BLACKMALED
RACHEL'S STORY PT1
Sexy 3D COMICS
BY GONZO

MAY / JUNE SCHEDULE

patreon SUBSCRIBESTAR

JUNE 2025

SAT 7TH JUNE
STAR WHORES SPECIAL PT2
ALL TIERS RELEASE

SAT 14TH JUNE
BLACKMALED: RACHEL'S STORY PT1
SEXY3DCOMICS TIER

SUN 22ND JUNE
FANTASYLAND: DARE
GONZO STUDIOS TIER

SAT 28TH JUNE
MISCHIEVOUS EPISODE TBA
ALL TIERS RELEASE

JULY 2025

SAT 5TH JULY
TBA
ALL TIERS RELEASE

SAT 12TH JULY
BLACKMALED: RACHEL PT2
SEXY3DCOMICS TIER

SAT 19TH JULY
FANTASYLAND HOPE PT1 (TBC)
GONZO STUDIOS TIER

SAT 26TH JULY
MISCHIEVOUS EPISODE TBA
ALL TIERS RELEASE

HTTPS://SUBSCRIBESTAR.ADULT/GONZO-STUDIOS

HTTPS://WWW.PATREON.COM/GONZOSTUDIOS

SCHEDULE MAY CHANGE DUE TO WEIRDNESS IN THE STUDIO

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Sexy3DCOMICS BY GONZO
$9/mth for one brand.
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*Contains back catalogue of everything that the server kittens could find from about 2016 onwards There may be some gaps. we're working on it.

GONZO STUDIOS

Sexy 3D COMICS BY GONZO

STAY UPDATED ON THINGS

The best way to stay updated on what's new, what's coming, or what's happening at Gonzo Studios and most importantly which cat is sleeping on top of the main render rig is on our **Discord**.

Just click the links below.

We are on **DISCORD**

HTTPS://DISCORD.GG/E5FU95SZ7H

Or on **TWITTER**

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Sexy 3D COMICS BY GONZO

GONZO STUDIOS

THE CATALOGUE
MAY 2025

SUBSCRIBESTAR patreon

WITH DIRECT LINKS

BLACKMALED

RACHEL'S STORY

PART ONE

HTTPS://WWW.PATREON.COM/GONZOSTUDIOS

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THE HUM OF LIGHTS AND THE DISTANT CLATTER OF KEYBOARDS MADE THE OFFICE FEEL LIKE EVERY OTHER MONDAY.
RACHEL SPUN SLOWLY IN HER CHAIR, TWIRLING A PEN BETWEEN HER FINGERS.
AT THE DESK NEXT TO HER , ERIN WAS SMIRKING LIKE SHE HAD A SECRET SHE COULDN'T WAIT TO SHARE.
STZ

RACHEL GAVE HER A LOOK.
"OKAY, WHAT?"
ERIN LEANED IN, VOICE LOW.
"MET SOMEONE THIS WEEKEND."
RACHEL RAISED AN EYEBROW.
"ANOTHER ONE ALREADY?"

ERIN GRINNED.
"OH, THIS WASN'T JUST SOMEONE. THIS GUY WAS... UNREAL. TALL, DARK, RIPPED LIKE A DAMN STATUE.
FOUND HIM AT THAT NEW CLUB DOWNTOWN. WE BARELY MADE IT THROUGH A SINGLE DRINK BEFORE I DRAGGED HIM TO MY PLACE."

RACHEL ROLLED HER EYES, LAUGHING.
"YOU REALLY DON'T WASTE TIME, DO YOU?"
2015
2019

"YOU KNOW ME."
ERIN SHRUGGED, UNAPOLOGETIC
"BUT GIRL...
WHEN I TELL YOU THIS GUY HAD
THE BIGGEST DICK I'VE EVER SEEN I
MEAN IT. LIKE, TOOK MY BREATH AWAY"
RACHEL CHOKED ON A SIP
OF HER COFFEE.
"OH MY GOD."

"I'M NOT EVEN KIDDING. I STILL CAN'T WALK RIGHT. YOU NEED TO COME WITH ME NEXT TIME. I SWEAR, THESE GUYS WILL RUIN YOU IN ALL THE BEST WAYS."
RACHEL LAUGHED AGAIN, LOUDER THIS TIME, WAVING HER HAND.
"ERIN, PLEASE... YOU KNOW BRUCE AND I ARE TRYING FOR A BABY.
SO RANDOM CLUB HOOK-UPS ARE NOT EXACTLY ON MY AGENDA RIGHT NOW."

ERIN LEANED BACK IN HER CHAIR, STILL GRINNING. "MAYBE THAT'S THE PROBLEM."
RACHEL RAISED AN EYEBROW.
"I'M JUST SAYING," ERIN CONTINUED,
"YOU'VE BEEN TRYING FOR MONTHS WITH NO LUCK. MAYBE BRUCE JUST DOESN'T HAVE THE GOODS TO GET THE JOB DONE.
I KNOW A COUPLE GUYS WHO'D BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO SHOW YOU WHAT A REAL MAN FEELS LIKE."
"JESUS" RACHEL SAID, SHAKING HER HEAD. "YOU'RE TERRIBLE."
"TERRIBLY HONEST." ERIN WINKED.
"JUST THINK ABOUT IT. YOU'VE GOT THAT PERFECT LITTLE BODY, THOSE LEGS, THAT FACE.. WASTED ON ONE MAN WHO'S DOES'T SEEM TO BE GETTING THE JOB DONE."
2015
2019

RACHEL GAVE A SARCASTIC SMILE, BUT SOMETHING IN HER STOMACH TWISTED. SHE KNEW ERIN WAS BEING OUTRAGEOU, SHE ALWAYS WAS.. BUT SOME TINY PART OF HER... WASN'T LAUGHING.
ERIN'S WILD STORIES, HER FREEDOM, THE WAY SHE OWNED HER DESIRES WITH NO SHAME...
IT MADE RACHEL FEEL LIKE SHE WAS WATCHING THE PARTY FROM BEHIND GLASS.
SHE SHRUGGED IT OFF.
"THANKS, BUT I'LL STICK WITH MY BORING MARRIED LIFE."
"FOR NOW," ERIN SAID WITH A SMIRK.
"BUT IF I WERE YOU, I'D BE CAREFUL. SOMETIMES LIFE THROWS YOU TEMPTATION WHEN YOU DIDN'T EXPECT IT."

LATER THAT EVENING.
THE GLASS DOORS OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING WHISPERED SHUT BEHIND HER AS RACHEL STEPPED INTO THE COOL, POLISHED LOBBY.
THE AIR SMELLED FAINTLY OF EUCALYPTUS AND MARBLE, EXPENSIVE, CLEAN.
HER HEELS CLICKED SOFTLY AGAINST THE TILE AS SHE HEADED TOWARD THE ELEVATOR, THE SAME WAY SHE'S DONE A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE.

THAT'S WHEN SHE SAW HIM.
HE WAS STANDING BY THE MAILBOXES, DRESSED IN A DARK EXPENSIVE LOOKING SUIT
101
103
104
108

HIS EYES MET HERS.
RACHEL'S BREATH CAUGHT FOR JUST A SECOND, AN INVOLUNTARY PAUSE IN HER BODY, LIKE HER PULSE SKIPPED A BEAT. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM.
SOMETHING SHE COULDN'T NAME.
NOT JUST HANDSOME. NOT JUST SEXY.
SOMETHING ELSE. PRIMAL. DANGEROUS. LIKE HE SAW THROUGH HER CLOTHES. THROUGH HER THOUGHTS.

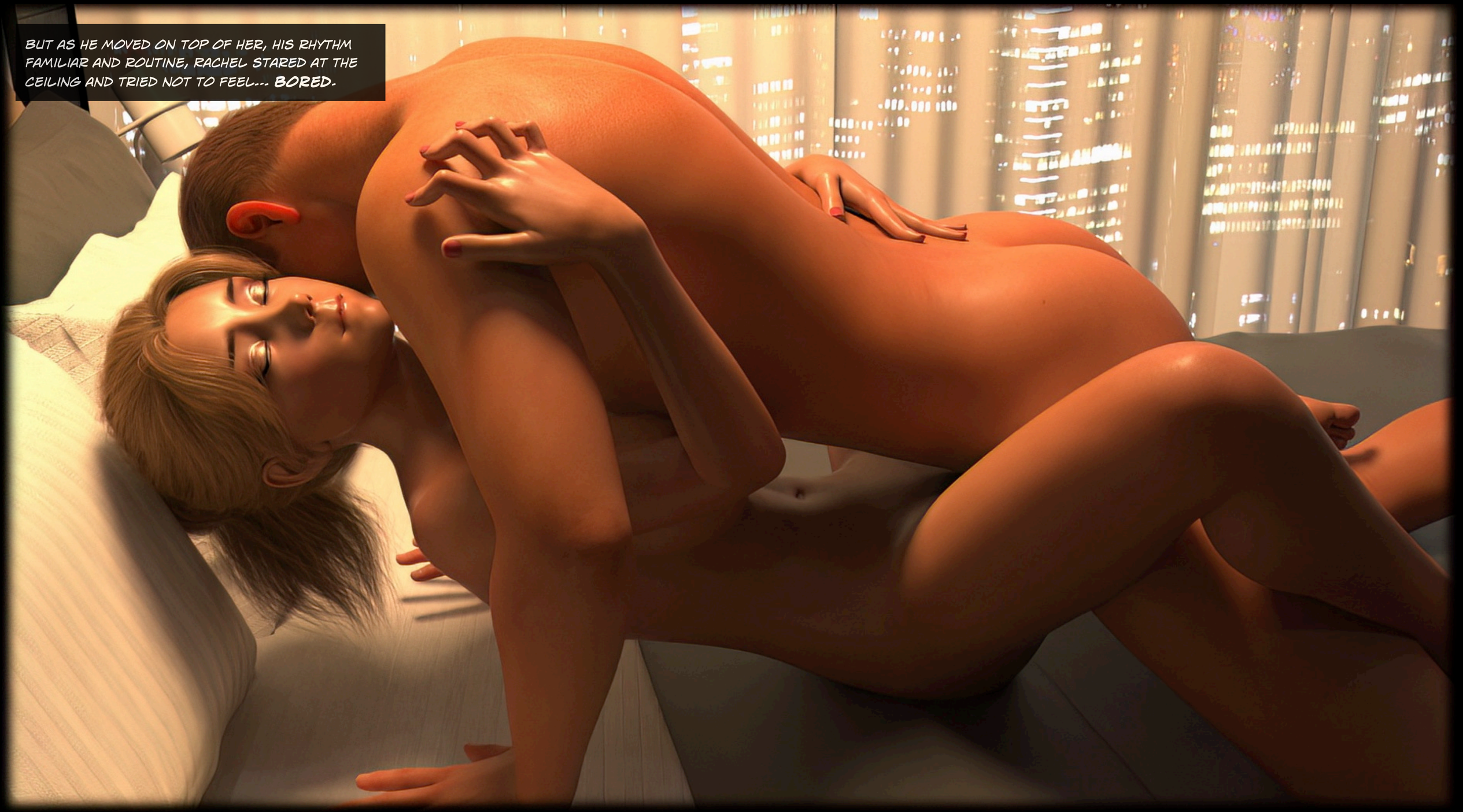
SHE QUICKLY LOOKED AWAY.
NOPE. NOT HAPPENING.
SHE WALKED FASTER, KEEPING HER GAZE FIXED ON THE ELEVATOR.
HER FINGER HOVERED OVER THE BUTTON A LITTLE TOO LONG BEFORE PRESSING IT, PRETENDING NOT TO NOTICE THE WAY HER HAND TREMBLED JUST SLIGHTLY.

SHE TOLD HERSELF NOT TO TURN AROUND. NOT TO GLANCE BACK. BUT JUST BEFORE THE DOORS CLOSED, SHE DARED TO PEEK.
HE WAS STILL WATCHING HER.
AND FOR A SPLIT SECOND, HE SMILED.

DINNER WAS QUIET.
RACHELS HUSBAND BRUCE TALKED ABOUT WORK... SOME PROJECT THAT WAS BEHIND SCHEDULE, SOME COWORKER WHO KEPT SCREWING THINGS UP.
BUT RACHEL WASN'T REALLY LISTENING. SHE NODDED, SMILED WHERE APPROPRIATE, OFFERED A FEW "OH THAT SUCKS" COMMENTS.
BUT HER MIND, HOWEVER, WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE.

OR RATHER... SOMEONE ELSE.
THAT MAN FROM THE LOBBY.
HIS FACE KEPT FLASHING IN HER HEAD LIKE A GLITCH SHE COULDN'T DELETE. THE WAY HE LOOKED AT HER, NOT JUST LIKE HE WANTED HER, BUT LIKE HE OWNED HER.
LIKE SHE ALREADY BELONGED TO HIM AND JUST HADN'T REALIZED IT YET.
RACHEL SHOOK HER HEAD AND TOOK ANOTHER BITE OF MEAL.
STOP IT!

LATER THAT NIGHT, BRUCE KISSED HER SHOULDER AND TOUCHED HER NAKED BODY.
RACHEL RESPONDED...
OF COURSE SHE DID. SHE ALWAYS DID.
BRUCE WAS A GOOD MAN. KIND. STEADY. THE KIND OF MAN YOU BUILD A LIFE WITH.
THE KIND OF MAN YOU MARRY. THE KIND OF MAN YOU TRY TO HAVE A BABY WITH.


BUT AS HE MOVED ON TOP OF HER, HIS RHYTHM FAMILIAR AND ROUTINE, RACHEL STARED AT THE CEILING AND TRIED NOT TO FEEL... BORED.

BRUCE WAS TRYING... HE ALWAYS TRIED,
BUT ERIN'S WORDS ECHOED IN HER HEAD.
"SO BIG IT TOOK MY FUCKING BREATH AWAY!
BRUCE DID NOT TAKE HER BREATH AWAY.

THAT NIGHT AS RACHEL CLOSED HER EYES TO SLEEP,
SHE WAS GREETED WITH SOMETHING MORE INTOXICATING THAN HER NORMAL DREAMS.

RACHEL'S EYES FLUTTERED OPEN.
SHE KNEW IMMEDIATELY
THIS WASN'T REAL.
BUT IT FELT REAL.

IT WAS HER BEDROOM,
BUT BRUCE WAS GONE.
THE ROOM WAS DIMLY LIT
LIKE A HIGH-END BOUDOIR
PULLED FROM A FANTASY.
SHE SAT UP SLOWLY.

HER BODY... WAS NOT DRESSED AS IT HAD BEEN WHEN SHE WENT TO BED.
NOW SHE WAS WEARING A HARNESS OF THICK LEATHER STRAPS AND COLD STEEL RINGS.
THE KIND OF THING SHE IMAGINED THE STAR OF A FETISH FILM MIGHT WEAR BEFORE SHE WAS FUCKED IN WAYS SHE COULD ONLY DREAM OF.

SHE SHOULD HAVE FELT EMBARRASSED.
INSTEAD, SHE FELT AN UNCONTROLLABLE LUST.
A WAVE OF PURE, UNDENIABLE NEED ROLLED THROUGH HER, DEEPER THAN ANYTHING SHE'D EVER FELT AWAKE.
AND THEN... HE WAS THERE.
THE MAN FROM THE LOBBY. WATCHING HER.
NAKED.

HIS BODY WAS PERFECTION... BROAD SHOULDERS, POWERFUL CHEST, DARK, SMOOTH SKIN. HIS COCK... MASSIVE. THROBBING. HEAVY.
SHE STARED WITHOUT SHAME, WITHOUT HESITATION, LIPS PARTED IN AWE.
SHE KNEW IT WASN'T REAL. NONE OF IT WAS.
BUT IN HER DREAMS SHE COULD DO ANYTHING.

AND RIGHT NOW, SHE WANTED ONE THING.
TO BE FUCKED.
TOTALLY. COMPLETELY. LIKE SHE'D NEVER BEEN BEFORE.
SHE DIDN'T SPEAK. SHE DIDN'T NEED TO.

THEN SUDDENLY HE WAS BETWEEN HER LEGS... DEEP INSIDE HER.
OHHH GOD.

HER BACK ARCHED, MOUTH OPEN IN A SILENT CRY. IT WAS INSTANT, OVERWHELMING, PERFECT.
EVERY THRUST PUSHED HER CLOSER TO A PLEASURE SHE DIDN'T KNOW WAS POSSIBLE.
SHE MOANED, WRITHED, CLUNG TO HIM LIKE A DROWNING WOMAN.

"YES!!! OHHH FUCK, YES!!!"
SHE GASPED, HER VOICE SHAMELESS, DIRTY, UNRECOGNIZABLE.

HE FILLED HER IN EVERY WAY. DEEP. HARD.
STRETCHING HER SO GOOD IT HURT, AND SHE LOVED IT.
SHE SAID THINGS THAT WOULD NORMALLY MAKE HER BLUSH... BEGGING, PRAISING, PLEADING FOR MORE.
HE GAVE HER EVERYTHING SHE ALWAYS WANTED.

WHEN SHE CAME,
IT SHATTERED HER.

THE ORGASM RIPPED THROUGH HER LIKE A STORM, VIOLENT, BEAUTIFUL, ELECTRIC.
HER BODY SHOOK, HER MIND BLANKED, HER SOUL IGNITED.

SHE FELT HIS COCK SWELL INSIDE HER, PULSING, THROBBING
RACHELS BREATH GROWING RAGGED.

SHE KNEW WHAT WAS COMING.
KNEW IT WAS WRONG.
KNEW SHE SHOULDN'T WANT IT.

BUT IT WAS HER DREAM.
AND IN HER DREAM.
SHE NEEDED IT.
"CUM INSIDE ME,"
SHE WHISPERED.
"PLEASE... I WANT IT."

"SAY IT AGAIN SLUT"
HE GROWLED AS HE STARTED
TO SLAM HARDER AND FASTER!
"C...CUM INSIDE ME"
RACHEL MOANED AGAIN

"NO PROTECTION---
I'M GONNA KNOCK YOU UP"
HE WHISPERED IN HER EAR,
"OHHHH FUCK YES"
SHE GASPED.

WITH A FINAL, BRUTAL THRUST,
HE CAME. DEEP. HOT. ENDLESS.
HER BODY WELCOMED IT.

HER MIND EXPLODED AS SHE FELT THE STRANGERS COCK BURIED DEEP INSIDE HER.
DEEPER THAN HER HUSBAND COULD EVER REACH.
SO DEEP , SHE COULD FEEL EVER POWERFUL POTENT BLAST OF CUM WAS EXACTLY WHERE IT NEEDED IT BE.

SHE SCREAMED AS ANOTHER ORGASM CRASHED INTO HER.
BIGGER THAN THE FIRST. IT SLAMMED INTO HER LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

THEN, SHE LET OUT A LONG MOAN AS SHE LEFT HIS MASSIVE CUM COVERED COCK SLOWLY PULL OUT OF HER.
SHE WANTED MORE... SHE NEEDED MORE!

WHEN SHE OPENED HER EYES AGAIN...
SWEATING, PANTING, SOAKED BETWEEN HER LEGS.
SHE WAS BACK IN HER BED.
BRUCE WAS BESIDE HER.

"WERE YOU HAVING A NIGHTMARE?" BRUCE ASKED WITH AN OBVIOUS TOUCH OF CONCERN.
"HUH" RACHEL MURMURED HER MIND STILL TRYING TO PROCESS THE DREAM.
"YOU WERE MOANING MOST OF THE NIGHT, IT LOOKED LIKE YOU WERE HAVING A NIGHTMARE, I WAS WONDERING IF I SHOULD WAKE YOU" HE SAID.
"OH" RACHEL SAID "I... DON'T REMEMBER"
BUT SHE DID REMEMBER, IN FACT SHE COULD STILL FEEL HIM.
STILL FEEL HIM INSIDE HER.
AND DEEP DOWN... SHE WANTED MORE.

RACHEL QUIETLY SLID OUT OF BED.
"I'M GOING FOR A SWIM BEFORE THE POOL GETS BUSY...
AND THEN I'M GOING TO HIT THE GYM BEFORE WORK"
RIGHT NOW SHE NEEDED TIME TO HERSELF...
HER HEART WAS STILL HAMMERING FOR THE DREAM.

UP ON THE TOP FLOOR, THE SKY WAS SOFT WITH EARLY LIGHT.
THE POOL WAS EMPTY, JUST HOW SHE LIKED IT.
SHE SWAM SLOW LAPS, LETTING THE WATER SOOTHE HER ACHING THIGHS, HER BURNING THOUGHTS.

THE DREAM STILL CLUNG TO HER.

SHE PULLED HERSELF OUT OF THE POOL AND HEADED TO THE GYM, MAYBE THAT WOULD HELP CLEAR HER MIND.

IT WAS EARLY, THE GYM WAS NORMALLY EMPTY.
AS SHE WALKED IN SHE COULD HEAR THE SOUNDS OF WEIGHTS CLANKING.
SHE CURSED, SOMEBODY WAS HERE BEFORE HER.

AS SOON AS SHE STEPPED INSIDE, HER BREATH CAUGHT.
HE WAS THERE.
THE MAN FROM THE LOBBY. THE MAN FROM HER DREAM.

HE STOOD BY THE WEIGHTS, SHIRTLESS, MUSCLES FLEXING WITH EACH CONTROLLED MOVEMENT
HIS DARK SKIN GLISTENED WITH SWEAT, AND EVERY INCH OF HIM LOOKED CARVED FROM PURE SIN.
PART OF HER WANTED TO RUN. BUT SHE DIDN'T.
INSTEAD SHE QUIETLY MADE HER WAY TO THE MATS AT THE END OF THE GYM.

SHE MOVED TO THE SIDE MAT AND DROPPED INTO HER YOGA STRETCHES.. SLOW, DELIBERATE.
SHE BENT DEEPLY, LETTING HER HIPS ROLL, HER BACK ARCH, HER LEGGINGS CLING.
SHE KNEW HE WAS WATCHING.

AND GOD, IT MADE HER FEEL SEXY. WANTED.
FOR A MOMENT, SHE WAS THAT DREAM GIRL.

THEN... HE WALKED OVER.
"HEY."
HIS VOICE WAS LOW. SMOOTH. DANGEROUS.
SHE LOOKED UP, HEART THUDDING. "ERRR... HI..."
"I'M MARCUS. JUST MOVED IN TO THE PENTHOUSE."
OF COURSE. THE PENTHOUSE. POSH. EXPENSIVE. POWERFUL.
SHE SWALLOWED.
"NICE PLACE."
THEIR EYES LOCKED.

HER BODY RESPONDED BEFORE HER MIND COULD CATCH UP.
THE HEAT.
THE PULL.
IT WAS PRIMAL.
THIS WASN'T HER.
SHE DIDN'T DO THIS.

BUT THEN HIS LIPS WERE ON HERS.
AND SHE WAS KISSING HIM BACK.
HER HANDS GRIPPED HIS CHEST.

HIS HANDS SLID AROUND HER HIPS, DOWN, INTO THE WAISTBAND OF HER LEGGINGS.
"WAIT.. I'M M...MARRIED" SHE WHISPERED.

HIS FINGERS SLIPPED INSIDE HER.
HER BREATH HITCHED. SHE SHOULD STOP HIM.

SHE DIDN'T.
SHE COULDN'T.
IT FELT TOO GOOD.
TOO RIGHT.

HIS TOUCH WAS BLACK MAGIC...
CIRCLING, TEASING, PRESSING IN JUST THE PERFECT WAY.
"OHHH--- FUCK---"

THE ORGASM BLINDSIDED HER.
SO FAST.
SO HARD.
SO GOOD!
STRONG

SHE SHOOK, ALMOST VIOLENTLY.
BIT HER LIP TO KEEP FROM CRYING OUT.

AND STILL
HE DIDN'T STOP.
HE WORKED HER THROUGH IT,
COAXING EVERY LAST TREMOR,
EVERY BROKEN BREATH.
SHE WAS COMING UNDONE
IN HIS HANDS.

SHE WASN'T RACHEL THE WIFE.
SHE WAS THE SLUT FROM HER DREAMS.

HER HAND FOUND HIS WAISTBAND.
SHE FREED HIS COCK.
MASSIVE. ROCK HARD
THICK. LONG. VEINED.
REAL!
ACTIVE

THEIR EYES MET.
HE SAW IT IN HER...
NEED.
HUNGER.
SURRENDER.

RACHEL'S CHEST ROSE AND FELL IN WILD BREATHS.
MARCUS LEANED IN, VOICE LOW. "YOU WANT TO BE FUCKED, DON'T YOU" HE SAID IN A SEDUCTIVE WHISPER
"Y... YES" RACHEL SAID THE REACTION FELT LIKE A PRIMAL INSTINCT.

THEN SUDDENLY. CLUNK. THE GYM DOOR OPENED.
ANOTHER GYM-GOER WALKED IN, HEADPHONES ON, OBLIVIOUS.
RACHEL JUMPED AWAY LIKE LIGHTNING HAD STRUCK HER.

MARCUS SMILED
"MEET ME ON AT THE POOL ON THE TOP FLOOR AT MIDNIGHT... AND WE WILL CONTINUE THIS."
RACHEL., PANICKED!
OVERWHELMED, SOAKING.
SHE GRABBED HER THINGS AND FLED TO THE CHANGING ROOM.
STRONG

ALONE IN THE CHANGING ROOM.
HEART POUNDING.
THIGHS STILL TWITCHING,,,
SHE KNEW SHE WAS IN TROUBLE.
DEEP.
ACTIVE

HER CHEST WAS HEAVING.
HER THIGHS WERE WET.
HER HEART WAS POUNDING SO LOUD IT FELT LIKE IT ECHOED OFF THE TILES.
SHE WAS SCARED.
TERRIFIED, ACTUALLY.
WHAT THE FUCK HAD SHE JUST DONE?

SHE PRESSED HER BACK AGAINST THE COLD WALL, TRYING TO CALM HERSELF
BUT IT WASN'T WORKING. THE OPPOSITE, IF ANYTHING.
HER BODY STILL BUZZED FROM THE ORGASM HE'D RIPPED FROM HER WITH JUST HIS FINGERS.
HER SKIN TINGLED.
HER BREATH WOULDN'T SETTLE.
ACTIVE

SHE CLOSED HER EYES.
SAW HIM.
SHE SAW HIS COCK.
JESUS, IT HAD BEEN HUGE.
THICK. HEAVY. DARK. BEAUTIFUL

IN THE SHOWER SHE COULD NOT STOP HERSELF...
HER HAND WAS BETWEEN HER LEGS.
SHE NEEDED IT.

HER FINGERS WERE SLICK... SO SLICK.
HER CLIT PULSED UNDER HER TOUCH,
STILL SWOLLEN, STILL SENSITIVE.

SHE MOANED SOFTLY, SHE WANTED TO SCREAM, BUT SHE KNEW SOMEBODY COULD WALK INTO THE LOCKER ROOM AT ANY POINT.

ANYONE COULD WALK IN.
SHE DIDN'T CARE.
ALL SHE COULD THINK ABOUT WAS HOW CLOSE SHE'D BEEN.
IF THAT GUY HADN'T WALKED IN...

SHE WOULD'VE FUCKED HIM.
RIGHT THERE.
IN THE GYM.
ON THE FLOOR.
ON THE WEIGHTS BENCH.
WHEREVER HE WANTED.
HOWEVER HE WANTED.

SHE WOULD'VE BEGGED FOR IT.
SHE WANTED IT.
HER FINGERS
MOVED FASTER.

SHE IMAGINED HIM PUSHING INSIDE HER...
STRETCHING HER... FILLING HER.

SHE IMAGINED HE WAS BEHIND HER, THAT MASSIVE COCK INSIDE HER.
THE THINGS HE'D WHISPER IN HER EAR WHILE HE FUCKED HER.

IN HER FANTASY, HE WAS ROUGH AND SHE LIKED IT.

HER BODY SHOOK AS WAVE AFTER WAVE
OF PURE LUST ROLLED THROUGH HER.

RACHEL CAME HARD AS SHE IMAGINED WHAT THAT BIG COCK WOULD FEEL LIKE.

WHEN IT PASSED, SHE SLUMPED AGAINST THE BENCH.
PANTING. TREMBLING.
ASHAMED.
ALIVE!
TURNED ON.
STILL WET.
SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SCARED HER MORE...
WHAT HAD JUST HAPPENED.
OR HOW BADLY SHE WANTED TO DO IT AGAIN.

LATER THAT DAY AT WORK
RACHEL HAD BEEN DISTRACTED THE ENTURE DAY, THERE WAS NO WAY SHE COULD NOT FOCUS ON WORK.
PART OF HER NEEDED TO TALK ABOUT IT.
BUT THE SENSIBLE PART TOLD HER IT WAS VERY WRONG AND SHE SHOULD KEEP QUIET.

"HEY," RACHEL SAID CASUALLY.
TOO CASUALLY.
ERIN LOOKED OVER,
IMMEDIATELY SUSPICIOUS.
"YES?"
RACHEL TOOK A BREATH
"I WAS JUST... WONDERING.
RANDOM QUESTION."
ERIN'S GRIN WIDENED.
"OH THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD."

"WHAT'S IT LIKE," SHE ASKED, LOWERING HER VOICE,
"TO, UH... BE WITH A GUY WHO'S, LIKE... REALLY... BIG?"
ERIN BLINKED.
THEN LEANED IN SLOWLY.
"DEFINE REALLY BIG."
RACHEL FLUSHED.
"YOU KNOW. BIG. LIKE... BIG."

"OH HONEY." ERIN LOOKED AT HER LIKE THIS WAS A SACRED CONVERSATION. "YOU MEAN LIKE 'OOHHH WOW THAT'S GOOD' OR ARE WE TALKING 'FILLS YOU UP SO MUCH IT TOUCHES YOUR FUCKING SOUL'"
RACHEL TRIED TO KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE. FAILED. "JESUS, ERIN."
"I'M JUST SAYING," ERIN SHRUGGED.
"THERE'S A DIFFERENCE. ONE IS FUN. THE OTHER'S A FUCKING SPIRITUAL AWAKENING."
RACHEL SHIFTED UNCOMFORTABLY.

"SO?" ERIN ASKED, NARROWING HER EYES. "WHY THE SUDDEN CURIOSITY? BRUCE SECRETLY PACKING SOMETHING YOU'VE BEEN HIDING FROM ME?"
RACHEL LAUGHED TOO QUICKLY. "NO! NO. JUST... CURIOUS. YOU ALWAYS TALK ABOUT IT LIKE IT'S... LIFE CHANGING."
ERIN TILTED HER HEAD, STUDYING HER. "UH-HUH. TOTALLY RANDOM, INNOCENT CURIOSITY. NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT GUILTY LITTLE BLUSH ON YOUR CHEEKS RIGHT NOW."
RACHEL LOOKED EMBRASSED "IT'S... IT'S HOT IN HERE."

ERIN LEANED CLOSER.
"DID SOMETHING HAPPEN?"
RACHEL SCOFFED.
"OF COURSE NOT."
ERIN GRINNED LIKE A CAT WHO'D SPOTTED A MOUSE.
"SO THERE'S A SOMEONE."
"NO!"
"RACHEL..."
ERIN'S VOICE DROPPED TO A TEASING WHISPER.
"DID YOU CHEAT ON BRUCE?"

"WHAT? NO! GOD, NO." RACHEL SHOOK HER HEAD, CHEEKS BURNING.
"I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING. I'M JUST... CURIOUS. THAT'S ALL."
ERIN LEANED BACK, SMUG. "MM-HMM. CURIOUS IS HOW IT STARTS. NEXT THING YOU KNOW YOU'RE BENT OVER A BATHROOM SINK AT A ROOFTOP PARTY WHILE A MAN WITH A THIRD LEG MAKES YOU FORGET YOUR HUSBANDS NAME."
RACHEL DROPPED HER GAZE. "CAN WE TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE NOW?"

"NOPE" ERIN SAID WITH A SMIRK. "NOT UNTIL YOU ADMIT YOU'VE GOT A CRUSH. COME ON, GIVE ME SOMETHING. JUST A HINT. IS HE HOT?"
RACHEL HESITATED.
JUST FOR A SECOND.
THEN LET OUT A SIGH.
"OKAY... MAYBE THERE'S... SOMEONE."
ERIN'S EYES LIT UP LIKE CHRISTMAS MORNING.
"I KNEW IT!"
"I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A THING," RACHEL ADDED QUICKLY.
"I JUST SAID MAYBE."

"SO WHAT'S THE MAYBE-MAN LIKE?"
ERIN LEANED ACROSS THE TABLE,
ELBOWS DOWN, FULLY INVESTED NOW.
"SPILL. IS HE, LIKE, NERD HOT
CEO HOT? BAD BOY HOT?"
RACHEL SWIRLED HER ICED
COFFEE WITH HER STRAW.
"HE'S... TALL. WELL BUILT.
CONFIDENT.
KIND OF INTENSE."
ERIN GRINNED.
"OOOOH.
ALPHA ENERGY."
RACHEL GAVE A
TINY NOD, EYES
DOWN.
"AND YEAH...
HE'S HOT.
REALLY HOT."

"I KNEW IT" ERIN SANG. "WHERE'D YOU MEET HIM?"
RACHEL HESITATED AGAIN. "HE'S... AROUND. I'VE JUST SEEN HIM A FEW TIMES. IN THE BUILDING."
ERIN'S MOUTH DROPPED OPEN. "WAIT... HE LIVES IN YOUR BUILDING?"
RACHEL WINCED. "DON'T MAKE A THING OUT OF IT."

"TOO LATE."
ERIN'S VOICE WAS GLEEFUL.
"GIRL, THIS IS CLASSIC PENT UP WIFE ENERGY. YOU'VE GOT THE HOT NEIGHBOR FANTASY IN FULL SWING. TELL ME... HAVE YOU BUMPED INTO HIM AT THE GYM YET? ELEVATOR TENSION? SHARED LAUNDRY ROOM GLANCES?"
RACHEL TRIED TO STAY NEUTRAL. TRIED. FAILED.
HER FACE GAVE EVERYTHING AWAY.
"NO." ERIN GASPED.
"YOU HAVE?!"
RACHEL GROANED
"GOD, I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID ANYTHING."

"NO, NO, NO,"
ERIN SAID, PRACTICALLY VIBRATING.
"YOU ABSOLUTELY SHOULD HAVE. THIS IS GOLD. THIS IS, LIKE, THE BEGINNING OF A SLUTTY NETFLIX SERIES. WHAT'S THE VIBE? DOES HE FLIRT? DOES HE LOOK AT YOU?"
RACHEL SHRUGGED, TRYING TO DOWNPLAY IT.
"HE LOOKED. I LOOKED. THAT'S IT."
"THAT'S NEVER IT."
RACHEL SHOOK HER HEAD. "IT'S NOTHING. JUST... HARMLESS ATTRACTION."
ERIN LEANED BACK SMUG. "YOU KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT."

ERIN STARED AT HER. HARD.
"WELL," SHE FINALLY MUTTERED, "WE... MIGHT'VE KISSED... IN THE GYM THIS MORNING"
ERIN LEANED IN ACROSS THE TABLE, EYES WIDE WITH DISBELIEF AND DELIGHT.
"OH MY GOD. YOU HUSSY! I LOVE IT. WHAT HAPPENED?"
"HE CAME OVER TO TALK, I WAS DOING STRETCHES, WE CHATTED... AND THEN SUDDENLY HIS HANDS WERE ON ME, AND I DON'T KNOW, I WAS KISSING HIM BACK BEFORE I EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT IT."
STZ

"OKAY BUT LIKE—WAS IT HOT?"
RACHEL STARED AT HER.
ERIN'S GRINNED.
"IT WAS HOT, WASN'T IT"
STZ

"IT WAS INSANE." RACHEL WHISPERED. "HE JUST... TOOK OVER. I DIDN'T EVEN FEEL LIKE MYSELF. AND THEN... HE INVITED ME FOR A SWIM. TONIGHT. ROOFTOP POOL. MIDNIGHT."
ERIN SAT BACK ON THE DESK LIKE A QUEEN RECEIVING SCANDALOUS NEWS.
"SO... YOU GONNA GO?"
"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO." RACHEL'S VOICE WAS SOFT NOW, ALMOST SCARED.
"I'M MARRIED. BRUCE AND I ARE TRYING TO HAVE A BABY. I SHOULDN'T EVEN BE THINKING ABOUT THIS."
"BUT YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT IT."
RACHEL LOOKED DOWN, GUILTY. "YEAH."

ERIN REACHED ACROSS THE TABLE AND GENTLY TOUCHED HER HAND. "LOOK, I'M NOT GONNA TELL YOU WHAT TO DO. BUT IF YOU GO UP THERE TONIGHT... YOU'RE NOT GOING FOR A SWIM."
RACHEL'S EYES FLICKED UP TO MEET HERS.
"YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?" ERIN ADDED.
"YOU ALREADY MADE THE DECISION. YOU JUST HAVEN'T ADMITTED IT TO YOURSELF YET."

RACHEL WALKED THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND SET HER BAG DOWN LIKE IT WAS ANY OTHER EVENING.
SHE KISSED BRUCE ON THE CHEEK. SMILED. ASKED HOW HIS DAY WAS.
PLAYED THE PART.
BUT INSIDE, HER CHEST WAS TIGHT WITH NERVES. HER STOMACH FLIPPED EVERY TIME SHE GLANCED AT THE CLOCK.
EACH TICK BROUGHT HER CLOSER TO MIDNIGHT. CLOSER TO HIM.

SHE TRIED TO CLEAN THE KITCHEN.
FOLD SOME LAUNDRY.
DISTRACT HERSELF.
IT DIDN'T WORK.
HER BODY WAS
ALREADY HUMMING.

THEN BRUCE SAID IT SO CASUALLY.
"WANT A GLASS OF WINE BEFORE BED?"
RACHEL HESITATED.
"SURE. THAT SOUNDS NICE."
THAT GAVE HER AN IDEA..

HER HANDS DIDN'T SHAKE AS SHE OPENED THE CABINET.
DIDN'T SHAKE AS SHE CRUSHED TWO SLEEPING PILLS FROM THE BATHROOM AND STIRRED THEM GENTLY INTO BRUCE'S GLASS.
SHE TOLD HERSELF SHE WAS JUST MAKING SURE HE GOT A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.
Château
Lauriers

HE TOOK A SIP, THEN ANOTHER. "MM. GOOD CHOICE," HE SAID, SETTLING ONTO THE COUCH. "I'M BEAT."
RACHEL SMILED. HER HEART THUDDED IN HER CHEST LIKE A WAR DRUM.
Château
Laurier Dorval

HALF AN HOUR LATER, BRUCE RUBBED HIS EYES. "GONNA CRASH, BABE."
"OKAY," SHE SAID SWEETLY. "I'LL BE IN SOON."

SHE WAITED UNTIL SHE HEARD THE SOFT RHYTHM OF HIS BREATHING AND WAITED UNTIL SHE WAS SURE HE WAS ASLEEP.

SHE WAITED UNTIL SHE HEARD THE SOFT RHYTHM OF HIS BREATHING WAITED UNTIL SHE WAS SURE.
THEN SHE WENT TO THE CLOSET.
PULLED OUT THE BIKINI SHE NEVER WORE, THE PINK ONE.
TIED AT THE HIPS AND BEHIND HER NECK. A STRING OF SIN DISGUISED AS SWIMWEAR.
SHE DID HER MAKEUP SLOW. SEXY. DARK EYES. GLOSSED LIPS.
STYLED HER HAIR, EVEN THOUGH IT MIGHT GET WET.

JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT, SHE SLIPPED ON A SILKY COVER UP AND PADDED QUIETLY TO THE FRONT DOOR.
SHE PAUSED.
HER HAND HOVERED OVER THE HANDLE.
ONE LAST CHANCE TO TURN BACK.
SHE OPENED IT.
AND STEPPED INTO THE HALLWAY.
EACH STEP TOWARD THE ROOFTOP POOL ECHOED LIKE A COUNTDOWN.
AND SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE...
SHE ALREADY KNEW.
THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK.

THE DOOR TO THE APARTMENTS POOL CREAKED OPEN.
IT WAS NEVER OPEN THIS LATE.
BUT TONIGHT... IT WAS.

RACHEL STEPPED THROUGH SLOWLY, HEART RACING.
THE POOL GLOWED UNDER THE SOFT LIGHTS, STEAM RISING INTO THE COOL NIGHT AIR.
AND THERE HE WAS.
MARCUS.
LEANING CASUALLY ON A LARGE LOUNGER, SHIRTLESS AGAIN, SWIM SHORTS SLUNG LOW ON HIS HIPS.

"I KNEW YOU'D COME," HE SAID WITH A SLOW SMILE.
RACHEL SAT ON THE LOUNGER A FEW FEET AWAY, HER PULSE FLUTTERING.
"YOU WERE AWFULLY SURE OF YOURSELF."
"I WAS RIGHT, WASN'T I?"
SHE SAID NOTHING.

MARCUS WATCHED HER, EYES HEAVY-LIDDED. "NICE BIKINI."
RACHEL BLUSHED DESPITE HERSELF. "YOU SAID WE WERE SWIMMING."
"OH, WE'RE GOING TO GET WET" HE MURMURED.
THERE WAS A BEAT OF SILENCE.

WITHOUT ASKING, MARCUS REACHED OUT.
HIS FINGERS BRUSHED RACHEL'S CHEST, SLOW, DELIBERATE, AS HE SLID THEM BENEATH THE STRING OF HER BIKINI TOP. HE BEGAN TO PULL IT ASIDE.
SHE DIDN'T STOP HIM.
HER BREATH CAUGHT IN HER THROAT, HEART HAMMERING AS THE COOL NIGHT AIR KISSED HER NOW-BARE SKIN.
HE SMILED.
"IF I'M TOPLESS," HE SAID SMOOTHLY, "IT ONLY SEEMS FAIR THAT YOU ARE AS WELL."
RACHEL SAID NOTHING.

SHE JUST STOOD THERE, CHEST EXPOSED, NIPPLES TIGHTENING, FULLY AWARE SHE HADN'T PROTESTED... AND FULLY AWARE THAT SHE DIDN'T WANT TO.
"YOU PRETEND TO BE THIS GOOD LITTLE WIFE," HE CONTINUED, CIRCLING HER SLOWLY,
"BUT I SAW THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT ME IN THE GYM. THE WAY YOUR BODY MELTED IN MY HANDS. THAT WASN'T GUILT."
RACHEL TREMBLED.
"YOU WANT TO BE A BAD GIRL, RACHEL," HE WHISPERED AGAINST HER EAR.
"YOU WANT TO BE USED. RUINED. FUCKED IN A WAY YOUR HUSBAND NEVER COULD."

SHE GASPED, HEAT FLOODING HER CORE.
HE MOVED CLOSER
"YOU CAME UP HERE IN THAT TINY BIKINI... FULL MAKEUP, PERFUME BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS..." HE SMILED.
"YOU DIDN'T COME TO SWIM."
RACHEL'S BREATH HITCHED.
HE LEANED CLOSER.
"SAY IT."
HER LIPS PARTED.
NOTHING CAME OUT.
"GET ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES" MARCUS COMMANDED.

HE STARTED TO SLOWLY PULL DOWN HER BIKINI BOTTOMS... SHE DIDN'T STOP HIM.
"SAY IT, RACHEL. TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT."
HER HEART WAS POUNDING. SHE COULD BARELY THINK. BUT HER BODY KNEW.
"I..." SHE WHISPERED, CHEEKS FLUSHED, THIGHS CLENCHING. "I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME."
MARCUS'S SMILE WIDENED.
"THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT."

WITH A PRACTICED MOTION HE FREED HIS COCK, IT WAS HUGE... MAYBE BIGGER THAN RACHEL HAD REMEMBERED,
SHE WAS SCARED... WOULD SOMETHING THAT LARGE EVEN FIT... WOULD IT HURT.
"YOU ARE A NAUGHTY GIRL, AREN'T YOU?" HE MURMURED. "COMING UP HERE IN YOUR SLUTTIEST LITTLE BIKINI... BEGGING A MAN YOU BARELY KNOW TO FUCK YOU."
SHE WHIMPERED.
"YOU'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THIS ALL DAY. DREAMING ABOUT THIS COCK. TOUCHING YOURSELF LIKE A BAD LITTLE WIFE."
RACHEL'S CHEEKS BURNED. BUT SHE DIDN'T DENY IT. BECAUSE IT WAS TRUE.

MARCUS PULLED HER CLOSE.
"SAY IT."
"S-SAY WHAT?"
"SAY YOU'RE A BAD GIRL. SAY YOU WANT MY BIG BLACK COCK IN YOUR FILTHY, MARRIED LITTLE PUSSY."
HER BREATH HITCHED AGAIN.
"I... I'M A BAD GIRL,"
SHE WHISPERED.
HE SMIRKED.
"LOUDER."
"I'M A BAD GIRL!"
SHE REPEATED,
VOICE CRACKING WITH DESIRE.
"PLEASE... I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME"
"GOOD GIRL."
AND THEN HE MOVED.

BEFORE SHE COULD PROCESS WHAT WAS HAPPENING, HIS HAND WAS BETWEEN HER LEGS AND HIS FINGERS INSIDE HER.
IT FELT SO GOOD!

HE LAY HER BACK AND SLOWLY WORKED HIS WAY DOWN HER BODY, EVERY TOUCH, EVERY KISS SEEMED LIKE PARADISE.

SOON SHE WAS SQUIRMING BENEATH HIM, HANDS GRIPPING THE LOUNGER, TOES CURLING IN ANTICIPATION-

MARCUS KNELT IN FRONT OF HER AND PLACED HIS HANDS GENTLY ON HER KNEES. HER SKIN TINGLED BENEATH HIS TOUCH.. WARM, FIRM, CONFIDENT.
HE MOVED BETWEEN HER LEGS.
SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY, HE BEGAN TO PART HER LEGS.
RACHEL GASPED.
HER THIGHS RESISTED FOR HALF A SECOND. INSTINCT, MAYBE. MODESTY. FEAR.
BUT THEN THEY OPENED FOR HIM.

HER HEART POUNDED IN HER EARS.
ANY SECOND NOW... SHE EXPECTED TO FEEL HIM. THAT THICK, HARD COCK SHE'D SEEN IN THE GYM.
HE WAS GOING TO SLIDE INSIDE HER.
A TOTAL STRANGER.
SHE WAS ABOUT TO LET A TOTAL STRANGER FUCK HER.
THE THOUGHT SENT A CHILL DOWN HER SPINE.

THEN, HIS MOUTH FINALLY FOUND HER, RACHEL NEARLY SCREAMED.
HIS TONGUE WAS MAGIC.
FIRM. SOFT. UNRELENTING.

HE LICKED, CIRCLED, FLICKED, EVERY MOVEMENT DESIGNED TO BREAK HER APART.
HE SUCKED HER CLIT GENTLY, THEN HARDER, PULLING DESPERATE MOANS FROM HER LIPS AS HE WORKED HER LIKE HE KNEW HER BODY BETTER THAN SHE DID.
HER THIGHS TENSED.
HER BACK ARCHED.
"OH FUCK... YESSS!!"

HE GROWLED INTO HER, THE VIBRATION SENDING A SHOCKWAVE THROUGH HER CORE.
HER ORGASM HIT FAST.
AND IT HIT HARD.
SHE CRIED OUT, BODY WRITHING, UNABLE TO STOP THE WAVE OF PURE PLEASURE THAT CRASHED OVER HER.

HER VISION BLURRED.
HER HANDS CLAWED AT THE LOUNGER.
HER VOICE BROKE ON HIS NAME AS SHE SHATTERED BENEATH HIS MOUTH.

EVEN AFTER SHE CAME, HE DIDN'T STOP RIGHT AWAY.
HE LICKED HER GENTLY THROUGH THE AFTERSHOCKS...
SLOW, LAZY STROKES THAT MADE HER TWITCH AND MOAN, OVERSTIMULATED BUT UNABLE TO PUSH HIM AWAY.

WHEN HE FINALLY PULLED BACK, HER LEGS WERE STILL SHAKING.
HE LOOKED UP AT HER, LIPS GLISTENING, EYES FULL OF HUNGER.
"THAT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING," HE SAID, VOICE LOW AND DANGEROUS.

HE LEANED OVER HER, VOICE A DARK WHISPER. "SAY IT."
RACHEL BLINKED UP AT HIM, DAZED. "W-WHAT?"
"SAY YOU WANT TO BE FUCKED," HE MURMURED. "SAY IT LIKE A BAD GIRL WHO KNOWS SHE DOESN'T DESERVE IT... BUT NEEDS IT ANYWAY."
SHE HESITATED... SHAKING, ACHING, SOAKING.

HE PRESSED A LITTLE HARDER, JUST ENOUGH FOR HER TO FEEL IT.
HER MIND SHATTERED.
"I WANT TO BE FUCKED" SHE BREATHED.
"LOUDER."
"I WANT TO BE FUCKED" SHE MOANED.
"BEG."
"PLEASE..." SHE GASPED. "PLEASE FUCK ME... I NEED IT... I NEED YOU TO FUCK ME..."
HE SMILED.
"GOOD GIRL."
AND THEN HE THRUST..

HER BREATH CAUGHT IN HER THROAT AS HE PUSHED FORWARD, SLOW AND DELIBERATE.
THE STRETCH WAS IMMEDIATE. SHARP. ELECTRIC.
HER PUSSY CLENCHED INVOLUNTARILY AROUND HIM, TRYING TO ADJUST, TRYING TO TAKE HIM.

"OH---FUCK!"
SHE GASPED, IT WAS SO MUCH-

BIGGER THAN ANYTHING SHE'D EVER HAD. BIGGER THAN SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD TAKE.
THE WAY HE MOVED FELT SO GOOD, IT HURT, IT FELT LIKE HER FIRST TIME ALL OVER AGAIN...
IT MADE HER FEEL LIKE A VIRGIN

"HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE A REAL MANS COCK INSIDE YOU" HE SAID WITH A GRIN.
"FUCKING... AMAZING" RACHEL GASPED

EVERY INCH HE TRUST DEEPER INTO HER MADE HER FEEL LESS LIKE A WIFE AND MORE LIKE THE WOMAN SHE'D DREAMED OF BECOMING,,, THE BAD GIRL SHE NEVER LET OUT.

AND MARCUS DIDN'T STOP.
HE KEPT GOING.
DEEPER.... SLOWER.
MAKING HER FEEL EVERY SECOND OF IT.

EVERY THICK, VEINED INCH SPREADING HER OPEN, PRESSING INTO PARTS OF HER SHE DIDN'T KNOW COULD BE TOUCHED.
HER PUSSY WAS GRIPPING HIM, FLUTTERING WITH DESPERATION, SOAKED AND GREEDY.
"OH MY GOD," SHE WHIMPERED, VOICE RAW.

HER LEGS WRAPPED AROUND HIM INSTINCTIVELY, PULLING HIM IN, NEEDING ALL OF HIM.
WHEN HE FINALLY BOTTOMED OUT... BALLS PRESSED TO HER ASS, HIS COCK BURIED TO THE BASE... SHE GASPED LIKE SHE'D BEEN PUNCHED.
SO FULL. SO DEEP.
SHE COULD FEEL HIM EVERYWHERE.

HER HEART WAS RACING.
HER MIND BLANK.
HER BODY HELPLESS UNDER THE WAVE OF SENSATION CRASHING THROUGH HER.
HE THRUST HARD, POWERFUL... HE FUCKED HER IN A WAY THAT TOOK HER BREATH AWAY.
THIS WAS THE KIND OF SEX SHE HAD ALWAYS FANTASIED ABOUT.

HE ROLLED HER OVER...
RACHEL GASPED AS SHE FELT HIS ROCK HARD COCK PUSH INSIDE HER AGAIN.
OH GOD...
HE WAS INSIDE HER.
ALL THE WAY INSIDE HER.

SO DEEP, SHE COULD BARELY BREATHE.
HER BODY STRETCHED TO ITS LIMIT, TREMBLING BENEATH THE PRESSURE AND THE PLEASURE.
SHE'D NEVER FELT ANYTHING LIKE THIS. NOT WITH BRUCE. NOT WITH ANYONE.

IT WAS TOO MUCH.
TOO BIG.
TOO PERFECT.

SHE SHOULD FEEL SHAME.
SHE DID.
BUT BENEATH IT...
BURNING HOTTER
THAN ANY GUILT...
WAS A NEED SHE
COULDN'T DENY.
SHE LET HIM DO THIS.
SHE WANTED HIM TO.

HER PUSSY THROBBED AROUND HIS COCK, STILL ADJUSTING, STILL HUNGRY.
SHE COULD FEEL EVERY INCH OF HIM...
THICK, ALIVE INSIDE HER. HE HADN'T EVEN MOVED YET, AND ALREADY SHE WAS TEETERING ON THE EDGE.
THIS IS WRONG....
SO FUCKING WRONG. AND YET...
SHE NEVER WANTED IT TO STOP.

SHE NEVER WANTED HIM TO LEAVE HER EMPTY.
SHE WANTED TO BE USED... RUINED.
FUCKED UNTIL SHE FORGOT HER OWN NAME.

"F..FASTER
HA... HARDER!"
SHE COULD FEEL THE NEXT ORGASM MOVINGTOWARDS HER FAST...
SHE NEEDED IT!

MARCUS'S RHYTHM GREW ROUGHER, MORE URGENT.
SHE WAS CLOSE. TOO CLOSE.
"FUCK," MARCUS GROWLED, VOICE LOW AND TIGHT. "I'M GONNA CUM."
HIS WORDS HIT HER LIKE A SPARK TO GASOLINE.
HER BODY TENSED.
SHE KNEW SHE SHOULD SAY SOMETHING.
SHE SHOULD TELL HIM TO PULL OUT.
THIS WASN'T A FANTASY ANYMORE... THIS WAS REAL. NO CONDOM. NO PROTECTION.

SHE FELT HIS COCK SWELLING INSIDE HER, THICKENING, PULSING, READY.
BUT INSTEAD OF PUSHING HIM AWAY, INSTEAD OF STOPPING HIM...
SHE PUSHED HER HIPS BACK. CHASING ONE MORE THRUST. JUST ONE MORE.

HER ORGASM TORE THROUGH HER LIKE AN EXPLOSION. A WHITE HOT FLOOD OF SENSATION, STEALING HER BREATH, HER THOUGHTS, HER SANITY. HER WHOLE BODY CONVULSED, PUSSY CLAMPING DOWN AROUND HIM LIKE A VICE.
SHE CRIED OUT, HELPLESS... AS WAVE AFTER WAVE RIPPED THROUGH HER.
AND IN THE MIDDLE OF IT...
MARCUS GROANED, "FUCK I'M CUMMING!"
HE DROVE HIMSELF DEEP ONE LAST TIME AND EXPLODED INSIDE HER.
HOT. THICK. ENDLESS.

SHE FELT IT...
EVERY PULSE, EVERY SPURT, HIS COCK TWITCHING AS HE EMPTIED HIMSELF INTO HER, FILLING HER UP SO DEEP IT WAS LIKE HE WAS MARKING HER FROM THE INSIDE OUT.
HER ORGASM INTENSIFIED. SHE SCREAMED HIS NAME, HER BODY TREMBLING AS HIS CUM POURED INTO HER, WARM AND UNSTOPPABLE.
SHE DIDN'T STOP IT.
SHE WANTED IT.

AFTER WHAT FELT LIKE AN ETERNITY, MARCUS SLOWLY BEGAN TO WITHDRAW.
RACHEL MOANED SOFTLY AT THE LOSS, HER BODY STILL TREMBLING FROM THE INTENSITY OF WHAT HAD JUST HAPPENED.
WHEN HE FINALLY PULLED FREE, SHE GASPED. THERE WAS A SUDDEN EMPTINESS HOLLOW, ACHING.
ONLY THEN DID SHE REALIZE JUST HOW DEEP HE HAD BEEN. HER PUSSY THROBBED, STRETCHED, LEAKING, AND STILL HUNGRY.

EVEN NOW... PANTING, TWITCHING, HIS CUM DRIPPING FROM HER, SHE DIDN'T REGRET IT.

SHE WAS WRECKED.
BUT SHE HAD NEVER FELT SO FUCKING ALIVE.

HE SMIRKED. "YOUR HUSBAND'S DICK WOULD PROBABLY BE LIMP AND APOLOGIZING BY NOW."
RACHEL BLINKED AT HIM, STILL STUNNED, BODY FLOATING IN A POST ORGASM HAZE.
"BUT THIS..." HE GAVE HIS COCK A LAZY STROKE, "IS A REAL MAN'S COCK. STILL READY TO GO."
SHE SHOULD'VE LEFT. SHE KNEW THAT.
EVERYTHING HAD GOTTEN OUT OF CONTROL. WAY OUT OF CONTROL.
BUT HER BODY WASN'T LISTENING.
HER THIGHS CLENCHED. THAT ACHE INSIDE HER WASN'T FADING IT WAS BUILDING.
CRAVING MORE.

MARCUS LAID BACK, ARMS BEHIND HIS HEAD LIKE HE DIDN'T HAVE A CARE IN THE WORLD.
"GET ON," HE SAID. "SLIDE THAT PERFECT LITTLE PUSSY DOWN ON MY COCK AND RIDE ME."

HER BODY MOVED BEFORE HER BRAIN CAUGHT UP.
SHE STRADDLED HIM.
GUIDED HIM BACK INSIDE HER.

HER LIPS PARTED IN A MOAN AS SHE SANK DOWN... INCH BY INCH, UNTIL HE WAS BURIED IN HER AGAIN.
FULL. STRETCHED. CLAIMED.
THIS TIME, SHE WAS IN CONTROL.

SHE ROCKED HER HIPS SLOWLY, THEN FASTER, THE PLEASURE MOUNTING AGAIN FAR QUICKER THAN IT SHOULD HAVE.
HER HANDS BRACED ON HIS CHEST, HER HAIR SPILLING OVER HER SHOULDERS, HER TITS BOUNCING AS SHE RODE HIM.
HE WATCHED HER, SMUG. RELAXED. DANGEROUS.

"THE SECOND YOU CUM,"
HE SAID,
"I'M GONNA BLOW ANOTHER LOAD INSIDE YOU."
HER HIPS FALTERED.
THEN PICKED UP SPEED.

"YOU WANT IT, DON'T YOU?"
HE MURMURED, VOICE LOW AND DARK.
"YOU WANT TO CUM ON MY COCK AGAIN."
SHE MOANED, BARELY ABLE TO BREATHE.
"YESSS..."
"YOU WANT MY CUM INSIDE YOU."
"OHH... YES."

HER PACE GREW WILD, FRANTIC. THE SOUND OF WET SKIN MEETING SKIN FILLED THE AIR. THE LOUNGER CREAKED BENEATH THEM.
SHE WAS GOING TO CUM.
AGAIN.
HARDER.
DEEPER.
HOTTER.
RIGHT NOW.

SHE CRIED OUT, BODY SEIZING, THE ORGASM RIPPING THROUGH HER LIKE A VIOLENT WAVE.
MARCUS GRABBED HER HIPS AND PULLED HER DOWN HARD ONTO HIS COCK.
AND THEM HE CAME.

SHE COULD FEEL HIS COCK BURRIED UP IN HER, RIGHT UP TO HIS BALLS.
SHE COULD FEEL THE HEAVY THROB, EACH PULSE FORCING MORE OF HIS SEED DEEP INSIDE HER.
SHE COULD FEEL THE BLISS OF HER ORGASM, HER BODY PULLING HIS CUM RIGHT INTO HER INNER SANCTUM.

ON SOME SAVAGE, PRIMITIVE , PRIMAL LEVEL RACHEL LOVED THE FEEL OF HIS MASSIVE COCK CUMMING INSIDE HER.
SHE WANTED THIS... SHE NEEDED THIS.

BUT, SOMEWHERE IN HER LUST CLOUDED MIND, A SPARK OF REALITY HIT...
RACHEL SAT UP, STILL TREMBLING, HIS CUM ALREADY LEAKING OUT OF HER.
"OH GOD," SHE WHISPERED.
SHE SCRAMBLED OFF HIM, GRABBING HER BIKINI, HER ROBE, HER BREATH.
RACHEL FREAKED OUT!

SHE DIDN'T LOOK BACK.
DIDN'T SAY A WORD.
SHE BOLTED.

DOWN THE STAIRS, THROUGH THE HALL, BACK TO THE APARTMENT, HER MIND SPINNING, HEART RACING, LEGS WEAK.
SHE SLIPPED INSIDE THE SAFETY OF HER APARTMENT, BRUCE STILL FAST ASLEEP, NONE THE WISER

RACHEL MOVED TOWARDS THE BATHROOM... SHE WAS SWEATY AND SMELLED OF SEX.
SHE COULD FEEL HIS CUM TRICKLING DOWN HER INNER THIGH.
RACHEL KNEW THAT INSIDE HER WERE TWO PORN STAR LEVEL LOADS OF CUM THAT WERE INTENT ON DOING WHAT HER HUSBAND COULD NOT.
THIS SHOULD HAVE SCARED HER... BUT DEEP DOWN, SHE WAS EXCITED.
TO BE CONTINUED...

BLACKMALED

RACHEL'S STORY

TO BE CONTINUED.

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