

Neighbourly Debts Part 5

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 The Most Of It

She woke to the weight of her own body and the low, wet snore that didn't belong in the marital bed, the sound filling the ear that wasn't pressed into the pillow and pulling her the rest of the way out of the short, heavy sleep. For a moment she stayed exactly where she was, on her side and facing the thin strip of morning light that had already found the gap in the curtains, letting the deep ache between her legs announce itself before she moved. It sat high inside her, in the places he had reached again and again through the night, a used soreness that wasn't quite pain. Her thighs were sticky with the half-dried mess of both of their juices. When she finally shifted, a slow warm thread moved inside her and she felt it leave her in a thick pulse, and the small sound that left her throat before she could catch it wasn't distress at all.

The memories of the night crashed over her in explicit shards. She remembered the initial stretch of him, the way his thick cock had forced her open, splitting her apart on the first slow push. She remembered the exact moment her mouth had stopped trying to form the word no and had started begging for more. She could still hear her own voice, wrecked and breathless. *Pound me. Daddy. Fill me up.*

She recalled the tiled walls against her back in the shower, and the way she had reached down and put him inside. She had cum so hard her vision had gone white at the edges, and the sound she had made against his mouth hadn't been the sound of a woman enduring something for the sake of a deal. It had been the sound of a woman who hadn't known her body could do that. Carl had never pulled that sound out of her. Carl hadn't even come close, and the comparison sat in her chest with a heat she didn't want to name.

She turned her head on the pillow. Dick was still asleep beside her, mouth open, one heavy arm flung above his head so that the hairy barrel of his chest and the soft weight of his gut were bare to the morning. The sheet had slipped down past his hips. His cock lay soft against his thigh, thick and dark. She watched it for a long moment, the way the light caught the skin, the way it rested with a weight that still didn't look ordinary. Her hand moved without a decision she could have defended out loud. She closed her fingers around it and felt the heat that hadn't left it even in sleep, the dense give of the flesh under the softer skin, the way it filled her palm before it had even begun to answer her. She stroked once, slowly, from the root toward the head, and felt the first answering twitch against her fingers.

Could Carl ever be taught to fuck me like that?

The thought arrived and she didn't push it away at once the way she usually did. If she told him what she wanted, if she said the words and showed him the angle and the pace and didn't let him soften it into something polite, would he do it? And if he did, if he managed the force and the dirty mouth and the refusal to let her hide, would she even be able to feel him now?

The cock that had resized her, twitched again in her hand, thickening against her fingers as if it had heard the question. She kept stroking, slower, learning the way it swelled. Soft was already so much more than Carl was when he was hard. Hard was something else entirely, something that had opened her and reached places she hadn't known were waiting to be reached, and the memory of those places made her pussy clench and push another warm thread of last night out onto the sheet beneath her.

I'm a terrible person for liking it.

She turned the thought over in her mind while her hand continued its rhythmic work. It hadn't been her choice. Junior had put her into this compromised position. And Carl had left her here with him. The three condoms from the drawer had all failed and these nights were going to happen, whether she spent it hating every second or not. When Carl came back she would hire the carer and this would end.

Three more days of this. If her body was going to answer to his cock in the way it had, then what was the point of spending these hours in a fight she had already lost? Better to accept what was already happening. Better to let the greedy ache inside her have what it wanted until Carl gets back and she could put the whole thing back in the box where it belonged.

His cock was fully hard in her hand now. It had lifted and thickened until her fingers no longer met around the shaft, the head dark and glossy. She stroked from root to tip and felt the heavy pulse under the skin, the way it jumped against her palm when she dragged her thumb across the head. Her breathing had gone shallow, her chest heaving. She was so wet that every slight shift of her thighs produced a squelching sound, a fresh hunger opening up beneath the lingering soreness of the previous night.

"Looks like you finally learned your place."

His voice was low and rough with sleep, but the amusement in it was already awake. She went still, fingers still wrapped around him. He hadn't moved yet beyond the turn of his head; his eyes were open and on her hand where it held him.

"Pleasuring black cock without even having to be told." A slow smile pulled at the corner of his mouth. "That what you were dreaming about, princess? Waking up every morning with a big dick waiting for you to pleasure."

A wave of heat climbed her throat, settling behind her ears. She started to pull her hand away, the old reflex of modesty arriving far too late. Before she could break contact, he snapped his hand up, catching her wrist in a grip of iron. He pinned her fingers against his shaft, then rolled onto his side behind her in one movement that made the mattress dip and groan under their weight.

His chest pushed into her back, warm and solid, the coarse hair of his torso brushing against her skin. His cock slid between her thighs, aligning with the soaked seam of her pussy. It lay there, hot and swollen, the broad head already nudging and probing at the sore entrance that hadn't quite closed from the night's battering.

"Don't get all shy now, girl." His mouth was against her ear, the words low enough that she felt them as much as heard them. One big hand came up and covered her breast, squeezing

until the soft weight of it pushed between his fingers and the nipple caught against his palm.

“You were stroking that dick like you were obsessed it... So get what you need, my big cock slut. Put it where it belongs.”

Janet reached down between her own thighs. Her fingers found the thick head and guided it, the slickness of her making the first push easier than her mind wanted to admit. The stretch was immediate and familiar and still too much, the lips dragged wide around a girth that made her breath catch hard in her throat. She pushed back, slow, taking him inch by careful inch, and the sound that left her was his name, low and broken and louder than she had meant it to be in the quiet room.

“Fuck... Dick.” She moaned, working more inside her.

“There she is,” he murmured, hips staying deliberately still so that she had to do the work of taking him. His hand stayed on her breast, thumb dragging across the nipple in a rough circle that made her clench.

“Listen to that. Your pussy’s already talking. You feel how she’s gripping me? Bruised and worn out after last night, and she’s still trying to suck me in like she missed it. Tell me how it feels.”

“Full,” she managed, the word thin and fragile, barely a whisper. Another inch of his girth forced its way past her ring of muscle, and her breath broke into a jagged sob. “I’m so... full. Your cock is so big.”

“That’s not what I asked.” He pinched her nipple sharply, a sudden spike of pain that made her gasp and arch her back, and then he rolled his hips in one deep, grinding push. The movement dragging the broad head of his cock directly over the sensitive spot that made her vision soften and blur. “Tell me what this cock is doing to you. I want to hear every word.”

She pushed back harder and took him deeper, the wet sound of it loud between their bodies. A moan tore out of her before she could shape it into anything else.

“It’s—fuck—it’s stretching me open. I can feel every inch of it. It’s too big... but I can’t stop taking it. Can’t stop wanting it. I love this big black cock.”

“Good girl.” The approval in his voice was ugly and pleased. He stayed buried, letting her feel the weight of him, the way her walls fluttered and gripped and tried to pull him deeper even while she shook. “That’s what I like to hear. Now open your mouth. You’re going to suck on my tongue while you take the rest of it.”

His hand slid under her jaw and forced her face back toward him. Janet opened her mouth instinctively, and his tongue pushed in, thick and insistent. She sucked on it with a frantic hunger, mirroring the way she had devoured his cock the night before. The moan that vibrated against his mouth was entirely hers, a sound of total surrender.

He began to fuck her like that; slow and deep, his hips rolling in a steady grind. He kept himself pressed firmly against the depths of her, hitting the places that made her thighs tremble and her pussy leaked cream around the shaft. Every time she clenched around him

in a spasm of pleasure, he answered with a low, vibrating growl against her tongue. Her tits remained squeezed in his palm, her nipple caught and rolled between his fingers until it ached with a sharp heat. The wet, filthy sound of her pussy taking him filled the early morning air.

“Hear that?” he said against her lips, not pulling his tongue free, the words muffled and hot. “That’s your pussy thanking me. She’s dripping all over this black cock. You gonna cum on it again? You gonna milk this dick while you suck my tongue like a good little slut?”

She nodded, frantic, and the movement dragged his tongue deeper into her mouth. He pinched her nipple harder and thrust once, sharp enough to punch a broken sound out of her throat, then went back to the slow, deliberate grind that kept her right on the edge. She came with his tongue in her mouth and his cock lodged deep, the orgasm rolling through her in long pulses that made her shake against his chest and leak around him in thick little rushes and suck harder on his tongue. He held still while it passed, letting her flutter and clench and soak the base of him, one hand still pawing at her breast, the other keeping her face turned so he could feel every sound she made.

When the last shiver left her he spoke against her lips, voice thicker.

“I’m close.” His hips had gone still again, the tension in his muscles coiled like a spring. “You want my cum, you better work for it. Show me how bad you need it. I want to hear you beg.”

The last remnants of her hesitation vanished. She pushed back onto him with a desperate force, then rocked forward, then slammed her hips back again, finding the perfect, punishing angle that let her take him to the very root. She ground the swollen head of her clit against the thick base of his cock, seeking the friction she craved. The words poured out of her, raw and unfiltered.

“Give it to me!” she gasped, breathless, working herself on him with a frantic rhythm. The wet, heavy slap of her ass against his gut echoed loudly in the quiet room.

“Fill me up. I need to feel it inside me. Please, Dick, give me your cum. I want to feel it hitting my womb. I want you to breed this pussy again... I want it so deep I can’t ever get it out!”

He groaned, a desperate, animalistic sound against her shoulder. His hand tightened on her tit, squeezing the flesh until she felt the ache of it.

“That’s it. Fuck yourself on it. Take every fucking inch and beg for the nut like you mean it. You sound so fucking hot when you’re desperate for this black cock. Begging to be bred like a whore.”

She didn't just move; she fought for it, her hips slamming back against him with a desperate violence. She was chasing that thick, heavy pulse she could already feel building in the shaft inside her. The moment he hit his breaking point, she surged back one last time, pinning him inside her and holding him there. Her pussy clamped down, milking him in greedy sucks that tried to draw every single drop of seed from his balls. A sound tore from her throat; half his name, half a primal, wordless scream of ecstasy.

“Yessss... fuck, yes. Give it to me! Fill me up! I can feel it all... So much cum. Yessssss!”

He flooded her completely and the sensation was overwhelming; a searing heat that punched into her womb in heavy, repeated spurts. Her body responded with a violent reaction, her walls convulsing in a second, crushing orgasm that rippled around the hot mess he was pumping into her. They stayed locked together, fused by pleasure and fluid, her frame shaking so hard that the bedframe hammered against the wall. Richard let out a low, continuous grunt against her shoulder, heaving gasps as they both collapsed into the afterglow, lungs burning as if they had run a marathon.

The sudden, shrill ring of her phone on the nightstand replaced the sound of their heavy breathing.

It lit with Carl’s name. Dick didn’t pull out. He stayed buried deep, his cock still twitching with the final, dying pulses of his load, while her cunt continued to flutter and spasm around him in the aftershocks. He reached past her shoulder, thumbing the screen to answer, and pressed the phone into her hand without a word. His other hand remained heavy and possessive, squeezing her breast.

She brought the phone to her ear. Her voice came out steadier than she had any right to expect, though it carried a husky edge that betrayed her state.

“Morning.”

“Morning.” Carl sounded bright, already in the car from the background noise. “How’d you sleep? You sound a bit rough.”

Dick’s hips shifted behind her in a slow, deliberate roll that pushed his softening cock deeper into the mess he had just made. Cum leaked around the shaft and ran warm down onto the sheet beneath them. She closed her eyes and kept her voice even.

“It was a satisfying one,” she breathed, the double meaning hanging heavy in the air. “Deep. I needed it.”

“Good.” There was relief in Carl’s tone, the easy kind that came from thinking a small fight was already over. “You still angry with me?”

Dick withdrew in one long, careful pull. The head dragged free of her and the sudden emptiness made her breath catch hard enough that she had to cover it with a small cough. A thick rush of cum followed at once, hot and heavy, pouring out of her and onto her thigh and the already ruined sheets. Her pussy spasmed around the void he left behind, her legs trembling uncontrollably. She pressed her thighs together, feeling the seed continue to leak in slow, slippery pulses while she answered.

“I’m not angry,” she managed, and the words felt strange in her mouth. “There’s nothing that can be done about it... So, I’m just going to make the most of these few days...”

Dick was smiling. She could hear it in the low, pleased sound of his breathing against her hair. Carl kept talking, something about the route and whether he had forgotten his charger and had to buy another, and Janet made the right small noises in the right places to let him think she was still listening. Her free hand had drifted down between her legs.

She cupped herself and felt the cum still leaking, warm and slippery under her fingers, the lips swollen and sensitive.

“How’s Dick?” Carl asked. “He behaving himself? Not giving you any trouble?”

She looked back at the man still pressed against her. He was watching her hand where it covered her cunt, the corner of his mouth lifted. She smiled, small and private, and pushed two fingers into the mess, gathering what she could.

“You know how he is. Big. Disgusting...” She brought the fingers to her mouth and sucked them clean, slow, eyes on Dick the whole time, tongue working between them so he could see. “And messy.”

“But it’s like you said... I know how to keep him happy.”

Carl laughed, easy and entirely unaware. “Well just make sure to keep an eye on him. Can’t have him stealing anything of value. I’ll ring you tonight when we stop.”

“Drive safe,” she said. “Love you.”

“Love you too.”

The call ended. She set the phone down on the nightstand and let her hand fall back to the sheet. Dick’s palm was still on her hip, thumb stroking the place where her waist narrowed, slow and proprietary.

“You’re something else,” he said, and the amusement in it was warm. “And your husband’s a fucking idiot. Doesn’t know I’ve already stolen the most valuable thing his house has to offer!”

His hand came down and slapped her ass playfully.

She turned her head enough to see him properly. The words she had ready felt thinner than they had an hour ago, but she said them anyway.

“Don’t get used to this, Dick. It still ends when they get back in a few days.”

“Sure, it does sugar tits.” He leaned in and kissed the corner of her mouth, unhurried. “Whatever you say... Long as I can keep filling that pussy of yours up in the meantime.”

She was quiet for a moment. The cum was still sliding out of her in slow threads. Her hand was still between her legs, fingers resting in the mess without quite rubbing.

“Well, about that,” she said. “I need to go into town today. The morning-after pill.”

Letting Them Look

Janet stepped out of the car into the bright noise of the high street and felt the air move across the bare skin above the low neck of her top. The jeans were the tight ones, the pair

that sat low on her hips and clung to every curve of her ass and the thickness of her thighs, and the heels put a deliberate sway into her walk that she no longer bothered to correct. The top was thin and pale and cut low enough that the full weight of her tits sat high and heavy in the fabric, the soft inner curves pressed together. With no bra on, the darker outline of her nipples were already clear through the cloth.

A pair of workmen on the scaffolding across the road turned their heads as she closed the door. One of them said something low that made the other laugh, the sound of it carrying just far enough to reach her. Two weeks ago that laugh would have put heat in her face and a sharp remark in her mouth. She would have walked faster, shoulders locked, and spent the next ten minutes telling herself they were disgusting, that men who looked at a woman like that in the middle of the day deserved whatever came out of her mouth. Today the heat still arrived, but it settled lower, behind her ribs and between her legs.

She felt their eyes on the bounce of her tits when she took the first step, on the way the denim pulled tight across her ass, and something in her chest loosened instead of locking. Dick had looked at her like that for days now. He had said the things out loud that these men were thinking, and then he had put his hands and his cock where the looking had already gone. Being seen now felt less like an insult and more like a compliment. The body he kept using was one other men wanted too. There was something almost steadying in it, a small, private satisfaction she didn't examine too closely. Her nipples tightened further against the thin fabric, the peaks dragging with every step, and she didn't cross her arms or quicken her pace. She let them look.

Inside the pharmacy the light was flat and the air smelled of antiseptic and cheap air freshener. They moved down the contraception aisle without speaking at first. Dick stopped in front of the regular sized condom packs and picked one up, turning the box so the picture of the rolled latex faced her. His thumb tapped the edge of the cardboard.

"Could tear a few of these up," he said, voice low enough that it stayed between them but still carrying the amusement. "I know how wet it made you watching my black cock rip straight through the ones your husband keeps in his drawer. Bet you'd soak right through those jeans if I did it again for you."

Colour climbed her throat. She glanced once over her shoulder at the empty end of the aisle, then back at the box in his hand, and the small sound that left her wasn't quite a laugh.

"You're going to get us thrown out," she said, the corner of her mouth already twitching even as she said it. "Anyway, even if they had your XLs, it's a bit late for them now. I need that morning-after pill."

He set the box back on the shelf and kept walking, close enough that his arm brushed hers. They found the morning-after section a moment later, the slim boxes lined up under the bright strip lighting, and she was just reaching for one when a voice cut across the aisle.

"Janet?"

The sound of her name in that particular register made her hand freeze halfway to the shelf.

She turned and saw Patricia Wilde standing at the end of the aisle in the pale blue pharmacy tunic, mid-forties and as tightly held together as the hair scraped back from her face. She lived three houses further up the lane, the wife of the pastor at the small church on the corner of the green, and if Janet had spent years being the prim and proper one the other wives measured themselves against, Patricia was the extreme version that had never learned how to soften the edges. The group chat often jokingly called her Karen instead of Patricia, and she never corrected them. They had been neighbours and friends for more than a decade, the kind that clashed in committee meetings and then closed ranks the moment anyone from outside the lane tried to change the planting scheme or the parking rules. Her children were the ones the other mothers compared their own against: Abigail already at university and never home without a purpose, and Ellis, nineteen, polite, hardworking, the boy who had stood on Janet's porch the night before with a pizza box and seen more of her than any neighbour's son had any right to.

The thought arrived and left in the same second. He wouldn't have said anything, surely. Not to his mother. Not about seeing her like that.

Patricia's eyes moved from Janet's face to the low cut of the top and the unmistakable outline of her nipples, lingered there with open disapproval, then dropped to the shelf Janet had been reaching for, and finally settled on the heavy man standing half a step behind her.

"You don't normally work Tuesdays," Janet said. The words came out thinner than she wanted them to.

"Covering a shift." Patricia's gaze flicked to Dick again and stayed there. Her mouth had already tightened. "Can I help you with anything, or are you just browsing?"

Janet felt the suspicion land and settle between them. She turned slightly, one hand lifting in a small, useless gesture toward the man beside her.

"This is Mr Long. From the house on the corner. Richard, this is Patricia."

Patricia's mouth tightened further at the edges.

"Ah yes. Everyone knows that house. Hard not to, with the state of the garden and the cars that come and go at all hours. I'm surprised to see you spending time... with his kind."

She looked him up and down like he was an alien. Eyes judgemental, scanning his ugly face, his worn out clothes. And his big round belly, her upper lip curling into a sneer.

"He's had a bad knee," Janet went on, the explanation arriving too fast and too neat. "Surgery recovery. I'm just helping him out for a few days until he's properly back on his feet. We only popped in for some pain relief."

Dick shifted his weight, the corner of his mouth lifting.

"Knee's been giving me hell," he said, easy and just loud enough to carry past the end of the aisle. "Janet here's been real good about keeping me comfortable. Knows exactly what I need. Doesn't mind getting her hands dirty either."

Patricia's eyes narrowed until the look was openly rude.

“Some of us prefer to keep our hands clean, Mr Long. And our standards.” She turned the last word on Janet like a blade. “Pain relief is two aisles over. Unless there’s something else you were looking for.”

Janet felt the double edge of it and moved before either of them could say more, steering them both toward the painkiller aisle with a hand that didn’t quite touch his arm. Patricia followed for a few steps, still watching the space between them as if she expected to catch something moving.

“How’s Ellis?” Janet asked, because the silence felt worse than the risk of more conversation and because the boy’s name was suddenly loud in her head. “He must be nearly finished with the deliveries now.”

“He’s happy enough.” Patricia’s tone softened by a fraction when she said her son’s name, the only softness she seemed willing to spend. “Excited to start college. Working every shift he can get at the pizza place so he’s got some money put by. Says the tips have been decent lately. Keeps him out of trouble, which is more than I can say for some of the other influences on this lane.”

They reached the painkillers. Janet picked up a box without really reading the label. Patricia stayed long enough to ring the sale herself at the counter, the morning-after boxes left untouched on the shelf behind them. When she handed over the small paper bag her smile was thin and didn’t reach her eyes.

“You should come over one night,” she said. “Girls’ night. Wine, hot tub, the usual. Be nice to catch up properly without the men around.”

“Sure,” Janet said. The word felt automatic and slightly sour. “We’ll sort something.”

Outside the automatic doors the street felt louder and brighter than it had ten minutes earlier. Heat sat high on Janet’s cheeks and down the front of her throat. She walked three steps before she spoke, voice low.

“She almost caught us. Standing there like an idiot in front of those pills.”

“Now that’s a whore that needs taught a lesson,” Dick said. His hand landed on her ass, fingers spreading so she felt the full weight of the grip. “And I thought you were a stuck up bitch before I got my cock inside you. But she’s something else.”

His hand was still heavy on her ass through the denim. She felt the grip and the heat that had been sitting low since the workmen, and the old protest arrived thinner than it used to.

“Don’t call me a bitch,” she said, but she didn’t step out from under his hand. The word landed and stayed there. “We need to figure out what we’re going to do about the morning-after—”

“Don’t you worry about the pill, princess. I’m an old man. Pretty sure the swimmers don’t have what it takes these days.”

She stopped on the pavement. The laugh that left her was short and disbelieving.

“Are you kidding me? You cum like a fucking hose, Dick. I can still feel it inside me from this morning. Fuck I’m so screwed... Come on. Let’s just go home then before she starts tracking our movements.”

“Not so fast, gorgeous.” He nodded across the road. The adult shop sat between the betting place and the closed travel agent, its windows blacked out, the neon sign dull in the daylight. His eyebrows lifted and the corner of his mouth curved. “Might as well make the most of the trip while we’re already out.”

The moment they stepped through the beaded curtain, the atmosphere shifted. The interior was darker and thick with the scent of cheap PVC, rubber, and a cloying, musk-like perfume that clung to the air.

Janet leaned in close, her voice a frantic whisper. “We are not doing the video booths again, Richard. Absolutely not.”

“I can agree to that,” he murmured, his tone easy, though the glint in his eyes suggested he had other plans. “As long as you play your part.”

Before she could ask what that meant, his arm clamped around her shoulders, and his large hand dropped with a heavy thud to cover her left breast. He squeezed her tit, his palm moulding to the curve of her through the thin fabric, the pressure making her gasp.

Two men near the magazine rack turned their heads. She felt the shock of it, the public weight of his palm and the way the men didn’t look away, and then she leaned into his side, happy to be under his protection, even in this public and shameful way.

They wandered a few rows of toys, before Dick stopped at the small rotating display of fake piercings.

“Which ones do you want?” He asked, squeezing her tit.

She picked up a pair of the screw-on bars and turned them over in her fingers, the metal cool against her skin.

“Why would I ever want to get these?” she whispered, though her voice lacked conviction.

“Because I want those big, perfect tits of yours pierced,” he said, his voice a low, commanding rumble against her temple. “Properly. Permanently. And I know you’ll play the good little housewife and say no if I tell you to book the appointment today. So, these will have to do until you stop pretending you don’t love dressing like a slut.”

She was still turning the bars over in her fingers when he snatched them from her hand.

“Here. I’ll show you.”

He hooked his fingers in the neck of her top and pulled it down in one smooth motion. Her tits spilled free into the cooler air of the shop, heavy and pale, nipples already drawn tight from the walk and the looking. A low sound came from somewhere behind them, not quite a word. She started to protest, one hand lifting, and felt the words die in her throat when his thumbs dragged across both peaks at once, slow and deliberate. Her teeth caught her lower lip.

The eyes of the strangers on her were obvious now; she could feel them on the weight of her tits and on the dark hands playing with them, and the knowledge of it made her cunt clench hard enough that she shifted her weight. He screwed the first bar into place, the two small plates biting into either side of the nipple, then did the second with the same unhurried care. The pressure was sharp enough to make her groan under her breath, a small, helpless sound she didn't manage to swallow. When he tugged the top back up, the thin fabric dragged over the new hardness and the metal showed through as clear dark lines.

In the narrow mirror at the end of the aisle the effect was immediate and filthy. Her nipples stood out harder than they had all morning, the bars visible through the pale cloth, the whole picture deliberate. She stared at herself. The woman in the glass looked like someone who had chosen this, who wanted to be seen like this. All the filthy titles he used to describe her over the past days, sat easier against that reflection than they ever had. A slow throb started between her legs and didn't fade.

"Sluts like you, love having their nipples pierced," he said against her ear, close enough that she felt the warmth of the words. "Keeps them hard all day. Sensitive. Rubbing against whatever you're wearing until you can't think about anything else. And everybody who looks at you knows exactly what you are before you even open your mouth."

She kept looking at the reflection. The thrill of it sat low in her stomach, warm and unwanted and sharper than she had expected. He squeezed the breast he still held, thumb pressing the bar so the ache flared bright and travelled straight down.

"Few more weeks of taking this black dick and I'll be sending you to get them done properly," he went on. "Tongue too. And then your clit. Couple of black spade tattoos so the world can see you for what you really are without having to wonder."

"No... this is over in three days," she said. The sentence arrived late and thin, and even as she heard it she felt how little weight it carried against the pressure of his hand and the metal biting her nipples and the eyes still on her in the mirror. He was already moving toward the next aisle before the words had finished leaving her mouth. A man in a stained jacket had drifted closer, gaze fixed on her chest. She stepped back into Dick's side at once, the motion automatic. His arm settled around her again, heavy and claiming, and the other man looked away.

The black spade necklace was next. Richard's fingers were steady and deliberate as he fastened the clasp, the small, dark charm settling perfectly in the dip of her collarbone, resting just above the swell of her breasts.

He let his fingers linger on the chain, the cold metal pressing against her skin as he leaned in to whisper the truth of it.

"Do you know what this says, Janet? This tells every man who sees you that you belong to black cock. It marks you as a size queen, a snowbunny, a desperate little white slut who can't get enough of black men and their superior dicks."

He paused, his voice dropping to a gravelly, commanding tone.

“It’s a brand. A public admission of everything you’ve been begging for in the dark of your own bedroom.”

Janet stared at the spade against her pale skin. It acted like a visual arrow, drawing the eye straight down into the deep cleavage where the screw-on piercings had already made her breasts look obscene and hyper-stimulated. The psychological weight of the mark hit her and her pussy fluttered. A slow, helpless throb radiated from her clit, making the thick seam of her jeans feel suddenly too tight, too warm, and agonisingly abrasive against her soaking wet folds.

They reached the plugs last. Richard bypassed the silicone and went straight for the stainless steel. He picked up two: a smaller one topped with a glittering red jewel, and a larger, more imposing plug set with a black spade that mirrored her necklace.

“You can try and deny it,” he murmured, his voice low enough that the filth of his words was for her ears alone, “but that tight little asshole of yours was gripping my thumb last night, like it was starving. You came so hard you nearly pushed me out of your body.”

He let out a low, dark chuckle.

“That big, fat ass of yours needs proper training if you’re going to start taking this big cock back there. But you’ll soon be begging to have that asshole stretched open and pounded.”

His hand left the plugs long enough to squeeze her nipple through the top and her ass through the denim at the same time. The dual pressure made her breath catch hard.

“I’m going to turn you into an anal slut,” he murmured against her hair. “You’re so hungry for this cock now you’re going to need every hole just to keep yourself satisfied. We’ll start with these. You’ll wear the small one tonight. The spade one when you’re ready to admit what that ass has been waiting for.”

She stared at the metal in his hand. The idea of anything back there still felt impossible in the bright light of the shop, and yet the memory of his thumb, the way she had pushed against it without meaning to, the sharp, unexpected pleasure of it, sat warm between her cheeks.

It must feel good, she considered. People wouldn’t do something so disgusting if it didn’t feel good.

He held them out to her, and she took both, the smaller one and the one with the spade, and felt the weight of them as the stranger’s eyes watched her.

At the counter the assistant, a bored man in his twenties asked if they wanted lube with the plugs. Dick’s hand was already back on her tit, thumb working the bar through the fabric in slow circles.

“My slut usually prefers to use saliva,” he said, clear enough for the counter and the aisle behind them. “Don’t you, baby?”

Before she could even process the public humiliation of the question, he yanked her into him. The kiss was deep and open-mouthed. His tongue surged into her mouth, mimicking the way he had claimed her that morning on the marital bed. Janet didn’t fight it; she

sucked on his tongue with a hunger, her body already conditioned to his dominance. She leaned into him, her breasts pressing against his chest, knowing the entire shop was watching her be handled like a toy.

When he finally drew back, her lips were red and glistening, her breathing ragged. The front of the shop had fallen into a heavy silence, the only sound the low, droning music from the ceiling speakers.

“What do you prefer to use as lube, Janet?” he asked, his eyes challenging her.

“Saliva,” she gasped, the word breathless and immediate, her voice trembling with arousal.

“But shall we get some lube, just until we stretch that tight little hole some more?” He asked, smiling as if it was the most natural public conversation.

“Yes...” she whispered, her face red.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes... please, Daddy,” she managed, the words coming out on the same breath that had just sucked his tongue.

Dick smiled proudly down at her. His arm stayed around her, hand still covering her breast.

“You want to go and play in the video booths?” he asked, loud enough for anyone in the front half of the shop to hear, “or do you want to go home and get some thick black cock inside you?”

The eyes on her were heavy and obvious. She looked up into his face, felt the metal biting her nipples and the spade resting against her skin and the plugs waiting in the bag, and the answer left her mouth before she had finished deciding whether she was going to say it.

“Take me home,” she moaned, her eyes locked on his. “I want black cock.”

The Reward

“I can cook dinner,” Janet called from the kitchen. “There’s chicken in the fridge. Or the pasta. It won’t take long.”

Dick stood in the doorway with one shoulder against the frame, the brace discarded on the living room floor, an indication that his knee was clearly no longer the reason he was in the house. He looked at the plug in his hand, then at her, and shook his head.

“You do enough,” he said. The voice was lower than the one he used when he was telling her what her cunt was for. “Go run a bath. Take your time and enjoy the soak. I’ll order the pizza. We’ll eat after we’ve worked up an appetite and had a little fun with this.”

He held up the plug for her, with an ugly grin on his face.

She felt the oddness of the offer and didn't trust the hint of kindness all the way, but the ache from the morning and the shop was still sitting low between her legs, and the idea of not standing at the stove while he watched her had its own pull.

"Go get that body ready for me," he added. The corner of his mouth moved. "I'll come up and join you when you're done."

She left the plug on the table and went upstairs. The bath took a while to fill. She sat on the closed lid of the toilet with her phone in her hand and listened to the water. She thought of Carl. Not of how his trip was going. Nor about the guilt she felt about the things she had done in their marital bed, but instead she thought about the things she would do tonight, and how she didn't want another phone call to answer mid-act. Another interruption. She dialled his number, determined to get the call out of the way now. He answered on the second ring, the sound of the motorway behind him.

"Hey," she said. "Just checking in and seeing how you're doing. I'm running a bath. Thought I'd have a quiet night. Glass of wine, read a book and pamper myself a bit while you're both away."

"Good," he said. He sounded pleased and a little relieved. "You should. You've been running around after everyone. Put your feet up. Have the wine. I'll ring you in the morning unless you want me to check in later."

"Morning's fine." She watched the water climb the side of the tub. "Drive safe. Love you."

"Love you too. Enjoy the bath."

She ended the call and set the phone face down on the counter. The lie sat neatly in her mouth. She stepped out of the robe and into the water while it was still hot enough to sting, and the heat climbed her thighs and settled between them where she was already slick from the drive home and the way he had kept his hand on her in the shop. The fake bars were still on her nipples. She hadn't taken them off. Every time she shifted they dragged against the surface of the water and the ache flared, sharp and constant, and travelled straight down.

Janet didn't fight the thought anymore; she leaned into it, letting the submission wash over her like the steaming water in the tub. She was preparing herself for him. Preparing her body for whatever he wanted to do to her.

Three more days, she whispered to the rising steam.

But until then, her body had already betrayed her. It didn't care about morality or marriage; it only cared about the primal way Dick claimed her. It was better to be scrubbed clean and dripping wet before he ever stepped foot in the room. She wanted to be primed and ready for him. Ready to have that metal plug stretching her ass. Ready for him to fuck her with that same intensity that left her breathless, her mind blank, cumming in waves while his tongue invaded her mouth and his hot cum flooded her womb.

Her hand drifted beneath the surface of the water. She didn't rub; she didn't dare give herself the release. Instead, she simply pressed her fingers against her swollen lips. She let

the wanting sit there, a heavy, pulsing weight in her pelvis, as her clit throbbed against her fingertips.

Dick was already in the bedroom when she came out of the ensuite, the robe loose around her and her hair still damp at the ends. The smaller plug and the bottle of oil sat on the nightstand. On the bed he had laid out the things he wanted her to wear for him: the black CUM SLUT collar, the spade necklace from the shop, and the red heels she had worn into town. He watched her stop just inside the doorway.

“Come here,” he said.

She crossed the room. He took the robe off her shoulders and let it fall, then fastened the collar himself, the leather snug against her throat, the silver letters sitting where anyone who looked would see them. The spade necklace went on next, the dark charm settling just above the swell of her tits. He crouched long enough to slide the heels onto her feet and buckle them, then straightened and stepped back to look at her. The fake bars were still tight on her nipples. The collar and the spade and the heels turned the rest of her into something deliberate.

“Fucking sexy thing,” he said. His eyes moved over her slowly. “You look slutty as hell like this. All dressed up and ready for some big black cock.”

Heat climbed her chest. She didn’t cover herself. He picked up a blindfold from the bed and held it where she could see the soft black cloth.

“What’s that for?” she asked.

“Enhances every sense for you,” he said. “No looking around and thinking your way out of what you feel. Just the plug, and my hands, and how bad you want it. Trust me, you’ll love it.”

She hesitated only a second, then nodded as he turned her toward the bed.

“On your knees. Chest down. Ass up.”

She climbed onto the mattress. He pressed one hand to the small of her back until her spine curved the way he wanted, her ass raised and open, the cooler air of the room moving over the slickness and heat that was already showing. He tied the blindfold carefully, the knot snug, the world gone dark. His palm stroked once over the curve of her ass.

“Look at you,” he said. “Pussy dripping down your thighs and your ass pushed up like you’re desperate for it. You want this plug inside you, don’t you? You’ve been thinking about it since my thumb last night. Since the shop today.”

She shifted her knees wider. The movement made her ass sway, small and deliberate, and a low sound left her throat.

“I’ve been waiting for it all day,” she purred. The words came out softer than she meant them to. “Put it in. I want to feel it. I want you to fuck me with my ass stuffed.”

His hand cracked across her ass, sharp enough to make her gasp.

Before she could push back into the sting the doorbell went downstairs. He spanked her again, lighter.

“That’s the pizza,” he said. His thumb dragged through the wetness between her legs and then up, circling her hole once. “I’ll leave it in the kitchen. We’ll eat later. You stay exactly like this. Don’t move. Think about what I’m going to do to this body when I get back.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said. The title left her on a moan. Her hips rolled once, offering.

Footsteps crossed the room. She stayed where she was, blindfolded, ass raised, collar tight against her throat, the plug and the oil still on the nightstand. Downstairs she heard the front door, his voice low and easy, and then another voice answering. Talking continued longer than expected, but eventually the door closed again. The footsteps started up the stairs and for a second she thought she had heard two, distinct, and then she told herself it was only him, the limp from the knee making the steps uneven. She pushed the question away and waited, pussy and asshole throbbing, for his hands.

“Took you long enough,” she rasped, her voice thick and rough from the wait. “I’m done waiting. Oil that ass up and get the plug in. I want to feel it stretching me open while you fuck me.”

The mattress dipped behind her, the weight of someone settling onto the edge. Hands landed on her hips. They were warm, but the moment they touched her, something felt wrong. The palms were too small, the fingers narrower, the grip careful and almost hesitant. Dick’s hands were heavy, sure, and aggressive; they were hands that left bruises she’d find the next morning. These thumbs rested lightly on her skin instead of digging in to claim her.

Impatient and blinded by her own needs, Janet pushed her rear back into the palms, grinding her swollen pussy against them. She was starving for it. A fresh, thick thread of wetness slid down her inner thigh, the scent of her arousal filling the small space between them.

“Stop playing around back there,” she groaned, her voice dropping an octave, dripping with need. “Spank it. Oil me up, Daddy. I want those hands on me properly.”

The first slap was light, almost tentative, a polite introduction to the skin. But the sting of it across her oiled, waiting flesh made Janet’s breath hitch in a sharp, jagged gasp. The second one landed with more conviction, a sudden crack that echoed in the silence of the room, as if the person behind her had finally heard the demanding edge in her voice and decided to answer it. She rocked forward from the impact, then immediately surged back, chasing the blooming heat of the blow.

Then came the click of a plastic cap. Cool, thick oil poured between her cheeks, a viscous stream that ran in a slow line over her puckered hole and dripped down toward her cunt. Those same careful hands began to spread the lubricant, fingers sliding through the slickness with a hesitant, circling motion. They traced the tight ring of her anus in nervous passes before stroking lower, coating her engorged lips without the rough, bruising certainty she had been bracing for.

“Give me more Dick. Stop playing around back there!” She commanded, grinding back trying to coax the confident dominant touches he normally gave her.

One finger pressed inward, testing the resistance of her muscle, and she pushed back against it with desperate urgency until the tip breached the ring and sank deep to the first knuckle.

“That’s it,” she rasped, her voice breathless and thick with lust. “Get it ready. You know how fucking tight I am. Work me open. I want that plug inside me, and I want to feel it stretching me while you fuck my pussy with that big cock after.”

The hands didn't stop. One palm stroked the oiled expanse of her ass before delivering another slap; firmer this time, the connection making a wet, slapping sound that sent a tremor through her thighs. She rocked into the pain, her hips rolling. The finger inside her pushed deeper in unsteady strokes, curling against her walls, and she clenched around it instinctively, her sphincter pulsing around the intruder.

Somewhere behind her, she caught the sound of a low, shaky breath; a ragged inhalation that didn't sound like Dick's dominant rhythm. But the oil was warming now, worked into her skin by the friction, and the finger was moving, and the desire in her pelvis was screaming louder than the question trying to form in the back of her mind. Every time she shifted, the metal bars screwed into her nipples bit into her flesh, the sharp ache traveling in a direct line straight down to where she was being opened.

“Dirty fucker,” she hissed, pushing her rear harder onto the finger. “Use your mouth. Eat my slutty asshole. I want to feel your tongue inside me.”

There was a pause; a heavy silence long enough that she almost snapped at him to stop teasing. Then the mattress shifted, and a mouth pressed firmly between her cheeks. The tongue was flat and tentative at first, tasting the oil on her skin. Janet let out a broken, needy sound and shoved back harder, chasing the contact, her cunt fluttering and leaking fluid onto the sheets.

“Don't tease me,” she commanded, her voice rough. “Eat that ass, properly. Get it wet. Push your tongue inside. I want to feel you working me open for the plug.”

The tongue pushed. It started shallow, then drove deeper, licking into her with a focus that felt more stunned and desperate than skilled. The sounds were filthy; wet, slurping noises that echoed against her skin. She rocked against the mouth, her hips rolling in a grind, the sound of the tongue working her hole mixing with her own heavy breathing. Her body was answering the mouth with blind, animal hunger, even as a distant part of her registered that the rhythm was wrong, too eager, too frantic.

The tongue kept working, becoming more aggressive, pushing and licking, making small, hungry whimpers that vibrated directly against her hole. She groaned, urging him to keep going, telling him to make her cum just from the sensation of being eaten out from behind.

The wrongness finally registered fully when a second weight settled on the bed beside her head. A hand fisted in her hair with a familiar strength and yanked her head up.

Immediately, the thick head of Dick's cock pushed against her lips. He was already wet at the tip, the pungent, musky scent of him hitting her like a wave. Janet opened her mouth for him and took the first few inches onto her tongue, sucking him deep with a needy

moan, before the tongue pushed further into her asshole and the reality of the situation crashed down on her.

“What the fuck?” she gasped, her voice cracking with panic, as she pulled her mouth off Dick’s cock. “Who—Dick, who the fuck is back there?”

Dick yanked the blindfold up and off. The sudden glare of the bedside lamp hit her eyes, forcing her to blink rapidly against the light. He kept his fist clamped tight in her hair, forcing her head to stay angled up, though she strained to look back over her shoulder.

There, buried between her cheeks, was Ellis. The pizza boy. Patricia’s son.

The nineteen-year-old looked absolutely wrecked. His face was a glistening mask of oil and saliva from the frantic effort of licking her asshole open. His chest was heaving, lungs burning, and his own cock was straining visibly against the denim of his jeans, a hard, desperate ridge. One of his hands was still anchored to her hip, fingers digging into her oiled skin. His gaze wondered from the shocked look on Janet’s face and turned wide-eyed, with awe on the massive, dark shaft hovering mere inches from her mouth.

“Holy shit,” Ellis whispered, his voice hoarse, trembling with a mixture of fear and lust. “That’s the biggest cock I’ve ever seen.”

“Ellis?” Janet’s voice broke in a high-pitched sound. She tried to surge upward, to scramble away from the absurdity of it, but the grip in her hair was an iron vice, pinning her down, keeping her ass arched high and vulnerable. She could still feel the damp, lingering heat of the boy’s breath against her puckered hole.

“What the fuck! You little perv! Get off me! Right now! Get the fuck out of my house!”

“Sorry, Mrs. Little,” he stammered, but he didn’t move. His face was flushed a deep, bruised crimson. The hand on her hip twitched, but he didn’t let go. “Mr. Long said... he said this was my reward. For keeping it secret. He said if I didn’t tell anyone, I could come up for some fun.”

“Keeping what secret?” she rasped, the words sounding thin and fragile.

“That you’re a slut for black cock,” Ellis said. He spoke the words slowly, as if testing the weight of the blasphemy in her bedroom, his voice gaining a sudden, tentative confidence. “He said you beg for it. That you love how big it is. That you’d let me help if I kept quiet about what I saw.”

“Jesus Christ, Dick!” She twisted her head as far as the grip allowed, trying to find his eyes. The swollen head of his cock was still pressing firmly against her cheek, smelling of musk and pre-cum. “We can’t—he’s Patricia’s son! You can’t just bring him up here and—this isn’t—”

Dick didn’t let her finish. He shoved the head of his cock back into her mouth, cutting her off. His other hand tightened in her hair, yanking her head back to expose her throat.

“Shut the fuck up,” he commanded, his voice a low, dangerous rumble that vibrated through her. “And choke on this dark meat like you’ve been doing all week. You were

begging for a tongue in your ass. You were screaming for him to eat you open. Now you're going to take the cock that belongs in your throat while he finishes what he started."

Janet made a muffled, desperate sound against the shaft. He didn't give her a second to breathe. He drove the thick length forward, filling her throat completely, stretching her lips to their absolute limit. Her protest vanished, replaced by the wet, helpless sounds of her throat trying to accommodate him. She gagged softly, her eyes watering, as he pushed deeper, forcing her to take him further than she ever had. A thick string of spit escaped the corner of her mouth, sliding down her chin.

Behind her, Ellis was mesmerised. He stayed frozen, his eyes locked on the sight of the massive dark cock stretching her mouth and the way her throat worked frantically to swallow him.

"Get that tight asshole ready for the plug, white boy," Dick barked over her head, his voice devoid of mercy. He rolled his hips once, a slow, deliberate grind that pushed another inch of his girth past her lips, forcing a wet, choking sound from her throat. "If you're going to be my assistant, you better do exactly as you're told. Now, get your reward!"

Ellis swallowed hard, the sound audible in the quiet room. His gaze remained fixed on the glistening shaft disappearing into her mouth, on the spit shining along the skin and the rhythmic pulsing of her throat. He nodded once, quick and subservient.

"Yes, sir," he whispered. Diving his face back between her cheeks, tongue pushing into the oil with a frantic, eager thrust.

Janet's protest died against the thick cock filling her throat. Dick's fist stayed locked in her hair, and every time she tried to pull back he rolled his hips and fed her another inch. Spit ran down her chin. Behind her the tongue kept working, deeper now, less careful, the vibration of Ellis's desperate little sounds going straight into her. She felt the wrongness of it; Patricia's son, her son's friend, and the knowledge should have made her fight harder. Instead her pussy clenched hard enough to push another thick thread of wetness down her thigh, and her hips moved before she could stop them.

She pushed back, grinding her ass into the boy's face, chasing the wet pressure of his mouth even while her throat worked around Dick's cock. A broken moan vibrated against the shaft. Ellis answered it with a frantic sound of his own and licked harder, both hands spreading her cheeks, holding her open. Dick felt the shift and tightened his grip.

"That's it," Dick said over her head, voice low and pleased. "Grind that ass on him while you choke on this. You were begging for a tongue. Now you've got one. Your very own little white boy to corrupt"

She made a muffled sound that might have been a denial. Her hips rolled again anyway, slower, deliberate, working herself on the eager, inexperienced tongue that was opening her for the plug still waiting on the nightstand. The protest that had been sharp a minute ago was already thinning under the weight of both.

On Camera

“Follow my lead,” Dick said, the words low enough that only she would hear them over the wet noise of the mouth still eating her asshole. His hand left her hair just long enough to reach for the phone on the nightstand so the screen could light and the camera could be angled toward her face, catching the spit already shining on her stretched lips and the thick shaft that was still filling her mouth.

She turned her head just enough for the lens, eyes wet, and took him deeper on purpose, gagging herself once so more spit spilled down her chin and onto the sheet before she pulled back until only the head rested on her tongue. The sound of it was filthy in the quiet room while Ellis lifted his face far enough that she could feel his breath against her oiled skin and knew he was watching the phone.

“How long you been fantasising about Mrs Little?” Dick asked, voice easy, the camera steady on her mouth as she kept the head of him on her tongue. “Be honest, white boy.”

Ellis pulled back just far enough to speak, his face flushed dark and shiny with oil and spit, and the answer came out rough and unsteady.

“Forever,” he said. “Since I was old enough to notice. I used to think about her after hanging out with Junior in his room. About what she’d look like... with no clothes on.”

“And now you’ve got your tongue buried in her ass,” Dick said, thumb stroking the corner of her mouth where it was still stretched around him. “You know how lucky you are? Don’t you want to kiss her too? Say thank you properly for letting you taste her.”

Ellis stared up at her, his chest heaving, one hand still clamped firmly onto her hip, his fingers digging into her flesh.

“Can I?” he whispered, the question small and pathetic.

Janet felt the trap closing. She understood exactly what Dick was doing with the phone, the psychological carving he was performing on the boy, and the way Ellis was already half-ruined and ready to do anything they asked. She pulled off the cock with a loud, dragging suction sound and looked back over her shoulder, her voice hoarse and stripped of its usual poise.

“Come up here,” she commanded. “Beside me.”

Ellis scrambled onto the bed, kneeling so close that she could smell the musk of his arousal mixed with the scent of the oil on his face. She took Dick back into her mouth, deeper this time, working her throat with a hunger until she gagged again, sending another rush of spit cascading down her chin. She pulled off abruptly, her lips soaked and glistening. She reached out and gripped Ellis’s jaw with a firm hand.

“Kiss me,” she ordered.

He lunged before she could even finish the sentence. The kiss was messy and open from the first second. Janet pushed her tongue deep into his mouth, aggressively feeding him

the taste of Dick's cock; thick, salty, and pungent. Ellis made a small, broken sound against her lips and kissed her harder, as if he had been waiting for this permission his entire life.

When she finally drew back, his eyes were completely glazed, his lips smeared with the fluids of both Janet and Dick.

"You like how it tastes," she whispered, her thumb stroking his lower lip, smearing the cock-scented spit. "Don't you?"

"Yes," he managed, his voice cracking and full of lust for the women before him. "Please... can we kiss more..."

She didn't let him finish. She held his head still, took Dick deep one more time until her throat fluttered in a violent spasm, and then pulled off with a wet pop. She caught Ellis's jaw harder, forcing his mouth open with her fingers, and spat; thick, warm, and heavy, straight onto his tongue. He flinched, his eyes widening, but he didn't pull away. Before he could even swallow, she mashed her mouth back onto his, licking the mess deeper into his throat, sharing the essence of the man dominating them both. Ellis melted into her, making a desperate, needy noise, sucking on her tongue with a frantic hunger, trying to swallow every single drop of the degradation.

"Such an eager boy," she whispered against his lips, her voice a sultry rasp when she finally granted him a gasp of air. "Sharing that cock-spit with me with such hunger. You'd do absolutely anything I told you to right now, wouldn't you?"

Dick let out a low, dark chuckle of approval, the phone still steady in his grip, recording the glistening, wet shine of their smeared mouths and the hunger in Ellis's eyes.

"Get your cock out," Janet commanded, her chest heaving, a stray string of spit still cooling on her chin. "If it's even half the size of his, I might actually let you fuck me. Show me what you're packing."

Ellis fumbled with the button of his jeans, his fingers shaking. When he finally shoved them down, his dick sprang free with a desperate snap, hard and pulsing, the head flushed a deep, angry purple. It was smaller than she had anticipated; not insignificant, but dwarfed by thick dark shaft that she had grown accustomed to over the past days. A short, startled sound escaped her, a sharp exhale that was almost a laugh of disbelief.

"It's cute," she purred, reaching out to wrap her fingers around the shaft. She gave him one slow, deliberate stroke, feeling the way the muscle jumped and twitched in her palm. "All red and swollen. Nearly as pathetic as my husband's. I bet I'd barely even feel you if I let you slide inside."

She stroked him again, her thumb dragging firmly over the sensitive ridge of the head, watching his stomach tighten into a hard knot of arousal.

"But don't worry, baby. You can still play your part. We're going to show you exactly what you're here for. You want that, don't you?"

He nodded frantically, his eyes locked on her mouth and the thick, pulsing cock of the man still resting against her cheek.

“Yes,” he gasped, his voice breaking. “Anything. I just want to stay. I just want to be part of it.”

“Good boy.”

Dick set the phone down on the nightstand with a click, reaching for the heavy metal plug and the bottle of oil. The polished steel caught the light, cold and menacing.

“Time to get that greedy ass plugged. On your knees on the carpet. Chest on the bed. Ass up where we can both see every inch of it.”

Janet moved, the click of her heels echoing as her knees hit the carpet. She folded herself forward, pressing her chest flat against the mattress, hoisting her hips high in the air. The position left her completely exposed, her pussy and asshole splayed open for their inspection. Her ass was already slick, a messy cocktail of Ellis’s saliva and the oil from earlier, leaving the tight, puckered ring of her hole glistening and relaxed. Dick poured more oil; cool, thick, and viscous, and worked it over her with two fingers. He pressed deep and circled the rim, stretching the muscle until she was instinctively pushing back against his hand, her body craving the intrusion.

Then, he pressed the tapered head of the metal plug against her.

The first push was agonisingly slow. The cold steel stretched her open, and Janet let out a muffled moan into the sheets, her body trembling as it fought the instinct to clench. Dick didn’t rush; he forced her to feel every single millimetre of the widening girth. He pulled back slightly when she spasmed, then pressed forward again, the oil making the slide sound filthy and squelching in the quiet room.

“That’s it,” he grunted, his free hand clamping heavy on the small of her back, pinning her down. “Open up for it. This greedy little asshole has been begging for this since last night. You feel how it’s taking it? You’re going to beg for bigger ones. You’re going to scream for this cock back here once we’ve trained you properly.”

Driven by a desperate need to be filled, Janet pushed her hips back onto the steel, taking more of it. The stretch was a burning, perfect agony, and a broken sound tore from her throat.

“It’s so thick,” she whimpered. “I can feel it... it’s splitting me open. Fuck. Don’t stop. Push it all the way in!”

He drove it deeper with steady pressure until the widest part of the plug forced her open to her limit, and the base seated flush against her skin. Janet cried out, a sound that was half-shock and half-raw, primal pleasure. Her cunt clenched, sending a fresh rush of cream sliding down her thighs, while the plug sat heavy and cold inside her. It was a constant, pressure that sent electric sparks shooting up her spine with every microscopic shift of her hips.

“Goddamn,” Dick breathed, running his palm over the trembling curve of her ass and pressing his thumb hard against the jewel of the plug, rocking the metal inside her. “You look so fucking beautiful like this. Plugged up, dripping, and completely used. Tell her, white boy. Tell her how she looks with her ass stuffed.”

Ellis was staring, mesmerised, one hand already gripping his own cock and stroking it in a frantic rhythm. His voice came out strained, thick with lust.

“You look incredible,” he choked out. “So hot. I’ve never seen—Mrs. Little, you look like a fucking goddess.”

“I need to be fucked,” she whimpered, the words tearing from her throat in a desperate plea.

She rocked her hips against the air, the metal plug shifting and grinding inside her rectum with every movement. Her pussy was empty and aching; flooding the sheets beneath her.

“I need that big black cock. Please, Dick. I need it now.”

Dick let out a sound of approval, lying back on the bed and hooking an arm around her waist to yank her down. He pulled her until she was straddling his hips, her legs splayed wide. The polished jewel of the plug was on full display, glistening between her trembling cheeks, while her swollen, dripping cunt hovered just above the thick, dark length of him.

He snatched the phone back up, angling the camera perfectly so the lens captured every pulsing detail of her desperation.

Janet reached down, her fingertips brushing the velvet head of his cock where it nudged against her opening, but she stopped abruptly. A thought struck her; something sharp, mean, and perfectly degrading for the recording.

“Ellis... my little obedient assistant,” she rasped, looking over her shoulder at him. “You want to keep me happy, don’t you? You want to show your worth?”

Ellis nodded, moving closer to the bed, his eyes darting between her flushed face and the massive shaft pulsing beneath her.

“Reach down,” she commanded, her tone turning cold and authoritative. “Wrap your fingers around that black cock. I want you to put it inside me. I want you to tell the camera why I need this black cock and not your little white dick... Tell it that you don’t deserve this pussy. That you don’t deserve this body. Tell the world that your tiny white dick couldn’t possibly satisfy a slut like me. That only big black cock can. Say it. Now.”

Ellis’s hand trembled as it closed around the shaft. His pale fingers looked small against the dark, heavy girth of Dick’s cock, a contrast that the phone camera captured in vivid detail. He swallowed hard, his face burning a deep crimson.

“I... I don’t deserve you,” he whispered, his voice thin but audible. “I don’t deserve your pussy. Or your body. My white dick is too small... it couldn’t satisfy you. Only... this big black cock can.”

“Good boy,” she purred, the praise causing his grip to tighten instinctively on the shaft. “Now put that big cock inside me. I want to feel your shaking hands pushing him into me.”

Ellis aligned the head with her soaking entrance. Janet didn’t wait; she sank down in one slow slide. The stretch was immediate and overwhelming. With the metal plug already occupying her ass, the addition of the thick cock felt like she was being split in two. A long,

broken scream tore from her throat as she took him to the root, her body shuddering around him.

The dual fullness was an erotic overload. She could feel the cock pressing against her thin wall, pushing directly into the plug in her rectum. Every inch of both of them was deep, filling her completely. Ellis's hand remained clamped on the shaft until she was fully bottomed out, then he pulled away as if he had been burned, leaving her pinned to Dick.

She stayed there for a moment, shaking violently, her breath coming in ragged gasps as her internal muscles fought to adjust to the massive intrusion. Then, she began to move.

The ride was slow and agonisingly erotic at first. Every roll of her hips shifted the plug and dragged the thick cock over the sensitive ridges of her walls, making her vision blur. She could feel the head nudging deep into her cervix, her cunt gripping and fluttering around the girth in rhythmic spasms. The wet sounds of her juices slapping against his thighs filled the room. Her big tits bounced with the motion, the fake bars of her piercings biting into her nipples, sending sharp, electric sparks of pain and pleasure straight down to where she was stuffed.

She braced her palms against Dick's chest, digging her nails in, and began to ride him harder. She chased the punishing angle that made the plug and the cock feel like they were trying to merge in the middle of her.

"Fuck!" she cried out, the word wrecked and honest. "It's so deep... I can feel both of them. I'm being stretched everywhere. I can't—god—I love it, baby. I need more! Fill me up!"

"Show him," Dick commanded, his free hand clamping onto her hip, guiding her into a deeper, more punishing grind while the camera didn't waver for a second. "Show the white boy what a wild, greedy slut you are when you've got black cock in you. Lose yourself on it. Let him watch you break."

Janet surrendered completely, riding him with a feral intensity, her hips snapping down, the wet slap of her pelvis hitting his loud and filthy. The plug pressed deeper into her bowel every time she took him to the root, creating a pressure that was almost unbearable. Pleasure built fast and mean, coiling like a spring in her lower belly.

Ellis knelt at the edge of the bed, his own cock hard and leaking, stroking himself in a rhythm that matched her movements. His eyes were locked on the sight of her being split open by the dark cock, mesmerised by the jewel of the plug shifting between her cheeks with every moan she let out.

Janet's climax hit her hard, a sharp, sudden cry tearing from her throat as her entire body seized. The orgasm ripped through her with a fierce intensity, triggering a powerful squirt that sent gushes of clear, hot fluid erupting around the base of Dick's cock, soaking his stomach and drenching the sheets beneath them. Her sphincter clenched in desperate spasms around the metal plug, her body shaking uncontrollably as she continued to grind against him through the peak. Her mouth hung open, incoherent sounds escaping her while her pussy milked the thick shaft in greedy, helpless pulses, trying to suck him deeper. Dick gripped her hip with a bruising force, anchoring her as she fell apart, the phone steady in his hand, capturing every twitch and shudder of her total surrender.

Their Assistant

Janet remained perched atop Dick's cock, long after the orgasm had ripped through her, her body still humming with a violent, electric residue. Her hips rolled in slow circles, a reflexive attempt to soothe the oversensitive fire of her clit.

She was a mess of lust; a shimmering glaze of spit and sweat coated her chest and collarbones. The phone remained angled perfectly, capturing the ruined expression on her face and the glistening, stretched point where she was split wide open by Dick's girth. She looked down at Ellis, who was kneeling beside the bed like a devoted dog, his hand working his own tiny dick in a frantic, desperate blur, his eyes wide and fixed on the dark shine of Dick's shaft as it disappeared deep inside her.

"You ever fantasise about my pussy, Ellis?" She asked, her voice rough, shredded, and breathless from the peak she'd just climbed. "About how it tastes?"

Ellis nodded, the motion jerky and starved. "God, yes," he gasped, his voice cracking. "Please. I've thought about it so many times. I want to taste you. Please let me—"

Slowly, she began to lift herself. The cock slid free of her in one long, wet drag that made her gasp. As she rose, the head of the shaft emerged, glistening and drenched in a thick mixture of her own cream and translucent juices. She reached down, her fingers tangling in the hair at the back of Ellis's head, and yanked him forward with a dominant snap until his face was level with the throbbing, wet cock.

"Then taste me," she commanded, her voice dripping with a cruel, erotic authority. "Suck my juices off this black cock. I just came so hard all over it... I'm dripping all over him. You want to taste me? Then clean that cock. I want to watch you lap every drop of me off him."

She pressed his mouth firmly against the weeping head. He opened reluctantly at first, his lips parting around the massive tip, and then he dove in with a need to please her. He sucked with a desperate hunger, his tongue swirling over the slit and licking greedily down the underside of the shaft while she held him pinned there. The taste of her; salty, sweet, and pungent with arousal, was thick on his tongue. She watched his eyes flutter shut in ecstasy and felt the low, muffled moan he made against the skin, and something hot, dark, and mean uncoiled in her chest. The thrill of seeing Patricia's innocent son reduced to a craving animal, his mouth occupied by the very cock that had just made her squirt, was almost as potent as the sex itself.

"Clean that cock, you little slut," she whispered, her thumb stroking his cheek while her eyes remained fixed on the act. "Taste me properly. You love this, don't you? Love being my little cock-sucking assistant. Slurping my juices off him like a good, obedient boy."

Ellis moaned around the head, the vibration of his throat traveling up the shaft and into Dick, and he began to suck harder; messy, frantic, and desperate. Strings of spit ran down his chin, mixing with the fluids he was cleaning off the skin.

Dick laughed, a low, predatory sound of pure satisfaction, the phone capturing every second of the boy's mouth working the shaft.

Dick sat up, his hand reaching behind the back of Janet's neck and pulling her down into a deep kiss. His tongue pushed aggressively into her mouth, creating a circuit of filth and pleasure between the three of them while Ellis continued to suckle greedily below.

When Dick finally drew back, his hands clamped onto her hips like vices, his fingers digging into her flesh, and he flipped her over. With one powerful shove, he pushed her forward, slamming her chest down onto the mattress and forcing her onto her hands and knees, ready for the real assault to begin.

Dick handed the phone to Ellis.

"Keep recording," he commanded, his voice a low, dangerous rumble. "And stroke that little dick of yours while you watch her take a real man."

Dick drove back into her in one long, relentless thrust. He slammed home, seating himself to the root in a single motion. The stretch was immediate and overwhelming; with the plug already occupying her ass, the massive girth of his cock felt like it was splitting her in two. A raw, broken sound escaped her as her walls fluttered and gripped the sudden, invasive fullness.

He didn't start fast. Instead, he stayed buried deep, his hips rolling in a slow deep grind. He dragged the swollen head over the sensitive spot deep inside her, making her thighs tremble violently, forcing her to feel every ridge of his length while the plug pressed back against him through the thin, straining wall of flesh between them.

"Feel that?" he growled against her shoulder, his breath hot and rough. "That's what you've been begging for all day. Plugged and stuffed. Tell him how it feels. Tell the white boy exactly what this black cock is doing to you."

"It's so deep," she managed to sob, the words shaking out of her as she arched her back, pushing her ass back to meet the grind. "I can feel both... the plug and that huge cock. It's stretching me everywhere. I can't think... I can't breathe. I just need you to fuck me. Hard. Please, Daddy... fuck me hard! Show him how much of a slut I am."

He pulled back until only the head remained hooked inside her, then slammed forward with a brutal force. The wet, meaty slap of his hips against her ass echoed loudly in the room. She cried out, her head snapping back as the force of the impact drove the plug even deeper.

"Like that?" he asked, his pace shifting into something heavier and more punishing. Each thrust punched a fresh, jagged sound out of her throat. "You want it hard? You want me to fuck this slutty little cunt until you can't remember your own name? Until you forget everything but this cock?"

"Yes!" she shrieked, her voice cracking. "Fuck me like that! I'm your slut! I love this cock! Harder! Breed me! I want your cum so deep I can feel it leaking out of me for days. I want Ellis to watch you ruin me!"

He gave her exactly what she asked for. The pace became a relentless assault, his hips snapping forward with precision. The filthy sound of her pussy taking him filled the bedroom. Her tits swung wildly beneath her, the fake bars of her piercings biting into her

nipples. She fought to meet him, her collar tight against her throat, sweat and spit and her own overflowing slickness making the slide of his cock delicious.

“Listen to you,” he hissed, one hand fisting brutally into her hair, yanking her head back so her spine arched and the angle drove him even deeper into her cervix. “Begging to be bred while you’ve got a plug in your ass and a white boy filming your shame. You’re dripping all over my cock, you greedy slut. You’re going to cum again, aren’t you? You’re going to soak me while he watches you break.”

“I’m so close!” she gasped, the pressure coiling tight and mean in her lower belly, her walls starting to flutter in helpless pulses around the shaft. “Don’t stop! Please, don’t stop! Pound me! I want to cum on your cock again! I want him to see exactly what you do to me! I want you to breed this white pussy!”

Dick accelerated, his hips becoming a blur of predatory power. He fucked her with a brutal intensity, the broad head of his cock battering against her cervix with every punishing slam. The sensation was too much, a white-hot overload that made her vision blur and soften. Then, the orgasm hit; not as a wave, but as something shattering, a violent rupture that tore through her entire being.

She screamed into the mattress, a raw sound of total surrender as her body locked in a rigid arch. Her cunt clamped down on him with desperate, greedy force, milking the thick shaft in crushing squeezes. Another powerful squirt erupted from her and flooded them both, running in shimmering streaks down her trembling thighs. Her sphincter clenched so violently around the metal plug that the pressure bordered on agony, but the pain only fuelled the fire. She shook uncontrollably, her hips jerking in helplessly as incoherent whimpers escaping her mouth.

Beside the bed, Ellis made a choked, pathetic noise. She could hear the wet, frantic rhythm of his hand speeding up, the friction of skin on skin becoming a blur, and then a sudden break. The soft, messy splatter of his cum hitting the carpet echoed, though he fought to keep the phone steady, capturing every second of her devastation. Dick didn’t stop. He continued to drive into her through the aftershocks, the sounds of their union growing louder and sloppier as she leaked cream and lust around him. His voice was a low, commanding vibration against her ear.

“That’s it. Take it all. Cum on this big black dick and show him how a real slut falls apart,” he growled, his breath hot and smelling of dominance. “You’re still gripping me, you greedy bitch. You want another one? You want me to keep fucking you until you can’t even remember how to stand?”

“Yes!” she sobbed, her voice shredded, already pushing her ass back to meet him. The oversensitive ache in her walls had turned into something sharp and perfect. “Don’t stop! Give me another! Fuck me all night and fill me up! I need your cum... I need you to breed this pussy! Please, Dick, I’m yours! I’m your fucking toy!”

He drove into her harder, chasing his own peak now, his pace becoming relentless and punishing. Another orgasm crashed over her before the first had even fully faded; smaller, but more vicious. Her body seized again, her internal muscles fluttering and milking him in a frantic attempt to draw every drop of him deeper. She wailed into the sheet, her fingers clawing at the fabric. On the next thrust, Dick buried himself to the absolute hilt, his pelvis slamming against her rear with a meaty thud, and he came with a roar.

She felt it instantly; thick, heavy spurts of hot seed flooding her, painting her insides in pulses that pushed deeper and deeper with every contraction. The heat of his cum spread through her, filling her to the brim until she felt impossibly stuffed. She clenched on the plug so hard it ached, whimpering as he emptied himself into her, the overflow already starting to leak out around the shaft and run over the jewel of the plug.

He stayed buried inside her, pinning her to the mattress until the last pulse faded, then he pulled out with a slow, agonising slide. Her pussy stayed wide open, ravaged and gaping, thick threads of cum sliding out of her and pooling on the sheet. She collapsed forward, face pressed into the mattress, her body trembling. The plug remained seated deep in her ass, and her thighs were a slick mess of sweat, pussy juice, and seed.

“You know what to do, white boy,” Dick said, his voice rough and devoid of pity. “Clean that pussy!”

Ellis passed the phone to Dick and leaned in, his mouth finding her gaping hole without hesitation. His tongue pushed through the mixture of cum and her own slickness, cleaning her with desperate, hungry strokes. He licked her deep, swirling his tongue around the entrance of her cunt and the base of the plug, cleaning her with a fervour that made her moan weakly into the sheet, her hips rocking back against his face. He worked until his lips and chin were glazed in their fluids, a thick strand of cum still clinging to his lower lip when he finally pulled back, breathing hard and completely wrecked.

Dick held the phone camera on the boy’s flushed, ruined face.

“You have fun?” he asked.

“I loved it,” Ellis whispered, his voice shredded and breathless. “All of it. I—”

“Good white boy.” Dick stopped the recording and held out his hand. “Gimme your phone. Unlocked.”

Ellis fished it out of his jeans and handed it over, still kneeling with his small cock still glistening. “What are you going to do?”

“I’m getting that rude mother of yours’ phone number,” Dick interrupted, his tone turning cold and threatening. “Now, as long as you stay in line, this stays between us. But you cross me, or Janet here, and your mom, your sister and your girlfriend...they all get this video. Your proud mom, gets to see her precious boy with his mouth stuffed with black cock, playing the cum eating cuckold. You understand me?”

“I won’t say anything,” Ellis said quickly. “I swear.”

“I know you won’t.” Dick patted his shoulder with a condescending smirk. “You did good, and maybe Janet will invite you back some night. Now get the fuck out of here. She’s going to need more cock, and you’ve had enough assisting for one night.”

Ellis gathered his clothes in a hurry. At the door, he looked back once, his eyes lingering on Janet’s exposed, leaking form.

“Bye, Mrs. Little.”

She didn't lift her head. A low, broken moan escaped her into the mattress, her body still shaking from the assault, cum still leaking out of her around the plug as the door clicked shut behind him, leaving her alone with her master.

This Is What I need

Janet woke to the wrong ceiling and the wrong light, the brightness of late morning cutting through the curtains. For a long, disoriented moment, the room refused to make sense. The posters on the wall; the ones she had bought for Junior years ago, were peeling at the corners, the adhesive failing just as her own sense of stability had. The mattress was narrower, stiffer than the one she shared with Carl.

Then the weight against her back registered. The low, wet snore that didn't belong in this room vibrated through her spine, and the heavy arm draped over her waist tightened, the hand resting possessively on the curve of her hip, claiming her even in sleep. As the touch sank in, the memories of the night arrived without order or kindness.

Ellis had gone. She remembered the soft click of the door closing behind him and the sound of his footsteps on the stairs, the footsteps of a boy who had just seen and done things that would haunt his dreams.

Dick had given her almost no time to recover. He had reached down and gripped the base of the plug, pulling it free with slowness. She had gasped, her back arching as she felt every single ridge of the toy withdraw, watching her hole flutter and spasm, trying to close around a void that felt too wide. Before she could even catch her breath, he had shoved two thick fingers back into the raw opening to test how open she still was.

"Look at you," he had growled, his voice a low rumble against her ear. "Gaping for me. Such a greedy little slut."

She had moaned into the mattress, the sound muffled, begging him not to stop. He hadn't. He had fucked her again right there on the marital bed, but this time it wasn't the brutal pounding of the earlier session. It was slower, more deliberate, a cruel kind of intimacy. One hand had been wrapped firmly around her throat, just above the leather of her collar, squeezing just enough to make her vision swim.

"You did so well with the boy, Janet," he had whispered, his cock burying itself deep, hitting her cervix with a rhythmic, heavy thud. "You looked perfect making him do those things on camera. You're finally learning exactly what you're for, and the power you have."

She had cum with his fingers shoved deep into her mouth, sucking on the taste of herself while he hammered into her, shaking so violently that the headboard knocked against the wall. When he finally finished, he had stayed buried inside her, his weight crushing her into the sheets until the worst of the trembling passed.

The memory shifted to the kitchen. They had both been hungry, and the cold, greasy pizza was still sitting in the box on the counter. She remembered walking downstairs wearing

nothing but her collar and those towering red heels, the click-clack of the heels on the kitchen floor sounding like a countdown.

He had grabbed her and bent her over the island; the very place where they ate breakfast as a family, where she had poured Junior's cereal and discussed the day with Carl. The cold stone had been a shock against her bare tits and her flushed cheek. He had fucked her from behind with a relentless force, until she screamed for more.

She remembered bracing her hands on the granite, catching her reflection in the dark window above the sink. She looked ruined; collar on, mouth hanging open in a silent scream of pleasure, her eyes glazed.

"Look at the chairs, Janet," Dick had commanded, his voice harsh, fisting his hand in her hair and yanking her head back. "Look at where Junior sits. Look at where Carl sits. Imagine them seeing you like this. Imagine them knowing how much you love being filled by black cock."

He had filled her again right there and she had cum so hard her knees had buckled. He had caught her before she could collapse, keeping her pinned against the counter, pumping into her until he spent himself, the hot cum leaking down her thighs and pooling on the kitchen tiles.

Then, he had carried her upstairs. He didn't want the marital bedroom; he wanted a tv screen. He wanted to watch the evidence of her degradation, and only Junior's bedroom had a television.

She remembered the television switching on brightly, illuminating the edges of Junior's posters and the flushed, sweat-slicked skin of her own body. On the screen, she saw herself; exposed, and utterly ruined. She watched the footage of Ellis's trembling hands gripping Dick's huge black cock, the boy's eyes wide with a mixture of terror and lust as he looked up at her.

She remembered the sensation of watching the video playing whilst riding Dick, reverse cowgirl on her son's bed. The anal plug had been seated deep again, a heavy, stretching presence that made every movement a deliberate torture of pleasure. Dick's hands had been clamped onto her hips, before one hand drifted down to the jewel of the plug. He had twisted it, rocking the toy in slow, grinding circles that synchronised perfectly with the roll of her pelvis, forcing the plug to massage and stretch her.

On the screen, she watched herself force Patricia's son to lean in, to lap the mixture of her cream off the head of Dick's black cock. The sight of the boy's submission, the way he obeyed her every whim, triggered a violent reaction. Her muscles clamped down with a sudden intensity, trapping both the plug and Dick's cock in a crushing grip. Another orgasm tore through her, sudden and jagged, leaving her thighs shaking uncontrollably.

"Don't stop!" she had screamed, her voice breaking, the sound echoing in the small room. "Please, Daddy, don't stop! I need it... I can't get enough of your cock!"

Dick had let out a low, pleased rumble, his voice a dark vibration against her skin. "Tell me, Janet. Tell me what you like best."

She had answered without hesitation, the filter she usually kept over her desires completely shattered. “

I love your big cock. I love how it fills me up so completely, I can't get enough of it,” she had whimpered, her head lolling back. “I love the way you cum deep inside me, flooding me with all that wet heat. It makes me cum harder than anything else. I just want to be bred by you. Over and over. I want every single drop inside my slutty pussy.”

He had kissed her for that admission; a proud, filthy kiss, his tongue invading her mouth with the same possessiveness he used on her cunt. He had fucked her through the aftershocks, his thrusts heavy, until he finally surged inside her one last time. She felt the thick, hot spurts of his cum painting her insides, the volume so great that it began to leak out around the shaft, soaking into the very sheets her son slept in.

They had fallen asleep in a tangle of limbs and fluids, the video paused on the screen with her own face; eyes glazed, mouth open, still visible. His arm had been a heavy weight across her, and her pussy had continued to flutter around the void he had left.

Now, the light filtering through the curtains told her it was late. As she shifted, she felt the sticky, tacky residue of dried cum and her juices clinging to her inner thighs. A slow, warm thread of leftover seed slid out from deep inside her, and the deep, used ache of the night settled into her hips. It was a heavy, throbbing soreness; a soreness that felt like a brand of ownership.

She reached for her phone on the nightstand. Seven missed calls. The time read 11:47am. Before she could even process the number, the phone vibrated violently in her hand.

Junior's name lit the screen.

She answered on the third ring, her heart hammering hard.

“Mum? Are you okay? Dad and I have been trying to get you all morning.”

“I'm fine,” she said. Her voice was a ruined rasp, rough with sleep and the lingering effects of Dick's hand squeezing her throat and the screaming she'd done during her all night pounding. “I had a long lie-in. Phone was on silent.”

“It's not like you,” Junior said. There was genuine concern in his voice, but beneath it, a sharper, suspicious edge that made her skin prickle. “You never sleep this late. Dad was starting to worry.”

“I don't often get a few days on my own, do I?” She tried to keep her tone light, though she could still feel the wetness between her legs. “Thought I'd make the most of it.”

“Except you're not on your own,” Junior replied, his voice flattening. “Mr. Long's there. Dad said he's staying until we get back.”

She turned her head on the pillow, her cheek pressing into the fabric that still smelled of sweat and sex. Beside her, Dick was still dead to the world, his mouth slightly open, breathing in a heavy cadence. The sheet had been kicked down to his hips, exposing the powerful expanse of his lower body. His cock lay thick and heavy across his thigh, resting

in a state of semi-softness that was still more imposing than anything she'd ever known just a few weeks ago.

Her hand moved before her mind could offer a protest. She wrapped her fingers around the shaft, feeling the dense heat and the weight of it filling her palm. She stroked him once; a slow slide from the heavy root to the broad head. Under her touch, the flesh stirred. She felt the internal machinery of him waking up, the skin shifting and tightening as the blood rushed in, thickening the organ beneath her grip.

"He doesn't count," she whispered, though the words felt thin and hollow, a fragile lie compared to the reality in her hand. She stroked him again, watching the glans darken to a deep, bruised purple.

"Anyway. Enough about me," she said into the phone, her voice trembling slightly. "How's my big boy? You enjoying the surprise trip with your dad?"

The phrase *big boy* tasted like betrayal. The irony was a sharp spike in her gut; calling her son a 'big boy' while her hand was clamped around a massive black cock in his own bedroom, his sheets stained and ruined with a cocktail of her juices and Dick's thick, creamy cum.

Junior began to ramble. He talked about a bleak service station with burnt coffee and a nostalgic playlist Carl had curated, songs from Junior's childhood that were meant to be sentimental. Janet made the small, instinctive noises of a mother listening; the mhmms and oh really's, but she wasn't hearing a word.

Her hand continued its steady work on Dick's cock, the friction creating a wet, sliding sound that seemed deafening in the quiet room. She tried, for a fleeting moment, to visualise Carl above her, his movements careful, tentative, always asking for permission without words. She tried to feel Carl's hands on her hips, imagining him forcing her to say and do the things Dick had done. To make her feel the pleasure he had given her these past days.

The fantasy disintegrated instantly. It was a pathetic substitute. Carl's cock simply wouldn't reach the depths this one did; it lacked the girth to stretch her, the length to hit those hidden, aching spots that left her sobbing. Even now, while Dick was only half-awake, he gave her more than Carl ever could. The thought of Carl trying to fuck her the way she had been ruined on her son's sheets; deep, mean, and relentless, ignoring her peaks until she was nothing but a shaking, leaking mess, was impossible. Carl didn't have what it takes to give her what she needed.

She tried to picture the orgasm she'd had when Dick had finally flooded her; that sharp, helpless rush of heat that hit when she felt him pulsing deep inside her womb, the way her body had clamped down to keep every drop of his seed. The image collapsed. Carl had never made her cum like that. He had never filled her so completely that she could feel the excess leaking out of her while she was still vibrating with aftershocks.

The cock in her hand jumped under her thumb, snapping to full, rigid attention. It was heavy, hot, and pulsing with a life of its own.

"Mum? Hello? You still there?"

“Someone’s at the door,” she lied, her voice miraculously steady, though her breathing was becoming shallow. “I need to go.”

She hung up and set the phone aside, the screen going black. The image of Carl and Junior was gone, erased by the physical presence of the man beside her. What remained was the throbbing weight of the cock in her hands and the cold, certain knowledge that returning to her old life would feel like stepping back into a cage. A cage she never wanted to go back to.

She shifted down the mattress, the sheets sliding against her sticky skin, and sank to her knees. She opened her mouth wide and took him in, sliding her lips over the broad head and swallowing him deep, savoring the taste of him as she began to suck, desperate to pleasure the man who had given her so much.

This is what I need, she told herself as she filled her throat with his dark meat.

His Girl

They were entwined on the sofa as the afternoon light began to thin. The house didn't just smell of sex; it reeked of it, a heavy cloying musk of dried cum, female arousal, and the cold scent of grease from the pizza that had never made it back into the box. The cardboard container lay discarded on the kitchen floor, a casualty of the moment he had slammed her onto the island and fucked her until she'd forgotten her own name.

Upstairs, the evidence was indelible. The sheets on both beds were stiff and crusty in patches, stained with the wreckage of their marathon.

Weeks ago, the panic would have set in. She would have been a whirlwind of domestic erasure; windows flung open to purge the scent, bins hauled out, every surface scrubbed until the house was sterile and stripped of any hint of filth. Now, she lay draped half across Dick's hairy chest, one bare leg hooked over his hip, the black leather collar still cinched tight around her throat. The mess didn't feel like a stain to be hidden; it felt like a trophy. These rooms had held the rawest degradation and the most intense orgasms of her life, and she found she could no longer separate the shame from the pleasure. They were fused together, and she no longer cared which one had come first.

Dick's hand rested heavy on the curve of her ass, his thumb tracing a slow circle against her skin. She didn't shift away; she pressed back into him, craving the weight.

“I want to take you out,” he said, his voice a low rumble. “Show you off. Let the boys at the bar get a proper look at that hot body.”

Janet lifted her head, a sudden spike of anxiety piercing her ribs. The lane, the high street, the suffocating possibility of running into someone from the school run or the neighborhood group chat flashed through her mind.

“People know me,” she whispered, her voice sounding small. “If someone sees me out with you, if they see how I... if they see—”

“You don’t look like the Janet Little from two weeks ago,” he interrupted, his voice cutting through her hesitation. His palm cracked lightly across her cheek, a stinging reminder of who owned her. The impact sent a jolt through her, making the butt-plug shift deep inside her.

“Your type don’t walk into my bar. And if they did, they wouldn’t clock the big-titted blonde slut on my arm as the same woman who used to cross the road to avoid me. You’re unrecognisable. Now, go get showered. Put on something that shows it. You got jean shorts? I want that ass and those thick thighs out where they can see exactly what I’ve been fucking.”

She showered in a haze, the water scalding, hot enough to sting the red fingerprints and bruises marking her hips. When she stepped out, her clothes were already laid out on the bed, a curated uniform of submission and provocation: the black long-sleeve top with the plunging V-neck, the denim shorts, the red stilettos, and the spade necklace.

She fastened the necklace first. The dark, heavy charm settled right above the swell of her breasts. The top followed; she skipped the bra as she always did now, letting her breasts hang heavy and free. The neckline was so low that over half of her pale tits were exposed, the dark, hard outlines of her nipples and the distinct horizontal ridges of the fake piercing bars visible through the fabric.

The denim shorts were like a second skin, tight across her hips and cutting high on her thighs, leaving nothing to the imagination. As she stepped into the red heels, the deliberate sway returned to her gait. She stood before the mirror, staring at the new woman looking back. This wasn't the woman who had dressed conservatively for the past decades. This woman looked used. She looked claimed. She looked like someone who had spent forty-eight hours being opened and filled by the biggest cock she had ever encountered, and had finally stopped pretending that the throbbing ache between her legs was anything other than a desperate, starving want.

The taxi was idling at the end of the drive when they stepped out. The lane was quiet, the late light fading, but she felt the phantom weight of eyes behind every drawn curtain. The thrill of the risk sat low and warm, vibrating against the plug still lodged in her ass.

The moment they hit the pavement, Dick’s arm clamped around her shoulders, pulling her tight against his side. She leaned into the crushing weight of him without being told, her body instinctively seeking his dominance.

On the high street, the stares were immediate and obvious. A woman outside the chemist stopped mid-stride, her mouth tightening in a look of pure judgment. Janet felt the gaze land on her like a slap, and instead of shrinking, she rolled her hips a fraction more with every step, making the denim stretch dangerously tight over her rear.

Dick’s hand dropped from her shoulder to her ass, his fingers digging in and squeezing with a claiming force. The plug shifted inside her, hitting her sweet spot, and a small moan escaped her throat; a sound of pure, public submission. He kept his hand there, gripping her ass firmly, marking her as his, until they reached the scarred, dark wooden door of the bar.

The interior of the bar was a cavern of dim light and oppressive heat, the air thick with the scent of stale lager and the lingering residue of decades of cigarette smoke. Overhead, a

flickering neon sign buzzed with an electric hum that seemed to vibrate in Janet's very bones. As they stepped inside, the atmosphere shifted; it was a place of working class masculinity and Janet felt like a piece of prime meat being carried into a den of wolves, for the second time in a week.

Two men perched at the scarred mahogany bar turned in unison as they entered. One of them raised a brown bottle in a silent, knowing greeting.

“Long. Who’s the piece of ass?” he asked, his voice a gravelly rasp.

“This is my girl,” Dick announced, his voice booming with a pride that made Janet’s stomach flip. His arm remained clamped heavy around her shoulders, pulling her small frame tight against his massive side. “Janet.”

The looks that followed were not just open; they were hungry. An older man with a scraggly grey beard and a shirt stained with grease and old spills let his gaze drop, lingering with unabashed hunger on the swell of her breasts. He shook his head slowly, a look of disbelief on his face.

“Haven’t seen tits like that in five decades. Christ, Long, you’ve hit the jackpot,” he muttered, his eyes tracing the visible ridges of the nipple bars beneath the thin fabric of her top.

Another man, younger and leaner, grinned maliciously around the neck of his bottle, his eyes scanning the tight curve of her denim shorts. “Give us a spin, then. Let’s see the rest of her. Let's see if that ass is as fat as it looks.”

Without a request for consent, Dick’s hand shifted to her waist and pivoted her. Janet didn't resist; she went with the pressure of his grip, her red heels clicking sharply on the sticky, beer-soaked floor. As she completed the slow circle, the denim of her shorts strained to the breaking point across her rear, moulding to the curve of her cheeks. She felt the collective intake of breath from the men watching her, and a surge of heat climbed her throat, settling as a throbbing ache between her legs.

He led her to a booth in the far back, a dark alcove that felt like a private stage. Beers arrived almost instantly, delivered by a bartender who didn't bother with an order, his eyes lingering on Janet's cleavage. Throughout the drinking, the men in the bar continued to glance over, their stares heavy with a crude, shared understanding.

Under the table, Dick’s hand began to stroke the sensitive, bare skin just above the hem of her shorts, moving in circles.

“You better show them you’re spoken for,” he murmured, his voice a low, dangerous rumble that vibrated against her ear. “Otherwise one of these bastards is going to try his luck, and I’m going to have to crack his jaw just to remind him who owns this body.”

The threat, delivered with such casual dominance, sent a jolt of arousal through her. Janet leaned in, capturing his lips in a kiss that was deep and desperate. She pushed her tongue into his mouth with a hunger she no longer tried to hide, sucking on him the way she had learned he craved. While they kissed, Dick’s free hand came up, cupping her breast through the thin fabric. His thumb found the hard bar of the fake piercing and pressed

firmly, grinding it into her nipple until the sharp ache flared into a blinding spark of pleasure.

When she finally pulled back, her breathing was ragged. She didn't pull away; instead, she slid her hand down, gripping the thick, heavy bulge in his jeans. She squeezed him, slow and deliberate, gripping her fingers around the impressive length of him so that the shape of his cock was obvious to anyone still watching from the bar.

“Keep it there,” he commanded against her mouth, his breath hot. “Let them see you’re hooked on black cock. Let them know you’re a slut for it.”

She obeyed, her fingers kneading him through the denim. Even when she turned her head and caught the man from the bar staring openly at her hand, she didn't look away. She held his gaze for a heartbeat, gave him a slow, provocative wink, and then increased the pressure on Dick’s cock, stroking the length of him with a possessive motion.

The heavy wooden door groaned open again. Two men in grime-streaked blue overalls stepped in, carrying the exhausted aura of a shift just finished. Their boots were scuffed, their hands stained with oil, and the fabric of their uniforms was smeared with dark grease across the chest and thighs.

Dick lifted his bottle without standing up, a smug expression crossing his face. “Marvin. Gog’s. Over here.”

As they crossed the floor toward the booth, Janet’s eyes tracked the overalls, the specific set of their shoulders, and the smear of dark residue on one man's forearm. Suddenly, the pieces clicked together. The gas van parked outside her house. The two men who had looked Carl in the eye and told him the supply was capped, creating the perfect excuse to keep her trapped. The men who had ensured Dick had to stay in her house, and ensured she had to stay behind with him.

That recognition hit her, cold and jarring. She turned her head to look at Dick. He was already staring down at her, that familiar curve at the corner of his mouth.

“You recognise my buddies, huh?” he asked, his voice dripping with satisfaction.

“You set that up?” she whispered, her voice trembling. “The house... there was no gas leak.”

Dick didn't stop smiling; if anything, the grin widened, revealing the absolute control he had exerted over her entire life for the past few days.

“Couldn’t let you slip out of my grasp, Janet,” he purred, his hand squeezing her thigh hard enough to leave a mark. “Not before I got my cock deep inside you. Not before I got you hooked on dark meat and turned you into my little size queen slut.”

The anger should have flared fast and hot. She should have felt the sting of betrayal, the indignity of being manipulated like a pawn on a chessboard, and the crushing realization that the days she spent convincing herself this was a temporary, forced arrangement were a lie. But as the thought rose, it didn't ignite; it dissolved.

What remained was the heavy, intoxicating weight of everything that had occurred because that van had been parked outside. She thought of the first agonising stretch of her pussy on

the marital bed, the way she had practically begged for him to bury himself inside her in the shower, the frantic friction on the kitchen island, and the desecration of Junior's sheets. She remembered the constant, filling pressure of the plug and the violent, soul-shaking orgasms she had felt whenever he bred her pussy, leaving her leaking, sobbing, and screaming filth she had never dared to think, let alone utter.

The thought of never having felt Dick's massive cock claiming her was far more terrifying to her now, than the lie he had told to make it happen. He had wanted her so badly, he had orchestrated a conspiracy just to ensure he could break her. The knowledge landed low and scorching between her legs, sending a wave of lubrication soaking into her denim shorts.

She didn't lash out and hit him. Instead, she leaned in and kissed him again, slower this time, her tongue swirling around his in a gesture of total surrender. When she pulled back, her voice was a breathless, certain whisper.

"Thank you."

Dick let out a low, rumbling laugh, the sound vibrating against her lips. He looked at her with a mixture of pride and hunger.

"You should thank these two as well," he purred, glancing toward his companions. "You wouldn't have had all that thick black cock or those screaming orgasms without their help."

Janet turned her gaze to Marvin and Gog's. They were watching her with an open interest that made her feel completely exposed. She gave them a small, shy smile.

"Thank you," she whispered.

Dick's hand, still clamped high on her thigh, shifted. His thumb stroked once, higher, grazing the very edge of her crotch through the denim.

"No," he said, his voice dropping to a commanding growl. "I mean you should really thank them."

Dick stood and took her by the hand. Marvin and Gog's followed without a word, leaving their bottles on the table. The three of them moved down the narrow corridor at the back of the bar, the air cooling and turning sharp with bleach and old piss. Janet's heels stuck slightly on the tacky floor. She knew exactly where Dick was leading them. The same filthy toilets he had taken her last week. The same gloryhole'd cubicle.

The light inside was harsh and flickering. The two glory holes were right there in the partition, edges smoothed over with tape. She stopped just inside the cubicle, the space suddenly small, and looked back at him.

"You want me to suck their dicks?" The words came out quieter than she meant. "I thought you said I was your girl?"

"You are my girl," Dick replied, stepping in so close that she had to tilt her head back to maintain eye contact. He smelled of beer and dominance. "And I owe my friends a favor. They did me a solid, and in this world, you pay your debts. Now, aren't you keen to thank them for me?"

His hand settled on the back of her neck, his fingers digging in slightly, his thumb stroking the sensitive skin just below her hairline.

“Aren’t you at least a bit curious, Janet? About how big their cocks are. Whether all black men are just that much bigger than that pathetic little thing Carl’s packing?”

Janet’s gaze dropped. The blue overalls were loose, but as the men shifted, she could see the heavy shapes of their cocks pressing against the fabric. Even flaccid, they looked imposing; thick, heavy masses of flesh. They weren’t Dick; she knew the unique, monstrous scale of him. But they were certainly far larger than anything Carl had ever offered.

A feverish curiosity ignited in her gut. She wondered how thick they were, how long, and if they would stretch her jaw open and make her gag the way Dick did. She wanted to feel that fullness, to be used as a tool for Dick’s gratitude. She looked back up at him, seeing that familiar, cruel smile.

She stepped fully into the cubicle, the door remaining wide open behind her, leaving her exposed to the hallway. The floor was freezing and filthy when she dropped to her knees, the grit of the tiles pressing into her skin. The two holes were right in front of her, dark, waiting voids.

She heard the other two men move into the adjacent stall. The heavy slide of their boiler suit zippers echoed in the small room, followed by the shift of weight as they positioned themselves. Dick’s hand lingered on the back of her neck for one last, possessive second, his grip tightening before he finally lifted it.

“Be a good girl,” he commanded, his voice dripping with authority. “And thank them properly. I want to hear you choking on them.”

Addicted To Dick

The first cock pushed through the left hole with an authoritative force. It was monstrously thick, already rock-hard, the skin a deep, near-black brown that looked polished and oiled under the flickering fluorescent light. The head was broad and glossy, a heavy mushroom cap that flared wide, with a thick bead of pre-cum already glistening at the slit, trembling with the man’s anticipation.

A second followed through the right hole a heartbeat later. This one was a lighter, warm mahogany brown, but it made up for the shade in sheer length, extending a clear inch or more beyond the first. A thick, ropey vein ran the entire length of the underside, standing out in sharp, pulsing relief against the skin.

Neither of them was Dick. She knew the specific, crushing weight and the particular, predatory curve of Dick’s cock too well by now; the way he filled her entire grip and stretched her grip to the limit before he was even fully erect. But as she stared at these two strangers, the knowledge that they were still far larger than anything she had ever known before the last few weeks, landed like a pulse between her legs.

Trembling, she reached up and wrapped a hand around each shaft.

The thicker one filled her palm so completely that her fingers barely met; it was a dense, unyielding pillar of heat, the skin smooth and taut over a core of iron. When her thumb dragged across the slick head, she felt the man on the other side hitch his breath. The longer one curved slightly upward, the heavy vein pulsing hard against her fingertips, jumping with a frantic rhythm every time she tightened her grip.

She worked them slowly at first as she mapped the differences. The thicker one felt heavier, a dominant instrument of pleasure that demanded total submission; the longer one slid more easily through her fist, yet still forced her fingers wide, stretching her grip to its limit.

She tried to match the flesh to the men in the overalls. The darker, denser shaft felt like it belonged to the broader of the two; the one whose heavy, hooded stare had stripped her naked in the bar. The longer, veined one felt like the leaner man's. But the identity didn't matter. What mattered was the raw reality of it: two large black cocks pushed through a wall specifically for her use, and the way her body was reacting to the scale of them.

Two weeks ago, this would have been an impossibility. The woman who had crossed the street to avoid Dick, who had flinched at the mere thought of his mouth on her, would have been screaming, fleeing the building in horror. She would never have dropped to her knees in a public toilet to handle cocks that didn't belong to her husband.

For a fleeting second, she tried to conjure the image of Carl's cock in her grip. He had never filled her palm like this, he would have disappeared entirely in her hand. She thought of Ellis last night, the boy's pale cock had been flushed and eager, but it had been small enough that she had almost laughed at the sight of it. Even that one boy from when she was at college all those years ago, the one who had fingered her in the back of a car, had been average at best, wilting the moment she'd actually taken him into her mouth.

None of those white dicks had ever made her jaw ache just by holding them. None of them had ever made her pussy drip onto a filthy floor simply because of the size of what was in her hands.

The realization hit her, clean and filthy: she craved big black cock. She liked the challenge. She loved the stretch. She liked the way black cock made every other man she had ever been with feel like a footnote, a pale imitation of real sex.

Driven by a sudden need, she leaned in and took the thicker one first.

She opened her mouth wide, her lips stretching around the broad head. Her tongue flattened, coating the glossy tip in saliva as she sank down, sliding the massive shaft deep into her throat. She pushed further, forcing herself down until the head nudged the very back of her throat, triggering a gag reflex that flooded her mouth with spit.

She pulled back just enough to gasp for air, her eyes watering, then plunged back down. She took him deeper this time, intentionally gagging on the girth, letting the thick strings of saliva run down the shaft and over her gripping fingers, lubricating him for the onslaught.

On the other side of the wall, the man let out a low, rough groan that sounded like a growl.

“Fuck,” he rasped, his voice thick with lust. “This little slut knows exactly what she’s doing.”

She pulled away with a wet dragging sound, a glistening string of saliva stretching from her lower lip to the thick, purple head of the first cock. Without a second's hesitation, she pivoted to the longer one. It slid into her mouth with a smoother glide at first, but as she sank deeper, the length forced her gag reflex to its absolute limit. The ropey vein dragged against her tongue, a pulsing ridge of flesh that she tasted and felt until the tip of her nose brushed the gritty wood of the partition.

Her hand didn't stop; she kept stroking the thicker shaft, now completely slick with her spit, the wet, slapping sounds echoing loudly in the cramped, tiled space. She swapped between them in a messy rhythm, choking herself on the thicker head until her eyes watered and thick ropes of drool spilled over her chin, soaking into the fabric of the deep V-neck top. She returned to the longer one with a starving intensity, sucking hard, her cheeks hollowing out as her tongue worked the underside, swirling around the pulsing vein. The taste of them; salt, musk, and the sharp tang of pre-cum, filled her senses, and the heat between her legs was unbearable; the seam of her denim shorts was completely saturated, clinging to her swollen clit.

Dick was an admiring presence behind her. She could feel the heavy weight of his gaze, the low sound of his breathing vibrating in the small cubicle.

“That’s it,” he rasped, his voice a rough, commanding growl. “Show my boys here what my slut can do. You might be on your knees for them, but you’re still mine. Every inch of you belongs to me. Suck those cocks like you’re thanking me for the privilege.”

The command acted like a trigger. She lunged forward, taking the thicker one deeper than before, her throat fluttering and contracting around the head in a desperate attempt to swallow him whole. Spit ran down her chin and across her chest, painting her skin in a layer of filth. She pulled off, gasping for air, and began stroking both shafts simultaneously; fast, wet, and utterly degraded. She looked up at the holes, her eyes wide and glazed with lust, though the men remained anonymous behind the wall.

“I want it,” she whimpered, her voice hoarse, cracked, and dripping with need. “I want your cum. Both of you. Fill my slutty mouth. Paint my face. I’ve been sucking black cock all week and I’m still starving for it. Give it to me! Fill me up!”

The thicker cock jerked violently in her grip. She shoved it back into her mouth just as the first pulse hit; a thick, hot, heavy explosion of seed that flooded her tongue and slammed into the back of her throat. She swallowed greedily, gulping down the hot cream, but the volume was too much; the excess spilled from the corners of her mouth in white streaks.

She didn't stop; she kept her hand locked in a tight, milking grip on the longer shaft. It followed a second later. The first heavy spurt of the second man caught her across the cheek and the bridge of her nose, a hot, sticky splash. The next blast landed directly on her open lips and tongue, while the remaining pulses striped her chin and the valley of her chest. She stayed there, mouth agape, tongue extended, greedily licking the last of the leakage while her hand milked the pulsing vein through the final spasms.

When they finally pulled back through the holes, she was breathless and shaking. Her face was a complete mess; thick streaks of cum cooling on her skin, the heavy taste of two men

lingering in her mouth. In a mindless haze of arousal, she rocked her hips, grinding her soaked cunt and the red-jewel plug against the filthy, cold tiles, chasing any friction she could find. A low, broken moan escaped her throat.

“Goddamn,” one of the men groaned through the partition, his voice filled with disbelief. “Best head I ever had. She’s fucking filthy.”

Dick’s hand suddenly settled on the back of her neck, his thumb dragging through the mess of cum and spit on her skin, smearing it further.

“Buy us a round,” he told his friends. “I’ll be out in a minute.”

The neighbouring cubicle door clicked open and shut. Janet remained on her knees, chest heaving, cum dripping from her chin onto the grime-streaked tiles, until Dick’s hands caught her under the arms and hauled her upright. She was a mess; thick streaks clung to her lips and cheeks, and the neckline of her top was stained with white.

He spun her around toward the toilet, bent her forward over the closed lid, and yanked her denim shorts down to mid-thigh. The red-jewel plug was exposed, glistening and provocative between her flushed cheeks.

His palm slammed across her ass, a stinging blow that made her gasp and rock forward, her tits pressing against the cold porcelain.

“Proper queen of spades now,” he whispered darkly in her ear. “You’ve tasted more than one black cock. Time for another upgrade.”

He gripped the base of the smaller plug, his fingers digging into her flushed skin, and began to pull it free. She let out a long, shuddering moan, her muscles fluttering and spasming, desperately trying to clamp down and hold onto the disappearing girth. As the plug finally popped out with a wet, suctioning sound, she felt a sudden, hollow ache, her hole pulsing in the open air.

Dick reached into her handbag discarded on the grime-streaked floor and retrieved the larger plug, that he had quietly placed in there before they left the house. The black spade jewel glinted darkly against the polished metal, a heavy, imposing piece of hardware designed for total occupation.

“You’re my slut,” he commanded, his voice a low, possessive vibration that seemed to echo in the small room. “Let me hear it. Tell me exactly what you are.”

“I’m your slut,” she gasped, her voice shaking with a mixture of terror and desperate arousal. “I’m your filthy slut. Yours to use, yours to break. Please... Dick, please put it in. My ass needs filling.”

He pressed the wider head of the plug against her tight ring of muscle and began to work it in with steady pressure. The stretch was immediate and mean; far thicker than the previous one. It forced her open in a way that burned, a searing, expanding pressure that made her vision swim. She cried out, a sharp, needy sound, as he pushed inch by inch, the metal stretching her walls to their absolute limit until the base finally seated flush against her skin, the black spade jewel marking her as his property.

Her legs trembled violently. The fullness was overwhelming, a heavy, intrusive weight that made her feel completely conquered. Cum was still cooling across her cheeks and lips, and her ass was stuffed tighter than it had ever been in her life. The pressure of the plug against her internal nerves sent a jolt of electricity to her clit; her cunt clenched in a rhythmic spasm, leaking a flood of arousal that ran down her inner thigh.

“Oh fuck,” she sobbed, her forehead pressing against the cold porcelain of the toilet. “I’m so stuffed... my ass is on fire. It’s so fucking big... I can’t—I can’t breathe—”

“I need you,” he interrupted, the sound of his zipper ripping open loud in the silence. She heard the heavy shift of denim as he freed himself. “Right here. Right now.”

“Yes! Fuck me!” she screamed, her voice cracking. “Fuck your slut right here in the dirt! I need it... I need that cock inside me! Give it to me, Daddy!”

He didn't tease her. He slammed into her in one long, singular thrust. The impact was seismic; the combination of the massive plug already occupying her ass and the sudden intrusion of his huge cock inside her pussy, created a dual stretch that was almost too much to bear. She shrieked, a guttural sound that echoed off the tiled walls, and he didn't give her a second to adjust.

The pace was savage from the first stroke. His hips snapped against her with a slap that sounded like a whip cracking in the small room. Every thrust drove the spade plug deeper into her, while the thick head of his cock plowed through her, hitting her cervix with a force that made her brain go white. She pushed back against him, her face still a smeared mess of drying cum, her voice breaking as she begged for more.

“Harder! Fuck me harder!” she wailed. “Let them hear me! Let the whole fucking bar hear what you’re doing to your slut! I want them to know! They can walk in, they can watch you use me, I don't fucking care! Fuck me, Dick! I belong to you... I belong to this big black cock!”

The dual fullness coiled inside her, a tight knot of pleasure and pain. The friction was unbearable, the pressure absolute. She hit her peak with a sharp, shattering cry that tore from her throat, her cunt clamping down on his shaft with a milking intensity that made him groan, his own pace faltering as he fought through her crushing orgasm. She kept rocking her hips, shaking, the climax rolling through her in waves of pure electricity.

“Breed me!” she screamed, her mind fracturing. “Right here in this filthy toilet! Knock me up! Flood my womb with it! Put a black baby in me! I want your cum so deep I can’t ever get it out! Please, fill me up!”

Dick let out a low, animalistic growl and drove into her with everything he had, chasing his own release. When he finally hit his limit, he buried himself to the absolute root, pinning her against the toilet. He flooded her, thick, heavy spurts of hot seed painting her insides, each pulse pushing deeper and deeper into her womb.

She clenched around the plug and his cock so violently it bordered on pain, another shattering orgasm ripping through her as the heat of his cum spread inside her. Her knees buckled completely, and only his iron grip on her hips kept her from collapsing onto the floor.

As he slowly pulled out, a mixture of his cum and her juices leaked out around the shaft, running down her thighs and soaking into the denim shorts still bunched at her knees. She stayed there, bent over the toilet, face streaked and dripping, her ass plugged with the black spade, her body shaking with a violent, post-coital tremor.

The only clear thought left in her mind was a profound, overwhelming love for the degradation. She loved being exactly this: a used, filled, bred object in a dirty bar toilet, ruined for any other man by the only cock that could truly satisfy her, praying the feeling would never end. Utterly addicted to Dick.

End of Part 5.

Part 6 Coming Soon?