Brutal Shemale Lovers Pt. 03

Chapter 1

Jake nestled in the sheets, twisting and turning. Thoughts of Sarah drifted through his mind, of her body against his...of her gentle kisses on his neck. He smiled to himself as her hands caressed his body. Slowly, she moved backwards and the scene changed... he was outside her apartment and she was crying. He tried to speak but no sound came out. He could see her shouting at him but the words didn't reach him, as if they were talking underwater. He tried to speak back, but his lips wouldn't move, and he simply stood there as she threw one final angry tirade in his face and turned away. Jake tried to shout out, to say anything, but nothing happened. Like he had before, he watched Sarah walk out of his life, without a sound...

--

Jake nestled quietly in the warm sheets, his body warm and peaceful. He whimpered softly whilst the tall voluptuous woman next to him smoked a long cigarette, stroking his hair as she did so.

Tanya cast her eye lazily over the cute, hairless body. She smiled. It still satisfied her to no end that he had come crawling back. Frankly, she was surprised Sarah hadn't got in touch since then to thank her. He just wasn't Sarah's type; she'd see that eventually, Tanya thought smugly.

Her phone buzzed and she glanced at the message. Jessica. Her favourite neighbour...no doubt hoping for some more neighbourly slutty sex. Tanya could throw her a bone tomorrow she supposed, but right now lover boy deserved her full attention.

She took in the gentle rise and fall of his chest in the light of the small lamp next to their bed, his innocence and vulnerability...his smooth supple skin. She took another delicious drag of her cigarette.

Making him shave his whole body was just one of the small improvements she had made in the past few weeks... She had also thought about buying him a dog collar, sometime in the future perhaps...

Jake began to snore softly, and Tanya almost felt like sliding her cock right down his throat again just to see that look of fearful surprise. She picked up her phone to distract herself and began browsing through social media. Tanya enjoyed browsing in the evening and checking on some of her old flames, plus her occasional updates and rather provocative photos always got attention. She flicked through some random profiles until she found herself once again at... Sarah's...

'Hmm... this looks unusual,' she thought.

Sarah had put a new photo up... in a rather tight-fitting blue dress that hugged her toned body, arm around the waist of a meek looking young man. He looked positively ecstatic to be next to such a gorgeous woman, and the following photos confirmed as much as they showed him looking up at her in gormless adoration.

Tanya's eyes narrowed. Sarah looked happy enough, her arm around the man's waist, her almost-too-perfect grin clear to see. Her smile didn't quite make her eyes though.

Tanya stared at the photo dismissively.

"She looks smug,' she thought.

At the same time, she felt a small flame of envy as her eyes slipped away, falling on Jake's mosquito bite biceps. Despite their passionate and frequent lovemaking there seemed to be something deeper, something subtle that had existed between Sarah and Jake that was absent between Jake and herself... Something more than just visceral lust and control. She didn't like that feeling of unease, and what made it worse was that she couldn't stop it from nagging her, eating away at her insides.

She huffed and scrolled away from Sarah, taking a deep drag of her cigarette before stubbing it out by her bedside. She didn't care; Jake was hers, her property. Cum marks the spot.

A new notification popped up. She narrowed her eyes, seeing that she had been tagged in a photo, and clicked the link. It was a picture from her past, uploaded recently by her college. Tanya gripped the

phone a little tighter. The photo itself must have been almost a decade old.

Photos of her younger self were not something she enjoyed looking at, and she had already deleted most of them. Who had tagged her, she wondered? It didn't say...

She flinched slightly as she saw an old photo of her at college, aged 20 and wearing Jeans and a crop top with minimal make-up and her hair plain. God she hated the girl she used to be... So innocent, and feeble. She searched for who had liked the photo, but it looked like a blank profile. She scrolled further and saw her together with a group of people at a now closed-down bar they used to frequent... All smiling and grouped together, her rising just a little taller than everyone else... Not realising how fleeting these times would be. She saw the faces and smiled at some... Narrowed her eyes at others... And one she stared at for a long time. A beautiful petit girl in leggings, no older than eighteen, with a leather bra covering her modest breasts and short cropped hair. Every bit of clothing and makeup was black. She was sporting a lascivious grin.

Lucy.

Tanya's cock pulsed and she shivered. No need to bring up those memories again.

She had always done a superlative job of cutting herself off from her past. Her... sexual habits often necessitated it. That and she didn't want certain other individuals re-entering her life.

Tanya sighed and felt Jake rustling slightly. Better put him to bed she thought maliciously. She tapped untag on the picture, hit confirm, and placed her phone back on the table. Quietly she leaned over, already nude (she loved the feeling of swinging free), and placed her cock to his lips, his eyes fluttering.

"Welcome to your wet dream," she said softly as she pressed her swollen head between his lips.

Jake's tongue felt the hot head of her penis slide over it. Even in his half-awake state he started to salivate at the musk, the texture. He instinctively started widening his jaw to accommodate the huge

girth, allowing her turgid invader to slide inch after inch down his throat.

Jake didn't think anything could be sexier than waking up with a huge dick in his mouth. He thought about the times Sarah had done it before, and smiled as he began bobbing on the shaft. His eyes looked up... And Tanya smiled back at him.

Jake's expression didn't change, and he continued sucking, but somehow the feeling of bliss wasn't quite there anymore. Tanya hadn't noticed, and she began to gently buck her hips, stroking his head as she let him force his head back on her cock. His hands began to feel her body, her curves... Tanya was still gorgeous, and it was never a hardship for Jake to service her body.

Jake began to lose himself in the moment as he deepthroated Tanya's cock, that is to say he managed to get a credible 8 inches into his mouth. The rest of the hefty base he stroked with both hands, occasionally removing one to service her swollen testicles. Tanya began to groan as her cock flexed, the tight walls of Jake's throat wrapping it and squeezing it, causing her back to arch as she tried to force herself fully inside him.

Jake gagged and pulled back at the pain of having an extra 2 inches shoved inside his mouth, and pulled his head back off her cock, sputtering, leaving it hanging heavy in the air with a long, shiny coating of spit. She always liked to do something slightly malicious; sometimes just for entertainment, other times to impress upon him who exactly was in control, as if he could ever forget. He tried not to cough, swallowing slowly. Tanya let him regain his breath, and put a single finger under his chin, bringing his gaze up to her. He took in her naked form, kneeling above him on the bed, her huge penis jutting out of a feminine form. Her pert breasts with nipples now hardened and the gentle curves of her hip and belly were outlined against the soft lamp light. It made him feel slightly dizzy being so intimate with such beauty, despite her moments of cruelty. She towered over him as she placed her large hands on the sides of his torso and lifted him so that his ass was sliding over the head of her penis.

Jake felt his own hot spit being rubbed against his exposed entrance, and looked deeply into the eyes of a smiling Tanya.

She whispered softly, "I love you."

They said this to each other regularly, usually during sex. Jake felt her physical power, dangling above her pork sword; a gorgeous dominant woman ready to fuck his brains out, and replied:

"I love you too."

In that moment, Jake felt compelled to say it, completely controlled by her. It didn't feel true to his heart, but it also felt like a deep subservient part of him wanted the dominance; enjoyed the way she treated him in moments like this.

Jake breathed out slowly as he waited for Tanya to impale him with her horse cock as usual, a violent union of their bodies. Tanya seemed to be holding him there for an age, making his hair stand on end in anticipation... before she slowly slid him down. Tanya didn't snap her hips as she might normally do, and this surprised Jake, who was expecting to have to hold back a scream, and he let out a long "Mmmmmmmhhhhhh" of relief as she filled him up with a slow, measured thrust.

She pulled him in and he let himself be wrapped tight to her warm body, resting his cheek against her breasts.

Tanya began to pump him gently, her body aching to go faster, even as she took in every skip of his breath as their hips met, every flutter of his eyelids. Jake unknowingly began to bite his upper lip, which made her furiously horny. He began to squeak softly, each time she bottomed out inside him, his body pushed up against her. Knees shaking, an orgasm hit him.

Jake murmured, soft, incomprehensible words, as Tanya made love to him; slow, nurturing strokes deep inside his ass. This was different. Tanya always fucked him hard, and fast. It had been that way for weeks. This felt more... heartfelt. More vulnerable.

He felt himself getting lost in it.

She began to pull his legs up and pressed him onto his back on the bed, legs wide in the air. She leant back and grabbed his ankles, and began to long dick him, a slightly faster pace, but still slow enough for Jake to see everything she was doing to him. He spied a slight sheen of sweat under her breasts, her long red nails glinting as they rested on his ankles, her grip strong.

He took in the incredible sight of Tanya sheathing herself in him, that huge thing disappearing inside his body, hitting the places that made his whole body arch. Her expression was unusually tender, almost begging for more, like this moment was just too perfect for her to ever stop. She panted and he found himself panting with her, pushing his dainty hips forward, helping her go as deep as she possibly could in him. Their sweaty grunts and thrusts synced together like a perfectly oiled machine.

Tanya suddenly began to kiss his feet, his arches and his toes, tickling him. He began to giggle and laugh, and she smiled softly. It was one of the most genuine smiles he had ever seen from her. They both stopped as one and shared a sudden moment of clarity, of extreme intimacy.

Tanya's heart fluttered.

She felt something she hadn't felt in a long time, something that frightened but also excited her.

As one they both began to cum, but not as explosive and animalistic as usual. Tanya's was a slow river inside him. Jake felt her hot sperm inside his body and his cock began to dribble cum over his belly, pooling in his belly button. She kept her steady pace, and reached down with both her hands and pushed his hands against the bed, clasping them with hers. Now she was on top of him with her full weight, and she leant over so that her heavy chest was pushing down on him, nose to nose as she pumped her love into him.

"Oh...oh...yes.." was all Jake could say, as her unending flow of hot jizz continued to warm his insides.

He couldn't break from her gaze and he squealed softly as one soft rope of cum came out of his cock, lazily hitting the bottom of his

chest. This made Tanya groan and her lip curled slightly as she let out one thick spasm of fluid into Jake's ass.

They both tried to catch their breath, which was difficult for Jake as Tanya collapsed on top of him, her cock deep inside him, and he huffed as the air was compressed from his lungs. Her tits crushed into his chest, and her lips hovered centimetres from his. Her expression was somewhere between ecstasy and shock. Jake took the opportunity to bring his face to hers, and softly kissed her waiting mouth. She froze, and didn't maul his mouth like she usually would have, allowing him to caress her lips softly. Tanya's world was turning rose red as Jake's gentle tongue play teased and excited her, and she held back from engulfing his smaller opening, allowing him to control the soft union of their tongues as he slowly played with hers. Jake's heart skipped a beat. When she suddenly broke the kiss, Jake followed her mouth as it moved away from him, trying to snatch just a second more.

Tanya shook her head, like she was trying to wake herself up. Her expression was confused, embarrassed even.

Jake looked at her. "Are you okay?" he asked in a caring tone.

Tanya's face was unable to emote what was going on in her head, and Jake staring at her was making her feel extremely self-conscious and... Something else.

Tanya felt a rising panic in her chest, she could feel her whole body tensing in front of Jake's puppy dog expression, and she suddenly felt hyper aware of his soft hands on her hips.

Without warning she grabbed and rotated Jake harshly so that suddenly he was face down in the bed. He tried to look back in surprise, but her fingers threaded into his hair, clutching painfully at the soft strands, and forced his face hard into the pillow.

She gritted her teeth and viciously spanked him on his right butt cheek, and Jake squealed in surprise.

Tanya's eyes were wide. Her emotions were swirling inside her skull. Confusion, passion... and... Something else? No, never... She chastised herself for even considering it. She had put those feelings to bed a

long time ago. She wiped some water from her eyes and whipped her palm across Jake's other butt-cheek even harder.

Jake gasped and then squealed as Tanya roughly slammed her cock down into his exposed asshole, beginning to demolish him, crashing her hips into his aggressively.

He dug his fingernails into the bed and whimpered as she ripped pain and pleasure from him. There was no defence against the predatory onslaught. Tanya grunted as she worked, her shaft throbbing under the beautiful delights of her unwilling lover's tight butthole. She began to punch her hips forward, waiting a few seconds for Jake to take in the forced gratification from her heavy cock, before reversing and slamming it in again. His whole body was being pressed into the bed, and he was dribbling into the sheets as pre-cum streamed from his stiff penis.

Tanya plunged herself again and again into his unguarded ass, grabbing his hips so she could angle her thrusts perfectly for maximum depth.

She was brutal and unyielding, and their bodies bounced off each other with loud smacks.

Smack, smack, smack.

She growled and increased the pace

Smack, smack, smack, smack.

Jake screamed into the sheets as he came again.

"Yeah that's it bitch. Feel that dick," She moaned, pounding down with all her might, making Jake's cock spew cum onto the bed.

She gasped as she began to cum, drawing back her hips, her cock leaving Jake's widened asshole with a wet 'plop' sound. Huge jizz ropes fired over his back. It fell in his hair, onto his lower back, shoulder blades, spine, in big dollops that felt like he was being blasted by a hose full of warm sun cream.

His body sagged underneath weak knees. Tanya let him fell to the side as the last vestiges of her semen dribbled onto his ass crack,

where he collapsed in the foetal position on the bed. She simply knelt there; sweat dripping from her brow, cock shrinking.

She felt exposed. Even though she had just fucked the shit out of him, Jake had somehow wormed his way into her head. Fury coursed through her shaking fists.

She was the one who dominated. She was the one in control.

Images of Lucy flashed through her head and Tanya forced the thoughts away.

She took a few deep, steadying breaths. Perhaps a post-coital drink was needed.

Tanya slunk out of bed, and with a last lingering look at the creamy mess behind her, moved towards the kitchen.

Jake simply laid there, his butt cheeks sore, letting himself slip into a deep sleep.

'What happened,' he thought to himself as he drifted off, to dream of Sarah again...

CHAPTER 2

Sarah set her glass down on the table as she tried to relax. The heavy electronic music pulsed, almost making her whole body vibrate, and she tugged up the blue dress which hugged her toned physique. She knew she looked fabulous.

The young man next to her shouted something but his voice was completely drowned out by the music, and she shrugged her shoulders and pointed to her ear.

He put down his near-empty glass and shouted closer so she could just about make out his words.

"WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER DRINK?" he said, two inches from her face.

She shook her head. Talking was pointless in a place like this. Besides, she had barely touched her drink, and would have much preferred to dance. But she wasn't just here for the entertainment.

The young man, Charles (his family apparently insisted that he never introduce himself to people as Charlie) was nice enough, but he didn't exactly bring much to the table in terms of brain power. However he was effeminate, sweet and inoffensive, as well as looking nice enough with his blond wavy hair to make a girl or two turn their gaze his way, plus stop men from hitting on her by virtue of him just being there, despite his diminutive size. He was really into her, but she'd been keeping him at arm's length (better to leave that whole 11-inch dick thing under the table so to speak).

He manoeuvred his small frame away from the table to get the drinks, squeezing awkwardly through a tall group of dancing girls who eyed him hungrily, and disappeared into the throng.

She took the time out to scan the room again, observing the seething mass of bodies, writhing in time with the music. She narrowed her gaze and checked her watch. Just past midnight. They should be on by now.

Right on time the lights dimmed, and spotlights flashed onto five women on separate podiums, in identical outfits, clutching the floor-to-ceiling poles which stood in the centre of each one. All black leather and facemasks with red flowing hair, their figure-hugging suits were designed for two tasks. Dancing, and most importantly being salivated over by the crowd of men and women who almost hummed in anticipation. The music slowed and tension was palpable in the room.

As one the girls leapt up into the air, and began to arch themselves around the poles, the music beginning to crescendo again and the crowd began to whoop and holler, throwing themselves into even more frenzied and chaotic dance moves.

Ordinarily Sarah would prefer to be on the pole herself but in this case she had come to see one particular girl. She focused in on the podium nearest her.

It was her, she was pretty certain. The girl moved almost perfectly, and her pale body was that of a dancer's through and through, lithe and absolutely in control of each subtle movement. Hard to tell but she was relatively sure she could catch a hint of black hair under the long red hairpiece.

Sarah looked towards the staff entrance. She knew the club well enough having danced there previously, so she reckoned she would have no problem slipping into the dressing room area. Her gaze was broken by Charles shuffling carefully into view whilst bouncing off various punters, holding a vodka coke and a glass of wine for her, despite her not asking for one. She smiled... He was nothing if not affectionate.

Later on...

Sarah knocked on the door and heard a bored "come in," reply.

She came in to see a half-naked quartet of girls stripping off and removing make-up, shoes, costumes and hairpieces.

They glanced over and one short girl sitting at the back of the room asked, "What do you want?" in a dry, slightly tired voice. Her shock of ginger hair and light freckles were at odds with the disdain dripping from her features.

Sarah understood, these shows were energy sapping by the end of the night.

"I'm ah... Looking for Lucy?"

"Oh, she'll be in later, got a private VIP dance upstairs, lucky bitch," the nearest girl grinned wearily. She had smooth chocolate skin and black shoulder length hair, her red wig cast aside, and her sizeable bust and ass were spilling out of a tight set of Black lacy lingerie.

"Ah okay... Mind if I wait here?"

The girls looked her up and down, and the black woman nearest her smiled again and spoke.

"With that body... You can sit right here."

Sarah couldn't help staring blankly in surprise at the sudden interest, taking in the woman's physique. She was definitely older than her, maybe early thirties, but in very strong physical condition. Her black skin was accentuated by the paleness of the other two girls, and she

radiated confidence. Her deep brown eyes were actually making Sarah feel rather heated.

She smiled, almost nervous, but more than a little flattered.

"Ah thank you... But I'm not sure sitting there would accomplish that much," she said politely.

One of the other girls snorted and Sarah looked up confused.

The black girl smiled... "Oh it might accomplish more than you think..." and with that she reached down and fished out a python from her tight panties, followed by two black orbs that hung underneath it.

Sarah felt herself getting extremely warm, but she needed to focus here.

She said that this lady's appendage was lovely, but that she had to see Lucy and it was particularly important that she not get distracted. At least, that was what she wanted to say. What came out was more a sort of weak croak. It had been a while...

One of the blond girls grinned at Sarah's reaction, her cheeks going red.

"Relax honey, we've all done it," she smirked.

"Yeah," said the chocolate woman. "Faith here has been an eager convert to black cock"

Faith grinned.

"Oh shut the fuck up Leticia, all this big black cock this, and big black cock that, give it a rest"

The woman who Sarah now knew to be Leticia put her hand to Faiths ass and squeezed, slipping a finger or two underneath.

"Want to get me warmed up?"

Faith groaned as she felt her undercarriage being taken control of by Leticia's strong hands and opened her legs. Leticia pulled her onto

her lap in one swift motion and began to make out roughly with the blond. Sarah admired their two body types; they could not have been more different but both still screamed sexy. Leticia was all curves and Faith was slim and small, both with the strength and stamina of dancers.

The other unnamed blond girl stopped getting dressed and turned to watch as Leticia and faith began to get extremely heated, kissing each other's necks and lips, gentle moans and gasps as hands roamed. The ginger girl rolled her eyes and popped some headphones in. Clearly she had seen these scenes before, and she closed her eyes, turned the volume up and sank into her chair.

Leticia whipped Faith's panties off, and positioned her so they were sitting face to face with her cock jutting straight up at her pussy. She teased her for a few seconds, rubbing her huge black dick up and down her sex, until Faith mewled in frustration and sat down on Leticia's rod, impaling herself about halfway down. Faith melted in Leticia's arms as her legs went limp, but she tried to stop herself from falling too far down the massive schlong. Leticia set herself against this notion and hooked her arms under Faith's shoulders. She pulled her straight down and Sarah stared in shock as the full length disappeared entirely into Faith, who groaned at the sensation of being completely filled.

"Huuuuurrrrrhhhhhh."

Faith was sucking in heavy breaths, trying to re-familiarise herself with the black obelisk whilst her body clung to it desperately. Leticia grinned at her.

"Ooooohhhhhh you bitch..." Faith muttered, her face vacant and her chest rising and falling.

"Mmm, white girl needs her black dick," purred Leticia. Faith was still so tight on her that she felt like a human glove. She began to rub her fingertips around Faith's nipples, in slow, deliberate circles, just avoiding contact with the hardened nubs themselves. Faith juddered and settled her hands on Leticia's shoulders, settling in for the ride

and letting the larger woman tease and play with her, making her hot and wet.

The spirals on her breasts began to zero in, coming to rest on the points of her erect nipples where Leticia began to gently pull and rub, in relaxed but constant motions that had Faith keening in pleasure.

The second blond girl in the room had been carefully observing Sarah staring, cheeks red, at the display in front of her, and slinked off of her seat wearing nothing but a black set of revealing lace bra and panties, stepping towards her and unashamedly snaking her arms around Sarah's waist, pressing their bodies together

Sarah's heart was beating wildly. It was some time since she'd been with a woman... Maybe a small taste wouldn't hurt.

She didn't resist as the girl pressed a set of dark red lips up against hers, sliding her tongue into her mouth. Sarah moaned softly as she felt the girl's arms roving around her back, one winding its way down to her rear end and grabbing a handful of ass.

Faith meanwhile was in a trance as Leticia brought her mouth to one engorged nipple and began to roughly suck it, taking in a small part of Faith's breast as she aggressively pulled Faith's body, pushing the tits further against her face. She let go of the first with a pop and switched to the other, diving onto it with glee whilst Faith just let out a long series of keening cries, her body still dealing with the huge invasion which still throbbed steadily inside her.

Sarah had stopped watching as the girl kissing her slid her broke their lingering kiss.

"I'm Val by the way," she said, her green eyes locked onto Sarah's, as she began sliding her hand underneath her dress. It snaked up her thigh, but was suddenly stopped by Sarah's hardening dick. The girl opened her eyes in surprise. "Oh wow..."

Sarah grinned, her expression now wolfish.

"Oh yes, I hope you've been watching Faith closely, because that's going to be you begging for mercy in thirty seconds" she said.

The girl looked over at Faith who had just squirted warm juices all over Leticia's lap, and was jumping almost clean off the big black dick before landing herself repeatedly on it. Like a magic trick, the giant schlong was disappearing over and over inside the lithe young woman, who was uttering incomprehensible babble as she decimated her pussy on Leticia's obelisk.

Leticia was entranced, leant back and holding onto Felicia's tits, as she watched the young white girl take all of her inside, breaking herself down and leaving a drooling cock-whore in place of her previous demeanour.

Val smiled nervously, and turned back to Sarah.

".. Go slow please..." she asked quietly

Sarah smiled with genuine kindness and kissed her on the nose.

"Just for now, because you asked so nicely..."

****

Charles sat anxiously. The music was still pumping but he didn't feel like dancing because he was more concerned with where his date had scampered off to.

He twiddled his thumbs and drank from his sixth vodka-coke of the evening.. (or was it his seventh?), which had now left him in a rather tipsy state. Finally, he plucked up the courage to follow her steps and go through the unmanned 'staff only' door.

As he half-tripped through the doorway before recovering himself, he found a hallway lined with black rectangles, some for dressing rooms, others for storage of costumes or alcohol. He had heard her mention that she worked here before... Maybe she had gone to chat to the dancers?

He walked in a slightly more composed but still not entirely straight line down the corridor until he reached the girl's dressing room. He

could hear muffled sounds coming from within but nothing discernible to him in his inebriated state, possibly a few moans after a long day's work he reckoned. He knocked twice, almost missing the door entirely.

The noises died away, and after about 30 seconds the door opened a crack to reveal a green eye framed by blond glossy hair. It seemed to be bobbing back and forth slightly but that could have been the vodka talking.

"Can I, ah... Is Sarah there? A g.. gorgeous brunette in a blue dress, used to work here?"

The woman groaned, which Charles found a little rude, although he didn't notice the eyelids flutter as she did so.

"Ah... Yeah sure she's... Yeah, oh fuck... She's... So deeeeep," she groaned, which Charles found very confusing.

"Just... Just one second, I'll.. I'll go find herrrrr," she breathed softly, her eyes lidded, and she slammed the door.

Charles stood, annoyed at her lack of politeness, and then was surprised when something suddenly banged up against the door from the other side.

A lot of groaning seemed to be happening, and another few bangs on the door started to become rhythmic.

He tried to lean against the wall, and almost missed.

Charles wondered why they would need to have a tussle to get Sarah out of a dressing room. Perhaps she was in trouble? He listened in trepidation to the moaning getting louder, and he was sure he heard a few much louder groans now as well. Were those slapping sounds as well?

Blimey. Maybe they were having some dance practice he thought. Seems quite tough, he would probably groan a bit if he had to dance like that.

The banging was getting very fast now, and whoever was moaning was almost screaming. Just repeating mantras that sounded like 'Oh God' over and over.

Wow they really do go hard into their dance routines thought Charles absent-mindedly, checking his phone as the rhythmic banging echoed down the corridor. He wondered if he would get lucky with Sarah tonight... He reckoned he had it in his locker to show her a good time he thought, as the dancers worked through their brutal routines signalled by cries of exhaustion and fatigue. Wow, the commitment was stunning.

The crack appeared in the door again and Charles struggled to his feet. It was the same girl as before, but her makeup seemed to be running down her face and her hair was now slightly messy, she seemed to have a light sheen of sweat on her forehead, and her expression was dazed, almost vacant, she was bobbing back and forth a little more obviously now.. Perhaps her legs were feeling weak. Should he lend a hand? No, Charles thought to himself, she's a professional and clearly she's used to this sort of dedication and self-sacrifice.

"She's... She's comingggggg" moaned the singer and she went slightly cross-eyed as she pressed her face up against the door frame for some reason (probably tired), and Charles heard a groan from behind her, and a hand appeared, wrapped itself around her face and pulled the blond girl back into the room, slamming the door again.

Ah, STRETCHES, he thought smartly. They would be aching the morning after if they didn't stretch thoroughly the night before. They really do work as a team he thought as some more muffled cries of "Ugh!" and "Oh god!" filtered through from the dressing room.

He hummed, managing to steady himself against the wall properly this time as the dancers worked through their thoroughly excruciating exercises again and again.

Their stamina was inhuman. The noises reached a crescendo after fifteen minutes of waiting, and he heard a cacophony of moaning, screaming women all bursting at the seams with sheer exhilarating

release. It made something in him tingle and he breathed a little faster as the noises finally died away.

He waited a few seconds and then tapped on the door gingerly.

Maybe best to give them space he thought, and he waited patiently until eventually Sarah appeared five minutes later. She looked completely worn out, face reddened, with a dazed and somewhat guilty expression on her face.

"Hey!" exclaimed Charles merrily when he realised who was in front of him. "I thought I was in trouble of losing my date!"

Sarah raised her eyebrows and pulled back the apology she had been preparing for him.

"Ah... Of course, just ah... Needed a bit of info is all.. I'm actually feeling a bit tired, do you mind if we leave?"

Charles' expression lit up. "Ah, um, yes of course! Read you loud and clear," he exclaimed.

Sarah raised an eyebrow in bemusement but let him enjoy his delusion that maybe he'd be getting lucky tonight. As she did the dressing room door opened again and Val stumbled out, her hair everywhere and steadying herself on the walls as she skittered past. Sarah grabbed her and kissed her on the cheek, making Val swoon a little, cracking a smile.

"See you soon babe," Sarah grinned, as Val focused on not falling over on her way to the parking lot.

Charles shook his head knowingly. "Gosh I really do admire your camaraderie... Helping with all those exercises and stretches... They really were feeling it weren't they!"

Sarah had to contain her laughter and agreed that yes, Val had definitely felt it.

Leticia walked out of the dressing room wearing a long black coat and a smug look of satisfaction, hands on hips.

"And what do we have here?" she said appraisingly, eyes roving over Charles.

Charles' cheeks went an even deeper shade of red. He really was on form tonight. Definitely needed to make sure he used this aftershave for all future outings.

"Ah hello there..." he said graciously, his head tilted up to talk to the much taller Leticia

Leticia's smile widened, her stare never wavering from Charles' as she brushed a large, warm hand down his cheek, making him tremble slightly.

"Sarah can introduce us another time... I believe we'll be seeing each other soon," she said softly.

Without another word she strutted past, leaving Charles speechless and nodding at Sarah before disappearing out of view. Charles tried to clear his embarrassment by putting his arm around Sarah who promptly dropped it down to his side before leading him out towards the car.

LATER THAT EVENING...

Lucy stretched her arms either side and wiped her brow as she walked back to the dressing room. That had been easy money. She smiled at the bartender cleaning up who tried not to look at her cleavage and almost visible pussy through her tight dance costume (the phrase 'dance costume' being used loosely to describe what amounted to a few cuts of carefully placed latex). She slowed down a little so she could enjoy his nervous cleaning of a perfectly clear wine glass whilst trying not to stare at her figure. Her grin was glowing, but her gaze was razor sharp.

She pushed the dressing room door open to see Carla still there, ginger hair now tied up in a bun, eyes closed as she absorbed the music in her headphones, and Faith snoring under a blanket on the sofa. Faith's hair could best be described as 'scarecrow-like', and her face was a mess of smudged lipstick and mascara. Lucy's eyebrow raised as she took in the sight. Leticia had clearly been at it again.

She poked Faith, who tried to resist the intrusion into her sleep until a nasty jab under the ribs made her cough and her eyes shot open.

"Ahh, fuck!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed," Lucy responded. "Faith, maybe you should stop letting Leticia screw you whenever she flutters her testicles at you,"

Faith smiled hazily.

"Why, because it's fun?"

Lucy rolled her eyes as she aimed another evil jab at Carla, into the front of her chest, making her jump out of her seat.

"Hey bitch, I'm tryna relax here!" she vented with a slight Texan drawl.

Lucy ignored her and turned to face Faith.

"No, because smart girls don't just let their pussies tell their brain what to do."

Faith blushed underneath her caked makeup and slowly pushed herself into a stand, wobbling slightly as she went over to the sink.

"I mean, think about it for a second," said Lucy, her voice layered like a caramel dessert. "You could own her, you know that right?... Leticia is just another girl following her dick. It's not that difficult."

Faith sighed as she collected her bag.

"Lucy, I'm not having sex to own anyone, maybe I just do it because I enjoy it!"

Lucy snorted. "I never said you shouldn't enjoy it. I simply suggest that with a little patience, you can enjoy it on your own terms, and make the most of what your... natural assets can provide."

As she did this she folded her arms underneath the gentle swell of her breasts, accentuating the curves.

Carla snorted. "Come on Luce, you must have had a moment of spontaneous fun at least once in your life."

Lucy smiled, her Cheshire cat smile that seemed so mischievous, and turned from Faith, beginning to slink slowly towards Carla.

"I find there's more pleasure to be had, in watching someone's body react to your slightest touch"

Faith watched Lucy become like a beautiful panther, moving towards its prey. She looked so graceful and alluring, it was like a superpower that she could turn on at will, and she had seen nothing like it in any other individual. Her body seemed to go through gears of seductiveness that no other person could reach. Carla's mouth opened and closed again, as if she were suddenly rendered incapable of speech.

Lucy moved into Carla's space, putting one hand on her stomach, and brought her lips to one ear, whispering: "When you feel someone's heart skip a beat... Their pupils widen... their skin growing warm..."

Carla shuddered. Despite feeling tired and exasperated, her body reacted instantly, and Faith could almost see her heart quicken, the muscles in her neck tensing up.

"It is a pleasure in and of itself... that I own your very breath..." Said Lucy moving her lips until they were right in front of Carla's. Carla's eyes closed and she waited for Lucy to brush her lips up against hers, ready to give herself over.

"The control of a lover..." said Lucy, almost inaudibly, "is what I enjoy most in all this world."

She waited for a second, savouring Carla's rapt attention to every intimate movement, and then sharply stepped back and grabbed Carla's coat, throwing it at her. Carla's eyes snapped open and she caught it, her breath coming back to her, the spell broken.

Her senses returned, she shook her head slightly and began donning the coat without a word.

"Run along now darling" said Lucy in a cheery tone. She turned to change, and Faith watched as Carla walked out hurriedly, her embarrassment and confusion at how easily Lucy was able to arouse her writ large on her face.

Faith grabbed her own coat and shoved some clothes into a bag, moving towards the entrance after her. She stopped at the door.

"There's a letter for you," she said in a stilted tone, and left.

Lucy stopped removing her sparse clothing.

How interesting.

She slunk over to the envelope on the dressing table.

"An anonymous gift? Hmm, how exciting!" she mused.

Picking it up she carefully detached the back and withdrew the contents. One small card, with a number on it, and a printed picture. A picture she hadn't seen in a long time.

Lucy's eyes lit up.

She'd finally found her favourite again... after all these years.

CHAPTER 3

Tanya strolled into the sizeable café and smiled at the waitress as she went to her favourite table. She kept herself in shape, but a slice of chocolate cake couldn't be helped on occasion. The white walls, open front and beautiful weather made it feel like the perfect place to be on a summer's day.

She quickly ordered and sat back with her phone, scrolling through some emails when an unknown number began to ring on her phone. She dismissed it. No need to spoil such a perfect afternoon. She continued to idly peruse through various unimportant files when the phone rang again. Unknown number.

She pursed her lips. She really didn't want to get herself in a mood, poor Jake would have to do a lot of work to lift her spirits later. She

cancelled the call.

Almost immediately the phone rang once more. Tanya gritted her teeth and picked up the phone, pressing the answer button. She felt ready to give someone a piece of her mind. She pressed the phone to her ear and prepared to vent her annoyance at the intrusion of her lovely afternoon.

"Hello, my favourite," said a sultry voice from the phone. "How are you?"

Tanya's face went white, and her grip on the phone hardened as she took in a voice she hadn't heard in years. A gentle, smooth voice that drew you in like the drain in a bathtub, slowly pulling the water down until it had consumed everything.

"I'm sorry I haven't called in so long," the voice continued, "but I'm afraid I couldn't find you, perhaps I should have tried harder but... I'm just delighted... to finally find you my love."

Tanya's body was stiff as a board, and her mouth dry. She sounded the same. That voice... that intoxicating tone. She looked around. She couldn't be here. If she were, she would have introduced herself in person... Someone must have given Tanya's number to her.

"Nothing to say my love?" said the voice

Tanya managed to get her mouth moving. "Lucy," she whispered. Her voice came out completely unlike herself. It sounded meek and soft. It felt wrong and yet in the presence of Lucy it wasn't at all.

"Oh my favourite, I'm so glad you remember me, but I think Mistress Lucy still sounds better, don't you agree?"

Tanya's lips trembled. She could feel her erection growing under the table.

"I have had so many unfulfilled fantasies that I think you would just LOVE...why don't we meet up for a chat?"

Tanya hung up the phone and threw it into her handbag like it was a curled-up python. Her cock was almost hard, her breathing was

erratic, and her heart was beating fast. She felt the complete control in her world suddenly unravelling, and she briskly gathered her things and left the café hunched over so her erection wouldn't look so obvious, barging past the smiling waitress who had just come to her table with a beautiful chocolate cake slice. The dessert tumbled off the plate and landed with a tiny wet thud on the beautiful wooden café floor.

****

Tanya paced through her flat. She smoked deeply on a cigarette every so often, pausing to let the chemicals relieve her of the tension for a moment, before the nerves and the incriminating thoughts returned.

10 years.

Ten years since she'd felt so horny and out of control. So... helpless.

The pleasant evening outside seemed like a different world entirely to the one that Tanya was inhabiting. The shadows stretched inside her flat; she had left the lights off, and walking in the dim glow of dusk seemed to calm her. Images of her younger self kissing Lucy's hand, doing her dishes, licking her pussy...

She gulped.

Being locked in chastity...

Her cock flexed.

'Fuck, don't get hard, you're stronger than this,' she scolded herself as her dick throbbed.

But deep-down Tanya's stomach was doing somersaults. Lucy had a special way with people.

Her knees quivered and she sat down.

There were very few people in Tanya's life who knew what she had been like as a young woman. She had been a dominating, somewhat psychotic bitch queen for so long that she herself had almost forgotten.

There was a reason she looked for control in everything. The way she dressed, worked, lived... loved. Many of those reasons boiled down to the time she had spent with Lucy. Lucy had taught her to please in the most submissive, humiliating, degrading ways. Denied pleasure, denied the right to cum for weeks, sometimes months at a time. Constantly teased, aching for release. Put in collars, muzzles, nipple clamps. Anything that Lucy's imagination could come up with.

Moving towards the cupboard she stubbed out the cigarette and brought out another one. Usually she smoked only after sex or perhaps on a night out, but today she'd gone through nearly a dozen.

She carefully poured a measure of whiskey into a glass, looking into the dark broody liquid, and brought the glass to her lips, downing it. The raw alcohol stung her throat and she coughed slightly, before adding another few measures. Memories flooded in, of Lucy with a tight hold on her scrotum, preventing her from releasing a mountain of jizz, intensifying the pain and pleasure. Of nipple tassels and schoolgirl outfits. Or the time Lucy made her clean both her feet with her tongue. She hated herself for it, but she started to slowly stroke her cock.

She had never managed to say no to Lucy. How could she? She made you her world. Her universe of endless pleasure.

She began to stroke and moan to the memories of Lucy rubbing her nipples, tweaking them, whispering degrading things in her ear.

Fuck.

She was at full mast now, and she began to take a firm grip on her shaft, roughly wanking herself to the thoughts of Lucy whispering in her ear, spanking her... sitting on her face.

She was halfway there when the door rang.

Tanya stared at the door. She didn't even hide her open hard-on, as she slowly walked towards it. Hand shaking, she placed it on the handle, and turned.

The door opened to reveal exactly who she knew it would be.

Lucy was wearing a long black trench coat, a rimmed hat, and a small black leather handbag, standing elegantly in front of her.

"Oh... My darling favourite," she said, voice dripping with lust.

Tanya's whole body was frozen. She felt her stomach grow warm, and the alcohol fuelling her raging hormones.

"My beautiful girl... You couldn't wait?" She said, smiling, as she touched a gloved finger to the tip of Tanya's rock-solid penis, and began to circle her slit whilst talking, causing Tanya to whimper as she agonizingly teased her.

"We will need to make up for lost time darling, so I thought I would bring a few things. My luggage is downstairs in my car, would you be a darling and fetch it for me later?" She said, still all smiles.

Tanya nodded softly.

"I asked you a question, darling favourite, do me the courtesy of responding," She said in a clipped tone.

"Yes." Said Tanya.

Lucy's face dropped a little. Her finger stopped rotating.

"I'm sorry darling but, I won't remind you of your manners again. What's my name?"

Tanya's jaw clenched... this time would be different. She was just a woman. Lucy couldn't control her. She was just an ordinary woman. Tanya was strong, and she knew how to remain in charge. It was different now.

"N..no." She said.

She thought that saying it out loud would fill her with confidence. If anything, it filled her with doubts.

Lucy smiled and quickly dropped to her knees in front of Tanya, and put her nose to her cock. Slowly she inhaled the musk of Tanya's cock which made Tanya twitch. She took a firm grip of the base. And began to slowly, gently jerk it. Her touch, even with gloves on, was

electric. Immediately, Tanya was panting. She knew exactly how much pressure to put in to keep her on edge. How fast to go to make her body shudder.

Lucy was smiling like an angel now. "Say it darling. For me, my favourite. I know you haven't forgotten"

Tanya closed her eyes and tried to pump her hips, but Lucy put a steady hand against her to keep her still, pumping just a little faster.

"Go on my baby... Go on..." She said in a loving tone, giving a gentle kiss first to her left testicle, then her right.

Tanya's balls were swelling. She needed to cum.

"Say it darling, for me, your lover..." Implored Lucy, her gaze still razor sharp as she observed Tanya's resistance weakening.

After a few more strokes which sent pulses of pleasure through her body, Tanya caved.

"YES, Mistress Lucy, Yes..."

Lucy grinned and felt the spasms of Tanya about to cum.

She immediately gripped a particular area of Tanya's cock toward the base, and squeezed hard.

Tanya felt her orgasm being violently halted in its tracks and moaned; a long, keening call for release.

"Oh, wonderful darling... really I would have let you finish but I do think we should wait. Perhaps it would be best if we continue inside, wouldn't you agree?"

Whilst talking she kept her hand firmly squeezing Tanya's hilt. Tanya was grunting, as the pleasure of almost cumming and the pain of not finishing collided. Her muscles were tensing up and down her body.

"Calm down, slut," said Lucy, with a hint of venom in her voice, and Tanya, feeling chastened, put her arms to her sides, her head down. Her disobedient cock subsided to being semi hard.

"Oh, we're going to have a lot of fun, you and I," she beamed.

She gently released Tanya's cock, careful to give it a few long slow strokes before doing so to keep her on edge.

"Now, take my keys and bring my things up. And don't worry, I packed some new toys for us to play with."

As she said this she strolled into the room and removed her black coat. Underneath she was wearing a short black PVC dress, with long, thigh high leggings and, long heeled boots. Everything was black and shining.

She wiped a gloved finger over the glass that Tanya had been drinking from.

"Haven't you been a naughty girl," she said softly.

Tanya's stare didn't leave the floor.

CHAPTER 4

Jake's thoughts wandered as he trudged down the dark sidewalk, kicking a piece of rubbish on his way past. He daydreamed a lot these days. About Sarah.

Empty shops and late-night stores stood empty as he passed.

Jake couldn't help but feel like he'd fucked everything up. Why had he given in to Tanya so easily those weeks ago?.. Why had he let Sarah dump him so pathetically? He hadn't even tried to argue. Not that he had a leg to stand on.

Tanya may have been a beautiful, intimidating woman, but at any point he could have just said no. Or shouted. Or run. But he didn't. Because in truth he hadn't wanted to run.

He'd let his dick (or more accurately his asshole) rule his head.

And his relationship with Sarah had paid the price.

Now he lived with Tanya. Sexy, control freak, Boss-Bitch Tanya.

He put his hands in his pockets and slowed down, trying to make the final destination of Tanya's flat that little bit further away.

He thought about that brief moment last night. That hint of empathy and emotion in Tanya that he glimpsed. Everything she usually did was manipulative, dominating... but in that moment she seemed... normal. Just for a brief second, she felt like an empathetic human being.

It was something that actually thrilled him, but it wasn't enough.

He needed to talk to Sarah. He needed to make things right.

Jake slipped his phone from his pocket and scrolled down to her number. He stopped walking and took a deep breath.

He could do this.

The wind flowed gently past his ears, making him shiver.

He could do this.

A dog barked in the distance.

He pressed dial.

Straight to answerphone.

Damnit.

Maybe she'd blocked him? Maybe it was just turned off. Maybe she didn't want to talk to him at all? Maybe it really was over, and he'd left it too late..

He heard her voice on the answer-machine and it made him warm just listening to it.

"Heya, you've reached Sarah, I'm not around so leave a message!"

BEEP

Jake's mind went blank.

"Hey...erm... Sarah..." He began to walk slowly in circles as he talked. "Just wanted to see how you were and um... wondered... if maybe we could talk? I miss you... I miss you a lot. Okay...okay bye."

He hung up and quietly chastised himself for being such a gormless idiot.

Jake began to rush home, feeling guilty that he had left a voice message to Sarah and was planning to walk into Tanya's arms. He didn't know how he was going to square it with Tanya now that she had moved his stuff in with her, but he knew he had to try. He had to try and get Sarah back in his life.

Jake puffed up his chest and jogged towards Tanya's block of flats. He brought out the key that Tanya had given him and bounded up the stairs. He could do this. He needed to be honest. He shoved the key into the door and opened it, and the sight that greeted him made his mouth drop.

Tanya was kneeling in the middle of the main living area, naked apart from a black collar with studs, and a ball gag in her mouth. Her eyes were fixed firmly on Jake's knees, and her cheeks burned red. Her huge cock was half hard in front of her, jutting out like a branch which had grown too long and was bending under its own weight. Jake was so completely amazed by this sight that he had to take a few seconds to process that there was another person standing next to her.

His eyes crept over to the stranger. She was wearing what looked like a dominatrix outfit, and she held a riding crop in one black-gloved hand. She had black hair and eye shadow which contrasted with the paleness of her skin. She looked gorgeous and extremely unnerving at the same time. Her expression was one of lazy curiosity, like someone meeting a new guest over dinner.

"Um... Tanya?" He said questioningly, feeling embarrassed to be fully clothed whilst seeing her naked, kneeling on the floor,

"Tanya is busy making up for being a naughty girl," said the standing woman haughtily. "My name is Lucy, and I believe that you are Jake?"

"Erm... yeah," said Jake incredulously. He was still trying to process the insanity of the scene in front of him. He had never seen Tanya expose a hint of weakness, of humility. This woman was standing over her, talking on her behalf, and seemed to be completely in control of the situation.

"What's going on here?"

"It's simple Jake... I'm taking back my property," said Lucy, casually teasing Tanya's neck and shoulders with the riding crop. She flinched to the crop's touch, but her cock jumped.

"And my darling favourite here can't have such a beautiful littler flower like you here distracting her with... Unsavoury thoughts." She talked like Tanya was a child that needed to be chided.

"We made the decision to pack your things..." She gestured to two cases to the side of the door. "I believe Tanya here has arranged with her neighbour for you to sleep on her couch until your affairs are sorted."

Jake looked incredulously at his freedom placed right next to him, and at the pathetic figure of Tanya, her powerful body hunched over, hands on her thighs. He felt a moment of sadness. Somewhere in there was a soft soul.

But Jake could still feel the soreness in his ass-cheeks from where Tanya had violently spanked him the night before. The daily humiliations of his body and mind, and the built-up frustrations of the last month, led his feet to the suitcases. Tanya whimpered as he did, and Lucy silenced her with a sharp crack of her riding crop on Tanya's round ass. She made one pathetic sound of pleasure and pain, her cock becoming fully hard even in her moment of complete humiliation, a long slimy drip of pre-cum oozing from the tip, descending towards the floor.

Jake looked at Lucy and her eyes burned a hole into him. He whipped his gaze back to his bags and hoisted them slowly towards the door. He brought his bags over the threshold, and turned to close the door. "Oh no Jake, please, let me," said Lucy, with a smile that seemed to openly display her indifference to his presence. She clicked her

fingers and Tanya shuffled forwards on her hands and knees, putting her hands to the door and slowly pushing the door closed. Her eyes met Jake's one last time, and he caught another glimpse of that fear and vulnerability she had never showed, until the door's crack disappeared, and the latch closed.

Jake breathed out slowly. It felt insane to leave Tanya like this, even after the way she had treated him...

Jake thought about Sarah and steeled himself. Tanya's vulnerability hadn't given her the right to be malicious for most of her life, and she had always been that.

He grabbed his bags and pulled them to Jessica, Tanya's neighbour. She answered the door after a few seconds of knocking and didn't seem to need an explanation, simply gesturing to the couch, letting him throw his bags next to the window. Without Tanya's influence, Jessica seemed reticent to even engage in conversation or acknowledge his existence, which suited Jake just fine. He walked out and towards the elevator. He hoped he wouldn't need to use that couch, he thought to himself, taking the phone out of his pocket.

***

Sarah leant against her kitchen table. She played with a stray fibre from her white, summery dress, which loosely outlined her lean body. It made her breasts look great as well, in her opinion. Her straightened hair was dyed a dark red, and she was barefoot, brushing the kitchen tiles with her sole, feeling the cracks.

Her apartment was cute without feeling cramped. The little round wooden table wouldn't hold more than 5 guests, and the gentle orange glow from the lamp reflected off a well-used stove, an array of fridge magnets, and a bin lid squashed on top of a bright bunch of flowers sent by Charles, (She liked how they looked, but six bunches of flowers were enough, hell she could probably open up her own bouquet business soon.)

She had tried to tidy but found herself losing concentration, and had been cleaning a packet of ramen noodles when she caught herself. She breathed in, slow, deep breaths.

Her thoughts ran to Jake.

What would she say to him? How much he had hurt her? How much she missed him?..

She tried to remember what she should say when he stood in front of her. How he had humiliated her. Made her question her feelings.

She thought about asking why he had not put up a fight when she confronted him after Tanya's depraved sex tape. How he had stood there when she cried and said nothing as she walked away. Fucking asshole.

Sarah felt her phone vibrate and flipped it open. A message from Lucy.

"Sar, I just wanted to thank you for my present Hun... My favourite won't be sniffing around Jake's heels anymore, I promise. I will be keeping her VERY busy. She's been a naughty girl. L xxx"

Sarah smiled at the last line. Fuck you bitch, she thought to herself. That's for stealing my boyfriend. She put the phone down. She felt like she should be happy fucking her ex-best friend over, but all she could think about was Jake, and his imminent arrival.

She sat down. And then stood up. She ran through what she was going to say. She sat down again.

The doorbell rang.

She shot up, raced to the door, and paused as she got there. Her hand suddenly seemed to be made of spaghetti. She slowly placed a trembling hand around the handle. A gentle knock at the door boomed like an orchestral drum in front of her.

She gently, agonizingly, turned the handle. The door opened, and there was Jake. Dressed in a work t-shirt and jeans, sweat on his brow from running. His baby blue eyes and soft cheeks made Sarah's heart sing. She thought about the things he'd done, and what she was going to say to him. A few seconds of silence passed whilst he stood there, panting.

Jake looked at Sarah, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, looking like an angel dressed in white. He felt like his heart was trying to pump blood around his body with the force of a train, and his hands were clammy.

"I.. ah... I like the new hair," said Jake awkwardly.

Sarah folded her arms and said nothing.

Jake decided he'd better make an apology before she could react with anger.

"Okay, look, Sar..." He got as far as her name before Sarah slapped him across the face. He reeled for a moment, and then brought his head back around, dazed.

She looked furious.

"I... I deserved that," said Jake.

"Yeah... you did," said Sarah.

"Look, I just wanted to say.."

"I got your message," said Sarah.

"Oh... Right, well..."

"Did you... mean it?" she said.

"Y...yeah Sar. I really missed you. And I was an idiot. I should never have let you walk away. I didn't say it to you then...and I'm saying it to you now. I love you."

There was a silence after he said it, and Jake felt like his declaration had fallen a lot flatter than he had imagined. Sarah's expression remained neutral in response.

"And what," she said eventually, "you think that because you say so I'm just going to run back into your arms?"

Jake stuttered, having played the big 'I love you' card and finding his deck woefully short of other options.

"What? Oh ah, no... no of course not, but I couldn't live with myself if I didn't tell you..."

Sarah flung herself into Jake's arms, bowling him over into the hallway and onto his back. She pressed herself into him and Jake put his arms around her, trying to get his breath back from being tackled to the floor. She put her lips to his and gave him a long, deep kiss. Their bodies both melted into the moment. Jake lost himself in her taste, the girl he had longed for, for so long. After a few seconds Sarah slowly removed her lips and looked into his eyes. Jake smiled in relief.

"..I love you Sar."

"I love you too Jay..." She gave him a soft kiss on the neck. "But if you even look sideways at another girl this time, you're fucking dead."

"Yeah... I saw what happened to Tanya... You're the boss," he said, not faking his all-too-real trepidation.

He felt her huge cock pressing against his, the weight pushing down on his own eager mushroom. It made him want to feel her inside him. If she had told him she was going to fuck him in the hallway, he wouldn't have thought twice.

"You know you're going to have to do a lot of things to make up for being an asshole," she said, smiling.

"Oh yeah, like what?" He said, playing with her hair.

She hoisted him off the floor and stood holding him in her arms.

"Lots of fucking cleaning," she said in a serious voice.

Jake laughed. "Yeah... I guess I can do that."

She began to carry Jake into her flat like a damsel in distress, knocking the door shut with her heel as she strode towards the bedroom.

Sarah smiled as she spoke.

"Oh and the cleaning... you'll be doing it naked... I'll have to watch you to make sure you get all the cracks and crevices," she said seductively.

Jake looked up like at his lady in shining armour and felt a heady rush at how hot it was to have a girl carry him into her bedroom. She strode through the bedroom door and threw her lover onto the bed, pouncing on top and making out with him in a frenzied mess of tongue, groaning and saliva. Jake tried to kiss back whilst removing his Jeans and t shirt at the same time and managed to fail at both.

Sarah growled and tore his t shirt open, latching onto one of his nipples with her teeth, making him gasp. He managed to finally fumble his jeans and she wasted no time grabbing the lube bottle, revealing her long cock under her dress (going commando is so liberating), and pouring the entire bottle over it.

Jake started trying to pull her dress off, but she slapped his hands away because it meant vital seconds lost of fucking, and pushed Jake's knees and legs wide, so that he was lying on his back. She didn't hesitate and slid halfway into him, letting out a long moan of tension releasing pleasure. Jake responded with a moan of his own as he felt her shaft sliding through his entrance and deep into his body. His gaze roved over her; The smoothness of her muscles, the large, caring eyes screwed shut, savouring every millimetre of his tight hole.

Sarah's breath became erratic, and she pumped her hips a few times, getting just a fraction deeper with each stroke. Jake's body began to shudder with each thrust, and he let Sarah take control of him as she kept her body weight firmly on top of him, pinning him to the bed in the missionary position, pressing deeper between his soft cheeks.

Sarah finally opened her eyes when their hips connected. She looked down at Jake, who was staring at this gorgeous woman, with 11 inches of her pulsing cock inside him, completely enraptured in her gaze.

She pulled herself out slightly, and Jake put his hands on her shoulders, so he could assist her invasion of his ass, and pulled

himself onto the last remaining inch of her cock.

Sarah moaned as the walls of Jake's ass hugged her full length. It felt like she might explode at any second, and she tried to calm her breathing so she wouldn't finish too quickly. She wanted to stay in this moment forever.

Jake desperately wanted Sarah to fuck him and began to pull himself back and forth onto her cock with his hips, rotating her cock inside him and sending himself into small spasms of pleasure. Sarah moaned and frantically tried not to cum from all the deep pleasurable sensations coursing through the length of her penis. She spanked Jake hard on his ass which caused him to whimper softly and stop grinding.

Sarah grinned at him.

"Yeah that's right Jay... you're all mine now," she said, pinning him down and pulling out the full length of her dick.

Jake looked at her aggressive smile and gripped her shoulders tighter in desperate anticipation. He needed her back inside him. He watched her angelic face soften and she kissed him on the lips, so gently that their lips barely met. His entire body melted into hers.

Sarah slowly, sensually slid herself inside Jake again, who let out a feminine cry of delight. She bucked slightly halfway in, so intense was the tightness around her swollen tip, and began rubbing her hips into his, fusing their bodies together and caressing his insides with her erection. Jake looked into her eyes and saw the tenderness that he had longed for every night. His whole body sang, and it felt like everything in this moment was heavenly.

She nuzzled him, taking her time as they re-acquainted themselves with each other's bodies, a smooch here, a tender nip there. Jake began to leave playful hickeys on her neck, and Sarah bit her lip as his teeth grazed her skin. He pulled the front of her dress down to reveal the gentle swells of her breasts, and sucked on a hard nub, making her grunt. Her balls started to tingle, like the skin on her nutsack was slowly charging with electricity, and her blood pumped

so fiercely through her shaft that to Jake it felt like her heartbeat was coursing through his own body.

She flexed her womanhood, and ground her hips in a more agitated fashion, a few sharp snaps of the hips leaving Jake gasping as she began to manoeuvre him into a defenceless, legs-raised, ass up position. Jake could feel the aggression rising and grabbed his knees, pulling them to his shoulders, so his asshole was utterly open for Sarah to fuck him til he couldn't walk. Sarah watched him position his butthole perfectly for her, and in that moment she lost herself.

Her athletic muscles tightened, and every sinew in her body became devoted to claiming the satisfaction and catharsis that Jake's ass offered. Weeks of pent up anger and frustration, emotional and physical, all poured out of Sarah in a furious assault into Jake's body. The bed springs screeched under the burden; metal that wasn't designed for this level of bouncing and wrenching suddenly screaming for release. Jake's body was blindsided by the sheer aggression of it, his body flattened by the wild animal on top of him. Sarah started the process of breeding the young boy beneath her, grinding her hips, rutting like a wild dog, crushing him into the bed in a sexual frenzy.

The whole bed frame creaked and began rocking into the wall, thumps that made the ceiling shake, as she pummelled into him. Sarah couldn't contain it, and shiny tears of joy and relief ran down her cheeks as she hammered away at his clinging asshole. Wet eyes scrunched up, she savoured each rub of her aching nipples on his chest, each spasm of his hands and legs with each increasingly uncontrolled thrust.

Jake's whole world contracted down to a tiny universe of the woman he loved pummelling him, her aggression, her possessiveness, hands clutching at his skin as she drove her thick hammer into the depths of his anus, fulfilling all the wishes he had dreamed of for the past month in a bout of pure inhuman brutality. The rawness of his butt cheeks stung hard as she hilted herself over and over again inside him, and tears of pain, love and frantic need ran down his cheeks, the obscene slapping sounds adding to the crescendo of banging furniture and groans echoing around the room.

He screamed, writhing with pleasure under the power of the machine on top of him, her body pressing into his legs to give her the perfect angle to penetrate him. Tanya was well endowed and fucked hard, but Sarah's intense deep-seated love was mind-bending. He clutched at her shoulders and gripped his fingers tight in her soft hair, the tang of sweat mixed with soft, lavender perfume and her powerful cock musk, creating a concoction of primal fumes that enveloped him as Sarah groaned into his face, ugly tears flowing across her cheeks to mix with his own. It added another gushing river to the sea of Sarah around him, and he welcomed her flooding of his senses with soft cries of delight. She gave him no space to breathe anything other than her musk and sweat, and he felt like she was going to make his body convulse so hard from pleasure that he might explode.

She began to roll Jake backwards and lift her whole lower body up so her huge cock was almost fucking downwards, using Gravity to punish her lover. She ripped pleasure from his body and began battering Jake into multiple orgasms, his prostate being stimulated so hard that he was losing all sense of self, lost in an ocean of bliss.

A slender hand grabbed his face and pushed his head into the bed, and fingers were shoved into his mouth. She began spanking him and pulling his hair, as her dick slammed into his prostate repeatedly.

Euphoric spasms were cruelly extracted one after the other from Jake's battered frame, a procession of nerve endings up and down his body melting his brain as his prostate was ruthlessly milked by her pounding cock. She pulverised Jake's body, his legs shaking, and head rocking with the force of Sarah's movement. His anal ring was convulsing around the lightning fast shaft being forced through it

He tried to scream as another earth-shattering orgasm undulated through his slight frame but all that came out was a pathetic cry through Sarah's fingers as she slammed her cock over and over into him. The grip on his face was like steel, and every time she rained a spank down on his ass, he squealed into her fingers.

Sarah released everything, the lust, the fury, into a crescendo of sweaty, deep hip thrusts. Her heat was rising, and she let out a huge

cry of fulfilment as her hips connected with Jake's in loud, filthy slaps that left no doubt to the surrounding apartments as to what activity was taking place.

One particularly taut squeeze from Jake's anus around her shaft made Sarah's balls tighten and she let out a long, pleasure laden moan of satisfaction and fulfilment, hilting herself fully in Jake, her full bodyweight collapsing on him. The cream from her balls rocketed up the highway of her cock, racing for the only exit, and her penis exploded inside his abused asshole, beginning to fill him to the brim. He felt the wave of liquid heat expanding inside him and his mind collapsed, long ropes from his own cock shooting between them, leaving small splodges all over his belly.

Jake felt the incredible pressure of his insides from all the cum that was being pumped into him, and the only thought that could briefly flit through his broken mind was being the happiest cock-whore in the world. Sarah's eyes were lidded, slowly pulling her dick out to let a huge waterfall of hot sticky ejaculate flow out of Jake's ass, streaming down his crack, as her dong fired a few last ropes to cover his inferior willy and balls in savoury cream, marking her property.

Sarah collapsed on Jake, sweating and breathing heavily. A gentle smile was plastered on her face, and it took a few seconds for her to open her eyes and look at Jake, who was breathing in her neck, lost in the scent of his lover. She gently nuzzled his nose with hers because she didn't have the emotional energy for much more than that, still coming down from the high of her orgasm. He gazed up at her, trying to catch his breath and opened his mouth, not realising he had lost control of the English language, and let out a demented groan of happiness.

She pushed her tongue into his mouth and kissed him gently before he could speak, making him whimper. Sarah broke the embrace with a gentle bite of his lower lip.

"No words," she said softly

Jake smiled, his body and mind in complete bliss.

No words needed.