

## How Far is Too Far? chapter 18

By DontJudgeMe

*This is still a story about cucking and cheating.*

*As always, thank you to my wonderful wife for the encouragement and the editing.*

*I love you. :)*

Jia

It was half past seven Sunday evening, and I stood outside Tom's door, key hovering just above the keyhole. I was about to go in and get my pussy absolutely destroyed. I was about to experience sexual bliss that I couldn't even have imagined before I met Tom. I was about to board the express train to orgasm-town, and by golly, I was ready to get my ticket punched.

And still I hesitated. On the other side of the door were the thrills I had come to crave and need. My lust for my burly lover overshadowed everything else, and I found that increasingly disturbing - that the need was so overpowering that I couldn't stop thinking about it.

That wasn't who I was. I was an intellectual; I was calm and refined, I was in control and above all, I was not a slave to my base desires. I liked art, books and the finer things, not the animalistic hedonism I would find behind that door.

Despite all that, however, here I was, outside the satyr's den.

The satyr that had abused me, had lent me out to his friend, had permanently marked me. The thing at the office Wednesday could be chalked down to a weak moment - and Tom was a master at preying on weak moments - but now?

I'd come here tonight out of my own volition. I'd dressed up for him, left my husband behind for him and driven across town for him. If I went in there, I couldn't claim any kind of moral high ground; it would be an admission that I'd accepted everything that had happened to me on that fateful night when he and his trusted sidekick took turns violating me.

And still here I was - and not at home with my smart, handsome and caring husband. My husband... it'd been around a week since I'd last slept with him, and I couldn't say I missed it. Having him go down on me was far more gratifying than having his little thing inside me, and teasing him to an orgasm afterwards was fun in a whole new way. A dark, powerful way that was a smidgen scary but also extremely satisfying.

I loved the ensnaring control I had over him now, and how I could wrap him around my little finger and make him orgasm so hard with just my hand.

Ugh, David. I rolled my eyes as I thought about him. He'd been so unpredictable today, had gone from excited about me visiting Tom to being all moody and brooding in a matter of minutes. When we first got out of bed, he'd begged me to

tell him what I was going to wear, then at breakfast he'd been curt and wondered if my parents had any inkling of what I was up to. What the heck, David? Why would you bring my parents into... into this? Was he trying to guilt-trip me? How positively juvenile!

So, no, today hadn't been the fun it should have been, hadn't been the much awaited, triumphant return of the game. Still, him being all prissy shouldn't stand in the way of me getting what we both wanted, should it? And at least he'd given me a proper send-off - a good, long kiss before I drove off, clearly signaling that he was on board with what was about to happen. So why did I still dither here outside Tom's apartment?

*It's what David wants. It's what I want,* I finally decided and pushed those pesky doubts and second thoughts aside. What was there to doubt? It wasn't like this was anything new. I'd been here before, hadn't I? And David and I were stronger than ever, closer, more in love.

With sharp, determined movements I unlocked the door and opened it, stepping inside. Even as I was assuring myself of the opposite, it did feel monumental, like I was crossing an invisible line.

But that was ridiculous. There were no lines. This was what we both wanted. Closing the door behind me, I let out a deep breath I hadn't even noticed I was holding. It was done. I was inside. There was no going back.

I slipped out of my coat, shedding the last vestige of normalcy. In that quick move, I went from an ordinary woman – albeit one with too much make-up and too high heels – to a shameless harlot who was dressed for sex.

It was time to have fun.

A hungry smile slowly formed on my lips. It wasn't just time for fun, I thought, it was time to get *fucked*. A warmth spread in me, emerging from my lower-parts and chasing away the cold, disquiet, nagging worries. I didn't need those, and my heart-rate and breathing sped up in anticipation.

One step after the other, making sure to put a sexy sway into my hips, I walked through the small hallway into the slightly larger living-room, my heels clacking loudly against the hard floor. In there, Tom was sitting on his couch, pointedly ignoring me even though he had to know I was here. A child's idea of a power-move, an immature reaction, really. But even so, it still stung. Like, wasn't he happy I was here? Had he not been looking forward to this since Wednesday?

Alpha or not, at his core Tom was still an insecure bully - but an insecure bully that was an absolute master of orgasms, so small allowances would have to be made for his adolescent tendencies.

I stalked around the couch, noticing the greater-than-average amount of beer-cans

on his coffee-table, and he finally deigned to look up. His greedy eyes swiped up at me, feasting on my exposed body, and he did not look unhappy at what he saw. As well he shouldn't. I was dressed like a damn slut for him.

The small, black halter top I was wearing was struggling to contain my boobies- my tits and leaving my midriff bare, making sure both my shoulder-tattoo and my... tits were on full display – especially as I had gone bra-less. My legs were left mostly bare by the short, black skirt, giving him an easy view of my thighs. The insanely tall heels made me stand up straight and pushed out my chest, inevitably drawing his eyes to the ladies.

I only now noticed that his eyes were bloodshot and glassy. Was he okay? *He* wasn't exactly dressed to impress – he was wearing an old, greyish wife-beater and some ratty old jeans.

"If it isn't the little kitten," he said as a way of greeting, and there was something unkind in his tone, and his voice was slurry. What was going on? Had he drunk all that beer?

"Hello Tom," I replied, somewhat annoyed by his games but still willing to indulge him. It'd be worth it. The tingling sensation in my pussy told me so. He raised his eyebrows at my words and gave me a long, challenging look, and of course I knew what he wanted.

"Hello Daddy," I corrected myself and slid into that high-pitched voice he liked me to use. That little-girl voice that left me feeling a little disgusted... and very aroused.

"That's better, kitten," he smiled, his voice still unusually thick, "now turn around. Let me see you."

Biting my lip, I did as he said, slowly turning on the spot, letting him see my ass and back – that the halter top didn't cover at all.

"Niiice..." he nodded, pleased with my efforts and I felt a surge of happy feelings – like I'd done good.

"Come here," he said and held out a finger, pointing it out into the air. Licking my lips in a show of anticipation, I bent down to take it into my mouth. Only, he snapped it away before I got even close. Confused, I looked at him and he nodded towards the floor in front of him.

Of course. Mighty Tom needed me to kneel for him. Well, wouldn't be the first time, wouldn't be the last, so I gracefully slid down on my knees, humiliating myself before my lover. What else could I do?

And then, kneeling on the hard floor, my skirt riding so far up my thighs that he could probably see my panties, I was allowed to slide his sinewy finger in between

my blood-red lips.

“Mhmm...” I couldn’t keep a moan at bay as I tasted his slightly salty skin. It was insane how excited it made me to lower myself for this beast of a man, but it was undeniably true. As more of the digit disappeared into my mouth, I rubbed my thighs together, trying to find some outlet for the heat that was bubbling up in me.

“Fuck, you’re one hot slut, Jia-girl,” he mumbled as he looked down at me, his finger now fully lodged in my mouth and at the beginning of my throat – it was tickling me in an annoying way, but he’d taught me to ignore that by now. I looked up at him, smiling around the invading finger.

“Lank lou, Dlaggy. Igh rry,” I answered and suppressed a gag as he wiggled his finger. It was already starting and I hadn’t even gotten his cock in my mouth yet! He pulled out of me only to grab my face under my chin and bent down to give me a long, hard kiss. I melted into it, butterflies exploding in my stomach and pussy, making me feel all giddy and excited.

“I mean it,” he insisted in a low, unsteady voice, his breath smelling of beer, “you’re fucking sexy.”

I didn’t have time to reply before he kissed me again, forcing his tongue into my mouth. I was only too eager to open up for him, welcoming him inside.

“And you’re all *mine*,” he finished, his words losing their softness and getting a possessive edge instead. His fingers dug painfully into my skin and pressed my face against his.

“Aren’t you?!” he demanded.

“Yes, Daddy!” I agreed, pain and worry shooting through me. How drunk was he?!

“Not the fucking cuck’s! Mine! My slut!” he snarled and forced his lips on me again while his other hand slid down and squeezed my tit through my top. I gasped in pain but I didn’t fight, didn’t resist – I just kissed him back and let him have my breast. Better not to risk enraging him. And it worked - at my surrender, he lessened his grip on both my chin and breast, easing the pain.

It didn’t make me feel better about this whole debacle though. Why was he drunk? Couldn’t he have fucking waited? I’d been looking forward to this for days, and he’d been drinking? How disrespectful was that!?

“And now,” he declared his words slightly slurred, “you’re gonna suck my cock.” He let go of me and sat back on the couch, working on his jeans. They were tight, and he struggled with them.

Should I just get out of here? I wasn’t really in the mood to entertain a drunkard.

Unless... my eyes naturally came to rest on the bulge down his left leg that was easy

to see even through his jeans. Well, if that thing still worked, did it really matter how much its owner had drunk?

“Fucking bitch-button!” he grumbled, fighting to get it opened.

“Tom... *Daddy*... how many beers have you had?” I asked, trying to hide my disdain. My lips curled as I looked at his pitiful battle with his own clothes, and once again I contemplated just calling it quits. I didn’t get the chance, however. His hand shot out, grabbed a handful of my beautifully-styled hair and pulled it painfully, twisting my face upwards, so I stared up into his angry, red eyes.

“Don’t fucking lecture me, cunt,” he snarled, his face twisted in rage.

“I... I didn’t... I...” I stammered, my eyes wide. A cold fear gripped my insides, and I couldn’t get more words out. I’d never seen him like this before! The pain in my scalp was searing and forced tears to my eyes, making his resentful face blurry.

“I drink as much as I fucking want, you got that?” he growled, his voice suddenly full of fury, “and a stupid slut like you don’t get to lecture me. You got that?” He put his free hand back around my chin, holding me tightly.

“Ye-yes,” I squeaked, my voice a pathetic whine.

“Yes, what?” he asked and put his face close to mine.

“Yes, Daddy!” I squealed obediently, not seeing any other choice. He stared into my eyes for a moment longer, then pressed his lips against mine again in a hard kiss. And once again, I surrendered, kissing him back like my life depended on it. I kissed him like I was dying of thirst, and only his lips could give me water. The pain from my hair became inconsequential, the cold fear turned to heated lust and my squeaks became moans.

Why wasn’t I repulsed by his conduct? He was a drunken buffoon that threatened me! Why did that set my pussy on fire?! It was madness, but I couldn’t help but utterly surrender to this big, hulking man. I wanted him to dominate me, to take me, to own me.

“Get my pants open,” he commanded me brusquely but didn’t let go of my hair. Instead, he pulled me closer to his crotch, sending waves of pain through me, but I eagerly obeyed and got the jeans opened. I quickly fished his mighty cock out of his jeans and boxers, pointing the huge log up against my face. I didn’t even wait for his inevitable command “suck it!” before I had it between my lips.

A sigh, a moan of pleasure sounded from me when I finally felt that powerful beast in my mouth again. It had been too long since Wednesday. I dove down on it, gorged myself on the wonderful feeling of getting my mouth and throat stretched by this enormous dick. I gagged and I drooled, and tears ran down my face as I paid homage

to it. If it hadn't been sacrilegious, I'd have said I worshipped that big fat cock, slurping and choking on it. I needed to please it, I needed to be good enough for it. Tom kept his hand in my hair and every now and then he'd forced me deeper, but generally he let me be, let me get lost in the overpowering desire to lick, suck and love his forceful and strong cock.

"Lick my balls, slut," he commanded and I regretfully pulled my mouth off the impressive phallus, wrapping my hands around it to stroke it, to dive beneath it, where his hairy testicles lay. They tasted far saltier than the shaft, but I was not the squeamish little bitch I had been once. I licked them, sucked them into my mouth, and played with the vulnerable nuts like a squirrel.

"Ahh..." he sighed and precum ran down my jerking fingers. Apparently out to prove a point, he grabbed his dick and pointed it downwards, rubbing the sticky discharge across my face, evidently not caring overly much about the make-up I spent half an hour applying... for *his* benefit. I felt the sticky line from my cheek, across my nose and up to my forehead, and it was disgusting. Like I was nothing better than... than something he rubbed his waste off on. Not that that quenched the fire between my legs, not one bit. My eager little pussy seemed to *want* that...

"Why-" I began but he interrupted me, in that uncaring voice of his.

"Cause it looks good on you, kitten." I gave him a tired look, but he just stared blankly back at me, and in the end I bent down and continued licking and sucking his heavy, spermfilled balls. Like a good little girl. Like a good whore. Not that I minded, not really; there was something incredibly sexy about them. The skin was soft, but the hair was coarse and prickly, and the stones themselves felt so vulnerable, yet still so strong. I took them in my mouth, one after the other, warming and licking them for my lover.

When he finally let go of my hair, I looked up at him, still with a ball in my mouth, and he tugged at my top, pulling it up over my head, making me let go of him. The ladies were out in the open now, and he wasted no time in getting to them, groping and fondling and pinching them.

"Mhm, yes," I purred, until he *really* pinched a nipple and it turned into a pained "Ahhhh!"

"Stop whining, cunt, it's not like you don't like it," he grunted and pinched the other as well, and harder still. The bolt of pain that shot through me made me whimper. Gosh, drunk Tom was *mean*, and he seemed to enjoy my discomfort. My outbursts only made him grin and pinch me harder, like some kind of sadistic monster.

But I stayed put like a good girl, letting him manhandle my tits, whimpering and crying out when he got too harsh on my defenseless flesh. The pain went straight to my pussy that was overflowing by now.

"You want to get fucked, don't you, cunt?" he asked, his voice rough. I looked up at him, letting my need show in my eyes and nodded desperately.

"Up on your knees. I'm gonna fuck you like the bitch you are," he promised me and patted the couch next to him.

*I think I prefer kitten*, I thought but did as ordered, scrambling up on the couch and presenting my barely-covered ass to him. I was positive the short skirt offered me no protection from his gaze - not that I wanted any. There was a reason why I had worn my new tiny, black thong tonight, after all. It was all for his benefit.

Without pausing to admire the way my sexy skirt presented my behind for him, he pushed the short garment all the way up, freeing my butt for his viewing pleasure. Hopefully, he enjoyed the sight - I was working hard on keeping that tush nice and firm for him to enj-

SLAP!

The sharp stinging pain erupted up my backside, catching me off-guard and making me yelp out loud. I took a quick second to compose myself, feeling the arousal spread from my burning buttock to my needy pussy, then I looked back over my shoulder and up at him. He was directly behind me, his cock still sticking out of his pants in a look I'd come to appreciate on him - it gave me access to his greatest feature, after all.

"Daddyyy..." I gushed and wiggled my butt for him, not at all opposed to a spanking. The pain made the pleasure all the more... well, pleasurable, and my pussy was gushing.

SLAP! SLAP! One on each cheek, and the loud moan those two slaps forced from my lips surely told Tom how much I appreciated his rough attention. Not that it was a secret. Or that he'd care if I didn't like it. He always did as he wanted, and that's what made it so incredibly exciting. Him being drunk changed the game but not by much - if anything it gave it a sharper edge of unpredictability, of danger.

"Fuck, I love that yellow ass," he slurred and groped my ass possessively, his hard fingers digging into my soft skin. He spanked me again before I had time to respond to his casual, racist praise, and I gasped in aroused pain.

He moved in between my spread legs, grabbing me around the waist, lined his cock that was still wet with my saliva up against me and pushed. Hard. Mercilessly. The pain was sudden and deep, and I wailed in protest.

*I was horny and eager*, but my little pussy - though dripping wet - had not had the time or attention to prepare for the monster that suddenly came knocking. I felt like he was splitting me in half, hammering himself into me like that.

My anguished cry made no impression on my controlling lover, and when I tried to

move away, he held onto me, and he was by far the stronger.

“Tom!” I shouted, glaring back at him, “stop! I need-“

But I never got to tell him what I needed. He grabbed my hair and forced my face down into the couch, using his strength and weight to his advantage. One hand on my hip, the other sliding down around my neck, and he had me effectively and helplessly trapped.

“Don’t fucking give me that. You’re just a fucking whore, and I’m sick of you acting all high and mighty!” he snarled, real anger in his unsteady voice.

What was going on?! Why was he so mad at me? What had I done? All I’d ever done was to please him, what did he-?

Grinding my face into the cushion, he pulled out a smidgen, only to ram himself into me again. And again. My pussy got a barbarous thrashing, and it hurt so much! My muffled cries were ignored though, as he took his pleasure from me, and soon he managed to get all his long, fat cock into me. It hurt like... like hell, but I couldn’t stop him. I could just lay on his couch, my face pressed against a cushion and accept his power. I couldn’t speak, couldn’t cry, I could barely breathe, the way he forced me against the couch.

Gradually, I adjusted to him, the way I always did. Fortunately, I’d been drenched when he forced himself into me, so my pussy just needed to... to accept the invader.

“Fucking yeah,” he grunted and slapped my ass again, “take it! Fuck that cock, you goddamn whore!”

And Heaven forgive me... I... I fucked him back. Even though it still hurt, I began meeting his thrusts, taking him as deep as possible. I hated myself, but I needed it. I’d been longing for that cock for... well, several days, and I wasn’t about to be denied, not even if the guy attached to it was a complete asshole.

The pain wasn’t going away but the pleasure was returning. My muffled cries stopped being angry protests and became expressions of arousal instead.

“Haha! See? I fucking knew it! Can’t get enough, can you? Fucking rice-whore!” Tom laughed behind me and let go of my neck. He knew I wasn’t trying to escape anymore. He knew he had me. I turned my head, took a quick mouthful air and couldn’t hold a deep, heartfelt moan back, showing him that he was right.

He just laughed at me. Laughed his loud, cawling laugh, savouring his triumph and really putting me in my place. I flushed red, the embarrassment, defeat and humiliation so strong, but I still couldn’t stop moaning as he kept hammering into me, making me feel every inch of his long, hard member. I loved it.

I hated when he put me in my place like this, but I also loved it. I loved that fucking cock so, so much, at least as much as I loathed its owner. He was such an asshole, and yet he still won. He still made me thrust back against him, still made me fuck him

like there was no tomorrow.

It just felt too good. I was getting filled up in a way David never could, and Daddy was using me so well. The first orgasm of the day was quickly gathering strength, and I needed it.

"Not the same as the dinky-dick, huh?" he gloated.

"No..." I admitted. We both knew it after all, no sense in trying to defend my little husband, was there?

"Say it," he demanded, his voice so imperative, so commanding that I had no other choice than to obey.

"It's better than... than my husband," I said, knowing what he wanted to hear, but... I didn't want to say it. Or maybe I didn't want to appear too eager to say it. Maybe I just wanted him to make me say those demeaning words. If he wanted me to disrespect my husband, he had to put a little more effort into it than just asking.

"Say it, you fucking whore!" he snarled and wrapped my hair around his hand and pulled, hard. My head got pulled back, making me arch my back and stretch my neck, and the pain burned in my scalp, bringing tears back to my eyes.

"It's better than dinky-dicked Davey!" I gasped, the pain sending waves of arousal through me, "so... much better!"

He was still fucking me, still hammering that awe-inspiring cock into my needy pussy, giving me what I needed while I served him my husband's humiliation on a silver-platter.

"You don't like your husband's dickie?" he asked, triumphant laughter in his voice, "you don't want it?" His painful grip in my hair hadn't lessened but that didn't matter - in fact, it only spurred me on to fuck him back harder, to submit myself further to my dominant lover. To the only *real* man in my life.

"Nooo..." I confessed, and the truth in my words were both liberating and horrifying, "it's too small. It's too weak! Not like *yours*, Daddy!" Shame welled up in me, shame at how I spoke of my loving husband, shame at how deep I'd fallen... but most of all, shame how much it turned me on to belittle the man I'd married.

"You need a big strong cock, don't you, slut?" he asked and released my hair, to grab me around my waist again to really lay into me, fucking me until I could barely keep myself steady.

"Yes, I do, Daddy... I need your BIG, STRONG COCK!" I cried as he re-arranged my insides with his enormous tool, and how I loved it!

The need to further debase myself and my husband arose in me. It was so weirdly tempting to give him our humiliation, to sacrifice our pride on his altar. And why not? He'd already won. Let him enjoy the spoils.

"He's *nothing* compared to you," I admitted in a hoarse voice, and my rising orgasm grew stronger, "he can't even make me cum!"

"Pathetic!"

"I have to fake it with him!" I went on, giving him everything, "that's why... that's why it's your pussy!" The secret that I kept from even David was out in the open now. His powerful laugh echoed in my ears while he fucked me so hard and so good with that wonderful cock, and it finally triggered my orgasm that swept over me like a tidal wave.

"It's your pussy" I cried as I surrendered to the pleasure, "oh GOD, he can't have iiiiit!" The misuse of the Lord's name didn't even register with me, I was just riding the self-deprecating high that turned me on so much.

"Hell no, he can't!" the bastard laughed, and it only made my orgasm go on and grow in strength and intensity. He was laughing at us, and I couldn't get enough of the humiliation, mine and my husband's. I cried and clawed at his stupid couch, my entire body shaking, and I had no idea what to do with myself while pure pleasure ran wild in me.

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David

It was not a new experience being home alone while Jia was out getting her world rocked. I'd been through it quite a few times by now.

That didn't make it any less nerve-wrecking though. And even more so since... well, everything that had happened. The tattoo? He owned her pussy? What did that even mean?

Naturally, I had my dick out as I pondered this, stroking it but unwilling to orgasm. I was waiting for Jia.

Not that I had any high hopes for some love-making later. It seemed that had gone out the window when we decided to start this game up again - and how fucked up was that? - but I still needed to reconnect to her, sexually.

We had to have some connection. We had to. Tom couldn't stop that... right? That tattoo didn't mean anything, not really.

Right?

It was all crazy. Insane. So insane that I was stroking myself to the thought.

[Hey, have you ever seen that old movie men in tights?] A text from Alice interrupted my musings and left me utterly confused. Men in Tights? That Robin Hood-spoof from the 90'es?

[Yes of course. Why?] I wrote back.

[No reason. I havent but people tell me its funny - maybe Jia would like it?]. She hadn't seen Men in Tights? Really? And no, Jia would most definitely not like it - she was not a Mel Brooks fan, not by a long shot.

[What kind of a nerd hasnt seen Men in Tights?] I fired back at her. I could easily picture her scrunched-up face at my teasing, and a smile spread on my lips.

[The kind that could beat your ass at tekken!]

"Tekken? Really, Alice?" I grinned and shook my head.

[Who plays Tekken anymore? I havent touched it since high school] I shot back at her. Teasing her was always fun.

[Id have beaten you then too!] She was a feisty one, wasn't she? You had to admire that about her.

[You wanna go, little girl? I'll download the damn game here and now and school your ass!!]

[Stop thinking about my ass and do it!]

Oh boy. She was gonna get it now. I'd teach her a thing or two. I turned on the PlayStation 5 - a little Christmas present from me to me - and went to the online store.

[What number are they up to now? 12 or something? And I'll think about your ass as much as I want] That comment made me feel all giddy and daring, but I was suddenly in such a good mood that some light flirting couldn't hurt.

[It's 8 you dork]

I laughed, found the game and downloaded it.

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Jia

"Daddyyyy!" I cried as yet another orgasm rocked my world. I'd lost count, but they only seemed to grow in strength. I was on his couch, still face down, ass up with my powerful, masterful Daddy behind me, teaching me and my pussy new meanings of

the word 'pleasure'. My voice was growing hoarse from all the crying and moaning, but I wasn't complaining. I was so far from complaining!

"Fuck yeah, cum you little whore!" he grunted – a redundant command, since I couldn't have stopped if I wanted to.

"Yes! Yes, Daddy," I gasped nonetheless, only too eager to please.

"Don't have to fake it with me, do ya?" he commented, and I felt a stab of guilt over having revealed that little tidbit to him. Alongside the guilt, however, came a wave of arousal at my husband's humiliation, a dark, twisted glee at him being put in his place by my manly lover.

"Nooo," I agreed, "that's just... that's just with my little husband..."

My words energised him, and he kept going in and out of me a for a while longer, but then he just pulled out of me. Without him holding me up, I collapsed on his couch, my naked ass pointed skywards. He'd stripped us both somewhere around my third orgasm, probably to give himself a break. Now naked, he moved around his apartment, but I didn't really care. I briefly wondered why he'd stopped before he'd finished – that wasn't usually his style – but it was very hard to care. My entire body was so relaxed, so serene and I didn't want to think about anything. I just wanted to be.

He came back to the couch and placed himself behind me again, but I didn't really pay him any mind. I was too far gone in my tranquil state of mind. Mhm, well, until he stuck that honking piece of man back into me. That might wake me up again. There was a sharp sound, but I couldn't place and, and besides it didn't penetrate my peaceful state of mind. Nothing really could.

Not until something unexpected happened back there. He was pulling on my asscheek, and something cool and wet hit my anus... something that stirred a memory...

"No!" I squeaked and whipped my head around to see his large hand holding a tube of lube, pouring another blob down on me, meant to make my tiny backdoor wet and slippery.

"Tom, no! I don't... I don't want that." I didn't move though, I stayed put. Good grief, I sounded pathetic. Instead of demanding he left my butt be, I was begging him. Pleading with him. Like a pitiful little girl and not the strong woman I'd once been. Or thought I was, at least.

"Don't worry, kitten. It's not like it's your first time," he said without even looking at me and squeezed the tube again, producing another large blob that fell on his still hard cock. That enormous, impossibly thick, unforgivingly hard piece of man that he wanted to stick up into my small, tight and *almost* untouched opening.

His casual comment made my blood boil. No, it wouldn't be the first time - because he'd gotten me black-out drunk the first time and taken me against my will. Hardly a success-story worthy of repetition!

"I didn't want it the first time either!" I snarled at him, fear and anger making my voice thick. The only response though was a low chuckle and a slight shake of his fat head. Like I was a silly girl acting up for no reason.

But what could I do? I just watched helplessly as he calmly lubed himself up, clearly in no rush as he made sure every nook and cranny of his mighty tool was glistening wet.

I should get up. I should *not* take this lying down - or on my knees as his bitch, as the case was - I should make him chase me and at least force me properly. Resist him. Show him that I might enjoy submitting to him in some small ways, but I was still my own woman. That might make him think twice about the whole ordeal! Only I didn't. I couldn't make myself move. His power over me had become too absolute.

"Tom, how... how about I suck you some more. Please? Plea-OH!" I gasped as his thick finger found my anus and pressed... pressed hard. It was slippery from the lube and my sphincter opened and allowed it inside. Wow, that was some effective lube! It was such a strange feeling. Not painful, not even unpleasant... but so odd. Like I was defecating, only nothing happened. It felt full but unable to empty myself.

"Should have kept using the plug," he chided me as his finger pulled out, only to get thrust into me again.

"Fuck!" I grunted, but not in pain. Then again, his finger was *not* his cock, and I had no doubt the pain would come.

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David

"Aaand that's another dead Alice!" I laughed as my blonde, busty and long-legged champion finished hers off with a flurry of kicks, not even allowing her to get up from the floor.

"Unfair!" her mock-angry voice sounded in my headset, "you're just pressing one button. Where's the skill in that?"

"Well, you'd think all your *skillful* combos would be more effective than just the kick-button," I taunted her, "4-1."

"Only because you keep using that long-legged bimbo!" Alice whined, "real masculine, David, are you sure there's not something you're not telling me?" Oh, so

that's how it was?

"I just want something nice to look at while I wipe the floor with you," I said and chose Nina as my champion once again.

"I just want something nice to look at while I wipe the floor with you," she mimicked me in a mocking tone.

"Real mature," I shot back at her.

"Sorry," she muttered, though she didn't sound sorry.

"You know what," I said and unselected the blonde Nina, "I'm gonna prove you're wrong. I'm gonna take the bear," I changed my champion to the bandana-wearing brown bear Kuma, "and I'm still gonna win."

"Hah! This is gonna be easy. In fact," she highlighted the cute panda-bear with the thought-provoking name 'Panda', "I'm gonna take this cuddly little teddy and beat you with it... her." She chose it and the game started loading.

"Kuma's gonna kick your ass," I laughed.

"So obsessed with my ass," she sighed and I could just imagine her shaking her head in a show of dismay.

"What? It's a cute ass," I said, all upbeat from the trash-talk turned flirting.

"You're right, it is. You know what? I'm so sure I'm gonna win that if I somehow don't... I'll send you a picture of it."

"What?" My mind froze. That was unexpected. I'd already seen it, of course - and the memory of thrusting against that deliciously soft ass as I took her doggy-style came rushing back. But... but... it wasn't like that between us anymore. It had just been a stupid, drunken mistake. I was married to Jia - happily married!

*She's getting railed by Tom right this moment, and you're worried about a little harmless flirting?* A voice poked at me. But that was different. It was-

"Hiya!" Alice cried, and my bear growled in anguish. Shit, the game had started! That little minx had distracted me with promises of her glorious ass to one-up me. My bear fell heavily to the floor, but her fat panda was too slow to take advantage of it. Or maybe Alice was just too unfamiliar with it. No matter what, I managed to get Kuma up and commence my own attack. She was gonna get it now.

Though the thought of her ass kept popping up in the back of my mind...

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Jia

"Hnnnng..." I grunted as he slowly, slowly pushed against my closed-off spincter. I tried to relax, I *tried* but it was impossible when that wide thing made contact with my defenseless anus. There simply wasn't enough room! He was going to tear me up!

"Just fucking relax," he answered and pressed harder, and something happened back there. I couldn't say what, but a sudden dull pain went up my spine, and I got an overwhelming need to relieve myself. I gritted my teeth and took a deep breath, trying my best to remain calm. It was not an easy task though. Every fiber in my body told me to stop this madness, and it was only the knowledge that Tom wanted it that kept me in place.

"There we fucking *go*," he mumbled, and the pain increased.

"Tom, I... I... I don't think you'll fit..." I whined but he didn't care. He kept up the pressure, forcing more of his thick cock into me.

"Don't give me that crap, kitten," he rejected my very reasonable objections, "we're doing this. We're almost there."

And so he kept on, and I forced myself to breathe through it and relax as well as I could. It was the strangest pain, a deep, heavy persistence that kept throbbing and spreading from my stretched-out anus, and it was impossible to focus on anything else - my entire being was centered around his giant cock's slow, unrelenting march into my bowels.

It was so unlike the sharp, piercing stinging from when he'd wrecked my poor pussy earlier and unlike that pain, this one was not dying down. I would never come to accept, even like this agony, it was pure torture; horrible, demeaning and I just wanted it to end!

I mewled in pain, I begged, I pleaded but to no avail. There was no respite, no mercy, only the distressing torment and the humiliating knowledge that he was using my ass for his pleasure.

"Tom, please... how much more...?"

"Shut up!" he growled and slapped my asscheek, but I ignored it - compared to the pain from inside, it barely even smarted. What did hurt though was his callous rejection. Did he even care about me?

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David

"Fucking... bear!" I growled and jammed the kick-button but the bear's comically

short hindlegs just couldn't reach anything. Instead Alice's panda did a somersault and slammed both her paws down on me, hitting me with different attack-combinations until my stupid, fat bear went down again. And this time, Alice did not give me time to get up, but kept kicking and hitting me while I flew through the air or lay on the floor.

"Fucking... gimme a chance!" I hissed, but of course she didn't.

"Knock out," she sang in my headset as she won the first round in the best of three.

"I'll get you," I growled, but I had no idea how. My strategy of spamming the kick-button wasn't working anymore.

"Sure you will," she laughed and the second round began. I charged forward, using the hit-button instead of kick, and Kuma lashed out with his huge paws. The attack was slow though, and she easily sidestepped and somersaulted into me again, making me fly and kept hitting me. I never got up again. It was over in less than 30 painful seconds.

"So... seems you're only good with long-legged bitches, huh?" she teased me, her bubbling laughter clear in her voice.

"Seems that way," I admitted with a sigh. The score was still 4-2 in my favour but it didn't matter. She'd won when it counted.

"And now you owe me a picture of your ass," she went on, as if we'd agreed upon that.

"What?"

"That was the bet," she reminded me. Only... no?

"There wasn't a bet!" I exclaimed, "there was never a bet!"

"Oh, no bet? You accepted my challenge and the stakes, didn't you?"

"I accepted your challenge, but it was you--"

"Then you owe me a butt-pic," she cut me off, and I found myself oddly excited. There hadn't been a bet, but there was something... wild about being forced to pay a price after losing the match. And I did have a nice ass.

"Alice," I began, trying to get a hold of my thoughts.

"Never would have pegged you as a sore loser," she sighed, "okay, no butt, but *at least* a shirtless pic. You owe me that, I wanna see your abs again."

Oh, she liked my abs, did she? I couldn't keep a smile at bay as I contemplated her request.

I could do it. I could. Jia wouldn't mind that, surely. She was getting fucked right now, she could hardly object to an innocent picture. *Especially if she didn't know about it.* I really wanted to do this, I wanted to pay this forfeit to my sexy friend. I couldn't say precisely why, but it was extremely alluring. And to put it mildly, it was flattering that she even asked.

"O...kay," I croaked, "give me... give me a minute."

"Sure!" I could hear the glee in her voice, and it made me smile. Taking off the headset, I hurried to the bathroom where I tore off my shirt and t-shirt. I was still looking good, if I did say so myself. My abs were visible, though I had to step up my game if I wanted that to remain the case. I tried a few different poses with different expressions - from neutral to inviting smiles - and snapped a few pictures, before I hurried back to Alice... to the headset.

"Back again. Sending a picture now," I told her and realised that doing this for her had made me erect. No time to think about that though, as I found her in my contacts and pressed send before I could change my mind. If I hesitated, I might get second thoughts, and it was better just to run on instinct.

Seconds passed, and I could imagine Alice opening the picture. I could picture her naughty smile, the glimmer of interest in her eyes. Would she touch herself-

"Niiice..." she interrupted my musings, and there was something in her voice, something hungry.

"Still don't think it was a fair bet, but never say I shrink away from a debt," I said, somewhat pompous but I didn't know how else to act.

"Fair enough, fair enough," she grinned.

"Ehh... just don't tell Jia, okay?" I asked, nervousness painting my voice. You *know* it's not entirely legit when you have to ask for your wife to be kept in the dark, but I wasn't about to allow my bad conscience to keep me from having some harmless fun. After all, it wasn't like I had done anything wrong.

"What's there to tell? It's just a picture," Alice said, echoing my own thoughts, "wanna go again?"

"Only if I can be Nina. And no bet this time," I said, dark thoughts already dissipating.

"You're no fun. But fine, be your blonde bimbo. I'mma try this panda again. She was fun."

"Blonde bimbo... bit rich coming from you, isn't it?" I teased her.

"Hey! You can be blonde without being a bimbo!" she objected sharply, though I could hear the mirth in her voice.

"I could, sure, but can you?" I grinned back at her.

"Oh, I'm gonna get you for that!"

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Jia

"There! Fucking A, kitten, you've taken all of it. Loot of room in your little ass," Tom bragged proudly, voice still unsteady after his many beers, but the intent was clear. I couldn't really see any cause for celebration, not with a freaking tree log jammed up my asshole. The pain was lessening though, as I got used to it, and so it was becoming less important... my primary concern right now was how *wrong* it was, how *dirty* and *weird*.

How *humiliating*. I hadn't wanted this, I had tried to talk him out of it, and yet here I was, my butt filled to bursting with a humongous cock. I had no say in what happened, I was too weak to object, to fight. I was powerless before his dominance, his will. I was nothing but a toy to him, a toy to be used for his pleasure. And that thought, that knowledge... it did things to me. It was a wild, intoxicating knowledge that made me pant with need. To my great shame, I found that I was slowly but surely getting more and more aroused by his ministrations. He was plundering my ass for his own amusement, and that turned me on to no end. But he couldn't know.

If he realised I was turned on by it? I'd be nothing but a slut then. I didn't have a lot of pride left, but that only made what little I had so much more precious. I put my head down until my forehead rested against his couch and squeezed my eyes shut.

"Congratulations," I grunted through gritted teeth, pain colouring my words, "can we- Ngh! Can we stop now?" He made slow thrusts into me, pushing himself forward, and although his cock actually didn't move much, it still managed to hurt.

"What? Stop?" he asked, sounding genuinely confused, "when we're getting to the good part? Christ, kitten, use the inside of your head for once. Stop being so stupid!"

"But you... AH! But you've made your point," I countered, my cheeks colouring from his demeaning comments. I was *not* stupid!

"I'm not fucking your ass for a goddamn point, cunt! I'm fucking it because it feels so... fucking... good!" he grunted and thrust faster and harder to emphasise the

point.

"Ah! Ah! AHH!" I gasped, fighting a new wave of pain... and that tiny seed of excitement that came with being used like this.

*Stop it! It does NOT feel good!* I silently screamed at my body, hoping it would listen and obey for once. Well, obey ME and not Tom, who seemed to play it like an instrument.

Slowly, ever so slowly he took my ass. Small, almost gentle pushes into me rocked me back and forth, and the pain gradually subsided into nothing. As impatient as the man was, he had an uncanny understanding for how to make a girl enjoy his mighty tool.

"Oh! Ohhhh..." I moaned, and we both knew it was not a sound of pain or displeasure. I opened my eyes and bit my lip, hoping he hadn't understood what that moan meant.

That hope was immediately thrashed when I heard his mocking laughter. His good-natured, joyful and triumphant laughter that told me he enjoyed nothing so much as my humiliation and debasement.

"Kitten likes it, does she?" he guffawed, his speech still somewhat slurred but the triumph was still easy to hear, "I thought you wanted me to stop."

"I DO!" I gasped, "I don't want... *this!*"

A large hand snaked its way down my side, across my stomach, down my vulva and in between my spread legs, where it coated itself in my ample wetness. It disappeared the way it'd come and I heard him laugh and suck on his finger.

"Seems you're more of a slut that we thought, kitten," he commented gleefully.

"I'm... no, it's from... before," I objected. And it probably was, but the bastard was never going to believe that.

"Of course it is," he snorted as predicted, "it's definitely not because you're a little slut that's into getting assfucked."

He bent over me and closed his hand around my wrist and he pulled on it. I had to shift my weight around but soon I allowed him to lead my hand down between my legs, like a good little submissive.

"Rub yourself," he intoned.

My insides froze, and I took a sharp breath. No. I couldn't.

"No, that's... that's wrong," I said. Good girls don't do that.

Only, I was hardly a good girl anymore, not as mother wanted at least. I was a fallen woman, wasn't I? But even so, there are lines that shouldn't be crossed. Self-pleasure was a big no-no.

"Come off it! I saw you do it the other night when you had my cock down your throat!" he grunted. Of course, he'd bring that up. How could I explain that it had been an extreme case and a momentary lapse in control? And more importantly that I didn't mind getting pleasure from sucking him, but I refused to enjoy this vile act?

"That was... different," I muttered, sounding like a petulant child even to my own ears.

"Fuck off with that," he snarled and pressed my hand against my dripping pussy. Acting on instinct, my index finger found my clitoris, and just the light touch sent a wave of pleasure through me, and it didn't stop, since I didn't stop touching my most sensitive spot.

"God..." I whispered, the lack of respect for the Lord rolling off my tongue like it was nothing, because I was too preoccupied by the intensely erotic feeling that was rushing through me.

"That's right! Rub yourself, you little slut!" he bellowed and grabbed my waist tightly. His fingers dug into my flesh, but I barely felt it, not while I was still rubbing myself like the depraved whore I was. Finally, using his grip on me, he threw his patience away and began fucking me. Pulling out, far more than earlier, he thrust back into me, really making me feel the force of his mighty cock.

"Oh fuck!" I gasped. It hurt! Fuck, it hurt! But my little, happy nub somehow transformed it into a highly erotic feeling, and I rubbed it faster.

"Damn, you're tight!" he grunted, making it sound like a compliment.

"Fuck... fuck!" This was all so *fucking* wrong. So twisted and corrupt and-

He thrust into me again, making me pant for air and in shameless need, but he was done with giving me time to adjust. Again and again, I felt the full force of the giant tool that had brought me so much pleasure so many times. Now, it was aiming to ruin my tightest entrance, and I let it.

"God..." I whined, "it's so big..." Even I didn't know if it was a complaint or a compliment. Maybe both.

The blunt pain was still intense, but the pleasure was sharper, fresher and easier to

focus on, and while the pain dulled, the pleasure only grew. Grew in size and intensity. He fucked my ass, fucked me like only he could. He took what should have been horrible and repulsive and dreadful and turned it into something amazing.

"No..." I whispered in horror, when I realised what was happening. No, he couldn't make me enjoy this. I wouldn't let him. I was not going to orgasm from getting my ass plundered, not again. I was sober this time, and I would not allow it! It became my focal-point, my last-ditched resistance-effort - he'd not win this round.

"Fuck, it's... good!" he panted behind me, and I smiled. He was getting close too. And unlike me, he'd not cum yet. It should be no problem outlasting him. Especially if I could give him a little push.

"You like it? You like my ass?" I gasped, hoping to hurry him along by playing the good little slut.

"Fuck yeah, kitten! It's an amazing ass!" he gasped and gave it a hard slap.

"Ohhh! Yes, Daddy, spank me!" I gasped, while his huge cock was still going in and out of my once-tight anus. Pride is a strange thing - it will make you do anything, anything at all to reach its goals. Right now it was making me debase myself for Tom's amusement, so he wouldn't make me cum from getting assfucked. Of course he obliged and spanked me again, making me moan out loud in fake pleasure.

He was buying it. He was getting so close. I could see why though - I too was getting turned on by my words. So dirty, so shameless... Mhm, and the finger on my clit felt so good too. I should probably stop... Only I didn't want to, it was too good.

"Yes, fuck my ass, Daddy," I sighed and began thrusting back against him. Not because I liked it, but to spur him on further, of course. Although... it did feel good. Great, even. My words had an invigorating effect on me and I slammed back against him harder and faster.

"Fuck yeah! Knew... knew you were an ass-slut!" he grunted, his voice hoarse. The sound of his breathing was loud in the small living-room, only drowned out by the sound of his thighs clapping against my ass... and the loud moans coming from me.

"Fuck, it's amazing," I gasped, my fingers moving fast on my clit, fucking back against the enormous invader. Not because I liked it, mind you, but only to stimulate him. And it worked too, he grunted loudly and hammered into me. Oh damn, it felt good. Getting your ass reamed is a completely different experience from getting your pussy dominated, but it's no less exciting for that. I moaned and gasped and rubbed my little pleasure-button and I was getting close, so close. My orgasm was becoming a towering beast, ready to unleash its torrents of pleasure, and I was... almost... there...

Fuck! I was losing sight of what I was doing here. I was NOT going to orgasm, damnit! I was getting him to cum, so he could see that I didn't like anal-sex, that he couldn't make me like it! I needed to stop rubbing myself. I needed to calm down. Except my fingers didn't obey, they kept rubbing, kept pleasuring me. Fuck, I had to do something else!

"Oh Daddy!" I gasped and twisted around to look up at him, tall and strong as he took his pleasure from me. I gave him my best bedroom-eyes, letting him see how much I loved his big, fat cock in my tight, tight ass. Or... how much I pretended to like it, of course.

"Take my cock... take it... take it!" he grunted, clearly getting closer still, his bloodshot eyes staring down at mine, his dominance strong and clear, "fuck, your ass is... tight!"

"Oh God... oh God..." I moaned, and suddenly...

"No, no, no! No, I'm... FUCK!" Bliss rolled through me, as unstoppable as a storm. I grabbed a nipple and pinched it hard, while I rubbed my clit, joy spreading from my pussy, my ass and now my nipple as the irresistible orgasm seized control of me.

"Nononono! Oh fuck me, it's good! Oh GOD! Stoop!" I probably didn't make sense to my man who didn't slow down but kept fucking my ass, while I cried in utmost satisfaction.

"Fuck! Take my ass! It's yours, fuck me, FUCK MY ASS!" I screeched as I admitted defeat - he could fuck me however he wanted, and I would take it and love it. He did what no-one else ever could, and turned me from a pristine wife into a slut focused on nothing but orgasmic pleasure. God damn him!

"It's so good, it's so good, it's so good!" I chanted, like I was performing a twisted ritual, "so good, so good!"

And I heard his proud laughter, his triumphant glee, and it only fueled my orgasm. I had tried to resist him, and I'd lost again. He'd won, he'd made me into an anal-slut, *his* anal-slut, and he deserved his victory.

The orgasm stretched on, building upon my humiliation and submission and kept going, kept making me cry and buck against him and call out for him. It wasn't better than a vaginal orgasm, but it was far from worse either. It was as strong as I was weak, as powerful as I was powerless, and it rocked me thoroughly.

Amid all that ecstasy, I barely paid attention to him; I hardly noticed when he finally grunted loudly and forced his cock into me with all his might, making me cry out in pained bliss one last time before he roared his own orgasm out into the living-room. I felt him squirt into my ass, and it was a strange feeling indeed, though far from unpleasant. Kinky, some would say.

"Fucking hell, kitten..." he gasped and pushed me down to lay a top of me, crushing me beneath his weight. But I didn't care. I was spent. I was so spent. We stayed like that for a couple of minutes, until he slipped out of my enlarged butthole and he slid off me, making it easier to breathe again.

"Don't drip on my couch," he admonished me, and I reluctantly got up and staggered to the bathroom, all empty inside, though filled to the brim with Tom's sperm. I was still wearing my skirt but I seemed to have lost my panties sometime during the sex... the fucking. Not that it mattered where they had gone, I had more important things to worry about.

*What happened?* The plan had been so simple, I mused, as I sat down and relaxed my butt, letting his sticky stuff depart me, while the pain was slowly returning to my abused anus.

To avoid an orgasm, make him cum but not me. How had that failed? I had been in charge of my own pleasure for crying out loud. If I'd just let my clitoris be, I'd succeeded, and I could tell him that analsex was fine, but I couldn't cum from it. In the future, let's focus on vaginal intercourse instead. Now he'd think I was enjoying having my butt fucked! And the things I'd said! Heavens above, he'd think I had loved it! I hid my face in my hands, trying to clear my head, trying to focus, when a disturbing thought entered my mind.

I... I hadn't enjoyed it. Right? I hadn't loved it. I played with my nose-stud while trying to make up my mind. I had hurt, had been gross and humiliating and it had been against my will. But did that mean I had to hate it? The orgasm was out of this world, although... so were the ones from my vagina... my pussy. It hadn't been better. Had it?

"Fuck..." I muttered. It was all so confusing.

"Yo! There are washcloths in the cupboard. Better bring one!"

---

David

"Eat... panda-fists!" Alice cheered as Nina once again went to the floor.

"Fuck!" I grumbled as my blonde champion went down to my blonde secretary. It was 6-5 to me now. I was still in the lead, but she was getting better, and she was quickly gaining on me. That panda of hers was fucking deadly.

"Okay, how about we take new champs now," I suggested, hoping to get a respite from the psycho-bear.

"Oooh, afraid of the *claw*?" she laughed and highlighted the freaking panda again.

"Yes, yes, you and that freak are awesome," I admitted while rolling my eyes.

"I *know*!" she grinned, "but I could be persuaded to change it up a little. Another wager?"

"Now what?" I asked, in what was meant to be a tired voice, but I came across a bit too excited.

"The loser... has to admit that the winner is better at the game," she declared. Okay, fairly weak bet, I could afford that.

"Sure, though it might crush your soul to admit it," I teased her, and we both picked new champions. I went with a pink-haired lady with wings, like an angel. Alice took a guy called Devil Jin... not quite sure how to analyse *that*.

"Let's just see how you do without your blonde bitch," she bit back.

Dare I say it?

"Against another blon-" I began with a laugh.

"Better not finish that sentence," she cut me off with a grin. And then the fight started.

---

Jia

I had thought I was all done for the night. Fucked through and beyond exhaustion. But when I cleaned his cock, it stiffened and grew... not a lot, not to full size, but enough, enough for me to regain interest.

Now, his cock and balls were all clean, washed with water and soap and then given a long, slow, *leisurely* tongue-bath. It still wasn't all the way there, but I couldn't stop enjoying the feel of it in my mouth. Just the tip though, I was giving my throat a sorely needed break. I'd have thought after the indescribable fucking I'd received - not to mention the complete humiliation I'd endured - I'd be sated for a good long while. *At least* for the night! But the feeling of his mighty tool hardening in my mouth had me all needy again.

Tom was watching something about baseball on the TV. I couldn't care less, but I didn't need to pay attention to the screen either. I had all I wanted right here; my hand around his thick shaft - or as far around as I could reach - and my lips and tongue on his head. His hand was in my hair, but he wasn't being controlling or anything, and it actually felt rather sweet. This was a good way to relax after a long,

hard day. Not that today had been particularly long or hard, but it was still nice. I could just turn my brain off and relax, focusing on this magnificent piece of flesh. I knew I should go home - David was waiting for me, after all - but I didn't want to leave this cock. It felt so right in my mouth and hands.

I sighed. David. Yet another thing I had to keep from him. He could never know that I'd given my ass to Tom, could certainly never know how much I'd enjoyed it - if I had enjoyed it? The jury was still out on that one. But it wasn't really David's business either. What happened at Tom's, stayed at Tom's. That might not have been David's original idea, but... a girl's entitled to her privacy.

With a long lick from bottom to top of the impressive shaft, I pushed all thoughts and worries aside and focused on the here and now. Just relaxing with my favourite cock, making sure it understood how much I loved it was enough for now. I was so lost in my adoration for that mighty tool, that I got quite surprised when Tom turned the television off. Had his show finished? How long had we been lying here? What time was it?

The big man looked down at me, and still with the tip of his cock between my lips, I looked back up him.

"Goddamn, you can't get enough, can you?" he laughed, but there was a begrudging admiration in his voice. I smiled and gave the tip a long, lavish lick, just to prove his point.

"Fuck, I love to look down at those slanted eyes when you have my cock in your mouth," he grunted, in what I think was a compliment. An odd feeling rose in my chest at his word, but I had no idea what to do with it, and not knowing how else to answer, I took the head back in my mouth and sucked on it. That was always a safe response.

"Come," he bade and took my hand, pulling me up. Naked, save for the skirt still bounced up around my waist, I followed him as he led me into his bedroom. In the back of my mind, I knew I should get home to David, but this was more fun, more interesting.

First, he stripped that last garment off of me, leaving me completely nude before his greedy eyes. Then he pushed me down on the bed, as gently as the big man was capable of and moved in between my legs. I spread myself open for him, welcoming him as the vanquished greets its conqueror. I'd have thought he'd go straight back to fucking me - or maybe I had hoped, but he paused down between my legs, his head right at my pussy. One of his big hands traced my Tom-tattoo with a soft finger.

"What does this mean, kitten?" he wondered.

That was an easy question. Or, less a question, more a chance to prove my loyalty, my submission.

"It means you *own* my pussy, Daddy," I purred and looked down at him with my best bedroom-eyes, slanted or not.

"That's right. It's my pussy. Mine," he stated and slowly lowered his face to it, kissing and licking me. His tongue quickly focused on my clitoris, pressing that little pleasure-button.

"Mhm... Daddy..." I sighed. It wasn't often he went down on me, almost never actually. Tom viewed oralsex on me as a way to get me ready for the *real* deal. And since I was almost always ready for him, he didn't really have to do it. Well, a finger or two to prepare the way would have been welcome earlier, but I'd been so wet that it had worked itself out pretty fast.

A finger pressed itself up into my love-tunnel, and that felt nice too. Nice, if a little tame. Not that I didn't appreciate the gesture, of course, but this I could get at home from my husband.

"Are you going to fuck me, Daddy?" I asked in my little-girl voice, hoping to entice him to just take me.

"You want that, little girl?" he asked, looking up at me from my wet pussy, and I wanted that very much.

"Mhm, I do, Daddy. I always want your big cock," I purred at him, and he laughed his proud, masculine laugh and moved up my body. His lips locked on mine, and he guided his hard piece of man back where it belonged, into my wet, eager pussy. He slipped in easily, and my entire being lit up with the pleasure that only his big, fat cock could provide. Fuck, yes, that's what I needed!

"Ooooh... Daaaddy..." I sighed when our lips broke, as I welcomed him back into me.

"Yeah, you want that, don't you?"

"I dooo..." I could only agree as he started to fuck me. Long, slow strokes, almost loving. Not the wild, mad rush I was used to from him, but he still bottomed out in me, touched me like no-one else could, so he still made me moan and gasp.

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David

"David is better than me at Tekken 8," Alice said in a grumpy, resentful voice, and she didn't sound like she meant it at all. Fancy that.

"Why thank you, Alice. That's very kind of you to say," I answered in my most formal voice, fighting to hold the laughter at bay.

"Everyone would be better than that fucking Devil Jin," she grumbled on, "what a joke of a combo, has to press like every damn button at the same time..."

"Well, what do you expect from the *Devil*? Doesn't he always lose? Isn't that kind of his thing in the Bible?" I grinned at her.

"Yeah, to fucking *God*, not to some pink-haired chick!" she huffed back at me.

"Well, she has wings, doesn't she? She kinda looks like an angel," I pointed out, "and wasn't it angels who cast Lucifer from the heavens?"

"Suddenly religious, David? She's a damn kawaii, not exactly the archangel Michael," she laughed back at me, her beautiful, pearly laugh, and I couldn't help but grin. Playing with her, bantering with her, teasing her was really a fun way to spend an evening.

"Whatever, I'm gonna be her again," I said and highlighted her, "the angel Alisa against not-angel Alice."

"Pfft!" Alice blew raspberries at me and chose a jacked guy with a leopard's head, "Look at those teeth. I'm gonna swallow you whole!" We both pressed ready, and the game started loading.

Flirty words formed in my head, and I felt a rush as I decided to say them.

"Well, you *are* pretty good at that."

"Oh my God, David, that's so inappropriate!" she scolded me, and a pang of nervousness went through me. Had that really been over the line? I was just jesting like we had all night. Did she take offence? I shouldn't apologise, should I? The game started but neither of us moved, the silence hung heavy between us. Had I really messed up?

"I give *the best* head, not 'pretty good'!" she continued with a snort of laughter, though she tried to keep that indignant voice.

"Fucking hell, Alice! I thought you were really upset or something," I scowled at her, though a relieved smile spread across my lips.

"I know! That's what makes it so funny!" she giggled even harder, and I could easily picture her throwing back her head in mirth, her beautiful hair bouncing around her as her entire body shook with laughter.

Shit, I had to stop thinking about her like that. It's not like I was in love with her or anything.

"You know what?" she said, getting her voice under control, "new wager. When I win, you have to admit that I give the best head ever."

And suddenly my heart was pounding wildly again. This was definitely getting into dangerous territory, and as a married man I should steer *way* clear of this. But it was also fun and exciting, and it didn't mean anything, right? Besides, it was the truth. Those few blowjobs I'd gotten from Jia had been fine but there'd been something about the enthusiasm and delight that Alice had shown when she took my dick in between her full, red lips.

"Back at you then. When I win, you have to admit I am the best at oral," I shot back at her.

"Oh, you're on." And then the man-cat jumped forward to attack, but I was ready for him... her. Them.  
Whatever.

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Jia

"Mhm... mhm... mhm..." I gave him small moans of pleasure whenever he thrust into me. His long, fat cock caressing my inner-walls felt great, no mistake, but this slow style of fucking was driving me crazy. It wasn't what I was here for, not at all. I needed to get *fucked*, I didn't want this fat bastard to make love to me.

How long had it been by now? I'd no sense of time but I wasn't even close to an orgasm. I needed the wild, the uncontrolled... I needed him to call me a rice-bunny and fucking *take* me, not this weird lovey-dovey stuff. If that's what I wanted, I had David, right? And he didn't weigh a ton in the bargain.

"Daddy..." I whispered in his ear when I'd finally had enough, "harder... please..." He raised himself up and looked down at me, and there was something cold in his eyes and his mouth formed a displeased sneer.  
Then he moved fast, his hand grabbing my jaw, his strong fingers digging into my cheeks.

"You just want to get fucked, don't you, whore?" he snarled into my face. Even though he was scary when he was like this, my pussy gushed at his firmness, at his control, and I nodded quickly. He was right, after all, no sense denying it.

"I try to do something nice for you... try to show you some fucking... intimacy or whatever, but the little whore just wants cock, huh? That's all that matters to you, isn't it? That's all I am to you, a cock to get fucked by, huh?"

I didn't have time to ponder what the deuce all that meant, he *jammed* his cock into me with all the force and weight he could muster. He actually pushed me higher up on the bed, he was so forceful.

"OH!" I gasped loudly as he positively destroyed my pussy who screamed in pleasure, as he quickly withdrew, only to hammer into me again. His grip on my face tightened painfully as he lowered his face to mine with his cock lodged deep within me.

"Fine," he hissed, his beer-breath in my face, "fine. I'm done trying to be nice to an ungrateful whore like you!"

He let go of my face, and I barely even had time to wonder, when he'd ever been nice to me, before he slapped me. Hard, right on the cheek, and my face flew to the side as pain exploded through my face. I gasped and moaned, but he didn't care. He just went back to fucking me, ruthlessly hard... just the way I wanted it. Again and again his hard cock forced its way into me with such power behind it that I could barely even fuck back. I grabbed his arms to have something to hold on to as he rocked my world so completely.

"Fuuuck Daddy..." I gasped, the pain in my cheek already fading as an orgasm quickly grew in me. That was more like it! Scary, mean Tom was back, and he really gave me what I needed, what I craved... what David could never give me.

And still I needed more. Craved more. I remembered the sensation he'd given me, the *place* he'd brought me to, the feelings he'd awoken in me the last time we really fucked. Before *that* night.

The weightlessness. The detachment. The overwhelming satisfaction. And I had an idea how to get there. I had to surrender completely. Had to degrade myself for him. Had to offer him *everything*.

"Please, Daddy..." I begged and opened my mouth wide, "spit in my mouth." He just grunted, bent down and sticky lump of spit left his mouth, splattering across my lips, teeth and tongue, making me groan in submissive desire.

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David

She came at me hard with her weird leopard/man hybrid, but my pink-haired champion was pretty strong, and the battle was even. We'd each won one of the three matches, so this was the final round, and I was down to a sliver of health. My heart was going crazy, as I blocked her attacks again and again, playing defensively and waiting for my moment to strike.

When it finally came, I didn't hesitate. Kick, kick, kick, and her buff champion was flying through the air.

"No!" Alice cried, but I ignored her and kicked her again, just as she got back up. Her health plummeted, and I sensed victory.

But then I pressed the wrong button. Instead of kicking her, I blocked, though there

was nothing *to* block, which basically meant, I just stood still for a second. Not long, but long enough for her to get back up. Fuck, I almost had her!

"Haha!" she laughed and immediately went back on the attack. I blocked and dodged, but she got a hold of me and did some weird trick where she jumped and slammed poor Alisa down into the floor.

"Fuck!" I groaned as the words Knock Out appeared on the screen.

"Too bad, David. Gotta admit, you almost made me nervous for a bit," my cheery secretary taunted me.

"Yeah, I thought I had you... 'till my hand slipped," I sighed wistfully. Because it had slipped, right? Surely, it hadn't been on purpose. It wasn't like I wanted to lose this silly bet and be forced to pay the forfeit. Surely.

"Now let's hear it," she demanded, her voice triumphant. I took a deep sigh.

"Alice gives the best head," I said in a tired voice, though I was giddy with an electric feeling in my heart... and my groin. At least she wouldn't know *that*.

"I know, but I'm glad you noticed," she answered high-handed, though her bubbly laughter was right under the surface.

I shook my head with a grin. She really was something.

"Don't worry, boss, you're pretty good too," she told me and snorted with effort to keep her laughter at bay.

"Gee, thanks."

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Jia

"Ah! ... Ah! ... Daddy..." I moaned, loudly, lovingly. He took me, he dominated me, he *owned* me, giving what I truly needed. Oh, how I loved how his fat cock filled me, stretching my once-tight pussy to its breaking-point. I was balancing on the edge of yet another explosion, so, so close...

"Take it, whore," my lover grunted in his thick, unsteady voice. I looked up at him, his face contorted with need and lust while he jacked his delicious cock into me. I still wasn't reaching that special place, that special surrender. I needed more...

"Slap me, Daddy," I breathed before I even had time to consider what I was asking for. Tom's expression turned surprised for a second, then his large paw came down on my cheek, and a stinging pain erupted across my face. He didn't hit me overly hard, and the pain was more than manageable – but then again, pain wasn't what I

looking for, hoping for.

I wanted to feel small and weak, and for him to be big, intimidating... powerful. He was in charge, and I was not, and in that respect, the slap was *just* what I needed. "Oh God!" I cried, the forbidden word passing my lips without a thought. It felt so good! He was so strong, so dominant, and his authority so absolute, and I was just a little girl, feeble and fragile next to my strong Daddy.

I was... I was-

Slap! Pain struck my other cheek and I cried out in wordless bliss as my orgasm erupted, my desperate need for submission and humiliation pushing me over the edge and down into the pits of shame-filled bliss.

"Daddyyyy!" I cried, "Yeeesss...." Everything felt right and good, and I didn't even notice how I buckled and squirm under my mighty lover. My long nails tore at his bulging arms, but he didn't care. His cock and his power brought me off in a way that defied description, and I loved how he kept fucking me, kept pushing me higher and higher. Oh, if only David could give me something even half as good.

He lowered his face and forced his lips against mine, and I ignored the smell of beer and eagerly kissed him back, my tongue snaking its way into his mouth, letting him suck on it.

"What are you?" he hissed at me when he pulled back.

"I'm a whooore!" I cried, still in the throes of the mighty orgasm and only too eager to surrender my pride to him, "I'm a fucking yellow whore! *Your* whore!" He smiled at that, clearly pleased with how well he'd trained me, and I smiled back, happy to be his little submissive plaything.

He kept hammering into me, grunting like a beast, my poor pussy loving the onslaught. His face that hovered above me, sweat running down his brow was contorted in pleasure.

"You know where I wanna cum, kitten?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"In my mouth, Daddy?" I answered immediately. I didn't like the taste of semen, but the thought of my Daddy emptying his testicles onto my tongue felt so naughty right now. It'd be... a fitting ending to a delightful night. Even if I hadn't... felt what I did that one time, hadn't reached that special place.

"That's right, whore. That's alright, isn't it?" It might sound like a question, but we both knew it wasn't.

"Please cum in my mouth," I asked breathlessly, the only correct answer.

"Fuck, you've grown, kitten. A real nasty slut now, huh?" he laughed and pulled out

of me.

Before I could answer that, he'd moved to my head and stuck that majestic cock into my mouth, and I tasted our combined juices – well, mostly mine, and it wasn't a taste I'd ever enjoy, but it did feel deliciously wicked.

"Yeah, that's the stuff," he muttered as I sucked on his hard cock and swirled my tongue around his head. I wrapped my hands around his shaft and quickly found a good, solid rhythm, sucking and jerking in unison and licking him to make it as good as possible for my mighty Daddy.

I made small, pleased noises as I worshipped that big, fat cock. Or, well, not worshipped, of course, that's reserved for the Lord. But I certainly did serve his powerful tool.

"Fuck, that feels good," he sighed. His hands played with my hair, but he didn't try to force it deeper, just let me steer. I bobbed up and down, loving my task and it didn't take long for his grunts to become louder and more ecstatic.

"Cum in my mouth, Daddy, give me your cum..." I breathed and went right back to sucking, and soon he did just that.

Waves of sticky, icky semen filled my mouth, and I swallowed as fast as I could. Luckily, he'd gotten off not too long ago, so the load wasn't as overpowering as one could have feared, and I managed to keep all his salty stuff in.

"Fucking hell..." he breathed and crawled down next to me, throwing an arm over me. I snuggled up close to my strong lover, enjoying his warmth and his strong arm around me.

This was definitely what I'd needed. To get all my stress and worries fucked out of me, to be allowed to just be me and submit to my man. I was so calm right now, so sated and happy. I'd have to go home soon, of course, home to David, but for now, I could just relax and even close my eyes. Just for a second...

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David

"Well, I have to log off now," Alice said with clear regret in her voice, "it's been fun but some of us have work in the morning, you know."

"Oh. Yeah, I hadn't noticed it was that late," I answered. It was almost half past eleven – where had the hours gone?

"But we should totally play another time," she offered.

"Yeah, sounds good. Eh... I'll see you tomorrow, we can talk more then," I agreed,

and she said bye and logged off.

Shit, where was Jia? I hadn't heard from her all night. As the PlayStation shut down, I phoned her, but she didn't pick up. I debated what to do, but in the end, what could I do? Show up at Tom's?

Hardly.

Honestly, I was a little sick of her games. I texted her that it was late and I hoped she was on her way home soon. And then I went to bed. She was too busy getting fucked to even answer, huh? Well, that left a sour taste in my mouth... and an erection in my boxers.

I lay in the dark, trying to sleep when my phone beeped. Naturally, I opened the message, but it wasn't Jia who was texting me. It was Alice.

[Hey didn't want you to feel cheated. <3]

And below was an image of her delightful, sexy, round ass, stretching a small pair of panties to the max.

[Haha! You're so naughty!] I wrote back. And as I studied that wondrous booty, my hand snuck down to my already hard dick...

*Thanks for reading. Please leave a comment, I really do like reading them. :)*

*Also, I hope it didn't get too nerdy with the Tekken-games.*