay utterly wrecked beneath him; a breathtaking, ruined masterpiece. Her face was flushed crimson, streaked with tears and glistening saliva. Thick slobes of cum and spit coated her swollen lips and chin. Her throat visibly pulsed, raw and swollen from the brutal claiming, yet her expression was one of profound, almost dreamy peace.

Amari gazed down at her with dark, possessive adoration. The violence of what he had just done only made the tenderness that followed more potent. He reached down, cupping her cheek with his large hand, his thumb brushing gently across her tear-streaked skin.

“God, you are so fucking perfect, Rose,” he whispered, his voice low and rough with satisfaction. “My perfect, greedy little slut.”

Rose could only offer him a dazed, breathless smile. Her mind floated in a warm haze of submission and deep, addictive bliss. She felt heavy, full, saturated with him; not just in her stomach, but in her very soul. She didn't simply crave the sex. She craved the way he broke her. The way he took her apart and remade her into something shameless and hungry.

As the lingering, salty taste of his cum coated her tongue and throat, a quiet certainty settled over her. She would do anything; Anything! To feel that overwhelming flood again.

To be used, claimed, and filled by him.

Later that night, the bedroom door creaked open with a whisper of sound.

Jules slipped into the room like a ghost, careful not to disturb her. He shed his clothes down to his boxers and eased beneath the covers, sliding behind Rose. His arm wrapped around her waist with gentle familiarity, pulling her back against his chest in a tender spoon; the very same position in which she had awakened that morning in Amari's powerful arms.

Rose kept her eyes closed, feigning sleep. She could feel the difference immediately. Jules's smaller timid frame, his quiet breathing against the nape of her neck. His hand rested sweetly on her stomach; gentle, loving, and utterly oblivious.

But her mind was still miles away, drowning in the afterglow of sin.

She could still taste Amari; thick, salty, masculine, lingering on her tongue and deep in her throat. She could still feel the brutal stretch of his cock, the heavy slap of his balls against her face, the way he had pumped load after load into her stomach while Jules sat unaware in the next room. Her pussy ached at the memories, still slick and sensitive, leaking slowly between her thighs.

Her thoughts drifted to tomorrow.

The lake house.

Three full nights before Jules arrived. Three uninterrupted nights alone with Amari. No more sneaking. No more reluctance or hesitation. Three nights where she could finally beg him to take her completely; to stretch her, ruin her, and claim every inch of her body in the ways she now desperately craved.

The mere thought sent a dark shiver racing through her. She pressed her thighs together beneath the sheets, feeling a fresh rush of wetness coat her swollen folds.

Jules nuzzled closer, pressing a soft, innocent kiss to the back of her shoulder. "I love you, Rose," he whispered, already half-lost in sleep.

Rose remained silent.

She lay nestled in her boyfriend's arms, warm and safe, while her mind burned with visions of the other man sharing the bed. A secret, sinful smile curved her lips in the darkness.

Tomorrow, she thought, heart racing with wicked anticipation.

Tomorrow, I'm going to the lake house with my man.

Tomorrow I say goodbye to the girl. And set the woman free.

The End of Part 5.

Part 6 Coming Soon.