# Fucked II

"That's all guys, thanks for watching Dizzy-mites, I'll see you next time!"

Dom clicked on the end recording button and double-checked the live stream was finished.

'All done.'

A sigh escaped his lips and he flopped back in his chair, cherubic expression relaxing into a tired grimace. Two hours of livestreaming is not easy when your mind is elsewhere.

He rubbed the arms of his gaming chair - The place where he had lost his anal virginity.

Long tan legs, a glistening shaft, and the tangy taste of his first cock floated through Dom's head.

Foot tapping on the floor, hands flexing, Dom carefully closed the blinds overlooking a sunlit Miami as his focus flew to the internet browser on the desktop. He clicked on private search and typed in the two words.

Jessica Deluxe.

Overt videos and websites popped up, and his eyes flickered to the open breasted Jessica in a myriad of sultry positions, nearly always with some young twink bent beneath her. His heart beat quicker and he didn't waste time, tapping onto her personal subscription channel that he was now paying $10 a month for.

No new videos.

In the two weeks since they had met, she had only uploaded once, a masturbation video.

Dom had lost count of how many times he had jerked off to her; He couldn't stop. The shame that he had felt the morning after their twisted love session materialised once more, sliding like a needle into his skull as all the other feelings rose to the surface alongside it.

The ache of his body, asshole leaking cum in a puddle on the bed. The afterglow, the morning glory already hankering for release.... The realisation of her having taken the memory card.

Panic.

Punching the pillows had followed. A bit of crying after that.

He had tried to relieve the stress by turning his attention to the morning glory, and with Jessica fresh in his mind there was only one port of call. It had only gotten worse in the intervening week since.

Other, well-adjusted people might have called her, or sent a message. Dom did what young men who lived and died on the internet did and blocked her on all his phones and social media. Far easier also to shut himself in his room for four days, masturbating profusely whilst wallowing in self-loathing and burger boxes as he envisioned his life falling apart.

Some of his housemates came on day three to check he wasn't dead.

On the fifth day, after realising dimly that the earth was still spinning, Dom had managed to pick himself up and start streaming again. On his return he discovered his fanbase had grown considerably in the clamour caused by his disappearance, with theories that he had been abducted, died, and even been imprisoned whilst supposedly filming a video in Russia.

Dom settled for the lame excuse that he had been ill, and like many other embarrassing moments in his life, tried to push it to the back of his mind and continue on as normal.

Dom paused as he scrolled to the top of her upload section....

A new video.

Fear and excitement bubbled in his gut as he tore off his shorts and underwear. He had masturbated so much to her now that it was a near-constant routine, but he just couldn't stop. Every curve and sultry flick of her rump seemed to draw his soul in like the east horizon calls the sun, and he felt himself hardening in anticipation as he grabbed his meagre shaft before the tab had even loaded. The

screen came up and his face, which had been creased with concentration, went blank.

'Oh.'

A thumbnail was showing Jessica holding a small figure halfway off her huge cock, naked and erect; a figure with blond hair, and pale skin, asshole widely distended by the muscly organ halfway inside. The face had been blurred out with some sort of rough editing, but anyone who had seen Dom naked...

'She did it. No, no, no.....'

His fans... His sponsors.... If even one of the millions recognised him....

'Fuck.'

Her number.

He grabbed his phone and scrambled through it, punching in letters like he was trying to crack through the screen.

J -- E... There.

Unblock, call. The dial tone took an age to start ringing.

One. Two.

'Come on.'

Three.

*CLICK*

"Hello?"

His breath caught in his throat as he heard the sultry accent he had been dreaming about each night for the past week.

"H.. Hi, hi Jessica, it's Dom."

A pause.

"Well, hello darling."

A rope was winding its way across his belly and tightening itself firmly around his midriff.

"Yes.... J-"

"You saw the video, yes?" Her voice with laced with satisfaction.

"Y... yes. Can you take it down please?"

"Did you block me?" she said, ignoring his question.

The rope was crushing his lungs.

"Yes," he whispered.

Silence.

"Bad boy."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry Jessica, but please... please take it down."

"For what reason?"

"I'll..... I'll pay you."

The line went dead.

"SHIT!" he screeched, almost tearing his hear out as he called her again.

One ring.

Two ring.

His lips were trembling, tears beginning to form around his eyes.

Three rings.

Four rings.

*CLICK*

"Yes?"

"Please take it down Jessica, you can fuck me, I'll be your bitch, just please take it down!" Dom sobbed through the phone. "I'll ride you

like a slut, suck on your balls, be your slave... please..."

A pregnant pause.

Dom clung to his hair like it was trying to attack his brain.

"Dom.... Do you like me?"

Dom paused at the unexpected question.

"I... well, I mean.... Yes but-"

His stuttering was cut off by her firm tone.

"Well I like you too.... Why don't you move your belongings to my apartment on Monday?"

Dom's brain was frozen.

"W.....O.. Okay. Okay J-"

"You're welcome baby. See you Monday."

With that she hung up.

It took a few moments for the gears in his head to finally process what she had said.

"Fuck," he whispered to no-one.

She wanted him to move in with her.

His lungs clawed air into his chest, pawing at his shirt as he whimpered.

This was all happening too fast. He couldn't just drop everything and move in with someone he'd met last Friday.

His Flatmates would wonder why. His fans would wonder why...

'But I'd get to feel her body against mine again.'

He dropped to his knees, sagging against the bed as he looked out of the window without seeing. The city of Miami glistened, sunny whites and greys giving him no warmth because Dom's brain was too busy churning through his situation.

'What else can I do anyway? She could destroy my life with that video.... '

He picked himself up to his feet and checked the computer, refreshing the page.

Still there.

"Please Jessica, take it down," he bleated.

He stared at it for a moment.

Maybe... He could sweeten her a bit.

'She likes me.... right?'

He flew to the closet and grabbed the holiday suitcases fresh from their skydiving shoot, throwing them open on the floor before taking an armful of clothes and dropping them into the bag.

'Come on.'

His imagination began to contort his paranoia into fevered images; the millions of reactions online, pictures posted of his face mid-orgasm, sat on Jessica's cock. Dom's flatmates laughing at him... His parents looking on in disgust.

He pulled his underwear drawer out and turned it upside down, emptying it into the suitcase.

Done.

Dom quickly snapped a photo and sent it to Jessica, punching in the message, 'Getting ready... please take the video down Jessica, please xx'

Send.

His back was hunched, knees together as he tried not to chew his nails.

'Just.... What Should I do?'

*BANG*

The door slamming open nearly made Dom's brain explode, and he whimpered, falling to his knees as Jaz, one of his flatmates, walked in. Jaz had Indian parents, with light brown skin and dark hair, and the lightest tinge of an accent. The rest was pure Florida, with a slightly built upper body and sunny smile shining in front of him. He had just finished recording and still wore his sleek black cowboy hat; a fan favourite in his videos and livestreams.

"Brother, I got us Pizz...."

His eyes slid down to the naked Dom shaking on the floor with eyes like saucers, a 3-inch cock pointing upwards in greeting.

He glanced at what was clearly a porn video on the computer screen.

He looked down at the suitcase full of clothes and a discarded drawer lying next to it on the floor.

"Dom... What the fuck is this?"

Dom flung his arms in front of his erection, shaking slightly.

"What, I.... I'm fine. Just f-fine."

Jaz furrowed his brow.

"Brother... There's pizza in the kitchen. Put some clothes on and let's talk. You've been doing some weird shit recently."

With that he whipped the door closed, leaving Dom still covering his softening manhood.

*Ding*

Dom looked down at his phone to see a three-word message.

"Done, baby boy x."

Dom took a long breath.

"Okay..."

He thought for a minute before sending back a simple, two-word message.

"Thanks Mama xx."

He put the phone down and breathed out slowly.

'I hope Jaz isn't going to be a jackass about this.'

* * * * *

"That is.... Fucking weird," said Jaz, sniggering.

"Just... let me finish," sighed Dom, picking up another slice. He'd not even told him about the recording part yet.

They both sat at the shared dining table in the flat, next to the open living space. The far end of the living room looked out over the city, which was beginning to come to life in the early evening. Traffic was blaring, and the sun was just beginning to lie down behind the horizon.

Jaz remained quiet as Dom explained the rest of the story, how they had had sex, how much he had enjoyed it, how she had the recording of them....

For a long moment he didn't say anything.

Finally: "So... you're gay now?"

Dom snorted.

"What? NO! No, I don't... Why does it matter? Also, I don't want to have sex with guys."

Jaz stared into the middle distance, and Dom could almost hear the hamster pedalling at the wheel in his head.

"So... you like dicks.... But you're not gay?"

'Fuck.'

"DUDE, I AM NOT GAY."

"Sure.... But you said there's a video of you online, on a website, of a man having sex with you," he tittered.

"She is not a man, she's.... amazing," he said quietly.

"I'm sure he is," snickered Jaz.

'Fuck this.'

"You know what, forget it, just pretend I didn't tell you."

He put his pizza slice on his plate and got up.

Jaz was still smiling.

"Brother, I'm messing with you, you can do whatever weird shit you want to do.... Come on, keep talking."

Dom's face was heating up. It wasn't exactly an apology, but hell, even with Jaz at least it felt a little better to talk with someone.

"Well.... I've got no choice. I think I have to move out."

His head cocked to the side.

"You can't be serious... You've barely met the dude, he can't just blackmail you like that!"

"Stop calling her dude."

"Person."

Dom sniffed.

'Why did it have to be Jaz?'

"You can't just move out."

"Right, but I can't let that video go online. It'll ruin me."

"Well yeah, I mean... it's your fault for having sex in front of a camera..."

Dom lowered his head.

"... but are you just going to do everything she wants?"

Dom wondered what it would be like. He imagined walking into her home, her bed... her arms.

A strange sense of peace spread through from the top of his head down through his body.

'Am I actually looking forward to this?'

His thoughts were broken by a buzz from his pocket. He withdrew his phone.

'It's her.'

He clicked answer. His lips were moistening, and he tried not to look at Jaz who was still smirking across the table.

"Jess?"

She took her time responding.

"Hello baby boy."

Shivers ran down his spine.

'That voice...'

"Hi..... Hi Jess. What's up?"

"Nothing yet... but I have a little proposition for you."

Her voice was buttery and smooth, like a warm pillow to the cheek.

'What more could she want?'

"Would you like to go to dinner tonight?"

Dom gulped.

"Dinner? When...."

"Nine O'clock."

He glanced at the time. Three hours away.

'Maybe... It would be nice to see her again...'

"Okay... Nine O'clock."

Jaz's voice chimed in.

"Aw hey, it's Dom's BOYFRIEND!!"

Dom shot a look of pure hatred at him as he got up from the table.

'Why Jaz?!'

He hoped she hadn't heard.

"Who was that?"

Jessica's voice was cold and flat.

'Damnit.'

"Oh.... no-one, just a friend, he's an idiot."

"The cowboy guy from your videos?"

"Y... Wait... How'd you know that?"

'She must recognise his voice... how many of my videos has she seen...?'

A pause.

"Bring him too."

Dom's eyebrows rose, and there was a tinge of hurt in his voice.

"But... I thought it was a date?"

She laughed, that ugly sound that meant she was genuinely pleased.

"Oh darling, you're so cute... it is.... Now it is a double date."

Jaz was still cawing after him, the echoes bouncing through the hallway.

"You going to go have Daddy's sausage for dinner!?"

'To think I used to like this guy,' Dom thought to himself.

He turned back to the phone.

"Who's the second date?"

Jessica's voice was smug now.

"It's a surprise."

Jaz cackled in the background.

'Well if anyone deserved a change of perspective...'

"Hey Jaz!" he shouted. "How would you like to come on a blind double date tonight with me and Jessica?"

Silence.

Jaz poked his head around the door, smugness dripping from every conceivable orifice.

"Absolutely, but I hope you don't mind if I order myself a hot dog with extra cream."

Dom plastered a mean-eyed smile onto his face.

"By all means.... Brother."

* * * * *

"Where is it?"

"Here, it should be right here."

"Brother, I can't wait to see your boyfriend."

"Seriously? Just shut the fuck up."

Dom and Jaz wandered past up-market shops and designer clothing stores dressed in vastly differing attire. Dom wore a smart white shirt and skinny jeans with a few accessories on his wrist ("Oooo, someone's excited,") whilst Jaz had gone full black-shirted cowboy, which worried Dom because when he was in his livestream gear there was usually a camera nearby.

"It should beeeeee.... Here."

Dom took in the sight of a gorgeous white and blue fine-dining restaurant that looked like it had been hand-crafted in Europe, plucked from its home and dropped in the centre of Miami. The words 'St Pier's' were written in white calligraphy across the top, with cars waiting outside luxurious to the point of insanity.

Outside a queue of designer suits and gorgeous dresses waited in line with a view into spotless tablecloths and gliding waiters, as well as a menu that was eyewatering in every sense.

'Surely this can't be the place...'

Dom looked at Jaz who was smiling in his cowboy hat, a camera in his hand pointed directly at him.

"Excited for date night?"

Dom's eyes nearly popped out.

"Jaz, you are not recording this," he hissed.

His lips turned into a pout.

"Why, worried I'm going to catch you kissing? Mwah mwah mwaaaaaaah!"

His lips were pressed into a comical pout and Dom decided it wasn't even worth his time protesting as he stood there staring at the perfect men and women waiting in line outside, suddenly desperate for a cigarette even though he had never smoked one in his life as Jaz continued his monologue to the camera.

"Looks like we're in for a hell of a night folks!"

"Let me call Jessica, I don't think this is the right place."

"It is," said a voice above his ear, and Dom turned into the barely controlled explosion of Jessica's chest, crowbarred into a white dress which he reckoned must have been cheap because there were enough gaps in the material to have made a second outfit.

He didn't know where to look, until a finger brought his chin upwards and into her tigerish gaze. He'd forgotten how beautiful she was in real life, and that feeling of being glued in place under her stare came rushing back.

"You... you look stunning Jessica..."

Her blood red lips were twisted in a wry smile that suggested she knew exactly how stunning she was.

"Hello lover boy."

Her accent added honey to every syllable.

'Wow.'

Dom found himself fiddling with his pockets like he was back in school talking to his childhood crush.

"So uh... You come here often?"

She didn't even bother acknowledging the pathetic question, content to turn towards Jaz with a dismissive air.

"I have brought you a date Cowboy."

Jaz bristled.

"Thanks, dude.... But my name is J-"

Jessica cut across him.

"Cowboy, meet your date."

Jaz's response died in his throat as he was interrupted by a large hand on his shoulder.

He turned around, head tilting further and further back, whimpering as he finally laid eyes on the face of the lady standing behind him.

Dom slowly turned back to Jessica.

"Seriously?" he whispered.

She remained impassive, but Dom detected a hint of satisfaction in her tone as she introduced the woman towering over Jaz.

"Dom, cowboy... Meet Zalta."

He turned back and observed the near seven-foot blond in heels drawing admiring glances from everybody within a half-mile radius.

"Good evening boys."

The voice that came out was a low alto, not one that rumbled but one that still carried weight. Her jaw was more defined than Jessica, the

cheeks sharper, and where Jessica had a complexion of caramel, Zalta's was cream. Bright pink lipstick drew the eye, as did the tattoo sleeves winding their way down from pronounced shoulders, with swirls of darkness etched across the rest of her body, popping out amongst the whiteness of her skin, stopping at the edge of the jaw. The rest was covered by a black figure-hugging dress. Her hair was short, played to one side, the other shaved.

She looked like a combination of fitness model, rock chick and super soldier.

"Nice shirt, does it come in men's sizes?" she asked Jaz, gesturing at the tight black shirt hugging his now utterly outgunned muscles. Her accent was homegrown American, spoken in a way that drew you in like a talk show host whilst maintaining a smoothness that perhaps came with that extra depth in tone. The pink, kiss-me lips were twisted into a sly grin.

It was hard for Dom not to feel smug as he watched Jaz open and closed his mouth like a goldfish. He clearly didn't know which part of Zalta to look at first, and it seemed like he was going to burst a blood vessel trying to make the decision.

'I think there's going to be a lot less boyfriend jokes this evening.'

She kept her hand firmly on his shoulder.

"You can stare at my tits inside, cutie... Don't spoil the fun though, if you play your cards right maybe you'll get the close-up view later."

Zalta enclosed the hand of Jaz and pulled him along in a trance-like state, camera sagging to his side as she led him past the line of people staring in awe at this specimen of a woman with VIP entry, no less.

Dom turned back to Jessica, arms loose by his sides.

"And where exactly did you find her?"

She shrugged.

"Gym."

Dom wondered what the inside of her gym looked like, and what kind of weights girls like her and Zalta were shifting.

The edges of her lips creased upwards.

"Shall we?"

She proffered her arm and he didn't hesitate in taking it, letting her lead him towards the restaurant, clasped tight together as they strolled past the line of people who were becoming more and more disgruntled at seeing gorgeous women with their boytoys getting in ahead of them. This was not the kind of clientele that walked into St Pier's.

'God she feels so strong...'

Everything felt strangely comfortable, like her body had a magnetic charge which was pulling him in, crushed so hard to her side that he was almost welded onto her body.

At the entrance, a thinly moustached waiter was waiting for them.

"Mademoiselle Gentile," he offered in a French accent, "A pleasure to see you again."

She nodded.

"Comment allez-vous Max."

'She speaks French?'

"Je suis très bien mademoiselle, très bien.... Follow me."

'Are we still in Miami right now?' thought Dom as they wound their way through a sea of delightful dishes and well-mannered diners, all the way to a quiet table at the back, laid out for four.

Zalta had seated herself next to Jaz, and was in the process of sliding his chair to touch with hers, him still seated in it. He was unable to stop staring at her, his camera forgotten and facing the ceiling. Dom seized the opportunity to snatch it out of his hand and focus it squarely on Jaz's new look of terror.

"Here we have the happy new couple enjoying their time in St Piers!"

His joyful on-camera persona was easy to slip into.

'Not so sarcastic now, huh Jaz?'

"Give me a smile guys!"

"Dom, Y... You fucking asshat..." he hissed, preparing to stand up.

"Ooooh, a picture!" cooed Zalta, clapping her arm around Jaz's shoulder and slamming him abruptly back into his seat, taking the wind out of his sails (and lungs).

She put on a photoshoot smile, crouching to get under Jaz's cowboy hat, and waited for the picture.

"One sec lovebirds," he sang, switching it from video to photo as Jaz became aware that Zalta's cheek was brushing his own.

'Wouldn't want to waste the moment.'

"Okay, say cheese!"

The look of confused excitement on Jaz's face was priceless as the flash lit up their expressions, and Dom had to stifle laughter as he showed them the results.

'Actually quite a picturesque couple... if he didn't have that stupid hat on', he had to admit.

Jaz looked like he had seen, and then had inappropriate thoughts about, a ghost, and seemed to only be capable of showing one reaction befitting a Greek Goddess at a time, flitting between fear, awe and wonder every few seconds. It was as if he had never been in the presence of a human being with as much energy and presence as the woman sat next to him, and if someone had opened up the contents of his head and served it at the table they probably would have discovered a brain-flavoured omelette.

Jessica cut through Dom's thoughts with a slight nudge to his ribs.

"I want a picture."

"Ooof... I'm sorry my lady," he said, pretending to clutch his wounded side, a sheepish grin on his face.

A huge hand flew out of nowhere and removed the camera from his grasp.

"I'll take it," Zalta chimed in.

Dom bit his lip as he put his arm on Jessica's shoulder, and when she gave him a look his hand slipped to her waist. She smiled at this change of location.

He couldn't help running his fingers lightly up and down her back, much of which was exposed to his fingers between the silky slivers of her dress.

'Her back muscles are so taut. Is she flexing or are they just naturally this strong?'

He found himself wondering if she would ever want a massage and whether he would be able to put a dent in those steel ropes when Jessica shook him slightly.

"Sit down baby."

He realised that Zalta had already taken the picture and he was now just holding Jessica's back and smiling into space.

'She feels amazing.'

"What if I don't want to?"

The smile that followed was as delicate as a butterfly's wing.

"I won't put my dick in your mouth tonight."

Everyone's eyebrows rose, and Jaz's mouth nearly fell to the floor.

"Holy shit," he gasped, and began guffawing uncontrollably, that is until Zalta put a hand behind him and squeezed his ass, making him choke on his laughter.

Dom's cheeks burned red, and he quickly removed his hand, not knowing where to put it as Jessica pulled his chair back, ushering him in. He sheepishly sat down, and was rewarded with the slightest brush of his cheek from her finger.

"Good boy."

Dom's face was a red lighthouse, warding the stares away as he prayed that the other tables nearby hadn't heard this exchange, although he couldn't help noticing a few odd looks.

Jaz wore the expression of a child who had just been told Christmas had come early this year.

The waiter did not react other than to give them a tight-lipped smile, remaining silent until they were all at the table. Clearly he was either used to all sorts of odd behaviour, or he was simply a knife-edged professional.

"Drinks for Monsieur, Madame?"

Zalta spoke.

"I'll have the Château Batailley red please, and what would you like cutie?" she asked Jaz, who was suddenly grasping for the answer that had been in his head a second before she had called him that.

"Ah.. Err.... A uh...a Budweiser?"

The waiter tightened his expression a few notches.

"Monsieur, we do not have any Budweiser, as you say, here."

Zalta was all smiles as she cut in.

"Oh don't mind him, he's new... He'll have the craft beer, your choice Max."

Jaz raised his eyebrow at Zalta, his indignation finally unlocking the ability to speak directly to her.

"They don't do buds?"

"Not unless you want to clean the toilets."

"Oh."

Dom snorted and was about to open his mouth to order when Jessica cut in.

"Bring two glasses for the wine, and beer samples for him," she said, gesturing to Dom.

"Hey, I think I can order my own drink darling," he said teasingly.

She stared at him.

"I treat my sluts well," she said.

Dom stared into Jessica's expressionless gaze, shocked at the way she was referring to him in public, but even more surprised that she didn't seem perturbed in the slightest.

'Is she just making a joke? Or is she serious?'

Dom felt his eyes water and had to look away from her gaze which was once again winding its tendrils around his brain and squeezing.

Jaz was almost bent double struggling to contain his mirth.

Zalta responded. "Are you sure about that Jess? I've seen the way you treat them in bed." When she looked knowingly at Dom his stomach shrivelled, and his eyes dropped, fidgeting with his fork, unable to look up from the pristine tablecloth at the amused faces watching him.

'She saw the video? Oh GOD.. how many people has she shown...!?'

Jaz couldn't hold it any longer and exploded.

"HAHAHA! Oh wow, brother that's so ga-"

The insult died in his throat as he realised he was in front of an audience that would not find slurs of that kind amusing, and let out a polite cough.

"G...reat, that's, that's real funny.."

Zalta's eyes were peeled at him, and he withered a little in her headlights before her humorous expression reappeared.

Max's smile was becoming so thin that his lips could no longer be seen by the naked eye.

"And for the main course?"

"We'll have the shared platter for six, thank you Max" said Jessica.

"You're welcome Miss Gentile."

As he glided away Jaz looked up at Zalta in confusion.

"There's more people coming?"

Zalta raised an eyebrow.

"Hell no... Big girls gotta eat. Maybe you could learn from us, pip-squeak" she jibed, punching his arm lightly, which almost sent Jaz flying from his chair.

"Jesus," he grunted, clutching his arm, "Careful where you put those hammers." He rubbed the place where she had connected, although his cheeks seemed to have taken on a glow.

Dom leaned into Jessica as Jaz and Zalta continued trading quips.

She smelt like fresh Lavender, and some other, heavier aroma that covered him like a sweet-smelling blanket.

"Your last name is Gentile?"

She gazed at him.

"Yes."

"I like it... it's a nice name."

"Sure."

She didn't respond further, but Dom could tell she was pleased by the way she began to fidget with her nails. It was actually kind of cute.

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Sizzling meat on hot plates steamed the air in front of their faces, and splashes of colour, the pinks of the salmon and mellowing greens of asparagus and mixed salads, enticed everyone at the table into the forest of flavours.

Dom's mouth was watering but he knew better than to grab anything, as Zalta had immediately taken Jaz's plate from him and was piling up portions of each eyewatering dish for him to try.

"So you are both black belts?"

Zalta smirked.

"Hardly.... Jessica here is a green belt in Tae kwon do, and she's lucky to be that."

Jessica remained impassive.

"The only reason you have three black belts is because you enjoy hitting people too hard."

Zalta bristled as she placed a piece of salmon carefully onto Jaz's plate. Jaz was caught between sulking that he couldn't pick his own food and curious excitement around the sharp, gorgeous woman who had taken control of the situation.

"I'm lovely."

"No, the last time you left my arm with a bruise the length of my arm."

"No need to exaggerate, and it's called sparring Mademoiselle."

"Erm, ladies?"

Jaz found all sets of eyes trained on him.

"I gotta ask... Why do you even do this stuff? I mean, you know... you don't look like you need it, exactly."

For a second Dom thought he had mis-stepped, but Zalta formed a silly pout on her lips.

"I need it for self-defence!" she cooed.

Dom reckoned Zalta would be quite comfortable wrestling bears in her spare time if she chose to do so, but he didn't voice his opinion.

"Sure you do," chuckled Jaz, placing his hand on her leg, before realising what he was doing and hastily snatching his hand away.

'He's so into her,' thought Dom as Zalta pretended she hadn't noticed and placed the plate laden with food in front of him and began to set his napkin on his lap. Jaz looked uncomfortable, but not in a way that suggested he wanted her to stop.

Dom knew how it felt, looking over at Jessica. Something made him brush her hand with his.

She flashed her first bright smile of the evening, and Dom knew he wanted to keep it there for the whole night. Seeing that Zalta had finished serving Jaz she picked up Dom's plate and began placing food in a perfect circle, each piece separate from the rest in a delicate balancing act.

Her OCD-ness was kind of quirky to Dom, and it made him smile as she picked up a shrimp and curved it around the edge of a mushroom slice, avoiding any contact between the two foods in case they connected and caused some sort of nuclear explosion.

'She still blackmailed me...'

He leaned over, placing his hand on her knee and whispered.

"Hey, it's kind of hot but... could you not call me a slut in front of angry waiters?"

She didn't seem fazed, and responded in an almost bored tone.

"No. You like it."

Her hand slipped to his thigh and grasped it firmly, which wiped the frown forming on Dom's lips.

"How do you know I like it?"

Her hand slipped a little higher and grasped his erection firmly.

'Okay, I like it.'

"Don't worry, I'm not going to do it when you introduce me to your parents."

Dom's legs went slightly weak.

"To... my parents?"

"Is there a problem?"

Her hand had was now firmly enclosed on Dom's manhood, rubbing the tip through his jeans.

"No, I... I don't think there's any problem," he replied.

"Good."

"Thanks Mummy."

"Louder."

He looked over at her and a hint of smugness was played across the statuesque expression.

'God, I really like it.'

"Thanks Mummy," he said in a raised tone.

A few lavishly dressed people nearby turned with looks of confusion at the odd scene taking place, and Zalta watched on with a wry grin on her face. The boys could only try to process how openly Jessica was degrading Dom, whilst also being aware of things progressing between Zalta and Jaz in a similar direction.

They began to eat and the conversation flowed, mainly involving Jaz being teased by Zalta and discussing the delicious food arrayed in front of them. Eventually they reached a point where every morsel had been tasted. Most had been exceptional, others merely delightful.

Jaz still looked awkward, like someone had left a puddle on his chair which was slowly soaking through his trousers and underwear. This was not how he had expected the evening to go, camera sitting forgotten at the edge of the table.

He put on his most polite voice as he addressed them.

"Erm, ladies, please excuse me but would it be alright if Jessica's slut and I use the bathroom?"

Jessica snorted and Zalta let out a giggle. Dom nearly spat his beer out.

"Fuck off Jaz."

He desperately wanted to slap Jaz across the mouth, and reckoned that perhaps the bathroom was as good a place as any, throwing a sharp glare his way as they stood up. The pair politely shimmied past their respective dates and wound their way through the tables, arriving at a quiet restroom area covered in bright white tiles, mint and citrus drifting through the air. Dom was quite sure he could have licked the floor, it was so polished.

Dom moved fast as soon as the door closed, shoving Jaz hard into a cubicle door.

"OWW!!! What!?"

"Knock it off."

"What?"

"Calling me names, you fucking hypocrite."

"Hey, I'm not the one sucking dicks bro."

Dom wound up for a slap, but Jaz pushed him away.

"CHILL brother."

Jaz asking him to 'chill brother' was like having a red-hot poker pushed into his ear, fuelling the growing furnace that had been building all evening.

"You seem pretty keen on Zalta for someone spewing this kind of crap."

"Okay, let's do a survey, hands up who HASN'T had a dick in their mouth."

He raised a hand in the air with an 'I told you so' expression.

"Oh right, sure, even though you've been fluttering eyes with a woman the whole evening who, if she is in proportion, probably has a dick about the size of your leg."

"I'm NOT fluttering eyes with her, it's just for content bro."

"You haven't used your camera all evening."

"I'm waiting for the good bits."

"Like when she fucks your ass?"

"Whatever fag."

Dom bared his teeth.

"Say that again and I will slap you in the face."

"Why, I thought you said Jessica was amazing, why do you care about what I say?"

This made Dom pause, the clarity of thought becoming hazy.

"Like I said before, I don't care what weird shit you get up to," Jaz continued.

Dom snorted.

"Wow, how magnanimous of you"

Jaz let out a long breath.

"Look, just chill, I was actually going to ask if we could talk, before you went all crazy on me."

"Talk about what?"

"Well, you're not gonna like it."

"I don't think I've liked anything that has come out of your mouth the whole evening, so it's not like that's going to make a difference."

Jaz took a deep breath.

"Well.... You realise that you're literally letting her call you a slut right?"

Dom's eyes burned at the openness of this statement, and it was true.

"...So?"

"Bro, no offense, but me and the boys, we... we can't be associated with that."

"...Wait... What?"

"Brother, if they saw you guys together, they'd all say the same thing, this is not gonna fly with the fans bro."

He nodded in understand as he realised where Jaz was going.

"Wow."

"We'd lose too many sponsors, too many fans.... She's a PORNSTAR MAN."

"You are such a prick."

'At least he is calling her 'she' now....'

"Like, imagine if she called you a slut in a livestream, or in public or something. How many celebrity endorsements would we lose, opportunities man?"

"So you want to kick me out of the group."

"I don't want to, but think about it brother. It's just business."

"No Jaz, it's not just business, FUCK you! I'm going through some things right now, and you're the one person I've told, and you decide

the best course of action is to wrap up my entire career and kick me out. Fantastic. What a fu-."

At that moment the restroom door opened... and in strode Zalta.

Both the boys looked over and balked as the towering figure closed in, that disarming smile not working its charm quite so much in the supposed safety of the men's room.

"Sorry boys, I hope I'm not interrupting."

Jaz's expression snapped to a mixture of terror and lust squashed into one face, registering a small squeak as Dom simply turned back to the urinal and concentrated on peeing as fast as possible.

"This is the men's room," Jaz said, his voice jumping somewhat.

She chuckled.

"Yes I saw the sign on the door cutie, but then there was a queue for the ladies', and urinals are so damn useful."

"Right...."

Dom couldn't remember seeing any queue outside the ladies' room.

"Mind if I join you?"

Jaz seemed to have caught some skin in his zipper, face chewing through his words as he spoke.

"S-...sure."

They both seemed knocked back by this giantess asking their permission to take a piss, the tension in the room tightening.

"Thanks cutie."

With that, she strode forward and planted herself shoulder to shoulder with Jaz, completely ignoring the open urinal to the left. Jaz looked like he was about to be eaten alive as she leant over him and placed her hand underneath the hem of her dress to reveal a humungous cock tucked between her legs. It unfurled like a

hosepipe; head hidden by the flaccid foreskin as it hung ominously between her thighs.

"Jesus," whispered Jaz.

It looked about nine inches soft, a smooth, aesthetic beast with massive balls hanging behind it.

Everyone in the room was silent as Zalta put one hand on Jaz's back, who had involuntarily released a stream of piss into the bowl as his eyes took in Zalta's sleeping monster.

"You okay cutie?"

She rubbed his back and began to gently stroke her shaft, turning almost side-on to him as he whimpered, the last drops of urine flying from his cock. The monster now hung across his own penis in a hilariously lopsided 'X'.

As the shaft begin to swell, and the pink, spongy head began to reveal itself from under the hood, Jaz's eyes got bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

He began to whine uncontrollably as she continued to purposefully pump away at her womanhood, gripping it like the shaft of a spear as it began to throb upward, with zero intention of using the urinal.

Dom's mouth was getting wet.

'Holy crap.'

It seemed to be growing to a total of twelve inches, about twice the width and four times the length of Jaz's, who had finished emptying his bladder and was now frozen in place.

Zalta loomed over Jaz like a skyscraper, casting his terrified face in shadow.

"Here cutie, let me."

With that, she took her hand from his back, delicately placing a finger and thumb around his penis, and shook the few final drops into the bowl.

Jaz looked like someone had just replaced his blood with ice water, shivering as this unearthly being touched him. His knees were shaking, eyes briefly flicking to Dom, aware that he was watching.

Dom kept his face neutral. As smug as he wanted to be, he severely hoped that Zalta did to Jaz what Jessica had done to him.

'Let her do it, prick. You can't kick me out the group if you're a cock-whore as well.'

Jaz's breathing had got so heavy that it looked like his ribcage might break under the pressure of his lungs trying to escape, as Zalta continued shaking his cock, overshadowed by her own beast.

Dom snapped out of his reverie and shook himself dry.

He made to move and couldn't help slowing his walk to the sink as he watched in the mirror.

Zalta wasn't letting go of Jaz's cock.

In fact, she had added another finger, and was now shaking forwards and backwards in more of a stimulating motion, in time with the fist plunging up and down the weapon protruding from her hips.

A tear dropped down Jaz's cheek, but he didn't move a muscle as he began to moan gently, Zalta's ass shivering as she openly wanked them together. Then his left arm crept up and placed itself delicately onto her derrière.

Zalta's movements became far more animated in this return of affection, and she turned into him, forcing them face to face so that she could wank them both roughly with one hand whilst shoving Jaz into her tits.

Jaz moaned into them, the smell, the taste of the woman who had his head firmly crushed against her bosom. She didn't let up, using her power to pull him towards a cubicle, and Dom stared open mouthed as he let himself be pushed in, not even closing the door as she abandoned their cocks and just mashed their bodies together.

Dom was hard as a rock as he watched her bend over to fuse her face to Jaz, suffocating him between her lips as she half-ate his face. It was less of a kiss and more of a brutal tonguing of Jaz's mouth, letting her use it as a place to excavate and explore him at will.

When they separated Jaz was panting like a marathon runner on his last legs, eyes akimbo as Zalta grabbed his head and lowered him swiftly to his knees.

"Z... Zalta?" he squeaked.

"Yes cutie?"

Her dick was now waving in front of his face.

"I.... it's."

Left. Right. Left.

"It's just...."

Right. Left.

"...."

His face lost all expression, and he kissed it. The tiniest peck of his lips on the front of Zalta's fearsome helmet, but it was enough to make both Zalta and Dom moan as Jaz sat back, and seemed to come to his senses.

"I... I shouldn't," he whispered.

Zalta looked down, confident.

"You should."

Fear poured from every orifice, fear of Zalta, fear of himself, fear of everyone in his life knowing what he was going to do, and yet in that moment, Jaz's resolve held strong.

He put his tongue out and gave a good, long lick of Zalta's proffered lollipop.

The rumble that came out of Zalta was so loud that Dom's gaze flickered to the door briefly.

'She almost shook the walls...'

Zalta grabbed Jaz's head and shoved the middle of her shaft into his face, and he sucked on it, pursing his lips around the veiny sides and administering clumsy kisses as she mashed her cock against him.

It was one of the sexiest things Dom had ever seen, and he murmured as Zalta spat her words at Jaz, hand tightening in his hair.

"Smell it."

He watched Jaz took a good, long whiff of Zalta's cock, and let out a high-pitched squeal as her smell invaded his nostrils.

It was a sound of genuine need.

Zalta pushed the bottom of her leg into Jaz's crotch as he continued salivating over her balls.

"Hump it."

He began to hump like a dog.

Dom's cock was throbbing and he pushed it against the counter, yet to put any water on his hands as he watched Jaz gyrating against Zalta's leg, whimpering as she pressed against him, enveloped by her.

Zalta had one hand in his hair, one hand on the cubicle bracing herself so she could push as much of herself into Jaz as she possibly could. She made no attempt to close the door, and Jaz seemed so overrun by her that nothing else was able to enter his head.

Eventually Zalta pulled back. Jaz was gasping now, on his knees, waiting for Zalta to use him as she deemed fit.

He watched as she unceremoniously grabbed hold of the base of her dick with one hand and aimed it squarely at his face.

"Suck it."

Jaz didn't even hesitate and plunged his mouth over the monster's head.

"Oh my God," groaned Zalta.

Dom let out a quiet whistle as Jaz somehow managed to distend his jaw enough to get that thing inside of it. There was a slick, moist sound of Jaz's mouth inflating and deflating around Zalta's horsecock, and then it was moving, and moving, a steady invasion of Jaz's stretched out lips.

He mewled around her beast, eyes flicking up to the famished gaze of his conqueror as she steadily fed him her meat.

'God... surely he's going to choke to death if she tries to put it in his throat..?.'

His hypothesis seemed to be coming true as tears were forming at the corners of reddening eyes, Jaz trying to pull off the fleshy log sliding to the back of his mouth, teasing his tonsils.

Zara then surprised Dom by gently releasing him from her weapon, sliding it back out.

Jaz fell back, spluttering, against the cubicle wall.

Zalta's eyebrows were creased in concern.

"You okay cutie?"

He coughed a few times and wiped his face where tears had fallen.

"Y-yeah, yeah."

She touched a hand to his cheek.

"You feel amazing."

He giggled.

Dom couldn't believe it.

'Jaz just giggled after sucking Zalta's cock.'

"Yeah..." he said between coughs, "uh, I- I mean, obviously I'm not going to say you are amazing or anything..."

This time it was Zalta's turn to giggle.

"Sure cutie, sure... so I should just... put this away then?"

She took her cock in her hands and made to squeeze it back under her dress and into her distended panties.

Jaz's eyes bugged out.

"NO! I mean... no, no it's cool, you know, just....."

She was beaming now.

"Did you just beg for my cock?"

Jaz's tongue seemed tied up.

"It's... I don't....."

She shushed him with a finger to his lips.

"Relax cutie... you're so damn sexy, and I promise I'm not going to call you a slut or anything like that, because you're not."

Jaz seemed to inflate as she said this, a bit of pride coming back into his chest.

"Seriously, you're funny. I mean, you're nothing like this bitch," she said pointing directly at Dom, which felt like a sudden punch to the gut. A spotlight had suddenly been switched on directly at him, and when Zalta's eyes connected to his through the mirror, the shame that wrapped itself around his stomach was so tight it was painful.

Jaz looked over and snickered.

Dom had a moment of bewilderment as he watched Jaz making fun of him whilst on his knees, in front of a gigantic penis.

"Oh, ah, sorry....I'll go... Sorry."

He shoved his hands into the sink and began washing his hands as fast as possible.

"Did you think we hadn't noticed?" said Zalta, and her tone this time was sharp.

"I... didn't mean to..."

"Yes, you did. You wanted to see this, so you're staying, and you're going to watch, Slut."

She was grinning now, and Dom didn't know how to react, unable to think of a logical response.

"Besides, I'll be showing my new boyfriend your sex tape tonight."

Dom could only stare back in shame at the mirror, because somehow turning away would be even more humiliating.

"Boyfriend?" whispered Jaz.

She looked down at him and smiled.

"See, I told you," she said dotingly, and Jaz stared up with songbirds floating around his head.

"Now no offense, but weren't you busy?"

Jaz bit his lip with a sultry expression and nodded, turning his attention back to her rock-hard erection and opening his maw as far is it could go to try and gobble up her womanhood. Once again Dom was amazed by how eagerly he forced himself onto her, and soon the head was sliding to the back of his throat again.

'Will he go further?'

Sadly he didn't try, perhaps bowing to the fact that his first deep throat experience could potentially be quite dangerous and perhaps required some practice first, instead settling for a depth of five inches or so. His head began to bob, up and down, up and down, a wet rhythm that was punctuated by gurgles and soft gags.

The slick sounds of cocksucking began to echo around the bathroom as if seven boys were on their knees taking huge cocks in their mouths instead of just one.

Jaz added both hands, taking a moment to adjust to how thick Zalta was, not used to holding a dick this large in his hands. His fingers were not even close to touching each other as he tried to stimulate the taut ridges and cables of her steel bar, and Zalta threw back her head and let out a guttural moan as he started sucking heavily, tongue sliding up and around the top half of her whilst he jerked the bottom.

Dom watched, wide-eyed as Jaz debased himself at Zalta's feet. He had become fully invested in bringing her to orgasm, his cock still sticking out from his pants and dropping slivers of pre-cum onto the floor between them as he gagged and choked on her lovestick.

It was insane how into it Jaz was, and Zalta was careful not to overstep or scare him, giving him occasional strokes on the chin, or giggling in a girly way that made Jaz's cock jump, little spurts of happiness falling to the floor.

"Oh Cutie you got me, right there, yeah right there, Ooooooooh so GOOD," she panted.

Jaz's face was becoming a mess, and Dom realised that Zalta had precummed, because a little bit was dribbling from the corners of his mouth, but Jaz must have sucked the rest of it up like a high-pressure vacuum, a cum receptacle waiting for it's main course.

On schedule Zalta began to heave lungfuls of air in and out.

"Oh damn... Cutie... Yeah, Yeah, YEAH, YEEAAAAAAAHHHHhuUUHHHHnnnn!!!"

Her muscles spasmed and her long drawn out cry of release was punctuated by a choked scream by Jaz, who was suddenly stuck on the end of a high-pressure yoghurt cannon. Cum exploded from the corners of his mouth as he desperately gulped for his life, holding her legs to stop her from accidentally shoving her cock into his stomach whilst she clutched his head.

The flow seemed endless, and Dom's eyes slid down to Zalta's balls which were pulsing, emptying their seed into Jaz's belly, remorseless and shivering gleefully. Jaz spluttered on pints of Zalta's jizz, and she removed the cock from what must have been by now an aching jaw.

Dom couldn't believe it, but cum was still flying out in thick ropes, all over Jaz's face.

'She's an animal...'

He couldn't imagine how full of Jizz his housemate was right now, but his shirt looked somewhat tighter at the waist. His face was no better, caked in viscous frosting which was drying and crusting on his lips, rivers of ejaculate flowing from his open mouth as he had stopped trying to gulp down her semen with nowhere to fit it inside.

Zalta giggled and took a swathe of her cum from his face, and popped it into her mouth.

"Sorry Cutie but... damn you give some good head."

Dom made out the hints of a smile underneath the wet mask as he quickly washed his hands and slipped out of the bathroom.

* * * * *

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Huh?"

Dom didn't know how to respond.

"The food," Jessica clarified, with a knowing smile.

He visibly relaxed, shoulders sagging.

"OH, yeah... yeah amazing," he breathed.

She hadn't asked any questions about what had happened in the bathroom, but Jaz and Zalta's new demeanours told most of the story, entangled in each other as Jaz remained quiet, whilst Zalta was almost bursting at the seams with enthusiasm for just about everything, food included.

When Max glided back to their table the food had disappeared (mostly into Zalta's mouth), leaving a pile of empty dishes and plates with specks of meat and leaves littered across them.

"Deserts?"

Jaz burped, and his faced turned white as the overwhelming smell of cum wafted across the table.

"No thanks," said Zalta, with a satisfied sigh. "We're all full up I think."

Max the waiter's nostrils moved so slightly that it could almost have been an illusion, his smile wavering for a second before it was hoisted abruptly back into place.

"Very well."

Jessica nodded approvingly.

"Merci Max."

She placed her credit card on the table and Max bowed and went to fetch the bill as Zalta leaned over and placed a soft kiss on Jaz's cheek.

"Maybe ask for two mints when he brings the check," she murmured, and Jaz looked up at her with an unamused expression.

"Oh Ha-ha," he replied sardonically.

She brought him in close and stuck her tongue in his ear, making him moan before replying.

"No, seriously, your breath smells like my dick."

Jaz's paleness returned in full force.

When Max returned, there were ten mints on the table. Jaz took four.

Dom's eyebrows rose as he saw the price on the check, and they went even higher when Jessica simply tapped her card and added a one-hundred-dollar bill on top.

"Merci Miss Gentile," said Max, whisking the bill away and floating off to judge another, more deserving set of patrons.

'Clearly work pays well,' thought Dom as Jessica took him by the hand and rose from the table.

He squeezed and she reciprocated by pulling him out of his chair and across the floor in a slow dance towards the door, with Zalta close behind, arm in arm with Jaz and refusing to let him go.

When they reached outside the fresh air was just cool enough to feel light on the skin, as they took a moment to enjoy the feeling of being in each other's arms.

Dom placed his head on Jessica's shoulder as they walked under the streetlights, with Zalta and Jaz giggling in the background, placing his cowboy hat on her head as Zalta attempted her best impression of him into the camera that she was now holding in front of them.

"Did you enjoy it?"

Dom looked up at Jessica's cool stare.

"What, the food?"

She smirked.

"Our first date."

He thought about the way she served him his meal, how she talked to him. His mind couldn't help lingering on Zalta emptying her balls into Jaz's mouth though.

"I loved it but.... Maybe next time we can go, just the two of us?"

She let out a guffaw, that unsexy but wonderful laugh that meant she genuinely found something funny. His chest swelled up as she did so.

"Hmm, Oh baby, I guess we can.... But first, wouldn't you like to see your new home?"

His heartrate escalated.

'Oh crap.'

He'd forgotten completely about that.

Dom smiled as a sly thought crossed his mind.

"Well what's the bedroom like?"

He felt her hand clasp him tighter.

"Soundproofed."

Dom looked up at her in amazement.

"Want to make a video?" she grinned evilly.