Captive Lust

Detective Tammy Sanders stirred. Her eyelids felt incredibly heavy, like they were attached to weighted dumbbells.

She remembered.... Celebrating.

Something squeezed her cock, teasing out a smile.

'*Ohhh, that's nice… Celebrating what?*'

A birthday? No, she had no time for birthdays...

A case. She had a case.

She felt… naked.

Sanders shook her head, still groggy from the drink... Too much whisky. But her head had never felt this sore before…?

A closed case... That's why they were celebrating, because they'd found the midnight cuck, the fiend that had been fucking wives and girlfriends all across Futatown…

Why was she hanging face down?

Tammy Sanders opened her hazel eyes, blinking away the wooziness.

Her face fell.

'*Oh no.*'

Sanders's expression became one of horror, because she was naked, suspended in mid-air at a forty-five-degree angle in some sort of dungeon.

'*Shit.*'

And below her...

'*Shit shit SHIT.*'

Her partner, the gorgeous twink Damian Berkins, ten years her junior and new to the force was splayed out, belly up beneath her.

That combination of blond hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks had been the subject of many wet dreams, and his slight frame was currently angled backwards, legs up and wide, in some sort of black leather and metal contraption. Her eyes travelled lower. Between his cheeks, was her cock.

Her whole body rocked, knee juddering as she took in a scene that must have been written by the most sadistic of angels.

The head of her cock was plugged snuggly in his asshole, enough to give her a fizz of pleasure every time his rim contracted around the tip of her 9-inch shaft. Someone had lubed up her dick thoroughly and it was rock hard, with zero chance of softening in such an arousing position. She then realised that his whole body was shining, and that they had both been covered from neck to toe in lubricant.

Who would do this?

'*Someone who knows exactly what I want*', she thought, eyeing up her partner. There was no denying that he was a work of art that she desperately wanted to spray her passion over, glistening under the warm lights.

Tammy tried to pull herself out of her partner, but whatever metal and leather device held her was wonderfully secure. It was at least comfortable, which was one positive to take away from their extremely sticky situation.

For a brief, guilt-ridden moment she considered pressing her hips forward, into him, then shook her head, trying to clear the lustful thoughts. Come on girl, be professional, be cold, he has a wife...

'*You want him*', said a little voice, *'and you know he wants you too. Destroy him.'*

No, don't give in, focus.

At this point the young man began to stir, and she watched, wide eyed as he went through the same process of confusion, discovery, mortification and red-faced guilt as he realised the situation.

“Ughhh….H... Hi chief,” he breathed, calling her by her usual nickname, delaying the acknowledgement of their situation and the fact that the head of her penis was distending his anal rim far beyond its usual circumference.

“Hey Berk,” she muttered. “Fine day for a chat no?”

He grinned, a droplet of sweat forming on his brow.

“Indeed, so... Any suggestions?”

She tried to think, testing the shackles on her hands and legs. Nothing.

Berkins tried the same, but those subtle movements moved her cock inside his entrance, and he let out a small murmur of unbidden pleasure.

"*Ohh*… okay, that’s not working," he stammered, red in the face and trying not to acknowledge the fact that his cock was steadily inflating in full view of the both of them.

She gave a frustrated smile of apology at having got him hard, and for how painfully erect she herself was, before glancing around the room.

In the room were various instruments of torture… At least that was how it seemed at first, but on closer inspection it became clear that this was a place of pleasure. Gimp masks, strap-ons and whips sat on one wall, a rocking chair with a dildo at its centre sat nearby, and a large four-poster bed lay in the corner. The cold, grey stone walls were at odds with the comforting warmth in the room, a perfect temperature for being naked, especially when there was someone else to share it with.

No sign presented itself as to who had done this, but Sanders knew their captor would make themselves known soon. Her suspicions were confirmed by a clapping sound that echoed from a doorway across from them.

“Oh, welcome detectives,” said a voice from just outside. “Celebrated a little too much did we?”

Berkin's face turned upside down to look back at the door opposite Sanders, and she grimaced, realising they were both at the mercy of whoever lay beyond it. That voice sounded strangely familiar….

"I guess we had some extra help. Thanks for spiking our drinks …. But then we couldn't wait to see the true Midnight cuck," said Sanders, a hint of disgust in her tone.

The voice laughed.

"Bravo, at least now you've finally figured it out. That poor man you arrested didn't even possess half the length of the cock that fucked Callon's wife so thoroughly, bless him. I was quite proud of that one… She still visits me on weekends... Watching the two of you lap up the rest of the so-called 'evidence' was quite joyous to behold."

"Show your face, coward" shouted Berkin, head upside down in an awkward position as his cock slapped against his belly, hard as a rock now.

'So hot', Sander thought, eyeing her partner's throbbing arousal. She bit her lip, before blinking herself out of her stupor to face the entrance.

"You already know my face," said the voice, and Angelina Pence, Captain of the police department in Futa-town slunk out of the doorway. She was wearing a black leather catsuit and high heels, and her haughty face and heavily botoxed lips were now fixed in a triumphant leer.

"YOU!" cried Sanders, blindsided.

"No, i-it can't be!" stammered Berkin.

"Oh I think you'll find it can," she said, a wry smile on her face.

"How," whispered Sanders, hoarsely.

"Too easy," she snickered. "It was simple to lead you this way and that… a little suggestion here… a little planting of false evidence there…."

She sidled around to where the Sanders was hanging, eyes roving up her thick thighs, voluptuous ass and large breasts.

“A little teasing, to keep you hungry,” she whispered, rubbing a taut nipple slowly with her finger.

“Ohhhh,” moaned Sanders, unable to deny the pleasure her boss was giving her.

"What’s your endgame here… *UHnnn!*" muttered Berkins, his voice jumping an octave as Sanders accidentally slid a little half inch more into him.

“Sorry, sorry!” she uttered fervently, as Berkin’s mouth dropped open and his eyelids fluttered.

“N-Not to worry,” he whispered, although the centre of his blue eyes seemed to be calling her in.

“My endgame, sweet little Berkins…” she said, eyes gleaming at their exchange of pleasure, “Is” to watch your virulent partner here run you through.

The thought of pounding Berkins into a state of dick-drunk abandon flooded through Tammy’s brain, and she had to reign in all her instincts not to ‘accidentally’ push her hips forward and bury her womanhood in his sweet flower. The slut was so tight though, she thought fervently, before chastising herself for thinking of her glistening partner as a slut.

Clearly he was thinking the same thing however, and was now unable to break his gaze from Sanders, watching her for any sign she might give in and break him. He was trying to keep his expression confident, but she could see that he was unable to contain flickers of pleasure flitting across those soft features every now and then.

“We….w-we won’t give in,” stammered Sanders, desperately trying to keep her shaft as stationary as possible inside her partner.

“Oh, you will,” she said dryly. “I mean, you’re so focused on not trying to fuck him silly that you haven’t even asked me why I brought you here.”

“Well…B-because you’re sick,” chimed Berkins.

She simpered, slithering towards him and pressing a finger to the tip of his dick-slit, making him exhale heavily.

“Yes,” she said, nodding sagely as she oscillated her finger on his pee-hole, making him whimper. “But….” So are you… and your wives… and your pathetic notions of sanctimony and monogamy.

Her voice became more spiteful as she continued.

“I gain no higher satisfaction then watching these pillars of our local community give in to their baser instincts. It will of course be recorded,” she said, regaining some of her cool as she gestured to cameras hidden in shadowy corners all around the room.

She removed her finger from Berkins’ pee-hole which now had a tiny trickle of pre-cum dripping steadily from it, and he sagged in relief.

“Maybe that will give you some extra incentives to avoid any…. deviant acts,” she mused.

Berkins said nothing, and Sanders bit her lip. Though she hated to admit it, this particular type of scenario was one she had conjured up in her dreams too often….

“Oh… and let’s make this a little more interesting… you consider yourself something of a disciplined woman, in body and mind, correct?” she said to Sanders.

“You could say so,” she grunted.

Her musculature was certainly well looked after, and she flexed the thick fibres in her arms and legs.

“Why don’t you unlock these cuffs and I can show you?”

She tittered.

“Oh Goodness no sweetie… but I can certainly adjust one or two just for you…. Perhaps make you both a little more comfortable.”

‘*Oh this can’t be good.*’

Angelina leaned in and began to loosen some of the instruments fixing her in position.

Sanders gasped as she felt her legs being lowered, forcing her to crunch upwards to avoid spearing Berkins with her hard-on.

“HUH!” she grunted, as she squeezed her iron belly hard, a shining six pack rippling with muscular tension.

“Impressive,” said Angelina softly, eyeing the glistening abs as Sander’s brow burned with concentration. She didn’t know how long she was going to have to keep her ass raised and didn’t want to waste energy talking, that is unless Berkin’s wife wanted to find out what having a broken-in husband would look like. She could already imagine him staggering into Sally’s arms, red-faced and reeking of jizz, barely able to stand.

‘*God that would be perfect*’, a voice said in her ear, and she had to put extra effort into keeping her hips way back, far from his defenceless asshole.

Come on, she groaned internally. Stay strong.

“I think that’ll be enough for now.. I’ll come to check up on you in twenty… maybe forty minutes…” chuckled Angelina.

With that she slunk out of the room, her titters fading into the distance.

Berkins looked up at Sanders and grimaced.

“Come on Sanders, now’s the time, think! We've been in worse scraps than this before!”

Berkins was always full of good humour, even in the worst of times. It just so happened that this was one of those times, and it wouldn’t be long before her penis was rearranging his insides. They needed a solution now.

Tammy Sanders breathed in and out rapidly, trying not to enjoy the sensation of her cock-head sitting in Berkin's quivering anus, which was firing little lightning bolts of stimulation up her shaft. She

rippled as a particularly tight contraction brought a small ooze of pre-cum from her weapon.

“UHHHHNNNnnnn, sorry,” she gasped.

“Not a problem,” he responded, red-faced and unable to look her in the eyes for a moment as a delightful trickle of cum wormed its way inside him.

Sanders wiggled her hips again but the device holding her in a steep decline was perfectly fitted to her curves, and now quite uncomfortable as she tried to keep her butt raised as far from her partner as possible.

“If I could just,” she muttered, trying to adjust her weight, but there was no budging except if she let herself collapse, releasing the constricted abs which were currently bulging from her torso, shivering under the strain. If she did release… she looked down at the two bubbly globes already being split in two and couldn’t help salivating over the thought of ploughing into them before remonstrating with herself for even considering it.

‘*He’s married, he’s married, he’s your partner, he’s married, you met Sally, she made you dinner…’*

His ass was a work of art, and her body was dying to feel it.

A burning sensation began to flare in her abs and Sanders let out a small moan.

Berkins was staring up at her, doughy-eyed, eyes flickering to her breasts, her juicy lips, her nipples, hard and erect. He could see her arousal… *feel* her arousal, even through the pain of having to keep her muscles flexed.

“Don’t hurt yourself Chief… you can let go… just a little bit,” whispered Berkins, putting on a brave face as she watched his partner’s expression of pure concentration sliding to one of intense need.

“No,” she grunted desperately.

"Just a little won't hurt right? I-it's not… *that* big," he said, putting a false grin that made it clear he knew she was hung like a horse and that spearing him was going to rearrange his insides.

"W-We'll laugh about this afterwards with Sally I'm sure," he said, his voice jumping slightly as his eyes flickered down to her turgid dong as it pulsed rapidly, eagerly anticipating the warmth of his anal cavity.

"Yeah… y-yeah sure," Tammy muttered, her burning abs faltering slightly as little trills of satisfaction flitted from the tip of her penis to her brain. "I've never managed to keep a girl in my bed anyways right?" she affirmed.

'*Even when they beg to come back……. and they always beg.'*

He probably didn't need to hear that though.

Berkins watched as Sander's lower lip began to tremble, and she began to sink gently into him.

"It's…. it's okay," he said with rapidly heavier breathing, "Just a bit… *UUuunnn!...* S-Sally doesn't need to know…*HuuuUUNNNN!*..."

"Just… Oh God I'm sorry!" she gasped, as her abs completely gave way and she slid fully six inches deep inside Berkins.

"HOOO*OHHHHHHHHH!*" he cried, his body trembling with nowhere to hide.

He realised immediately that his wife would absolutely mind what was taking place inside his body now as the thick meat filled him, pleasure ripping through his frame, and in fact a large part of his consciousness was no longer thinking that much about Sally at all, because Sander's cock was opening him up to sensations he'd never even dreamed of, despite still being three inches short of her full length. It felt so huge that every last square inch of his anal wall was clinging to the invader, sending thrills of heady delight up his spine.

Berkins began to salivate at the thought of what it would feel like hilted inside him, biting his lip and gasping. Sander meanwhile was groaning as the relief of collapsing her abdominal muscles and the

new, thrilling sensations of Berkin's anus clutching her womanhood like a warm, tight fist collided into one incredible release.

Sanders was also feeling his scent wafting her way, and the smell of him was synonymous with a bitch in heat, the tang of his sweat, the sweet pheromones signalling his readiness to be mated…

Pre-cum surged up from her heavy testicles, and they both shared a moment of low moaning as the heat of her body entered him.

It was so intimate, like they were exchanging parts of their souls.

She was now sharply aware that Berkin's body was in an extremely dangerous position, with her resolve low, and testosterone pounding through her body like a train as she ogled her partner with a sombre gaze.

For a moment neither spoke, the two of them breathing heavily, trying to work out these new sensations in a way that wouldn't tip either of them over the edge.

"O….o-okay," coughed Berkins, eyes flicking back down to the significantly reduced length of Sander's cock, the rest of it having disappeared up inside him. She felt incredible, throbbing insistently inside his anal walls. He drank in her powerful, swollen testicles hanging ominously close to his butt cheeks, and he had the bizarre urge to wonder what they would sound like slapping against his skin.

"O..okay," whispered Sanders, who was ready to smash her cock so deep into Berkins that he would lose the ability to walk for a few days if she allowed herself to express her true feelings. "Let's…. let's think about this…"

They fell silent again, and Sander eyed Berkins like a hawk as he whimpered, because a small line of white liquid had begun to leak from the tip of his milky phallus.

"Ohhh ... woops," he stammered, with a guilty expression on his face.

"No worries, that… that usually happens," she whispered, unable to contain the excitement from her voice.

“D…Does it?”

“…Yeah…..Not the same with your wife?” she grinned, before gurning as both figures juddered from a micro-adjustment of her cock in his ass, an intense orgasmic fog filling their heads.

His cheeks went red, tight lips facing away from her, which showed it was not the same at all.

“Oh… well everyone’s different,” she said hastily, trying to give an encouraging smile which came out as more of a dirty leer.

Her accidental peek into his love life made Berkins’ eyes bounce around the room, and the lion in Sanders roared at her to treat him like he needs to be treated, and that the bitch Sally can come collect her sopping wet whore afterwards.

‘*Jesus.’* She’d had wine nights with Sally.

“Maybe…. Maybe if we…. Change the positions… just a bit,” said Sanders hoarsely.

“A-are you sure,” whispered Berkins.

No," she managed to choke out.

“L….Let’s try anyway… w-we might find something” whispered Berkins.

Sanders could see it in his eyes, this was pleasure quite unlike anything he’d felt before. She was feeling the same, edging along nicely to filling him with enough cream to form a small ocean.

‘*Give it to him’*, her instincts screamed.

“W…What about Sally,” she said quietly.

His lip trembled.

“She… She’ll be fine… she won’t find out… just between us, okay?” he said jerkily.

She looked down at him.

"Do you want… Oh christ… *fuck*," she gasped, as Berkins clutched at her pole with his anus.

“Sorry Chief,” he whispered, biting his lip as he began to steadily contract and expand his asshole around her cock. "Just… *feels nice*."

"*Oh Good God*…. That’s…. yeah it does," Sanders groaned as Berkin’s anal ring clamped so tight that her entire body spasmed.

“Just… just as partners,” he uttered, jiggling his ass.

Furious sexual energy rose in Sander’s chest, a lion inside her that was going to tear Berkin’s throat out with deep passion and strength.

“S-stop,” she grunted.

“No, just a bit more… just…. A bit…” he mewled, whilst fluttering his anus on her cock, almost goading her.

"*Just a… Just a bit?"* Sanders breathed, biting her lip.

“Maybe you could rest… rest inside me…. Just for now,” he whispered.

“Yeah,” she whispered, “Yeah.. I could…”

Her position was quite comfortable, but her cock and brain were lusting to the point of insanity, willing her to bury herself in Berkin’s delicious tush.

“Can’t hurt,” she muttered.

“No.. not at all,” he said, "And…a-and then, we’ll figure out.. how… *Ohhh-hhhhhh*, to g-get out of here…"

Sanders had to remember that they were indeed supposed to be trying to escape.

“Oh, oh yeah, get out, sure… yeah….”

“But push into me first,” he added quickly, perhaps hoping if he slipped it into conversation as opposed to stating it alone that it wouldn’t count as having asked Sanders to bury her penis in him.

“Of course,” she sang quickly, “can’t waste any time!”

They then both stared at each other, and both their faces became laced with pure, deep, starving hunger.

She made sure it was horrendously slow as she slid the rest of the way inside him, making him feel every bit of her thick base, his mouth going slack, eyes rolling up.

"OHHH*HH SANNNNDERRRRSSSS*," he moaned, an incredible release of months of pent-up frustration and desire culminating in this one moment of submission.

“Yeeeessss, FINALLY!” she groaned, thinking she’d never heard a more perfect sound than Berkins moaning her name. He’d better get used to it, she thought cruelly. It’s going to be happening a lot more now.

‘*The gloves are off.’*

She began a steady pump of her hips, and Berkins’ face lit up as she filled him to the brim with cock-meat, balls smacking heavily against his ass-cheeks, rebounding off the jiggling buns with ugly slaps that echoed around the room.

THWAP-thwap-THWAP-thwap

So that’s how they sounded… glorious.

"OHHH, Ohhhh, *ohh, yuh!, yuhhhsss, unn*!"

Sanders revelled in the cries of her young colleague, gurning as he took it all. The anger. The jealousy. The lust that had been simmering beneath her professional veneer from the moment she had laid eyes on him. He was finally hers to play with, and she refused to waste a single second, constricting her glutes to slam herself forcefully into him, shaking the restraints which clacked and jangled under the torturous forces being applied by her shifting weight.

Berkins convulsed as his partner thrusted her full weight into his lower half, his body lighting up inside like someone had found an orgasm switch and pressed it far too hard for someone as unprepared as he was. The power was unreal, his eyes rolling back as she bullied his prostate with her monster, breaking the young figure with little to no softness or formalities at all.

Pure need.

Sanders savoured the wonderful sensations from Berkins' insides that were pushing her into overdrive. His ass seemed to be acting separate from the rest of his body, cheeks wobbling like they were owned by the filthiest twerking slut imaginable, pillows of heady sensations that made them all the finer to enjoy. *'Crafted by Athena herself'*, she thought, wishing desperately that she could caress them with her hands.

Instead she settled for penetrating her cock deep inside, skinny dipping her naked shaft into his warm pool, every muscle in her body vibrating as she stole the real estate in his ass and marked it all in her name.

It wasn't enough.

She glared at him, and he eagerly met it with a need that couldn't be denied.

No words, so she pulled her hips back as far as they would go, muscles imbued with heightened power and vigour, no longer thinking about escape. There was only him.

Sanders didn't simply relax her body and allow it to fall into him, this time she actively tried to whip her hips forward so her dick was propelled like a torpedo into his waiting butthole, heavily inserting herself so fast that Berkins made a noise like a delirious chihuahua. The height of his pitch, the bulging of his eyes, and the realisation that he had opened himself up to a monster all drove Sanders to a lust so deep it was akin to fury.

"*HUUUAAIIIIII-UHhhnn!!!!!!*"

The next five thrusts were vicious. The following twenty were substantial. The next fifty were pure evil as she plundered his anus for every last hint of buried treasure, his flower defiled, sopping wet with lube and pre-cum as Berkin's entire body jerked in the centre of the storm, no longer able to bring any sort of contribution to the party as his trusted partner caved him in with her demon dick.

She occasionally rotated her hips as she hilted which brought out long squeals of orgasmic delight from her innocent partner, although no longer so innocent as she defiled him with her virginity-taker, homewrecker and pleasure giver all rolled into one. She grinned, now unable to care if Berkins would be able to walk after their demented tryst.

'*They always begged.'*

From somewhere she felt herself being lowered, and looked round to see the smug expression of Angelina, undoing the manacles keeping her aloft. Sanders growled as it meant she was temporarily unable to continue her sordid exorcism of Berkin's broken anus, until her feet found solid ground, and then her arms were removed from their prisons.

A tiny voice inside Sander's head told her that now was the time, the time to do what's right.

She didn't even consider it, squashing the voice under her raging thirst for the sexy little slut-boy gagging for her penis, and then she was working with Angelina to untie the hands and feet of the figure, who whimpered in relief as the tight shackles were

released.

He had no time to think though, as Sanders was lifting him up, throwing him over her shoulder as she half-sprinted to the bed.

"OHHGFF!" gasped Berkins as he was thrown backwards onto it, and then a muscled wildcat was on top of him, winding him as she scrabbled to peel his legs apart and assert herself inside him once more.

A mere second of lucidity from Berkins broke through, as he managed to utter a *"Sanders-!"* but then those mind-raping ten inches were sliding deep between his cheeks once more, and his human brain was overrun by hormones and neurotoxins screaming pure ecstasy, as Sanders moaned longingly into his ear.

His partner was gone, unable to even bring human speech to bear, a sheer force of will as she imposed her animalistic dominance on the

figure beneath her, grabbing his ankles and pulling his legs into a submissive splayed position before launching a savage thrust to his core.

“UGHH!!”

Within seconds he was back into a place of dazed submission, and Sanders growled as she began to fuck him heartily once more.

The rapid oscillation of their bodies was a chorus of slapping flesh and wet sucking sounds which echoed off the concrete as lube and cum roiled inside Berkin’s asshole, the friction between his butt-cheeks and her shaft warming them despite the swamp-like habitat they were now operating in.

Sanders saw his eyes losing their focus, giving into the multiple orgasms that were now ripping up his spine, ankles shaking beneath her grip as his legs spasmed, and she made sure to grab his chin and rotate it so he had to watch her as he climaxed, demeaning him, feeding her rampant lust with his surrender.

Angelina cast a pleased eye over the two figures, stroking her own hardness as Sanders buried herself over and over in Berkins, who was now writhing under the brain-leakage that was probably taking place, sexuality being ripped apart as the young man was remoulded into a babbling, cock-taking whore.

She stepped closer and placed a finger on the boy’s cheek, and Sanders almost went for Angelina as she caressed Berkin’s cheek briefly, instead tempering herself with an aggressive growl which was heeded instantly, the woman retracting her hand like it had been burnt.

“OF COURSE! Yes… I understand…”

She backed away carefully.

“But I’ll have to comfort his wife whilst he’s away… I’m sure he’ll understand,” she said in an unsympathetic tone as Sanders clung to the shivering, sweating figure in her arms.

Sanders grunted in response.

Conflict crossed Berkin's face for a second.

"Hgh… *Salllly?"* he moaned.

Sanders roared into his face, slapping his ass so hard that the man squealed like a little girl.

"*SORRY CHIEF… SANDERS…"* he sobbed as she bared her teeth and growled into his face.

He sobbed, and she responded by burying her face in his neck and biting gently, moaning into his sensitive flesh as he squealed, before beginning to leave huge kisses across the exposed softness, which had him cooing.

"Oh, Sally's going to love watching this," murmured Angelina as their animal rutting was now transformed into eager lovemaking.

When their lips met, Berkins' fate was sealed. He melted into it, thrust his tongue into her mouth, eagerly humming into her face and allowing her to rape his mouth with her own tougher muscle as she sucked and frenched every last millimetre of his insides that she could find whilst riddling him with dick-meat.

The two lovers became a heaving, groaning organism, sandwiched together and glued at the hips and face, impossible to know where one started and another began.

Angelina nodded, safe in the knowledge that they would never bring her to justice. Her will was stronger. She sashayed away, whipping out her cell-phone as she did so and dialling in Berkin's home number.

A pleasant voice answered.

"Hello?"

"Hi, is that Sally?"

"Yes, sorry, who is this?"

"It's Angelina.. Berk… Sorry, I mean Damian's, Captain from the police department."

“Oh, right… Wait, is Damian alright??! He didn’t come home last night….”

She glanced back at the figure sucking officer sander’s tongue as his cock exploded between their bellies, only visible because some of it squirted down their sides as he groaned.

“Oh, he’s fine, I’m looking at him right now, Sanders is with him.”

A relieved sigh came down the line.

“Oh thank goodness….I was starting to worry..”

“Yes, nothing to worry about, I think they’re quite busy right now.”

“Ha of course…. she’s very demanding, we were only celebrating them solving their recent case yesterday!”

She smiled as she watched Sander’s body being to shake, and Berkin’s eyes rolled back, the huge bollocks slapping against his ass quivering and contracting like alien creatures as Sanders let out a huge moan, and the two figures began to bounce on the bed as she pumped her cream into him, every time her cock left him it was with a shaft slick with white, before slamming back in, leaving a ring of mayonnaise around his ring. She was filling him to the brim with cum.

“Hmm… I would like to discuss a few things in person with you though, if that’s alright?”

“Oh… Um… okay… What’s it about?”

Angelina’s voice was calm and genial as she responded, whilst Sally’s husband was bred metres from where she stood.

“Oh just a little check-up on Berkins, I just want to make sure everything is alright because, as you said, Sanders can work him very hard. Work-life balance is important.”

Berkins squealed as his ring could no longer contain the pressure of the lake of jizz building up inside him, and his asshole gave way in a

squelchy explosion that submerged their lower halves in pints of baby batter.

Sally's voice on the phone was suddenly nervous.

"Urm.. what was that noise?"

"What noise?"

"I… I thought I heard something…"

"Hmm, probably the connection… Is it alright if I pass by in an hour?"

"Uh… yes, no problem Captain… sorry.. Angelina…."

"Oh you can certainly call me Captain if you like," she said with a sly tone.

She could hear the blush in the young woman's cheeks as she responded.

"Oh… alright, Captain," she giggled.

"See you soon."

With that she hung up, satisfied, her organ already extending between her legs as she imagined the sweet lips of the young woman around her shaft.

She turned back to see the two lovers breathing heavily, exhausted after such a long-awaited release.

"Detective Sanders, your next assignment is a simple one."

Sanders raised her sweaty forehead, extracting herself from the tangle of limbs as she kept her hand pressed down on Berkin's chest, unwilling to allow him even the slightest movement beneath her.

"Investigate Berkin's asshole, as long and hard as you possibly can,"

Sanders let out a guttural grunt, and turned back to Berkins, running her hand along his aching jaw.

“I’m off to have sex with his wife. It will take a few days, so I trust you to keep him compliant.”

Berkins whined beneath Sanders, but Sanders pressed down harder on his chest, compressing him.

"*Huuhhgghhh."*

“Excellent Sanders… You’ll be getting a hell of a bonus for this fine work you’re putting in.”

Sanders wasn’t really concerned about bonuses, or work, or Angelina for that matter, too busy staring into Berkin’s eyes as if daring him to try and escape from beneath her. After a long pause, he brought himself up, and wrapped her lips up in his, pulling her down into the bed with him.

Angelina smirked, her heels clacking as she left the partners to their feverish embrace.

She had a pussy to fill.