

Neighbourly Debts Part 4

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.

Making Himself At Home

The taillights had finally vanished around the bend of the junction, leaving a heavy silence in their wake. The house still smelled of Carl, of a man who believed he had done a decent, chivalrous thing by accommodating a neighbour in need. A naive, misplaced kindness that now felt like a suffocating shroud.

Janet stood just inside her own front door, her navy dress buttoned to the throat. Carl's goodbye kiss feeling like a lingering ghost of a marriage. She watched Richard Long set his duffel bag onto the hall rug with a dull thud. He didn't ask which room was his or where he should put his things. The smile on his face grew sharper, and infinitely more predatory now that there was no husband left to read it.

"You gonna hover there all night, gorgeous?" he asked, his voice a low, grating rumble. "Or you gonna give me the welcome home I deserve?"

"You're in." She shut the door on the lane, and the click of the latch sounded like a gunshot, final and irrevocable. "Guest room is upstairs. Towels are in the airing cupboard. That's as welcome as this gets... You don't get to call this home!"

Richard looked at her for a long moment, his eyes scanning her from the buttoned collar down to her sensible shoes, as if she had just offered him a boring church pamphlet. Then, with a slow limp, he pushed past her. The scent of him hit her immediately, a thick musk of stale beer and sweat.

The sitting room, which she had polished to a mirror shine, was a room designed for appearances: the expensive sofa, the cream wool rug, the lamp Carl loved because it made the place look 'settled' and 'wholesome' in photographs. Richard dropped into the cushions, and the fabric gave way with a soft, defeated sigh. He didn't bother to remove his boots; one stayed planted firmly on the wool rug, while the braced leg stretched out across the seat, claiming the space as if the furniture had been custom-measured for his arrogance.

He looked enormous in the delicate setting. His hairy, thick forearms contrasted sharply against the clean lines of the room. His gut settled heavily over the waistband of his worn jeans. He was a stain on her curated life, sinking into fabric that had only ever held the light scent of her perfume and Carl's soap.

Janet's mouth tightened into a thin, hard line. "Get off that."

"Why? I'm comfortable," he replied, his voice dripping with a mocking satisfaction. He patted the cushion beside his thigh, leaving his hand resting there, an invitation that felt like a threat. "Your man sure likes his comforts. I can see the appeal. A man could get used to being kept in a room like this."

"You look filthy on it." she complained, remaining rooted in the doorway. "Take your boots off the furniture. This isn't your rundown house, show some respect."

"It is my house... for the next four days at least." He tipped his chin toward the ceiling, with a big grin. "That's the term your man offered up. And then you go back to pretending you've never had my cock in your mouth. Until then, he's effectively hired the house out. And hired that sweet body of yours with it. So don't start the evening by telling me what I can't sit on."

"It's finished," she snapped, her voice trembling despite her effort. "We're not doing any more... of that... When he gets back, you're getting a carer, and I don't cross that road again. You've had your week of power. It's over!"

"It will be over..." Richard agreed, "When these four days are up, and your husband pays for that carer. Then, and only then, will I delete that video of little Junior being a little racist criminal."

The anger that surged up in her was clean, sharp, and blinding, but it had nowhere to go. It was a fire with no outlet that didn't risk burning her son's future to the ground. Not now. Not after everything she had already put herself through to protect it.

She looked at him, this hulking, perverted old man occupying her home, and felt the trap snap shut around her ankles.

"You're vile, you know that?" she spat, the words tasting like ash.

Richard's smile returned, wider this time, showing teeth. He shifted his weight, the brace ticking again, and his hand slid a few inches further across the sofa, beckoning her into the ruins of her own living room.

"Maybe," he murmured. His eyes went down the navy and came back up unimpressed. "But I'm the only one who knows exactly what you are, Janet. Now go and get changed, you look like a fucking librarian like that. And you know what I like. Tits and ass. I'll let you choose it, since you're so fond of having your feminist freedom, but it had better get my blood flowing and my cock stirring, or you'll regret it."

"I'm not parading around my own house for you," Janet spat, though the conviction in her voice was fraying.

"Cut the bullshit Janet. We both know the way this argument goes. You put on your silly little resistance act. I remind you of the stakes. Then you scamper away and pretend you aren't excited to be dressing as my slut."

The usual insults were coiled in her throat; pervert, animal, black filth, but she knew they were useless. They were pebbles thrown at a fortress. He didn't flinch; he never had. With a sharp, jagged breath, she turned and ascended the stairs, the heels of her sensible shoes clattering too loudly on the treads.

The bedroom lamp was casting a warm glow. By the dresser, in her secret little corner, sat the shop bags. The leather, the mask, and the heavy silicone toy she had used while

strangers masturbated against glass in a red-lit booth. A surge of possessive panic hit her; she wasn't giving him those. Not in this house.

She reached into the back of the closet, pulling out a bag containing the anniversary negligee, the tissue paper still crisp in the folds. She had bought it for a night Carl had spent thanking her for her beauty, a night that had ended in a disappointing tumble, and a lukewarm kiss and sleep. It was sheer red lace, a neckline that didn't so much cover her breasts as frame the heavy, aching weight of them. The hem was a cruel joke, ending exactly where her ass began to argue with the fabric.

She stripped. The navy dress pooled at her feet, followed by the bra and the knickers; any cloth beneath a garment like this would have been a pointless formality. She stepped into the red heels Dick had liked so much, six inches of lacquer and pain. Finally, she reached for the second drawer, digging past the scarves to find the leather choker. He had insisted she take it home with her earlier, and now it felt like he had planned the whole scenario.

She fastened it tight: CUM SLUT.

In the mirror, she looked like a receipt for a transaction she couldn't undo. Platinum hair falling to her waist, her mouth painted a natural, pale nude that somehow looked more provocative than red. Her F-cups strained against the mesh, the nipples already dark and hard, pushing through the lace. She was completely shaved, a requirement he had enforced in his own bathroom, telling her she needed to match the cock she belonged to. The bareness was a vulnerable secret that the short hem was too skimpy to keep.

Downstairs, the silence had been replaced by the roar of the television. A crowd, a whistle, the volume of a game turned up far past what Carl would ever allow.

As she entered the sitting room, Dick didn't speak. He didn't have to. His gaze performed a slow inventory. It started at the ankles in the red heels, climbed the long expanse of her thighs, and lingered on the shadow under the hem where the shave was no longer a guess. Then his eyes locked onto her breasts, heaving with her shallow breaths, indecently exposed in the red lace. Finally, his gaze settled on the collar beneath her jaw.

"God damn."

His hand had already migrated to the front of his jeans. He gripped the thick shape of his cock through the denim, squeezing it firmly as he watched her watch him.

"Look at what just walked in. Mrs. Little of Oakridge, dressed like the slut she denies she is. Tits pouring out of that red scrap. Ass and pussy practically on full display for her 'vile' neighbour." His eyes narrowed, a flicker of surprise crossing his face. "And the collar and heels. I didn't even have to tell you to put that on."

She stayed by the armchair, arms stiff at her sides, knowing that if she folded them, she would only lift her tits higher into his line of sight.

"You wanted this show," she replied, her voice a whisper. "Don't pretend any of this is my choice."

Richard squeezed his cock through the denim, the fabric straining over a thickness Janet knew with a terrifying familiarity.

"That's not a show, Janet. That's you dressing for the job before I've even set the terms. If you keep making choices like that, we might both actually get something out of these four days together. You get the video in the bin, and I get my slut-wife who finally stops pretending my big cock doesn't make her happy."

"Nothing you do is ever going to make me happy," she countered, her voice trembling.

"We'll see about that." A slow smile spreading across his face. "You've already screamed for me, Janet. You'll do it again. Four days is a long time to try and maintain a lie that thin."

The flush hit her throat and met the cold leather of the choker, the two temperatures arguing under her jaw. She wanted the stairs. She wanted the robe on the chair and the lock on the bedroom door and the version of the afternoon in which she was climbing into Carl's car ready for her trip. Duty kept her on the rug. The duty had his voice now.

"Go get your man a beer." he commanded.

Janet stood in the middle of her own rug in heels she would never have worn for Carl, not on a Sunday, not for a roast, not for anyone who still called her Mrs Little. The lace clung where her skin was warm. For a second she heard the sentence as a mistake a guest would correct. A guest waited to be offered. A guest did not name himself and then send her to the fridge.

"You're not my man," she stated with disdain.

"I am right now." He still hadn't lifted his eyes higher than her chest. "Go. Do as you're told. I want to enjoy this view with a cold one."

The walk from the sofa to the kitchen was eight steps, and she felt every one of them as an argument she'd already lost. The negligee moved with her. The hem climbed her thighs at each stride and the mesh over her tits did nothing to contain the bounce of them. She hated the sound of her heels on the floor. It was the sound of a woman who had agreed to be looked at and was now performing the agreement in the room where she packed lunches and cooked family dinners.

She opened the fridge and the cold rolled out over her stomach, her thighs, the fresh bare skin between her legs. The air made a small mean point of her shaved pussy.

She took the beer, the glass slick with cold. On the way back the hem rode again, higher, and a thin line of the lace tucked itself between the shaved lips and stayed there, a red seam against pale. She felt the tuck at every step, a small obscene cling, and the slick that had started made the cling worse.

She stopped in front of him and held the bottle out. Her arm stayed extended. He did not take it. His eyes had come up off the game and gone straight to the seam, and they stayed there while she stood with the cold glass sweating into her palm.

"Look at you," he said, easy, almost fond. "Mrs Little, hostess of Oakridge, bringing a black man a drink with her pussy out. That lace doesn't even have the decency to cover your slit. I can see it all. Little red clinging to those lips. Does being on display for me get you nice and wet?"

“Your beer... take it.” she said, trying to ignore his filth.

“My beer... and my slut. The perfect combination.” He took the bottle at last, and he still didn’t bother looking into her eyes. He stayed on the red where it had caught in her. “I can see the mouth of it. All pink and swollen and shining with arousal. Bend over a little. Give me a proper look at what’s on offer.”

“You can go fuck yourself. I’m not bending over in my own living... You’ve got your drink. You can stop talking about me as if I’m part of the entertainment.”

“You are the entertainment!” He set the bottle on her coaster, a small courtesy that made the rest of it filthier. “That scrap cost money and it’s doing nothing but showing me the goods. Pale tits, heavy enough to swing when you’re cross. Nipples like they’re begging to be pulled through the holes. And under it is that shaved little married-cunt you keep pretending I haven’t already tasted. Turn around for me. I want to see that big juicy ass.”

“Richard.”

“Turn around, Janet.”

She turned because she knew this was a fight she would lose with her body already on display. The negligee climbed. She felt the air on the lower curve of her ass, the lace settling into the split, and she heard him breathe out like a man being served.

“There she is,” he said. “Round and juicy, just the way I like it. You can stand there and hate me. Just don’t insult both of us by pretending that pussy isn’t wet enough to end a drought.”

The doorbell went through the house before she could answer his perverse comment.

She flinched as if it had been a hand. She began running through the list of people it could be at her door, each one worse than the last. The idea of any of them seeing her, dressed like this, with Mr Long sat on her couch.

“Ordered us some pizza. Go and pay for it.” The amusement was already in his face.

“Jesus Dick, you should have told me someone was coming. Let me get my robe.” She turned toward the hall already scrambling.

“I was hungry, waiting for you to get slutted up for me.” He struggled up to his feet, and watched her across the room. “No robe. You’re dressed how I like you. Go give the pizza boy a show.”

“I’m not answering my door like some hooker.”

“Yes you are.” He tipped his head at the bell, which went again, politer, a boy who had been told not to lean on it. His hand found the small of her back. “Let him see the slut that lives here.”

Through the peephole she saw Ellis standing on the step. She knew him through the glass before she opened it: nineteen, Patricia's boy, home from college and doing deliveries because his mother thought work would improve him. Junior had played five-a-side with him some nights after high school. He knew the house. He knew the woman who opened it, or he had known the version that asked after his exams and sent him home with the good biscuits. That woman wasn't the one behind the door.

She opened the door, and Oakridge came in with the light.

Ellis stood with the box held up like a shield he had already forgotten how to use. His mouth parted. The box dipped. His eyes went where any boy's eyes would go and then tried, badly, to climb back to her face, and the climb failed in stages she could feel on her skin.

Behind him the lane was quiet and lit. She felt the street on her skin as if it had a temperature, the evening air finding every place the lace had given up, her stomach, the underside of her tits, the bare pout the hem had already failed to cover. The choker sat cold at her throat. A buckle. A confession.

"Mrs Little." He managed the name, and it came out strangled, too loud for a step. "Pizza. For Long. Card machine's in the bag, or cash, whatever's easier, I can—"

"Ellis... You aren't going to tell anyone about this."

Her arms had come up despite the order. Crossed tight under her breasts, a housewife's last ridiculous modesty, pushing the F-cups higher in the mesh so that the gesture hid less than it advertised. The voice was the one she used when she wanted a room to behave. Steady. A committee voice.

"Are you?"

He didn't answer. His eyes had dropped to the shadow between her arms, to the lace, to what the lace had tucked itself into, and they stayed there as if looking away had become a skill he no longer had. Colour climbed his throat. The box creaked. Behind her, in the hall, Richard remained out of sight, but he laughed once.

Then she dropped her arms.

The negligee did the rest. Her tits sat forward in the mesh, heavy, swaying with the drop of her arms, the nipples drawn so tight the net printed them for the boy to read. Below the hem her shaved pussy was there, the lips swollen and faintly shining. Ellis made a sound that wasn't a word. A small broken breath. His knuckles went pale on the box. She watched him try to be the boy who had sat in her kitchen, and watched him fail, and felt the failure land between her legs as heat.

"Are you?!" she said again, quieter, and she hated how much it sounded like a bargain begged in a hostess voice. "You don't tell your mother. You don't tell Junior. Our little secret, handsome?"

He shook his head. Fast. The flush had gone all the way to his ears. He nodded then, as if the shake had not been enough, eyes dragging back up to her face and failing again on the way, catching on her nipples, on the bare shine of her, on the choker. He held the box out

with both hands, careful not to touch her fingers when she took it. She shut the door on his face before he found a second sentence. The latch was the loudest thing in the house.

Through the glass she saw him still standing there, not moving, the empty hands, the red pizza bag, Oakridge going on without him.

Richard was laughing properly by the time she turned.

"Shit, I forgot to pay him," she said, panicking and ready to shout him back to the door.

"Trust me sexy, you paid him and then some." Richard said laughing. "You're finally learning to use that body to get what you want."

"You son of a bitch." The box was hot against her stomach, grease and cardboard and the print of Ellis's eyes still on her tits. "He's Patricia's boy. He knows Junior. What if he tells?"

"Bitch, please." He took the pizza and did not step back. "You just showed that boy the shaved cunt and pair of tits he's been having wet dreams about since puberty. He's going to be too busy jerking off for the rest of the year to tell a soul... Next time you see him, you flirt with him. Tease him. That'll keep him happy enough to keep any secret for you."

The box tipped in his hand, and his eyes went with it, down to the red still caught between her lips. "Now bring me my pizza. A man needs to eat if he's going to keep his energy up for the days ahead."

The Marital Bed

Richard had cleared a space on the coffee table, carelessly pushing Carl's coasters aside to make room for beer and pizza. The game on the TV was loud, a roar of crowds and commentary. He looked at the armchair she was aiming for, then looked at the warm, empty dent of the cushion against his own thigh.

"Come sit."

"I'll sit over there," she murmured, gesturing to the chair.

"No, not all the way over there." He patted the cushion, the sound dull beneath the noise of the game. "Silly place for my little slut. You take up your place right here with your man. Where I can reach that body."

Shaking, she crossed the room and reluctantly sat beside him, defeated. The sofa seemed to swallow her, pressing her firmly against him. Her bare thigh pressed flush against his.

His arm came around her shoulders, heavy and possessive. His hand didn't stay decent for a second; it slid down and filled itself with her breast through the lace, weighing the heavy globe of her flesh. His thumb found her nipple, rolling it firmly, squeezing it until it stood hard and aching against the mesh. He made a small, pleased sound of approval into his beer.

"Eat some pizza if you want... I'm not a selfish man" he said, his eyes returning to the screen, though his hand continued to knead her breast. "Besides your hot body paid for it. Those tits in that poor boy's face... just to save you twenty bucks."

"That's not what happened and you know it. I just forgot to pay because you put me in that fucking situation." Janet's voice was a thin wire, vibrating with a desperation she hoped sounded like disgust. "Take your dirty hand off me."

"Not a chance."

Richard didn't even look at her. He pinched her nipple harder, a sharp flick of pressure through the lace, and the shock of it shot straight down the center of her, sparking a white-hot line of electricity that landed squarely in her clit. Her breath snagged in her throat, a small, broken sound. He felt the hitch in her chest and a smirk touched his lips, his eyes still locked on the television screen.

"There she is. Big soft tits and her nipple's as hard as stone. You can call me vile Janet, but your body is telling the truth."

His other hand shot out, gripping her wrist with a bruising firmness. He drew her hand down, the movement deliberate, dragging her palm across the fabric of his trousers. He made the journey last, forcing her to feel every inch of the tension until her palm rested flat against the denim, directly on top of the heavy length of his cock. The familiar thick and demanding weight she had already soaped, slapped against her tits, and sucked until she gagged. Under the press of her hand, he thickened further, swelling with a sudden surge as if her submission had been the real kickoff of the evening.

"You keep your hand on that bulge, baby." He said it casually, the same tone he'd use to ask her to pass the salt. "Squeeze it all game. That's a slut's duty, when her man's watching the big match. You hold that cock for him and keep it hard and interested. Get it nice and ready for the after-game party."

"You're a pig," she whispered, her fingers twitching against him.

"And yet, you're still squeezing it." He glanced down for a fraction of a second, a look of pure satisfaction, before returning his gaze to the television. "Harder now. You know it doesn't break. You've had both hands, and your lips, wrapped around this monster. You know what it takes to keep it happy."

Janet squeezed. The shape of him answered instantly, a slow swell into her palm. The thick swollen head of his cock defined itself sharply under the denim, pushing back against her until her fingers had to spread wide to maintain the grip he demanded. On the screen somebody scored, and the room filled with a roar Carl would have turned down. Dick didn't even look at it. His thumb kept circling her nipple through the lace, and his mouth went to the side of her head as if the match were a thing happening in another house.

"Look at that little number you've put on for me. Sat down and the whole fight went out of it. Shaved lips on the sofa like you meant to serve them up, alongside the beer. Carl pecked you on the step and drove off proud of himself. Left his wife marked and owned and told himself he'd done a kindness."

"Don't talk about him." Her hand had tightened without her telling it to. The shape under the denim answered, a slow swell into her palm, and she hated that he would be able to call it an answer. "He doesn't know. He would never have left me like this if he did."

"He doesn't know because you keep swallowing the evidence." Dick's eyes went back to the game. "Harder. You ease off every time the guilt turns up. Guilt doesn't keep a cock interested."

She gave him what he asked for, squeezing as hard as she could without physically hurting him. The head defined itself under the denim until her fingers had to spread to hold it. She watched men run up and down a pitch she couldn't have named and felt the wetness arrive without a decision, a slow slick high between her thighs where the lace had rucked. She didn't cross her legs. Crossing them would have pressed it together, and she didn't trust the sound.

His hand left her breast long enough to tap the collar, one finger on the silver.

"This is so much hotter under the light of your own home. CUM SLUT, in the room where your family photos sit staring at you. Pretending you're a hostage, and yet your nipples have been as hard as bullets since you sat."

The match bled out into adverts, neon and too loud, and the last slice sat in the box. Her hand ached in the shape of him. Dick took a swallow of beer and spoke as if he were commenting on the picture.

"Still holding onto it like you're married to it. Whole game, and you didn't ask to stop once. You can call it the situation. But I bet your body is calling it something else right now."

"You don't know what my body calls it." She kept her eyes on the screen.

"I know your thigh's shining." He didn't even look down to prove it; he didn't need to.

Richard turned off the television, the sudden silence ringing in the room. He took a final, slow swallow of beer, his hand still weighing her breast, kneading the soft flesh with a possessive rhythm. Her hand remained clamped on his cock, as if the act of letting go would trigger more demands from him.

"Up," he commanded. "My arse has had enough of your lovely sofa. Time you showed me the bedroom."

The ascent of the stairs was a slow procession. He leaned his weight heavily on her shoulder. In his other hand, the crutch clicked against the carpet, and the brace on his leg ticked. The red lace negligee did exactly what it had been engineered to do; with every step, the hem hiked higher, teasing the air against the lower curve of her ass.

Richard's breath was a hot ghost against the nape of her neck. He leaned in, delivering a low, filthy comment about the view of her cheeks directly into her hair. Once, he abandoned the rail, his hand shooting out to palm her buttock, squeezing the flesh with a force that tested the give of her skin before he returned to the labor of climbing.

At the landing, Janet pushed open the door to the guest room. It was a comfortable space, large double bed, neutral covers, but it was a room that had never known the heat of a coupling.

Richard looked inside, and a short, genuine laugh escaped him, a sound of pure derision.

"Why the fuck would the man of the house sleep in the guest room?"

"Because you're not the man of the house. You're a guest." Janet replied, her voice sounding dry, brittle. "You're not sleeping in our bed... Carl's and mine. There's no way—"

"Me and my girl are in the master suite, sugar tits."

He didn't wait for her response. He was already moving, heading toward the door she had left ajar. He marched toward the lamp, the clean, pressed pillows, and the bed she made every single morning with the corners pulled tight and disciplined.

"There it is. The marital bed. The one he kisses you goodnight in. All soft and sweet like he doesn't know what you really want. Really need."

"No. You can't sleep in there."

The words were weak, but she followed him inside. The argument had already entered the room, thick and suffocating. Richard stopped at the foot of the mattress, surveying it the way he had during the barbecue, browsing, pricing, calculating the value of the conquest. Then he looked at her. One breast nearly spilling out of the lace, her 'CUM SLUT' collar sitting tight against her throat, her mouth set in a line of trembling defiance.

"Don't worry, baby. We won't be doing much sleeping in here," he murmured.

"We can't do this." The plea leaked out of her, a raw sound she couldn't scrub away. "Dick, please. You said if I kept you happy you wouldn't make me. You said you wouldn't demand it."

"I said days ago, in my own house." He leaned the crutch against Carl's dresser. "Different roof, different rules."

"Please. This is our bedroom. Our marriage..." She began, desperately pleading her case.

"You can pack that 'good-wife' speech away, I'm bored of hearing it. You've pretended to be the innocent woman. The prim and proper housewife of the lane. But what you've actually given, is the woman who milked me with her fat tits and gagged on my cock. The slut-wife who ate my ass and then kissed her husband downstairs after it. Who shaved her pussy bald because she wanted to keep me happy. And who fucked herself stupid with a plastic toy while a bunch of strangers jerked off to her."

He stepped closer, his presence filling the room, his voice dropping to a predatory growl.

"You get off on all of this. Get off on being made to do it. You dress like a slut and cream yourself when I talk to you like one. That's not a hostage, Janet. That's a submissive with a dirty mind who loves being shown what she really is."

"I've had no choice," she whispered. The sentence was clean, but it sounded small and pathetic under the warm glow of the bedside lamp. "The video. Junior. I did what the situation forced. That isn't the same as wanting it. Or enjoying any of it. You disgust me. I've found it all repulsive."

"You really expect me to believe that shit?" he said with a laugh, as he sat on the edge of the mattress, the bed groaning under his weight.

"All right then... prove it," he commanded. "Show me how repulsive you find me. How disgusted you feel after squeezing my fat cock for the past hour..."

He smiled up at her, letting his words settle in her. Letting her anxiety build.

"Get up on this bed and spread those legs wide. Prove to me that slutty little pussy isn't dripping wet for me right now. And if it's not, I'll happily take myself back down the hall and lock myself in the guest room for the next four days. I won't lay a single finger on you."

The exit he offered was an engineered trap. As Janet shifted her weight, she felt it, the slick glaze of her arousal sliding against her inner thigh, a humid kiss that betrayed her. The ache that had sparked during the first half of the game had spent the second half writing a manifesto of need across her nerves. She knew that if she lay back, the warm glow of the bedside lamp would do his work for him. The visual evidence of her betrayal would be absolute.

"Yeah, just as I thought," he murmured, his tone dropping because he could see her expression crumbling.

"You're dripping. You've had this big cock in your hand since kickoff, and your needy married cunt has been keeping score the whole time. It wants that stretch. It wants to be fucked and ruined by a real man. It wants to spend the next four days as the toy I use in the very bed your husband fails to satisfy you in."

"I don't enjoy it... It's just a normal reaction," she gasped, her fingers white-knuckled as they gripped the wooden bedpost. "Bodies... they just do it. Cold, heat, a hand... it's biological. It doesn't mean I want you inside me. It doesn't mean I like this."

"It's a normal reaction, for a slut. And it's your body's way of telling you to give it what it needs." He smiled, a curve of the lips.

Then, he dropped a word Carl used in the privacy of the sitting room when he thought the walls were thick enough to absorb the racial slur.

"It's a natural reaction for a snowbunny who wants to try some proper nigger cock."

"Don't say that word." The flinch was real, a shudder that racked her frame, but it did nothing to dry her. "Don't you dare use that word in this house."

"What's it to be Jan?... show me you aren't drenched and we can put an end to this whole argument." He leaned back on his hands, his jeans strained and tight over the thick length she had been squeezing. He looked patient, relaxed, like a man who already owned the deed to the property. "Or just admit defeat and come join me on your marital bed... Your pussy gets the deciding vote, Janet."

Janet stood frozen at the foot of the bed she had shared for so many years with Carl. Her red negligee was rucked up, her collar felt like a brand, and her heels were planted in her own expensive carpet. With every humiliating word he spoke, the slickness between her legs pulsed, answering him.

She wanted to scream. To call Carl up and tell him he was an idiot, for agreeing to let him stay. To message Junior and curse him for the stupidity that led to all of this. This wasn't her fault, none of it was. Everything she'd done was because of them, and for them, she told herself.

"Please," she scraped out, her voice sounding broken. "Dick. We can share the bed. But... we can't go all the way. Not in here. Not... not like this."

Fifteen Minutes

He let her plea hang in the heavy air between them, stretching the silence just long enough for a flicker of desperate hope to ignite in her chest.

"Balls have been aching all night," he said, his voice mild, as if he were commenting on the overcast weather over Oakridge Lane. "Your hand on me through the whole match. Squeezing and teasing, again and again. You kept me rock hard for hours and you didn't even let me finish. That's a cruel way to treat a guest, Janet."

"Then I'll—" She cut herself off, the words dying in her throat. Every offer in this house had a hidden cost, a jagged edge, and she could already hear the price tag being calculated in his head.

"That slutty mouth." He tipped his gaze toward her lips, nude, swollen, and bitten raw from her own anxiety. "Reckon you could suck this thick load out of me in minutes, if you really tried."

He raised his thumb to her mouth, and pressed it on her bottom lip, pressing it down, spreading the wetness as if he was coating it himself. He pushed the thick digit further inside her mouth, until it rested on her tongue and looked deep into her eyes.

Janet felt disgusted. Those dirty hands, that thumb in her mouth. But with his eye contact and his assertion, she knew what he wanted her to do. And rather this, than opening her legs. She closed her lips around the thumb and began to suck on it hard. Her eyes locked deep into his, putting on a show for him, as mouth and tongue worked to show him what she was capable of.

Get him hard. Get him off. And then I can sleep and keep him away from my pussy, she thought.

"There she is. That's the nasty girl I've been waiting to see again," he said encouraging her. "You like making Daddy happy, don't you?"

Janet didn't want to answer, she just sucked his thumb harder and managed to moan a "mmm-hmmm"

"I think it's time to put that mouth to test, baby girl. You give me the sloppiest, nastiest and deepest head. You make me cum within fifteen minutes, and we can call it a night. I sleep, you sleep, and nobody's pussy gets wrecked before morning. Fair?"

The door opened in front of her and offered her pussy a way out, at least for tonight. Fifteen minutes. She had broken him before; she knew the animal sounds he made when he was on the edge. She knew exactly how her throat felt when it tightened around him.

Four days of his thick cock hammering her into submission, or a quarter of an hour on her knees. The arithmetic was ugly, but devastatingly simple.

"And if I can't?" she whispered.

"If you can't, that weeping little pussy finally gets the pounding it's been soaking itself for all week." He smiled and patted the wool carpet between his boots. "Clock starts when your lips do. Don't waste time arguing. You've already got me hard and edging for the past hour or two, take advantage of the head start."

She went down. The carpet was plush and soft under her knees. Richard didn't move to help her; his hands remained flat on the mattress, bracing himself. He was going to make her do every bit of the work, and the realization of his total detachment went through her hotter than a hand gripping her hair.

She reached for his belt, the metallic clink of the clip sounding like a handcuff locking into place. The zip followed and he lifted his hips just enough for her to drag the heavy denim and the boxers down to his mid-thighs, brace and all.

It was a clumsy, ugly unveiling, but it ended with the cock she had been squeezing all evening springing upward against his gut. Dark. Vein-ridged and pulsing with a life of its own. The head was already glistening, slick from an hour of her palm, a thick bead of pre-cum sitting in the slit as if it had been waiting for her mouth to catch up with her hand. His balls heavy and full beneath the shaft, shaved and tight, radiating the ache he had described.

Janet stared at it, and on her own marital bed, couldn't help but compare it to the cock she normally saw in this room. Carl was a polite handful, a soft apology of a man. This was a weapon that promised destruction. She hated the timing of her own thoughts.

"Time won't start if you just keep staring," he commanded, his voice dropping to a growl. "Open up and get to work."

She spat into her palm—pride was a luxury that moved slower than the clock. She stroked him once, twice, using the rhythmic, gripping motion the shower had taught her, and then she went to lean in, pausing as a thought crossed her mind. She pulled back again, a little smile pulling across her face, as she began to stroke harder.

"What you waiting for? Get those lips wrapped around that cock." he demanded.

"You said it yourself." Her voice came out filthier than the sentence deserved. "The fifteen minutes don't start until my lips do. So this doesn't count. This is just me being thorough."

"Janet."

"An hour or two of edging." She spat again, a thick strand onto the head, and worked it in until the stroke made a wet sound in the tidy room. Her other hand came up under him and cupped his balls, heavy, hot, the ache he had complained about sitting in her palm like a weight she could use. She rolled them, thumb pressing the spot behind them that had made his breath change at the BBQ, while Carl laughed in the garden.

"You handed me a head start and then told me to take it. I'm taking it."

His thigh jumped against the brace. She kept her eyes on his and the stroke stayed messy. Spit ran over her knuckles and into the crease of his thigh. She squeezed the head on every upstroke, the way she had learned made him groan, and his hand twitched on the mattress as if it wanted her hair and hadn't been invited.

"Look at you," she said, and the contempt wouldn't quite hold, not with his balls filling her hand and the shine of him on her wrist. "Big mean man, who can't even sit still for my hand. You going to cum like this? Before I've even put you in my mouth? That would be a shame. I'd win and I wouldn't have had to taste you."

"Don't get clever with me, you little whore."

"I'm already clever... too clever for you." she teased, speeding up, her thumb rubbing the underside of the head while her fingers milked the shaft, balls drawn up tighter in her other palm. A fresh bead pushed out of the slit and she smeared it down, filthy and deliberate, and watched his mouth open on a breath he didn't get to turn into a joke.

"You said I had you edging. So edge. Squirm. I'm not starting your clock until I know you are going to lose control and explode."

He lasted longer than she expected, which she hated and counted as proof. Then his stomach pulled in, the cock kicked hard in her fist, and the patience left his face. His hand came off the mattress and into her hair, a fist of platinum at the crown, and he dragged her down onto him with a grunt that was half laugh and half need.

The head pushed her lips open. Salt, heat, the thickness she had just been bragging she could withhold. Her startled sound went into the shaft, and his phone, face up beside his thigh, flickered as his thumb hit the timer.

"Time," he said, voice rough, holding her there while the numbers began to fall. "Clever girl... Now suck that black dick. You've got fifteen minutes and a head start. Let's see what you can do with it."

She had won something. She felt it even with her mouth full, a small dirty victory sitting under the gag. He had squirmed. He had been the one desperate to start the clock, not her.

Then he guided her down another inch, the head knocking her throat, and the victory narrowed into the work. She pushed forward, sliding down the shaft until the head knocked against the back of her throat, forcing her eyes to water and her breath to catch.

She pulled off with a loud, wet pop, and then dove back down, deeper this time, setting a frantic pace.

Spit gathered fast, flooding her mouth. She didn't swallow; sloppy was the brief. She made it filthy, thick strings of saliva connecting her lips to the dark shaft every time she came up for air. While her mouth worked the head, her hand twisted at the base where her throat couldn't reach, and her other hand cupped his heavy balls, rolling them firmly between her fingers.

"There you go." His voice had filled with a deep satisfaction. One hand settled on the back of her head, resting there with a heavy weight. "That's the sound of a girl who knows she's on the clock. Get it wet, Janet. I want to hear every filthy slide of it."

She heard it. The entire room seemed to amplify the sound. There was a wet, obscene glide as she worked him, the sharp catch in her throat when she pushed past the point of comfort, venturing into the territory of a gag. She fought to turn the reflex into a moan, a desperate sound, because she knew from experience that her submission was the fastest way to make him cum.

Fifteen minutes, she told herself, eyes squeezed shut, her jaw already beginning to ache from the stretch. Make him cum and it's over. Then I can still tell myself I didn't let him fuck me.

"Look at me."

The command was absolute. She pulled back, her lips glistening and parted. She looked up at him, seeing the way his smile had gone narrow and cruel. His cock was a glistening, pulsing pillar of dark flesh, coated in her saliva.

"Talk," he commanded, his voice a low rasp. "I don't have the patience for your silence tonight. Tell me exactly what you're doing to me. You know how hot I find it when you talk dirty to me."

The words were a tool, a weapon she had learned to wield while on her knees in that red dress, smacking him against her nipples to speed up his release. She used them now with that same desperate hope.

"I'm sucking on your huge black cock," she whispered, though the breathlessness ruined the contempt she wanted to inject into the words.

She leaned forward, licking a slow, deliberate stripe up the underside of the shaft, tasting the salt and the musk, before taking him back into her mouth. And mumbling more dirty talk around his shaft. "It's so big and thick... You wanted it sloppy. You're making me drool and drip down my chin, while I choke on it."

"Better." His fingers tightened in her hair, tugging her head forward. "Deeper. And say it like you mean to finish me, not like you're reading a list."

She dove down, pushing until her nose pressed into the smooth, shaved skin at the base of his shaft. She held herself there, her throat fluttering and contracting around the head, her eyes watering as she fought the urge to retch. She pulled off with a wet cough, a thick rope

of spit bridging the gap before falling onto his balls. She smeared the saliva back up the shaft with her tongue.

"You like this mouth, don't you?" she said, her voice muffled as she began stroking him fast, the head of his cock bumping against her lips between sentences.

"You like having your big black cock in a white wife's throat. In her own fucking bedroom. You sat on my husband's sofa. Drinking his beer and watching his TV, while his slutty wife squeezed on your dick to keep you happy. Is it working? Are you close to cumming for another man's wife?... Come on. Give it to me. Cum down my throat and show me how Dick Long likes to treat his married slut..."

He groaned, a low, animal sound that vibrated through her hand. She chased that sound. She went faster, wetter, spitting directly onto the head and working it in with a frantic intensity, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked. One hand pumped the base where her mouth couldn't reach, while the other tugged and rolled his balls in the same rhythm he had demanded when he told her to slurp them over Carl's pillow.

Below, her pussy was a soaking mess, rubbing against nothing but the wool carpet. She refused to touch herself. Touching it would have been a confession of pleasure, a surrender that the clock didn't require.

"Fuck. That's it. Nasty little snowbunny. Choke on that dark meat... Fuck you feel so fucking good."

She choked. She did it on purpose the third time, creating a wet, suffocating gluck around the head, and his hips bucked off the mattress an inch. He was close. She could feel it in the violent kick of the shaft, the way the head swelled even harder against her tongue, and the way his breath had shifted from arrogant commentary to raw, desperate need.

Hope surged through her, bright and filthy. She had him. Another minute. Maybe less.

The hope was shattered by a sharp, rhythmic trill.

Her phone was resting on Carl's dresser, and the ringtone was the specific tone Janet reserved for her husband and no one else. On pure, panicked instinct, Janet pulled away. She turned her head toward the noise, her breath coming in ragged, shallow gasps.

"No." His voice wasn't a shout; it was a low, final decree. "You're on a clock, Janet. Get back on it."

"That's Carl," she whispered, her voice trembling, eyes darting toward the vibrating device.

"I know exactly who it is." Dick shifted and reached out to snatch the phone before the ringing could cease. The screen illuminated his fingers, casting a cold, blue glow over his skin. His thumb hovered over the green icon.

"Eight minutes left. You want to spend them chatting with your husband, or do you want to spend them saving that tight pussy from what I'll do to it if you lose?"

Janet stared at the cock. It was pulsing in front of her mouth, the head an angry, swollen red, glistening with her spit. The phone continued to ring in his hand. If she didn't answer,

Carl would worry, he'd call again, or call a neighbour to come check on her if he thought something had happened. Dick's thumb moved.

"Dick, don't—"

He swiped. Speaker.

The icon lit up, and Carl's voice exploded into the bedroom at a volume meant for a car's Bluetooth system, loud and jarringly domestic.

"Janet? You there?"

"Carl." Dick's tone shifted instantly, morphing into something almost neighbourly, a mask of suburban politeness. He looked down at Janet, his eyes dark and mocking, and pointedly tapped the head of his cock against her lips. "Richard here. Janet left the phone on the side here."

There was a beat of road noise on the other end, the hum of tires on asphalt. Then Carl, caught off guard and instinctively polite, responded. "Richard. Everything all right at the house? Where's Jan?"

"Couldn't be better here." Dick's hand tightened in her hair, guiding her mouth back toward the glistening shaft. Janet resisted for a fraction of a second, her eyes wide with terror, but Dick simply tapped the timer on his own phone, which sat beside his thigh. Six minutes and some change. The numbers were bleeding away.

"Your wife went up to sort the guest room," Dick continued, his voice smooth as silk. "Fresh sheets, she said. She's been very attentive."

Janet took him in. She had no choice. The math of the deal hadn't changed. She sealed her lips around the crown and sank, moving slower than before, desperate to be silent. But the silence was a lie; the amount of saliva she had already laid on him created a soft slurp as she slid down the shaft. Dick's stomach jumped with a swallowed laugh, a silent vibration of triumph. He stroked her hair with a mock tenderness, as if he were soothing a frightened animal.

"Glad to hear it," Carl said, his voice warm. "I felt rotten leaving it all on her at the last minute. You're comfortable? She get you settled?"

"Getting there." Dick's hips rolled, a small, calculated upward push that seated the broad head of his cock deep against her throat. Janet's eyes watered, the pressure triggering her gag reflex. A wet, guttural click escaped her, a sound of pure submission, and she hated herself for it, but she didn't pull away. She couldn't.

"Very thorough woman, your Janet. Doesn't do a job by halves."

"That's her." Carl laughed, a fond, unsuspecting sound. "Tell her not to fuss. The guest room's fine as it is. I just wanted to say I'd stopped for petrol. Going to drive another couple of hours and then find a motel. Feeling bad for abandoning her with you... no offence."

"None taken. Trust me, I would have been happy to stay on my own. But I'm glad she's here to take care of me, I'm a lucky man." He smiled down at her, tears smudging her cheeks, with his cock lodged in her throat. "But she seems to be pretty happy... from what I've seen... I'll call up to her, and let her know you're on the phone."

"Janet? Carl's on the phone... says he's feeling guilty for abandoning you!" he shouted, his voice booming, pretending he was calling upstairs to her.

The shock of the shout caused Janet to moan before she could kill the sound. It was a muffled, wet noise that vibrated directly into his shaft. Dick's eyelids dipped in pleasure.

On the phone, Carl paused, the road noise suddenly prominent.

"What was that?"

"Film." Dick didn't miss a beat. He began to thrust, fucking her mouth in little, wet strokes while he spoke. "Some sappy rubbish she left on the television. The remote's all the way over on Janet's couch, and my knee's not going to let me get to it, so I'm stuck watching until the lady of the house finishes her tasks."

"She does like her romantic movies." Carl sounded embarrassed for the television, his voice tinged with a slight, awkward chuckle.

Another deep stroke sent a surge of saliva cascading over her chin, dripping in thick threads onto his heavy balls. Janet didn't pull away. She sucked harder, her cheeks hollowing, driven by a desperate need to win. The timer on the phone beside his thigh was a glowing red insult, the seconds bleeding away. She told herself that if she could force him to cum before that clock hit zero, she could claim some shred of victory, even with Carl listening, even with her dignity in tatters.

On the third aggressive push, her throat opened. The head of his cock slammed against the back of her soft palate, triggering a violent, muffled gag. It was a filthy sound, trapped in the cavern of her mouth. She fought the reflex, swallowing around the thick shaft, and felt him swell further, his cock pulsing with a sudden, hard intensity against her tonsils.

"Janet still not there yet?" Carl's voice crackled through the speaker, sounding small and distant against the backdrop of the road noise. "Can you call her again?"

"Actually, here she comes down the stairs now." Dick's voice was a purr of triumph. He tapped the timer. Two minutes. He didn't release her; he kept her pinned, his cock lodged deep in her throat, her nose pressed firmly into the musky scent of his groin, her hands braced white-knuckled against his muscular thighs.

He raised his voice, theatrical and mocking, projecting for the phone. "Hold on, Carl. She's got her mouth full. Think we caught her eating a late-night snack."

Carl laughed. It was a warm sound, the laugh of a man who believed the world was a safe, honest place. "She always did have a sweet tooth. Don't let me interrupt. Jan, just wanted you to know I'm safe and make sure you're ok."

Dick's finger hovered over the screen. One minute. He eased her back an inch, just enough for her to gasp for air. The shaft emerged from her mouth shining and slick. He didn't speak; he simply mouthed the words, his eyes dark and commanding: Say goodnight.

Janet came off him with a sharp, wrecked gasp that seemed to fill the entire room. She was shaking, her breath coming in ragged hitches, a silver thread of saliva still hanging from her chin. As she dragged in a lungful of air, the timer on the phone flipped to zero.

Dick tilted the screen toward her. A small, pleased smirk played on his lips. *Lost*.

"I'm here," she managed to choke out. Her voice was destroyed, wet and sounding completely spent. She heard the fragility in it, and she knew Carl would hear it too.

"Hey honey... are you ok? You sound out of breath?" Carl asked, his tone shifting from fond to concerned.

The dam broke, but only partially. The anger and the humiliation surged up, twisting into a distorted version of the truth.

"I'm breathless because you forced me into this," she snapped, her voice trembling. "You gave me no choice."

"No choice for what?" Carl's worry arrived a second late, the way all his worries did, always lagging behind the reality of his life. "Jan? You sound like you've been running."

She looked up at the cock. It was huge, dark and shining in her saliva and efforts. It pointed directly at her mouth, a rigid pillar of flesh that made the last fifteen minutes feel like a cruel joke he had told with his balls. The true words, the ones about the video, the blackmail, the filth she had just endured, pressed against the back of her teeth. They were words that would incinerate her marriage and destroy her son's life in a single sentence. She swallowed them, the taste of Dick's cock still coating her tongue.

"Cancelling the trip on me," she lied, her voice regaining a sharp, defensive edge. "Making me stay here to play host. I should have been spending time with Junior, and you. Instead I'm running around... changing sheets. Look, we can talk later. I need to go and get ready for bed."

"All right." He didn't push. He never pushed; he simply drifted with the current she set for him. "I'm sorry, honey... Get some sleep. I'll ring in the morning. Love you."

The line went dead and Dick watched her. Janet stared at the phone screen. Carl's name was there, alongside the photo of the three of them on a beach, a snapshot of a life where nobody had been on their knees, where the air was clean and the roles were simple.

Dick gave himself one slow stroke, spreading her spit across the crown, and looked at her with the same owning gaze he had used when staring at the guest-room door.

"Dick, please..." she whispered. It was all she had left. A protest, a plea, the beginning of a bargain she had already spent the currency for.

"Yeah." He smiled, and the smile was devoid of any hurry. The game was over, and the prize was hers to endure. "Dick is exactly what you're going to be getting."

Broken

He was still smiling when she stood up.

The timer on his phone lay discarded on the bed, a dead, glowing zero that served as a digital tombstone for her dignity. Janet's knees gave an audible pop as she rose, her muscles trembling from the strain of kneeling before him. The red lace strap of her negligee had slid completely off one shoulder, exposing the pale curve of her breast, and the shiny remnants of drool and spit sat on her chin and chest.

The echo of Carl's voice still haunted the air, that fond "love you", and beneath it, the sound of her own muffled, wet gagging while she lied to her husband about changing the sheets.

"I need a minute," she whispered, her voice a shred of its former self.

"You've had fifteen." Dick stated. "That pussy belongs to me now."

"I don't belong to anybody!" Her voice sounded steadier than her legs felt, though the tremor was still there, deep in her chest. "You won ok. I heard you. But I'm not climbing onto that bed with cock-spit on my chin and my husband's voice still vibrating in the air. I'm going to use the bathroom and you can sit there and be pleased with yourself. I'll be back."

Dick's gaze shifted from the ensuite door back to her lips.

"One minute," he commanded. "Door stays unlocked. You come back ready for action, or I come in and take you on the cold tile instead."

She retreated into the bathroom and pushed the door closed. The lighting in the ensuite was bright white LEDs they used for flossing and grooming, and it stripped away the forgiving shadows of the bedroom lamp. The mirror offered no mercy. There was a glistening smear of saliva on her chin. Her lips were flushed and swollen. The red lace of her negligee was crooked, clinging precariously to her skin, and the silver letters of the collar sat on her throat as if they had always belonged there, as if she had been born to wear them in this house.

Carl had kissed her on the front step, driving off with a proud, oblivious smile, believing in the stability of their arrangement. A few hours later, his voice had filtered through a speaker while Dick's thick cock was slamming against her tonsils, telling her he loved her, telling her he felt rotten for leaving her alone.

She twisted the tap. Cold. The water shocked her skin as she splashed her face. The soap scrubbed the shine from her chin, but it couldn't reach the taste lingering at the back of her tongue. Her jaw ached with a dull heat, and her throat still remembered the thrusting thickness of his head. Every time she swallowed, she felt the ghost of him sliding down her oesophagus.

Between her legs, the slickness had not abated. As she shifted her weight, the wetness answered her, a humiliating kiss of moisture against her inner thighs.

Her body had reacted to her submission. It had thrived on the degrading talk she had initially used as a tool for survival, only to realize her pussy had reacted to it. Her core had clenched in a needy spasm the moment he swelled in her throat while Carl laughed about her "sweet tooth," and that clench had not been born of fear.

She gripped the edge of the porcelain basin until the shaking stopped in her wrists, refusing to let her other hand drift down to where the betrayal was happening.

Not want, she told herself, her eyes locked on her own reflection. *A reaction. A biological response.*

Her body didn't argue; it betrayed. It pulsed once, a deep throb of unwanted arousal that surged when she pictured the scale of what was waiting for her on her bed.

This is the line, she told the mirror, her voice a ghost of a whisper. She tried to make the sentence sound like a decree, a boundary, rather than the desperate plea of a woman drowning in her own contradictions.

I can give myself to that pervert and still be Carl's wife, as long as he doesn't finish inside me. If he wears a condom, a part of me remains Carl's. That is the version of me that I can keep.

The rest was simply a debt. A filthy, compounding interest on a loan she hadn't asked for, laid out on the table for payment. And she was paying it, one shameful act after the other.

She reached for the collar first. The leather had warmed, moulding to the curve of her throat, absorbing her heat and her sweat. As she unbuckled it, it left an indented mark against her skin, a ghostly brand. Removing it felt like a victory, but one so small it was almost embarrassing; a tiny, pathetic reclamation of territory. He hadn't even commanded her to wear it tonight. She had fastened it herself in the bedroom, knowing exactly what kept him sweet and happy.

She refused to walk back into that room branded.

The negligee followed, peeled over her head and discarded on the floor. The bathroom air hit her skin, sending a chill through her.

She left the red heels on and reached for the silk robe hanging from the back of the door. It was the pale, innocent thing she wore when she showered and prepared to slide into bed beside Carl. She wrapped it tight, the fabric closing over her breasts and stopping at mid-thigh, the belt knotted in a secure, domestic bow.

In the mirror, if she ignored the red puffiness of her mouth and the cooling slick of arousal she could feel sliding down her inner thigh, she looked like a wife. She looked like a woman who had simply come in to wash her face before sleep.

She allowed herself to believe the lie of the robe for as long as it took her hand to find the door handle. Under the silk, she was already rehearsing the only condition she had left to

bargain with. He could have her body and her dignity on that bed. But he couldn't finish inside her. A condom was her last compromise. One of the last few borders she could keep.

But when she stepped back into the bedroom, she realized one of the borders had already been breached.

He had used her minute to colonise her space. He was sprawled naked across the bed, propped up against Carl's pillow. His bald head rested on the linen, his thick hairy chest heaving slowly, his heavy gut rising and falling with it. And there it was: the thick, dark cock still fully hard and arrogant, pointing toward the ceiling as if it were waiting for her. One arm was flung behind his head, the other resting loose and possessive on his stomach.

He looked enormous, ugly, and entirely at home. A dirty stain that the glow of the bedside lamp could not civilise. The marital bed had already surrendered to his weight, sinking under him just as the sofa had.

Janet froze in the doorway. The silk robe suddenly felt like a costume, a flimsy piece of theatre she had put on for a man who no longer existed in this room. Carl's side of the mattress was gone, erased by the physical presence of the intruder. A stranger's fat ass occupied the place where she slept, where she dreamed, where she felt safe.

His eyes drifted to her throat, scanning the exposed skin where the leather had been. The absence of the collar landed, but it didn't move him an inch. He didn't look disappointed; he looked amused, as if she had tried to fight a landslide with a handheld fan.

"Where's your collar?" His voice was a low, gravelly rumble. "Or is this your way of saying you're upgrading from cum slut, to cock slut?"

"It's on the cistern." Janet remained in the doorway, her heels planted firmly in the carpet. She tried to project a strength she didn't feel, her voice trembling only slightly.

"You won. You wanted me, and you're getting me. But I am not wearing that brand for this. You don't get to name me while you do it. Not in this room. Not on this bed."

Dick laughed; a short, dismissive sound that stripped the dignity from her declaration.

"You think that buckle is the brand?" He held her eye contact as he spoke. "You can take that off and you're still the woman who gagged on me while her husband talked on the phone. The collar is just a toy, Janet. A piece of jewellery for a girl playing dress-up."

He shifted, the mattress groaning under his mass.

"What I'm going to fuck into you... what I'm going to leave etched into your soul, that's your real branding. A Big Black Cock slut. A size queen. A Queen of Spades who needs this dark meat more than she needs the love of her own family. That's who you're going to be when this is over... The collar you can unclip. The rest? That's who you really are. Who you'll be."

"It will not." She emphasised every syllable. "I'll be me. I'll never be those things. You can have these four days, but you don't get to rename the woman who walks out of them."

"Let's find out then, shall we?" He patted his thick, hairy thigh, then slapped the mattress beside him. "Stop hovering in the door like a guest in your own house. Get over here and take care of your man."

"Have you got condoms?" She asked, eyebrows raised.

Dick just looked at her as if she had told a ridiculous joke, laughing and that ugly laugh of his.

"You've got to be kidding me? You think I want that pussy with rubber around me, spoiling all the fun?" He stated.

"You have the Magnums. From the shopping... I left them in your kitchen." She reminded him.

"Ha. Those are for emergencies." He laughed. "Bedsides, they are back at the house. And the house is a no go area until the valve is fixed. So quit your stalling and get the wet pussy on this dick."

Janet sighed, and took a deep, defeated breath before she crossed the carpet. The silk sliding over her bare skin with a whisper.

At the dresser, she opened Carl's drawer. It smelled of cedar and old cologne. She pushed past the cufflinks and the indigestion tablets to the very back, finding the small, discreet box he had bought years ago, the one they almost never used. Three foil packets remained. Standard. The size a careful man bought for a careful, unremarkable marriage.

"You didn't bring any..." she said, her voice tight. "but If this happens, it happens with these."

Dick looked at the small foil squares in her fingers, and a laugh erupted from deep in his chest, warm, mocking, and utterly awful.

"Sure, baby. If you can make those white boy condoms fit." He leaned back on his hands, presenting his size to her. "I'm fucking that body of yours either way. A rubber is your preference, not mine. And if the preference doesn't fit... this thing is still going down."

"It isn't a preference, it's a necessity." She tore the first packet with a sharp snap. The condom ring was small in her palm, a pale, translucent circle that had always fit Carl with room to spare. "You want what's under this robe, you try wearing these. That's the terms."

"Put it on, then." His eyes remained locked on her hands, his expression one of curiosity. "I'm not helping. I want to watch a wife discover the problem all by herself."

Janet stepped into the V of his knees. With the condom in her hand, his cock seemed even more imposing than it had been in her throat. She pressed the ring against the crown and tried to roll the latex down.

It caught.

The latex met the flare of the glans and stopped dead, a pale, rubbery noose that refused to clear the width of him. She pinched the reservoir, remembering the instructions from the

leaflet all those years ago, and pulled with a focused intensity. The ring whitened, stretching to its absolute limit, but not enough. She tried again, jamming both thumbs inside the band to force it over the head, but the girth was an immovable wall. A tremor ran through her arms, her breath catching in her throat. In her struggle, the robe had fallen open at the belt; one big tit was now completely bare, the nipple hard and dark, and she didn't have a free hand to close the fabric.

"Roll it," he said, his tone pleasant, almost encouraging. "You've got the idea, Janet. It just needs the tiny little white dick that was built for it. Carl's tiny clitty."

"Shut up, don't say his name." The words were a jagged whisper, a desperate attempt to reclaim a shred of authority. She pulled harder, her knuckles white, her breath coming in shallow, panicked hitches. The latex band crept a fraction of an inch onto the flare of the glans, strangling the color out of the rubber until it was a translucent, ghostly white. For one heartbeat, she thought it would yield. Then, the sheath tore apart and with a soft twang, the ring snapped back down the head, recoiling like a failed rubber band and sitting uselessly at the ridge, far too small to encompass the sheer mass of him.

Below the waist, her pussy answered. A pulse, sharp and traitorous, rippled through her walls, as if it had witnessed the failure and approved of it. She clenched on nothing, a phantom contraction that sent a surge of hot, thick slickness gathering between her thighs. The shame was immediate, a hot flush that climbed her neck, but it didn't stop the second, greedier clench.

No, she told herself, her mind screaming against the betrayal of her own anatomy. That isn't want. That's just shock. A condom breaking is not a compliment.

Her body didn't listen to her correction. It only throbbed harder, the wetness dripping, painting her inner thighs with a scent that smelled of surrender.

"Again," she breathed, the word more of a prayer to a god she didn't believe in than a command to the man watching her. She threw the ruined condom away and tore the second foil packet with her teeth, the sharp snap of plastic echoing in the quiet room.

This time, she stretched the rubber first. She pulled the band between her fingers until her joints ached, trying to force a Carl-sized circle to become a mouth wide enough to swallow this monster. It looked ridiculous in her trembling hands, a pale, strained drum she was widening for a dark cock that had already spent the evening stretching her throat. She set it to the head and pushed. The latex climbed, reluctant and fighting, a thin, artificial skin trying to civilise something that refused to be tamed. Halfway over the crown, it went tight as a piano wire.

"Look at your face," Dick murmured, his voice a low, predatory purr. "Mean little mouth. Hands shaking. And that pussy just fluttered. I felt the air change, Janet. You're wetter now than you were on the sofa."

"I'm not." The lie was thin. The head of his cock looked enormous under the strain, the veins standing out like cords, the condom ring cutting deep into the flesh. The sight of her marriage's rubber failing so spectacularly against him went through her belly like a physical blow. She gave one final, desperate pull.

The latex gave a high, ugly shriek.

It split.

The tear ran violently from the reservoir down over the crown. His cock sprang free through it, darker and thicker without the constraint. Janet stared, mesmerised by the raw physicality of it. The pulse came again, harder this time, a greedy, rhythmic clench low in her cunt that vibrated all the way to her knees.

Too big for the thing Carl wears comfortably.

The power of that realization sat in the room like a heavy scent, suffocating and intoxicating. Her mind screamed no, it spoke of her vows, of the line she had told she wouldn't cross. But her pussy answered the size in one wet, appreciative throb, shameless and starving, as if it had been waiting all its life to be shown the true measurement of a man.

She hated it. She hated that she was being undone by a piece of rubber and the cock of the man she despised. And she hated that he saw her struggles.

"Don't you dare look at me like that. It broke because they're cheap. Not because..." she started, her voice thin and brittle.

"Because they were bought for a four-inch husband." He finished for her, reaching down, and removing the scraps of condom from his shaft.

The third ring looked smaller than the first, or perhaps it was just her perception warping under the tension. She fitted it anyway, her thumbs hauling the band wide, the heel of her hand braced hard against his thick thigh for leverage. Her robe had fallen completely open now; both breasts were bare, nipples hard and aching in the cool air, her heels planted firmly between his feet.

The latex climbed the head. It held for a single, breathless second. She saw the rubber go from pale to a strained, blinding white; she saw the flare of the glans fighting the material, and she felt that awful, grateful flutter again, the moment of anticipation just before the crash.

It snapped at the crown.

The rip was louder this time, a sharp crack that sounded like a surrender. The cock slapped back against his heavy gut. The ruined rubber hung off her fingers like a shed skin, a piece of dead waste.

On the sheet, the other two lay where they had failed. Three broken circles of a marriage that no longer fit. Janet stood between his knees, her robe undone, her body exposed and leaking, with Carl's last condom in pieces at her feet. The ache between her legs worse than she could ever remember it.

"That's it. You've used up all your lives, princess."

His voice was a low rumble. He reached out, his fingers hooking into the silk belt of her robe. With one sharp tug, he ripped it from her waist, letting the fabric slide uselessly to

the floor in a heap of discarded modesty. He gripped her hips, hauling her forward until her bare, trembling thigh collided with the searing heat of his shaft.

“Now it’s time for this tight white pussy to finally get what it’s been needing...”

“Please...” The word was a fragile whisper that carried no weight against the gravity of his presence.

He didn't listen. He seized her and forced her down onto the bed, the mattress dipping under their combined weight. He shifted his position, pinning her beneath him and wrenching her legs wide. He paused for a moment, simply admiring the wreckage of her resolve. He drank in the sight of her: the profound shame etched into her features, her heavy breasts rising and falling in erratic, panicked heaves, and her shaved pussy, glistening and swollen, weeping a translucent flood of need.

“Look at you,” he murmured, his eyes dark with a cruel, focused lust. “All spread open, soaking wet, and ready for me. Fuck... I want to eat you so badly right now, taste every drop of that desperation. But I think I’ve kept your needy little pussy waiting for too long.”

He crept forward, the heat of him radiating against her, and hooked her legs high up onto his broad shoulders, folding her body in half.

“I’m going to flood this pussy with so much cum,” he growled, his voice thick with promise, “that your husband’s tiny dick will still be swimming in it months from now.”

“No... please, you can’t cum inside...” she protested, a last-ditch effort to maintain a boundary that had already been erased.

His response was immediate. He lifted his cock and slapped it heavily against her clit. The wet thwack of flesh on flesh made her moan in a shock of pure, electric pleasure. He pressed his heavy balls firmly against the scorching heat of her opening, then laid his shaft flat, letting the length of it stretch all the way up over her belly button.

“Look how much of Dick’s dick you’re going to be getting,” he commanded, forcing her to look down at her own body.

Janet whimpered, a broken sound of surrender, as she stared at the obscene scale of him pressed against her pale stomach. He looked monstrous, a pillar of dark, veined muscle that made her feel fragile and small. Below, her pussy was fluttering in greedy spasms against his balls, begging for the intrusion.

As he adjusted himself, ready to take her, Janet didn't move or protest. The head of his cock rested right at the threshold of her entrance; huge, bare, and pulsing. It was a raw force of nature that her marriage had no size for, a measurement of manhood that rendered Carl an afterthought. Her eyes were still wide, still screaming no, still clinging to the wreckage of her vows. But her pussy was already pulling, dripping, and pulsing in a frantic, rhythmic yes... and they both knew exactly which one he was going to listen to.

Don't Stop

"No," she said, and the word came out thin. "Dick. I don't know if we can..."

"We can."

He didn't thrust. Instead he rolled his hips in a slow, deliberate seating motion. The thick, blunt swollen head began to spread her. The stretch was immediate and like nothing she had ever known. Carl had always been a warmth, a gentle polite slide. This was different. This was size and force, designed to find out exactly how much a wife could handle, after a week of being psychologically dismantled and sexually teased.

Her mouth opened and a sound came out that wasn't the 'no' she had been rehearsing. He heard it. Of course he heard it.

"There she is," he murmured, his voice dropping into a pleased, ugly register. "A pussy that's never had a real man in it. Fuck, you're tight. Gripping that cock-head like you don't know what to do with it, and soaking it at the same time. You're begging for it, Janet, and you haven't even let me in yet."

"I'm not begging," she gasped. Her hands were braced against his shoulders, but her fingers weren't pushing him away; they were clutching him. "It's just... too big."

He ignored her, driving another inch deeper.

The world went white at the edges of her vision. She felt herself open around him in a slow yield, the delicate lips of her pussy dragged wide around a girth her fingers hadn't even been able to encircle. There was a searing burn of friction, but beneath the burn, a melt began, her own traitorous slickness lubricating the path, making the entry a little easier than her mind would ever allow.

The sound that tore from her throat wasn't the refusal she had armed herself with.

"Oh... god," It was thin, shocked, and utterly honest. She tried to bite it off, but the moan finished anyway, a broken 'oh fuck' pressed against his shoulder. Instinctively, her hips tipped a fraction, not to escape the intrusion, but to accommodate it.

"Listen to you," he whispered, freezing his movement. He let her feel the weight of that inch, letting the flutter of her walls pulse around the head of his cock where she could no longer pretend it was a flinch. "Your mind is doing the 'good wife' act, but your pussy is sucking me in. You feel that? That's not me forcing it, princess. That's you pulling me. And that little 'oh fuck'... you don't make those sounds for a man you don't want."

"It isn't true," she cried, the full shape of the denial sounding desperate. "I don't want this. I don't want you. My body doesn't know what I want..."

Another inch. He sank it on the word *want*, and the word broke into a gasp she couldn't dress as pain. The head of his cock dragged along a deep, sensitive spot that Carl had never reached, creating a heavy pressure, and the clench that answered it was greedy, a reflexive, starving grip.

She felt it. He felt it. The wet sound of the slow push filled the tidy room, a soft filthy kiss of her cunt taking what it had been weeping for since she stood before him in her living room, in that red lace.

Stop, she told her body. Stop opening. Stop making that noise. This is just debt. This is for Junior and Carl. You lie here and you survive it... please don't enjoy it.

But her pussy didn't read the memo. It fluttered frantically around him, a desperate little suck, and a fresh flood of slickness escaped her and soaked his shaft.

"God damn." He let out a single, breathless laugh, and the vibration of it traveled straight down the shaft of his cock, rattling inside her. "So fucking tight. And squeezing. You hear that, Janet? That wet, greedy little suck you give me every time I stop moving."

He paused, letting the silence of the room amplify the squelching, suctioning sound of her pussy trying to hold onto him.

"You're milking that cock and telling me you don't want it. Years of that little husband of yours and this pussy didn't even know what a real cock is. It's learning now though. On my dick."

"Don't talk about him," she gasped, her eyes snapping shut. She couldn't look. Opening them meant the sight of Dick's smug, ugly face hovering inches from her own. "Don't you dare say his name while you're—"

"While I'm what?"

He eased back a fraction, and the drag out was worse than the push in, a thick retreat that made her walls clutch at him as if they were afraid of the emptiness. A sound caught in her throat, not a word, a small panicked *ah* at the loss, and she hated that. Then he gave it back, deeper, and her heel dug into his shoulder.

"While I'm splitting his wife open on his own fucking bed?" he growled, his voice a jagged edge of triumph. "It's ok, you don't have to say it. Your pussy's saying it for you. Feel how far I am already, Janet. He never got here. He never will. And I have even more to give you yet."

She knew it. That was the cruelty that landed under the stretch. Carl was an apology and a man who finished before she had decided whether she was enjoying it. Dick, he was only halfway inside her and already more than she had room for, a pressure building inside her, the head nudging something deep that made her breath stutter. Not pain exactly, but a fullness that rewrote the very dimensions of her. She felt owned in a place that had never had a tenant, and the taboo realisation of it made her clench. That reflexive grip acted like a vacuum, pulling him a little further in without his hips even having to do the work.

"There." He felt the contraction, his voice dropping to a sour-sweet murmur near her ear. "See? I stopped. *You* did that. *You* sucked me in. Tell me again you don't want it. Go on. I'll wait. I'll let this hungry little hole of yours do the talking."

"I don't," she whispered, her voice shaking, stripped of all conviction. "I don't want it. You're disgusting. You're a foul old man, and I fucking hate you, and this doesn't mean—"

He silenced her with a kiss.

It wasn't a question. His mouth covered the rest of the sentence, heavy, and his tongue pushed in the way the cock had, a thick claim, and the shock of it met the shock of another inch sinking into her, stretching her wider, deeper. She made a muffled noise into his mouth, but he didn't let the sound escape.

His tongue stroked hers in a filthy rhythm that mirrored the shallow, grinding roll of his hips. The two sensations merged into one: the salty taste of him and the agonising stretch of him, accompanied by the wet slapping sound of her cunt taking more and more of his meat. He had taught her mouth this trick days ago, how to suck a tongue like it was a cock, and her body remembered the lesson before her pride could intervene.

Her lips closed around it and she sucked instinctively. A moan escaped her, trapped in his mouth with nowhere to go, a wet, muffled sound that had his name tangled in the vibration of it. It wasn't a speech; it was a raw, animal noise she would have denied until her dying breath if it had happened in the open air.

Dick groaned into the kiss, a deep sound of satisfaction that vibrated through her jaw and traveled straight down to where he was ruthlessly opening her up.

"That's it." He murmured the words directly against her lips. "Tongue and pussy on the same job. You suck what I give you, and you cream while you do it. Tell me that isn't pleasure, Janet. Tell me you're suffering while your tongue is in my mouth and your cunt is trying to swallow every inch of me. You just moaned into my mouth. I felt the vibration of it in my own fucking teeth."

"It isn't pleasure," she whispered, but the lie hit his lips and died instantly, obliterated by the next inch of his advance.

She was so stretched, so utterly filled, that she could feel her own heartbeat drumming against the shaft of him. Her walls had become a tight, pulsing ring of muscle working without her permission, milking him with a desperate greed. Then, the thick head of his cock butted something, a deep, firm stop that made her entire abdomen flinch. He had reached the absolute end of her.

Carl had always finished somewhere in the polite, safe middle and called it making love. But this man was pressed hard against her cervix, and the obscenity of it was that there was still cock he hadn't even given her yet, a thickness of girth still outside, his balls not even flush against her skin. The unfairness of that physical dominance surged through her like a wave of liquid heat.

"Fuck." His forehead dropped to hers. For a heartbeat, the filth paused, because the fit had surprised even him. "Your pussy is so fucking perfect. That's the end of you. Right against it. You feel that? Your little husband lived his whole marriage in the hallway, Janet. I'm the only man who's ever actually been in the room."

"Too deep," she managed to choke out, the words barely audible. Her hands had slid from his shoulders to the hard meat of his biceps, gripping him with a white-knuckled intensity, unsure if she was trying to hold him still or pull him even deeper. "Dick, it's too deep... I can't—you can't just—"

He didn't listen. He rolled his hips in a mean little circle, and the head of his cock ground ruthlessly against that deep, sensitive stop. The protest she had prepared never arrived. The sensation exploded outward, radiating through her stomach, down her thighs, and all the way to the soles of her feet, which were still in those red heels, high in the air. What escaped her wasn't a protest. It was a truth.

"Fuck. Oh my... God!"

Her heel dug into his shoulder. She heard herself, the high, wrecked tone of her own voice, and she realized how little it sounded like a rejection. It wasn't pain either; it was a warning of a pleasure so intense it felt like a violation. Her pussy clamped down on him with a sudden force that made him grunt. A fresh, hot rush of arousal flooded them, making the grind wetter, louder, and more filthy.

"Jesus." He maintained the circle, grinding into her cervix, clearly delighted by her reaction. "Listen to the Lady of Oakridge... Creaming all over that black cock. You liked that, didn't you?... You can't keep telling lies when your body is speaking truths, Janet."

"No...." She was shaking, her entire frame trembling under him. The 'no' had no conviction left in it; it was a hollow shell of a word. "It's just a reaction. It's too much, that's all... bodies do that when they're, when they're forced. It doesn't mean I like it, it doesn't mean I want you—"

He withdrew until the head of his cock tugged at her entrance, leaving her feeling a sudden, yawning emptiness that sparked a panic she would never admit to.

Then he drove back in.

All the way, a thick reclaiming thrust that ended with that deep knock against her cervix, and the sound that broke over her mouth had no argument left in it.

"Uhh—" She heard it escape her. She heard the second one when he thrust again. "Uhh, fuck" in a punched breath she didn't authorise, her tits jolting, her heel slipping on his shoulder.

He set a pace that belonged to a man who had all night and a wife who had accepted her place. A wet slap of his weight into her, her own slick loud in the room she made the bed in every morning, the bed answering under them, shifting, the frame giving a small shocked tick Carl had never got out of it.

She gripped him on the way out. She felt herself do it, a greedy close, and the shame of the grip arrived in the same second as the relief of him filling her again.

"Uhh— fuck, Dick..."

It wasn't a speech. It was what the thrust knocked out of her, over and over, a deep moan when he seated, a softer broken '*fuck*' when he ground there for a beat and her pussy creamed around the pressure. She tried to find the denial between one stroke and the next. There wasn't a between. There was only the stretch, the slap, and the sounds she was making into his mouth while Oakridge slept on the other side of the wall.

"You're enjoying that cock, but still fighting it, aren't you?" He murmured the words, his voice thick with delight. He pulled back just enough to look down at her, his eyes scanning her wrecked expression.

"Look at your face. That mean little mouth, trembling. Eyes wet with tears you can't even explain. And all the while, this cunt is riding my dick like it was custom-built for it. You're losing, baby. Not to me... to yourself. Every time I pull back, you chase it. Every time I hit the end of you, you cream and you moan and you swear. That's the truth of you, Janet. Just a married pussy finally finding out what it actually likes."

"Stop talking," she gasped, turning her face away in a desperate attempt to reclaim some shred of dignity.

He didn't let her. He followed the movement, his hand gripping her jaw to pull her back, and his tongue was invading her mouth again before the sentence could ever become a defence. She didn't fight it; she sucked it. The pleasure of the suck wired itself directly to the pleasure of the stroke, a circuit of raw electricity that left her unable to tell which hole she was answering. A moan leaked around his tongue, muffled and shameless.

His hand slid down, capturing her tit, the weight of it heavy in his palm. His thumb found the nipple he had kept peaked and hard since the sofa, and he pinched it with a sharp, pressure at the exact microsecond the head of his cock slammed back into that deep, sensitive stop.

She cried out into his mouth. It wasn't a word; it was a raw sound of total sensory overload. Her hips rose instinctively, arching off the bed to meet him in a shameful, desperate grind. The collision made a wet, squelching sound that echoed in the room, and as her mind reached for the mental ledger of her morality, she found the pages soaked through and illegible.

Their fault, she tried to tell herself. Carl's. Junior's. Four days of this. I'm not enjoying this. I'm enduring the size. Enduring isn't cheating—

The thought collapsed entirely. He shifted his angle by a fraction of an inch, a subtle adjustment, and the next stroke dragged across a hidden nerve inside her that turned the burn into a bright, awful sweetness. Her thighs began to shake violently where they were draped over his shoulders. The clench came in sudden small pulses at first, then a massive, crushing contraction that tore a sound from her throat before she could catch it.

"Oh God..." Her voice shook, fragile and breaking. "Dick, don't, it's too— oh fuck, stop before I...Oh fuck, right there! Don't stop, I can't—"

She heard the words as they left her. She heard the "don't stop" and felt the absolute horror of it. Her mind scrambled for the rest of the refusal, but her mouth was already busy betraying her, the "oh fuck" still warm on her tongue, her hips still lifted and begging for the exact stroke that had broken her.

He laughed against her cheek, a sound that was utterly triumphant. He gave her that same stroke again, and again, patient and cruel, working that spot as if he had been paid to map every inch of her pleasure.

"There it is," he whispered, his mouth grazing her jaw, her ear, the corner of her lips. "Don't stop... You said it. Go on. Cum on this cock like a whore and try to tell me it was an accident. I want to feel you lose, Janet. I've been waiting all week to feel this tight little pussy finally give in to me."

"I won't." The words were a final stand, but they were already failing. "I won't cum for you. I don't— Dick, don't, it's too much, I can't—"

"You can... you already are, baby." He kissed her again, his tongue driving deep, and he fucked her through the kiss in those same deep, grinding strokes. He didn't increase the speed; he increased the weight. He drove himself in heavier, the head of his cock kissing her cervix on every single thrust. His thumb continued to roll her nipple, his gut pressed hard against her, the scent of his sweat and musk filling her lungs.

"Suck that tongue. That's your job. Pleasuring me with mouth and pussy. You know this. You've known it since the moment you dressed like a slut and called me Daddy. Give it up. Show us both exactly who you are. Cream on this big fat nigger cock."

Hearing him call it that, sent her further to the edge. The taboo of the words, the racial charge of his dominance, acted like a catalyst, igniting a fire in her that scorched through her remaining defences. She sucked his tongue with a desperate intensity, trying to swallow the scream that was clawing its way up her throat, but the sound was inevitable.

It gathered low in her pelvis, a tight, incandescent knot of tension exactly where the head of his cock continued to hammer. Every heavy thrust pulled that knot tighter, winding her nerves like a spring. Her cunt began to flutter in a frantic rhythm, gripping his girth with a strength she didn't know she possessed.

Small, broken sounds leaked around his tongue, a guttural *fuck*, a sharp moaned *ahhhh*, and a hitched, breathless *please* that wasn't a plea for him to stop, but a prayer for him to keep going. Her mind was still screaming no, but it was a distant, tinny voice at the back of a room her body had already vacated. She felt the orgasm approaching with a singular direction: surging up from where he was deep inside her, radiating through her belly, and sparking down into her trembling thighs. She tried to hold it back, trying to maintain the same stoic endurance she had used to fight through the fifteen-minute timer, but the dam burst.

The orgasm didn't just arrive; it took her prisoner.

It wasn't a polite crest or a gentle wave. It was a violent seizure of pleasure that clamped down on his shaft with a crushing intensity. Dick grunted, his body stiffening as he held himself perfectly still, buried to the hilt, letting her wreck herself around him. She came in jagged, overlapping waves, each one a rhythmic clench of her walls and a hot gush of cream that drenched him.

"Fuck— oh god, Dick... what is... ahhhh, god, yesss... I can't... control...ahhh fuck."

The screamed name and the swearing tangled in a messy, desperate knot, and a small, wrecked yes escaped in the middle of it. Her nails biting deep into the muscle of his arms, anchoring herself as her pussy milked the length of him with a starving greed, as if her body had been waiting its whole existence, for a cock this imposing and this cruel. Her denial shattered into something shameless and raw.

She shook violently. He didn't pull away; he kissed her through the peak, his tongue swirling in her mouth, all while maintaining that deep, unmoving pressure against her cervix. He didn't need to thrust. She was doing the fucking now, her hips performing little, helpless grinds, wringing every last drop of her orgasm out of a cock that remained motionless. The humiliation of her own desperation arrived in the same heartbeat as the pleasure, and the two fused together, amplifying the intensity. Another *yessss* slipped out against his mouth, breathless and defeated, and died there.

"Fuck. Yes. That's what I'm talking about!" His voice was a delighted growl. "There she is. There's my little cum slut. Cumming on that black cock like she was born for it. Feel that pussy... soaked with your own squirt. Still gripping and milking that dark meat, like a proper little size queen."

He pulled back just an inch, his eyes dark with triumph. "Tell me that was just a normal reaction, Janet. Tell me that you actually hated it... you can't, can you? Not while you're still fluttering around me."

She was. The aftershocks ran through her in betraying pulses, each one a squeeze around a girth she was no longer pretending she could refuse. A last, soft oh fell from her lips on the third pulse before she could clamp her teeth shut. Her eyes were wet, her chest heaving, her mouth open against his. The no was still in her somewhere, dazed and wandering, looking for the sentence of refusal she had been using as a shield all week.

But the no didn't arrive in time. Dick was still inside her, rock hard and far from finished, smiling against her cheek like a man who had just been handed the deed to her body for the rest of the week.

Begging

He didn't let her recover. He didn't give her a single second to breathe or gather the shards of her dignity. That was the first thing the aftershocks had to survive: the unyielding presence of him still buried deep inside her.

Janet was still wide open, her walls fluttering, the *yes* she had spilled into his mouth still damp and shameful on her lips. Just as she thought she might slip into the numb silence of the aftermath, he drew his hips back, just enough to create a void, and drove back in with a violent, singular force.

It wasn't the slow grind of before. This was a hard punishing thrust, and her entire body jolted, every nerve ending raw and oversensitive from the climax. The sound that tore from her throat was a wrecked, guttural moan, a sound stripped of language, a pure expression of physical shock.

He did it again. The wet, meaty slap of his gut colliding with the backs of her thighs echoed through the room. The bed frame groaned, a sound of structural surrender that mirrored her own.

"That was just round one," he growled against her ear. He was still hard, still hungry, and entirely unfinished. He shifted his weight, forcing her to look directly into his eyes. "One orgasm isn't enough. That's not how this bed works tonight, Janet. You're in bed with a real man now."

"I can't," she whimpered, her voice shaking. Her hands were still locked onto his thick arms, her nails digging into his skin, but they weren't pushing him away; they were anchoring her to the only thing keeping her from floating away in a haze of sensory overload. "Dick, it's too much... I just— ohh, fuck, I just came so hard, I can't take any more."

"You don't know your own body, baby girl. Let me show you what you can take."

He hooked her legs higher, draping them over his shoulders to open her even further, and fucked her right through her protest. He hit her deep and heavy, the pace of a man who had already won.

CRACK.

A sharp spank landed on the curve of her ass, the sting immediate and electric. The shock of the pain causing her pussy to snap shut around his shaft in a reflexive, greedy squeeze.

"God your pussy is built for this cock," he sneered, his breath hot on her neck. "Still soaking. Still gripping. It's practically begging for more. You need to stop fighting yourself and let your body have what it wants."

Another spank followed, harder this time, the sound cracking like a whip. Janet jolted, a loud moan escaping her, and she hated herself in that instant, hated that the moan had arrived with the slap, a simultaneous explosion of pain and pleasure, rather than after it.

"Tight little married cunt," he said, his eyes locked on her face, watching her tits bounce with every impact. "Just squirted all over this cock and wants to pretend the night's over. It isn't over. Beg for more, slut."

"I'm not begging," she gasped, trying to summon the ghost of the woman who had said no all evening.

He drove back in and ground his pelvis into hers, a crushing pressure that didn't let her off the end of him. The oversensitive sweetness of the orgasm blew out through her stomach again, a smaller cruel echo of the peak, and it took her breath before it took her mouth.

"Ohh— Dick." She moaned. A betrayal of her own voice, his name, with no sentence attached to make it safe.

Dick laughed against her cheek. His palm rubbed the burning heat he had just branded onto her ass, in a gesture of ownership, and then he delivered three quick, stinging claps. Each one made her pussy flutter around him, milking him with a desperation that terrified her.

"You want more don't you? You want me to fuck you senseless?" He didn't give her the order all at once; he rationed it, turning the words into a reward system. He fucked a deep stroke in, looked at her mouth, and dealt the words out between the thrusts.

"Beg me to pound you... say it for me."

Another heavy, bruising stroke.

"Tell me to give you this cock. Tell me you need it."

Another stroke, followed by a spank that left her skin singing.

"I want to hear you beg for me to ruin that married pussy. Trust me, you say it and I will make you feel things you never knew were possible. I will fuck you harder and have you squirting until I cover you in my cum."

A part of her, the part that belonged to Carl, heard the bargain. *Say it and he finishes. Say it and the night moves toward an end.* But the other part, the animalistic center of her, clenched on him at the mere thought of the words. It was a greedy little spasm of anticipation, and that spasm felt infinitely better than the strategy. She hated that she could tell the two versions of herself apart, yet found herself unable to keep them separate.

She was Carl's wife, lying on Carl's pillow, taking a brutal spanking on the ass while a cock he could never compete with knocked the wife out of her.

"Pound me," she whispered, the words thin and fragile.

He heard the whisper and didn't spend it.

"Again." He held still, buried deep, and looked at her mouth as if the word had been too small to count. "I didn't ask for a whisper. I asked you to beg. Louder. Show me you mean it."

The shame arrived before the second try. Being told to speak up for a cock that didn't belong in the house, and the worst of it wasn't the order. It was the throb. Held still like that, not fucking her, he made the empty stroke into an ache, and the ache liked the idea of being made to ask. Humiliation and heat in the same breath. She shut her eyes so she wouldn't have to see him enjoy it.

"Pound me." Clearer. Still small. Her face burned, and her cunt clenched on him as if the clearer word had been a touch.

"I don't believe you. Convince me." He gave her nothing. Not a stroke.

She needed him to finish and this was the way. But she also needed that thrusting pleasure. The need and the disgrace sat on her tongue together, and the need won, which was its own disgust.

"Pound me!" It broke on the way out, louder, ugly, and saying it at that volume sent a fresh slick rush around him. She heard herself in the room. She felt the filthy little kick of having been made to.

"Please... Daddy! Fuck me hard. I need it. Give me that big black cock. Make me cum on it again."

The thrill was immediate and sickening. She had begged for his cock and called him Daddy on her husband's pillow. And she was wetter for the begging than she had been for the spank.

Then he gave it to her. One devastating stroke, a reward and a punishment, and the impact knocked the floodgates loose.

"Ohh— fuck! Give me that cock! Dick, give it to me! Fuck this... fuck this married pussy! Harder!"

Every word she spoke caused her to clench in a mini-spasm around his girth.

He gave her the harder she had asked for, and the room filled with it. Skin on skin, a wet relentless slap, her cervix being slapped with every thrust, and the moan that came out of her wasn't owed to anyone in that house. *Ohh, fuck, yessss Dick.*

"There she is." Dick was panting now, his breathing ugly and pleased, the animal beneath the neighbour finally surfacing. He looked down to where they were joined, the sight of his thick shaft disappearing into her drenched, swollen folds, then looked back at her face, forcing her to witness his gaze. "Posh little wife of the lane, asking for pound town. Turn over. I want that big ass up."

He pulled out with a sudden suction. The emptiness that followed was a sudden, cold gape that left her feeling hollowed out and exposed. A whimper escaped her before she could catch it, a sound of genuine loss that stripped away whatever shred of dignity she had left.

He manhandled her, his grip bruising as he forced her onto her knees. She obeyed, her body now a conditioned instrument. Her palms pressed into the cotton sheets, her back dipped low and her ass thrust high into the air. The red heels remained on, looking ridiculous and filthy against the domestic purity of the bedroom.

She felt the sudden, cool kiss of air on her soaked, swollen lips for a fraction of a second before he struck.

CRACK.

An open palm slammed across the wetness of her folds, the sound a filthy, wet clap that echoed in the quiet room. The sting was bright, an electric shock that radiated through her pelvis. She shouted, the sound muffled by the room, and before the heat could even fade, he spanked her arse with even more violence. While the skin was still blooming red and throbbing, he drove back in.

Because she was on all fours, he hit her deeper than before, the thick head of his cock slamming into her with a bruising force.

"Ohh, God... yessss." She cried out, her arms shaking as she struggled to keep her balance.

He reached forward, grabbing a handful of her ass, his fingers digging into the flesh to grip her as he fucked her with a raw brutality. The wet slap of his hips against her was constant, and on the deeper strokes, his heavy balls hammered against her clit, sending jolts of overstimulated pleasure through her spine.

"Look at this." His other hand reached down, spreading her open. "White pussy swallowing a black cock, while that fat ass wobbles and pushes back for more. Look at how well you take it, Janet. A natural snowbunny."

He delivered a sharp slap to the cheek he was holding, and she moaned face-down into the mattress, her voice a muffled vibration.

"Creaming on me every time I pull out. You've made a fucking mess of your own bed, you little slut," he sneered. He bottomed himself hard, grinding his pelvis into her.

"Carl's going to sleep in this in a few days and he won't even know why the room smells like sex. Why the room smells like a size queen who just got fucked down by black cock for the first time."

"Don't call me— ohh fuck, Dick, right there... don't call me your size queen, I'm not—"

"You are tonight. You are for the next four days."

He folded over her, his entire weight pushing down onto her back. Her posture collapsed. Her arms gave way, her chest hitting the mattress, her ass still high for a moment before he pushed her hips down, pinning her in the prone bone position. He was a mountain of mass on top of her, his gut pressing her into the linens, his cock buried to the hilt. He began to fuck her in short, vicious strokes, rapid-fire impacts that she couldn't escape and, in her delirium, didn't try to.

The sounds of her surrender were muffled into Carl's pillow.

"Ohh— fuck."

A thrust squashed her clit into the sheet, friction right on the edge of too much, and the next knock at her cervix punched the rest out of her.

"Dick, oh god...soooo... fucking good."

A string of it, broken, the open pleasure of a woman being driven into her own bed. Mini-spasms ran through her, small cruel peaks that weren't the big one and still left her shaking, and every time she clenched he groaned against her ear.

"Good girl."

Another stroke. Another muffled ohh into the linen.

"Filthy cheating wife."

He seated deep and stayed there long enough for her to feel the praise land in the clench.

"My big cock slut."

Then, his thumb found her asshole.

Janet jolted, a sharp intake of breath catching in her throat. The pad of his thumb pressed against the tight, virgin ring of her anus, slick with the overflow from her pussy. He circled

the opening, probing the resistance. Instinctively, she tried to clench him out, her muscles snapping shut.

He punished her instantly, one sharp, stinging crack across her backside. The flinch opened her, and in that moment of vulnerability, the tip of his thumb breached. The double intrusion, the thick cock in her front and the finger in her back, blew a shout into the pillow.

"Ohh, God! Too much! Wrong hole!"

Her pussy clamped closed around him. Dick laughed, breathless and triumphant, and kept the thumb firmly inside her.

"Easy," he commanded, though he didn't move the thumb. He continued to fuck her around the intrusion, forcing her to feel the stretch of both holes simultaneously. "Feel that? This little hole is far too tight. It's practically screaming for some attention."

He gave a slow, deliberate push, driving the thumb in to the first knuckle. Janet wailed, a sound of genuine shock that broke into a moan when he ground his cock into her at the exact same moment.

"Virgin back here, I'd bet the house," he whispered, his mouth grazing her ear. "We're going to have to train you up. A few days of opening you up with some butt plugs, and this big ass will be ripe for some black cock. Turn you into a proper little anal slut. Perfect for when your pussy is too raw to use."

The thumb crooked, hooking inside her.

"Oh fuck," Janet groaned into the pillow, but instead of pulling away, she pushed back onto the finger, a betrayal of her own body that she knew she would never be able to explain.

"But don't worry, tonight's all about resizing this pussy." He spanked her again, a reminder of who owned her. "We'll keep your little asshole for another day."

She ground back into him, pelvis tilted, taking the thumb and the cock together, and the push was the part she would not be able to explain. Not to the morning. Not to the woman who had knotted the robe. The sheet was wet under her clit. She stayed on it.

He withdrew the thumb and cock in one sudden snap that made her swear a string of curses into the mattress.

He rolled onto his back, his bad knee angled out, his cock standing rigid and proud off his gut. It was shining with her juices, a monstrous pillar of dark flesh against the coarse hair of his belly. He patted his thigh, his eyes locking onto hers.

"Come ride it. Milk this black cock with that tight pussy."

Janet knelt there for a heartbeat, gaping and leaking, her chest heaving. The silence stretched just long enough for his next command to land like a blow.

"I want to watch those big tits bounce while you show me how much you love it. Come claim your cock. Show me how a slut rides her Daddy."

The demand should have sparked a fight, a flash of indignation, a reminder of who she was. Instead, she climbed over him. The emptiness was a physical ache, far worse than the degradation of the order. She positioned herself, the head of his shaft spreading her wide, and then she sank.

The danger lay in the control, and she found it on the first drop. Hands braced on his chest, knees spread, she took the long thick slide of him herself, inch by inch, until she was seated and shaking and the fullness was a fact she had chosen.

"Mmmm, God."

She rose. The drag up her walls was filthy, visceral, a wet cling she could hear, and the loss of him on the way up pulled a sound out of her before she had decided to spend one.

"Ohh. Fuck, yessss."

She dropped. The clap of her ass on his thighs cracked in the room, raw enough that the lane would have died to hear it, and she didn't take the polite bounce. She ground. Hips rolling, clit mashed to the base of him, a wet filthy circle, and the moan that came with it was loud.

"Ohh— Dick. God, you're so deep."

Her tits swung, heavy, jolting when she dropped again, and he watched them with his hands behind his head, a man at a show he had been waiting a long time to see. She tried, once, to keep it smaller. A shallower rise. He spanked her thigh, one sharp crack, and she answered by slamming herself down harder, grinding there, loud, the slap of it filling the pause.

"Ohh, fuck, yes. Right there."

She heard herself how much she was enjoying it. She didn't take it back. She rose and dropped and rose again, moaning through it, using him, the wet and the clap and her own voice louder than the good-wife thought trying to get a word in.

"Look at you," he murmured. He caught her eye, forcing her to maintain contact. "Lady of the house, riding her disgraced neighbour, while the lane sleeps. Bounce on that black dick. Don't be precious, Janet. Show me that inner cowgirl."

She bounced. The slap of flesh on flesh filled the pauses in his speech.

"You've got the cock you've been waiting for, all your life. Use it. Tell me exactly what you're doing."

"I'm riding you," she gasped. The words caused her internal muscles to clench in a sudden, violent mini-gasm, and she bounced through the peak, becoming wetter, the slap of her impact growing louder. "I'm— ohh, fuck, I'm fucking myself on your big cock. It's so deep... Dick, it's so deep, I can feel inside my womb."

"Whose pussy is this?" He wouldn't let her hide in the sensation. His hands shot up, gripping her hips with bruising force "Say it."

"My husband's," she sobbed, the words broken.

"Liar. Whose cock does this pussy belong to?" He asked again, reaching up and spanking her right tit loudly.

"Whose cock does it prefer?" He spanked her other tit and then pinched her nipple hard, causing her to moan, but also to grind her pussy down harder onto him as if the pleasure and the pain were all the same thing to her, and she could feel that orgasmic pressure building up inside her once again.

"Oh god... your cock. Your cock feels better." She screamed, bouncing herself on it. Saying it made her clench so hard she saw white sparks behind her eyelids. "Ohh— fuck, it's your pussy. Yours for four days... Give me it harder! I need it harder! Fuck his pussy! Dick, fuck it!"

The taboo of that admission burned through her hotter than the thumb in her ass had. She had signed her pussy to him while she used his cock as a tool for her own pleasure. She had explicitly asked a stranger to desecrate what had once only been touched by her husband. Her cunt spasmed around him in a run of frantic, rolling orgasms.

He groaned, his stomach tightening. She felt him swell, the tell-tale kick of a man reaching the edge. Suddenly, the ledger in her mind woke up with one last plan.

Finish him in her hand. Climb off before he came inside. The term from the bathroom was late and stupid, and it was still hers if she moved now. She couldn't let him cum in her pussy, even if she had willingly rented it out to him. A breeding was a different debt.

She began to rise, shifting her weight to swing a leg off his hip.

But Dick caught her. Both hands slammed onto her ass, huge and spreading, and hauled her back down onto him in one vicious seat that knocked the air from her lungs.

"Ohh— fuck."

He held her there, pinned, so she couldn't escape. His hips surged up off the bed and pounded her from below, short and deep and brutal, the clap of them deafening, her tits jolting in his face, his fingers biting into her cheeks. A spank landed in the middle of it, then another, skin on skin, filthy, and the plan she had climbed toward was already gone under the stroke.

"Where do you think you were going?"

His voice was a low, dangerous rumble, vibrating against her skin. He was too close; she could feel the heat of his breath on her neck, the scent of sweat and musk filling her lungs. He wasn't just holding her down; he was claiming her.

"You don't get to climb off. Only your pussy gets to finish what it started."

He drove upward with a sudden thrust, the head of his cock battering her with a force that made her vision blur. The impact was a blunt, heavy shock that echoed through her entire pelvis.

"I'm flooding this pussy deep. You hesitated to tell me who owns it. I'm going to show you who." His voice had gone rough, mean with the proximity of his peak. "I'm going to fill you up so much, your husband's tiny dick is going to be swimming in my cum months from now."

"No, please Dick, not inside, you can't— ohh fuck, ohh, you can't cum in—"

"Say yes. Beg for it." He didn't slow. He didn't relent. The heat was already gathering at the base of his shaft, a tightening coil of tension she could feel deep inside her. She felt the swell, the kick of a man on the precipice.

Her protest was still in her mouth and it had nowhere to stand. The pleasure had come up under it, heavy, the same knot as before and worse, because this time she knew what his cum felt like as an idea and her body had decided it wanted the fact. She needed to cum. That was no longer a risk she was managing. It was the only thing in the room. And under it, meaner, the need for him to cum too, to feel that hot flood hit her while she broke, the two of them going together so the yes wouldn't be a performance. It would be the price of the orgasm she couldn't hold.

"You want this cum," he said, watching her face fail. "Say it. You want me to breed you. You want us to cum together."

She did. God help her, she did, the want sitting in her cunt as a clench she couldn't talk over.

"Yes." It tore out of her, a scream more than a choice. "Yes, give it to me, ohh God, Dick, yes, cum in me, breed me, breed his pussy, I can't— fuck, I'm cumming, give me it all. Let me feel it."

He yanked her down, slamming her pelvis flush against his, and came harder than he ever had in his life.

The first pulse hit her cervix like a second cock, hot, thick, a high-pressure hose of seed that blew her orgasm wide open. The shock of the heat was an explosion. It wasn't a dribble; it was a flood. Wave after wave of searing, viscous fluid pumped into the deepest recesses of her. He was painting her insides, filling her to the brim, leaving a searing wet claim that Carl would never see and could never fuck out of her.

The taboo of it, the sheer, filthy magnitude of being bred on her marital bed by the disgusting man from across the road, detonated through her harder than the physical stretch. She screamed into his mouth, a string of his name, a desperate, broken litany, while her pussy clamped down in violent spasms, pulling the load deeper, milking him with a greedy hunger for every single pulse.

She squirted around the seal of his shaft, a hot, uncontrolled rush of fluid that soaked his thighs, his balls, and the expensive sheets beneath them. And still he was cumming. Still hosing her. The thick heat spread into her womb until she could feel the weight of it, the heavy, stretching fullness of being used as nothing more than a vessel for his seed.

"Take it," he snarled against her lips, his body still throbbing, his fingers digging into her cheeks to keep her pinned to the mess. "All of it. That's a proper fucking breeding. That's what this hot body was for. Feel it. Feel how much I'm pumping into you."

She felt it. The satisfaction of it was the most devastating part. A low, animal thrill sparked in her gut at the volume, the pound, the heat flooding a place her husband barely knew existed. Her orgasm continued in rolling waves, each one tripped by another pulse of his seed, until the pleasure tipped past the point of endurance. Her arms gave out, and she collapsed onto his hairy chest, her body shaking like a live wire. A wrecked, soft moan leaked out of her every time another spurt landed deep inside her.

He stayed buried in her until the throb died down to a dull hum. His hand stroked her back, slow, possessive. It was the hand of a man who lived here now. Then, he lifted her just enough to pull out.

The loss was an opening. She felt herself used, gaping, bred, and then the flood began to leave. Cum streamed out of her in thick, hot floods, his and hers combined, running over his balls and down onto the ruined sheets. The sensation of it pouring from a pussy that wouldn't close pulled a long, broken moan from her chest.

She lay across his gut, her head resting on his chest, thighs trembling uncontrollably. The mess continued to leak, but the core of the heat, the seed he had driven so deep, still sat in her womb where the leak couldn't reach. His heartbeat was under her ear. Ugly. Steady. Satisfied.

"That's my slut," he said, his voice rough, speaking to the ceiling of her marital bedroom. He looked down into her eyes, ensuring she heard it as an absolute fact. "So full of me, you'll be leaking for days. Don't you even try and tell me in the morning, that you didn't enjoy that. That you didn't beg for that breeding and cum harder than you knew possible because of it."

"You're going to be craving this feeling now. A true size queen, begging and needing it all the time..."

His For Four Days

The sleep had been short, only about an hour. But it had been indecently deep, and she came up out of it still inside the warmth of it, a good ache sitting in her hips and in the muscles of her thighs and low inside her, where something had been stretched and used and had liked the using. For a moment the dream was the only room she had. A weight against her, a heat along her side, a satisfaction she wasn't awake enough to file. She shifted, and the shift rubbed a soreness that wasn't pain, and a small pleased sound left her before she was conscious enough to own it.

Then the snoring reached her, loud and wet and entirely alien in her bedroom. It filled the ear that wasn't on the pillow, a rattle that didn't belong to the man she had married, and the dream tore along that sound. Janet opened her eyes on a hairy chest and a gut and an arm that had stayed around her as if the bed had already agreed to the arrangement.

Richard Long was asleep with his mouth open, the brace somewhere on the floor. Her head was on him. Her leg was over his. They had drifted off in the mess, and the mess had dried on her skin.

The night arrived behind the waking. The timer. The condoms. The stretch. The cries of yes. The heat of him flooding her while she screamed into his mouth. Shame came up late, as if it had slept longer than she had, and it was a thin thing next to the ache. She hated the comparison even as she slid out from under his arm, the way a woman leaves a room she isn't supposed to have been in.

The ensuite light was cruel. The mirror gave her the night without the kindness of the lamp. Her lips were still a little swollen, there was a faint mark on her throat where the collar had been and another lower down that his mouth had put there without asking. Red hand marks on her tits, where he had spanked them and grabbed them roughly. When she shifted, a sopping leak answered, some of his cum still inside her and still finding its way out, a slow warm thread on the inside of her thigh. She looked used. She looked fucked. Under it, in the eyes, there was something she pushed away the second she caught it, because it looked right, looked like it suited her, and that was a thought she wasn't having in this bathroom. In this moment.

The shower was too hot, and she stepped under it with her hands on the tile and let the water take what it could reach. It couldn't reach the deep part. She felt him leave her in thick little pulses when she clenched, washed down her leg, and the leaving made her shiver in a way that wasn't the cold.

Any woman would react to a cock like that, she told the water. Any body would cum if it was held open and filled and fucked that hard.

Mechanics. Not a conversion. Not her fault, and not a thing she had to carry with guilt into the kitchen when the boys came home.

The water kept running, and so did the memories. *Pound me*. She had said it three times, the last one loud. *Daddy*. She had called him that while she begged for his cock, and the begging had made her wetter than the spank. *Yours for four days*. She had declared to him. *Breed his pussy*. She had screamed it. She had pushed back on his thumb when he had told her this other hole needs training. And then she had climbed on top of him and ridden until the lane could have heard the sounds. The load he fired inside her had made her cum harder than anything Carl had ever done to her. That was the thought she kept pushing under the word mechanics, and it kept surfacing, warm and specific, every time another pulse of him slid out of her and down her thigh.

She thought of the days ahead and that shared bed. He would want to cum inside her again. He had said so with his hands on her ass, and her pussy had answered by milking him while he said it. Buying more XL Magnums was an option. But so was the morning-after pill. A plan that didn't mean fighting him to put a condom on.

She was happy with it for as long as it took her to notice the smaller thought underneath. The pill meant she could let him cum inside her again. The pill was a permission she had dressed up as damage control. Her hand had drifted down without a decision, palm over the sore swollen lips, not quite rubbing, just holding the place where he had hosed her, and the shiver that went through her was the same one she had woken with.

She pressed her forehead to the tile and held on to the only sentence that still sounded like herself. *His for four days. I'm not a slut. I'm being a good mother. That's all this is.* She would get the pill, she would keep the boy safe, and she would not enjoy the rest of it. The sentence was neat. Her fingers were still between her legs, and they didn't believe it.

"There's my slut."

The voice came through the steam, low and amused, and it contradicted her inner thoughts so cleanly that she flinched. He was in the doorway, naked and awake, the snore gone and the smile from the bed back on his mouth. His eyes went down her, over the water and the tits and the hand she snatched away from herself a second too late, and then he stepped in. The cubicle wasn't built for him. His bulk took the heat and took the room, and her eyes dropped to the cock, soft and heavy and swinging as he moved, the weight of it a fact even at rest.

"What are you doing?" she asked, and the hand she put on his chest wasn't a push. "We've already had sex."

"Husbands and wives have sex..." He caught the wrist, and turned her so her back met the tile. His mouth found her breast through the water, a suck that pulled the nipple into a point she felt in her cunt. "Sluts and their Daddies fuck... Over and over. You've lived your life with the once and done, disappointed wife bit. This is the other one."

"I'm not—" The rest of it died on the suck, an ohh she didn't get to shape into a refusal.

His hands went under her thighs and he lifted, the strength of him unfair, her back up the wall and her legs around him while the water poured over both of them. He kissed her, and she kissed him back before the excuse could object, a small helpless meeting of mouths, and against the sore open ache of her she felt him harden, the head clumsily nudging against her.

He didn't tell her to take him. That was the part she would have to live with. His hands were under her thighs, his mouth was on hers, and the cock was only waiting, as if even he wanted the last inch to be hers. She could have stayed there. She could have let the water and the kiss be the end of the moment. Instead her hand left his shoulder and went down between them, and the choice was in the reach, in the way her fingers closed around the heavy heat of him and didn't hesitate once they had him. She steadied the head against the place that was still slick with what he had left in her. Sore. Open. Already remembering. For a second she held him there, the pressure at her entrance, and the hours before answered like a pulse, a greedy little flutter that knew exactly what she was about to do.

She tipped her hips. She pushed him in. Not a demand from him. A decision from her. The stretch took her breath, and the shame of having put him there herself arrived in the same second as the relief of being filled, and neither one made her take her hand away.

"Yessss."

Her moan went into his mouth as she pushed him the rest of the way, and the sound of it belonged to the choice, not to him. He held her against the tile and fucked her there, slow, because he could feel the ache and he used it instead of sparing her. Every stroke sank into the soreness and turned it sweet, a thick reclaiming of a pussy she had opened for him with

her own hand, and she clung to his neck and moaned into the kiss, open, helpless, already fluttering around him as if the last session had never ended.

“Fuck me, Dick. Give me that cock.”

He didn't rush it. He kissed her through the rise, and the rise came fast because she had put him there and her body was treating that as permission. When she came it was a long shaking clench, a broken groan against his tongue, her feet digging into him, her cunt milking the cock she had guided in. He followed her into it with a groan, pulsing deep, hot, another load joining the one the shower hadn't been able to wash out, the two of them breathless and joined under the water while she shook through it.

He didn't put her down. She stayed on him, forehead against his shoulder, the shower loud, his cum already finding its way out around the softening shaft and running warm down the inside of her thigh to join the water. The throb of it was still in her. The hand that had put him there was still between them, resting on his chest, and she could feel what she had done in every leak and every aftershock. Her mouth tried the sentence anyway.

“This is just for four days.” She said, her voice hoarse. Her legs still wrapped around him. “It's just the agreement.”

He laughed, low, into her wet hair, and didn't bother to answer. He didn't have to.

"Four days," she said again, as if she was trying to convince them both.

End Of Part 4.

Part 5 Coming Soon