

Neighbourly Debts Part 2

Authors Note: The idea of this story was pitched by our Patreon Member Story Poll Winner - Ink Heart - Neighbourly Debts. I hope you all enjoy my writing of it.

A Full Shift

Morning arrived over Oakridge Lane as if the street had never been dirtied.

Janet stood at the sink with yesterday's face washed off and today's arranged over the top of it, and told herself she hadn't been broken. A woman could do stupid, desperate things for her family and for her son's future, and still wake up as Janet Little. The trick was not to give the memory a chair at the table. The other trick; the one that mattered in her home, was not to give Carl even a hint of it.

He came down talking about traffic. He kissed her temple, in that soft affectionate way he did every morning. When his hand found the small of her back she didn't flinch, didn't give any suggestion that yesterday, across the street, was still eating away at her.

When he asked her how she had gotten on over at Mr Long's yesterday, she was able to tell the truth without actually telling the truth.

"He's a pig," she said, eyes fixed on her coffee, voice laced with her usual disdain. "Rude. Lazy. The house is exactly what you'd think. I'm not going to pretend I enjoy being over there."

Carl's mouth tightened in that small pale way it always did when Long's name came up. "Just, don't let him talk down to you. Men like him, once they know what they can get away with, won't let up."

"I know exactly what he is." She poured his mug and kept her hands busy. "Typical black man. No standards or manners. He sits in that chair like the street owes him a living. But, putting up with an old man who doesn't know how to speak to people, is a small price to pay for Junior's future. He'll be off to Uni in a few weeks. And then we can move on from all of this."

"Has he said anything... offensive?"

There it was. The little door she couldn't afford to open.

Janet gave a short, disgusted breath she had practised on the stairs. "He's crude. He stares. He makes comments about the street, about us, about everything he isn't. I shut it down and I get on with it. You know me, Carl, I wouldn't let a man like that get the better of me!"

He searched her face a second longer than she liked. She leaned into the performance, let him see the hate, because the hate was honest. She didn't let him see the rest. See what she was truly fighting with.

"All right. Just don't take his rubbish to heart."

"I won't. He's not worth my worry." She handed him his keys. "Go. Or you'll get stuck in that traffic."

The garage complained. The house went quiet, and Janet stood in it and felt the day ahead sit down in her chest.

In the bedroom she opened the closet on navy and a blouse that buttoned to the throat. Then she heard him sending her home again, heard the clock running, and the intention folded. Dressing against him had already failed. Dressing for the job was management. *Show just enough to keep the horny old fool happy*, she thought.

She reached for the jeans that she had never been able to wear. Dark indigo denim. Sensible when she had ordered them online, but obscene the moment they cleared her hips and had put everything on display. She had hung them up and never tried them on again. She stepped in and had to do the little hop she hated, breasts bouncing, denim crawling up over the packed, firm round of her ass as if it had been cut to argue with her. The seams carved her cheeks into two claims. The mirror didn't lie; she looked like a woman who wanted everyone to see every inch of her figure.

She almost took them off. Then she thought of the alternative, wearing a skirt or a dress, something he could let his eyes hunt under, and then she left the jeans on.

The top was a thin white scoop from a holiday she hadn't enjoyed. It clung to the heavy shelf of her breasts and made the lace of her bra a suggestion. She stepped into another pair of heels, because he had demanded she wear them at all times. She let her platinum hair fall in a shimmering curtain to her waist, and set her mouth in a mean, hard line.

"Cook. Clean. Nothing else," she told her reflection, her voice a desperate command. "Yesterday was a one off. Today you're Janet Little. And that disgusting old man can't make you any less!"

She crossed Oakridge Lane with her eyes on the tarmac and felt the jeans work her with every stride, denim chewing the crease of her ass, the scoop flexing as her breasts bouncing in a rhythm she still couldn't command. She didn't look at her geraniums or the manicured perfection of her own life. She was focussed on the house across the road, and what lay within.

His house smelled the same. He was in the armchair with the brace stuck out, T-shirt given up on his chest, and he looked at her the way a man looked at a delivery he had already paid for. He didn't greet her with a hello; instead his eyes tracked over her like a predator over prey. His gaze dropped to the jeans first and lingered on the way the denim struggled to contain her.

"Well damn." The laugh sat low in it. "I was about to send your ass back across the road to put on a slutty little skirt for me. Then you turn sideways in that denim and I lose the argument with myself. Fat. Firm. Split down the middle like the jeans lost a fight they were happy to lose."

Janet slammed the door harder than necessary, the sound echoing through the stale air. "I'm here to work. And these are better than a skirt. At least they are practical."

“Practical.” He tasted the word, voice dripping with a mocking hunger. “Baby, those jeans are a crime scene. Turn around. Let me get a proper look.”

“I’m not turning around for you... and don’t call me baby!”

“Ain’t asking you to dance for me... yet!” He said, smiling with eyes piercing hers. “Never mind, have it your own way, got all day to appreciate that view you brought with you.”

Standing still before him became its own kind of submission. She could feel the seam carved into both cheeks, feel yesterday trying to sit down behind her eyes, and she crushed it away with a surge of performative indignation.

“Pick a room you want me to start on... and stop staring.” She snapped her phone out, scrolling through a menu of contacts, as her voice sharpened to the Janet Little of old. “And while I’m here, I’m ringing someone to come take care of that lawn. And that cracked window as well. If I’m coming over here every day, you bet your ass I’m at least getting that grass sorted. I’m the one who has to look out of my own window and see this shit-hole.”

Amusement, thick and slow, clouded Mr Long’s expression. “Oakridge coming in to civilise the natives. What’s next? You gonna plant some of them dainty white flowers too?”

“I’m going to make it look like a house instead of a warning. Your days of dragging down the value of this street are over.” She snapped.

She stood in the center of his front room, her voice shifting into the bright, clipped tone of a woman in control. She spoke to her lawn man, her words precise and commanding: *Tuesday. The Long place, opposite mine. Cut, edge, bag the waste. It’s a big job, but my husband will take care of the bill.*

Then the glazier: *Downstairs pane, taped up since spring. Measure, replace.* She gave her own number, refusing to give him the satisfaction of the connection.

Richard Long didn't really listen to the words. He just watched the straining seam of her jeans and the heavy heave of her breasts beneath the white cotton.

“You sound sexy when you’re bossing poor men around,” he said when she hung up. “That the voice you use on your husband?”

“That’s the voice I use on people who need to do their jobs and know their places.” She shoved the phone back into her bag. “You might want to give listening to it, a try.”

Mr Long smiled amusingly at her, almost admiring the fight and spirit she was displaying.

“Before you start playing housewife today.” The tone shifted. It was his commanding voice now; the one that didn't need to rise to be obeyed. “Lose the bra.”

Janet froze, staring at him. “You can’t be serious. Why the hell would I do that?”

He didn’t grin. He raised his eyebrows as if the sentence had been reasonable.

“I’ve seen those puppies in all their glory. Fucked ’em. Painted ’em. No need to keep them behind all those layers like they’re shy. Take your bra off. I want to see them move while

you work. You can fix my lawn, and make my house more respectable, all you want. But those stay on display.”

“That isn’t the deal.” She shifted into her defensive voice. “I cook. I clean. I get your yard seen to. I’m not taking my underwear off because you feel like a show.”

“I’m changing the deal... And you took more than a bra off yesterday when you wanted your afternoon off.” He let that sit. “We both know the reason you’ve been getting dressed up for me all week. To save little Junior. So stop wasting time. Go to the bathroom and take it off... and come back in here dressed to work.”

Junior’s name rang in her ears. The leverage was absolute. She went to the bathroom, the click of the door behind her providing a momentary sanctuary. She unhooked the bra under the top and pulled it out through one sleeve. Her breasts dropped, heavy and immediate. The white fabric became a rumour, a sheer veil that did nothing to hide the fullness. Her nipples printed themselves on the cotton in two dark points. She stuffed the bra into her bag like a piece of incriminating evidence, took a shallow breath to steady her racing heart, and walked back out into her nightmare.

Mr Long didn’t look at her face, his eyes were anchored to her chest. The fabric stretched tight over the swell of her bouncing flesh, leaving nothing to the imagination.

“Fucking perfect.” There was no politeness in his observation, just sleaze-filled lust. “Heavy and bouncing. Nipples already hard and telling on you. Now you’re finally dressed for work.”

Janet stiffened, the air of the room making her nipples harden further, poking sharply against the cotton. “I’m here to cook and clean, Richard. That’s all you’re getting today.”

“Put some coffee on and make me breakfast first,” he commanded, his voice a low rumble that seemed to vibrate in the floorboards. “Then you can spend the rest of the morning pretending those nipples aren’t hard for me.”

She retreated to the kitchen, finding a pack of bacon in the fridge. The sharp hiss of the meat hitting the hot pan was a comfort; a sound that belonged to a domestic life she still recognised, a tether to the woman she still pretended to be. As she stood at the hob, her back to his gaze from the living room, she felt the grip of the denim chewing into the crease of her ass with every shift of her weight. Without the bra, the unconfined weight of her tits swayed in a heavy dance every time she reached and shifted the pan. The friction was constant; the cotton dragged across her sensitive nipples, a relentless, grazing tease. She refused to name the sensation as arousal, insisting to herself that it was merely fabric, merely physics.

But he wouldn’t let her hide in the silence. He talked while she cooked, weaving a web of words designed to strip her bare long before he ever touched her.

“Can’t look at those and not think about yesterday,” he murmured, his voice drifting from the living room, thick with memory. “Big, white tits wrapped tight around my big black cock. You remember the sound it made once you got the oil on? That wet, squelching noise every time I thrust between them?”

"I remember I wanted to leave," she snapped, her voice trembling despite her effort to remain clipped. She kept her back to him, staring intensely at the browning bacon. "That's the entirety of my memory."

"It didn't sound like you wanted to leave, not with that dirty talk you were giving me..." He was louder now, certain in his tone. "Called it a beast. Told me to paint those big white titties. Such a slutty Oakridge wife, on her knees desperate for her reward."

Janet spun around, the pan still in her hand, her face set in a mask of indignation. But the mask was ruined by her body; as she turned, her heavy breasts bounced with her, the movement vivid and provocative.

"I said that to try and help you finish!" she hissed. "Words. Just words to speed you up!"

His mouth pulled into a slow smirk. "Oh. I never knew you cared so much about me cumming."

"You know exactly what I mean." A hot flush climbed her throat, staining her skin. "I wanted to speed you up, so I could leave and get away from you!"

"Most women just stroke faster when they're in a rush," he countered, his gaze dropping to the heave of her chest. "You didn't do that. You started smacking my cock against your nipples, rubbing the head of it across your skin and asking if I liked it. You enjoyed it... were desperate to feel that load."

"Shut up," she whispered, the command lacking any real authority.

"And then my favourite part of it all..." His eyes shifted, locking onto her mouth, his gaze demanding. "Those pretty, married lips wrapped around the head of my cock. You didn't just take it; you hummed on it. I could feel you vibrating against me."

"That wasn't by choice," she countered, though the sharpness of her voice was undercut by a sudden, shallow breath. "You had your hand buried in my hair. I opened my mouth to tell you to stop. To let me go!"

"You can protest all you like," he said. "Because I felt your tongue swirling around that cock head like it was starving for the taste. That's not a protest, Janet. That's a woman finding out she loves the flavour of a real man."

"You're a fucking liar," she breathed, her core tightening with a sudden, pulsing ache. "I hated every second of it."

"And then you milked me dry. Every last drop. Mouth first, then that pretty face and those gigantic tits squeezing the life out of me. Bet you've never tasted anything so good in your life."

The blush arrived in full force, flooding her cheeks and chest. She felt exposed, stripped of her dignity by his words. She swallowed hard, her throat tight, and turned back to the bacon as if the sizzling pan could shield her from his gaze.

"That's disgusting. You are disgusting," she whispered.

“Deny it all you like. But I know the look of a woman who enjoyed being used like a slut.” There was a pause, the silence heavy with the sound of his eyes roaming over the curve of her back and the tight stretch of her jeans. “Was it worth it?”

She began to plate the food, her movements frantic. “Worth what?”

She brought the tray over to him, careful not to lean further than absolutely necessary, though the movement still caused her breasts to sway.

“Your afternoon off,” he said, his voice dropping to a whisper. “Helen and all those other posh stuck up bitches, sipping tea and pretending like you’re nothing but a bunch of trophy wives... Did you tell them how their perfect, poised Janet spent her morning on her knees, milking their black neighbour that they all love to hate?”

The idea of them finding out about her secret, of the filth being known by them, sent a jolt of genuine terror through her. “What we talk about is none of your business.”

Richard watched her over the rim of his coffee cup, his expression unreadable, though the triumph was evident in his eyes. He hadn't even touched the bacon.

“You haven’t even told any of them that you have been coming over here to clean, have you?”

“Of course I haven’t,” she whispered, her voice trembling.

Richard’s gaze didn't waver; it remained heavy, anchored to the pulse jumping in her throat. “Because you’re ashamed,” he stated, his voice a low, knowing rumble.

“Because it’s not anyone’s business,” Janet countered, her voice tight, attempting to wrap herself in a shred of dignity. She stood tall, her shoulders squared, though the lack of a bra made the movement only serve to emphasize the natural sway of her breasts.

Mr Long analysed her face. Like he could see through her, and read her thoughts. He raised his eyebrows as if he had just discovered a truth.

“You didn’t go.” It wasn't a question. It was a verdict.

The sentence she had prepared; something sharp, something dismissive, died in her throat. She felt the air leave her lungs.

“I didn’t go... I was too busy scrubbing myself in the shower, trying to get your filth off my skin. I had to wash the smell and the memory of you out of my pores before I could even stand to be in another woman’s kitchen.”

Richard laughed, a deep, unforced sound that vibrated in his chest, causing the metal of his knee-brace to creak.

“So all that work, all that effort to empty my balls... and you didn’t even make it to the tea?” he mused, his eyes roaming over her again. “You just went home and spent the entire afternoon in the shower. Rubbing yourself off.”

“Scrubbing myself off!” she snapped, a fierce, hot flush climbing from her chest to her cheeks. “There is a massive difference.”

“Sure.” He let the word hang in the air, stretching it until it shifted meaning, turning her denial into a confession. “A married woman in the shower, her hand buried where it ain’t supposed to be, thinking about the black cock she just pleased. You were probably denying that you enjoyed yourself, whilst making yourself cum at the memory of it. I’ve been in that movie, Janet. I know how it ends for you.”

“You don’t know a damn thing about women like me,” she breathed, her voice trembling with a mixture of rage and a sudden spike of heat between her thighs.

Richard reached out and picked up a rasher of bacon, his eyes locked onto her chest as he chewed slowly. He watched the way her nipples remained stubbornly erect, poking sharply through the thin white cotton of her shirt.

“They’re still poking through, gorgeous. You gonna blame the cool air? Or maybe the memory of yesterday does things to you after all?”

Janet almost folded her arms across her chest to hide herself, but she stopped mid-motion. She knew that folding them would only push her breasts upward, offering him an even more glorious view of the unsupported weight of her flesh. Instead, she retreated to the sink, turning the water on too hot, the steam rising to dampen her skin.

Richard didn't stop. He offered a running commentary from his chair, his voice a predatory purr. He narrated the way the denim of her jeans strained and chewed into the crease of her ass as she reached for a cloth. He commented on the way the white top clung to the curve of her side as she leaned over, the fabric becoming nearly translucent against her skin.

“Quit being a pervert and just eat your breakfast,” she hissed.

“I can do both. That’s the gift,” he replied, his tone dripping with smug satisfaction.

Janet took the cleaning cloth to the cracked window, her fingers gripping the fabric tightly. She tried to refuse to acknowledge him anymore. She focused on the cold air hitting her skin, the cheap cotton of her shirt, and the rage she felt. She thought of the file on her son, the desperation that had led her here. The lawn would be cut. The glass would be fixed. And her son would go off to university. That was the only victory that mattered.

“You going to stand there wringing that thing all morning, or are you going to ask the question you came over here thinking about this morning?” He asked.

Janet turned. Her breath catching as she watched Richard’s hand migrate to the front of his jeans, his fingers gripping himself through the denim. He squeezed slowly, deliberately, showcasing the thick, outline of his cock as it strained against the fabric. The smile on his face was patient and utterly dominant.

“What question?” she asked, her eyes moving between the way he gripped his bulge, and his focused gaze.

“If you’re putting in a full shift today?”

Janet looked at the bulge, then at the cracked glass and the street beyond it. "Well. What other choice do I have?"

"That's up to you, sugar tits." He gave himself another unhurried squeeze, his eyes making a slow trip: from her heels, up the seams of her tight jeans, over the unsupported sway of her heavy breasts, and finally landing on the mouth that had already been wrapped around him, humming with pleasure.

"You ever want half days, I'm willing to make some deals. Just like yesterday. You want a few hours that belong to your own world, you earn it. Or you can spend the full day with me, if that's what you prefer. I know how much you enjoy my charming personality."

A full day meant hours of this psychological dismantling, of being stared at and talked to, like a piece of meat. Likely ending in a shower, and her hands wrapped around that cock anyway.

Which option was truly worse? She asked herself. And underneath it, was the realization that she was actually doing the math, calculating exactly how much of her dignity she could trade for a few hours of freedom.

"I've got work to do," she said, trying to dismiss it. "Starting with the kitchen."

"Yeah." He said, sitting up. "You do. But you can put the cloth down. I need groceries."

The words landed as a wave of relief before she could stop it. An hour. Maybe even two, if she dragged it out. Stores and aisles instead of his armchair and his mocking smile.

"I can do that." She was already folding the cloth, her movements hurried, already reaching for the bag that held her discarded bra. "Write me a list. I'll go."

"Great. Let's get moving then." He sat forward, wincing slightly as he shifted around the brace, and reached for the crutch as if the decision had never included her going alone.

"We'll take your car."

The bag strap went tight in her fingers, her knuckles whitening. "You're coming with me?"

"Ain't left this house since they rolled me out of that van." He hooked the crutch under his arm and stood, his massive frame unfolding like a piece of furniture deciding to walk.

"Man needs some air. Some normality." He paused, giving her a look that was lazy, exact, and cutting. "What, little racist white girl worried about being seen out in public with a Black man?"

"I am not a racist!" The denial came out too fast, a sharp, defensive reflex. She could hear the echo of Carl in her voice, the ghost of every polite conversation she'd had in her sitting-room window, and every curated word she had ever used to describe the demographics of this street. "That's got nothing to do with it. You can barely walk. I'm not having you limp around a supermarket on my arm, slowing me down."

“Then I won’t limp around a supermarket on your arm.” He was already moving toward the hall, unhurried, treating her protest as nothing more than a light breeze. “You’ll shop. I’ll grab a beer or two at the bar. Everyone wins.”

She swallowed the rest of her indignation and tried for the door that still felt, in her mind, like hers to control. “Drinking in the morning? Why does that not surprise me... Fine, I’ll go get changed and bring the car over, give me five minutes.”

“Don’t you dare.”

She stopped dead with her hand on the latch. He was behind her in the narrow hall, his presence overwhelming the small space.

“What you’ve got on is perfect,” he said, his voice dropping to a gravelly whisper right against her ear. “Those jeans. Those heels. Those tits sitting out like they forgot they were married. Don’t even think about putting that bra back on either. I just got them trained to appreciate the freedom!”

“I can’t go out like this,” she breathed, glancing down and hating the view: the deep scoop of the neckline, the printed, hard nipples, and the way the denim was carved ruthlessly into the swell of her ass. “I look like I’m going for a shift at the strip club.”

His smile arrived slow and pleased. “Just the way I like it.”

Oakridge Lane was waiting on the other side of the door, and her car, and the kind of daylight that didn’t care what she had told herself this morning. Janet opened the latch anyway, because the alternative was staying in the house with him and the bulge and the shady deals he would propose.

“Fine, let’s get a move on then.” She finally conceded.

Public Exposure

The passenger seat of her car had never been asked to hold a man like that. Richard Long filled it the way he filled a doorway, brace jammed against the glovebox, crutch wedged between his knee and the door, the sour lived-in heat of him blooming in the air-con she had turned up on purpose. Oakridge fell away behind them as the twenty-minute drive was filled with his comments about how sweet the ride was compared to his truck.

As they drove onto the high street, he pointed at the brick box on the corner with the faded sign and the smokers’ butts ground into the pavement. “Drop me here. The King’s Head. The early session boys’ll be in.”

Janet pulled in tight to the kerb and kept both hands on the wheel.

“Come in and say hello.” He didn’t reach for the door yet. His eyes did the trip they always did, from the printed points of her nipples to the denim carved into her thighs. “Let ’em see the caring neighbour who’s been looking after me. They won’t believe it until they see you for themselves.”

"I'm not walking into a bar at eleven in the morning dressed like this to meet your drinking friends." She hit the release on his seatbelt because he was taking too long. "You want air and normality. There it is. Out."

He smiled, unhurried, and hooked the crutch under his arm. "All right. Don't get sharp. Here's the shopping list. Take it back to mine after you're done and get it put away. Then you can come back down here and collect me. That way I get a couple extra in me before I have to put up with that attitude of yours."

"My attitude? You better not be drunk by the time I come back."

"I can handle my drink, baby." He got the door open and the brace out into the light, a big ugly unfolding of a man. "This ain't your little husband nursing his white wine. I'm a real man. Though you already know that, don't you?"

"Whatever." Janet stared fixedly at the windscreen, refusing to acknowledge that memory of him. "Go. I'll be a couple of hours."

He shut the door with his hip and limped toward the dark mouth of the pub without looking back, as if her car and her tits and her timetable were all already decided. Janet sat there long enough to feel the scoop of the top settle when she breathed, then she pulled out and told herself that the aisles were a lot better than standing in front of that armchair.

The parking lot of the store was a shimmering haze of summer heat. She grabbed a trolley, the cold metal bar felt like a shield, a piece of cover she could hide behind. Her heels clicked loudly across the tarmac, drawing the heads of others passing by. A wolf-whistle cut off a van on the far side of the lot, raw and delighted, and then another, followed by a comment about her "assets". She didn't look up, but she felt the heat of the attention like a brand. She was Janet Little of Oakridge Lane, a respectable housewife, crossing a parking lot as if she had dressed for a different, far filthier kind of work.

Inside the store, the blast of the air-con hit her. It found her nipples instantly, pulling them into hard, visible peaks poking through the cotton. She tried to ignore the shameless way she felt on display, putting the shopping list on the trolley handle as a way to focus on the task at hand. It was written in his messy, impatient scrawl.

Beer. The cheap kind, 3 crates. White bread. Ketchup. Bacon. Eggs. Four family bags of chips. Frozen pizzas. Microwave Meals. Two bottles of grape juice.

Grape juice. She stood in the chilled aisle with the bottle in her hand and felt the old sneer arrive on schedule. *Of course, she thought, stereotypical as the overflowing bins and the cracked pane.* It was the kind of shopping list that fit the caricature of the man who had spent the last few days chipping away at her dignity, like it was a game to him.

At the bottom of the list, written in that same messy, demanding handwriting: *XL Magnum condoms. Don't get it wrong, never know when they might come in handy!*

Janet stopped so abruptly that the trolley tapped her hip. A woman with a toddler reached past her for something on the shelf, her gaze sliding down to the deep, precarious scoop of Janet's top, then flicking up to her face, and finally away. It was a look of polite curiosity curdled into a subtle, instinctive judgment.

Janet read the line again, her eyes tracing the jagged ink as if the letters might rearrange themselves into something mundane, something that belonged on a grocery run.

Who does he plan on using those on?

Not her. Of course not her. Yesterday had been a tax, a hole in a morning, a thing she had already filed under never again. He had some cheap woman from before, the dirty blonde Junior had seen at the side gate. It had nothing to do with the neighbour pushing his trolley.

She told herself that all the way to the family planning shelf, which didn't have what the list required. Regular. Flavoured. Ribbed. A brand in a silver box that still looked modest beside the word he had written. No Magnum XL.

As she took the walk to the counter, the heat in her face had nothing to do with the aisle, and everything to do with the realisation she would have to ask someone to check out back.

"Excuse me." Her voice came out bright and clipped. "Do you have any more condoms in the back?... Magnum XL's... there's none on the shelf."

The lad behind the till went the colour of the regular boxes and said he'd check. Janet stood there with her trolley full of a Black man's beer and his grape juice and felt the thin cotton move when she breathed.

"Janet?"

The voice was a needle. Janet turned to find Helen Park's sister-in-law: Claire from the gym class she had missed already this week. Claire was a vision of suburban perfection: an auburn blow-dry, pristine white trainers, and the kind of measuring smile that didn't just greet other women, but appraised their houses, their husbands, and their failures.

Claire wasn't looking at Janet's face. Her gaze started at the neckline, lingering on the heavy, unsupported swell of Janet's breasts, then tracked down to the way the denim of her jeans clung ruthlessly to her hips.

"Claire. Hi." Janet managed, heart in mouth.

"I didn't know you shopped over here." Claire's gaze finished the trip and tried to pretend it had always been on her eyes. "You look... different. Nice different. I don't think I've seen you in those jeans before. They're very... form-fitting."

The blush arrived before Janet could stop it, a hot wave of exposure. "Thanks, they're new. I'm just running errands. You know how it is."

Claire made a small interested noise that wanted more and didn't get it. The worker lad came back from the stockroom with a black-and-gold box held out like a legal verdict.

"These are the ones you asked for Miss," he said, his voice cracking slightly. "XL Magnum. Ten pack was all we had left."

The silence that followed was deafening. Claire's eyes dropped to the box, then swept over the trolley. Surprise opened and shut on Claire's face in a single, unkind second. It was a calculation. Beer. Grape juice. And condoms that did not belong in Carl Little's bedside drawer. Carl was a man of gentle touches and modest needs; he didn't require a "Magnum."

"Well." Claire's smile returned, but it was thinner now, sharpened into a blade. "I should let you get on. Tell Carl I said hello."

"I will." Janet snatched the box from the boy's hand, the cardboard feeling like a hot coal, and dropped it among the chips as if it were a bag of sugar. "Lovely to see you."

It was not lovely. It was a massacre.

She pushed the trolley toward the self-checkout with her ears ringing and her nipples still printed on the cotton and the thought she could not quite crush: Claire was going to carry that picture home. Janet Little in heels and a see-through top, buying extra-large condoms and a Black man's groceries, looking like the woman Junior had called a slut from the sofa.

There was no version of Carl those Magnums belonged to. Claire would know it. Anyone with eyes would know it.

She packed the bags as if packing could make the morning ordinary, put them in the boot, and drove back to Oakridge with the radio off, the silence amplifying the thrum of her heart and the suffocating awareness of her body. Entering Mr Long's house felt like stepping back into a cage. She took her time to put away the shopping, she froze on the condoms for a long minute, before deciding to just leave them on the kitchen worktop.

She was in no rush to go collect him, deciding to finish a few chores around the house, taking advantage of the peace and quiet.

By mid-afternoon, the King's Head had transformed from a sleepy local into a hive of midday drinkers. Janet stood on the pavement, the humid air clinging to her skin, and sent a short, clipped text: *I'm outside*.

A minute passed. Then another. The heavy oak door swung open to let a delivery man out, and a burst of raucous laughter leaked into the street. Mr Long didn't emerge.

Janet felt a prickle of irritation, but beneath it, a mounting anxiety. She told herself she would give him one more minute, but the reality was that she couldn't stay outside. To stay waiting, was to invite the gaze of every passerby on the high street.

She pushed the door open and was immediately hit by the sensory assault of the pub: the stale scent of old beer, the heavy grease of fryer oil, and the sour, damp musk of wooden floorboards that had been absorbing spills since the eighties.

It took her eyes a moment to calibrate to the dim light, but then she saw him. Corner booth. The metallic glint of his leg brace jutting out into the aisle like a piece of industrial machinery. He had a pint gripped in his massive fist and a smile already waiting for her; a

look that suggested he had been anticipating the exact moment she would walk through that door, savouring the spectacle of it.

She felt the room settle on her body in fragmented pieces. A man at the bar pivoted on his stool, his eyes widening. Another paused, a glass halfway to his lips, his gaze dropping instantly to her tits. Janet didn't stop; she knew that pausing in the doorway would only turn her into a statue for them to admire. She walked with a forced grace, her heels ticking sharply on the sticky floorboards, the tight denim of her jeans chewing into the crease of her ass with every step. Her breasts swayed under the thin white cotton, exposed to a light that had no kindness and no privacy.

“Damn, Dick!” a voice boomed from the bar, delighted and far too loud. “This the hot piece of ass you’ve been telling us about? You lucky son of a bitch!”

A second laugh followed, lower and more suggestive. “Neighbour, my arse. That’s not how my neighbour looks when she brings over soup. How much does she cost for an hour?”

Janet’s expression hardened instinctively. She flashed them the ‘Oakridge look’; the cold, dismissive glare she reserved for incompetent clerks, but as the laughter continued, she realized how little weight her social standing carried in a room full of men who had been drinking well before noon.

“Watch your mouths,” she snapped, her voice sharp, though it lacked the power to truly silence them.

Richard’s smile widened.

“There she is. Told you she had a bite.” He looked her up and down. “Come sit down, Mrs. Little. I’m gonna want one more before we go.”

He patted the cracked vinyl beside him. Janet slid onto the edge of the seat, her spine straight as a rod, clutching her bag in her lap like a shield. The wall lasted for all of three seconds.

His arm swept around her, erasing the distance. The heat of him was immediate; a wall of masculine warmth and overwhelming size. She felt the hard press of his side and the soft, powerful rise of his belly against her arm. Beneath the scent of beer, he smelled of raw skin, musk, and the lingering salt of the morning’s bacon. He tugged her ruthlessly, hauling her flush against his ribs. Janet gasped as her breast was flattened into the side of his chest, her platinum hair spilling over the fabric of his T-shirt.

“Get cosy,” he murmured, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through her entire frame, his lips brushing the shell of her ear. “Unless you want the whole bar hearing exactly what we’re gonna talk about.”

“And what are we going to talk about?” she whispered, keeping her eyes fixed on the scarred wooden table, acutely aware that the men at the bar were still watching her.

“About you putting up with me.” His thumb found the bare skin of her upper arm, rubbing in a slow, idle circle that felt less like a caress and more like a claim. “Past few days. Cooking. Cleaning. Driving my crippled arse around town.” He leaned in closer, his scent

enveloping her. "You probably need a day off, huh? Don't want to wear you down too much. A man'd be a fool to break a good thing."

Suspicion came first, sharp and useful, the old Oakridge reflex that had kept her from believing a word out of this house since the day she had stepped over the door. Men like him did not give things away. They stacked them, and they collected. She felt the shape of a door opening anyway, hated that she felt it, and still heard herself go looking for the catch.

"Really?" she whispered.

"Really." Richard took a long, slow pull of his pint, the muscles in his forearm flexing against her skin. His arm didn't move; it remained a possessive weight across her shoulders. "Tomorrow. Stay on your own side of the street. Sleep in. Be Mrs. Little. You've stocked up my fridge and cupboards, so I can sit in my chair for one damn day without that incredible view."

She knew he wasn't talking about the house or the lawn; the view he was talking about was her and her body.

The question rose as far as her teeth, and what does that cost? — and for a second she almost let it out, almost did the clever thing, the thing that would have proved she still understood the arrangement.

Then the rest of it arrived too fast: her own kitchen, her own bed, maybe asking Carl to take time off work too, a morning that didn't start with this man's eyes. Relief got there first. It flooded the space where the price should have been and made the kindness feel real enough to grab.

Even this monster, she thought, and despised how grateful it sounded in her own head. *Even he could see she had earned a break.*

"I could use a day," she said, carefully. Almost probing to see what he said next.

His fingers stroked once along her arm, slow enough to pretend it was kindness. "Then take it, baby."

Janet was so excited at the prospect, she went straight to pulling her phone from her bag. Carl answered on the second ring. There was a polite, genuine surprise in his voice; Carl didn't get afternoon calls from his wife unless there was a crisis.

"It's nothing bad," she said quickly. As she spoke, she turned her face slightly away from Richard, but she couldn't escape him. She felt his hand slide from her arm down to the dip of her waist, his thick, hot palm pressing firmly against the sliver of bare skin where her top had ridden up.

"Mr. Long doesn't need me tomorrow," she continued, her voice wavering as his thumb began to graze the edge of her skin. "I thought... if you could move things around, we could take the day. Both of us. Go to the lake. Take a picnic. Like we used to."

There was a pause, and she could practically hear the smile forming on Carl's face; the soft, worshipful love of a man who adored his wife. "I can shift the afternoon. Morning too, if I call Debbie now to move my meeting. You sure you're all right, Jan?"

"I'm fine." At that exact moment, Richard's fingers hooked into the waistband of her jeans. He didn't slide them under, but he gripped the denim tight. Janet closed her eyes, hating how easily the softness returned to her voice for Carl, the practiced mask of the devoted wife sliding back into place. "I just want a day that belongs to us. I can't wait. I'll get things organised for the picnic hamper later, once I finish up with Dick."

"Dick?" Carl asked.

"Mr Long... Richard," She corrected.

"Lake it is... I can't wait," Carl said, his voice warm and unsuspecting. "I love you."

"I love you too."

She hung up and sat frozen in the booth, the taste of her husband's innocent love still lingering in her mouth while an ugly, old Black man's arm crushed her ribs. The contrast was nauseating; she felt split in two, a clean, suburban woman and a piece of meat in a pub booth.

"You two sound pretty excited for tomorrow," Richard murmured.

"It's my marriage. Of course I am."

"Good." He drained the rest of the pint in one go and reached for his crutch. "Don't go anywhere. Nature's calling. Won't be a minute."

Getting him out of the booth was a public performance, and the entire bar was an invited audience. Dick struggled upward and limped toward the back hall, the clink-tick of the metal echoing on the floorboards.

Janet remained exactly where he left her, feeling exposed and hollow. At the bar, two of the regulars leaned in, whispering and laughing as they gazed back at her without the slightest effort to hide their amusement. She looked down at her phone, desperate to anchor herself. *Tomorrow. The lake. Carl in a crisp polo shirt. Tupperware of sandwiches. A day of peace away from that pig.*

Then, the phone buzzed in her hand with a message from him:

Got a situation. Need your help for a second. Central stall.

She read the text twice, her heart hammering. *The gents. He really wanted her to go into the men's restroom?*

The brace, she told herself, the mental gymnastics kicking in. A strap he can't reach. A buckle that's jammed. He might have fallen over? She imagined him sprawled on the floor, a liability she couldn't afford to ignore. *Go in, sort it, take him home, and then tomorrow is mine.*

The corridor behind the bar was narrow and decayed. A sign with a missing screw. The smell coming under the bathroom door before she touched it: piss and sour beer and a chemical block that had lost the fight years ago. She pushed into the gents with her jaw set and her heels announcing her on tile that was wet in places it should not have been wet.

It was a wretched box of a room, the kind of setting a film would use to signal that a character had descended into their lowest point. Two urinals were stained a deep, tea-brown, one of them dripping with a maddening tap-tap-tap. The sink was a disaster, no soap, a jagged crack splitting the basin in two, and a layer of grime that seemed to have its own pulse. Tissues and a crushed beer can lay discarded on the floor like casualties. The air tasted of copper and old smoke, sitting thick on her tongue. Graffiti crawled across the plaster and the stall paint in a chaotic sprawl of names, numbers, and a fat, blue, aggressive *FUCK THE POLICE* scrawled across the wall. The flickering fluorescent light cast a sickly, greenish pallor over everything, making the space feel diseased.

Three stalls. The far door was shut tight. The nearest hung open, exposing a toilet she refused to look at. The middle door stood slightly ajar, revealing a sliver of darkness and peeling beige paint.

“Dick?” She hated using that name here; it felt too intimate for a place this foul. “I’m coming in. Don’t you dare be playing games.”

“Close the door, I’m just next door.” His voice drifted through the partition. It wasn’t the voice of a man in distress or a man whose knee had failed.

She stepped into the central stall. The door pulled in after her with a wet, greasy slide. She thumbed the latch across, suddenly finding herself trapped in a space barely wider than her shoulders. The toilet was stained, the walls mapped with the filth of a thousand strangers, and then she saw it: a fist-sized hole punched through the partition. It was positioned at a height that made her stomach drop before her mind could even process why.

“What’s going on? Are you all right?”

Wood creaked on the other side. The hollow thud of the crutch falling against the wall echoed. She heard him shift his weight, the friction of denim, and then the slow sound of a zipper being drawn down. He took a long, unhurried breath; the breath of a man who knew he held every single card in the deck.

“Ready to earn that full day off, sugar tits?”

And then, the void in the wall was filled.

The hole in the partition was ugly and practical. Strip after strip of masking tape, grimy, softened, rubbed shiny where it had been used. Through that taped ring came the thing she had spent the last twenty-four hours trying to forget, thick and black and already hard, heat rolling off it as the taped edge dragged along the shaft and the rest of him kept coming.

Janet stood frozen on the filthy tile, nipples printed on the cotton, the lake still sitting in her mouth from the call. She looked at it; the massive, weeping length of him filling a hole that had never been meant for a woman like her, and she knew. This was the toll. Tomorrow had never been free.

The Hole

Janet's first instinct wasn't a thought of Junior, nor was it a flicker of tomorrow and the lake. It was the raw recoil of a woman who had already felt this thing force its way past her lips once and had sworn that the first time would be the last. It was too thick. Too black. Veined like a piece of industrial machinery built specifically to ruin a woman's innocence.

Then the smell of him her; a suffocating musk of salt, sweat, and the concentrated scent of a cock that had been pulsing with hard, impatient heat for her since this morning.

She could leave. She could walk out past the urinals, past the staring men and back into the blinding daylight, and simply tell Carl that the neighbour had changed his mind. She could preserve the sanctity of her mouth for the man who kissed her with a tenderness that felt like a prayer.

But there was Junior. Princeton. And the idea of keeping this vile pig of a man on her side. And then there was tomorrow: Carl already taking the time off work, the vision of a picnic by shimmering water. She had spent years building a life designed to starve the old, shameful stories of her mother kneeling for a black man. Now, that same price was hanging in front of her, twitching, a heavy, obsidian weight that made the masking tape edges of the hole seem to strain and groan around its girth.

Mr Long didn't speak. For once, the sleazy voice stayed within him, allowing his cock to do the talking. It pulsed against the air, a demanding throb. It was the most honest thing he had ever offered her: a simple demand for submission.

For Junior and Carl, she told herself.

She sank to her knees. The tile was slick and cold, something sticky and unidentified clung to her, through the fabric of her jeans. The stall was so claustrophobic that as she settled, the filthy, stained rim of the toilet pressed against her waist. A wave of disbelief crashed over her, long and stupid. Janet Little from Oakridge. From Neighbourhood watch and PTA meetings. Now on her knees in the gents of a noon-drunk pub, her perfect platinum hair falling forward like a curtain toward a hole in a wall, preparing to take an ugly, old black man's cock into her mouth just to buy a day of pretend-happiness at the lake.

She didn't use her hand. Not yet. Instead, she leaned in, her breath hitching as the heat of him warmed her upper lip. The musk of him filled her nostrils. She opened her mouth the way she had opened it in his armchair; too small, already losing the battle, and took the head in.

It was a tentative, shallow slide. The wet heat of her mouth closed around the flare of the glans, the width of him stretching her lips to their limit. She felt the velvet texture of the head, the hardness of the shaft beneath, and the sudden, shocking fullness that occupied her.

The sound that tore through the wall wasn't language. It was a low, punched-out groan, a guttural sound dragged up from the depths of his belly. The cock kicked against her

tongue, a sudden, violent surge of arousal as if it had been starving for this exact wetness all week.

“Fuck. There she is,” his voice finally arrived, thick with satisfaction, close enough that she could hear the cruel, triumphant smile in his tone. “Oakridge wife on her knees in the piss. That’s a sight I wish this hole could show me. Warm little married mouth already dripping on it. Don’t you dare stop.”

She didn't answer. Words would have turned this into a conversation, and she needed this to be a transaction. She held perfectly still, the massive head resting on her tongue, feeling her throat instinctively try to constrict around the void. A slick thread of saliva gathered at the corner of her lip, dripping onto the filth below. Disgust sat in her chest like a heavy stone, cold and immovable. But beneath it, smaller and more treacherous, was a pulse she refused to name; drumming heat that timed itself perfectly to the weight of him stretching her mouth open.

“That’s it. Get it nice and wet, baby. Don’t be shy now, you already hummed on it once.”

The sound of his brace creaked against the wooden partition, a slow, rhythmic groan of metal and timber that mirrored the pulsing of the meat in her face.

“Racist posh wife choking on Black cock in a public toilet. You spend two years looking out that clean window like I was a stain on your street. Look at you now. Down in the dirt where you belong.”

I don't belong in the dirt, she told herself, the thought a fragile shield against the dominant scale of him. *I'm saving my family*.

The head alone was an assault. The taste of him; sharp salt, warm skin, and that faint animal musk, spread across her tongue, invading her senses. She drew back a fraction, a reflexive recoil, and a heavy drip of pre-cum at the slit painted a glistening streak across her upper lip. She went back in immediately, not out of desire, but because retreating now would mean it had all been for nothing.

“Spit on it.”

It wasn't a request; it was an order issued from the shadows. “I want to hear it. Make a mess of it. That’s how my slut earns a day off.”

Her stomach turned, a sickening cocktail of revulsion and a sudden, sharp spike of adrenaline. She pulled away just far enough to gob a thick, silver thread of saliva from her mouth, landing squarely on the obsidian shaft. It shimmered against the dark, veiny skin where the jagged hole framed him, and the visual; her white spit glistening on his Black cock in a stall that reeked of piss and other men, sent a hot, unwelcome spark through her pussy. She took him back into her mouth quickly, because looking at the evidence of her submission was almost worse than the act itself.

“Good girl.” The praise was more violent than an insult. It landed in the same raw place in her chest. “I bet Junior would be proud of his mummy. All that Princeton money riding on how sloppy she can get on the neighbour’s dick.”

The mention of her son hit her like a physical slap. For a split second, her teeth grazed the sensitive skin of his glans; a flash of instinctive aggression. But she didn't bite. Instead, she pushed down, fuelled by a sudden, desperate anger, and took more than just the head. She slid further, the thick ridge of a vein sliding over her tongue, her lips stretched into a tight, wet ring that she could feel straining all the way to the corners of her mouth.

Humiliation burned her cheeks. Her hips, traitors to her will, pressed down into her own heels, grinding her pelvis against the floor as if the denim of her jeans could be argued with. She told herself she was merely shifting because her knees were aching, but the denim had already found the soaked silk of her underwear, and the dampness was making a liar out of her.

"That's it, take it. You don't suck that little white dick at home like this. I know you don't. You save that pretty mouth for the dark meat. Carl gets the forehead kiss. I get the throat."

I don't save anything for you, the thought was fierce, thin, and utterly powerless.

She could see Carl in the steam of their shared shower; careful, grateful, a modest four inches she could easily forget. This was a different category of existence. Her jaw already ached, the muscles screaming against the girth of him. Spit ran down the shaft, gathering in the crevices of the raw plywood, and when she tried to be neat, the effort failed. A wet, sloppy sound escaped her, a visceral, suctioning noise that the tiled walls threw back at her with mocking clarity.

"Hear that? That's hunger, baby. You can think your little hate-words all you want. Your mouth's telling on you. Deeper. I want that nose pressed against the wall."

She went deeper because the promise of the lake was waiting for her, and because stopping now would leave her alone with the sound of her own ragged breathing and the throb between her legs that had stopped pretending it was rage.

The swollen head nudged the soft, sensitive place at the back of her tongue, hitting the ceiling of her throat. Her throat fluttered, a violent, involuntary spasm. She gagged; a hard, ugly catch that brought tears to her eyes, and pulled off with a visceral pop, a long string of glistening spit still connecting her lip to the weeping head of his cock.

"There it is. Gag on it. Don't you dare wipe your face, let my cock spit mark that skin of yours." His laugh shook the partition, a deep, triumphant rumble. "Choke on that big Black cock and show me how much you want tomorrow. Show me how desperate you are for my load."

I'm desperate for the lake. For Carl.

The thought was a mantra, a lifeline she clung to as she finally reached out. She put her hand on him, her fingers didn't even come close to meeting around the circumference of the shaft. The sight of her wedding ring; a symbol of suburban stability and marital vows, pressed against the saliva covered, dark skin of his cock made her stomach heave with a sudden, violent nausea. Yet, she squeezed anyway. She gripped the base, stroking the massive length, feeding the rest of him between her lips in short, filthy shoves that painted her chin in a smear of saliva and pre-cum.

Each of his taunts arrived like a lash, and she answered with her body instead of her voice. A harder, more desperate suck when he called her posh; a sloppier, more guttural one when he spat the word mummy. When he told her she was hungry, she answered with a slow, deliberate swirl of her tongue around the flared head, as if she could spite him by performing the act with technical perfection while remaining emotionally vacant.

It's just a performance, she lied to herself. She repeated the phrase even as her hips began to roll in a tight, helpless grind against herself. Inside her jeans, her clit dragged against the soaked cotton of her underwear, a searing friction she could have stopped at any moment, but didn't. She refused to call it enjoyment. She refused to acknowledge the throes of pleasure. This was a fight. Every taunt earned him another inch; every compliment drew another string of spit. The tentative, hesitant girl she had been minutes ago was gone. What she was doing now was messy, deep, and loud; a true, ravenous sucking. It was the first time in her life that she had ever given a cock the full dedicated work of her mouth.

"Fuck, look at you go. Tongue out when you come up. I want to feel you slurp it. That's my Oakridge slut. That's the mouth that said never."

She slurped because he commanded it, and because the alternative was a silence so heavy she would be forced to hear the wet, rhythmic squelch of her own arousal. The head punched the back of her throat again, hitting the soft palate with a force that triggered a violent gag. A spray of spit flew from her lips, landing on her wrist, but she didn't recoil. Tears pooled in her eyes, stinging and hot, but she refused to let them fall. Beneath her white top, her nipples were two aching, rigid points, so hard they throbbed with a dull pain. She hated him; hated him with a purity, for the fact that he couldn't even see them and yet had managed to make them scream.

Then, the outer door groaned open.

The sound of heavy boots on wet tile echoed through the space. A man's laugh, already halfway to a crude joke, sliced through the air. Janet froze instantly, her mouth still full of him, the massive head packed tight against the back of her tongue. The wet seal of her lips around the shaft suddenly sounded as loud as the running tap in the oppressive silence.

"You in there using that hot slut, Dick?"

The voice was bar-close, dripping with a delighted, casual cruelty. It was aimed at the far stall, as if the entire men's room were a shared theatre for this particular degradation. Then came the metallic rasp of a zipper. The long, steady hiss of someone taking a piss just two feet from her trembling knees.

Janet's eyes watered, her breath hitching in the small space left in her throat. She stayed exactly where she was, throat stuffed, spit sliding in a slow, silver thread off her chin and onto the filthy, urine-stained tile. She felt the cock in her mouth pulse; a sudden, violent throb of blood that made him feel even thicker, as if the presence of an audience had physically swollen him.

"Just training her throat up," Dick's voice came through the plywood partition, easy and conversational, as if he were simply ordering another pint at the bar while she gagged quietly around his meat. "You know what these white housewives are like... Blonde slut's been starving for it for years."

The other man let out a short, knowing laugh. The stream of piss hit the porcelain and kept coming, a relentless sound that mirrored the pounding of Janet's heart. She began to suck again, a desperate motion that Dick, on the other side of the wall, took for pure, unadulterated hunger.

The man at the urinal shook himself off, zipped up, and walked away without washing his hands. The outer door banged shut with a finality that left the room ringing. The dripping tap inherited the silence once more.

"You're getting close to that day off, Janet. Don't ease up. Make it sloppy. Spit. Stroke. I want that hole dripping with saliva."

Janet didn't hesitate this time; the desperation for the end had evolved into a frantic, rhythmic necessity. She gathered a thick pool of saliva in her mouth and spat directly onto the thick shaft, the glistening fluid coating the veiny skin. She gripped him with a tight, twisting fist, her wedding band digging into the swollen meat, and followed the motion with her mouth.

The rhythm had ceased to be about logistics or the transaction of time; it had become a visceral, animalistic cycle. Her thoughts arrived in jagged, fragmented scraps, punctuating the wet, slapping sounds of her lips. *Disgusting. Old. Pervert. Filth.* But beneath the layer of revulsion, an unwanted heat continued to surge, mirroring the desperate grind of her hips against her denim. *So thick... so hot... it barely fits and I'm still—*

She violently severed the thought, shoving her face forward with a sudden, aggressive force. The massive head slammed into the back of her throat, triggering a sharp choke that echoed in the small space. Dick let out a low groan, a sound of pure satisfaction, as if she had finally surrendered her will to the act.

"That's my slut," he rasped, his voice thick with impending release. "Racist housewife with a throat full of nigger cock. You going to tell Carl how you earned your day off? You going to tell him you swallowed a foot of black cock? Or are you going to go home and kiss him with that same mouth, and fake innocence?"

The mere image of Carl's trusting, oblivious face acted like a catalyst, making her suck harder, meaner, more desperate. She attacked the cock with a sudden ferocity, as if she could vacuum the shame out of her own soul, trying to finish the act before the mental image of her husband completely destroyed her. In response, his cock swelled further, pulsing violently against her lips, the head kicking against her tongue with a warning throb she remembered vividly from the armchair.

"There we go. Don't you pull off. I'm close. You better swallow it. All of it. Every drop like the greedy cheating wife you are. Show me how hungry that mouth is. Earn it."

Janet made a muffled, whimpering sound around the girth of him; a noise that wasn't a word, but a surrender. Her hand accelerated, her fingers straining to encompass the thickness, while her mouth remained sealed to the hole in the partition as if the plywood were a collar locking her into submission. On the other side, the unhurried dominance of Dick Long finally broke. He began to thrash, his hips slamming into the wall with a raw violence, his brace knocking sharply against the wood. A punched, animalistic groan built in his chest, vibrating through the partition and into her very teeth.

“Take it. Take that load, you filthy slut. Swallow. Get used to the taste. You’ll be begging for this daily before this knee’s even right—”

The first jet hit the back of her throat with a searing heat that shocked her system, forcing a reflexive, deep swallow. It was a thick, heavy pulse of seed that felt impossibly voluminous. Then came another, and another, each one a forceful eruption of salt and musk. She gulped frantically, her throat working in spasms because there was nowhere else for the flood to go. Gulp after gulp of heavy, hot seed slid down her throat, filling her, settling like a molten weight in her chest.

So much. So hot... He’s such a dirty old perv. How is there this much? How is he still...

A thick rope of cum escaped the seal of her lips, trailing from the corner of her mouth down her chin in a slow, viscous string. One, two, three heavy drops splattered onto the white scoop of her top, the fluid darkening the cotton over the inner swell of her breast. A brand of her betrayal, visible enough that any bar-goer would know exactly what she had been doing on her knees.

She didn't stop. She kept swallowing, keeping her mouth clamped tight through the shudders, the curses, and the final, ugly flex of his muscles. She repeated the word never in her head; as if I would ever want this, as if I would ever beg, but even as she lied to herself, her hand continued to work. She milked him with slow, deliberate strokes, drawing out the last beads of semen onto her tongue, driven by a compulsive need to ensure the job was finished.

His orgasm had peaked and faded, leaving him breathless and spent. But Janet’s body had not received the message. Her mouth was full, her chest was hot, and the humming tension between her legs remained uninvited and unsatisfied, a lingering ache that the filth of the restroom could not extinguish.

“Look at you.”

His voice returned to her, wrecked, breathless, and dripping with a predatory delight. It wasn't just a comment; it was a verdict. “Can’t get enough of my cum. Desperate for every last drop. That’s not a woman getting forced, Janet. That’s a woman feeding.”

The words hit her with the force of a physical blow, stripping away the last shred of the lie she had been telling herself. She pulled away from the hole with a visceral, wet pop; a sound so obscene it seemed to echo and embarrass the very walls of the stall. A thick, glistening thread of saliva and cum remained, stretching like a bridge between her trembling lip and the throbbing, purple head of his cock.

She didn't spit. Instead, she swallowed hard, the heavy, salted musk of him sliding down her throat one last time. She dragged the back of her wrist across her chin in a frantic, belated attempt to clean herself, but the smear only spread the evidence.

“You’re disgusting,” she whispered, the first words since she had fallen to her knees. Her voice was a ruin; hoarse, used, and sounding like she had been screaming even though she hadn't made a sound. “You made me do that. In here. Like an animal.”

The laugh that answered her from the other side was low, unforced, and utterly devoid of remorse. The massive shaft slid back through the plywood hole with a wet friction, shrinking her world back down to the dimensions of graffiti and rotting wood. Then came the metallic shink of a zipper and the long, settled exhale of a man who had entered a room with a purpose and left it entirely satisfied.

“There’s no making a woman cock-hungry like that,” he countered, his tone conversational, almost academic. “That’s a natural, god-given talent. You got that hunger and submission baked right into your bones, sugar. Best damn head I’ve had in a long time.”

The click of the stall door opening sounded like a gunshot. Janet turned, and their eyes locked across the narrow, filthy aisle. The space between them was a gauntlet of dripping urinals, stained porcelain sinks, and the smell of piss. Richard’s face was ugly with victory. Sweat beaded at his temples, and that thick, pleased smile sat crookedly, radiating a smug triumph.

Janet couldn't hold the gaze. Her eyes dropped to the cracked floor tiles, her breath coming in shallow gasps. She could feel her own mouth; swollen, wet, and humming with a bright, electric sensitivity.

“There’s my slutty little cocksucker.”

His gaze didn't just look; it devoured. It dropped from her eyes to her chest, lingering on the translucent, dark spots soaking into the white cotton of her top. His eyes narrowed as he focused on her nipples, which were standing so rigid and hard they strained against the fabric, practically screaming her arousal to the room.

“Look at you. Nips so hard, you could hang a wet coat from those things.”

“Screw you, you filthy pig,” she spat, though the insult lacked any real venom, sounding more like a plea.

“All in good time, sugar tits.” He shifted his weight, the crutch snapping into place under his arm. He was unhurried, the picture of a man simply leaving a restroom after a successful errand. “Come on. Time to get me home. I need to rest this knee, can’t have you being an bad influence and upsetting my recovery now, can we?”

They stepped out of the restroom together, transitioning from the stench of bleach and piss into the heavy, humid air of the bar. Janet felt every damp spot on her white scoop as if it were a hot handprint pressed against her skin. The sudden shift to the cooler air of the pub made her nipples ache, standing out in shameless relief, on full display for anyone who cared to look.

As they navigated the crowd, a man leaning against the bar watched them approach. He didn't bother to lower his voice, his eyes raking over Janet’s flushed face and marked chest.

“Was she as good as she looks?” the man asked, a smirk playing on his lips.

Richard’s smile was small, public, and devastatingly confident. He didn't even look at the man; he just kept his eyes on Janet, claiming her.

“Better,” Richard replied, his voice carrying. “She’s a real semen demon.”

A roar of laughter erupted and rolled down the bar like a spill, a chorus of men acknowledging the conquest. Janet didn't look back. She walked faster toward the blinding daylight of the exit, her platinum hair swinging, her breasts bouncing rhythmically in the stained white top.

The day off was paid for. And as she pushed through the doors into the sun, the thick, salty taste of him remained at the back of her throat; a heavy, visceral secret she would have to carry with her, all the way to the lake tomorrow.

The Lake

The lake was doing everything a lake was supposed to do.

Light draped across the surface in clean sheets of shimmering gold and sapphire, the water so still it looked like a mirror designed to reflect a life Janet no longer felt she controlled. A pair of swans glided near the far bank, their movements synchronised and regal, as if they had been hired specifically to complete the postcard. In the distance, the shrill shriek of a child followed by a burst of innocent laughter drifted through the air; a sound that belonged to the world of ordinary people, people whose secrets didn't taste like salt and shame.

Carl had spread the picnic blanket with the same meticulous care he brought to everything he did. The hamper was open, revealing a spread of artisanal cheeses and chilled fruits. He had brought the good crystal glasses. He sat with a paperback open on his knee, the midday sun illuminating the thinning blond of his hair. When he looked up from the page, his smile was so unguarded, so profoundly trusting, that it felt like a punch to receive it.

"This is perfect," he murmured, his voice warm and sincere. "You. The water. All of it."

Janet smiled back. She poured him more of the chilled white wine, feeling the condensation sweat against her fingertips. The day arranged itself around her like a photograph she was failing to stand inside of; a beautiful, static image of domestic bliss that felt entirely fraudulent.

It should have been enough. This was the exact slice of normalcy she had purchased on her knees, a transaction made in a grimy stall that still seemed to live under her tongue, a taste that lingered no matter how many times she had scrubbed her teeth. Glorious weather. Her husband's adoring face. A life that photographed well. But she couldn't force the memory to stay in yesterday; it was a parasite, feeding on the silence between them.

The King's Head returned to her in jagged pieces. The sticky, beer-soaked floorboards. The rough pressure of Richard's arm around her. And the gents toilet: the ammonia sting of the dripping urinal, the taped hole in the plywood, the smell of stale piss and musk, and the moment that void in the wall had been filled by that monstrous, veiny cock.

She could still hear the low voice of the man at the urinal asking if Dick was using that hot slut, and his response, boasting. Walking through the bar and being called a 'Semen demon'. The roar of the bar's laughter echoing in her ears. She thought of the white top,

the dark, damp spots of cum and saliva that she had stuffed into the bathroom hamper, praying that cotton could be made to forget the filth it had absorbed. Even if she never would.

Disgust was easy. Disgust was the only part of her that still functioned with any integrity. What she could not scrub clean was the other thing; the treacherous, humming electricity she had tried to categorise as mere biology, as a spike of adrenaline, as the animal leftover of being used in public. She refused to call it arousal. She told herself it wasn't for him. A body simply reacted when it was dominated; it was a biological response to raw power. That was the lie she clung to.

And yet, the evidence was undeniable.

Carl had come through the door last evening, his tie already loosened, his mind already on the lake, talking about office meetings and how proud he was of her for getting through the week. Janet hadn't let him finish. She had felt a sudden surge of need; a hunger that she dressed up as "missing him", and her own voice had sounded sharp, almost demanding, as she commanded him: *Upstairs. Now.*

He had laughed, surprised and delighted, the laugh of a man who rarely encountered this version of his wife on a weekday. She had seized him by the shirt, dragging him toward the bedroom with a desperation that bordered on aggression, treating tenderness as a delay she could no longer afford.

She had called it relief. That was the word she used to sanitise the act in her own head. *Relief.*

She had stripped his trousers down and found him already hard for her; pale, eager, and throbbing with that polite, steady rhythm he always had. And in that moment, the confusion had crashed over her.

So small.

He was so neat, so modest. The whole of him was a thing she could cover and forget, a manageable fact after a day spent learning a different, more brutal scale of masculinity. For a heartbeat, she had stared at him, the image of Mr Long's massive, purple-headed cock flashing across her vision, making Carl look like a child.

She pushed the comparison away, and had taken Carl into her mouth with a desperate intensity. She didn't want pleasure; she wanted proof. She wanted to overwrite the memory of the hole in the wall with the taste of her husband, trying to convince herself that this was the only dick that mattered to her, and that the other had been nothing more than a nightmare in a filthy restroom.

Carl disappeared between her lips without the slightest effort. There was no stretch of her jaw, no struggle, no desperate fight for breath. He was a modest, tiny thing, and she took him in with a few careful, practiced sucks and the slow, swirling flick of her tongue; the specific rhythm that always coaxed that small, grateful moan from his throat. Within seconds, he finished in a thin, watery pulse, a weak little flood of cum that sat on her tongue like a timid apology.

Nothing like the other.

Nothing like Dick.

She remembered the violent volume of it, the searing heat, the way she had been forced to gulp or drown in a tide of thick, pungent seed. She remembered the feeling of her jaw aching, her throat constricted, her lungs burning as she fought to accommodate a girth that felt like it was claiming her entire being. Carl stroked her hair, his voice a soft murmur telling her she was amazing, and as she sat back on her heels with the bland taste of her husband in her mouth, she felt a clarity that terrified her: she was still empty.

He recovered on his back the way he always did, shy and glowing with a gentle afterglow, but Janet didn't wait. She couldn't. She climbed over him, straddling his chest, and drove her thighs wide to frame his head. She sat heavily on his mouth, her soaking wet pussy pressing directly against his lips.

She was drenched, her folds slick and weeping, and she refused to acknowledge the word for why.

Carl's tongue tried. It always tried. It was soft, uncertain; the tongue of a man doing his best with a map he had never been taught to read. He missed the mark, found it, and missed it again, his licks tentative and sweet. Janet groaned, gripping his face in both hands and forcing him deeper, grinding her clit against his mouth with a desperate violence. His mouth alone wasn't enough; it was too gentle, too kind. She slid two fingers into her own dripping slit, rubbing her clit in frantic circles, forcing herself to look at him; to stare at the blond hair and the closed, worshipping eyes of the husband who loved her.

But she didn't cum for Carl.

She came with the toilet stall in her head.

She didn't feel the soft lap of her husband's tongue; she felt the rough, taped edge of the plywood partition. She felt the sloppy, wet choke of a massive cock sliding down her throat until she gagged. She heard the issuing voice of Dick Long calling her a slut and all the rest, the words dripping with a cruel heat. She remembered that thick, black, veiny cock stretching her throat to the breaking point while a stranger pissed just two feet away.

That was what broke her. A hard, shaking climax that ripped through her, a finish she buried in a stifled moan she hoped he would mistake for pleasure. Her hips stilled on his mouth, her body trembling, while the memory of Richard's thick load sat in her mind like a brand.

Afterward, Carl kissed the inside of her thigh, proud and a little stunned by her intensity, and asked if she had been thinking about him all day.

"Yes," she had lied, the word tasting of salt and betrayal.

Now, the lake was in front of her, and she hated Mr Long for it. She hated the "pig" across the road for reaching twenty miles into her soul and planting a hand on a day that was supposed to belong to her marriage. She hated that the wine was crisp, the swans were perfect, and she was still doing the mental gymnastics of her on her knees, of a cock so big her throat remembered it.

“Jan?” Carl’s finger marked his page. He looked at her, his expression gentle. “You went somewhere. You all right?”

Janet arranged her face the way she arranged the geraniums: bright, certain, and meticulously manicured. A woman in a perfect moment.

“I’m fine.” She reached across the blanket and squeezed his hand, a wife’s punctuation. “I’m just happy. This. You. It’s perfect. I didn’t realize how much I needed a day that was only ours.”

His smile returned, relieved and shy. He said something sweet; she saw the shape of the words, the warmth of his intent, the way his thumb moved tenderly over her knuckles, but the words slid off her like water. She nodded in the right places. She let him believe he had been heard.

Her mind had already left the water.

Tomorrow. The armchair would be waiting, and the voice that didn't need to rise to command her. She had bought this day of peace; she had paid for it in a filthy stall. And still, under the chilled wine and the sunlight on the lake, a smaller, darker thought was already sitting down at the table with her: *What will he ask for next?*

Carl turned a page. A swan shook out its wing. Janet Little smiled at the view and thought about the disgusting black neighbour that she couldn’t escape, no matter what she tried.

The Choker

Carl was already in the kitchen when she descended the stairs, the aroma of expensive coffee filling the air. A notepad lay open beside the fruit bowl, the handwriting precise, the list looking less like a grocery run and more like a strategic campaign.

“Tomorrow,” he said, circling a line with the smug satisfaction of a man who had remembered a detail his wife had neglected. “The barbecue. A few from my work, plus whoever from the lane decides to show up.”

Janet froze, her hand resting on the cold surface of the fridge. The mention of a barbecue felt like a piece of heavy furniture she had blindly walked into, jarring and misplaced. It had been arranged weeks ago, verbal invitations to those they had wanted to come over, but it had long been forgotten since the incident with Junior and Mr Long.

“I completely forgot about it,” she admitted, her voice sounding distant to her own ears.

“Don’t worry. It’s been a hell of a week...” He tore the page away with a crisp snap and held it up: drinks, marinated meats, salads he’d collect on the way home, the folding table from the garage. “I’ve got it all handled. You just have to be pretty, charming and flash that smile, which will be a walk in the park for someone as gorgeous as you.”

The compliment landed in that same soft, familiar place it always did; a gentle pat on the ego that felt hollow. She poured her coffee quickly so her face would have an occupation, hiding the flicker of trouble in her eyes.

"I don't know about the timing," she said, staring into the black liquid. "Mr. Long will be expecting me to be over there all day. I can't just not turn up because we've got people in the garden."

"He gave you yesterday," Carl replied, speaking of the neighbour as if he were a reasonable man who respected calendars and boundaries. "I'm sure he'll live with a half-day. Honestly, Jan, it sounds like you've got him eating out of the palm of your hand."

If only you knew, she thought.

She forced her lips into the practiced, porcelain smile of a devoted wife. "I'll talk to him today."

"That's my girl." He leaned in and kissed her temple, already reaching for his keys. "Tell him he's welcome for a sausage if he can hobble over. No; actually, don't. I'll not have him dirtying our garden and frightening Debbie's husband with that look of his."

He left on that note, pleased with his own domestic efficiency. She stood in the sudden, ringing silence of the kitchen and felt the weight of tomorrow double and a favour she was going to have to negotiate for.

Janet dressed without the usual internal argument. She chose dark cigarette trousers that hugged the curve of her ass with provocative precision, and paired them with a soft black top; thin, scooped, and dangerously sheer. She skipped the bra, just as he had commanded, and stepped into a pair of black platformed heels, high enough to arch her back and push her chest forward. She stared at herself in the mirror and told the woman there that she would not be shamed by this man. She had paid her dues. She had had her day with her husband at the lake. And she continued to keep Junior safe.

Dick was sprawled in the armchair, his brace jutting out awkwardly. He was shirtless, a mug balanced precariously on his gut. The coarse, dark forest of hair on his chest spilled over the heavy swell of his belly and disappeared into the waistband of his low-slung jeans.

He looked at her slowly, his gaze traveling from her platform heels up the line of her thighs to the unconfined weight of her tits swaying under the thin black fabric. A smile spread across his face, the look of a man who had spent the entire morning replaying a video of her degradation.

"There she is." His voice was a low rasp. His eyes locked onto her mouth, remembering exactly how it felt stretched around him. "Lake nice? Husband get his little picnic? Tell me, sugar tits... did you kiss him with that mouth when he got home, and give him a taste of my cum?"

"Enough with your grossness. I'm here to work," she snapped, shutting the door with a firm click. "Not to go over... that."

"That..." He tasted the word, savouring it. "Oakridge's finest on her knees in the piss. Gagging on a cock that actually fills her. Swallowing every drop like it was her last meal."

My boys from the bar are still talking about the way you walked out of that toilet, shaking and drenched.”

“I did what you asked so I could have a day off,” she replied, keeping her bag on her shoulder like a defensive line. “That’s all it was. Don’t dress it up as something more.”

“I didn’t dress it up. You did. Spit. Slurp. Hand still milking my cock long after I’d finished,” he rasped, the words dripping with a cruel, satisfied heat. “You were born for it, Janet. Don’t look at me with those eyes. You got down on your knees on your own. Nobody put a gun to that pretty, greedy mouth.”

“Oh, fuck you,” she snapped. “Can you just be serious for just one second. There’s something I need to ask of you.”

“Another favour, hun?” He reached beside the chair, his hand closing around a small black box of cheap velvet. “Before you get to asking whatever you’ve been chewing on since you crossed the road, I got you something. From now on, you wear this whenever you’re working in my house.”

Janet took the box, scared to even think what could be inside. The lid stuck for a heartbeat, then gave way. Inside, resting on a scrap of frayed lining, was a black leather choker. It was thick, cheap-slick, and smelled of leather and dominance. Silver letters were set along the front, bold, sharp, and unmistakable:

CUM SLUT.

Janet stared at it, the air leaving her lungs. The words sat there like a caption that had been waiting for her neck, a label that stripped away the "Mrs. Little" facade and left only the animal.

“You’ve got to be joking. I’m not wearing this,” she whispered, though her pulse was already hammering against her skin.

“You’ve done worse already,” he replied, his voice never rising, yet filling the room with an absolute, crushing authority. “You’ll wear it for me. It’s a good little reminder of what you are the second you walk through that door and start asking for time off.”

“I am not—”

“You’re the woman who swallowed me in a public toilet,” he interrupted, his gaze cutting through her. He tipped his chin toward the spotted, crooked mirror over the mantel. “Put it on, and look at who you really are.”

The silence stretched. The half-day she needed; the barbecue in the garden tomorrow, hung in the balance, a prize to be bought with her dignity. She lifted the choker; the leather was cool, the silver letters glinting as she turned and stepped toward the mantel.

The glass reflected the whole, degraded sentence at once: platinum hair, a mean, trembling mouth, the unconfined weight of her tits straining against the thin black top, and now the collar cinched tight at the base of her throat. CUM SLUT in bright, mocking metal. For a fleeting second, she saw Claire’s judging eyes in the supermarket; she saw Carl’s innocent,

picnic smile. She fastened the buckle with fingers that shook, the leather biting into her skin, marking her as his property.

“Never thought it possible,” Dick’s voice dropped an octave. “Makes you twice as hot. A sexy little cum slut standing in my living room like she finally read the job description. You’re a proper submissive now. Collar on. Tits out. Mouth already trained.”

She rolled her eyes, a desperate attempt to cling to the fragments of the woman who still owned herself. “Can I ask for my favour now?”

“From now on, if you want something from me, you do it properly.” He set the mug aside and sank back into the chair, shirtless and enormous, his heavy belly and thick thighs sprawling. The ridge of his cock was already pushing against the denim of his jeans. “Come here and straddle me. You want to ask, you’ll ask nicely. Ten minutes of sloppy, tongue kissing. You want something from me, you ask with that mouth the way I taught it.”

“That’s not happening,” Janet told him defiantly. Her face scrunching at the thought of sitting in his lap. Of kissing that ugly, foul mouth.

“Then no more favours for you. No more time off. No more half days...”

She sighed deeply and moved because the image of the garden tomorrow; full of people, expectations, and Carl’s pride, was already suffocating her. She knew she couldn’t let Carl down and leave him on his own, not with half of her own street friends coming over.

The geometry of the brace made it clumsy; she had to hook a knee over the metal, manoeuvring her body until she was perched atop him. She sank down, her thighs spread wide across the heavy width of his lap, her crotch seating itself directly onto the thick, pulsing ridge of his bulge.

She felt the scratch of his chest hair through her thin top, the soft, heavy give of his belly against her stomach. The scent of him filling her nostrils.

“Ten minutes,” he commanded, his hand gripping her hip with bruising force. “Don’t waste my time with any of that polite little wife mouth. I want it open and wet.”

She leaned in, her jaw set, telling herself this was merely a task to be completed. But as his mouth crashed into hers, it wasn’t a kiss; it was a claim. He tasted of beer and dominance, his tongue invading her mouth with a violent hunger that demanded total surrender.

It was a wet, claiming assault that felt immediately overwhelming. The heat of him radiated through her thin clothes, smelling of stale coffee, old sweat, and the raw, musk-heavy scent of a man who didn’t care for perfumes. His mouth was massive, his tongue thick and insistent, forcing its way past her lips before she had even consciously decided to open for him. Janet let out a sound; a sharp, jagged noise that was meant to be a protest, but it dissolved into a whimper as she was sucked into his orbit.

His hands hit her ass with a sudden, bruising force. They were huge, palms that didn’t just hold her; they seized her, spreading her cheeks wide and hauling her pelvis flush against the mounting pressure of his cock. He forced a rhythmic grind that she hadn’t offered, slamming her crotch against the hard ridge of him. As he yanked her closer, the buckle of the choker bit deep into the nape of her neck. The sensation of the leather, the cold metal

of the letters pressing into her skin, and the wet slide of his tongue created a sensory overload that made her head swim.

Disgust arrived on schedule, but it was weak, unable to find a foothold against the rising tide of arousal. He was old, he was ugly, he was the hairy, crude pig from across the road, and yet he was kissing her as if he owned every inch. Her tits were flattened against the coarse, thick forest of hair on his chest, her nipples dragging across his skin with a friction that sent sparks straight to her clit. One of those massive hairy hands abandoned her ass to shove up under her black top, seizing her breast in a crushing grip. His thumb found her nipple, pinching and rolling it with a clinical, possessive intensity, as if he were checking a fact.

Janet gasped into his mouth, a sharp intake of air that he swallowed whole, his tongue swirling against hers to stifle the sound.

The bulge beneath her shifted from a ridge into a full-blown argument. It was thick, obvious, and pulsing; the exact shape she now knew by the back of her throat. He used her hips as a tool, grinding her relentlessly along the length of his erection through the denim. The friction hit the exact spot where she had used Carl's face to find a fleeting, unsuccessful peace. She tried to keep the kiss "sloppy" because he had ordered it, but she realized with a jolt of shame that the sloppiness was happening instinctively. Spit pooled and leaked from the corners of her mouth, her tongue dancing with his in a desperate rhythm.

His hand on her ass squeezed hard enough to leave a mark, the pressure bordering on pain. The other hand continued to torture her nipple, twisting it until she let out a low moan. It escaped her before she could disguise it as a breath, a raw admission of pleasure that echoed in the quiet room. She felt him smile against her teeth, a victorious expression.

Time became a distorted, erotic blur. Ten minutes was an eternity to have a man's tongue claiming your mouth when you had spent years telling yourself you were above him. She tasted the salt and the grit of him, hating the intimacy of it more than the anonymity of the pub stall. In the stall, there had been a hole and a hidden face; here, there was a man. Weathered, scarred, and suffocatingly close. When she opened her eyes, she found him watching her; his gaze heavy and hungry, tracking every flicker of pleasure and shame on her face while he continued to devour her mouth. That look made her want to bite him, and it made her grind her hips down harder, a helpless roll of her pelvis against the hard line of his cock, her own underwear becoming soaked and clinging to her skin.

When he finally let her up, Janet was panting, her chest heaving. A thick, silver thread of spit hung between their lips for a heartbeat before it snapped. Her mouth felt used, swollen and wet, vibrating in a different register than it had the day before. The choker sat against her throat like a permanent finger, marking her. His hand remained inside her top, his palm warm against her tit.

"There. That's how you butter me up, to ask me for something..." His voice was a rough, low growl. "Now tell me what you want from Daddy."

The word landed like a slap; wrong, hot, and utterly degrading. She almost laughed; she almost spat in his face. He must be nearly sixty, a wreck of a man, and he had just claimed the role of "Daddy".

She stayed perched on his lap, unable to move because getting off would mean standing up with the glistening, damp state of her trousers on full display.

“Tomorrow,” she whispered, her voice sounding hoarse. “We’ve got a barbecue at ours. A few people from the lane and Carl’s work. I forgot. But I need a half day. I’ll do the morning... I need the afternoon.”

A slow, pleased grin spread across his face. His thumb remained on her nipple, idling, rubbing the peak in a way that suggested her breast and the conversation were simply two items on the same list of things he owned.

“A half day to parade around in that pretty garden, playing the perfect little wife?” He gave her nipple one last, possessive squeeze before his hand slid down, delivering a sharp, stinging spank to the side of her ass. “I’m sure we can come to an agreement on what that will cost you...”

Janet sat there, perched on the hairy, dominant wreck of him, the words *CUM SLUT* cinched tight at her throat and her lips still glistening from his mouth. She understood then that the kiss hadn’t been the price of the favour.

It had only been the way she was allowed to ask.

His Feast

“Go through to the bedroom.” Dick tipped his chin toward the hallway, his voice a low, commanding rumble. He remained seated, shirtless and imposing, his gaze locking onto her. As Janet swallowed, the silver letters of the choker - *CUM SLUT* - caught the light, a shimmering brand of ownership cinched tight against her throat.

“Strip. Get on the bed, ready for me. Choker stays. Heels stay. Everything else comes off.”

Janet didn’t move. The taste of his kiss still burned on her lips as she wondered with trepidation, what he had planned with her.

“What are you going to do to me?” The question escaped her, smaller and more breathless than she intended, sounding less like a query and more like a plea.

“Do as you’re told,” he countered, his tone devoid of warmth. “I’ll be in when I’m ready.”

For a heartbeat, the exit was a possibility. The front door was closer than the bedroom; she could have ripped the collar from her neck, fled across Oakridge, and told Carl about how she couldn’t get the half-day. The thought was a lifeline, but even as she was considering it, she found herself moving in the other direction. Her platform heels clicked on the worn carpet, a steady, echoing countdown as she walked toward a door she had never dared to open.

The smell hit her first. It was the scent of stale sleep, old sweat, and sheets that hadn’t seen a wash in months. The bed was a chaotic wreck of dark, rumpled cotton, the pillow bearing a deep, permanent dent where his head rested. Discarded clothes littered the floor: stained

briefs, an inside-out T-shirt, and jeans with the belt still threaded through the loops. But it was the equipment surrounding the bed that stopped the breath in her lungs.

An iron headboard loomed over the mattress, short, heavy chains already clipped to the posts, the metal cuffs hanging open like hungry mouths waiting to snap shut. On the nightstand, a heavy leather paddle rested beside a bottle of the same viscous oil he had used to fuck her tits. A coiled whip hung from a hook on the wall, its lash looking hungry. On the dresser sat a ball gag, the rubber darkened and worn from the heat of other mouths. In the corner, a cheap tripod stood sentinel, a camera angled precisely at the mattress. On a nearby chair lay a leather strap, an anal plug still sealed in its plastic packet, and a length of thick, black hemp rope.

The perversion of Richard Long was no longer just a voice in an armchair or a crude comment; it was furniture. It was an architecture of pain and pleasure.

This has gone too far. End it now. But even as she said it to herself, her fingers undid the button of her trousers. She slid the black top over her head, and her breasts spilled free, heavy and aching. Her nipples were already hard, peaking sharply in the cool air of a room that felt indifferent to her shame. The choker remained, a tight band of leather marking her; the platforms remained, arching her feet and making her feel fragile and exposed.

She sat on the edge of the unmade bed, the coarse fabric scratching her bare thighs, then slowly lowered herself back. As her head hit the pillow, the cheap leather of the collar made a soft, frictional sound against the fabric.

He let her wait.

Time stretched into an agonising blur. From the other room, she heard the thump-clack of his crutch, the sound of a cupboard opening, and the long, unhurried movements of a man who derived as much pleasure from her anticipation as he did from the act itself.

Her nipples throbbed. Janet stared up at a yellowed water stain on the ceiling. Every passing minute was a window of opportunity to flee, a chance to reclaim her life; and yet, she didn't move a muscle. She lay there, wide open and trembling, waiting for the door to open and for the disgusting old pervert to finally name his price.

When the door finally groaned open, Dick Long didn't just enter the room; he occupied it. He was already naked, filling the frame with an unashamed physicality that made the air feel thick. The metal brace remained clamped to his rebuilt knee, the crutch tucked under one arm, but the rest of him was bare, heavy, and imposing. His belly was a soft, masculine slope, his chest and thighs dusted with coarse hair, and between those thick legs hung his cock; soft, but still a dark, swinging weight that defied belief or logic. Even after the trauma of the pub stall and the memory of it stretching her throat, the scale of him made Janet's eyes widen. It was an argument of power, slapping loudly against his thigh as he hobbled toward the bed.

He stopped at the foot of the mattress and simply looked.

Janet Little lay there on his bed, a pale, trembling contrast against his dirty, rumpled sheets. Platinum hair fanned across a pillow, the silver letters of the CUM SLUT collar glinted at her throat, and the soles of her platform heels arched her feet, leaving her completely exposed.

“Mr. Long. Please,” she whispered, her voice thin and brittle, stripped of its usual poise. “We can’t. I’m not sure what you want... but I didn’t agree to this.”

He didn’t answer immediately. He let his gaze travel over her with a slow deliberation. He traced the line from the leather at her throat, down the heavy pale breasts where her nipples stood like hard pebbles, past her narrow waist to the trimmed, golden-blond hair of her cunt. She was already glistening, a thick, honeyed slickness coating her folds in blatant defiance of her words.

“Fucking perfect,” he murmured, his voice a low, vibrating rumble. “Posh housewife. Collared. Naked. Spreading those legs on a Black man’s bed like she finally understood the assignment. Waiting for the neighbourhood nigger to own her cunt.”

“Don’t use that word!” she gasped.

“Which one? Cunt, or...” He laughed at her shock.

“Both!”

“Touch it.” He commanded, standing there, the soft, heavy meat of his cock swaying in her direct line of sight. He nodded toward her pussy “Look at my cock while you do it. I want to hear you describe exactly what you’re looking at.”

“I’m not—”

“You want that barbecue, or not?”

Her hand moved, clumsy and shaking with shame. As her fingers found her clitoris, a wet, slapping sound echoed in the silence of the room. Her face burned. She stared at him as commanded: the bulk of him, the coarse hair, and the dark, heavy shaft that was beginning to thicken and stir as he watched her fingers work.

“Describe it,” he commanded.

“It’s...” She swallowed hard, her clit jumping under her fingertip. “It’s big. It’s black. It’s—God, it’s so thick. Even soft, like that.”

“Compared to what you go home to?” he taunted, his voice dripping with a cruel, knowing satisfaction.

The sentence was ripped from her, pulled out by the circling of her own hand and the sight of him swelling before her. The shaft was lifting by degrees, the head darkening to a deep, bruised purple, veins beginning to rope along the length.

“Carl is small,” she whimpered, the admission feeling like a betrayal and a liberation all at once. “Pale. I can... I can hold it all with just a couple of fingers... Yours... doesn’t look like it belongs on a human. It looks like it wouldn’t fit. Like it would ruin me.”

“Look how soaked you are,” Dick growled. He was hardening properly now, the swing becoming a rigid rise, the veins standing out in stark relief. “Pussy dripping down onto my sheets, begging for some real dick. Say it.”

“No. I’m not begging,” she said, even as her hips gave a small, involuntary twitch. “I’m answering your question.”

“You’re begging. But don’t worry, we got all the time in the world to resize that tight little married hole.” He let the crutch clatter against the dresser, the sound sharp and final. “Not today. Today I’m going to feast. I’m going to taste that sweet nectar until you scream my name.”

“No. I won’t, scream your name.” She said defiantly.

“If you say so,” he countered, a smirk playing on his lips.

Getting to his knees was a laboured, ugly process. The brace made the descent clumsy, a careful drop onto the dirty carpet at the edge of the mattress. He let out a sharp hiss through his teeth as his weight shifted, and then his hands, were on her inner thighs. He didn’t just move her; he forced her, spreading her legs wider than she had ever dared, exposing her dripping, pink center to the harsh light of the room.

She could have closed her legs, could have snapped them shut on his ears, but she remained frozen, paralysed by a mixture of terror and anticipation. He looked at her pussy with the same possessive hunger he had used on the choker, and then, without a word of warning, he buried his face in her, his mouth clamping down on her slit with a wild intensity.

He dragged his tongue in a broad, flat, devastating stroke from the soaking entrance of her heat, all the way up to the swollen peak of her clit. As he did, he let out a low, guttural sound deep in his throat; a vibration of pure hunger that Janet felt resonate through her entire pelvis. It was wet, immediate, and utterly dominant. He did it again, slower this time, his massive thumbs hooking into her folds to pry her wide, exposing every glistening, pink piece of her.

The searing heat of his mouth was a huge contrast to Carl’s hesitant, uncertain flutters. This wasn’t a man guessing; this was a man who owned the map and intended to strip-mine every inch of it.

“Fuck,” he growled, the word vibrating directly against her sensitive nerves. “You taste like a woman who’s been lying to herself all week. Sweet. Filthy. Just dripping all over my tongue already.”

“Don’t—” The protest broke, splintering into a gasp.

He sealed his lips tight over her clit and sucked, a steady, powerful vacuum that didn’t search or hesitate. The sensation was so intense that Janet’s back arched violently, her spine snapping off the sheets. Her hand flew to his bald head, her fingers digging into his scalp, not to push him away, but to anchor herself against the tide. “That’s—you can’t—ah!”

He could, and he did. He ate her with a wet, unhurried filth, his tongue working her in tight circles before flattening out to lap at her folds. When he thrust his tongue deep into her, the sound was filthy; a slick, squelching noise that echoed in the quiet room. Her hips betrayed her, bucking upward, trying to chase the intrusion. She bit her lip until it bled, but a moan still escaped, high, desperate, and utterly betrayed.

The ghost of Carl's mouth flickered in her mind; a comparison she hadn't invited and couldn't stop. Carl was soft, a man doing his best with a gentle, polite curiosity. This was expertise. This was a tongue that found the exact nerve ending and stayed on it with surgical precision, leaving it just long enough to make her whole cunt flinch with longing before he returned to devastate it again. She hated him for the skill. She hated herself for the visceral, real-time realization of the difference, lying on his dirty sheets with CUM SLUT cinched tight around her throat.

"That's it. Let it out. Don't you clamp that mean little mouth now," he commanded, speaking directly into her wetness. He licked, then spoke again, his voice a muffled rumble against her skin. "Husband ever make this pussy talk? Ever have you this fucking wet? Nah. This is what you taste like when a real man decides to break you in."

"He's better than—" The lie died in a strangled gasp. He had two thick fingers resting at her entrance, not yet inside, just pressing firmly into her opening while his tongue lashed her clit with rhythmic violence. "Disgusting. You're—ah—you're filthy—"

The first orgasm hit her hard. Her heels dug deep into his sides, her fists bunching the dirty sheets into knots, and a sound tore from her throat; a loud, messy scream she didn't recognise as her own. She felt a massive, hot gush of fluid leave her, flooding his mouth, his chin, and his face. She shook violently, trying to twist away from the intensity, but he clamped his hands onto her thighs, holding her open and drinking her in, licking her through the aftershocks until she was twitching and swearing at the ceiling.

He finally lifted his head. His mouth was glistening, his chin dripping with her essence. The smile he gave her was slow, wrecked, and utterly triumphant.

"Look at that. Didn't even know you had a wet one in you, did you? Soaked me. That's a proper housewife orgasm. Just wait until the day you're doing that around my cock. It'll be a fucking disaster. A goddamn flood."

"Never," she whispered, though she was still trembling, her core pulsing in a way that felt like a permanent surrender.

"Still didn't scream my name, though." He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, leaving a smear of her juices across his skin. "Guess I need to keep trying."

He went back down without waiting for a response.

This time, he took her clit between his lips and held it there, a concentrated, wet suction that made her vision blur. Simultaneously, he drove a finger deep into her. Thick. Long. Janet clenched around it by reflex, her walls squeezing the intruder, and she heard him let out a dark, amused laugh directly into her cunt.

"Jesus, woman. It's like this pussy's never even been used. Gripping my finger like it's a threat. That's tighter than your throat was in the stall." A second finger forced its way in beside the first, a stretch that made her moan through clenched teeth. "That's already more than your husband can give you. And it's just two fingers."

"Don't compare—"

“I’m not comparing, sugar. I’m measuring,” he growled, his voice a low, vibrating rumble.

He curled his thick fingers deeper, hooking them with precision to find a hidden, hypersensitive knot of nerves that Carl had never even suspected existed. The moment he hit it, Janet’s hips jerked violently, her back snapping tight and her mouth falling open in a silent, shocked gasp. He began to rub that spot in a steady, filthy rhythm, his knuckles grinding against her interior walls while he continued to suck her clit with relentless force.

The room was filled with the squelching sounds of her arousal; slick, shameless, and loud.

“Listen to that,” he muttered, his voice muffled against her soaking heat. “Dripping. Absolutely soaked. This cunt’s been starving for something that actually fills it, hasn’t it? Something that actually knows how to pleasure you.”

Janet tried to summon a denial, but the words died in her throat, strangled by the physical onslaught. The second climb was faster and meaner than the first, fuelled by the electricity of her overstimulated clit and the thick pumping of his fingers. As she looked down, the sight only pushed her further over the edge: his bald head wedged between her thighs, those ugly, satisfied eyes flicking up her body to the black leather collar. The sight of her own submission triggered something primal. She didn’t just accept it; she ground her pelvis down onto his face, craving the friction, craving the filth.

Oh God. Oh God. The thoughts were just noise until they shattered.

“Yesss— fuck— Dick—”

He didn’t ease off. If anything, he became more brutal. He sucked her clit harder, his tongue lashing the peak while his fingers hammered into her, stretching her open and driving her toward the brink.

“Dick— I’m gonna— I’m gonna cum— Dickkkk!”

The orgasm broke her open like a dam bursting. It was bigger, more helpless, and more violent than the first. Her thighs clamped tight around his ears, her back arched off the dirty sheets in a desperate curve, and the silver letters of CUM SLUT flashed brilliantly at her throat as she shook. She screamed his name again, the sound wrecked and dragged out of her—*Dickkkk*—as she came in a wet, clenching rush that flooded his tongue and hand.

She collapsed, sobbing for air, her body vibrating with a level of pleasure that felt like a violation. Whether it was natural or a calculated strategy of his, she no longer had a choice. His name was in the room. The orgasm was in the room. There was no version of this ecstasy that belonged to Carl.

She lay there, a ruined mess, her legs still trembling uncontrollably. Her cunt continued to twitch and pulse around the fingers he slowly pulled free; fingers that emerged shining and glistening up to the knuckles. She couldn’t have closed her mouth if she had been paid; she just stared at the ceiling, her mind a haze of shame and pleasure.

He hauled himself up until he was standing over her at the edge of the bed. His cock was a dark, brutal column in his fist, fully erect, the head flushed a deep purple and weeping pre-cum. He stroked himself with the unhurried, arrogant filth of a man finishing a feast.

“Squeeze those tits together,” he commanded, his voice now raw and gravelly. “Open that slutty mouth. You’ve earned the rest of it.”

Janet was too far gone to even attempt a protest. Her hands moved on instinct, pushing her breasts together to create a pale, deep channel, her nipples still aching. Her mouth opened wide because he had told her to, her tongue instinctively waiting. He stood over the collared housewife on his wrecked bed, pumping himself with short, vicious strokes, his eyes devouring the sight of the heels, the choker, the used, wet cunt, and the open mouth.

“Fuck. Best kind of slut,” he groaned. “The kind that says ‘never’ while my name is still echoing in your throat.”

He came with a violent, guttural roar.

The first rope of cum hit her chest with a searing heat that made her gasp, a thick, white stripe painting the swell of both breasts. The second caught her throat, splashing across the silver letters and dripping into the hollow above the leather. The third found its mark; her open mouth, salted and heavy. She took it on her tongue, swallowing the thick, hot seed because her mouth was ready, waiting for him. He kept stroking, groaning loudly, painting her body: her belly, the underside of a breast, and a final, heavy splash that ran down toward the soaked, pulsing mess between her legs.

She lay beneath him, shaking through the final aftershocks of her own climax while he emptied himself onto the body he had just eaten into ruin.

He stepped back to look at his work. Collared. Heeled. Marked. His own chin was still wet with her juices.

“Fuck, would you look at that, you are what you wear,” he said, his voice almost fond, dripping with possessive triumph. “Cum Slut.”

Crashing The Party

Janet crossed Oakridge in plain, utilitarian jeans. A pale jumper buttoned tight at the throat, hiding the ghost of a bruise and the memory of a grip. Trainers, not the towering red heels that had made her feel like a high-priced whore. It was the uniform of the "good wife," the costume she had worn the first morning before Mr Long had stripped her of her dignity and sent her home to prepare her body for his display.

Behind her, in the sanctuary of her own home, Carl was humming over marinades, blissfully unaware that his wife had spent the previous afternoon screaming another man’s name into a dirty pillow. She had showered last night, until the water stung her skin, scrubbing at the scent of him, but as she did, she could still feel the phantom weight of the collar tightening around her windpipe. Branding her for what she had become.

Dick was sprawled in the armchair, shirtless, a mug of coffee resting on his side table. The look he gave her jumper was not the look of desire; it was a look of profound disgust and disappointment.

“The hell is that?” he growled, his voice a low, grating rumble.

“Carl’s home,” she whispered, shutting the door quickly, her voice trembling as if the very walls of the lane could hear her betrayal. “I couldn’t walk out dressed like I have been. He’d have asked questions.”

“You should’ve brought a change,” he countered, taking a swig of coffee, and setting the mug on his gut with a heavy thud, completely unimpressed. “But fine. If you want to play games, you’ll work naked this morning.”

Janet froze. “You can’t be serious.”

“You’re damn right I am. Get those horrible clothes off. Now. Get that collar on. I didn’t spend all afternoon eating that pussy just so you could turn up looking like some fucking substitute teacher.”

“Dick—”

“Now!”

The command snapped her into submission. The jumper was peeled away first, discarded on the floor like a shed skin. Then the jeans, sliding down her hips to reveal the pale, thick legs that had been clamped around his head hours before. Finally, she stepped out of the sensible cotton underwear.

The cool morning air hit her bare skin, and her nipples tightened instantly, betraying her with a memory of his tongue. She reached for the choker on the mantel, her fingers trembling as she fastened the leather around her neck. She kept her back half-turned as the silver letters CUM SLUT clicked into place, as if the act of hiding her face would make the label any smaller. When she finally turned to face him, she was the woman from his bed again: pale, collared, and utterly exposed. If anyone had looked closely at the inner swell of her thighs, they would have seen the faint, red marks of yesterday, claiming her.

“That’s better.” His eyes performed a slow descent, lingering on the curve of her breasts before locking onto her open mouth. “Come up here. On my lap.”

“I thought I was working,” she breathed, though her body was already moving toward him.

“You are. First job’s the same as yesterday’s.” He patted his thigh, and she could see the heavy, dark ridge of his cock already waking, straining against his pants. “I can still see that racist little disdain flickering in your eyes every time you walk through my door. I reckon sucking on my tongue every morning will help cure that posh white attitude.”

She obeyed, the half-day already logged in his mental ledger. Straddling him naked was far more submissive than being clothed; there was nothing between her pussy and the brutal bulge of his cock. His coarse chest hair scratched against her sensitive nipples, and his belly was a hot, solid slope against her midsection.

He didn’t wait. He reached up, gripped the back of the collar, and yanked her face down onto his.

He kissed her like a man clocking into a job he owned, his tongue thick and invasive, a wet, morning suck that had nothing to do with affection and everything to do with reminding her that her mouth belonged to him. Janet made that sound again; the low moan she could no longer dress up as a protest.

As her nipples dragged through the hair on his chest, she felt him harden beneath her. His large hand clamped onto her ass, fingers digging into her flesh, and he ground her pelvis down once, twice, hard against the ridge of his cock. She was slick, her juices soaking into the denim of his jeans, and she felt a surge of fury and desire that left her breathless, trapped between the man she loved and the man who was slowly claiming her.

When he finally released her, he nodded slowly, a look of satisfaction crossing his face.

“Getting better,” he rumbled, his voice thick with a cruel sort of pride. “Less wife. More submissive slut. You’re starting to look like you actually belong here.”

“You’re disgusting,” Janet breathed, though the words lacked any real conviction, her voice sounding wrecked and breathless.

“And you’re soaking wet on my leg. Same as yesterday,” he countered, his gaze dropping to where her juices had dampened the denim of his jeans. Without warning, he brought his hand around and delivered a sharp, stinging spank to her cheek. The crack echoed in the room, the force of it jumping her forward, grinding her clit one last time against the massive, throbbing bulge of his cock.

“Off you go. You’ve got ironing to do.”

She slid off him, her movements clumsy and disjointed. She felt the absence of her heels—the lack of height making her feel even smaller, more exposed.

“I laid some clothes out on the board in the kitchen,” he commanded, reaching for his mug again. “Need to look presentable for the neighbours. Can’t turn up at a barbecue in a dirty, creased shirt now, can I?”

The sentence landed late, a delayed fuse that detonated in her chest. Janet stopped dead in the kitchen doorway. She turned, her eyes wide with sudden panic.

“Presentable for—” she stammered. “You’re not coming.”

“You really think I’d miss this?” The smile that spread across his face was slow, pleased, and utterly malicious. “Besides, I thought I’d give your husband a chance to say thank you. For looking after his wife. For giving you all this time off. A man ought to be grateful for the favors I do for him.”

“Carl said... we don’t have room for anyone else to come,” she pleaded, her voice trembling. “You’re... you’re too much.”

“I’m the neighbour his son put in the hospital. I’m inviting myself. If he wants to send me away, well we’ll see how that works out for him.” He let his eyes wander again, a slow descent down the naked length of her body. “Get a move on, before that naked body of yours has me wanting to skip the barbecue for our own party in the bedroom... I want sharp creases. And stay where I can see you... I like a view with breakfast.”

Janet wanted to scream, to argue, to reclaim some shred of her autonomy, but the argument was already lost. It had been lost the moment she fastened the leather around her throat. She turned back to the board and switched the iron on. As the steam began to hiss and breathe into the small, cramped kitchen, she felt the absurdity of her position.

He didn't stop watching. He never stopped watching. He leaned back in the chair, toast in one hand, his eyes locked onto the swing of her tits as she worked the iron, the heat of the steam curling around her naked hips.

"A man could really get used to this good life," he mused, his voice a low, appreciative growl. "Naked housewife. Collar on. Pressing my clothes so I can go eat her husband's food. Keep that ass pointed this way, Janet. I earned the look."

Janet kept her eyes fixed on the fabric, her jaw tight. The iron hissed violently, mirroring the tension in her gut. Across the road, in the house she shared with a man who didn't know her, Carl would be counting beers and checking the weather, blissfully believing that his wife had the neighbour completely under her thumb.

Dick didn't just enter the garden; he seeped into it, appearing around the side of the house like a dark, indelible stain bleeding through a fresh coat of white paint.

He hobbled up the garden path, the thump-clack of his crutch sounding like a countdown. He carried a foil tray of ribs braced against his gut, the scent of charred meat and heavy spice preceding him. His shirt; the one Janet had pressed, pulled tight across his heavy chest, the fabric straining against his muscles and his large belly.

As he entered the orbit of the party, the atmosphere shifted. The light, superficial chatter of the neighbourhood thinned, then vanished. A fork stopped halfway to a mouth; a glass of chilled prosecco hovered in mid-air. Debbie's husband actually took a physical step back, his expression one of instinctive recoil, as if the very category of the lawn had changed from 'social gathering' to 'danger zone.'

Carl reached him first, driven by the desperate, frantic need to manage the situation. The smile he wore was a host's mask, a brittle thing gritted to the roots of his teeth.

"Richard! Janet said you might pop over," Carl said, his voice tight. He didn't offer a hand; the foil tray was an obstacle, and so was the suffocating presence of the man. "Thanks for coming."

"Wouldn't miss it," Dick rumbled. He thrust the foil tray forward. "Didn't come empty-handed. Finest ribs you'll ever try. Slow-cooked, just the way they should be."

"That's—kind. You really shouldn't have. We've got plenty," Carl replied, his eyes darting toward the other guests, gauging the level of disgust and discomfort.

"Ahh, but you know what they say about a Black man's meat," Dick said, the comment landing like a heavy blow. He didn't whisper it; he projected it, letting the raw, sexual undertone hang in the humid air.

Carl's face went a polite, horrified blank. "Sorry?"

"We black men, we know how to barbecue, Carl." Dick's grin sat in the sun with an arrogance that suggested he owned the very light hitting the grass. "Put those with the rest. I'll have a beer if you're offering."

Carl snatched the tray, desperate to remove the tension from between them.

He retreated to the table, setting the ribs among his own offerings as if they were a contaminant that might spoil the potato salad. He cracked a bottle with shaking hands and brought it back, but Dick had already stopped paying attention to him.

Dick's eyes had already scanned the garden, hunting. He found Janet.

She was standing with the other wives by the oversized blue hydrangeas, a cluster of suburban propriety. She was dressed exactly the way Carl liked her in public: a modest summer dress that hugged her curves just enough to acknowledge her figure without advertising it, her platinum hair swept up in a neat, elegant style, gold glinting at her ears.

She looked like the perfect Oakridge housewife. Gorgeous. Respectable.

And entirely his.

"You're a lucky man," Dick said, taking the beer from Carl with a grip that was far too firm. He didn't look at Carl; his gaze remained locked on Janet. "She really scrubs up. I've only ever seen her in jeans and old hoodies, coming over to do for me. Real domestic, that one."

Carl followed the look, and something in his jaw flickered; a momentary crack in the facade. "Yeah. She's a real beauty."

Across the grass, the wives had already closed ranks, their voices a frantic, hushed hiss of judgment.

"What is he doing here?" one whispered, her eyes wide with disdain.

"You invited that piece of shit?" another sneered, glancing at the brace and the man's imposing frame. "Jan. Seriously. He's... he's an eyesore."

Janet kept her voice low and reasonable, employing the same calm, administrative tone she used to sort work rotas, though her heart was hammering against her ribs. She could feel Dick's eyes on her, stripping her naked in front of everyone, reminding her of the way she had been only hours prior.

"I'm helping him. Since Junior and his stupid prank, since the knee surgery. Just for a few weeks until he's back on his feet." she whispered. "He got word about today and the next thing I know he's coming. Don't make a scene. Honestly, he looks a lot worse than he is."

Fiona, leaned in, her eyes narrowing as she scrutinised the crisp lines of Dick's attire. "I've never seen him in anything ironed in my life," she remarked, her voice laced with a thin, judgmental curiosity. "Since when does Mr. Long care about his clothes?"

Janet felt a sudden surge of heat climb her throat, a flush of crimson that threatened to betray her. The memory of her naked body as she steam pressed that very shirt. She didn't answer; she couldn't. Instead, she took a long, desperate gulp of her chilled white wine, the alcohol doing nothing to cool the fire burning in her gut.

The afternoon thickened, the air becoming heavy with the scent of charcoal, expensive perfume, and an unspoken tension. Carl moved through the crowd, handing out rolls and grilled meats with the determined, frantic cheer of a man pretending his sanctuary hadn't been invaded. He was playing the part of the perfect host, but his eyes were haunted, darting toward the intruder.

Dick, meanwhile, circulated on his crutch with the confidence of a man who didn't care what people thought of him. He moved through the garden like it was his own personal fiefdom, nodding with a slow, mocking cadence at guests who pointedly refused to nod back. He drank Carl's beer with a slow savour, his presence an indelible blot on the pristine suburban landscape.

He finally intercepted her by the back door just as she emerged with a fresh stack of linen napkins. He didn't move out of her way; he blocked her, his massive frame casting a shadow over her.

"You ashamed to be seen talking to me or something, Jan?" he rumbled, his voice a low, vibrating growl that seemed to echo in the small of her back.

"What? No," she stammered, her fingers clutching the napkins so hard they began to wrinkle. "I'm hosting. I have to make sure everyone's looked after."

"Good. Cause I need looking after." He tapped the metal of his knee brace with two thick fingers, the sound a sharp, metallic click. "Help with this. Meet me inside."

He didn't wait for an answer. He turned and hobbled back toward the house leaving her standing there. She forced a brittle smile at a neighbour who called her name, then leaned into Carl at the grill, the scent of smoke and searing meat clinging to him.

"I'll be back in fifteen," she whispered, her voice shaking. "Something's up with Mr. Long's knee. I'm going to help him sort it."

Carl frowned, his gaze flickering from the house back to the glowing coals of the barbecue.

"Don't be long. Debbie's asking about the salad, and I don't want him in our house for any longer than needs be."

"I won't," she promised, the lie tasting like copper in her mouth.

As she stepped inside, she found the downstairs rooms were empty and the downstairs loo vacant. She stood at the foot of the stairs and her stomach dropped, a cold void opening up inside her.

Surely he hasn't hopped up there.

She ascended the stairs, each step feeling like a descent into a trap. When she reached the landing and pushed open a door, she found him.

He was standing in the center of their master bedroom, his crutch planted firmly on the plush beige carpet she vacuumed every Sunday. He had already untucked the shirt she had ironed for him, the fabric billowing around his heavy waist. He was staring at the bed; the bed she made every morning with crisp sheets and a loving, domestic pride, as if he were browsing a menu at a restaurant, deciding exactly how he wanted to consume her.

“What are you doing in my bedroom?” she breathed.

“What side does racist Carl sleep?” he asked, his voice dripping with a cruelty.

Janet stared at him, the question hanging in the air, absurd and jarring. For a second, she didn't understand.

Her eyes betrayed her, darting instinctively to the left pillow.

The Taste Of His Sauce

He lifted Carl's pillows and repositioned them on the mattress in front of where he stood.

“What are you doing?”

Dick didn't answer with words. The silence of the room was punctured by the sound of him stripping. He unbuckled his belt and shoved his trousers and boxers down to his ankles in one decisive heave. The bulky metal of the knee brace made the movement clumsy, almost ugly, but the man emerging from the fabric didn't care about aesthetics. He cared about power.

His huge cock sprang free and behind it, his massive, dark sac hung low and full, swinging with a rhythm as he turned his back to her.

“I already paid for this half day,” Janet hissed, her voice a desperate, trembling whisper.

The window was wide open, and the sounds of the garden party drifted in; the clink of ice, the distant chatter, and then, piercing through the air, the booming, genuine laugh of Carl.

“I ain't pulling these trousers up till you get me off,” Dick rumbled, his voice a low, vibrating command that seemed to shake the very walls of her sanctuary.

He planted his crutch firmly into the beige carpet and bent forward just enough to present himself. He gave her a panoramic view of himself in the center of her own bedroom: the coarse, dark hair of his cheeks, the tight, puckered furl of his dark hole, the heavy, swinging weight of his balls, and the thick, pulsing shaft jutting out toward Carl's pillows on the bed.

“Reach around. Stroke that cock. And put that mouth where it belongs.”

“Dick... please. This is our room. Carl is—”

“Clock’s running, slut. Fifteen minutes you told him. Use every second of them.”

The command broke her. Janet sank to her knees on the carpet, her dress bunching up around her thighs. She collapsed into the space between his legs.

She reached around the heavy width of his hip, her right hand closing around the shaft. Her fingers failing to meet around the girth. She began to stroke him, her movements clumsy and frantic at this angle, and he responded by thrusting his hips back, pressing the heat of his skin against her face.

“Suck those black balls. Slurp them nice and good. I want to hear how wet you make them,” he commanded.

Janet shut her eyes tight, blotting out the sight of her vanity mirror and her wedding photos. She leaned in and took one heavy ball into her mouth.

It filled her mouth completely, hot, tight, and velvet-skinned. The weight of it was shocking against her tongue, a dense mass of masculinity that tasted of salt and dominance. She sucked hard, and the sound that escaped her was exactly what he had demanded: a wet, filthy, unmistakable slurp. It was a sound of pure degradation, a noise that had no business existing in a room where she kissed Carl’s forehead and discussed mortgage rates.

Dick let out a loud grunt of approval. Janet moved to the other ball, slurping it in with a desperate hunger, her spit already shining and slicking the dark wrinkled skin. Her hand continued to reach around and work his cock in short, tight pulls while her mouth made a feast of his heavy sac.

“That’s it. Slurp those big Black balls in your husband’s bedroom. Don’t be dainty, you little slut. I want them dripping.”

She slurped harder, abandoning all pretence of modesty because being tentative would only prolong the act. Only increase the chances of getting caught. Strings of saliva ran off her chin and dripped onto the carpet between her legs. She worked from one ball to the other, her tongue bathing them, her lips sealed tight, the wet, hollow sounds of her submission filling the quiet air beneath the window. She hated how quickly her jaw remembered the rhythm, how her body instinctively craved the taste of him.

“Now the main event. Eat that asshole, baby. Show me how dirty you can get.”

“I am not—”

“You are. Get that tongue in there, I want to feel you penetrate. Then you can go back to the balls. I want you switching. I want you busy savouring all my flavours.”

Janet stared at the dark, clenched hole just an inch from her lips. She looked at the coarse hair and the raw, intimate reality of him in her bedroom. The protest that rose in her throat was real, but it was useless, a dying ember against the wildfire of his will. She pressed her tongue against him.

The taste was a concentrated explosion of musk, heat, and unwashed skin. This was different from the pub stall; that had been a cock through a wall, a detached act of desperation. This was the very center of him, the most private, forbidden part of his body,

and she was exploring it on her knees while her husband drank beer just a few yards away. She licked, her tongue probing the tight fold, and Dick pushed back hard against her face, grinding his weight into her. She pushed her tongue deeper, forcing it against the tight furl until it gave a fraction, and the sound she made was a small, ruined whimper of surrender.

“There she is. Posh wife rimming her old black neighbour, in her beautiful bedroom. Switch it up now. Balls. Ass. Don’t you get lazy.”

She obeyed instantly. She slurped a ball into her mouth, spit-slick and heavy, then dragged her tongue back up and deep into his hole, then down again. It was a filthy, rhythmic circuit; a loop of degradation that her mind tried to categorise as a 'task,' but her body was already pricing as a submissive pleasure.

As she worked her tongue and reached around to stroke his cock with her right hand, her left hand remained flat on the floor. Dick noticed. He shifted his weight, his voice dropping to a lethal, satisfied purr.

“That hand needs something to do... Get it inside your panties... Now,” Dick commanded. “No more pretending that sucking me is some chore, Janet. No more lying to yourself. Feel how wet you are. I want you to feel the connection. You suck my cock, you slurp my balls, you eat my asshole, and that cunt of yours pays attention. Feel it.”

“I’m not wet because of—”

“Feel it. Now!”

The authority in his voice snapped her spine. Janet shoved her free hand beneath the hem of her summer dress, diving deep into the lace of her underwear. Her fingers didn't even have to search; they slid instantly into a flood of slick, hot cream. A shameful, easy wetness that had no business being there after only a few minutes of degrading a man on her own bedroom floor. She let out a small, broken sound against his hole; a whimper of involuntary arousal, that he immediately claimed as a confession.

“There it is. Dripping for me. That’s your body recognizing its new master. A little bit of submissive servicing and that pussy lights up like a Christmas tree. Rub it. Don’t you dare take that hand out. Now, back to it... slurp.”

The two rhythms found each other against her will: her tongue swirling over the heavy, velvet weight of his balls, and her fingers frantically circling her clit. She transitioned, dragging her tongue back up and deep into his tight, dark hole, creating a circle of filth that made her hips arch instinctively into her own hand. With her other hand, she gripped his cock, stroking the massive, vein-ridged shaft from behind. The cock in her fist was iron now, pulsing with a violent intensity, leaking thick pre-cum over her knuckles, aimed at the stack of Carl’s pillows like a territorial statement.

“Listen to you. Wet mouth. Wet cunt. You still going to tell me this is just for Junior? Just for a half-day’s peace?” He let out a dark, mocking chuckle. “That pussy’s telling on you, Janet. It’s screaming for me.”

She ate. She switched. The slurping grew louder, more obscene, because he demanded to hear the sound of her submission. Her mouth had gone sloppy, just as it had in the pub stall, thick strings of saliva bridging the gap between her lips and his dark, heavy sac.

When she pushed her tongue deep into him again, probing the tight furl of his ass, Dick groaned, a sound that vibrated through the wall of his chest. It was the sound of a man being served in another man's sanctuary, and the sheer taboo of it made Janet's clit jump and throb under her fingers.

"That's my slut. Husband's downstairs and you're up here on your knees where you belong. Now, let's mark those pillows of his. I want him being able to smell me whenever he tries to sleep."

"You're a pig," she gasped, her voice thick with spit and desire.

"I'm an alpha, sugar tits. And an alpha marks his territory. Faster. Stroke me faster!"

She gripped him with a bruising intensity, her face buried in the wet, musky filth of him. Her other hand was frantic in her panties, her fingers blurring against her swollen clit. Dick's thigh began to shake violently against her cheek; the metal of his brace creaked under the tension of his climax.

"Fuck yessss... Don't stop, milk that cock!"

He came with a low, punched roar, a sound of raw conquest that he only just managed to keep from echoing into the garden.

The first rope of semen hit Carl's pillow in a thick, blinding white stripe, soaking instantly into the cotton. The second followed with a heavy, wet slap of seed, painting both stacked pillows and dripping into the gap between them. Janet didn't stop; she kept stroking the pulsing shaft, her mouth clamped onto his balls, swallowing against the skin as if she could somehow clean up the evidence of her betrayal. A third, final pulse spilled over her fist and smeared across the pillowcase in a cooling, viscous streak.

The room smelled of him. The bed smelled of him. Her and her husband's sanctuary was now drenched in the seed of another man.

Janet sat back on her heels, her mouth shining with saliva and musk, her hand still buried in her own soaked underwear. She stared at the pillows as if they might somehow unsay themselves, as if the white stains could vanish.

"You disgusting fuck," she hissed, though there was no conviction in it. She yanked her hand free and grabbed the pillowcases, stripping them, bunching the evidence in her fists.

"This isn't your territory to mark. This is my house. That's my husband's—"

"Stop denying yourself the truth." Dick pulled his underwear up over the softening, wet weight of himself, unhurried and smug, watching her scramble in a panic. "Your pussy's dripping for a taste of this cock, Janet. The one thing you haven't had yet. This big black cock, stretching that tight little pussy. You want it. And It's only a matter of time, until I give it to you."

"Janet?" Carl's voice drifted up from the foot of the stairs, bright, hospitable, and fatally close. "You two all right? Debbie's asking after the other salad!"

The panic hit her. She shoved the ruined pillowcases deep under the bed, the fabric bunched and stiffening with drying semen. The laundry hamper was a journey she didn't have the time or the nerve for; she couldn't risk a single second of absence. Beside her, Dick moved with an infuriating leisure. He pulled his trousers up and tucked in his ironed shirt with the effortless grace of a man who had never hurried a day in his life, not even while desecrating another man's sanctuary.

The taste was etched into her; the salty tang of his balls, and the bitter, earthy flavour of his asshole were painted onto her taste buds, mixed with the saliva of her worship. It was a visceral brand. There was no time to brush her teeth and wash it away, no mint that could mask the scent of a man's filth.

"Coming!" she called out, her voice sounding horrifyingly normal, a perfect mask of the dutiful wife.

They descended the stairs together, the rhythmic tick-clack of Dick's crutch echoing like a countdown. As they stepped through the back door, the golden afternoon light hit them, illuminating the garden. Carl was there, tongs in hand, wearing a smile of genuine, unsuspecting warmth.

"There you are. Brace sorted now?" Carl asked, his voice bright.

"Sorted." Dick accepted the fresh beer Carl had already set aside for him. "Your wife's got good hands. Very thorough."

Carl let out a small, awkward laugh; the sound of a man who had completely missed the joke and the insult. He turned to Dick, his posture open and grateful, slightly buzzed on the easy success of his own afternoon.

"Listen, I should thank you. Properly. For the extra time she's had," Carl said, his eyes softening. "Yesterday at the lake, it meant a lot. We're truly grateful."

"Least I can do. She's been so... agreeable," Dick replied, his gaze sliding to Janet with a look of ownership that made her stomach flip. He looked back at Carl, as if they were all three sharing in a quiet, benevolent kindness. "Besides, seeing you two together today, makes it worthwhile, giving you the time. Such a loving couple. She always talks about you, too. It's like you're right there in my living room with us."

Carl's ears went pink, visibly pleased by the compliment. "Well. We do love each other deeply."

"Well you might as well seal that love with a kiss," Dick said, easy as advice, the bottle still at his mouth.

Carl was already smiling, already leaning in. Janet felt the taste in her mouth take on a shape; salt, musk, the dark place she had put her tongue while the garden laughed under the window, and then her husband's mouth was on hers before she could pull away.

It was a closed little peck, guest-polite, the sort of kiss they gave when people were watching. It still found the smear she had not been able to scrub. Carl paused. Not knowing. Just a faint, puzzled hitch, as if the wine had gone wrong.

Dick watched over the beer.

“You taste my sauce there, Carl?”

Carl blinked, pulling back an inch. “Sorry?”

“The ribs.” Dick tipped his chin at the table, helpful, almost kind. “She was picking at them in the kitchen. Finest you’ll ever try. Told you. That’s the taste of Black man’s meat.”

The world fitted itself back around Carl. He laughed, relieved to have an answer, even if it was strangely worded. “Oh. Right. I wondered what that was. Strong flavour.”

“You can do better than that little peck,” Dick went on, still watching her. “Don’t be shy. It’s your barbecue. Your house. Kiss your wife properly.”

Carl did. His mouth opened. His tongue came forward and found exactly what she had carried down the stairs. Janet stood in her own garden with her husband’s tongue where another man’s ass had been, and the spike of it went straight between her legs; sharp, unwanted, undeniable. She kissed him back because stopping would have looked far more suspicious.

When they parted, Carl’s eyes were soft. His hand settled at her waist as if he had just been given something lovely.

“Actually.” Carl paused, his gaze flickering between Dick and Janet, a sudden spark of inspiration lighting up his face. He looked genuinely excited, the idea forming in real-time, a small piece of domestic magic he wanted to orchestrate.

“We could use one more favor, if we’re not pushing it, Richard. Junior’s at camp, then he’s off to university in a couple of weeks. I was thinking Janet and I might surprise him. Drive up next week and collect him. Spend a couple of days, just the three of us. A bit of a road trip.”

He turned to Janet, his eyes hopeful and wide, already mentally packing the car and mapping the route. “I only just thought of it. If you can survive without her for a couple of days, Richard—”

Janet stared at her husband, the world around her blurring into a haze of gold and green. The picnic they had shared was a single, stolen day of reprieve, a momentary lapse in the regime. But this; this was a door Carl was opening with both hands, an invitation to a freedom that felt like a trap, ushering her toward a precipice she had been terrified to face.

Dick didn't look at Carl. He didn't need to. His eyes were locked on Janet, a heavy, possessive stare that stripped her bare right there in the sunlight. In that look was the memory of the armchair, the claustrophobic filth of the restroom stall, the ruined sheets, and the semen-stiffened pillows currently hidden beneath her bed. He wasn't looking at a neighbour's wife; he was looking at a piece of property he had already claimed and was now preparing to fully colonise.

“I’m sure,” Dick said, his voice as mild and unassuming as tea, yet carrying the weight of an iron shackle, “if Janet can sort a few things out for me before the trip, then we can make that happen. Right, Janet?”

The air left her lungs. She knew exactly what the 'sorting out' entailed.

It wasn't her breasts; he had already used those. It wasn't her mouth; he had broken her in and taught her what her throat could handle. No, there was one final frontier. The only thing left was her tight married pussy.

He had measured it with his fingers, naming its tightness, mapping the heat of it while she screamed his name in a paradoxical blend of agony and ecstasy. She had told him it would never happen, that he would never get inside her, but as she looked at Dick's smile, she knew those words were now nothing more than a challenge he intended to meet. He didn't just want her; he wanted to stretch her, to ruin her for any other man, to fill her so completely that the memory of Carl's gentle touch would be drowned out by the brutal scale of his invasion.

Carl had just offered her up as a sacrifice, completely unaware of the currency being traded.

What choice did she have? The choker was invisible now, but she could feel it tightening around her throat, pulling her toward the inevitable.

"Right." Her voice came out steady, the perfect pitch of a hostess, a dutiful wife. She was a woman with the taste of another man's filth still lingering on her tongue, agreeing to her own undoing. "I'm sure we can work it out."

End of Part 2.

Part 3 coming soon.