

Neighbourly Debts Part 3

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.

Keeping Him Happy

Janet stood at the ensuite basin, her platinum hair swept up and tied off her neck, the tap running a steady stream of warm water. Toothpaste foamed white at the corners of her mouth. Beside her, Carl brushed his teeth with the methodical seriousness he brought to everything that wasn't a crisis. His blond hair was still flattened from the pillow, a towel wrapped loosely around his hips.

In the mirror, they were the picture of suburban stability. A couple, the street believed in. Janet watched his reflection more than her own; it was safer to observe him as an image than to look into her own eyes and see the faltering woman staring back.

Carl spat, rinsed, and beamed at her, a stray dollop of foam still clinging to his upper lip.

"Two more days," he murmured, his voice filled with genuine excitement. "Can you believe it? He's going to absolutely lose his mind when he sees our car pulling up."

Junior. His name hung in the steam of the bathroom like a kindness she hadn't earned, a reminder of the innocent world she was betraying.

"He will," she replied, her voice steady, the perfect pitch of the devoted mother. "We should call him the night before, just to see if he's all set for the journey back. Let him have no idea we're actually going to be there, waiting to take him on our own little trip."

As he passed her, Carl's hand found the small of her back; a warm, grateful press of flesh that asked for nothing and, in its purity, asked for everything. He stepped back into the bedroom, still rambling about the most efficient routes, a motel with a pool, and whether Junior still had a penchant for those terrible, processed petrol-station sandwiches.

Janet dried her face and followed him, her feet thudding softly on the hardwood.

Then she saw it on the floor. The pillowcase had been kicked half-under the bed, a crumpled fist of cum-soaked cotton she had planned to deal with before they slept, and had been forgotten in the frantic scramble of it all. It lay there in the daylight like a mouth that had gasped open again. The stain had dried stiff, a pale, iridescent map of her submission.

When Carl had asked about the changed pillow cases, not matching the rest of the bed, she had said she had an accident with some moisturiser. She had uttered the lie to her husband with her polished voice, just hours after Dick Long watched her kiss Carl in the garden, knowing full well that the taste of his sweaty black balls, and asshole, was still wet on her tongue.

The memory hit her like she was back living it. Her knees sinking into the beige carpet. The heavy swing of that dark sac she suckled into her mouth. The way Dick had curled his toes

in pleasure as she pushed her tongue deeper into his asshole. She could almost hear Carl's distant laugh under the window, a cruel counterpoint to the ropes of semen hitting the stacked pillows.

Janet bent down, picking up the case by two fingers as if it were a piece of bio-hazardous waste.

Five restless minutes. That was all it had taken last night, after Carl had collapsed into his side of the bed with a happy, wine-soft sigh. He had stirred, frowned, and pressed his cheek into the stiffened cotton.

"Whatever cream you spilled, Jan, I can still smell it. Feel the damp. I'll get the pillows from the spare room."

He had said it like a man solving a small domestic puzzle, a minor inconvenience of laundry. He had padded down the hall in his socks, returned with fresh linens, kissed her temple, and fallen asleep on the replacement, entirely unaware of the original sin that had been clinging to the fabric of the pillow he had just been laying on.

She shoved the soiled case deep into the hamper, burying it beneath a heavy towel, trying to hide the evidence.

Carl returned from the wardrobe, buttoning a crisp polo shirt.

"You've got that idiot across the road jumping through hoops, Jan. Time off for the lake, the barbecue. Now this. I don't know what you said to him to make him so compliant, but keep saying it. Men like that only understand a firm hand."

Janet felt a shudder ripple through her. A firm hand. Carl had no idea that the only hand guiding her was one that had held her head while she choked on his cock. And that very 'firm hand' would soon be making its demands for the price of her trip. A price she knew would involve the one thing all men wanted. Pussy.

The smile she offered Carl was the exact size and shape required to fit the room without leaving a gap for suspicion. Beneath the polished enamel, however, her anger had coalesced into something simple and jagged. She leaned into it, letting the fury consume her, because hating anyone other than herself felt like a sanctuary.

She thought of Junior's innocent face on the CCTV screen, and Carl; dear, helpful, oblivious Carl, with his trusting mouth at the barbecue, gifting her days of freedom she would have to pay for in flesh. The two of them had walked her to this precipice and called it family. In her mind, the filthy, perverted bastard across the road was collecting a debt they had unwittingly placed on the table. And he didn't just want her body; he wanted her broken. He wanted her to come apart, screaming and sobbing.

I won't let him, she whispered to the hamper, the wardrobe, and the clean pillows Carl had fetched with the diligence of a good husband. *Even if it happens. I won't enjoy it. I will just lie there. I will be a stone.*

She repeated the mantra with the desperate precision she used when counting sit-ups in the spare room; a lie that might become a truth if she recited it enough times to believe it.

Carl pressed a tender kiss to her cheek and headed downstairs, his humming a soundtrack to her betrayal. Janet remained in the bedroom for one minute longer, her hand gripping the hamper lid until her knuckles turned white, before she began to dress for the crossing.

She slid into a black skirt that stopped mid-thigh, a garment with absolutely no interest in modesty once it cleared the full, firm round of her ass. Over it, she donned a thin white blouse, a piece that revealed the truth of her if one so much as breathed on it. She left the buttons undone dangerously low, ensuring nothing; no lace, no silk, sat beneath the cotton. Then came the red heels, six inches of height, the kind of shoes the street was never meant to see on a weekday. She let her hair fall in a shimmering curtain down her back. This was the body the navy jumpers had been invented to hide.

She crossed the asphalt of Oakridge with her eyes fixed on the tarmac, feeling the tight hem of the skirt work against her thighs with every stride. Inside, he was already waiting, sprawled in the armchair with the brace stuck out and nothing else on at all.

Janet stopped just inside the latch, the click of the door echoing in the silence.

Richard Long occupied his own skin the way he occupied a room: with the absolute certainty that both belonged to him. The mountain of a man sat looking satisfied with himself and with life. Heavy, weathered face etched with dominance, and the thick, coarse pelt of hair covering the barrel of his chest that tapered down into the soft swell of his large belly. Between his thighs, his cock hung in a dark, heavy drop against the leather of the chair.

He didn't bother to cover himself. He simply watched her.

He tracked the red heels, the long expanse of her legs, and the way the skirt hugged the split of her ass as she shut the door behind her. His eyes lingered on the blouse, which was doing almost nothing to contain her; the weight of her natural F-cups strained against the thin cotton, her nipples already beginning to print through the fabric.

He smiled, a slow curl of one side of his mouth.

"Ahh," he drawled, his voice a low rumble. "Back to dressing sexy for me. Look at that. New skirt. Tits out like they missed me. You cross that road looking like a tease, Janet, tits and ass bouncing all over the place, and then you act surprised when I stare."

Janet ignored the inventory of her body the way she ignored weather she couldn't change. Her voice was cold, clipped.

"Why the hell are you naked?"

"That's for you, baby." The laugh vibrated deep in his chest, causing the weight of his cock to shift against the leather. "Ain't no point wrapping it up. You already had your mouth all over it. Figured we'd skip the pretence this morning."

He tipped his chin toward the hall, his eyes darkening with a cruel memory. "As nice as that mouth and tongue-bath you gave me in your bedroom yesterday... I'm still in need of a shower this morning, so thought I'd save the clothes till after." he said it with his eyes on her, reading the reaction. "But damn woman... That was the nastiest little tongue action I

ever felt. You look at a man like you hate him, and yet you still ate me like you were hungry. Could get used to that nasty tongue of yours!”

“But before we get to showering, how about we talk about the price of these days off your husband is so desperate for you to have,” he leaned back, his presence filling the room, “let’s start the day off just right.”

The sentence echoed in the stagnant heat of the room. *Start the day right. The price.* She knew exactly what he wanted.

Janet felt the air leave her lungs. In her mind’s eye, the heavy, dark mass resting against the leather of the armchair began to swell, expanding toward the monstrous, vein-corded shape it took when Dick stopped playing and started taking. Her throat constricted, the muscles tightening as if she were already being choked.

“Dick,” she whispered, her voice trembling as she remained anchored to the door, terrified that moving forward would be a point of no return. “Please. I can’t go that far. I’m married. We can’t... we can’t fuck. That isn’t part of the arrangement. It can’t be.”

He smiled at the word she had been desperate to avoid. It was the smile of a man watching a trap he had set, snap shut on his prey.

“Listen. I’ll cut you a deal,” he drawled. “I won’t ask you to pay that price. Not today. Not tomorrow. But you really need to make me happy, Janet. And I don’t mean one act. I don’t mean standing there like a statue waiting for me to give you an order. You take it into your own hands, so to speak. Keep me happy for the next two days; really service me, and I won’t demand that of you. I’ll give you your three nights to go play happy families.”

A heavy silence descended upon the room. Janet stood there, a vision of submission in her mid-thigh skirt, six-inch heels, and the slutty white blouse. She began to consider her options.

This way was just mouth and hands. It was the filthy, degrading work she had already performed. These were things she could categorise as not-sex if she whispered the lie fast enough. It wasn’t real. It didn’t touch the marriage. It wasn’t the one line she had drawn in the sand.

Just things I’ve done before, she told herself, her heart hammering against her ribs. *I can do those. I can do those and still be me when we go on our trip.*

She gave a sharp, jerky nod. “Okay.”

“Good.” His gaze flicked past her, cold and calculating. “Now. Aren’t you forgetting something?”

Her eyes drifted to the mantel. There it lay: the choker. The leather was a deep, bruised black, the silver letters gleaming with a cruel clarity: *CUM SLUT*.

She crossed the carpet, her heels clicking like a countdown. As she picked it up, the mirror over the fireplace captured the entire cheap theatre of her degradation. Platinum hair, a mouth set in a line of suppressed rage, and the collar snapping closed around her throat, the metal sitting cool and definite against her skin. In the glass, she didn’t see a posh

housewife; she saw the woman Junior had described from the sofa. The description her husband had called a hooker. She looked like a receipt for a transaction she couldn't afford to stop.

Just do what it takes, she commanded her reflection. No more, no less. He's just a man. Men are easy to keep happy.

She turned back to him, forcing herself to maintain eye contact. Looking away would have been another kind of kneeling, a surrender of the last bit of pride she possessed. Slowly, deliberately, her fingers found the remaining buttons of her blouse. She worked them open one by one.

The blouse parted. Her breasts spilled heavy into the humid air, unsupported and trembling. Her nipples were already tight, dark peaks reacting to the heat of the room. She let the shirt slide off her shoulders, hanging open and useless, leaving her torso bare and vulnerable.

Richard's smile deepened, turning hungry.

"There she is. Naughty little housewife who's starting to learn her role. Starting to learn how a woman keeps her man happy." He raised his eyebrows, unhurried and dominant, the cock in his lap giving a slow, interested thickening as he watched her process the choice he had handed her.

She thought of the kiss he had asked to become part of their morning routines, and how it felt too intimate for her to hide her disgust. But if she went to him first, if she gave him something more visceral and satisfying, she might dodge any other particular surrender for an hour or two.

She walked toward the chair.

The metal of his knee brace made a small, ugly scraping sound when her leg brushed against it. She climbed into his lap carefully, the black skirt riding up high, the thin strip of her panties pressing directly onto the growing, radiating heat of him. The scale of his body made her feel briefly, infuriatingly small, as if he could swallow her whole.

The thick hair of his belly scratched against her bare stomach, a rough contrast to her soft skin. As she settled her weight, she felt him answer her presence; a thick, rigid ridge waking up beneath her panties, pulsing against her.

"You love these, don't you?" she murmured, the words sliding out with a deliberately teasing quality. Even to her own ears, it sounded filthy, a desperate masquerade of agency.

She reached up, cupping her breast in her palm, feeling the heavy weight of it. She lifted the pale mound toward his face, the soft underside brushing against his lips.

"Always staring. Always talking about them." She felt a flicker of something dark and electric as she leaned in. "They're so sensitive too. I bet they'd feel incredible in that mouth of yours. Go on. Suck them for me."

“Fuck,” he groaned into her skin. He sounded like a man being served a decadent breakfast he had ordered days in advance. “Look at you. Offering up them perfect, big white titties, like a good little slut.”

His hand shot out, bypassing the waist of her skirt to seize a handful of her ass. He gripped her, his fingers digging deep into her flesh, and used the leverage to grind her pelvis down hard against the hardening length of him.

“That little husband of yours ever give these puppies, the treatment they actually need? Nah, not him. Not a man like that. I bet he’s terrified of ’em. Treats ’em like ornaments in a museum.” He sneered, his breath hot against her areola. “These weren’t built to be admired, Janet. They were built to be used. To be sucked, bitten, and handled.”

Then, his mouth closed over her.

The sensation was an immediate flood of heat and wetness. It wasn't a playful kiss; it was a claim. He sucked her nipple deep into his mouth, his tongue swirling around the peak with a greedy intensity. Then came the teeth; a slow, deliberate nip that sent a jolt of involuntary electricity straight to her core, making her breath hitch in a sharp gasp. She gripped the back of his bald head, her fingers digging into his scalp as he migrated to the other tit, treating it with the same hungry appetite. The sounds were filthy in the silence of the house; the wet, slapping noise of his lips, the heavy suction, the ragged sound of her own breathing.

Below, his hand continued to roll her in a filthy, grinding rhythm. His cock had thickened into a throbbing pillar of heat. Even through the barrier of her panties, the head of his member dragged against the soaked silk of her crotch every time he pulled her forward, marking her with its heat.

I've survived the first step, she told herself, her jaw tight, her breasts glistening and flushed from his mouth. *No kiss. I'm in control. This is the deal working.*

He pulled away from her nipple with a loud, wet pop, looking up at her with glistening lips and eyes full of amused dominance.

Before she could draw a full breath, his hand shot up and tangled in her hair. He gathered the platinum sheet of it in a fist, wrenching her head down with a sudden jerk that stripped away every illusion of control she had tried to build. Her mouth met his already open. The kiss was hot and wet. It was an invasion of her space, her breath, her will.

When he broke the kiss by a mere inch, he didn't let go of her hair. He held her there, suspended, her lips parted and glistening.

Slowly, he extended his tongue.

“Suck it,” he commanded, his voice a low rumble that landed directly on her lower lip.

“Suck on my tongue like it’s a cock. Show me exactly how happy you are to please me today.”

Janet stared at the thick, wet offering of his tongue for one frozen second. The leather collar was tight at her throat, a constant reminder of her status; her tits were still wet and

aching from his mouth; and the massive, hard shape of him was pulsing against her panties.

Then she leaned in and obeyed.

She closed her lips around his tongue and sucked. At first she made it sloppy on purpose, a performance of submission, because as long as it was an act she could pretend she was the one directing the scene. The wet heat of him, the bruising grip in her hair, and the thick ridge of his cock under her soaked panties pulled the act down into a hunger her mouth already knew how to satisfy. She slobbered on it, swirling around him in the same shameful rhythm she had used in the restroom stall, a thin thread of saliva escaping the corner of her lips and running down her chin.

He made a sound deep in his throat and tore his mouth off hers.

The loss of him left her panting, lips still parted, spit shining on her chin. Before she could gather herself, his palm cracked across the bare under-curve of her ass where the skirt had ridden up. A wet, meaty slap that shoved her forward against him. The moan that broke out of her was breathless and helpless, punched from somewhere she had sworn she would keep locked.

“Thank me,” he said, close enough that she felt the words on her mouth. “Thank me for letting you suck on my tongue.”

She hesitated. His cock throbbed under the thin, ruined silk of her panties. What choice did she have.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

His hand came down again, harder, catching the same burning cheek and holding the sting in place while she jerked in his lap.

“Say it with some meaning, woman. And call me Daddy.”

Heat flooded her face. The word sat in her mouth like something she would never get out of her teeth. She swallowed, and when she spoke it came out sluttier than she had meant, pitched and breathy, the voice of a woman trying to buy time with filth.

“Thank you... Daddy,” she said shamefully, “Thank you for letting me suck on your tongue... Daddy.”

“Good.” Both of his hands came up at once and filled themselves with her tits, thumbs dragging over the tight, aching peaks until her back tried to arch. “Now grind on that cock while you suck that tongue. I want to hear how thankful you are. I want to feel those wet panties sliding over that big black cock while you moan around it.”

He pulled her mouth back onto his by the hair.

Janet obeyed because the deal was still the deal, and because three nights with her family were hanging off the end of this morning like a prize she could still pretend she had earned. She sealed her lips around his tongue again and began to move, rolling her hips the way she had been told, dragging the soaked crotch of her panties along the thick, burning

length of him. At first it was only instruction, a careful, humiliating slide, the fat head of him catching against her clit through the silk each time she pushed forward. She told herself she was working. She told herself this was the cheaper price.

Then the angle found her.

An uncontrolled thread of pleasure opened low in her belly, sharp and unwanted, blooming every time her clit kissed the broad, slick head of him. His hands worked both tits at once, squeezing, rolling, pinching just enough to send the sensation straight down into the grind.

She sucked harder without deciding to, sloppy and rhythmic, and the moans started to leak out of her around his tongue, muffled, wet, helpless little sounds she couldn't swallow fast enough. Saliva smeared her chin. The panties were a soaked rag now, sliding, clinging, painting his cock with every pass, and her hips began to chase the spark instead of merely following the order.

He groaned into her mouth like a man collecting interest.

At least I won't have to fuck him, she told herself, grinding on that big black cock while she sucked his tongue like a small, filthy stand-in for the real thing, moaning into him because he had told her to and because her body had stopped waiting for permission. She was already losing the first argument of the morning; losing to him, and losing to the woman staring back at her from the mantel mirror.

Smooth

His tongue was still in her mouth. She was still sucking it. The moans were coming whether she sent them or not, wet little sounds leaking around him, and for a stretch of seconds she forgot to narrate the act to herself. There was only the collar at her throat, the heat of his belly against her bare stomach, his hands full of her tits, and that huge cock beneath her.

He pulled back enough to laugh. It was a low, pleased sound, close to her mouth.

"Listen to you," he purred, his voice dripping with amused dominance. "Not even pretending now. Grinding on that cock like you're desperate for those panties to slip aside and let me slide deep inside you."

"No—" The word came out breathless, wrecked, a fragile shield of a denial. "I'm not."

Inside, the old machinery of her psyche started up again, frantic and lagging. *I'm not enjoying it... It's an act. That's all it is. Keeping him happy so he doesn't demand more. Any woman would be wet, grinding on something that size. I hate this! I hate him!*

She clung to those thoughts like a lifeline. Like she was trying to convince herself of its truth.

Suddenly, his palm cracked across the pale curve of her ass where the skirt had ridden up. The sting was sharp and sudden, a violent jolt that shoved her pelvis hard against him. She gasped into his shoulder, her body arching involuntarily.

“Shower time,” he commanded, his tone shifting back to that of a master giving an order. “Can’t have you cumming all over my cock before you’ve even completed your first task now, can we?”

Detaching herself from him felt like a small collapse. As she stepped back, the shaft of his cock shone, painted with the translucent slick of her arousal that had soaked through her panties. She stood on shaking legs, the six-inch red heels making her feel precarious and exposed. She instinctively reached out her hand for his arm, the carer’s reflex in her that she hated.

He didn't take the hand she offered him. Instead, he grabbed her wrist and wrapped her fingers firmly around his cock.

It filled her palm the way it always did; thick as her wrist, pulsing with heat. A foot of dark, veined meat, the glans already glistening with the pre-cum and moisture she had provided.

He closed her grip tight, using her hand as a leash.

“Lead the way,” he ordered. “Take that cock for a walk.”

She walked him down the hall in that humiliating fashion. It was a slow procession, lengthened by his injured knee and slowed further because every limp step made the massive weight of him flex and throb in her fist.

He stopped her just short of the shower stall with a sudden squeeze of her wrist.

“No need to get those wet.” His gaze dropped slowly, tracing the line of her skirt, the height of the heels, and the dark, tell-tale patch of moisture on the silk of her panties. “Take ’em off so you can get in here with me.”

She sighed through her nose; the last little performance of inconvenience, a tiny rebellion, and bent to remove the heels first. As the six inches of height vanished, she felt smaller, more vulnerable, even at her tall five feet and ten inches. The skirt was unzipped and slithered down the packed round of her ass, pooling at her ankles. Then came the panties. They peeled away with a wet, sticky sound, a thin, ruined scrap of fabric that had served as the only barrier between her and his dominance. The cool air of the bathroom hit her, and she knew without looking that her pussy was shining, dripping with the evidence of her betrayal.

Dick looked anyway, his eyes roaming over her exposed form with a hungry, proprietary glint.

“Damn,” he murmured, his voice almost fond, yet utterly degrading. “Would you look at that... Oakridge Lane’s finest, butt naked in my bathroom. Collar on and pussy dripping.”

Janet rolled her eyes, trying to reclaim a shred of her dignity even as she stood naked and collared before him. “Let’s just get the brace off,” she told him, her voice flat, pointedly ignoring the filth coming from his mouth.

She knelt before him, her movements precise. She wore the same mask of clinical practicality she had tried adopting during those first few days. She pointedly tried to ignore the massive, pulsing cock that stood just inches from her face. Determined not to give it any more attention than was necessary.

Once the brace was discarded, she guided him under the spray. He stood with his palms flat against the cold bathroom tiles, his head bowed, allowing the water to sheet down the broad expanse of his back. Janet stepped into the stall behind him, the glass door sliding shut with a definitive click.

The ritual began with a deceptive familiarity, and for a moment, that consistency was her only escape. She started with his back, her hands gliding over the continent of hard muscle beneath a layer of thick, dark hair. She washed him with a focused intensity, the way a woman washes a chore she intends to finish as quickly and efficiently as possible. He remained still, a mountain of flesh that let her serve.

When she commanded him to turn, the shift in perspective transformed the shower stall back into that other room; a place of surrender and filth. There it was: the matted chest, the thick, powerful arms, the soft, dense swell of his belly, and that cock standing defiant in the stream of water. The glans was a deeper, bruised purple, throbbing with a slow pulse that mirrored the heavy beat of her own heart.

Chest. Arms. The fronts of his thighs. She worked her way down, methodically erasing every part of him until there was nothing left to touch except the one thing she dreaded and craved in equal measure.

She lathered her palms, the soap creating a slick, white foam, and closed her grip around him.

Attentive. That was the lie she whispered to herself. If she could be attentive enough, if she could make his eyes close in sheer pleasure, perhaps she could avoid using her mouth later. If she stroked him with a firm precision; the kind of rhythm that left Carl slack and grateful after four polite minutes, she might be able to force a climax. She hoped to spend him quickly, to exhaust him so completely that he might need a rest for a few hours, perhaps even a whole afternoon. A few minutes of efficient service could buy her a few hours of ordinary cleaning and a temporary reprieve from her own degradation.

She worked him from root to head, the white rivers of soap sliding down the thick, protruding vein. Her wedding ring, a gold band of domesticity and betrayal, flashed against the dark, wet shaft of his cock. Her other hand cradled his balls, which sat heavy and warm in her palm, the wiry pubic hair plastered to the skin; a weighted reminder of the power dynamic she couldn't escape.

"That's it," he murmured, his voice a low rumble as he looked down at her through the spray, his eyes hooded. "Those hands feel so good. Look at you, stroking that thing like you can't get enough of it. You love Daddy's dick so much, huh?"

Janet bit her lip, her jaw tight, and maintained the rhythm. She refused to answer. To answer was to engage; to engage was to acknowledge that this was a conversation and not just a transaction.

“Yeah, you do. You love that big black cock. I can see it in your eyes, you little slut.” Water streamed off his bald head and traced the weathered, masculine map of his face. “And you’re going to be spending so much time getting to know it. Daily. Every single morning and afternoon. So, let me ask you...”

His voice remained easy, almost conversational, which only made the trap more suffocating.

“What do you prefer? Nice and hairy? Or shaved smooth?”

Janet blinked up at him, stunned. The question was so casually domestic in its demand, that her mind scrambled for the nearest honest sentence and found one that was utterly useless.

“It’s not my body to decide,” she whispered, her voice trembling. “It’s not my cock.”

“That’s where you’re wrong, my little cheating slut.” He tipped his chin down, gesturing to the thick, soapy shaft currently imprisoned in her fists. “That is your cock now. You’re going to be taking daily tastes of it, every inch of it. Balls as well... So I’ll ask again: what do you prefer? Slurping on my hairy balls with that wiry shit scratching your throat? Or do you want that tongue working a smooth, clean surface?”

Janet stared at the massive organ in her hand.

She found it impossible to believe that her life had narrowed down to this: a married woman of her standing, naked and collared in a Black man’s shower, debating the grooming preferences of a man she despised. The hatred was still there, simmering and hot, but it was no longer a shield; it was too small to stand on. If this was the role she had to play for the remaining weeks; and he had already made it clear that this was her new daily routine, she refused to spend them coughing up coarse pubic hairs like some cheap, disposable girl from a story she used to sneer at.

“Smooth,” she said, and she hated the way the word sounded—small, defeated, and breathy. “If I have to... if that’s what I’m doing. I don’t want your hair in my mouth.”

“There you are. You know exactly what you want, and now you’re understanding all you have to do is ask for it.” His voice was a low hum of pure satisfaction. “Now ask me for it properly... And tell me why!”

Janet kept both hands wrapped around him, the soap making the thick shaft slick in her grip, the collar a wet strap at her throat. Asking felt worse than sucking. Sucking could be blamed on him making her do it. These words had to be created by herself. Her own voice. Her own submissive humiliation.

She swallowed. When she spoke, she kept her eyes on the cock in her fists because looking at his face would have finished her.

“Please,” she said, and the word came out small enough to shame her. “Please let me shave you, Daddy.”

His silence stretched, waiting for the rest.

Heat crawled up her throat into her cheeks. She forced the reason out the way he had trained her to force everything else out: fully, filthy, with no place left to hide.

"I want you smooth when I'm pleasuring you. I want a clean cock and smooth balls so I can lick and suck you properly. So I can get my tongue all over you without choking on hair. Please. Let me shave you so I can service you the way you want."

The shower hissed. His cock flexed in her soapy fists, a slow, approving kick.

"That's my girl," he murmured, and tipped her chin up with two wet fingers until she had to look at him. "See? Wasn't so hard. Naughty little housewife knows what her mouth prefers."

He nodded toward the shelf. "Razor's there, cream too. You asked for smooth. Now make me that way. Cock, balls, ass. All of it. I want it clean enough for you to eat off of, Janet."

She had to assist him onto the closed toilet lid, draping a towel beneath him to catch the runoff while the shower spray continued to hiss in the background, a curtain of steam filling the room. His rebuilt knee couldn't sustain a long stand while she worked in such close, intimate proximity. He settled back, spreading his massive thighs with the casual ease of a man at a barber shop.

Janet knelt between his knees, the razor shaking in her fingers before she forced her grip to steady. The sight of him; exposed and demanding, made her pulse race even faster.

"Talk to me while you do it," he commanded, his eyes locking onto hers. "I want to hear you admit exactly what you're holding in those posh little hands."

"Dick—"

"Yeah, Dick's right!" He laughed, at his own joke. "But size. Weight. How impressive it is," he interrupted, his tone sharpening. "Don't get shy now. You already had this thing buried in your throat in a public toilet. This is just grooming the pet you've decided to adopt."

She reached for the shaving cream, squeezing a dollop of white foam into her palm before working it into the curly black hair at the base of his shaft. Her palm slid over the thick, pulsing root, and the sheer intimacy of the act made her ears ring. This wasn't the frantic heat of sex; this was something far more intimate. It was the kind of devoted attention one gave to a body they loved and expected to touch, taste, and serve every single day.

"It's..." She swallowed hard, her throat tight. The first stroke of the razor carved a smooth, dark path through the foam, the hair coming away in wet, clumping strips. "It's so huge. I can barely... believe it's real. The weight of it, even just lifting it out of the way... it feels like it doesn't belong on a man. It's so thick too. God, it's so much..."

"That's my girl. Love the way you salivate when describing every inch of it. You might play like you're disgusted, but your eyes betray you. The way you lick your lips. The way your pussy drips for it. You are obsessed with this cock..."

She felt her pussy flutter hearing those words. A deep, dark betrayal of herself. None of that is true, she told herself, even as she sat naked on her knees before him, pushing her hips down as if to search for any slight piece of contact or pressure.

She continued to shave him in careful, humiliatingly slow passes. She traced the length of the shaft with her fingertips, searching for any stray hairs. She held him upright with one hand, supporting the massive weight, while the other stripped away the hair until the dark skin emerged sleek and glistening. Without the wiry cover, he looked even bigger. Even more dominant.

Then she moved to his balls. She had to cup them, feeling them warm and heavy in her palm, stretching the dark skin taut to ensure the blade didn't nick him. She worked in tiny, precise strokes while he watched her face, his expression one of ownership. As the hair vanished, they seemed to grow even larger; a full, heavy dark sac resting in her pale, trembling hands like a permanent burden she had agreed to carry.

“Look at you concentrating,” he murmured, a smirk playing on his lips. “Married hands making Daddy feel worshipped. Tell me how those balls feel now, Janet. Tell me how they feel in your hand.”

“Heavy,” she whispered, her voice sounding foreign to her own ears. “Smooth. They’re... they’re a lot. I can feel the weight of them filling my palm.”

She guided him to lean forward, one hand bracing against the sink, the other loosely gripping the base of his cock to keep it from nodding into the blade. She faced the dark, tight cleft of him; the same place she had buried her face in a fit of desperate submission on her own bedroom carpet. Now, under the spray of the water and the slickness of the white cream, she shaved that very same area.

When she finally rinsed him, the water sheeting off his skin, he looked like a different kind of naked. Smooth root, smooth balls, smooth hole. He was no longer just a man; he was a weapon taken out of its sheath, polished and ready.

“Kiss it,” he ordered.

“What?”

“Kiss that cock head. You just spent twenty minutes making it yours, grooming it like a prized possession. Say hello to it.”

Janet leaned in. She pressed her lips to the swollen, dark cap of his cock, a closed, lingering kiss that left a glistening shine on her lip. The moment her mouth touched him, the organ jumped against her, a reflexive throb of dominance. She kissed it again. And again.

“Fuck you look so hot when you’re submissive like this,” he growled down at her triumphantly.

“Now it’s your turn,” he commanded, his voice dropping an octave, vibrating through the humid air. “Raise that leg up on the side of the tub. Now.”

“No.” The reply was automatic, a reflexive spark of the woman she used to be. “I’ve never fully shaved down there. I only trim. Carl would notice. He’d wonder why—”

“Fuck Carl.” The dismissal was violent in its indifference. “I want my slut smooth.”

His eyes were already locked on her, devouring the dripping pink of her sex and the neat, golden thicket she had always kept respectable; a curated garden for a husband who didn't know how to weed it.

“Let little Carl wonder. You’ll just have to lie to him... You’re getting real good at that, aren’t you? Telling him you come over here to cook and clean. That the taste in your mouth was just the food, when you’d just been tongue-deep in my asshole... So, you’ll tell him another lie. You’ll tell him it was a special treat for him. But you and I both know the truth, Janet. It’s all for me. Leg up.”

She obeyed. She stood inches from him, the heel of her foot perched on the cold porcelain of the tub, her body trembling. The leather collar felt tighter than usual, a restrictive band of ownership, while her heavy tits swayed in the swirling steam. His face was level with her pussy, his dark eyes scanning every fold, every glistening drop of water. She felt her internal muscles clench in reaction to the intensity of his gaze.

He reached for the cream. His thick fingers spread the white foam over her mound, pushing it deep into the sensitive folds of her labia. It was a slow, dedicated slickness, a touch that lacked any clumsiness, possessing instead the terrifying precision of a man who knew exactly how to dismantle a woman.

Then came the razor.

He was careful. That was the true insult; the meticulousness of it. A man so crude, so vile, yet he held her open with two steady fingers, shaving her with a delicacy that suggested she was something he valued. Strip by strip, the gold vanished. Cool, damp air found skin that had not been bare like this since she was a girl experimenting in a locked bathroom.

She shuddered. She told herself it was the cold steel of the blade. She told herself it was the nerves of being exposed. The taboo reality of a Black man’s eyes a mere breath away from her pussy in a house that smelled of his life, his sweat, and his dominance.

“Feel that body of yours shake,” he murmured, his voice a low rumble. He rinsed the razor, his thumb brushing the smooth, newly naked lip of her vulva. “You think it’s just the nerves. Being spread open like this. My hands on you. But that ain’t all of it, Janet. It’s that naughty filth inside you. You’re enjoying being told to open up. Enjoying my eyes on this pretty little pussy. Enjoying doing exactly what you’re told, like Daddy’s good little girl.”

I’m not enjoying it, she thought, the internal scream fierce and far too late. I’m enduring it. I’m buying the trip. I’m keeping him happy so that thing doesn’t go inside me. She tried to convince herself the tremble was the blade, the wetness was the shower, and the ache in her core was hatred wearing a pulse.

His thumb rested firmly on her clit while he took the last strip of hair beside it. He didn't rub; he simply pressed, a heavy, possessive claim. Her hips made a helpless, involuntary little tilt toward him; a betrayal of her own anatomy that she could have killed herself for.

He shaved her completely smooth. When he finally rinsed her with a handful of warm water, she felt utterly stripped. She was bare as a secret, pink and swollen and shining.

He sat back, surveying his work. Her. Him. Two shaved, wet bodies in a shabby bathroom, the razor gripped in his dark fist, her wedding ring still glinting on her finger, a piece of jewellery that held no power here.

“There,” he said, his eyes traveling from her smooth slit to his own polished shaft. “Now you match the cock you belong to. You’ll keep it smooth for me, won’t you?”

Janet stood on the bath edge, one leg still raised, feeling the lie already writing itself in her mind for Carl; a whim, a treat, something provocative for the trip. But beneath the lie, a cold lick of panic surged. This wasn't a costume she could take off at lunch. This was a permanent erasure of her boundaries.

“Yes... fine. I’ll keep myself smooth for you,” she whispered, the surrender complete.

Putting On A Show

Janet was still frozen, one foot perched precariously on the porcelain edge of the tub, her chest heaving. Steam clung to her skin in shimmering beads, tracing the curves of her heavy breasts and the dip of her waist. The new, bare fact of her pussy was exposed; pink, swollen, and stripped of the golden thicket she had meticulously maintained for a husband who lacked the imagination or the appetite to truly appreciate the sight.

“Look at you,” Dick murmured, his voice a low rumble that seemed to echo in the small space. “Good enough to eat.”

His gaze traveled slowly, tracing the path the razor had taken; from the smooth mound down to the glistening slit, before snapping back up to her eyes. A smirk played on his lips.

“I think we ought to try out and appreciate our new bodies. What do you say, sexy?”

Janet could already hear the version of herself that would refuse; the polished, poised Oakridge voice, and it sounded thin and utterly irrelevant even before she spoke. *Just keep him happy*, she reminded herself. She performed a frantic mental calculation: if she made this good enough, if she surrendered her mouth and her dignity now, she might navigate the rest of these two days before her trip, without that massive cock splitting her open.

“All right,” she whispered. The words were breathy, sounding more like a plea than a permission.

He didn't move, merely nodding his head toward the hallway, then glancing down at the thick, standing length of himself.

“You know the way. Lead on.”

Janet reached out, her fingers curling around him again. He felt different now; smooth, searingly hot, and seemingly heavier without the hair to disguise the girth of him. She began the slow, humiliating procession, walking him from the bathroom the way she had walked him in. With every step, his limp ticked beside her, and the swollen purple head of his cock nodded in her fist, a reminder of who held the leash.

The bedroom door was already ajar, revealing the scene of her previous undoing. She guided him down onto the mattress. The brace stayed off, leaving his leg raw and vulnerable, though his power remained absolute. He lay back against the pillows, his bad leg angled out, that dark, polished shaft laid up the line of his belly like a weapon. He didn't issue a command. He didn't have to. He simply watched her with a patient, knowing smile, waiting to see if she would invent the next minute of her own degradation or if he would have to force it from her.

The better I do this, she told herself, her heart hammering, the better off I will be.

Her eyes dropped to him, and the act arrived in her mind like a costume she was donning in front of a mirror. She decided to lean into the filth, to weaponise her own submission to appease him.

“God,” she moaned, intentionally letting the word sound wet and dirty. “Your cock is so fucking big. It looks... it looks delicious. Can I suck it? Please. Let me suck it.”

Dick's laugh was a low sound of pure delight.

“Fuck yeah. That's what I've been waiting for, you fully committing to your role. To who you really are... Show me how bad you want it. Crawl over here and worship this big black cock.”

The words she had just uttered hung in the air, vibrating with a taboo energy. She could hardly believe they had come from the mouth of Janet Little, the pillar of the neighbourhood. She locked eyes with him, refusing to look away because she knew that blinking would be another kind of folding, another surrender.

She sank to her knees at the foot of the bed. The carpet was rough, scratching at her skin as she planted her palms flat on the floor, bowing her head in a gesture of total subservience.

That was the exact moment the front door was knocked.

Three hard knocks. Fist meeting wood. The sound shoved its way through the silence of the house, colliding with Janet as she knelt naked on all fours, her mouth already parted in anticipation of the thick, dark shaft before her.

She jerked upward with such violence that her vision spotted, a sudden rush of blood leaving her head.

“Oh my God,” she whispered, the sound a jagged tear in the quiet. “What if it's Carl? What if it's one of the neighbours—”

Panic surged. She snatched at the air, throwing one arm across her heavy breasts in a futile gesture of modesty, as if the blinds were made of glass and the entire judgmental population of Oakridge had a front-row seat to her degradation. Logically, she knew she was hidden. Her body, however, reacted with a shaking terror.

Dick didn't move. He remained sprawled naked against the pillows, one hand tucked behind his head, his expression one of amused detachment. He let out a guttural laugh.

“Who the fuck is cockblocking me,” he drawled, “just as Miss Oakridge was about to get nasty for her chocolate treat?”

Trembling, Janet crept toward the window and yanked the blind up a single inch. A white van. A heavy-duty rack on the roof. Lettering that she recognised instantly; the company she had called herself a few days ago to repair the taped up pane of window that had annoyed her all these months.

“The glazier,” she hissed, her voice tight with anxiety. “Here about the window... I forgot all about it.”

“Then you better go deal with it, sugar tits.” Dick’s hand closed around his cock, giving the thick, veiny shaft a slow, deliberate shake. The movement was a command, a reminder of exactly what she had been crawling toward. “You’ve got two minutes to sort it out. Then those lips better be back in here and wrapped around this cock.”

“I can’t just send him away,” she stammered. “They still charge full price for the call out, even if you cancel.”

“Then don’t send him away. Show him the window and tell him to help himself.” He tipped his head toward the hallway, his eyes dark and demanding. “You’ve got work to do. In here... With this.”

He shook his massive cock again; thick, dark, and glistening with pre cum.

“You can’t be serious,” she gasped, her heart hammering against her ribs. “While he’s working in the living room? Just a few feet away?”

“Minute thirty, sweet cheeks. And don’t you dare hide that collar.”

Janet scrambled, her movements frantic. She grabbed the black skirt first, yanking it up over the smooth, wet pussy. She wore no panties. Next came the white blouse. Her fingers were shaking so violently she only managed to fasten two buttons. The rest of the garment hung open, her huge naturals spilling into the gap, the nipples tight and peaked in the sudden, cooler air of the hall.

The choker remained. As she passed the wardrobe, she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the glass. She looked away instantly, unable to bear the sight of the posh Oakridge wife transformed into a branded sex pet.

She reached the front door, threw the latch, and stepped into the blinding daylight.

The man on the step held a heavy toolbox. He was in his mid-thirties, with a decent, honest face that went blank in slow, stunned stages as he looked at her. He wore stained work trousers and a faded t-shirt. His eyes hit her chest first; the inner swell of her breasts barely contained by the open blouse, and then they climbed, locking onto the collar. He stayed there, his gaze lingering a second too long, a slow, involuntary smile spreading across his lips.

“Mrs...?” He glanced back at his van, then back to the silver letters on her throat. “I’ve got a downstairs pane booked. Taped up, you said over the phone?”

“Yes.” Her voice came out bright, brittle, and entirely wrong. “It’s this way. Mr. Long is in bed recovering... knee surgery. I’ll show you where to work.”

She led him through the hall, her arms glued rigidly to her sides to prevent the blouse from flapping further open. She pointed toward the cracked corner of the window in the living room, the yellowed tape, and the view of her own manicured geraniums across the road.

The glazier crouched down, his movements professional at first, but as he looked up past her, his eyes drifted again to the open gap of her shirt and the brand at her neck. The professionalism vanished, replaced by a curiosity.

“Easy fix. Forty-five minutes, max. I can start now. I’ll need to work from in here and outside the front there.”

“Good. That’s—good.” Janet swallowed hard, the leather of the collar rubbing against her windpipe. “I’ll be in the back room. I’m helping with his knee... please just come and go as you work. And call me if you have any issues.”

The man's gaze flicked to the collar one last time, the smile deepening by an inch, a look of sudden, dirty understanding crossing his face.

“Sure,” he said, his voice dropping an octave. “You go take care of him.”

A hot, searing blush flooded Janet's face, cascading down her neck and disappearing into the valley of her breasts. She didn't look back as she fled the room, the sound of him unfolding a dust sheet echoing like a countdown to the moment she would have to return to Dick's cock while a stranger worked in the next room.

Dick was exactly where she had left him: sprawled back against the pillows. He looked like a king who had simply ordered breakfast and was now watching the clock.

“You took longer than two minutes, sugar tits... but I’ll forgive your insubordination, as long as you’re naked with those lips wrapped around this cock in 20 seconds. Get to it.”

“I can’t—Dick, please, he’s right next door,” she gasped, her voice thin and trembling. The sound of the glazier’s tools clinking in the living room, making him seem even closer.

“Tick. Tock. Suck. Cock.”

The panic and the desperation collided. Janet’s fingers flew to the buttons of her blouse, yanking with such force that a button snapped, pinging off the wall with a sharp crack. The white fabric flew open, exposing her heavy breasts. The black skirt followed, sliding down her hips in a rush of fabric, pooling at her ankles. She stood there for a heartbeat, shivering and exposed, wearing nothing but the leather collar that branded her a CUM SLUT and the raw, wet heat between her thighs.

She scrambled onto the bed, her knees hitting the mattress with a soft thud. As she moved to position herself, Dick’s large hand shot out, gripping her hip with bruising force, anchoring her in place.

“Look at you,” he murmured, his voice dropping to a possessive rasp. “Running out to play the proper little housewife while wearing my brand. Daddy’s proud of how you handle your

duties.” He shifted, his gaze locking onto her dripping slit. “But we’re done with the talking. Get over here. Sit on my face. I want to taste how much you leaked while you were pretending to be polite.”

“Dick, he’ll hear us.”

“Sit that pretty pussy on my face. Now!”

The command broke her, Janet shifted, hovering over him. She lowered herself slowly, the friction of her bare, shaved pussy meeting his mouth. The first contact was electric; the hot, wet slide of his tongue finding her clit with precision. She let out a sharp, stifled gasp, her fingers digging into the sheets.

“Fuck,” he groaned against her skin, the vibration rattling through her entire pelvis. “So wet. So fucking soft and smooth. Stop hovering like a lady, Janet. Sink into it. Let me feel the weight of you.”

She collapsed onto him, her weight pressing his face deep into her folds. The sensation was overwhelming; his tongue worked in broad, greedy strokes, lapping at her juices with a hunger that made her vision blur. She was stranded between two worlds: the professional, mundane sound of a man repairing a window ten feet away, and the raw, animalistic consumption of her body beneath her.

Dick shifted his hips, guiding his massive, veiny cock upward like an invitation before her. A demand for what she owed him.

Janet leaned down, her mouth opening wide to accommodate the girth. As she took him in, the thickness stretched her jaw, filling her throat with the musky, salt-heavy scent of him. She sucked him deep, her cheeks hollowing, her eyes watering as the head hit the back of her throat.

He might hear me, she thought, a surge of illicit adrenaline spiking through her. The glazier might hear me choking on this black cock.

Dick began to thrust his hips upward, meeting her descent with a wet slap of skin on skin.

“That’s it,” his voice muffled by her pussy, but commanding. “Take it all. Be a good little slut and take care of that cock... even with a stranger listening in.”

Every time she tried to pull back for air, his grip tightened, dragging her back down. The sounds were filthy; the wet, sloppy suction of her mouth, the rhythmic gluck-gluck of her throat struggling to swallow him, and the distant scraping of the glazier’s tools. The contrast was agonising; she was a branded pet, being used like a piece of meat, while the world outside the bedroom door carried on.

“Neighbourhood wife,” Dick murmured, his voice a low, vibrating rumble against her inner thighs. He spoke with a slow, sadistic relish, his breath hot against her sensitive flesh. “A posh, blonde-haired whore, with a freshly shaved pussy grinding on a Black man’s face. You taste like a woman who enjoyed answering the door with no panties on. Enjoyed showing off that body to a stranger. Who got wet at him knowing she was nothing but a cum-slut.”

“Shut—” The protest died in her throat, shattered by a sudden, invasive heat.

Dick’s tongue had migrated. It found the tight, puckered furl of her asshole. He licked her there with an unhurried, systematic filth, circling the rim, pressing the flat of his tongue against her taboo opening before the tip pushed insistently at the ring. The sensation was so specific, so profoundly wrong and degrading, that it triggered a visceral reaction. Janet jerked back, coming off his cock with a loud, wet pop, a glistening string of saliva stretching from her lower lip to the dark, pulsing head of his shaft.

“No... Not there. Dick, I mean it, that’s... oh fuck... you dirty, fucker! Don’t...”

He didn’t argue with her. Instead he pulled back and spat against her hole, and instead the pad of his thick finger pressed the ring of muscle and asked it to give.

Her whole body tried to close.

“Dick.” It came out through her teeth, fierce, the old voice, the one that worked on shop girls. “You can’t... ahhh—”

The first knuckle went in.

A thick wet finger claiming a place she had never offered, stretching her open from the wrong side of her own body. She clutched at the sheets by his hip, then at his thigh, nails finding hairless skin where she had shaved him. Her mouth fell onto his cock without meaning to, a muffling reflex, and the sound she made into the shaft was still a protest.

He sucked her clit at the same time.

The two sensations met in the middle of her and cancelled the speech. The finger eased deeper inside her ass, a slow filthy slide to the second knuckle, and his mouth made a seal on the smooth wet peak of her clit and pulled and sucked hard. Janet’s hips tried to get away and tried to push back onto him in the same helpless twitch. The worker’s tools might have been moving in the living room. She didn’t know. There was only the stretch in her ass and the wet heat on her clit and the thick cock leaking on her tongue.

“Dick— I can’t— take it out, I can’t—”

He curled the finger.

Whatever she had been about to use for a sentence drowned. The cry that came up through her was loud and undone, a woman’s voice with the manners stripped off it, punched out of her throat and through the entire house. She came on his mouth in a gush, ass clutching the knuckle inside her in frantic greedy pulses she couldn’t stop, thighs shaking either side of his head, the collar biting her throat as she ground down harder on his face, and hated herself for doing it. The scream broke, came back, broke again.

She collapsed, spent and shivering. Her cheek pushed against the wet, hot shaft of his cock. She could taste him on her own breath, the musky scent of him filling her senses. Her cunt continued to twitch and throb against his chin, leaking the remnants of her climax. In the other room, the industrious sounds of the glazier had gone silent; or perhaps she had simply become too loud to hear them.

“That’s my naughty housewife,” Dick said, his voice thick and saturated. When she managed to look back, his mouth was shining, coated in her juices. “Cumming hard and loud on the old Black man’s face. Putting on a show for the worker to hear... Maybe he’ll come take a look. See what posh pussy looks like when it’s properly finished.”

“Fuck you,” she whispered, though her voice lacked any real conviction, still trembling from the aftershocks.

“One day soon,” he replied, the predatory smile evident in his tone. “But first, you suck that nut out of me or there won’t be any trip. Let me hear you beg for that cum, Janet. Beg Daddy to fill you.”

The word no was right there, perched on the tip of her tongue. The glazier was right through there, a living witness to her shame. But the void left by the orgasm was a hungry thing, and the filth Dick poured into her mind was the only thing that could fill it. She pushed herself up on her elbows, her movements desperate. She wrapped one hand around his smooth balls, squeezing them firmly, and took him back into her throat.

She didn't just suck; she fucked her mouth onto him.

It was a violent, desperate act of submission. She drove her head down until she gagged, her throat constricting around the girth, then pulled off in a messy spray of saliva, only to drive down again. Her fist rolled the heavy, shaved sac, her eyes streaming with tears of exertion and arousal.

Between the chokes, the words began to spill out, fuelled by the degradation he demanded. The need to keep him happy. To keep him under her control. She didn’t really mean it. Did she?

“It’s so fucking big,” she gasped, the honesty of it sounding filthy. “So much bigger than my husband’s. You’re turning me into a slut for your black cock... I want that cum. I want to swallow all of Daddy’s cum. Please. Give it to me. Drown me in it, Daddy.”

Dick responded by shifting, his tongue returning to her oversensitive clit even as she worked his shaft. The second climb was meaner, more aggressive. Her own saliva ran off his cock onto her fist, and the dirty words continued to pour from her as if someone else had rented her mouth, stripping away the last of her dignity. She stuffed him deep to shut herself up, looking up along the dark, wet length of him.

And then she froze. The doorway was occupied.

The glazier stood there, his face drained of all professional color. His eyes were wide, dilated with shock, taking in every detail: the leather collar, the pale, trembling ass perched on a Black man’s mouth, the platinum hair splayed across the pillows, and the stretched, glistening lips of a posh housewife wrapped around a cock so big it barely looked real.

Janet’s first instinct was to jump off him. To scream. To cover herself.

She didn’t.

She kept him in her mouth.

That was the thought that arrived too late to be useful: she was looking a stranger in the eye and her head was still moving, still feeding that thick shaft into her throat, still doing the job as if being watched were only more of the work. Horror flushed through her, hot and complete, and underneath it something worse; a spike of heat that had nothing to do with Dick's tongue and everything to do with the fact that she hadn't stopped. *I'm still sucking him. He's standing there and I'm still sucking him. Putting on a show for a stranger.*

Janet's orgasm detonated at the realisation. She came hard, a violent, helpless convulsion that racked her entire frame. A broken sound buzzed around the dark shaft in her mouth, her throat tightening in a reflexive spasm of pleasure and shame. Just as she peaked, Dick's hand reached down and slammed onto the back of her head, his fingers locking into her hair with bruising force, pinning her face firmly against his groin.

He unloaded into her.

It was a torrential release, rope after rope of thick, searing cum pulsing against her tongue and flooding the back of her throat. The volume was overwhelming, a hot, salty tide that forced her into a choice: swallow or drown. She swallowed, her throat working in desperate gulps, drinking him down with a frantic intensity.

The voyeur in the doorway made the moment both agonising and electric. Being caught, being seen in this state; collared, stripped, and being filled by a man who wasn't her husband, finished her as much as the cock did. Her pussy clenched violently, while Dick's mouth continued to work her clit through the aftershocks. He didn't release his grip, holding her head down, forcing her to take every last drop, every final throb of his seed, until he was completely spent.

When he finally opened his hand, Janet pulled away with a wet, sucking sound, gasping for air. A glistening thread of spit and cum hung from her lower lip. She turned, still perched astride his face, her chest heaving, and found the worker still frozen in the doorway.

"Oh my God." The words were a breathless wheeze. She scrambled sideways, her movements clumsy and panicked, throwing one arm across her exposed breasts to cover herself. She was a mess; hair disheveled, skin flushed, and a smear of white cum wet on her chin. "What are you doing? Why are you watching?"

The man swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. His voice, previously professional and steady, now sounded thin, strained, and breathless.

"Sorry. I knocked. Twice. You didn't— I guess you didn't hear. Job's done. I just need paying."

Dick let out a low, rumbling laugh against the inside of her thigh, utterly unbothered, radiating the confidence of a man who owned every inch of the room and the woman in it.

"Better pay the man, Janet," Dick commanded, his voice thick with post-coital satisfaction. "Unless you want the police back on the lane."

He gave her ass a sharp, possessive pat as she slid off him on shaking, jelly-like legs.

Panic and adrenaline surged. Janet lunged for her purse on the dresser; the thought of searching for a robe was a luxury she couldn't afford while the man stood there, his eyes darting uncontrollably between her tits and the cum dribbling down her chin. She grabbed a handful of notes; too many, far more than the job cost, but she didn't count them. She couldn't.

She walked him toward the living room, grabbing her blouse over herself, and clutching it shut in one fist, her feet slapping against the floor. The taste of Dick was still cloying on her tongue, a reminder of her submission. As she entered the living room, she saw the new pane of glass; clear, seamless, and perfect. *At long last*, she thought.

"Thank you," she whispered. It was the voice of a woman thanking someone for witnessing a ghost, or a crime.

The glazier refused to look at her face, his gaze fixed firmly on the floor as he retreated with an obvious bulge and a wet patch in his work trousers. He exited the house with haste, closing the door as if the very latch might burn him with the contagion of what he had seen.

Silence fell over the living room, heavy and suffocating. Janet stood there in the stillness, the cum cooling into a tacky film on her chin, the collar still cinched tight around her throat.

"You can get started in the kitchen now, cook us up something good. You worked me up a proper appetite with that throat of yours..." his voice came from the bedroom. "Proper deep throat legend you are, Janet. Could make a fortune if you ever got into the porn industry you know... you really put on a show for that poor bastard. It looked like he didn't know if he should look away or whip his dick out..."

Dick continued talking from the bedroom; lazy, pleased, and utterly inappropriate as always. Janet just turned and walked toward the kitchen. Towards her next task. In pure and utter disbelief at the unravelling events of her life.

One More Day

Tuesday morning in the Little house came in wearing its usual domesticated face. Oakridge Lane did that well. Cut grass. Pale stone curbs. Flowers standing to attention in their pots as if colour alone could keep a street respectable.

Janet sat at the kitchen table with a mug of tea she had forgotten to drink. The ceramic had gone lukewarm against her palms. Through the window over the sink the new pane in Dick Long's front room caught the light like a freshly polished excuse. Yesterday's glass had been a wound. Today's was a neighbourhood improvement. No one walking past would ever know what that room had already seen.

She hadn't slept so much as drifted and jolted. Whenever her eyes closed, the dark didn't stay empty. It came back as weight: his palm at the back of her skull, the thick shove of him past her tongue, the glazier's silhouette in the doorway while her throat worked. She had

swallowed because there had been nowhere else for it to go. The taste was gone. The knowledge of it wasn't.

One more day, she told herself.

Get through today. Then Carl and I can hit the road. Junior's face at the end of that journey was the cleanest thing she could still picture; a boy who didn't know any of this. They would have a few days to remember, making memories as a family before he went off to college. And when they came home from their trip, she would put an end to the whole deal once and for all. Tell him she had already done more than enough to make up for her son's mistake. They would pay for a carer with a badge and sensible shoes to fill her place and Richard Long could keep his brace and his bargains and find someone else to lean on.

The plan sat neatly until her body interrupted it. Under the terry robe she was still bare where he had shaved her pussy to a smoothness that she had hid last night and this morning from Carl. She had told herself the lie already for when he did notice; a treat for him, and the lie felt thinner in daylight than it had in the shower. She had done it because Dick had told her, and she had said yes with her mouth full of steam and shame. And because she had no other choice.

Carl came in already dressed for the office, knotting his tie as he walked. He bent and kissed the top of her head. Soft. Familiar. The kind of kiss that asked nothing.

"You all right, Jan? You're very quiet this morning."

"I'm just tired." It was not entirely a lie. Exhaustion had a useful shape; it covered what she couldn't say. "But I'm excited for this trip and seeing Junior's face."

His face opened the way it always did at their son's name, earnest and unguarded. He poured coffee, sat opposite her, and started talking about the route they should drive. Janet watched his mouth move. Thin, polite lips. A good man. A kind man. Four careful inches and a belief in asking if it feels nice, whenever he puts it inside her. She tried to let that be enough. Tonight she would sit in a car with him and pretend the other life across the lane had never happened.

Then the knock came at the door.

It was too heavy for the hour and too sure of itself for a parcel. Not the postman's brisk little rhythm. Not a neighbour with an apology.

Carl frowned, already half out of his chair. "Bit early for visitors isn't it? Don't worry, I'll get it."

Janet didn't need the door to open to know. The knowledge arrived first in her stomach, cold and unwelcome, and then lower, where her body had started answering him without permission. Carl's polite surprise carried down the hall, the bright, unsuspecting tone of a man greeting a friend. Or someone he pretended was his friend, while harbouring a bitter dislike.

"Richard! Morning. We weren't expecting you... Everything all right? Come in, I suppose."

Dick Long took the kitchen doorway the way he took rooms: by occupying them until there was no polite space left around him. Brace and all. T-shirt pulled tight across that barrel chest and those heavy shoulders. He hadn't shaved. Dark stubble roughened his jaw, and it made him look less like a neighbour paying a call than like a man who had slept badly and come anyway.

His eyes found Janet first. They travelled the robe, the throat where the collar usually sat, the line of her that the fabric couldn't quite hide. Then he looked at Carl, and the smile he put on was almost neighbourly. Almost. It had the ease of a man who already knew what the woman at the table tasted like, and who could stand in her husband's kitchen without blinking.

"Stove's playing up," Dick said, as if the kitchen had been waiting for the news. "Keeps clicking. Won't hold a flame. Strange smell in the kitchen. Thought I wouldn't chance it. Figured we could grab some breakfast in town. Do a bit of shopping."

Janet's mug paused halfway. The tea had gone dull in it.

"Again?" It came out thinner than she wanted. "There's food in the cupboard, Richard. I filled the fridge two days ago."

"Not thinking bacon and eggs. Clothes and a few things I think I'm going to need for the months ahead." Dick went on. His gaze travelled the robe without hurry, as if he could already see the smoothness he had put under it. "Other place I want to pop in to. A man's got to get out of the house."

Carl was already reaching for a plate. Useful. Kind. Blind in the way good men sometimes were when they wanted the room to stay pleasant.

"Well, you'll starve waiting for Janet to get ready for town, so you can eat here." He said it gently, almost as an apology for the inconvenience of another man's hunger. "Sit down. Janet made plenty. I've got ten minutes before I have to be on the road."

He offered the chair the way he offered everything kind, as if courtesy could shrink a problem down to toast. Dick took it with a grunt. The brace stuck out under Janet's table, ugly and certain, and he accepted eggs from Carl's own hands as if that were the natural order of a Tuesday.

Janet stayed very still. Outside, the lane kept its manners. Inside, the man whose cock she had taken to the root while a stranger watched from a doorway was eating her husband's breakfast and wiping his mouth like any other guest.

Carl nodded toward the window as he passed the ketchup. "See you got the window done. Looks good. The whole street looks better."

"Glazier was great." Dick spoke around toast, then lifted his eyes to Janet. "Real friendly guy. Wasn't he, Janet?"

Heat hit her face so fast she felt it in her ears.

"He did the job," she said.

“More than that.” He looked back at his plate with a church-quiet face that did not quite hide the corner of his mouth. “Even decided to give him a little something extra. For such a great job.”

Carl chuckled. “That’s my girl. Always looks after people and leaves them tips.”

The praise landed wrong. It sat in her chest like a shout she wasn’t allowed to answer. She stood before she could do something worse than leave. The chair scraped. If she stayed, she would either speak or fold.

“I’m going to get changed.” She bent and kissed his mouth. “Have a good day. Drive carefully.”

“Love you,” Carl murmured.

“Love you too.”

The stairs felt longer than they were. In the bedroom she shut the door and put her forehead to the wood until her pulse stopped knocking so hard against her teeth.

A little something extra.

He had said it in front of Carl. He had sat in her chair, eaten her food, and turned the glazier’s stare into a joke her husband had smiled at. The audacity of it should have been only rage. It wasn’t only rage. It ran lower as well, a traitorous heat gathering where she was shaved and still too aware of herself.

The robe slid off her shoulders and pooled at her feet.

She reached for a navy dress first. Neckline Carl liked. Modest. Safe. The sort of thing that let a woman disappear into errands.

She stopped with it in her hands.

She remembered his eyes in the kitchen. She remembered the bargain still hanging over the day; keep him happy, keep him from demanding the rest of her, get out of town with tonight. Dressing against him had never bought her peace. He took what he wanted off her anyway, or made her take it off where someone else could see. Meeting him halfway might be ugly, but it might also be the difference between lasting until the car left and giving him a reason to change the terms.

The yellow sundress was a holiday leftover, too short and too bright for a Tuesday in Oakridge. The neckline dropped in a V that did the opposite of modest. She pulled it on and left the bra and the panties on the bed.

Her breasts settled into the thin cotton with a weight the fabric hadn’t been made to hide. Cleavage pressed up and out of the V as if the dress had been waiting for an excuse. She let her hair fall loose around her shoulders.

In the mirror she looked like a woman going into town with a neighbour. Under the sunny cotton she was naked, smooth, and already wet enough to feel it when she moved.

The quiet that followed Carl's car down the lane wasn't peace. It was the house noticing who was still in it. The fridge hummed. A bird tried its luck in the hedge. In the kitchen Dick finished the last of Carl's toast with a wet scrape of crust, unhurried, as if the plate had always been his.

He didn't get up when she came down the stairs. He sat where Carl had left him and watched her come. The yellow dress did the work she had known it would do. The V held her breasts the way thin cotton holds anything heavy: badly, and with interest. Cleavage sat open in the morning light. He looked at that first, then at her face, and didn't bother hiding either look.

His eyebrows raised and his mouth began to open, ready to hit her with his usual barrage of crude comments.

"Don't." The old edge came back into her voice, the one she had used when he was still only a problem across the road. "You sick black fuck! How dare you sit in my kitchen and try to shame me like that in front of my husband? Gave the glazier a little something extra? This is my house. You don't get to come over here and sit there grinning and joking about the things you make me do against my will."

Dick leaned back in the chair. Delight moved across his face without hurry.

"There she is." The laugh that followed was low and real, not performed for her. "You know, as much fun as it was watching you play the willing little slut yesterday, I much prefer this. Foul-mouthed. Nasty. That little racist streak teasing its way to the surface. Putting up a fight makes it all so much more enjoyable."

He tipped the last of the coffee back as if they were discussing weather. "Makes it far more satisfying when I break you down and show you exactly what you are."

"You'll never break me." Her chest lifted defiantly and high enough that the dress told on her. Nipples pressed the cotton. She hated that he could see it.

"You're already broken, Janet." He said it mildly, which made it worse. "Already mine. You're just too stubborn to admit it. Don't worry. We'll get there. I've got plenty of time to fuck the truth into you... and stop with the whole, you made me do it act. You've made every decision and every act for yourself."

"I am not yours." The woman who had once stood at a clean window and called him a stain on the lane was still in her throat, brighter now that Carl was gone. "I never will be. Now hobble your fat ass outside and get in the car if you want that shopping trip. Otherwise get the fuck out of my house and don't ever come back."

His grin widened until it looked almost fond.

"Fiery. My favourite version of Janet Little." He pushed up from the chair. The brace clicked and took his weight in an ugly, practical unfolding that filled the hallway. "Righto, sweet cheeks. Shopping! Let's go show the town those big, beautiful tits of yours."

He walked to the door first. Janet stood one extra beat in the kitchen with his dirty plate on the table and yesterday still sitting at the back of her throat, then snatched her bag and followed.

In the car, as she drove she could feel his eyes staring. Finding the place where the sundress clung, the bare shape of her under holiday cotton, the bounce she couldn't stop when the car took a corner.

Janet watched the road. Today. Tonight. Junior. The trip. An ending to this nightmare. She ran the list until it felt like a shield.

She parked on the high street where he pointed and got out expecting somewhere that sold shirts and trousers in his size. What she turned toward was a shop she had walked by a hundred times, and never once went inside.

The window was pink light and posed plastic, lingerie that had stopped pretending to be practical. Open cups offering the breasts straight out. Straps cutting across hips. Sheer mesh that left nothing to the street but a suggestion of shame. Gold script on the glass tried to sound French and promised desire, which was only a prettier word for what the place actually sold.

Janet understood now what the pervert had meant when he had said 'he wanted to pick up things he would need for the months ahead'. *But I won't let him. After today, this charade is over.*

She stopped on the pavement. A bit of breeze found the hem of the sundress and moved it against skin that had nothing under it. Beside her, Dick smiled at the door like a man who had won again.

Leather Slut

The bell over the door was too cheerful for what the place sold.

Janet went in first, just happy to get off the pavement and the view of anyone who might be passing by. Inside, the light was pink and close, the kind that made skin look warmer than it was. Crimson carpet took the sound out of her steps. Racks ran back from the door in expensive rows: lace, silk straps, mesh so thin it was only an idea of covering. Nothing on those hangers had been made for errands or church or the version of herself Carl expected.

The door clicked shut. Dick's arm came down across her shoulders before she had finished taking the room in. The settled claim of a man who didn't ask whether he was allowed to look like he owned the woman under his hand. She stiffened. For a second the old instinct nearly won and she almost stepped out from under him. Then the bargain moved through her again, quieter than pride and harder to argue with. *One more day. Keep him happy.* She stayed where she was and let his arm keep her against his side.

At the till a young woman looked up. Dark hair clipped back, a face that had learned how to see a couple without needing them to explain themselves. Her eyes travelled from the yellow sundress to the Black man draped over it, then back down to where Janet's cleavage sat heavy and on display.

It didn't stop her nipples from tightening against the cotton, obvious now that the shop's air had found them. She felt the traitorous peak of them and hated that the girl would see that too.

"Relax," Dick murmured, close enough that the word warmed her ear. "First time you've walked into a room and actually looked like you belong in it."

"Fuck off." The bite was there. The flush climbing her throat took some of the edge off it, and she knew he heard both.

He laughed under his breath and steered her deeper, toward hangers that held less clothing than argument. Open cups that framed a breast and left the rest to be looked at. Straps that crossed a body as if binding were the point. He stopped at black mesh cut away where nipples would sit, the missing fabric doing all the talking.

He lifted it without asking and pressed the hanger to her chest. The mesh fell exactly where the sundress was already failing to hide her.

"This." His voice dropped. "Tits would sit in it like they were on a plate. Ass would pop in those panties. Turn around. Let me see the back of you in this light."

"I'm not putting myself on display for you in the middle of a shop."

"You're already standing here on display... with nothing on under that dress." His gaze followed the yellow cotton as it clung when she breathed.

The assistant had left the till and arrived beside them with a smile trained to helpfulness that never quite reached her eyes.

"Can I help you find anything today?"

Dick didn't take his arm off Janet.

"Just treating my woman to something raunchy. She dresses like a church social most days. Thought we'd fix that and let her naughty side loose."

Heat climbed Janet's throat, shame and something lower that she refused to name while a stranger was still standing there.

"He's not—" The correction died in her throat. In this light, in this shop, with his hand around her, saying that she was not his woman, would hold no weight. "We're fine... thank you."

The girl nodded once. Her eyes flicked again to the cleavage, then she went back to the till with the air of someone who had collected a story and had no one safe to tell it to.

Dick was already pulling hangers. Red lace. Black silk. He pushed the black one into Janet's hands.

"Go try this on. I want to see it on that body."

"This? I'd look like a whore."

“That’s the whole point.” His mouth tipped, pleased that she had said it plain. “Come on, it’ll be fun.”

She left him in the aisle still admiring the outfits and stepped into the far changing cubicle, with the scraps of black lace in her hands.

The cubicle was bigger than one woman needed and still felt too tight. Three mirrors turned inward and gave her back to herself from angles she spent most of her life arranging not to see.

She sighed deep.

Get through it. It’s just underwear. It could be worse. He doesn’t know that after today this is finished. He will never get to see me in these again.

She pulled the sundress over her head in one quick movement. Air-conditioning found her at once, thin and impersonal across bare breasts and the smooth mound he had left her with, every hair gone, pussy naked in a way that still felt like a secret she was carrying into town. She stepped into the black lace bottoms first. They cut high over the packed round of her ass and settled with the small finality of something that had been waiting for her measurements.

The bra was mostly strap and a suggestion of lace. It didn’t cover so much as lift and offer. Pale heavy flesh spilled over the black edges. Her nipples, already tight from the chill and from knowing he was on the other side of the curtain, sat obvious against the mesh.

She sat on the unused velvet stool to fasten the suspenders. Each clasp clicked louder than it should have in that muffled space. When she stood, the mirrors told the truth she had spent twenty years dressing around.

She looked expensive and filthy in the same breath. Lace pushed her ass high and plump. The bra presented her breasts as if they had been built for a man who didn’t intend to leave them alone. The suspenders lengthened her legs and gave her a kind of elegance the sundress had been designed to hide. For a heartbeat she allowed herself to appreciate the body staring back at her. A small spark of approval moved through her, the recognition of a body in a costume it had been denied for decades.

Carl wouldn’t know where to put his hands. The thought arrived next, unkind and accurate. He would smile that gentle smile. He would tell her she looked lovely. He would ask if she was cold. He would be lost in front of his own wife.

She let out a long breath.

The curtain ripped back.

Dick filled the gap and his eyes didn’t pretend this was still browsing. They went from the lifted tits to the high-cut lace to the suspenders and stayed there long enough that she felt the look on her skin.

“Jesus Christ.” For once there was no joke in it, only appetite. “Look at you. Fuck... that ass. Those tits sitting up like they finally got the job they wanted. Fucking sexy doesn’t even cover it. We’re buying that. That’s not a discussion.”

The heat that moved through her was small and immediate and frightening. Being wanted in a voice that didn’t ask. Being looked at as if the only purpose of the mirror was to show him what he already thought he owned. She crushed it down until it had nowhere to live except the flush in her cheeks.

“What are you doing? You can't be in here. Get out.” The command had less teeth than she wanted.

“How else am I supposed to give you the next one?”

He held up the next set.

It was not lingerie so much as equipment. Leather. Heavy straps. A harness that belonged somewhere with locks on the door, not gold script and pink light. The cups were rings that wouldn’t cover her breasts so much as present them. The leather briefs were cut high and carried a silver zipper, a cold metal track that ran from the front, down between her legs, and up the cleft of the ass.

Opera-length black leather gloves hung over the hanger. Platform stilettos hooked from his other fingers. In the centre of his palm, under the leather, sat a choker with a small polished pendant: a black spade.

Then he showed her the mask. Glossy black latex, shaped to a head, the mouth cut out in a wet oval, a heavy zip down the back.

Janet stared at the heap of black leather. Even before she touched it she could smell it.

“What the hell is that?” The whisper came out thinner than she meant it to, disgust and a sharp spike of nerves sitting in the same breath.

“Your other outfit.” He said it flat, as if the hanger had already been decided.

“I’m not trying that on. It looks like something out of a dungeon catalogue. I wouldn’t even know how to put it on. It’s all straps and buckles.” She gestured at the harness, at the way the leather seemed built to hold a body still rather than dress it.

“I’m sure you’ll figure it out.” He gave the hanger a slow shake. “You’ve figured out worse.”

“Jesus Christ, Dick. You can't be serious...”

“Come on.” He stepped closer. “Is this really so much worse than the other things you’ve been wanting to do for me lately, princess?”

“Don’t call me that.” The snap cut cleaner than the rest of her had managed all morning. “And I didn’t want to do any of those things.”

His smile arrived slowly, the look of a man who had kept a particular sentence in his pocket for exactly this.

“That’s not what you said yesterday. On your knees. On my face. With a man standing in the doorway while you begged for my cum.” He held the leather closer until the hide brushed the lace still lifting her breasts. “Let me see what it looks like. That’s all I’m asking.”

She snatched the hanger out of his hand.

“Fine. You stay outside.”

She yanked the drape shut hard enough that the hook rattled on the rod.

Getting into the outfit took minutes she felt in her pulse. Buckles at her ribs fought her. The leather was stiff, unhelpful, made for a body that already knew the shape of it. She threaded straps under her breasts and over her shoulders and pulled until the hide bit and forced her into its geometry.

The briefs cut high across her hips. The zipper was colder than it had looked on the hanger, a silver track that started at the top of her shaved mound, ran down through heat she didn’t want to admit was there, and climbed up her ass. It was made for access. A man would not have to be polite. He would only have to pull.

Gross. She thought it clearly and still didn’t look away from the mirror as she fed the last strap through and cinched it.

The woman looking back didn’t belong on Oakridge Lane. Platinum hair. Wide icy eyes. F-cup breasts pushed up and mostly out of the harness, pale and heavy, the inner swell naked under the strip light. Her waist taken narrower than it liked. Thick thighs framed in black. Her ass barely held, the zipper sitting like a promise over the place his mouth had already been.

She worked the long gloves on. Leather warmed to her hands and made her stomach drop. She looked like the title of a film she would have sneered at. Worse than the look was the quieter recognition underneath it: her body seemed to know the kit. All the modest cotton of her married life felt, for a dangerous second, like a story she had been telling herself.

The black mask sat in her palm, glossy, almost faceless except for the holes of the eyes and the wet oval of a mouth. That was the line. She closed her fingers around it and kept it off, clinging to the last piece of her that still had a name.

The curtain moved again.

Dick stepped in and stopped. For a long second he didn’t speak. His eyes went over her the way a man looked at something he had already decided he was taking home.

“Fucking perfect.” It came out like a verdict. “There it is. Outfit to match the character. Leather slut. Look at those tits. And that zip sitting just begging to be undone. We’re taking all of it.”

“Fuck you, you pervert.” The words were thin. Her nipples, tight against leather, told on her before her mouth could finish the refusal.

He didn't argue with it. He closed the space in one step until the wall found her shoulder blades and the straps dug in. His hand took her jaw, thumb on one side, fingers on the other, and tipped her face up so she had nowhere to look but his eyes.

Then his mouth came down on hers, hard and wet, a kiss with no interest in being shared. He was taking. When he broke it his tongue stayed out, thick and glistening, the same filthy invitation he had given her in the armchair.

Janet didn't think her way into what happened next. She found her lips closing around it. She sucked on his tongue sloppy and hungry, the same rhythm she had used on him yesterday. For a stretch of seconds she was the only one moving, the one degrading herself on his tongue, and the only thing he had to offer in return was his eyes staring down at her.

Janet noticed him watching and tore her mouth off him. Air came back in shallow pulls.

"You're disgusting." The venom was there. So was the shake in her hands.

Dick didn't flinch. He watched the rise of her breasts in the leather as if that were the only answer he needed. "Yeah? And yet you latched onto that tongue like you needed it to breathe. Like you were starving for it."

"Bullshit." Her voice cracked on it. "I just did what you wanted me to do. I'm just... complying."

"Then I guess I've trained you up well. My perfect submissive slut."

His hand was still on her jaw, still pushing her flush against the changing room wall. It tightened. Her cheeks compressed until her mouth popped open whether she wanted it to or not. He gathered spit with no hurry at all and let it fall onto her tongue, thick and warm. Then his palm shut her mouth and held it there.

Janet's eyes went wide. Wet heat sat on her tongue. His thick, gross saliva. Her throat locked. She wouldn't swallow it. She wouldn't give him that.

"Swallow my spit... like you swallowed my cum."

She stared at him, pinned to the wall, mind screaming while her body stayed where he had put it.

His other hand found the zipper at her crotch. The first few teeth peeled open with a small filthy rasp. Cool air hit the smooth skin of her mound and she shivered for a reason that had nothing to do with the air-conditioning. She was already slick. The lace had left her that way. The leather had made it worse.

He eased the zip another inch. The track opened her further. Pink heat, wet enough to shine. He didn't touch her. He didn't have to.

"Swallow it," he said, quieter now, "or I'm going to check just how wet you got for my tongue."

Another few teeth. Leather parted. His knuckle grazed the edge of her clit.

She swallowed the spit in her mouth. Desperate and breathless.

“Good girl.”

“Excuse me.” The assistant’s voice cut through the drape.

The girl had the curtain in her fist, pulled back just far enough. The helpful smile was gone. What replaced it was tired disbelief.

“You cannot be doing that in the changing room. Sir, you’re in the wrong half of the shop for that.”

Wrong half? Janet heard the phrase and questioned it internally.

Dick was already moving. Yellow sundress, discarded lace, fallen hangers, all of it scooped into one indifferent armful.

“I have to ask you to leave the changing room, ma’am.” The assistant’s voice had found its firmness again, strained around the edges. “Now. Please.”

“Dick. Wait. Let me put my clothes back on.”

“You better put that mask on if you don’t want people seeing you dressed like that.” He called back, already walking away.

Panic did the rest. Janet yanked the zipper up. Leather closed over her pussy with a sound that felt too loud. She pulled the glossy mask over her face because walking out with her own features attached to this was worse.

The world narrowed to a blurred mouth-hole and black shine. Her breath came back at her, close and trapped. She stepped out of the cubicle without a name on her.

Dick was already heading for the back of the store, past the last rack of silk robes. He stopped under a doorway she hadn’t noticed earlier. Bead curtain. Cheap plastic discs that clattered when he put a hand through them. Above, red neon buzzed.

XXX

“We need to pay for your outfits, gorgeous.” He tipped his head back through the beads. “Through here.”

Janet stopped. Masked. Strapped. The metal pendant sat cold against her collarbone. She had fastened the choker with a quick snap before she had even got the gloves on. Gloved fingers found the little pendant. Tiny metal. A claim that did not feel tiny.

“What is this?” The mask made her voice sound closer, wetter. “This thing on the collar.”

His grin showed in the red light.

“Queen of Spades. Means you’re a white wife who loves Black cock. Means you’re marked. Means anybody who knows the symbol knows exactly what you are. A slut for the right kind of man.”

“I am not that.”

Her thighs said otherwise when they brushed inside the leather.

“Give it a few days.”

A few days.

The thought sparked behind the mask, nasty and almost triumphant. A private sneer he could not see. *A few days and this is over. You think you own me? You're a loser.*

She followed him through the beads.

The Wrong Half

The beads rattled behind her as she entered the ‘wrong half’ of the store, and the boutique’s pink light died as if it had never been in the first place.

What took its place was a lower dark, the kind made so faces didn’t have to finish looking at one another. Under her platform heels, the floor changed. Plush crimson gave way to something worn and faintly sticky, a surface that had taken too many visits and never quite given them back.

The air changed with it. Perfume and vanilla fell off her at the threshold. Rubber came up instead, cheap musk, the stale ghost of smoke no fan had ever beaten. To her left a steel side door stood ajar on a damp grey alley, a separate entry for men who didn’t want the pretence of the lace. Wet asphalt and bins leaked through the gap. That door told the truth of the room more plainly than the neon had.

The clean half of the shop, where she had walked in with her pulse in her throat, felt suddenly like a front. A place a woman might take her sister and still look at herself afterward. This dim stretch was what the building was for.

One wall was all spine and cover. DVDs stacked high, bodies caught mid-act, mouths open, skin lit the cheap honey colour of studio lamps that had never seen daylight. Magazines lay in a low trough underneath, pages swollen and turned down at the corners by hands that hadn’t been careful.

The opposite wall was hardware. Dildos stood in ranks of silicone, pale pink through to a black that didn’t pretend to be shy, veined enough to make the point. Plugs and beads sat like jewellery for the depraved. Whips and handcuffs hung in a row. Lube bottles with names that tried too hard. Vibrators under glass, cold as tools.

The lingerie side had been almost empty except for the assistant. Here the room had men in it.

They loitered the way men loitered when they had already decided what they were looking at. Two of them stood by the magazines, one white, one Black, the pretence of browsing

dropping the moment the beads moved. Their eyes found leather first, then the breasts the harness was holding up, then the pale length of her thighs between the leather straps.

For a moment Janet was grateful for the mask. The hood took her name. Wife, mother, the woman who was respected by her neighbours and friends; none of that showed. What showed was the body the leather had made of her, and that was almost worse.

A Black man near the till didn't look at her chest. He looked at her throat. The black spade pendant hanging off the choker around her neck.

His mouth curled, the quiet pleasure of a man who knew the symbol and hadn't expected to find it standing in front of him on a Tuesday. The pendant felt colder then, as if it had weight against her pulse.

Dick's hand found hers.

In the pink half she had tried to step out from under his arm. Now with these strange eyes on her, she didn't want to pull away from him. The gratitude that came with that grip arrived beside a disgust sharp enough to make her want to laugh at herself: holding the hand of the man who had put her in this situation.

He led her away from the door, into a quieter stretch in front of the silicone. Not far enough to take her out of sight. He wanted her seen. He wanted the room to understand exactly what he had walked through the beads with.

"What the fuck, Dick?" The whisper stayed inside the hood and came back at her, close and muffled, as if she were talking to herself in a room too small for the thought. "You have me dressed up like this... In a place like this."

"Relax." Dick's voice cut through the thicker air without needing to rise. He squeezed her gloved fingers, firm enough to be an instruction. "You're safe with me. Just go with the flow. Don't act up or they'll notice you're out of place, and we don't want that."

She shifted on the platforms. The floor clung a little to the soles. The men in the shadows had stopped pretending to browse. Their eyes did the work hungrily enough without anyone speaking, travelling leather, harness and tits. She understood him at once. Fighting in here would not look like pride. It would look like panic in a costume, and panic in a costume was an invitation. If she went with it, she was only another piece of leather on a Tuesday.

"Which of these do you like?"

He nodded his head at the row. Flesh-toned toys that looked almost medical. Skin pink and Black and all the tones in between. A few were modest enough to make her think of Carl, and the thought arrived with a twist of guilt she wished she had not invited. Most of them were built for a stretch that frightened her.

On the top shelf two of them were marked in blunt pen: 13 INCH MONSTER BLACK COCK. She looked longer than she meant to. The idea of that size and girth did something low and unwelcome, a slickness that found the leather. She dragged her eyes down. Breath snagged in the mouth-hole.

The refusal had already formed. It had come as far as her teeth. Then she felt the room behind her, the waiting quiet of men who had seen the pendant and were interested in what she would do next. She let the refusal out as a sigh instead of a sentence.

She couldn't pick a white one. The thought didn't need unpacking. The spade at her throat had already written that rule. Her hand shook as she lifted a veined black cock from its place, ten inches of matte silicone with a flared base. The weight surprising her.

"This one."

Dick's smile showed in the low dark, pleased in a way that made her wish she had pointed at nothing.

"Not as big as mine. But I'm sure you'll enjoy it." He took the toy from her as if she had handed him a receipt. "Let me go pay for the outfits and this toy. Wait here."

He took one step toward the counter and stopped. Turned back. Leaned in until his mouth found the side of the hood, the place her ear sat tight under latex.

"You need to show everyone you belong to me," he murmured, breath hot against the mask. "So they leave you alone."

Janet stood in front of the wall of cocks with eyes on her back and did the sum he always left her to finish. Kiss him and she was taken, property with an owner attached. Refuse and she was a white wife in a spade collar with no one standing over her in a room that had already started smiling at the symbol. Fair game.

She leaned in.

The kiss is for the room, she told herself, and knew how thin that sounded even inside her own head. She put her mouth to his and let it look like belonging. Dick didn't waste it. His hands slid down her sides, found the leather at her waist, then lower, fingers digging into the bare under-curve of her ass where the briefs gave him nothing to be polite about.

He squeezed hard enough that she felt the claim in her skin. A small broken sound went into his mouth, half protest and half something she would not name, and she hoped the mask would keep it.

When they broke apart he didn't look at her first. He looked at the men. The grin he gave them was wide and satisfied, the reminder of a man who had just shown the room exactly who the prize belonged to.

"Let me go buy my slut her treats." he declared loudly. The words went out into the low hum of the shop as fact, meant for every man close enough to hear what she was and who she belonged to.

He stepped back just enough to watch the glossy void of the mask and waited.

She could feel the eyes of the room on her. Waiting. She swallowed.

"Thank you, Daddy."

It came out wetter than she wanted, too close to a plea, the sound of a woman giving the room its answer. It worked. The Black man who had been watching her throat looked away as if the question had been marked and filed. She had said the required thing. That was enough for him.

Janet kept her eyes on Dick as he went to the counter. Looking at the others would have meant seeing the price of those three words while they were still in her mouth. He pulled cash from a pocket fold that had never met a wallet, notes crumpled and uncounted, and laid them down with the indifference of a man who didn't need the clerk to approve of him.

The man behind the glass was thin, pale, a grey ponytail and the bored competence of someone who had sold worse than leather and a toy before lunch. They spoke low. Then a card crossed the counter, black plastic, stripe catching the light.

Dick limped back with the bags in one hand and the card pinched between two fingers.

"What's that?" The mask muffled it.

"Video booths." He tipped the card so she could see the stripe. "One hour. Hottest interracial filth they've got. And we're going to get nasty while we watch it. I want to see you shaking in that outfit while you watch other women do exactly what I'm planning to do to you one day soon."

"No." The hiss left the oval of the mask sharp and small. "Not here. Please, Dick. Let's just get out of here. Let's just go home."

"Your choice, baby." he said. Almost kind, which made it worse. "One hour together in the booth, and then you're done for the day. You can go back to your little husband and get ready for your trip. Or we head back to mine and make it a private party. A whole afternoon for me to enjoy every inch of you, before you abandon me."

The sum was still simple. An hour of sitting through there was better than an afternoon of being his with the door shut and no one to interrupt. She hated how neatly it added up. She hated that she was bargaining the shape of her own shame.

He offered his hand and she took it.

He walked her toward the back, past the magazine trough and the alley door, into a narrow corridor that smelled of musk, old sweat, and the chemical attempt to cover both. Narrow doors lined the hall. Each had a dim red bulb above it.

The men watched them go. Zipper. Harness. The gloved hand locked in the hand of the man she had just called Daddy. They knew where that corridor ended.

As the red light took them, Janet told herself an hour was easy. The card would run out. The door would open. When it did, she would go home and be allowed to act like herself once again.

The Booth

The card kissed the slot with a cheap, electronic chirp and the door clicked open.

The booth was smaller than the corridor had promised and meaner than her imagination had allowed. It was a claustrophobic box that smelled of stale cigarettes, industrial bleach, and the ghost of a thousand desperate perverts. A leather bench ran the far wall, the material cracked and peeling, wiped down often enough to shine with a greasy, unnatural lustre in the wrong places. Opposite it, a screen already lived in its own flickering light, paused on a title card in block letters: THE BEST OF — WHITE SLUTS AND BBCs.

To the left, the wall was rough timber, four glory-holes cut at waist height and covered with taped discs of plywood. Janet's eyes caught on those covers and stayed there a second too long, imagining the filth that had leaked behind those boards.

"Don't worry," Dick murmured, following her gaze. "Those are staying closed."

The right-hand wall was glass from bench to ceiling, frosted to a thick, milky blur. She sat where he pointed, her movements stiff in the leather and harness.

He found the remote, and the compilation roared to life on the screen.

It didn't ease in. There was no preamble. The screen exploded with the image of a gorgeous pale woman on her knees, her eyes rolled back in a trance of submission. A huge dark cock was buried deep in her throat, stretching her jaw to a breaking point. Cut. The same woman was now on her back, thighs splayed wide and trembling, that massive shaft splitting her open while she shrieked things Janet would have turned off at home, if Carl had ever been the sort of man to show it to her. Cut. A blonde with her mouth full, mascara ruined and running down her cheeks, a hand clawing into her own hair.

The volume was cranked high. The sound pornographic; the slapping of skin on skin and the animal grunts of a man's voice off-camera commanding her to take every inch.

Dick sat beside her on the bench and gave her thigh a squeeze.

"Watch it. Tell me what you see."

Janet stared at the screen, her breath deep behind the black leather. The porn was filthy and disgusting, but it was far better than what the alternative might be back at Dick's house.

"She's..." The mask made the words sound muffled, close and ugly. "She's on her knees. Sucking him. He's so big... and Black. She's— God, he's in her throat."

"And?" Dick prodded, his voice devoid of empathy, purely clinical in its demand for her degradation.

"She's taking it. She's saying she loves it. She looks like she means it."

On screen, the woman came off the cock with a thick, glistening string of spit dribbling off her chin, and she laughed at the camera; a broken, needy sound.

“That cock bigger than mine?” He asked with amusement.

She had been trying not to measure, trying to keep her mind blank, but the comparison arrived anyway, traitorously precise. The man on the screen was long and camera-lit, a professional fantasy. But he was not the thick, vein-ridged monster she had shaved, kissed, and swallowed yesterday. He didn't have the weight or the size of the man sitting next to her.

“No.” It left her before she could dress it. “Yours is bigger.”

“I think you should take mine out so you can be certain.”

The command was absolute. Janet slid off the bench, dropping to her knees on the grimy booth floor. The platforms of her heels made her clumsy, her balance precarious as she knelt between his legs. She reached out, her gloved fingers trembling slightly as she worked the metal zipper down.

The heavy, shaved length of him sprang free into the red light of the booth. He was already fully hard, the head dark, swollen, and weeping a bead of pre-cum. Twelve thick inches of pulsing muscle that made the man on the screen look like an understudy.

She knew exactly what he wanted next, and she wasn't going to give him the pleasure of following his order. Instead she took the initiative and wrapped her gloved hand around the base, feeling the throb of his pulse against her palm, and leaned in. The mouth-hole of the mask fit perfectly over the head of his cock, as if the latex had been engineered specifically for this act of erasure. She opened her mouth and took him in, her tongue swirling around the crown before she slid down, taking the girth deep into her throat.

The sound of plastic tearing cut over the audio of the porn.

He was opening the toy's case, the ten-inch black dildo freed from its moulded tray. The silicone shone under the screen's flicker, a rigid, unapologetic imitation of the filth they were watching.

Janet pulled back, coming off him just enough to speak, a string of saliva clinging to the edge of the mask's mouth-hole.

“What are you going to do with that?” she gasped, her voice trembling.

“What do you think we're going to do with that, slut?” Dick's voice was a dark promise, his eyes gleaming with a sadistic hunger.

“Please, Dick. We can't. Not in here.” She looked around the room in disgust, as if to say she was better than this.

“That's exactly why we are,” he replied, the dildo slapping against his palm as if to show her the weight of it.

He slapped the wet, swollen head of his cock against her mouth, then her cheek; a heavy, filthy tap that left a glistening streak of pre-cum shining across the black latex of her mask. The sound was a wet thwack, a marking of territory that echoed in the small, red-lit box.

“Unless you prefer the real deal.” Another slap, the thick shaft painting her masked jaw with a smear of lubrication. “That it? Married slut finally wants fucked by the real thing?”

“No,” she whimpered, the word muffled and desperate behind the hood. “Fine... we can play with the toy a little.”

Dick shifted, setting the ten-inch silicone toy against her lower lip, pressing the cold, rigid plastic side-by-side with his pulsing, hot skin.

“Good. You’re going to have to get it nice and wet, before you stretch that tight little pussy. Take turns. My cock and the toy. Slobber on both. Get that thing slick enough to ruin you.”

His voice was thick with a sadistic pleasure as he envisioned the scene. “You can pretend I’ve invited one of my brothers over. Nasty little size-queen slut who can’t say no to Black cock. Just a hole for whatever thick shaft comes through that door.”

The sentence landed in her like a heavy hand at the back of her neck, forcing her down. Disbelief hit her first; a bright, offended spark of the woman she used to be. But beneath that, her clit throbbed with a violent intensity that she could feel vibrating against the tight leather and the zipper. She tried to lie to herself, telling her mind that the arousal was just a reaction to the video, the restrictive leather outfit, or the sheer terror of the location.

She put her mouth on him anyway, swirling her tongue around the ridge of his head, then shifted to the toy, sucking the silicone with a desperate hunger, then back again. Thick strings of saliva bridged the gap between the two dark heads, a glistening web of filth. The act was so debased, so utterly devoid of dignity, that her mind tried to detach, attempting to float up to the ceiling to watch the masked creature below worship two pillars of dark girth.

She didn’t see his other hand move.

Beside the bench, a switch clicked with a metallic snap. The frosted glass wall cleared instantly, turning transparent.

On the other side of the glass the men had already begun to gather. The Black man who had smiled at the pendant. A white man from the magazine trough with his hand already inside his jeans. They moved in without speaking, close enough that their breath might have fogged the pane, and what they saw was the leather-clad slut with the hottest body any of them had ever seen, on her knees between an old fat man’s thighs, slobbering between his thick black cock to a black toy and back again as if she couldn’t decide which one to choke on.

Janet was too consumed by the sensory overload of her worship to notice. Too busy sucking the dildo down until her lips met the base, pulling away with a loud, wet pop that sounded like a seal breaking. Immediately, she took Dick’s thicker, hot cock back into her mouth, sliding down until her throat fluttered in a gag reflex and her eyes watered behind the latex hood.

He gripped the back of her head, guiding the depth. He told her he wanted to hear her filthy mouth speak.

She talked because the act required it. Because she needed to keep Dick happy. And because the words came easy now, like she had learned the script. She was stripped of the inhibitions she had fought so hard to maintain in the armchair.

“I’m a slut,” she heard herself say it and could barely tell if she meant it, or if she was acting. “I love your big Black cock. I want... I want both. God. I’m a size queen. I can’t say no to it.”

It sounded like a line from the porno playing on the screen. It also sounded like her. She didn’t stay in the difference long enough to decide.

“You ready to show me how badly you want it? Ready to fuck yourself silly with that dildo?”

She looked up the dark, wet length of him. She knew she had to at least put on a little show for him. *Maybe just the tip*, she thought.

“Yes, Daddy. I want to fuck myself with that dildo for you. Let me show you.”

Dick flicked the switch again. The glass returned to its milky, frosted blur. She was still oblivious to the show she had just put on for those strangers.

“Sit.” He pointed toward the timber wall, the covered holes waiting at her back. “On the floor. Back against it. Legs spread. Unzip those panties.”

She followed his command. The platforms of her heels slid across the grimy floor. A silver rasp of metal on teeth, leather peeling back to reveal her shaved, glistening cunt. She was open to the red light, so slick that the mere movement of air felt like a physical touch against her clit. She gripped the toy in both gloved hands, the silicone heavy and imposing.

“Rub it up and down that sloppy cunt. It’s soaked already, isn’t it? Needy.”

“Yes.” She dragged the thick head through her folds, the sound of the plastic sliding through her juices an obscene, squelching noise. “It’s wet. I want to feel it inside me.”

“Slowly. Push it in. Feel yourself open up and stretch around it.”

The moment the head entered, the girth stopped her cold.

Carl had never been this. Carl was four polite inches and a hesitant question. This was twice that thickness at the very first inch; an uncompromising stretch that forced her mouth to fall open in a silent gasp. She froze, the dildo just an inch deep, shocked that her body was already yielding, already stretching to accommodate the intrusion.

And then the thought arrived, uninvited and terrifying: *If this is just the toy, what would the real one feel like?* Dick’s monster still shining with her spit, pulsing with a life and a power that the silicone could only mimic.

The initial resistance, the fragile wall of dignity she had tried to maintain, finally buckled. The stretch shifted from unwanted intrusion into a searing, expansive pleasure, and the reluctance she had clung to simply had nowhere left to stand. It was swallowed by the physical reality of the girth.

“You like that thickness, don’t you?” Dick had shifted, sitting forward on the leather bench. His hand was wrapped around his own shaft, his fist moving in a slow grind as he stared with intensity at the point where the dark silicone disappeared into her glistening folds. “My slutty little size queen.”

“Mmm. Yes.” The response came out broken, a shattered moan that echoed inside the mask. “It’s so big. It’s so good. I can feel it... stretching me open.”

She had promised herself only the tip, but already began to work more of it in, her hips betraying her, tilting upward to meet the toy. She hadn’t consciously told her body to move; her anatomy had simply surrendered to the demand for more.

“Imagine what all those men in the store would think of you right now,” Dick purred. “That leather slut, on the floor in here. Legs spread wide. Pussy stuffed full with that Black dildo, wishing it was the real thing... deeper!”

She pushed deeper, the silicone sliding home with a wet, squelching sound. The toy filled her so completely that the explicit compilation flashing on the screen beside her stopped being a movie and became a set of instructions she was finally, desperately following.

“But you wouldn’t care if they saw you, would you? You just want to pleasure yourself. You want to be used. Want to be a slut.”

“Yes.” The honesty slipped out with a jagged breath, raw and unfiltered. “I don’t care what they think. The pleasure’s too much. Fuck—”

She heard herself saying it, but couldn’t tell if it was for him or for her now.

She was fucking herself fully, driving the dildo in with long, wet, desperate strokes. The base slapped against her perineum with a rhythmic thwack every time she took it to the hilt. Her thighs were shaking, the muscles twitching with exertion and arousal, while the silver teeth of the zipper bit into the edges of her swollen labia with every slide. She had fought this, had prayed she wouldn’t like it this much, but her body had stopped taking votes. It had declared its own allegiance to the girth.

“Then keep fucking yourself, slut. Let them see who you are.”

The last sentence snagged in her mind. *Them? What does he mean?*

She looked up, her eyes wide behind the latex.

He pressed the switch.

The glass before her transitioned from a milky frost to water-clear in a heartbeat, and suddenly, the wall before her was nothing but faces looking right down at her.

Men from the shop. They were all right there, pressed against the glass. Cocks in their fists; white and Black, thick and ordinary, all of them stroking in a frantic, synchronised rhythm to the sight of her spread on the floor. Their gazes were ravenous, fixed on the toy buried in her, the restrictive leather of the harness, and the open, gasping mouth of her mask.

For a split second, the old Janet returned. She wanted to lunge for the zipper, to scream, to slam her legs shut and hide. But the shock, the sudden exposure, and the sensation of the dildo seated to the absolute hilt hit the same nerve at once.

She came with a violence that stole her breath.

It tore out of her in a loud, wet cry, a massive gush of fluid that painted her own thighs and pooled on the floor between her platforms. Her cunt clamped down on the toy in frantic pulses, clutching the silicone as if trying to pull it inside her forever. Her eyes flicked helplessly from cock to cock beyond the glass. White. Black. Big. Small. All of them moving for her, all of them watching her unravel. The orgasm rolled over her in ugly, beautiful waves of electricity until her voice broke, repeating the same two words in a breathless loop.

“Oh my God. Oh my God.”

Dick stood over her now, a towering shadow of dominance. All twelve inches of him were rock hard, the head dripping a heavy bead of pre-cum that glistened in the red light.

“My little slut’s got a voyeuristic side.” He sounded proud, his tone obscene and triumphant. “First the glazier. Now these strangers. Cumming that hard. Cunt wetter than a beaver. Keep fucking yourself for them, and open that mouth.”

She searched for the fight. The "Oakridge voice" was still there somewhere; the woman who dreamed of a trip away from this madness. But that woman couldn't get her hands up. She was too far gone, drowned in the chemicals of her own submission. She resumed the work, driving the dildo in with wet, sloppy strokes, and opened her mouth wide inside the mask.

He stepped in and immediately began to fuck her throat without giving her a moment to adjust.

The sounds were filthy and immediate: the wet, rhythmic gluck of him using her mouth like a toy, the gagging sound when he bottomed out, and the strings of spit running down the black latex and onto her chest. Every time he thrust, his shaved balls slapped hard against her chin with a meaty sound. Underneath it all, the toy kept moving because he had commanded it; her sopping cunt continued to take the silicone while strangers stroked themselves on the other side of the glass, and her husband sat in an office ten miles away, blissfully planning for their journey away together.

“That’s it. Choke on that dark meat. White wife at work in the sex shop booth. Cocks being stroked over you and you can’t get enough. Look at them, Janet. Look at them all. They’re going to paint that glass for you. Filthy size-queen slut, putting on a show for strangers... Daddy’s girl.”

The pleasure didn’t ebb; it evolved, shifting into a deeper, more primal frequency. Each brutal thrust of Dick’s cock into her throat acted like a piston, the force of his hips driving the dildo even deeper into her ravaged pussy. She moaned around him, a muffled sound of surrender that vibrated through the partition, signalling her total collapse to the cock in her throat, and to the men watching. His balls tapped against her masked chin in a steady, filthy rhythm; a wet, meaty percussion of skin against latex that echoed in the booth.

He pulled back with a sharp, triumphant grunt, his cock glistening and pulsing.

“Keep fucking yourself, slut. Keep wishing it was my cock stretching that white pussy open whilst I paint you in my cum,” he commanded, his voice a low growl of absolute ownership.

Then came the first rope.

A thick, hot jet of cum slammed into the mask, splashing across the eye-holes and the bridge of the mask, blurring her vision for a few seconds with a salty smear that she tried to blink away. The second rope caught her open mouth perfectly. Janet didn't flinch; she swallowed what landed on her tongue and instinctively licked the streaks that ran toward the edges of the oval hole, her tongue darting out greedy and desperate without a single conscious decision. All the while, her gloved hand continued to drive the dildo in with violent, wet force, the silicone sliding in and out of her soaking heat with a loud, squelching sound. Load after load striped the glossy black of her face, dripping off the chin of the mask and soaking into the leather of her chest, and she took every drop, still stuffed, still working herself, her eyes locked on the glass.

The men on the other side of the partition went into a frenzy.

The first streak of cum hit the glass and slid slowly down the surface. Then another. The Black man came with a guttural shout, his eyes locked on the spade around her neck, his spend painting a thick, opaque white arc across her field of vision. Another followed, then another. The glass became a chaotic, dripping mess of them; ropes of seed sliding down in front of her spread thighs, blurring the line between her and the strangers. The sight of it; the knowledge that half a dozen men were finishing themselves just because they were watching her performance, ripped the last shred of dignity and the last useful thought out of her head.

“Yesssss!” she screamed, the sound raw and distorted by the mask. “Give me all that cum! Paint the glass! Look at me!”

She drove the dildo into herself one last time, slamming it to the base with a wet thwack that echoed through the booth. She came again, a violent, racking orgasm that left her legs wide and shaking for the men behind the running glass. A second, massive gush of fluid tore out of her, joining the first pool of squirt on the floor, mixing with the scent of latex and sex.

After that, there was only the wreck of her.

Janet slumped back against the timber wall. She was a vision of total degradation: her leather face dripping with Dick's seed, his cum smeared over her mouth and leather-clad body. Her juices shone on her thighs and pooled between her platform heels. In front of her, the glass continued to run with the remnants of the strangers' release. The toy remained buried deep inside her, her muscles still twitching around the girth.

Dick stood over her, his cock wet and slowly softening, looking down at her ruined state with a look of pride, as if she had just performed the greatest feat of her life.

The thought that arrived was not peace.

It was a quieter, worse thought than shame: how much of all that had been about keeping him happy, and how much of it she had wanted? The wanting was the part that scared her.

Carl's car. The overnight bag. Junior's face at the end of a long drive. She reached for them the way she had been reaching all week, and they came back thin, late, almost embarrassed to be in the room with the smell of latex and the toy still seated in her.

No.

The word was small and savage and hers. She was not going to sit in a sex-shop booth and let this filthy act rename her. She was going home. She was going to wash this off. She was going to put the navy dress back on and be the mother and wife she always was.

Dick reached down and tipped her head back by the edge of the mask. He looked at the mess on her face as if it had settled an argument.

"Look at you. A complete and utter mess. You're not a wife. You're not a lady of Oakridge. You're just a hole for me to use."

"I'm still his wife." It came out wrecked, raw through the mouth-hole, but it came out. "This is a task. That's all it is. You don't get to tell me what I am."

He didn't help her up. He hit the switch and the glass went frost again, the men wiped out of existence as if they had only ever been a trick of the light. He stepped in until his softening cock brushed the chin of the mask.

"Whatever you say sugar. But I've still got five minutes on our agreement. So get back to work and clean my cock up."

Her gloved hand shook. She drew the dildo out of herself with a wet sound she hated, the empty ache arriving at once, traitorous and sore. For a second she only sat there, jaw tight, trying to remember the list: *tonight, the trip, my family*.

Then she leaned in and began to lick him clean. As a wife finishing the last filthy minute so she could stand up, find her clothes, and get back to her own life.

New Man Of The House

The sundress felt like something she had stolen from a kinder afternoon and put back on too late.

Janet shut the driver's door with her hip and hiked the shop bags higher on her shoulder. The zip held. Lace, leather, a mask that still smelled of him, a toy that still smelled of her. None of it showed. All of it sat against her ribs as she started up the path. Oakridge Lane was doing its ordinary daylight trick: pale stone, cut verges, her geraniums standing to attention under the sitting-room window. Across the road the new pane caught the sun. Below it, she noticed with a small unwelcome jolt, the lawn had finally been striped.

Dick unfolded himself from the passenger seat brace-first, a big ugly arrival on her own gravel, and looked her over as if the yellow cotton were a demotion.

“You look so much better when you let me dress you.” He said it to the V of the sundress, where her breasts sat heavy and unsupported, not to her face. “That leather. That mask. The booth saw the real version of you today.”

“You would say that.” She was already moving, key biting her palm. “You’re nothing but a filthy perv.”

The lock was three steps away. She was desperate to get inside. To escape him. To get in the shower and wash away the morning. Wash away the sin. She got as far as setting the key to the metal.

“Aren’t you going to thank me?”

Janet turned so fast the bags knocked her hip. The laugh that wanted out had no humour in it.

“Thank you?” She heard her own voice climb and did not lower it. “After everything...”

“After everything.” He cut across her without raising his volume, a man taking a sentence she had pointed the wrong way and setting it back on his own road. “After your racist son put me in hospital. After a week of you looking at me like I was something you’d scraped off your shoe. And yet here I am, still cutting you deals. Still giving you the freedom to go driving across the country playing happy families.”

“Fuck you, Dick.”

The smile that arrived was not the booth smile. It was quieter. It had patience in it.

“That’s exactly what’s going to happen, Janet.” He let the words sit in the afternoon air of her own drive, where any curtain on the lane could have taken them if anyone had been listening hard enough. “I’m going to fuck that tight little pussy of yours. Ruin you. Make you realise you were born for big Black cock...”

A small tip of the chin, as if he were confirming a booking. “I promise you. Next time we spend time with each other, it’s happening.”

She almost gave him the answer out loud. It stayed behind her teeth instead and glowed there, private and victorious, the cleanest thought she had had since the beads rattled shut. There would not be a next time. Tonight the trip and when she came home she would end it. Hire him a professional to take care of him. No more bargains. No more slutty clothing. No more time off negotiations.

She turned the key, stepped through her own black door, and shut it in his face hard enough that the frame gave a low complaint. On the other side of the wood she heard him laugh, unhurried, and then the slow tick of the brace going back down her path.

Evening came in with the respectable noises of a household about to leave itself behind.

Carl came down the stairs with the larger bag bumping the banister, blond hair flattened from the shower, the pale blue polo he wore when he wanted to look like a man on holiday. Janet stood at the sitting-room window with her arms folded over the conservative navy blue dress she had worn in an act of defiance. Across the lane Mr Long's grass lay in even stripes at last. The new glass held the last of the light like a polished excuse. Oakridge looked, for the first time in months, like the photograph it had always believed itself to be.

"What are you looking at?" Carl set the bag down in the hall and came to her shoulder. He smelled of his soap. Of the life she was supposed to get into a car with.

"His lawn." She didn't turn. "It's finally sorted."

He followed her gaze and made a small pleased sound, the sound of a man whose street had been restored to him without his having to lift a finger.

"Night and day. The window too." His hand found the small of her back, warm, grateful, disastrously uninformed. "You've done amazing work over there, Jan. I mean it. The whole lane looks better for it."

The praise landed in the wrong place and sat there. He didn't know the work. He didn't know the collar, or the booth, or the shower. He was complimenting a version of his wife that had cooked lasagna and booked tradesmen.

"Listen." She kept her eyes on the cut grass. "When we get back from this trip, it ends. I can't keep going over there. I've done enough. The debt is paid. We can help pay for a carer for a few weeks if we have to. But I'm done, Carl. I mean it. No more!"

"If that's what you want." He smiled, pecking her cheek, dry and fond. "You've more than earned it."

Peace, then. A thin, clean peace that smelled of furniture polish and packed shirts. The street presentable. The bags on the hall floor. An ending she could almost taste on the same mouth that had swallowed spit in a changing room that morning.

Amber light moved at the junction.

A van. Flashing bright. It swung into Mr Long's drive and sat there with the lights still turning, throwing colour across the newly cut grass and the new pane.

"What's that about?" Carl's hand was still at her waist.

"Not our problem." Janet turned from the glass before the colour could settle on her face. "Come on. Let's get the bags in the car and get on the road."

They were on their own drive with the boot open, Carl lifting the second case, when she saw them.

Two tall Black men in boiler suits coming down Long's path with a hobbling shape between them. Dick, brace ticking, a face set in the particular fury of a man being walked out of his own door. One of the men had a clipboard. The other had a hand near Dick's elbow that was not quite helping and not quite steering.

Carl's politeness was already crossing the tarmac before she could close her fingers on his sleeve.

"Carl—"

"We'd better just check everything's all right."

"We ought to get on the road. It's not—"

He was already gone, walking into the conversation with the same helpful lean he had used on police officers and school secretaries, the stance of a man who believed problems got smaller when a reasonable person stood near them.

Janet stayed by the open boot, determined not to spend a second more in that pig's company than she had to. From her own gravel she had the shapes and nothing else. Carl's nod. Dick's mouth moving. The two men in orange-piped navy speaking with the calm of people who had already said this paragraph on other drives, in other respectable postcodes. She couldn't hear a word of it. She told herself she didn't need to.

Across the lane, the taller of the two men tapped the clipboard against his palm.

"Valve's gone on the incoming side. We've isolated what we can and capped it off, but we can't certify the property. That's the law. Nobody stays inside until an engineer replaces it and signs it off. Be a few days before we can get someone out."

Dick looked at his own front door as if the house had betrayed him on purpose.

"That's bullshit. It's only the gas that's off. I can live in my own place. I've lived through worse than no stove and no hot water."

The second man shook his head, already tired of the argument.

"Not allowed. Liability. You stay and something goes, that's our names on the sheet. You'll have to find somewhere else until it's done."

Dick's palm slapped the brace, a dull ugly sound.

"I've got nowhere to go. And a fucked-up knee. Because of that idiot's son." He pointed aggressively at Carl.

Carl's face changed. The old fear dressed up as principle. The schoolyard he had never quite left. The threat sitting in the evening like a smell you could not politely mention.

"He can stay at ours," Carl said.

It came out in the voice that settled claims and offered chairs and ruined things while believing it was being decent.

Dick turned his head and looked at the Little house the way he had looked at the leather on the hanger. Measuring. Already placing furniture.

“Your place is a palace compared to mine.” He said it to Carl, but his eyes went to the upstairs windows. “Can’t wait to make myself at home. I’ll look after it while you two are gone. This works.”

That did it. Carl’s glance flicked to his own front door, to the stairs behind it, to the thought of this man unsupervised among their things.

“Actually.” He cleared his throat. “I don’t think it would be wise to leave you on your own. Bedrooms are upstairs. That knee of yours... Janet will stay back, and look after you.”

Dick’s mouth moved. What Janet got, all the way from her own drive, was the smile. It travelled the dusk like a light coming on in a room she had locked.

Then Carl bent and picked up a duffel that was not theirs, and the two of them started across the tarmac toward her. As they walked over together Carl mentioned that Janet couldn’t keep working for him full time. How they would happily pay for a carer for as long as she needed it, but she’s worked hard enough for him.

“She’s been working pretty hard. I’ll give her that.” He said, hinting at all the things Carl would never know. “All right. You’ve got yourself a deal, Carl. I’ll borrow your wife for three or four more nights. And when you get back, we’ll put this whole thing behind us.”

The two men in boiler suits were already walking back to the van. Tall. Distinctive through the shoulders. The sort of silhouettes she would remember later and not want to place. One of them glanced across the lane at the woman by the open boot and then away, professional, finished. The amber lights died. The van left Oakridge looking ordinary again, as if nothing in the evening had changed except a neighbour’s stove.

Carl came back across the tarmac with a duffel that was not theirs slung off one shoulder. Dick limped beside him, huge against the last of the light, the brace ticking a countdown on the stone.

“Evening, Ms Little.” Dick said it as they reached her car, polite as a man arriving for dinner.

Carl drew her a few steps toward the geraniums. His voice had gone low, already apologising for a decision he had made without asking the person it would be done to.

“His house is shut off. Gas valve problem. They won’t let him stay there, so I told him he can stay here.”

“What?” It came out too loud for the lane. A window two doors down would have heard the pitch of it if anyone had been in the front room. “No. Carl. We can’t have him walking around our house while we’re gone. That’s our home. That’s—”

“That’s the other thing.” His ears had gone pink. He looked at the packed boot instead of at her. “I told him you’d stay and look after him.”

“You did what?”

Anger arrived clean and complete, the old Janet, the woman who had stood at this window with a wine glass and called the man across the road a stain on the street.

“How could you do that? How could you stand there and offer me like a... like a spare room? We had a plan. The trip. Junior. You don’t get to give my nights away because you’re frightened of him. You don’t.”

“I know.” He said it to the gravel. “I know, Jan. But we haven’t got a choice. He’s angry. And that leg... we are kind of responsible. It’s a few nights and then Junior and I will be home, and he’s agreed to a proper carer after that. You can get back to normal. I promise.”

Normal. By then, she thought, watching the duffel bump against her husband’s hip, it would be too late.

Carl pecked her on the mouth on their own doorstep. The same closed little kiss he had given her in the garden after the barbecue, when another man’s taste had still been in her, and Dick had challenged him to kiss her proper.

“It’s just a few days.” He squeezed her arm. “You’ll be all right. You’ve got him wrapped around your finger. You always do.”

She stood on the step and watched him get into the car they were supposed to share. Watched the taillights take the corner at the junction and thin out. Junior was at the end of that road. She was not. The engine noise faded into the ordinary hush of Oakridge at dusk, bins, a television two houses along, a life that hadn’t been told it was over.

His promise from earlier arrived in her head before the quiet had finished settling.

Next time we spend time with each other...

Janet took a deep breath and walked back into her house.

Dick Long was already in the hall. He filled it the way he filled every room, the duffel at his feet. He looked at the stairs that led up to the bedrooms. He looked at her standing on her own threshold with the conservative navy dress on.

“All dressed up like the good wife. But it looks like we’ll be playing our own happy families, Janet. Just you and I.” His mouth tipped. The hall light found the stitches that had faded at his brow. “There’s a new man of the house, now... and I’m going to show you what that marital bed is actually for.”

End Of Part 3.

Part 4 coming soon.