



Neighbourly Debts

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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.

Oakridge Lane

Sunday evening settled over Oakridge Lane with its usual self-satisfied quiet; the quiet of people who had done the right things at the right times and were pleased with themselves for it. Bins were back in. Lawns had been cut. The cars meant to be seen gleamed on the drives; the rest sat out of sight in garages. It was a street that believed in the suburban heaven of itself.

The Little house was the third on the right from the junction: white render, black door, window boxes of white geraniums Janet replaced the moment a petal browned. She had washed the sitting-room windows that morning, as she did every Sunday. Letting them film over felt like the first small step toward becoming the kind of household she refused to be. The glass was so clean now the room seemed to lean a little into the front garden. Janet stood in that brightness with a glass of white wine she had poured earlier than she meant to, and would almost certainly not finish.

At forty she was still the sort of woman other women noticed with a look of jealousy, while the men did a double take. She was tall, five foot ten in bare feet, with the kind of figure that made modest clothes into a losing argument: a narrow waist, heavy natural F-cup breasts, long legs, thick thighs, and a backside that was fat and round and firm no matter how carefully she chose a skirt. Her pride, though, was the hair. It was platinum, straight as poured metal, and it fell all the way to her waist; she had taken it down after her shower and it lay against the dark of her blouse like something she had paid for with more than money. Her eyes were blue-grey. Her mouth was full and set in that habitual pout that made strangers assume she was either about to speak or about to refuse them. People who didn't like her called the face mean-spirited. Janet had never wasted much energy disagreeing.

Behind her the house smelled of Sunday roast dinner and furniture polish. Her husband Carl was in his chair with the tablet still in his hands, the collar of his pale blue club shirt undone, blond hair thinning just enough that the lamp made it look softer than it was. At forty-six he was, by any ordinary measure, a successful man: the career, the listened to voice in meetings, the company car, the habit of talking about pensions and school catchments as if they were a moral position. He wasn't a large man. He stood at just five foot six and sat as if he'd learned a long time ago that taking up less space was the safer habit. Janet had married that mildness on purpose and didn't often let herself examine the purpose too closely.

Carl Jr, or Junior as his parents called him, was on the sofa with his phone, long legs folded up, blond head bent over the screen. He was almost eighteen, university in the autumn, fine-featured in a way that still made waitresses call him sweetheart before they caught themselves. He had his father's colouring and, when he was annoyed, his mother's mouth. The offer letter to his first choice university lived on the kitchen dresser under a Union Jack magnet, and the whole house orbited it whether anyone admitted that or not.

Janet wasn't looking at either of them. She was looking across the road.

Richard Long's house sat on Oakridge Lane the way a thumbprint sits on an otherwise perfect photograph; something you kept noticing even when you told yourself you were looking at everything else. The front lawn had given up years ago and hadn't been spoken to since. The trash can lived out front, rather than hidden around the side like everyone else's,

and was always overflowing. Engine casings and car parts rusted in the open garage and along the edge of the grass; nobody on the street quite knew what he did, only that he came and went smelling of oil, and that the scrap yard down the valley seemed as good a guess as engineer. The downstairs window still had that crack in the corner from the spring, a silver fault-line that had been patched with tape rather than fixed.

Coming up the street now, too fast for a road that had children on it, was that car of his: an old dark thing with a dent in the rear quarter and a film of dust thick enough to write in. The exhaust gave a low, ugly cough as it swung onto his drive and stopped short of the garage, as though even the bricks would rather not be involved.

The driver's door opened and Richard Long unfolded himself out of the seat.

Janet's fingers tightened on the stem of the glass. He was enormous. Not necessarily in height, at six foot one of weathered mid-to-late fifties, black skin. But in sheer mass; built less like a man who trained and more like a gorilla that drank and worked. Bald head shining dully in the last of the sun. A heavy, hairy belly sitting over the waist of stained work trousers. Chest and back and arms thick with old muscle he made no effort to display, or to hide. He was a little ugly with it: heavy features, the face of someone who had stopped caring what people thought of him. He often had a beer in his hand. He never rushed. He never looked sorry for the space he took up. That unhurried confidence was, in its way, the most offensive thing about him.

Janet found him repulsive. She had never once pretended otherwise.

He reached back into the car for a plastic bag of takeaway and a four-pack of lager, shut the door with his hip, and went up the path without glancing at any of the windows he had to know were watching him.

"He's back," Janet said.

Carl didn't look up at once. "Who is?"

"Who do you think." Her voice had gone flat and sharp; the Sunday-evening version of the tone she used in shops when the girl on the till was taking too long. "Long! Look at his yard. Look at the car. This is supposed to be a family street, Carl. People keep standards. He's dropping the value of this place on his own."

Carl lifted his head. Through the glass, Richard was unlocking his front door, the plastic bag swinging, the cracked window catching what was left of the light. Carl's mouth tightened in that small, pale way it always did when the subject came up. Underneath it Janet recognised the old fear he dressed up as principle; the same fear that had been in him since he was a boy being shoved around by bigger, darker boys in a schoolyard he still hadn't really left.

"He should never have been allowed to buy there," Carl said. "I said it at the time. Once you let one of them in, the whole character of the road changes. Look at the grass. That wouldn't happen if it was one of us."

Janet took a sip she barely tasted. "It's the laziness more than anything. They don't care, and they don't want to care. He sits on that step in the evenings with a can in his hand as if he's

the one who belongs here. Have you seen the way he stares? As if the rest of us are entertainment.”

“He’s doing it on purpose,” Carl said. “That’s the worst of it. He likes making people uncomfortable. I saw him in the shop last week, walking straight down the middle of the aisle, not moving for anyone. I had to step into the cereals.” A short, humourless breath. “Forty-six years old, and I’m moving out of the way for a man who doesn’t even cut his lawn.”

Janet’s eyes stayed on the house. The heat in her chest wasn’t only disgust. She had been fourteen when her mother left, and the truth that arrived with the packed bag had been ugly and complete: a Black man at the warehouse, two years of a secret affair, and then she was gone, with nothing more than a short note for Janet and her father to try and find answers from. The neighbourhood had talked. The kids at school had made fun of her. Janet had learned to hold her face in a sneer so nobody could see the hole it left, and then she had grown up and married a safe man and raised an intelligent son and moved to a street that photographed well, as if a clean enough life could make the old story starve to death.

And still Richard Long was over there, taking up the view, as if the past had followed her in a dirty car and parked on the drive opposite.

“Mom,” Junior said.

Both parents looked at him. He had that gleam he wore when he was about to offer something he already knew would land.

“There’s a woman who goes over there,” he said.

Janet frowned. “What woman?”

“To Long’s.” He sat up properly, the phone forgotten against his knee. “Me and the lads have seen her a few times. Coming and going. Late, usually. White. Dirty blonde; not like yours. Cheap. Short skirts, heels. Last week she came out of his side gate and stood on the path fixing her hair like she didn’t care who saw her.” He chopped a hand across his own thin thigh. “She looked like a total slut... I’m not even joking.”

The sitting room seemed to take the picture and enlarge it. In Janet’s mind the woman was already a type: fake tan, a mouth full of gum, the sort who would climb into that filthy car and not even notice the smell of it. The sort who would let an animal like Richard Long put his hands on her and then walk back onto a decent street as if nothing had happened. The thought arrived with a physical recoil, sharp as spilled milk across a counter she had just wiped down.

“Language Junior!” she said. “A white woman... going in there?”

“That’s what I said. We didn’t know if you’d seen her.”

Carl set the tablet down on the arm of the chair. His laugh was small and ugly. “A hooker. It has to be. What other kind of woman would want anything to do with that disgusting pig.” He shook his head. “Why would a white woman ever see anything in men like that? It shouldn’t be allowed. Keep to your own. There are lines, and there have always been lines.”

Junior's agreement came a little too quickly. "Exactly. It's grim. He's huge, he's old, and he's..." He hunted for a word he was allowed to use in the sitting room, glanced at his mother, and settled on, "He's one of them. He's black."

His parents didn't correct him. They never did when it came to this subject.

Carl leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and rubbed his thumb against his first two fingers in that cheap little mime of banknotes. "The only colour those girls know," he said, "is green."

Junior snorted.

Janet's face folded in genuine disgust. "Carl. That's gross."

"I'm only saying what it is." He sat back, satisfied he had put the thing in its proper place. "Money. That's all it ever is for girls like that. You honestly think a woman like that's going in there for conversation? For the décor?" He glanced at the window again; the dark house, the uncut grass, the ugly car hunched on the drive. "She takes what she can get and she leaves, and he sits there afterwards thinking he's won something. They always do."

Janet turned the wine glass slowly in her fingers. The geraniums on the sill were perfect. Her own reflection in the glass was perfect too, if what you wanted was a woman who looked as if she might refuse you a seat. Behind that reflection Richard Long's downstairs light came on, a dirty gold square in the evening, and the idea of the other woman; white, cheap, dressed like a hooker, coming out of his side gate with her hair in her hands, sat in Janet's stomach like something that had gone off. She did not feel pity. She felt a hard, bright contempt. What kind of female did that. What kind of standard, what kind of body, what kind of missing piece inside a person would let them lie down for a man like that: Black, rough, ugly, a gorilla in a house that did not belong on Oakridge Lane.

She thought of her mother before she could stop herself, and then she pushed the thought back into the place she kept it, the way she had been pushing it back for twenty-six years.

"If I ever saw a woman from this street going in there," she said, quite calmly, "I would never speak to her again. I mean that. There are things you don't come back from."

"Quite right. Now, come away from there," Carl said, milder now. "You will only upset yourself. He is not worth the attention."

"I know exactly what he is worth," Janet said.

Outside, Oakridge Lane settled into Sunday night. Across the road, Mr Long ate in his armchair in a house that did not match the street, and he did not look out to see whether the Littles, or anyone else, were watching. He already knew they were and it brought a smile to his face.

Blue Lights

It was only a few nights after that Sunday, late enough that Oakridge Lane had already mostly put itself to bed. Curtains were drawn. Drives were empty of anything that mattered. Janet had taken her hair down and washed her face and was standing at the dressing table with the last of her cream when the first bang went off across the road.

It wasn't a car door. It wasn't a bin. It was a hard, cheap crack that shoved itself through the glass and sat in the bedroom like a slapped table.

Carl sat up. "What the hell was that?"

Janet didn't answer. She was already at the window, pulling the curtain with two fingers the way she did when she didn't want the street to see that the Littles were looking. The second bang came before she had the gap wide enough, then a third, nastier, a shriek underneath it. Across the street, a dog started barking. Two houses along, a light snapped on.

Richard Long was on his front path. A dark heap at the bottom of the porch steps, one arm thrown out. The cheap lantern made a dirty yellow circle on the concrete and he was in the middle of it and he wasn't getting up.

"Carl!" Janet called.

He came to the window in his T-shirt, bare feet, hair flattened from the pillow, and stood behind her with his hand on the sill. Across the road the heap of a body twitched once and went still again. No sign of anyone else. Only the street, and the overflowing bin, and the man they had been watching for months as if watching were a civic duty.

"Jesus," Carl whispered. "Was that a gun? Has he been shot?"

"Don't be ridiculous... This is Oakridge."

But she'd thought it too. Oakridge Lane didn't have a language for a noise like that. Guns belonged to the news, to estates that weren't this one, to the sort of life Janet had built a white door against. And still the thought arrived, quick and ugly: of course. A man like that didn't bring a clean beginning with him. Gangs. Old debts. The kind of friends who arrived after midnight and didn't use the knocker.

Carl's fingers tightened on the sill. "Should we go check on him?"

He asked it, but he didn't move. Janet didn't either. The idea of crossing that road in her robe, of kneeling on Richard Long's filthy concrete, of putting her hands on him, made her stomach close. Let his own people come, if he had any.

"I'm not going over there," she said. "I'm not getting involved in whatever that is. If someone's shot him, Carl, we are not walking into the middle of it."

"He's not moving... If he's really hurt," Carl said, "Then we have to call 911."

He said we and reached for the phone as if the handset might burn him. Janet stayed at the glass. A dark patch was spreading by Long's head in the yellow light; it might have been

blood and it might have been shadow. She hated that she couldn't tell from here. She hated more that a small, shameful part of her was measuring the stillness and asking whether it would even be a bad thing if it was.

It would be a bad thing because there would be police tape and the scandal in the paper would see the value of their road drop. And underneath that, older than the geraniums, a colder little voice that had learned its lesson at fourteen: men like that took what they wanted and left wreckage, and if the wreckage had finally come back for one of them, the street would be cleaner in the morning.

She pressed her mouth into a line and didn't give the voice the dignity of agreement.

Carl was already talking, too loud for the bedroom, the official voice he used when a meeting had gone wrong. "Police, please. And an ambulance. I think there's been a shooting. Oakridge Lane. The house opposite. A man is lying down on the path, and not moving. We heard loud bangs. Three or four I think. We haven't gone out to him. We don't know if it's safe. We didn't see anyone. I don't know if he's breathing. We're not going over there."

Janet watched the path while he gave the number and the name and all the little clarifications of a man who wanted it on record that the Littles had done the correct thing from behind glass.

"They're coming," Carl said, as he put the phone down and put his arm around his wife at the window.

It took minutes that felt like a held breath. Other curtains found the same gap. A shape two doors down hovered and withdrew. Nobody stepped onto the tarmac. Oakridge Lane believed in calling the proper people and then staying out of the way, and tonight that belief looked a great deal like fear.

The first car turned in off the junction, blue light ran up the white render and across the ceiling and made the geraniums look sick. An ambulance followed. They went to him without the hesitation the street had offered. When they rolled him Janet saw the blood properly, dark against the concrete, and the awkward angle of one leg, and she put her hand to her mouth not from tenderness but from the sheer mess of it.

"Christ," Carl said. "They'll have the whole lane sealed."

Downstairs, the back door closed. Soft. The particular click of someone who didn't want the house to notice him.

Janet turned her head. "Junior?"

Footsteps on the stairs, then he was in the doorway in his jacket, blond hair flattened, breathing a little too carefully for a boy who had only come up to bed. He looked at the window, at the blue light on the ceiling, at his parents standing there in their night things.

"Where have you been?" Janet said.

"Park. With the boys." He swallowed. "I saw the lights when I came in. What's going on out there? Is Mr Long all right?"

Carl glanced at the glass and back. "We don't know. We heard bangs. He's on the path. That's all we've got."

Junior nodded too quickly, as if that were an answer he could live with, and didn't come any closer to the window.

Outside they were lifting Richard Long onto a stretcher. He was a huge mass, even horizontal, a dark slab of a man under a blanket, bald head turned, something white already pressed to the side of it. The knee looked wrong. She couldn't have named what was wrong with it; she only knew it didn't sit like the other one. They put him in the ambulance. One officer stayed on the path with a torch. Another was already knocking two doors down.

"They'll come here," Carl said.

"Let them. We rang. We did what we were supposed to do."

She let the curtain fall. The blue light still leaked around the edges. In the glass, for a second, she saw her own face: the face of a woman who had refused to cross twenty metres of tarmac to see whether a neighbour was alive.

"If he dies," Carl said, very quietly, "maybe we'll finally get someone living across there, who belongs on this road."

"He isn't our business," Janet said. "He has never been our business."

The thought she wouldn't say aloud sat with her anyway. *He hadn't been moving when they put him in the ambulance. The street might be quieter if he didn't come back.* She hated herself just enough for thinking it, and not enough to get up and look out again.

Morning arrived as if the night had been a rumour.

The tape on Long's path was still there when Janet took the recycling out, a thin police line that made the overflowing bin look suddenly official. The porch lantern was still on in the daylight. There was a stain on the concrete someone hadn't yet washed. Carl stood in the kitchen in his work shirt cutting toast he didn't want. Junior came down late, pale, and said he hadn't slept well, which Janet accepted because she hadn't slept well either.

The knock came at twenty past nine.

Two officers on the black doorstep, a man and a woman, not unfriendly, already tired. The woman did the talking. They were following up on the incident at Mr Long's address. They understood the Littles had been the ones to call it in. They were grateful. They had a few questions. And they needed to speak to Carl Jr, if he was at home.

Janet's hand tightened on the edge of the door.

"Junior? Why Junior?" She asked frantically.

"If we could come in, Mrs Little."

They sat in the sitting room with the Sunday polish still faintly in the air. Junior sat on the sofa where he'd sat on Sunday night, long legs folded, face arranged into the polite blank he used on teachers. Janet sat on the edge of her own chair and felt the house shrink. Carl stood behind her chair, one hand resting on her shoulder.

They had CCTV footage, the woman said. Mr Long kept cameras on the porch and down the side of his house, and while the pictures weren't perfect they were good enough. Several youths on the path. Fireworks pushed through the letterbox. A bang loud enough to bring him out of the house at a run. He came down the steps, went over, and hit the concrete with his head. His knee had taken the fall wrong also. He was in hospital; facing surgery on the knee and a concussion they were still assessing, and he was already talking about charges and compensation.

"The kids had the clarity to cover their faces... except one of them," the male officer said. He looked at Junior. "You looked back at the house when the others were already running. The recording shows you clearly."

The sitting room took the sentence and enlarged it. Janet heard her own blood in her ears. The thought arrived before she could stop it, mean and practical and entirely her: *why the hell couldn't he have just covered his face too.*

Carl made a small sound that wasn't a word.

"I didn't—" Junior started, and then the overprotected boy came apart all at once, the sweetheart face crumpling, the voice going high and wet.

"It was only a prank. I swear. We weren't going to hurt him. Everyone says he shouldn't even be on our street... we put fireworks through the letterbox, that's all it was. Just a prank. We didn't think he'd come running out like that. We didn't touch him. He came down the steps and he went over on his own. I looked back because I thought he'd get up and come after us. I didn't know he was actually hurt... Mom, I didn't know."

Janet stared at her son.

The story of the night rearranged itself in a single ugly slide. Not a gangland shooting. Not a debt from whatever life Richard Long had lived before he had moved into their suburban heaven. Her boy. Her almost-eighteen boy with the offer letter and the thin wrists, standing on that driveway long enough for a camera to spot him. The others had been clever. He had needed to be seen.

"You stupid little..." She stopped herself because the officers were in the room. "Do you have any idea what you've done?"

Carl's voice came out thin. "Is he really pressing charges? He's just a kid."

"That's for him to decide," the woman said. "Criminal damage. The injuries. Possibly more, depending how the fall reads and what Mr Long wants to do about it."

Janet realised she had stood at her window last night, and wondered whether it would be a bad thing if Richard Long didn't get up, and the whole time the reason he was down there had been under her roof.

"He didn't mean it," Carl said, already reaching for the tone that settled claims. "They're good kids, just acting silly. We'll pay for any damage. This doesn't have to..."

"That's not a decision I can make for him." The police officer said, glancing at Junior, then at Janet, and something in her voice eased without quite becoming kind. "Look. Nobody here wants to see a boy's future lost over one mistake. But it's out of our hands once a complaint's made. You're neighbours. He's in the hospital. If anyone's going to get him to back down, it won't be us."

"You're saying we should talk to him," Janet said.

"I'm saying you're neighbours," the officer said. "Go apologise and check in on him. See if there's anything you can do to make the peace before this thing gets to court."

When they had gone, the house was very quiet.

Junior sat with his hands in his hair and cried the way he hadn't been allowed to cry since he was small. Carl walked a circle from the kitchen door to the window and back, talking to no one about solicitors and first-choice offers and how an impending criminal charge can make universities withdraw their offers. Janet stood where she had stood on Sunday evening, looking at the stained concrete and the yellow lantern and the house that didn't belong on Oakridge Lane, and the contempt in her chest had nowhere clean to land.

"If that man ruins this family because you wanted to impress your friends, I will never forgive you." She told Junior.

Junior flinched as if she had hit him.

The Compromise

They took Junior with them because leaving him at home would have looked like they had something to hide.

Richard Long was in a corner bed with the television muted and his left leg braced and elevated, thick as a fence post under the sheet. Even lying there like this, he took up the mattress the way he took up a doorway. His face was weathered with age, bald, dark skin gone ashy under the hospital light, a heavy belly under the gown, arms still thick with old work. A bruise had bloomed across his brow and down toward the temple, split at the center with a row of stitches. He looked pissed off in the simple, undressed way of a man who had been put on his back and didn't forgive the position.

Janet stopped at the foot of the bed and felt her face close. He was larger up close than he was from her window. Hair on his chest where the gown had opened. Knuckles like stones on the blanket. She found him revolting. She didn't look away fast enough to pretend otherwise.

His eyes went over the three of them and settled on her. Not long, but long enough for her to feel it. Down the blouse, the waist, the line of her hips in the jeans she had worn, then back up to her mouth. Then he looked at Carl as if the inventory had been nothing.

"You brought the boy," he said, turning towards Junior. "Good. What you got to say for yourself?"

Junior's voice came out thin. "Mr Long, I'm sorry. We didn't mean for you to get hurt. It was only supposed to be..."

"A prank." Richard didn't look away from him, eyes filled with anger. "Yeah. I heard that one already. Does this look like a prank to you, boy?"

Carl cleared his throat, interrupting the question. "We're glad you're all right. Relatively. The officers said the knee—"

"They cut it open yesterday. Torn ACL. I'll be in a leg brace for months. I don't walk my own house right. I don't stand in a shower without somebody there to prop me up. That's what your boy bought me." He tipped his chin at the stitches. "And this. Nice big ugly scar from the concrete..."

"We've spoken to the police," Carl said. "We're prepared to make this right. Damages. Medical bills. Whatever you need. Junior... he's eighteen in a month. He's got a place at Princeton in the fall. Something like this on his record, could really hurt his future..."

"If that had been a Black kid on a white man's porch," Richard said, "he'd already be sitting in a cell. We both know it. You people been watching me from those clean windows since I moved in. Wrong face. Wrong skin colour. This wasn't kids being kids. This was your street reminding me that black don't belong on it."

"That's not true," Janet said. It came out sharper than she meant. "It was stupid kids, making stupid choices. It wasn't a... it wasn't racial. We don't see people that way."

Richard's mouth moved, not quite a smile. "You don't see colour. That's cute. You stood in that window the other night and let me lay on my own path. I know who called it in. I know who didn't come over to make sure I was ok."

Carl rushed the cheque like a man putting a lid on a pan. "We'll pay. All of it. You don't have to worry about money."

"What, because I'm Black I need your cheque?" Richard's voice stayed low. "I didn't ask you for a donation. I asked why your boy still gets Princeton and all I get is a rebuilt knee."

"That isn't what he meant," Janet said.

"Then say what you meant."

Nobody did, for a second.

Carl tried again. "The hospital said you'll need help when you go home. We can hire someone. A professional carer. Cooking, cleaning, whatever the recovery takes. You won't have to manage that alone."

Richard looked at him, then at Junior, then, slower, at Janet again.

"Where's the justice in that?" he said. "Your family put me here. Somebody from your family pays the price."

Janet felt the look that time. It was not kind and it was not hidden. It went over her the way a man looks at a thing he has decided he can use.

"I don't want qualified and professional. I want her." He didn't raise his voice, he just nodded at Janet. "You come over. Every day. Cook. Clean. Help me with the brace and my baths until I can do it myself. I seen the way you look at my house. Now you can put the gloves on and come work your magic at mine."

"That's absurd," Janet said. "You can't seriously—"

"Those are the terms."

"Come on Mr Long, my wife isn't a home-help. That isn't a fair compromise," Carl said. "Name a number."

Richard reached to the tray table, thumbed his phone awake, and turned the screen. The porch. Boys running. One face clear as a photograph when it looked back: Junior, blond, uncovered, lit by the lantern.

"Or I send this and press the charges," Richard said. "Claim damages too. The knee. The head. Your boy can explain his broken Princeton dreams, to a judge."

Junior made a sound that was almost a word.

Janet stared at the screen, then at the ugly, stitched face above it. The tension in the little gap between the bed and her body was specific now. He knew what he was asking. She knew what he was holding. Carl had already started to collapse toward the only door that still had college on the other side of it.

"She'll do it," Carl said.

Janet's head turned on him.

Richard watched that too.

"Monday," he said. "When they send me home. Nine o'clock. Her. That's the deal. I delete the file when I walk without this thing." He tapped the brace. "Until then, I keep copies. And you keep me and my house running!"

Janet looked at her son. At the phone. At the man in the bed she couldn't stand to touch.

"Fine," she said. "No more police and no charges. You delete the footage when you're up and walking again."

"When I say it's done," Richard corrected her.

In the parking lot Carl started talking and she told him to shut up. Junior sat in the back and cried without any noise, hurt at the idea he had caused his mom to become this man's cleaner.

Janet got into the car with the terms already sitting in her lap, heavy as a body, and the knowledge that on Monday she was going to walk into the house she had spent two years feeling sick looking at.

Monday came in bright and ordinary, which only made it worse.

Janet stood in her kitchen in old jeans and a loose navy shirt buttoned to the throat, the sneakers she wore to the store on her feet and her hair pulled back in a tail that made her look younger and harder at the same time. Two casserole dishes sat on the counter under foil, a lasagna and a chicken pot pie, with containers of soup stacked beside them for his freezer. She had cooked all day Sunday, as if feeding the man might still count as having the upper hand.

Carl came down in his work shirt, knotting his tie as he walked, and stopped when he saw the foil. "You didn't have to do all that for him."

"I'm not going over there empty-handed like some hired girl he can boss around."

Junior was already in the hall with his duffel. The summer camp trip had been booked before any of this existed, and Carl was dropping him at the station on the way to the office for an eight-forty train. He looked smaller than he had been in months, as if the last few days had taken something from him. When Carl took the bag from him, Junior came into the kitchen and stood in front of her as if he were still waiting to be grounded.

“Mom. I’m sorry. I mean it. I didn’t think it would lead to all this...”

“I know you didn’t mean it.” She smoothed his hair the way she had when he was ten. “Go. Be good... and have fun at camp. I love you.”

She kissed his forehead and he held on a second too long, and then there was the front door and the car and the kind of quiet a house only has after the men in it have left.

She was still at the sitting-room window when the hospital van pulled up across the street. Two men got Mr Long out of the back as if he were a piece of furniture that might tip, working around the brace and the crutch and the stitched brow, and he looked huge in ordinary daylight, ugly with pain and temper. They walked him inside and came out a minute later with the empty chair.

Janet had already picked up the dishes and crossed the road, catching the door behind them, before it could latch.

“Mr Long?” She called into the house.

His voice came from the front room, rough from the ride. “You coming in or you gonna stand on the step?”

She took a deep breath and went inside.

The smell hit first: old carpet, fried food, oil that had lived in the hall for years. It wasn’t a dump, not quite, but after her own house it felt like stepping into another decade. The beige carpet was worn dark where he walked. Dishes sat in the sink from before the hospital. Dead opposite the brown armchair, a sixty-five-inch screen; the only thing in the place that looked as if anyone had spent money on it.

She kept her face polite. It was a face she knew how to wear. Shops. School gates. Helen Park’s sitting room when the talk turned to sex, and someone waited to see if Janet Little would flinch. Polite was a door you could close from either side. In this room it did not hold. This was weeks. She could already hear herself wondering how she was supposed to get through them.

“I brought meals,” she said, and heard how thin it sounded once it was in the air. “Some for the fridge, some for the freezer. How are you feeling?”

He turned his head.

The contempt was plain and unperformed. Just a man looking at the woman from across the street as if she had been delivered to the wrong address. His eyes left her face. They went over the rest of her without hurry.

“The hell are you wearing?” He asked in a tone of disappointment.

Janet glanced down as if the clothes might have changed on the walk over. Navy. Denim. “I’m here to cook and clean,” she said. “What else am I supposed to wear?”

"I've seen you." He didn't bother sitting up any straighter in his armchair. "Them little BBQ parties. Girls 'nights at the other wives' houses. You walk around this street like you don't know what you got." His gaze snagged, dropped, came back. "Don't come in my house dressed like you're the help... not with that hot body of yours hiding away."

Heat went up her throat. Not embarrassment. Rage with nowhere legal to go.

"I beg your pardon?!"

"You heard me." Still no grin. That was the worst of it. A grin would have been a man performing. This was a man issuing. "Get your ass back across the road and change. I better see some tits and ass when you come back through that door."

The words landed in the shabby room as if he had thrown them. They sat in the air between the foil pans and the mantel and the window that looked out on Oakridge Lane.

"You can't speak to me like that." Her voice came out stern. The same one she used when she was putting her foot down with her husband. Or with Junior. Except this was neither of them. "I am not going to let you..."

"You want little Mr Princeton getting his perfect future or not?"

His voice went harder. There was no grin in it and no room beside it. Junior's name didn't need saying. The file didn't need producing. Her pause and silence were all the encouragement he needed.

"Don't argue with me, woman. And put some heels on while you're at it. I want those long legs popping when you're over here." He tipped his chin at the mantel. "Spare key's up there. You keep hold of it now... that way you can come and go whenever I need you."

Janet stood dumbfounded. *He really means it*, she thought.

He was going to sit in that chair, and send her home like a girl who had failed a dress code. And if she refused, he would put an end to their little arrangement and call the cops once again.

She set the dishes on the side table, the foil straining in her grip.

"You're disgusting," she said. It came out smaller than she wanted. A protest, not a verdict.

"Clock's running."

She took the key off the mantel, and slid it into her pocket and headed back out across Oakridge Lane, her face hot and red with rage and embarrassment.

In her bedroom she sat on the edge of the bed and shook.

What kind of man did that? She asked herself.

What kind of filthy, low piece of shit sat in a broken armchair in a house that smelled of old smoke and told a married woman to show him tits and ass as the price for her boy's future.

Pervert. Animal. Black filth. She ran the words through her head until they made a rhythm, the way she used to count sit-ups in the spare room when the other wives on Oakridge were still in their dressing gowns. *Pervert. Animal. Black filth.* Her mouth shaped them without sound. Her hands still moved toward the closet.

She told herself she was choosing the least of it.

The black shirt she almost never wore hung at the back, behind the blouses she wore to the shops and the pale jumpers Carl liked because they made her look like someone else's idea of a wife. The fabric was cheap-slick, bought in a sale she had regretted before she reached the till. It opened too far if you forgot a button. She didn't forget. She left three undone on purpose and watched, in the dressing-table mirror, the inner swell of her breasts push into the gap: heavy, pale, the faint blue of a vein at the inner curve, the lace edge of her bra a dark suggestion rather than a covering. The shirt became an argument she would never have made on her own street. An invitation she would have crossed the road to avoid.

The red skirt was worse.

It stopped mid-thigh. It had always stopped mid-thigh; that was why it lived in a bag at the back with the tags still in the pocket from the night she had worn it once and come home early. She stepped into it and tugged it up over the full, firm round of her ass. The material clung. When she turned, the mirror gave her the truth she had spent twenty years dressing around: the high, packed curve of it, the way the hem rode and then settled, the way her thick thighs made the little skirt look like a decision instead of a garment.

She pulled on sheer dark tights. The nylon whispered up her legs. She dug the black heels out of the back of the closet. Six inches. Worn once. Bought for an anniversary dinner at which she had spent the evening being looked at by men who were not Carl and resenting every minute of it. The leather was still stiff. The straps bit the same place they had bitten then.

When she took her hair down, the platinum sheet of it fell to her waist and made the whole outfit worse. It turned the black shirt and the red skirt into a costume. It made her look like a woman who had done this before.

She was five ten in bare feet. In the heels she was something else: a narrow waist cinched under all that chest, natural F-cup breasts heavy in the open shirt, long legs lengthened until the little red skirt became a problem rather than a piece of clothing. A mean mouth. Frightened eyes. A body that looked built to be stared at, as if the staring were the point and the fear were optional. She put her palm flat on the dressing table to steady herself and felt the tremor go up her arm.

For a second she heard Junior in the sitting room last Sunday night, the television low. Junior talking about short skirts and heels and the cheap blonde he had seen leaving Mr Long's house. Asking what kind of woman would go in there dressed like that. Carl saying hookers.

No. She was not like that woman.

She was doing this for her son. For her family. The outfit was just part of the compromise. If Richard Long wanted a show as the price of not destroying them, she would give him the least show she could stand and she would keep her name while she did it. She would walk in, she would get on with the tasks, she would walk out.

She locked her door behind her as she left once again. The spare key to his house, already in her palm.

Oakridge Lane at that hour was a row of windows pretending to be empty. Every one of them felt occupied. She didn't look up to check to see who might be watching. She walked with her eyes on the tarmac and felt, instead, how she moved: the unfamiliar pitch of the heels, the small necessary shortening of her stride, the red skirt hugging her ass with every step, the black shirt opening a fraction when she breathed so that the pale inner curve of her breast showed and then hid again, show and hide, like a filthy little clock.

A wife from the third house on the right. Crossing toward the man that did not belong here. Dressed like the woman her son had described as a slut.

The View He Paid For

Janet Little walked back into his house, determined to try and put a brave face on.

He was still in the armchair with the brace stuck out in front of him like a claim on the room, and for a second he didn't speak. He just looked, taking his time over the black shirt with three buttons gone and the pale heavy inner curve of her breasts in the gap, over the red skirt sitting mid-thigh and clinging when she shut the door behind her, over the six-inch heels putting a new line into her legs and the platinum hair down her back. The mean little set of her mouth was trying to pretend this was still a chore.

"Well damn," he said. "That's more like it."

Janet stayed by the door. The key cut her palm. She let it. "You got what you asked for. Where do you want me to start?"

"You can start by letting me look a minute." His voice had gone lower, unhurried, the voice of a man who had already won the first argument and was in no rush to spend the rest.

"You came back dressed like you finally understood the assignment." His eyes stayed on the open shirt. "Tits pouring out that thing like they been waiting for an invitation. Heavy, too. You walk around Oakridge buttoned to the throat like nobody's supposed to notice... but in here, that's the way I like them. Proud and out on display. That skirt ain't leaving much to guesswork either."

He tipped his chin. "Turn your hip a little, nah. Don't bother. I can see from here how it's hugging that ass. Fat. Firm. Moves when you breathe. Those long legs look even better in those high heels. Hot doesn't even cover it. You built like a problem, Mrs Little."

Heat went up her throat and kept going. It sat in her face, in the open V of the shirt, in the sudden awareness of her own nipples against the cup of her bra; not from want or enjoyment, but from the rage of being inventoried like meat on a hook. Her body had always been looked at. It had never been so blatantly leered at like this.

"Are you finished?"

"Not even close." He smiled with the side of his mouth. "There is no way that little white boy you're married to knows how to handle all that. No way he's clapping those cheeks the way you need it. Man that size, that polite way he looks at you like a prize he got lucky with. Tits and ass like that deserves more than missionary with the lights out... Come on, tell the truth, he don't give you what you want, does he?"

The words landed low, ugly, accurate in the way an insult is accurate when it finds the thing you have never said aloud. Carl's hands. Carl's careful gratitude. Carl's four inches and the way he always asked, always apologised with his body even when he was inside her. She shut the thought down hard enough that her jaw hurt.

"Don't talk about my husband." Her voice came out sharp. "And don't you dare tell me what I need. You have no idea what a woman like me wants."

Richard's mouth pulled into that thick, pleased smile, the one that sat wrong under the stitches, like he was keeping a secret just to enjoy it. His eyes dropped again, slow, from the gap in the shirt to the place where the red skirt strained across her hips.

"Oh, I've got an idea."

"You can keep it."

"Can I." Not a question. He shifted in the chair and the brace made its small, ugly sound. "You gonna give me a spin then, or you want to stand there looking sour all morning while those tits do the talking for you?"

"Go spin on this," she said, and regretted it as soon as it was out, because the laugh it got was real. Unforced. He liked the fight. She heard that and filed it too late. The shirt had slipped another fraction when she spoke; she felt air on the inner swell and didn't look down to confirm what he was already staring at.

"There she is." He let the laugh die on his mouth. "I knew there was a mouth under all that Oakridge snobbery. You can start in the kitchen. I been eating hospital food for days, dying for some proper home cooking. Heat up some of that lasagna you walked in here with. And bring me a couple beers."

"It's not even midday..." she began to argue.

"You don't tell me what time I drink in my house." His gaze climbed back to her face at last, unhurried, as if the rest of her would still be there when he wanted it. "You ain't my girl..."

He let the last word hang. Let it sit in the gap of the shirt, in the cling of the skirt. "Yet."

"Not ever," Janet said. She made it hard. She made it a closed door. "Let's get that straight while we're making lists."

"We'll see." A small tip of the chin, toward the kitchen, toward the rest of the morning.

"Kitchen. And don't bother doing those buttons up on the way. I already paid for the view." He said, motioning to his busted knee.

She went because standing there arguing wasn't worth being sleazed over. The foil pans were where she'd left them. She put the lasagna in his oven, found plates that didn't match, pulled two cans from a fridge that smelled of ketchup and old meat, and came back with a tray she refused to shake.

He was already pulling at the neck of his T-shirt with one hand, the other trapped by the way the brace sat.

"Hold up. Shirt's coming off before I eat. Summer in here's a damn oven and I can't get this thing over the shoulder without twisting the knee. Help."

"You can leave it on."

"I can call a number too. Take it off for me."

She set the tray on the side table and stepped in.

Up close he was worse. Heat came off him in a sour, lived-in wave, hospital soap failing on top of sweat and skin and whatever he'd worn in that van. She had to lean over the brace to get the hem. The cotton dragged up his heavy dark belly first, thick and hair-rough, soft over hard. The kind of gut that came from beer and appetite, and not from laziness, a dense pad of it sitting above the waist of his shorts.

Then the rest of him arrived in the same motion: a wide chest matted with coarse black hair, nipples dark in the thatch, shoulders that made the chair look rented, arms like they had been built for lifting things that did not want to move. He wasn't gym-made. He was work and appetite stacked on a frame that had never asked permission. The hair ran over his chest and down his forearms and made him look, to her, like something that belonged in the wild and not on Oakridge Lane.

She got the shirt over his bald head without touching more than she had to. Her knuckles still found him. Heat. Hair. The solid give of a pectoral under her finger when the cotton caught. She stepped back too fast. The open black blouse pulled as she moved and she felt her tits wobble, heavy, indecent.

Thank God Carl is smooth, she thought, and hated that the comparison had shown up at all. Carl's thin chest. Carl's polite, hairless body.

Richard dropped the T-shirt on the floor and took the tray as if she had been born standing there. He ate with the plate on his gut, the fork moving, his bare chest rising under all that hair.

"This is good," he said with his mouth full. "White-woman cooking. I could get used to this kind of service." A glance, slow, down the open shirt. "Tits in my face while I eat. Skirt that short. Yeah. I could get used to it."

"Yeah? Well don't. This is a short-term deal." She insisted.

He toasted her with the first beer anyway.

Janet took the empty oven dish to the sink and ran the water, then the cloth over the counters, then the worst of the dust along the windowsill that looked back at her own geraniums. He watched her work. She felt his gaze on her every time she bent and her red skirt rode. She could feel the hem climb the back of her thighs, feel the packed firm curve of her ass presented whether she consented to the presentation or not. His smile sat in the room like another piece of furniture.

"Skirt's riding up," he said, almost conversational. "When you reach like that I get the whole damn picture. That ass was not built for those jeans you walked in here wearing. Do it again."

"No. Quit being a pervert."

She did the other work instead and still felt exposed; tights stretching and shining when she knelt, breasts heavy and loose in the open shirt when she leaned, the platinum hair sliding

forward over one shoulder so that the pale side of her throat and the start of her chest were a single unbroken insult. She wrung the cloth harder than the cloth required.

By the time the dishes from before the hospital were in the rack and the lasagna was off his plate, the morning had a shape she could stand. Comments. Looks. That disgusting smile while he stared at her like something served. She could hate him and still finish a room. She could wear this ridiculous outfit and still be Janet Little when she crossed back. The day had a back, and she told herself she had broken it.

She wrung out the cloth and turned, almost ready to ask if he wanted the bathroom tidied next, and found him watching her with a different kind of attention, less of the meal in it.

“I’m going to take a bath,” he said. “You’re gonna help me get in it.”

Janet stood in his kitchen with wet hands and the polite face already reaching for itself, and understood that the part she had just called finished had only been the easy half.

Dick

Janet ran the bath with the door half open. She gripped the edge of the porcelain, her knuckles white, telling herself that this was still just part of the agreement. Part of the job.

Carers do this, she heard herself saying. Hospitals sent people home with instructions and a family member learned how to work around a brace. She laid two towels on the closed lid of the toilet, checked the water with her wrist, and mapped the thing in her head so it would stay decent. Brace off. Jeans off. He could keep the boxers on and swing the good leg in first. She would hold his weight, get the injured leg up on the side of the tub, and then she would go back to the living room and wait until he called. She didn't want to see him naked. She didn't need to. There was a way to do this that kept everybody's dignity in the room, and she was going to find it.

"Bath's ready," she called, her voice sounding fragile in the steamed air.

Getting him down the hall took both of them. He came on the crutch with his hand heavy on her shoulder, heat and that sour lived-in smell coming off the bare chest she had already uncovered, and the red skirt and the heels made her a stupid kind of scaffolding. In the bathroom he sat on the closed toilet while she knelt to work the brace. The straps were stiff. His knee looked swollen and wrong once it was free. She kept her eyes on plastic and Velcro and not on the rest of him.

"Trousers next," she said, as if naming the steps would keep them ordinary. "You can leave your underwear on."

"Whatever you say, Mrs Little." He rumbled, with amusement in his voice.

She sat on the edge of the tub in front of him because that was the only angle that didn't twist his leg, and her fingers went to his belt. The metal was warm from his belly. She got the buckle open, got the button, got the zip, and started the denim down over his hips with her face arranged into something professional.

But it wasn't the cotton of underwear that met her eyes.

What surged out of the open jeans was dark, thick, and impossibly imposing. Even flaccid, it was easily double the size of any man she had ever seen. It was a heavy, falling weight; a wide shaft the color of polished, wet hardwood, mapped with thick, pulsing veins that spiralled toward a blunt, darker cap of a head. As she worked the waistband lower, inch by inch, the member continued to arrive, unfolding itself against his thigh with a gravity that seemed to warp the air around them.

Janet's mind stalled. For twenty years, her sexual world had been defined by Carl's modest anatomy; four inches of pale, polite gratitude, a thing she could cover with a few fingers and forget the moment the act was over. She could not make the scale of the thing before her fit into her reality. It was so thick that her first instinctive, panicked thought was to compare it to the circumference of her own wrist. It possessed a density and a droop that felt primal, as if it belonged to a different species of man entirely.

The smell of him changed at this range: skin, sweat, a clean animal musk that the hospital soap had not touched. *If it was like this soft, what was it like when he...* She cut the thought off before it could finish. It still left a mark.

"Oh my God." Her professional facade shattered. "You're not wearing underwear. What the fuck, Richard?"

He looked down at her staring at it. That was the worst of it; not that it was out and hanging before her, but that he watched her see it. Watched the way she stared at it. The smile that spread across his face was slow and victorious and had been waiting all morning.

"Richard's what people who don't know me call me," he said, his voice more commanding than ever. "You can call me Dick."

Janet couldn't move, her eyes were still locked on it. She couldn't seem to give them a different job. The thing lay against his thigh like a heavy claim, the shaft so thick the vein along the top of it looked like a ridge she could almost wrap her fingers around.

She heard herself whisper his name before she could stop her mouth. "Dick... Long."

When she finally dragged her gaze up, the grin was already there, wide and ugly and utterly pleased with itself. It was the look of a man who just laid a trap and watched his prey walk straight into it.

Disgust surged back in a hot rush and she used it like a handrail. "You could have told me you didn't have underwear on," she snapped, her voice trembling. "So I could at least have the decency to wrap a towel around you, or look away."

"Why?" He didn't cover himself. He didn't even shift. The jeans were still half down his hips, the dark heavy length of him hanging in the space between her knees and the tub, and he sat in it like a man sitting in weather. "We're both adults here. It's not like you never seen a cock before."

"Not..." She stopped herself. *Not one like this*, was what she almost said. She wouldn't give him the pleasure of that sentence. "Not yours. And I didn't ask to."

"Look all you want. It ain't gonna bite you," he rumbled "Or be a prude, and look away... just get my jeans the rest of the way off so I can get in the water. Unless you'd rather sit there and keep staring. I don't mind. Most women don't get the full tour on the first date."

She tried to shut out the sound of his voice, and pulled the jeans the rest of the way off with her face turned as far as it would go and still saw it in the edge of her vision: dark against his thigh, too much of it, a thick falling shaft with that flared head resting on muscle, impossible to put back into the category of medical.

Of course this animal would be built like this, she thought, a mixture of horror and fascination swirling in her gut. *A monster of a man, with a disgusting monstrosity of a cock.*

"Hold my shoulder," she commanded, trying to reclaim some shred of control. "We're doing this carefully."

She got him standing. And standing was infinitely worse. On his feet the thing swung like a heavy dark pendulum between his thighs, possessing a length that defied her understanding of anatomy. The head of it hung far lower than she ever expected a man's body to end, swaying with a rhythmic, hypnotic gravity.

She tried to ignore it, got his good foot over the rim, took more of his weight than she wanted; her open shirt crushed to the hair of his chest, her breasts flattening against him in the gap of the buttons, nipple and lace and pale skin all suddenly involved in the engineering of the manoeuvre, and eased him down into the water with his left leg hooked out along the edge of the tub.

The water rose around the heavy belly and the matted chest. Between his thighs the cock lay in the heat and looked even larger for being underwater: a dark blurred column, thicker than her wrist, the head a duller shadow at the end of it, and the ripples kept drawing her eye back as if the water itself were in on the joke.

"I'll wait in the living room," she said, desperate to escape the situation she found herself in.

"Bring me a beer first. Nothing like a cold one in the bath."

When she returned, she had to lean deep over him to place the can in his hand. As she did, she looked over his shoulder and saw it again; magnified, glistening, and obscene beneath the surface. It looked like something out of a filthy piece of fiction, the kind of story she would have called depraved if she'd heard one of her housewife friends whispering about it. A married, respectable woman, simply did not have the vocabulary for that much cock. She set the beer down too hard.

"You can keep me company if you like," he said, his eyes firmly between the open buttons of her shirt, and the cleavage of her big naturals. "Give me something to look at whilst I soak."

"Not a chance," she said, rolling her eyes in contempt.

She left him there and stood in the hall with her palm flat on the wall and her heart going stupid in her chest, telling herself she had seen what she'd seen and that seeing it didn't change a damn thing about who she was.

He called twenty minutes later, when the water had gone dull.

Getting him out was worse than getting him in. Wet skin, no jeans to hide behind, her shoulder under his arm and the swell of her breasts pressed to the hair of his chest while she hauled. He was far heavier than any man she had known. And when he stepped over and found his balance the cock swung with him, wet and dark and glistening, slapping softly against his thigh. She could feel the heat of it near her hip without even being touched by it.

She wrapped a towel around him but it didn't close properly. There was too much man. It slipped back open again, and her eyes went to it before she could stop them, a moment's hesitation before she picked the towel back up and looked up to see how he was watching her react.

“Little bigger than what you’re used to, huh?” he drawled, his voice dripping with arrogance. “I can see the curiosity in your eyes, Janet. That husband of yours... what’s he working with? Five? Six inches? Some cute little thing you can barely feel inside you?”

“Can you please just shut up.” She begged, the words sounding more like a plea for mercy than a command. She hated him for the fact that part of what he was saying was true. Except he had actually overestimated the size of her husband.

She dried what she had to dry: shoulders, chest, the gut, the good leg, the ugly swollen knee as gently as she could. When he told her to do his hips she used the towel like a barrier and still felt the weight of him shift under it. Clean shorts were a negotiation. She got them to his knees and he told her to pull them up, and there was a moment when her knuckles brushed that thick soft shaft through the shorts and she jerked as if she’d been burned.

“Relax. It don’t bite,” he chuckled deeply. “Get yourself a proper feel if you’re that curious. I know you want to.”

“You disgust me.” She spat back.

“Uh-huh.” He leaned back, scanning her face. “You keep saying that. Your eyes didn’t get the memo though. They tell me that you’re starving for it.”

She ignored his barb. She got the brace back on and got him down the hall and into the armchair. She found a fresh T-shirt and this time he didn’t make her do it, only sit the cotton in his lap so he could finish the job himself. The morning’s lasagna plate was still on the side table. The beers were empty. Oakridge Lane went on being Oakridge Lane beyond the dirty glass.

“I’d say that was a successful first day,” he said.

Janet rolled her eyes, reaching for her own front door in her head.

“Wear something sexy for me tomorrow,” he ordered. “You did good with this. Don’t lose your nerve overnight. Tits, ass and heels again tomorrow! You know the assignment now.”

She was already at the hall when he spoke again, milder, which made it worse.

“When that husband of yours tries rolling on top of you tonight, you think about what you saw in my bathroom.” A small pause to let it sink in, his armchair creaking. “Might help you get there a little quicker.”

She turned in the doorway. The mean face was back, and under it she was still seeing the thing in the water.

“You’re disgusting. That thing is disgusting.”

Dick Long laughed in the armchair, bare-chested, braced leg stuck out into the room, and the laugh followed her across the road and all the way up her own driveway.

Janet stood under her own shower until the water ran hotter than was comfortable and tried to sluice the filth of the day off her body. But the house across the street wasn't just on her skin; it was a suffocating presence inside her that refused to be washed away.

She could still feel his gaze. The way he had demanded she go change her clothes. His comments about her body as she tried to clean around him. That smile while he ate her lasagna and stared at her cleavage, as if she was the dessert.

She soaped her shoulders hard enough to redden them and still the images only grew more vivid. She saw his jeans sliding down. She saw that thick dark weight arriving inch by inch until her mind had nowhere decent to put it. She could still see the pulsing veins that mapped the length. She remembered the way it had swung and dangled when he stood, and the way the bathwater had made it look larger, like something out of a forbidden tale.

She hated the image. She hated him for smiling down at her as if he'd planted a seed of corruption. And most of all, she hated herself for the fact that no matter how hard she scrubbed, the image wouldn't rinse away.

She was not turned on by it. She told herself that as a fact, the way she told herself the geraniums needed changing. She was shocked. Any woman would be shocked. What kind of female would ever want a beast like that between her legs, would ever look at an animal like Richard Long and feel anything but revulsion. A hooker. A woman with no standards. Not Janet Little, who had built this bathroom out of white tile and good habits and a marriage that smelled of fresh linen and stability.

"Think about what you saw in my bathroom."

His voice arrived uninvited in her head, echoing in the steam. Janet turned her face directly into the spray, trying to drown out his voice and that sentence. Trying to wash the sound of him out of her ears.

Then, the sound of the front door downstairs. The jingle of keys. Carl's careful tread. A soft, polite knock on the bathroom door; the knock of a man who always asked permission, even in his own home.

"Janet? Can I come in?"

She snapped the water off, the sudden silence ringing in her ears. "Yes."

He stepped in with his tie loosened and the day still on his shirt, and he took the towel from the rail and settled it around her shoulders as if she might break. His fingers gathered a wet band of platinum hair and tucked it behind her ear. He had always touched her like that, like luck he was afraid to startle.

"How did you get on over there?" He asked softly.

The truth sat on the tip of her tongue, heavy and poisonous. She wanted to tell him that Long had treated her like a piece of meat. That he had spoken about her tits and her ass as if they were his personal property. That he had claimed Carl wasn't man enough for her. She wondered if she should tell him about the sight of Richard, completely naked and sporting a cock that made Carl look like a different category of man.

Instead she forced a smile, small and soft and practiced, because worrying him with the facts wouldn't make any of it easier to stand.

"I'm tired," she said. "And his house is as disgusting as you would think it would be. And he... he's hard work."

Carl's brow furrowed. "Hard work how?"

She paused long enough for the real list to pass behind her eyes, and then she put it back where he couldn't reach it.

"He's just not very civilised."

Carl huffed a quiet breath that wanted to be a laugh. "Well. We knew that just by looking at him, right?"

"Right."

He searched her face anyway. "You sure that's all? You look like something's sitting on you."

"Just the work. I'm exhausted."

"Not too exhausted, I hope." His smile tilted, shy and hopeful, and his eyes dropped over her chest. "Looks like the shower was agreeing with you."

Janet looked down, following his gaze. Her nipples were tight, dark, and agonisingly sensitive, standing out like hard peaks in the steamy air. They were reacting, pulsing with a need she refused to acknowledge. *The heat*, she told herself desperately. *The steam. The run of the water.*

It wasn't the other house. It wasn't him. It wasn't that thick, veiny thing waiting for her tomorrow.

Carl's hand came up and cupped her breast with that same careful gratitude he had shown her for years. His thumb finding the nipple, and the sound she made surprised both of them. It was small and involuntary, a moan she would have swallowed if she'd had warning. Encouraged by it, he leaned in and closed his mouth on the wet peak, gentle, worshipful, the way he always was, and once again, the voice cut through the tile as if Long were standing behind the glass.

"When that husband of yours tries rolling on top of you tonight, you think about what you saw in my bathroom."

His black cock flashed in her mind, timed with the pull of Carl's mouth. Dark, thick, hanging, impossible, the ridge of a vein she could still see too clearly. Pleasure went through her in a clean unwanted line and she grabbed for hate like a rail. She would not let that Black bastard into this. She would not let the memory of that monstrous thing she despised, write itself onto Carl's mouth.

She put her hand in her husband's hair, not quite pulling him off, and stared at the white wall over his head until the image shook apart.

"Carl," she breathed, her voice strained.

He lifted, lips wet, his expression already half sorry. "Too much? I just thought... you looked really horny..."

"I'm not. Honestly, I'm not." She lied, the words tasting like ash.

She wrapped the towel tight and kissed his forehead so the refusal wouldn't look like a verdict on him.

"Come on, let's go order pizza and have a lazy night cuddling on the sofa," she said, smiling gently at him.

She glanced into the mirror. Her face was flushed a deep crimson and her eyes were too bright, shining with an intensity she didn't want to study. She stared at the woman in the glass and told herself that the flush was the heat of the shower, that the brightness was exhaustion, that the low unwanted throb between her legs was not want and did not need to be named.

The Green Dress

Janet made Carl's coffee in yesterday's jeans and a pale sweater, the kind of clothes that belonged to someone who was going to clean and cook the filthy house across the street. She kept her back to him while he found his keys so he wouldn't examine her face, and see how she was already thinking about what outfit she would change into, once he had gone.

"You want me to pick anything up from the store later?" he asked, already focussed on the day ahead of him.

"I've got what I need, thanks. Go before you hit traffic."

He kissed her temple, gentle as always, then he went through the garage and the car pulled out and the house went quiet. She stood in it for a moment with her hands on the counter and let the dread come up properly. Across the road the uncut grass and the ugly car and the man who had laughed her out of his house yesterday was waiting.

She told herself the same things she had told the mirror last night. Cook. Clean. Ignore the stupid, sleazy remarks. She was better than Richard Long.

In the bedroom she stepped out of the jeans.

The green dress had lived at the back of the closet since a Christmas party she had left early. It was longer than yesterday's red skirt, which was the story she sold herself while she pulled it on: coverage, decency, nothing he could glance up. The half-truth lasted until she looked in the mirror. The fabric clung from breast to hip to the packed curve of her ass and kept clinging when she walked. The neckline dropped in a deep V that put her tits on a kind of

display that the unbuttoned shirt had only hinted at; pale inner swell, the start of cleavage, the weight of them lifted and offered by a cut she had once worn for two hours and resented. There was nowhere for a modest woman to hide. When she breathed the V deepened. When she turned, the dress mapped the high packed curve of her backside as if it had been cut for his armchair instead of a staff party.

Heels again, because he had named them as part of the assignment; six inches, the same ones, the same new line in her legs, thick thighs sheathed, the hem of the green dress sitting lower than yesterday and still not low enough to make her safe. Hair down, platinum to the waist, because pinning it up felt like another fight she didn't have the morning for.

Slightly longer. That was her reason. Anything to stop him angling for a look under a hem. The dress didn't make her safer. It made her look poured into the problem he had already decided she was.

She took the spare key and crossed Oakridge Lane without lifting her eyes to the other windows. Every step in the heels announced the dress: the cling at her hips, her breasts wobbling, the packed curve of her ass moving under the tight fitting fabric. She told herself it was for the job. For her family.

He was in the armchair with the brace stuck out and a fresh T-shirt that already looked too small for the chest under it. He didn't greet her. He looked, slow, from the heels up the green line of the dress to the V and the platinum hair, and the smile arrived like a man settling a bet with himself.

"Green," he said, and the word was pleased. "You went shopping in your head last night, trying to decide which outfit would make me happy, huh?... That's an effort, Mrs Little. Dress hugging that ass like it owes you money. Tits on full display, like they finally got permission to exist. Come in. Shut the door. Let me appreciate what you did for me."

"I didn't do it for you." She heard how thin it sounded once it was in the room. "It's longer than the skirt. That's all."

"Uh-huh. Longer so I can't see up it. Cute. Still painted on though, and those tits..." His eyes stayed in the V. "I always figured those had to be fake. Woman built like you, street like this, tits that big and heavy sitting that high. Had to be expensive, I thought... but now seeing them like this, though. Wobbling as you move..." He gave a low considering sound. "I ain't sure they aren't some of the finest naturals I ever seen. Why don't you come here and let me squeeze one. Let me feel if they're real."

"Get lost." She sneered. "You disgusting Black pervert."

The laugh changed. It didn't get louder. It got interested. He looked at her as if she had finally taken a piece of clothing off that mattered more than the dress.

"There it is," he said. "That Oakridge racism. I knew you were hiding it under all that polite falseness you walk about with."

"I am not a racist." Her face had gone tight. "That's got nothing to do with it."

“Sure it doesn’t.”

“It’s a fact.” She heard herself reaching for the list as if numbered things could still save her. “You are disgusting. You are Black. And you are clearly a massive pervert.”

He smiled and raised his eyebrows, slow, pleased with the word she hadn’t meant to give him.

“So you think it’s massive, huh?”

“Oh, for God’s sake. You are impossible.”

“Impossible, but I’m sure you could manage it,” he raised his eyebrows at her, and smiled. “You think about me last night?”

“No! Why would I ever think of you?”

He watched her face the way he had watched her look at him in the bathroom.

“Not even when your husband kissed you? Not even when you lay awake, unable to stop thinking about the snake you saw in my bathroom? Don’t worry, your secret’s safe with me sugar tits... Your nipples already told on you yesterday popping through that little black shirt. I know what a woman looks like when her curiosity and arousal takes over.”

“You don’t know anything about me.” She set her bag down harder than she meant to. “I thought about how disgusting you are. I thought about how I can’t stand the sight of you. How you make me want to be sick. That’s the whole list.”

“Keep telling yourself that.” His mouth pulled. “Enough with the flirting with me. You’ve got work to do. Go make me some strong coffee, then you can play housewife while I enjoy the view.”

She put coffee on. She began cooking up some bacon and eggs, because the longer she spent in the kitchen, the longer she wasn’t stood right in front of his perverted eyes. But he still talked while she cooked, sleazy and specific and new with it, not yesterday’s script repeated. How the dress made her tits look like they were trying to escape. How the dress was so tight he could see the outline of each cheek perfectly. A woman who wore a thing like that to a man’s house and then claimed she wasn’t enjoying it was a liar, and liars were his favourite kind of Oakridge wife.

“I’m not your wife.”

“Not yet,” he said, mild as tea.

“Not ever,” she turned with the pan in the kitchen doorway, looking over at him in his armchair, and let him have the mean face. “You keep trying to push me and I’ll walk.”

"You'll walk as far as Princeton will let you walk, and then you'll come crawling back begging for me to not press those charges." He lifted the mug. "Don't be scared to cook yourself some eggs... I like my women filled with protein and energy." She plated the food, brought it, refused to lean farther than the tray required. He ate and looked down her dress between bites.

"White boy manage anything last night?" he said into the eggs, "or he just roll over grateful to co-exist? Thank-you kiss. Lights out... Man gets a body like that in his bed and still doesn't know what to do with it. I bet you haven't had a proper fuck in years."

"Shut up about my marriage. What Carl and I get up to in the bedroom, is none of your business." She snapped, a rage settling over her. But even as she said it, she did wonder about the last time they truly had a passionate night together. Her mind was drawing a blank.

"I'll take that as you've never had a proper fuck then." He smiled into the eggs. Yolk on the fork.

Janet decided to ignore his jabs. Concentrating on doing whatever bits of cleaning and tidying she could find for herself. Noting how the rundown place was a failed cause. Mr Long offered a running score from the chair.

"Shame about the longer hem," he said. "Yesterday I was getting thigh. Today I got to work for it. Still enough ass to keep a man honest. You keep shaking that thing whilst you clean and I'm going to start thinking you like my commentary."

She answered when she had to and let the rest hit the green fabric and fall off. That was the trick, she decided. He could throw it. She didn't have to catch it. She could stand in this house in this dress and hate him out loud and still finish the work.

By the time the pan was clean and the counters were wiped she had a thin bright feeling that might have been hope if she had allowed the word. He could be as filthy as he wanted. She was still Janet Little, and she was far stronger than this pig of a man.

She wrung the cloth out and almost believed it.

"I think it's time for a shower," he said.

She didn't turn at once. "You mean a bath?"

"I mean a shower. That tub damn near killed the knee. Leg perched on the side like I was trying to climb out of my own house. Could feel the strain it was causing. No. It's showers from here on." He tapped the brace with two fingers.

"And you're going to have to be in there the whole time. I slip on wet tile and I'm back in that hospital, and then we start this whole recovery from scratch again. Doctor already told me I'm not to chance it. You hold me up. You wash what I can't reach. You don't wait in the hall like yesterday."

The cloth went slack in her hands.

Yesterday had been bad enough. But she at least could wait outside whilst he bathed. The reality of this meant that she would be in there with him. Full assistance, start to finish. No escaping the water. The steam. That thing between his legs.

Dread went through her. She could hear herself losing the argument in advance, even as she began.

"I'm not getting in the shower with you... that's not necessary," she said, hearing the first crack in the winning feeling. "I can stand right outside. Just hold the rail. I'll be two feet away."

"Two feet away don't catch a two-hundred-and-thirty-pound man with a rebuilt knee. You're coming in, Mrs Little." He glanced at the green dress, at the V, at her face. "You can leave that pretty thing on the chair if you don't want it ruined. Or wear it in... I ain't particular."

Janet stood in his kitchen with yesterday's brave story already failing in her mouth, and understood that the part of the morning she had called a victory had only been the time he had given her before he named the next term.

Getting Wet

The bathroom was already loud with water when Janet stopped just short of the sliding glass door. She realised that her green dress was her next battlefield.

Steam had fogged the glass. The shower was running empty behind it, hammering tile, filling the room with heat. Dick Long stood outside the stall with his back half-turned, one palm on the frame, brace and jeans still on, waiting on her the way he waited on everything in that house: as if time belonged to him and she was late to her own humiliation. Janet held the shoulder of the green dress without knowing she had reached for it. If she stepped in like this the fabric would cling, go transparent, cling worse, and she would walk home across Oakridge Lane looking like the woman Junior had described from the sofa. If she took it off she would be in her underwear in a Black man's shower, stripped down while he watched her do it.

She stood frozen long enough for him to see the maths happening on her face.

"Don't be ridiculous," he said, not unkind, which made it worse. "You take that off or it gets ruined, and then you get to explain to half the street, why you walked home looking like you swam here. It's a dress, Janet. It ain't your dignity. Take it off before we open that door."

"I can keep it on," she whispered, her voice sounding small against the roar of the water.

"You can also be stupid," he countered, his tone sharpening. "That green thing cost somebody a lot of money. Peel it off and stop pretending this is a debate."

She turned her back to him to do it and still felt his eyes. The zipper at the side stuck for a second, then ran. She worked the dress down over her breasts and the cling of it over her hips and let it fall, and the air found her in pale bra and pale panties that had been chosen that morning as a compromise with herself, not as a show.

The bra was a losing battle; her heavy, natural breasts strained against the cups, the fabric stretched thin, barely containing the overflow of her flesh. The panties cut high across the rounded curves of her ass, the thin material straining over the mound of her pussy. Standing in the steam in her underwear, she was a vision of pale, trembling luxury: thick thighs, a narrow waist, and breasts that seemed to ache for release.

Richard had turned fully now. He didn't pretend to look away. The smile was slow and appreciative and entirely without manners. His eyes travelled from her ankles, up her thick thighs, lingering on the way her panties hugged her mound, before settling on the heaving swell of her chest.

"Jesus," he breathed. "That's the body you walk around Oakridge wrapping up like a church social. Bra barely capable of doing its job. Panties sitting on that ass like they lost a fight... Tits like that should be illegal in a neighbourhood this quiet."

He hobbled closer, on his one good leg. "You look expensive and filthy at the same time, and you ain't even under the water yet. Come here and get these jeans off me. I can't do the belt and the knee together."

Janet felt the heat travel up her chest. It wasn't arousal. But to be standing this exposed in front of someone who was not her husband, and hearing his lewd words, took its toll on her composure. She tried to shake it off. Reminding herself just how despicable this man was.

"Turn around," she instructed.

"What, you're too shy to see the goods now?" He taunted, his voice dripping with amusement.

"Turn around," she repeated. "I'm not standing in front of you when you take that thing out."

He turned and set both hands on the wall beside the stall, laughing once under his breath, and she stepped in behind him with steam on her shoulder and the spray still sealed behind glass. She worked the belt, the button, the zip, and dragged the denim down from behind so she wouldn't have to face what she already knew was there.

It didn't matter. Even from the back the thing hung as the jeans cleared his knees, a thick dark weight swinging into the edge of her vision, heavy enough to see without looking for it. She kept her face at the level of his spine and got the jeans to his ankles and off the good foot, then the bad one, as careful as the swollen knee required, and the whole time it was just there, hanging, impossible not to clock.

She fumbled with the straps of his brace, her fingers brushing against the hair of his thighs. When the brace finally clattered to the floor, he stood before her completely naked once again. A hairy gorilla of a man shrouded in a veil of steam.

Janet slid the glass door open, and a wave of heat rolled out. She helped him to step inside, caution on the wet beneath his feet as he shifted his weight slowly, before he planted both hands flat on the tile under the spray. Janet followed him in, pulling the door shut behind them.

"This is how it's got to be," he declared, the water cascading over his broad shoulders. "I slip and I'm back to the hospital. So I'm going to hang on here, and keep myself propped up. And you can wash... It's safer this way."

Silence passed over them both, as Janet took in what he said in disbelief.

"Don't make a face, Janet. It's a human body. You washed your boy when he was little. You'd wash that husband of yours if he needed it. You signed up for this role, so stop acting like I invented soap and get on with it."

Janet reached for the washcloth, her mind racing. Her bare hands felt like a surrender, a decision she wasn't ready to make. But as she looked at the expanse of his back, and all that hair, she realized a cloth would just make things harder. She discarded it, lathering her palms until they were slick with white foam.

His back was a continent of flesh. Beneath the thick, dark layer of hair and skin lived a thick muscle, the kind of power that had lifted engines and broken things, a rugged strength that refused to be tamed by the polite sensibilities of the suburbs. She started at the shoulders, her palms sliding over the slabs of muscle on either side of his spine. The lather caught in the coarse black hair, turning it a shimmering silver before the water rinsed it dark again.

He was hot under her hands. The mass of him made her feel small in a way Carl never had, and she hated the observation for arriving at all.

"That's it," he muttered, not looking back. "Those hands ain't bad. Firm. Most women pat at a man like they're scared. You wash like you mean to get it done."

"I am trying to get it done... so I can leave," she reminded him.

"Uh-huh."

She went lower because the job had a map. The small of his back. The heavy spread of his ass, hair-rough, solid, a shape that had nothing to do with the gym and everything to do with size. She soaped the cheeks thoroughly, knowing that leaving a single patch untouched would only invite another conversation, another challenge to her dignity. Down the backs of his thighs, thick as fence posts, then the calves. She was careful around the bad knee and felt him flinch once, then settle. Water sheeted off her hair and ran into her cleavage. The bra had gone translucent. She knew it without looking. The panties were like a second skin too.

"Other side," she whispered. "Turn. Slowly."

He turned with both hands still on the wall, and the stall became a different room.

His eyes came around with his chest. Janet felt the weight of his gaze like a physical touch, sliding down from her flushed face to the translucent cups of her bra. The wet lace was a useless veil, clinging to the heavy curves of her breasts and framing the dark, swollen circles of her nipples, which peaked hard against the fabric. His eyes tracked lower, tracing the line of her narrow waist to the panties that were now plastered to the plump, wet mound of her pussy.

Janet tried to anchor herself to the job at hand, and the safe geography of his body: the matted hair of his chest, and the heavy, powerful swell of his belly shining under the torrent

of water. His thick arms remained braced against the wall, a position that offered the full, hanging weight of his masculinity to her without the need for a single gesture.

She vowed not to look at that thing between his legs, but her discipline was failing. In flickers of desperate, self-loathing curiosity, her eyes darted down. The cock was reacting to the heat, the attention, and the sheer electricity of a half-naked white woman soaping his ribs. It didn't just hang anymore; it began to lift, a dark, thick column of pulsing flesh that contrasted sharply against the pale, wet skin of her thigh as she stepped closer. The veins were standing out in high relief, ridging the shaft, and the swollen head was already darkening and glistening with his arousal.

She began to wash his chest, her movements hard and efficient, a frantic attempt to convince herself that this was all just the scope of being a carer. She worked under his arms, the scent of him rising in the steam, a raw, musky, animal heat that filled her lungs. To reach around the sides of his belly, she had to press her body flush against him, and for one searing second, her heavy breasts brushed against his belly. The contact was electric. She jerked back as if burned, blaming the cramped dimensions of the stall for the collision.

She moved to his arms, her hands sliding over the forearms where the hair was plastered in dark, wet streaks. Then she moved to the fronts of his thighs, and that was when the territory of avoidance simply ran out. Everything left to wash was the very thing she had been terrified to acknowledge.

It stood between them now, thick and wet and risen. It wasn't yet at a point of violent, bone-hard rigidity, but it had awakened. His balls hung full and dark, and every bit as impressive in size as the cock above. The sight of them made her mouth go dry, a sensation she desperately tried to label as revulsion even as her core throbbed.

She stared fixedly at the white tile over his shoulder, her breath hitching.

"You know what's left," he said, his voice dropping an octave. "Don't develop guilt on the last stretch, Mrs Little. Wash it. Cock and balls. Get them nice and clean."

"I don't need the commentary," she snapped, though the defiance was undercut by the tremor in her voice.

"Then stop stalling."

She soaped her right hand, completely overlooking the washcloth as an option. She reached out, and the first contact was a shock of searing heat and immense weight. Her pale fingers looked absurdly fragile against the dark, mahogany shaft; they looked too clean, too married, too innocent. As her fingers closed around him, she realized with a jolt of vertigo that they wouldn't meet.

She had known the size from looking, but holding it was a different, more invasive education. He was thick; not just thick, but as wide as a man's wrist, and longer in her grip than her mind could process. The skin was like heated silk stretched over a core that felt packed, dense, and violently alive. She slid the soap from the root toward the head, the white lather contrasting sharply against the dark skin, running in dirty little rivers over the thick vein that ridged the top of the shaft. As her palm passed over the head, it swelled further, blunt and hotter than the rest of him, and her thumb instinctively found the sensitive flare of the glans.

Monster, her mind whispered in a surge of self defence, trying to remind her of her disgust. But her body was measuring him with a hungry fascination. Carl was four inches of something she could cover and forget. This was a different category of existence. This was a fact of dominant nature.

The cock filled her hand and kept filling as she stroked the soap along the length. She told herself she was cleaning, but the distinction between washing and stroking collapsed in the slick, soapy heat. With her other hand, she cupped his balls, following his instruction to wash them too. The weight of them sat in her palm like a heavy, warm argument; tight, full, and radiating a heat that made her dizzy. She heard herself let out a sharp, shuddering breath, a sound of disbelief that she hated, but couldn't stop.

She continued to work the lather into the immense thickness of him, her palm sliding over the slick, hot skin. The white suds gathered around her wedding-ring finger, the gold band a jarring contrast against the pulsing darkness of his shaft, before the bubbles popped and vanished. Suddenly, the cock kicked; a violent, rhythmic throb that nearly jumped from her fist. It hardened the rest of the way in one surging motion, rising toward her stomach like a wet, dark club, glistening under the spray of the shower.

Even as she held it, Janet couldn't wrap her mind around the scale of him. It felt impossible, an anatomical anomaly that defied the modest reality of her marriage. She hated that her disbelief wasn't just mental; it had a pulse. It was a thrumming, visceral reaction that mirrored the heartbeat hammering in her own throat. She whispered to herself that she was revolted, that this was a chore, a medical necessity. But her hand betrayed her, traveling the length of him again and again, mapping every ridge and vein as if the act of cleaning had become a desperate attempt to memorise the feel of him.

"Look at you."

The voice was a low rumble that vibrated through the steam. Janet flinched, and her grip tightened instinctively, squeezing the engorged shaft. Dick let out a sound; a guttural huff that was halfway between a laugh and a moan of approval.

"Underwear soaked through," he murmured, his gaze traveling slowly, possessively, down her body while she still held him in both hands. "Bra see-through. Nipples poking like you've been thinking about this very act, since you crossed the road. That body on display in my shower like it belongs here."

Janet froze, her fingers still curled around his heat.

"Hands full of dark meat and your eyes hungry for it," he continued, his voice dripping with a cruel, knowing satisfaction. "You biting that mean little mouth like you're starving and ready to devour the main course."

She hadn't even realized she was chewing her lower lip, her teeth sinking into the soft flesh in a subconscious attempt to stifle a moan. She let the lip go, a flush of heat spreading from her chest to her cheeks. She hated him; not for the filth of his words, but for the terrifying accuracy of them. He had seen right through the facade of the professional carer to the shivering, needy woman underneath.

"I'm just doing my job," she snapped, though the words came out unsteady, breathless. She tried to inject steel into her voice, but it sounded fragile, almost pleading. "That's all this is. Don't flatter yourself."

"Never seen anyone so dedicated to a job," he replied, the steam and satisfaction thick in his tone. "You're a natural, Janet. First time you wrap a hand around a real cock and you already look like you've been waiting your whole life for it."

"Screw you."

The words were a shield, but the impact was gone. She let go of him abruptly, as if the heat of his skin had finally burned through her resolve. She reached out and shoved the water off, the pipes knocking with a metallic clang that echoed the violence of her internal conflict.

She moved with a frantic, angry energy. She hoisted his good foot over the lip of the stall, taking the weight of his muscular frame against her wet shoulder for a fleeting, searing moment before parking him on the closed toilet seat. She threw a towel at his chest with a sharp flick.

"Dry yourself."

She snatched the green dress off the chair and retreated into the hallway, pulling the bathroom door shut behind her with a definitive click. The cooler air of the house hit her damp skin, and instead of cooling her, it made the arousal more acute. She peeled the bra down, and her nipples were tight, aching points of sensitivity, standing erect as if they had a separate, rebellious opinion of the encounter.

As she slid the panties down, the fabric clung to her. The silk between her legs was not only wet from the shower spray; it was soaked with the thick, honeyed evidence of her own betrayal. She stood in the dim light of his hallway, completely naked except for the dress clutched in her fist, her skin tingling. She began to recite a mental script, repeating it until it sounded like a fact: *That's not for him. Not for that slob. It's just womanly reaction to the steam and adrenaline.* She told herself the body was a stupid machine that didn't get a vote in the matter of the soul.

She pulled the green dress on over her damp, bare skin. Without the bra or panties, the plunging V of the neckline dipped dangerously low, exposing the swell of her heavy breasts and the dark, hard peaks of her nipples pressing against the fabric. She found a plastic bag under the sink and stuffed her wet underwear inside, knotting the plastic tight, as if she could knot the last twenty minutes of her life shut and bury them.

When she returned to the bathroom, he had the towel wrapped precariously around his hips, the predatory grin replaced by a look of smug ownership. She helped him into his shorts and the brace, her touch now cold and distant, refusing to offer him a single word he could enjoy. She tossed a clean shirt into his lap and turned to leave.

"Same time tomorrow," he called out to her back, his voice echoing in the hall. "Wear something red. Green was nice, but red's my color. It'll look good on you."

Janet didn't acknowledge him. She stepped outside and shut the door with a force that made the frame complain, the slam a final, desperate attempt to win an argument she had already

lost. Oakridge Lane received her in a green dress with nothing underneath, carrying a knotted bag of evidence, walking home with her chin held high while her core continued to throb with the memory of him.

Red For Sin

The garage door groaned shut, the sound echoing like a gavel, leaving Janet in a silence that felt heavy and expectant. She stood before her closet, the navy dress clutched in her hand. It was a garment of invisibility; high-necked, modest, the kind of fabric that whispered of duty and domesticity. It was the dress Carl loved because it mirrored the version of her he believed in.

She held it against herself and saw the morning play out: she would cross the road looking like a rebuke, she would ask for the afternoon off, and he would keep her until the streetlights just to prove the red he'd asked for yesterday, wasn't a request.

Helen's weekly gathering, tea and sandwiches, and all the neighbourhood gossip, was at two. The girls would notice if she didn't come. They would notice more if she came late with an excuse that sounded like a secret.

She shoved the navy dress back into the darkness. I am not dressing for him, she lied to the empty room. I am managing a beast. The red was not a surrender; it was a tactical manoeuvre.

She reached into the back of the closet for the red dress.

Long sleeves, so she could tell herself it was still a respectable garment. The neckline was a hard V that didn't cover her breasts so much as put them up and together, pale and heavy, cleavage sitting in the gap whether she liked it or not. Cutouts opened at her waist on both sides, two windows of skin she couldn't pretend weren't there. The skirt was tight through the hips and unforgiving over her ass; when she turned, the fabric showed everything the navy dress had been designed to hide.

She stepped into the matching heels and let her hair down. Platinum against red. In the mirror she didn't look like a woman going across the road to cook and clean. She looked like a woman who had picked a fight with her own story and lost.

Strategy, she told herself. *For Helen. For the time off. For not walking in there already dressed like a no.*

She took the spare key and stepped out onto Oakridge Lane. With every stride, the cutouts shifted against her ribs, and the tight hem of the dress worked over the swell of her backside, the fabric sliding and gripping in a way that felt like a hand groping her.

When she entered, Mr Long was perched in the armchair, shirtless and imposing. A glass of amber liquid sweated on the table, but his focus was entirely on her.

For the first time all week, he seemed at a loss for words. The silence stretched, as his gaze began a slow ascent. He started at the needle-thin heels, traveled up the straining line of the red skirt that mapped every inch of her thighs, lingered on the exposed skin of her waist, and finally locked onto the heavy swell of her breasts spilling obscenely out.

A slow, jagged smile spread across his face.

"There it is," he rumbled. "Red. The color of sin. It ain't never looked better than on that stacked body of yours."

He didn't move, but the intensity of his stare felt like a physical touch, stripping her bare beneath the silk.

"Come here," he commanded, the authority in his tone making her knees weaken. "Shut the door. Let me look at what you decided I was worth."

"I decided I had a red dress," Janet replied, her voice breathy, lacking any real conviction. "That's all."

"Uh-huh. Long sleeves so you can pretend this is a Sunday social. But a neckline that lets those heavy tits do all the talking." His gaze remained anchored in their cleavage. "And those gaps at the waist... just little windows so a man can feast on your skin without you having to admit you're serving it up."

His eyes drifted lower, lingering on the way the fabric strained against the lush, rounded swell of her backside. "Jesus, that ass is popping today. You walked across the street in that? I bet every husband on the block would have a fantasy he's too scared to tell his wife, if they saw you dressed like this. You wear it in my house, I got the only thought that matters. That's a wife who knows how she wants to be seen."

A scorching flush surged up Janet's throat, staining her skin a hue that matched the dress. "I'm here to work," she managed, though her voice lacked its usual steel.

"Then get to it. You can work and play the saint while those tits occupy my living room like they've bought the place."

She retreated to the kitchen and prepared coffee and plated chicken and potatoes, clinging to the domesticity of the task as if it were a shield. Feeding him felt like the only untainted act left in her repertoire. She kept her tone measured, almost caring, asking about his knee and his sleep, her voice a soft, practiced melody. But the words felt fraudulent, tasting of copper and submission.

As she tended to him, she was acutely aware of the focus of his gaze. She didn't pull away. She let him devour her with his eyes, knowing that any friction now would jeopardise the favor she wanted.

Mr Long took a single bite of the food, his attention never once shifting to the plate.

"You're being sweet today," he murmured. "It looks guilty on you, Janet. What are you hunting for?"

"I don't want anything," she lied, her fingers tightening on the cleaning cloth.

"You've been playing the dutiful little nurse for twenty minutes. Acting like you're happy to be here... You ain't dutiful, and you're certainly not happy to be here. You're a high-society trophy from Oakridge who put on my favourite color and started acting like she's got manners. Quit the act and spit it out."

Janet stood there, the red silk clinging to her like a second skin, the dress performing every vulgar function it was designed for. The request tumbled out, sounding fragile and rehearsed.

"Helen Park is having all the girls over this afternoon. It's a weekly thing. Tea and catching up. Two o'clock. I need to leave around lunch. I'll have the kitchen spotless and you'll be set. I'll be back first thing tomorrow."

He didn't respond immediately. He took a slow, deliberate sip of his drink, letting her linger in the silence. He watched her stand there; a vision of platinum hair and forbidden red, waiting on the man she despised for permission. The silence was a weight, pressing her down, making her feel small and exposed.

"You want a half day?" he finally asked.

"I want a few hours that belong to my own world," she countered.

"Your own world." A dark, knowing smile touched his lips. "And you wore that dress and my color to come beg for it. Smart... and naughty. I like it."

"If you're just going to say no, then say it. Spare me the sermon."

"I didn't say no." He set the fork down with a metallic clink. His eyes locked onto the pale, heaving swell of her chest, as if he were reading the fine print of a contract. "I'm just saying it ain't going to be free. You want to walk out that door at lunch? You earn your exit."

The cloth twisted in her grip, the fabric biting into her palm. A mixture of indignation and a traitorous, humming heat coiled in her belly. "I should have known you'd have some depraved demand. You really are the worst."

"You knew I was the worst, and yet you crossed the road looking like that anyway. So here's the price." He tapped two fingers against the coarse denim of his fly, a lazy, rhythmic gesture that didn't yet disturb the fabric but promised a violent release.

"Those magnificent tits of yours. You drop to your knees, you clamp them around me, and you milk me until I finish. Then you can go sip tea with Helen and trade the kind of polished lies you women weave when the finger sandwiches arrive. That's the deal."

The television remained a dead, black mirror. The silence of the house was absolute, leaving no room for her to hide from the hunger in his voice.

"Are you for real? You really expect me to put my..." She choked on the words, the sentence dying in her throat. To speak the act was to invite it into her reality, to transform a threat into a tangible, physical event. "That is depraved. I refuse. I am not some hooker doing tricks for pay."

"You're a woman who's desperate for a few hours of freedom, and I'm a man who holds the leash." He said with certainty. "You don't have to accept the offer, Janet. You're more than

welcome to stay here with me all day. I'm sure in this heat, I'll be in need of another shower..."

"I have a husband, Richard!" she whispered, a pathetic shield of a sentence.

"He ain't here. I am." He said, leaning back, his gaze raking over her with a possessive, animalistic intensity. "And we both know that soft little man of yours treats those tits like museum pieces; something to be admired, but never truly used. This isn't a riddle. You squeeze. You slide. I erupt. Then you get to leave and stroll across the street as if you're still the purest thing on Oakridge Lane."

Janet whipped her head away, unable to endure the sight of his triumphant expression while the mental images began to bloom. Through the grime-streaked window, her own white geraniums looked sterile and distant, a mockery of the domestic perfection she fought to maintain. The internal debate she was having was small, jagged, and devoid of the righteous outrage she felt she should be experiencing.

She had never performed such a thing with Carl. The thought didn't even occur to them; his frame was modest, his presence gentle. He didn't possess the sheer, overwhelming mass that demanded a tunnel of warm, yielding flesh to be contained. As she considered her options, she tried to convince herself this wasn't sex. This was merely a transaction of skin, oil, and pressure; a physical chore she could wash away with a sponge and a splash of expensive perfume before greeting her friends.

If she refused, she would be trapped in this house until dusk. And the afternoon would inevitably lead to the shower, and to that monstrous thing back in her soapy grip under the guise of 'caregiving.' Was enveloping it in the valley of her tits truly a greater sin than that?

She loathed the logic because it felt like a surrender. She hated that her mind was treating this like a business arrangement, the same cold pragmatism that managed the household budget and kept Junior's secrets tucked away under a magnet on the dresser.

She turned back to him. In a subconscious reflex, she crossed her arms beneath her chest, a movement that inadvertently shoved her breasts upward. The deep, shadowed cleft of her cleavage was now an open invitation, the dark inner curves of her breasts glistening with a fine sheen of nervous sweat.

She let out a long, shuddering sigh; the sound of a woman collapsing under the weight of an inevitable conclusion. She was already framing this as a singular anomaly, a one-time tax paid to keep the facade of her cleanliness intact for the women of her social circle.

"Fine," she breathed, her voice trembling. "Just this once. Do not mistake this for an invitation to demand this whenever you please."

Richard Long smiled from the depths of the armchair.

"I won't," he replied, his eyes locking onto hers. "Only when you want a half day."

The Taste Of Freedom

“Keep the dress on,” he commanded, his voice a low, gravelly vibration that seemed to rattle in her chest. “I want to see that red silk strangled around it.”

Janet stepped into the narrow space between his splayed knees. Kneeling felt like a formal surrender, a confession of a sin she hadn't yet committed, but standing was an impossibility. She descended slowly, the tight fabric of her skirt riding up her thighs, the neck of the dress already gaping open to reveal the trembling swell of her chest. Her fingers reached for his belt, employing the same clinical, detached professionalism she had used during the bath; a mental armour to shield her from the reality of what she was doing.

The zip hissed open. The denim was shoved down just enough to liberate him. He wasn't wearing underwear; he had been waiting for her, primed and ready.

He sprang free; a heavy, dark column of muscle, already engorged and pulsing. The head was swollen, and flushed a deep, bruised purple, with a single, glistening bead of pre-cum crowning the slit. Even after holding it in the shower, the grotesque scale of it still felt like a violation of the neighbourhood's unspoken rules. It was a weapon that had no business existing in the peaceful Oakridge Lane.

With a shuddering breath, Janet gathered the silk of her neckline, hoisting her breasts upward and folding the V of the dress around the shaft as best she could. The heat was instantaneous. The thick, veiny meat slid into the yielding channel created by her cleavage, the friction of the silk adding a searing intensity to the contact. The head of his cock shoved upward, punching toward her throat, finding no exit and instead pressing firmly against the soft underside of her chin. Fabric bunched and strained; it was clumsy, desperate, and utterly filthy.

“God fucking damn,” he breathed, his voice thick with satisfaction. “Would you look at that. Big cock disappearing under your dress. Those tits swallowing it whole. You were built for this, Janet. You were built for big black cock, and you spent all these years buttoned up like a Sunday school teacher across the street.”

“I was built for my husband,” she whispered insistently.

Inside the dress, her nipples had peaked into hard, aching points. She could feel them dragging against the silk with every movement, the sensation sending electric jolts straight to her core. Her breath came in shallow, jagged hitches. She told herself this was revulsion. That he was a monster. He was a filthy slob. She was simply buying herself some freedom. But the heavy, wet throb between her legs told a different story.

“Uh-huh. Tell me again how perfect you are for your husband, while you squeeze them tighter around my cock,” he grunted.

She clamped her breasts together, crushing the shaft between her mounds. The dress was a hindrance, the fabric bunching up and pushing the head of his penis against her jaw. He watched her with the detached intensity of a man observing a storm he had personally summoned.

"Get 'em out," he ordered, his tone brooking no argument. "Those milk cannons didn't put on a show this morning just to stay in jail. Take them out. I've got the good oil in the drawer here."

"Oil in the drawer? You planned this," she gasped, her heart hammering against her ribs.

"I live here. I plan everything. Tits out, Janet. Now."

She hooked the V-neck aside, and her breasts spilled forward, heavy and pale, liberated from the silk. Her nipples were dark, turgid, and screaming for touch; the sudden rush of cool air hitting them felt like a brand of shame. He pressed a bottle of oil into her palm. She poured it with shaking hands, the liquid cascading down the inner slopes of her breasts, coating the hard peaks of her nipples and pooling in the deep valley of her cleavage before dripping onto the waiting, dark shaft beneath.

When she folded herself around him again, the sound changed. The dry friction of silk was replaced by a wet, filthy slap; a slick, sliding clap of flesh on flesh that echoed through the quiet of the house.

"That's it. Milk it. Long, deep strokes. Look at me," he growled, his voice dropping to a rough, animalistic rasp. "I want to see that uppity married face while you work your first Black cock. Pinch those nipples while you do it. Don't you dare look at the wall. Look at me."

She forced her eyes up to his. He looked utterly satisfied, his stitched brow furrowed, his eyes locked onto her mouth with a hunger that felt like it could consume her. Her fingers found her own nipples, twisting and pinching the oil-slicked peaks because he had commanded it, and because the hypersensitivity had become an unbearable itch.

His cock was scalding, a rod of living fire between her breasts. Even with both hands shoving her flesh together, she could barely contain it, stretching the pale skin of her chest to its limit. With every upward thrust, the wet, dark cap of his head popped out, shining and glistening, kissing the air just beneath her chin.

She told herself this was not sex. She told herself the hardness of her nipples was oil and air. She told herself the throb between her legs was hatred wearing a pulse. Beast. Horrible animal of a man. Just until he finishes, she told herself.

The friction continued, a relentless, sliding rhythm that began to wear her down. Janet's biceps trembled, the muscles shaking from the effort of crushing her heavy breasts together to maintain the tightest possible grip on him. Despite her exertion, he wasn't close. She could tell by the steady patience of his breathing; he was savoring the sight of her struggle, the way her porcelain skin flushed pink under the strain.

"Are you even near?" she gasped. She hated the tremor in her voice; it sounded less like a question and more like a plea, a flicker of concern for his pleasure that betrayed her.

He didn't answer immediately, letting the silence stretch, letting her simmer in her own desperation. Driven by a sudden, jagged impulse, Janet lifted her chest off him. She wrapped one hand around the pulsing shaft, gripping the veiny meat tight, and slapped the heavy, wet head of his cock against her left nipple. *Smack*. Then the right. *Smack*. A lewd, beat of dark against pale, the oil spraying in tiny, glistening droplets.

“Keep doing hot shit like that,” he growled, his voice vibrating with a new, dangerous edge, “and I might be soon.”

She saw the power she held, and something inside Janet snapped. The internal war between her modesty and her desperation shifted, pivoting from stubborn refusal to cold, calculated performance. She needed him to finish, and she was going to make it happen.

“Oh,” she breathed, and she felt the filth arrive in her mouth like a weapon she had spent twenty years pretending she didn't own. “You like that, huh? You like me smacking this thick cock on these big white titties?”

She did it again, harder this time, the impact making a wet, slapping sound that echoed in the quiet room. Oil flicked onto her chin; the purple head left a glistening streak of pre-cum across her nipple. She immediately folded herself back around him, working faster now. Her strokes became shorter, meaner, her breasts sliding over the shaft with a frantic, squelching intensity. The sound was filthy; a wet, sliding clap of flesh on flesh that filled the air.

“That's it. Talk to me. Don't go quiet and proud now.”

“Your cock is so big,” she said, and told herself it was a complaint. It still came out like a moan. “It doesn't even fit. You're dripping down my chest. You wanted these tits so badly, you can look at them while I get you off.”

“Good girl. Faster. Squeeze the head every time it comes up.”

She obeyed, shoving her tits together until the oiled shaft had nowhere to go but up through the tight pale channel, the head popping wet against her sternum. Silence would have left her with the sound of her own breathing, the shameful hum in her body, so she filled the room instead and felt, with a dirty little start, that the words landed.

“Is this what you've been thinking about, all these years?” she said, working him harder. “Sitting in this sad depressing chair watching my windows? Getting hard over the married woman across the street? Dreaming about the day you got these jugs wrapped around this beast?”

“Fuck yeah. Keep going.”

“You're nothing but a pig.” She slapped the head against her nipples again, then folded herself back around him, faster. “A disgusting Black pig with a cock that's the only good part about him. You like hearing that? You like me on my knees in this stupid dress saying it out loud? Your big black cock is the only part of you worth a damn.”

He groaned, low and ugly, and the sound went through her hands. That was the discovery: she could move him with her mouth without putting him in it. The hate had a use. She leaned into it.

“Look at you. Using my tits like my husband never could. Dripping on me like you already own them. Come on then. Finish. Paint me. Cover me in all that disgusting cum, and send me to my little tea party like the secret slutty Oakridge wife.”

“That’s it. That’s my girl.” He groaned between thrusts.

“I am not your girl.” Her voice shook and she made it filthier so it wouldn’t sound like something else. “I’m the woman who’s going to milk this thick cock until you make a mess, and then I’m walking out of here. So stop holding it and give it to me.”

Then the dynamic shifted. Her words took him right to the edge and something snapped inside him. He stopped letting her lead. He started thrusting.

It wasn’t her rhythm anymore; it was his. His hips punched upward off the chair with violent force, the brace on his leg creaking under the pressure. The thick head of his cock slammed, knocking her chin upward. She let out a sharp noise of protest, a strangled gasp that didn’t quite become a word. His hand shot out, fingers diving into her platinum hair, gathering the locks in a heavy, controlling grip. He yanked her head back, changing the angle of her body as if she were nothing more than a piece of living furniture. Her eyes snapped up, startled and wide.

The next thrust was a blur of motion. The oiled head slid up the center of her sternum and smacked directly against her mouth.

She opened her lips to tell him to stop, to tell him he was being too rough.

The thrust after that drove the head of his cock straight between her opening lips. It was too wide for the sound of complaint she had meant to make; it packed her mouth in one thick, stretching inch and then another, her lips dragged into a wet ring around the flare of it, her tongue pinned flat by the salt and the oil and the raw musk of him. The muffled noise that got out of her; surprised, choked, a moan she would have killed if she had been given a second, went straight into the shaft. She felt it travel. He felt it too.

He groaned. Pure animal triumph. As if he had been waiting all morning for that exact feeling, for her mouth to open on a protest and find itself full.

“Fuck yeah. Just like that, you slut. Don’t you dare close it.” His hand cupped the back of her skull so she could not retreat the inch that would have made it only tits again. “Tits and mouth. That’s the way a girl makes her man cum. You hold those big white titties tight and you keep that pretty mouth open.”

He began to fuck upward into her tits, and her mouth.

She moaned around the girth of him because there was nowhere else for the noise to go. The sound buzzed against the head. He cursed like it had been a skill.

“That’s it. Hum on it. Your husband ever fill that mouth, Janet? Ever make you drool down your own tits while he used you? Nah. White boy’s too small and polite for this nasty shit. But not you. You like being used like this, don’t you?”

Her knees ached on the carpet. Her jaw strained around a size it had not been built to take. The throb between her legs had stopped pretending it was hatred. It was a demanding, pulsing hunger, shameless, timed to the wet slap of his hips against the underside of her breasts, to the filthy little gluck her mouth made every time the head punched in and she

failed to be ready for it. Spit ran off her lip and down the shaft and into the crushed valley of her chest, mixing with the oil, making the next stroke louder, easier, worse.

“Look at this. The perfect wife on her knees with a Black cock fucking her tits and mouth. You look fucking perfect like this. Let me see your eyes, while I use you.”

She looked because he had her hair. His face was above her, stitches and sweat and that thick pleased smile gone feral. She kept the pressure wrapped around him. She hated that she kept the pressure; her own hands serving her tits up as a sleeve, nipples screaming under her palms, the heavy weight of them used like they had been waiting their whole respectable life to be put to this.

Her desperate eye contact made him swell.

She felt it first as a warning kick of muscle under the skin, the shaft between her breasts turning meaner, thicker, the head in her mouth suddenly a tighter fit. His rhythm broke. The careful cruelty went. What replaced it was need.

“Fuck! Gonna paint those big titties,” he growled, voice ripped raw. “Don’t you stop. Hold ‘em. Tongue out.”

And then he came in an uncontrolled eruption. He bucked hard, his body shuddering as the first pulse of his orgasm fired with violent force, a thick, searing jet that shot straight into the back of her throat. It was a shocking flood of heat, viscous and heavy, hitting her with such pressure that it triggered a primal gag reflex.

Before she could even process the intrusion, her throat constricted and she swallowed, the salty, alkaline sludge sliding down in a desperate, involuntary gulp.

She jerked back on instinct, her head snapping away, and the next rope of cum caught her across the face. It splashed over her eyelid, blinded her for a second, and streaked down her cheek in a hot, sticky line, ending in a heavy glob on her chin.

Richard roared. It wasn’t a sound of love or intimacy; it was a loud, animalistic bellow, ugly with raw pleasure. His hips continued to punch upward, the armchair groaning and creaking under the violence of his release.

“Keep stroking that cock,” he commanded, his voice ragged, stripped raw by the intensity of his climax. “Don’t you dare waste a drop of it.”

Janet obeyed, her fingers cramping but refusing to let go. She kept her breasts clamped around him, the valley of her chest now slick with a mixture of massage oil and the overflowing cream of his seed. He continued to erupt, spitting thick, white arcs into the air that rained down across her pale skin. The cum splattered over her nipples, soaking into the red silk of her dress which had been shoved aside, leaving the inner slopes of her breasts shining and dripping with his mark.

She felt every throb of his shaft against her; hot, heavy, and viscerally powerful. It was a level of masculine potency that made everything her marriage had ever produced feel like a pale imitation. The flood kept coming, striping her skin in opaque white lines, pooling in the valley of her collarbone, and hanging from her chin in a slow thread that she could taste with every ragged breath she took.

When the pulsing finally eased, Janet remained on her knees between his thighs, breathless and trembling. Her ears were still ringing with the echo of his roar, and her skin felt tight, coated in the cooling slime of him.

Richard looked down at her, his gaze devoid of tenderness, viewing her with the satisfaction of a man looking at work he approved of.

"Perfect," he rasped, his eyes tracing the wreckage of her composure. "Covered in my cum like that. That's exactly how that pretty, married face ought to look."

"You're a disgusting perv," she whispered.

Even as the insult left her lips, her tongue instinctively flicked out, tasting the thick, warm, salted residue remaining in the corners of her mouth. She felt a surge of self-loathing, not because of the act, but because she didn't spit. She savoured it.

"You did good," he said, his smile returning. "First taste of big Black cock. It won't be long before you're on your knees begging me to stretch that tight white pussy of yours."

Janet stood up without answering, her legs feeling like lead, shaking with a mixture of exhaustion and a lingering, humming arousal that refused to die. She walked toward the bathroom, her gait unsteady, feeling the wetness of him sliding down her skin.

The mirror reflected a woman she didn't recognise. Her hair was a wrecked nest, pulled and tangled by his fist. One eye was smeared with drying seed; her chin was glazed in a translucent sheen. Her breasts were a slimy mess of cum and saliva, her nipples glistening and raw, streaks of white cooling into tacky maps on her skin. She looked like a used thing.

Almost unconsciously, she scooped a smear of cum off her chin with two fingers. Before the thought could even form, before her conscience could intervene, she put her fingers in her mouth and sucked them clean.

She stared at her own wide, blown-out pupils in the glass as she swallowed. She whispered to her reflection that she had simply gotten carried away, that Richard was nothing more than a stupid animal with filthy habits, that this was merely the result of the summer heat and the bargain she had struck. It wasn't really her.

She scrubbed herself in the sink, washing until the water ran clear and the red silk of her dress was as decent as ruined fabric could be.

As she stepped back into the hallway, she looked like a woman who had been crying; or like a woman who had just done something so obscene she would never be able to admit it to another living soul.

He was still sprawled in the armchair when she drifted back into the room, his shorts dragged up high on his muscular thighs. The lazy afterglow of that roar was still etched into the lines of his face, a look of absolute conquest. Janet pointedly avoided looking at his lap, though she could still feel the phantom weight of his massive cock between her tits and in her mouth. She snatched up her bag and the spare key, aiming for the door with a desperate urgency, as if the mere act of stepping outside could scrub the filth from her soul and make her the perfect married woman again.

"Same time tomorrow," he called out.

She didn't stop. She kept walking, her heels clicking a frantic rhythm on the floor.

"Janet."

The way he said her name; low, vibrating, possessing, stopped her hand dead on the doorknob. She hated the reaction of her body, the way her core gave a traitorous throb at the sound of his voice. She didn't turn fully; she only pivoted enough to show him the sharp, mean line of her profile, hiding the wreck of her mouth and the lingering glaze of his seed on her lips.

"I hope you enjoyed the taste of freedom."

There was no sneer, no mocking laugh. He sounded like a man simply dismissing a neighbour after a mundane errand, as if the act of painting her face in his cum was a triviality.

She opened her mouth to snap something sharp; go to hell, don't you ever speak to me, that wasn't freedom, but the words died in her throat. They weren't useful. The "taste" he referred to was still there, a thick, salty residue clinging to the underside of her tongue.

She stepped out and slammed the door hard enough to make the frame groan.

Oakridge Lane was offensively ordinary in the early afternoon. The distant hum of a lawnmower, a car passing by at the junction, drivers who had no inkling of the filthy degradation she had just endured. She crossed the street with her chin held high, her act in full swing.

At home, she stepped into the shower, cranking the heat until the water was almost scalding, yet it felt insufficient. The taste of him remained in the back of her throat, a ghostly, alkaline presence. The scent of his musk and sweat sat deep in her platinum hair where the water hadn't yet penetrated. She pressed her forehead against the cold white tile, and the morning replayed in her mind with violent clarity: the clumsy, erotic slide of her breasts, the slickness of the oil, his commanding voice ordering her to look at me, the stinging slap of his cock against her nipples, and her own voice; shameful and needy, and absolutely dirty. She remembered the sensation of that monstrous head shoving past her lips, the roar of his climax, the hot flood of cum, and the image of the woman in the mirror greedily scooping his seed onto her tongue.

Her hand dove between her legs, fingers finding her drenched pussy.

She pushed two fingers deep into herself, a needy moan escaping her that would have horrified any polite guest in her kitchen on a Sunday morning. She worked herself with a frantic, desperate hunger, devoid of Carl's careful, worshipful gratitude. This was raw. This was filth.

"You disgusting Black pig," she gasped, the insult acting as a catalyst. The words made her walls clench tight around her fingers. She said it again, louder, her voice echoing in the

steam. She visualised that thick, vein-ridged cock sandwiched between her tits, the smile on his ugly face, and his promise to stretch her tight white pussy until she screamed.

The thought triggered a violent orgasm that buckled her knees. She gasped into the spray, her body shaking with a release so intense it felt like a seizure, sobbing into the wall that this pleasure wasn't for him.

"That was for me," she whispered, her voice trembling. "Not for him."

She barely made it to the bedroom, a towel draped haphazardly around her damp body. The clock on the nightstand showed it was nearly two, nearly time to head to Helen's. As she lay there catching her breath, her hands instinctively found her breasts, pinching her nipples, her fingers sliding down to the slick, humming heat between her thighs. Her mind drifted back to the armchair as if it were a magnetic pole. She replayed the things he had said, the way he had dominated her, and the way she had surrendered. She rubbed her clit furiously, the wet sounds of her fingers on herself, matching the wet sounds of her memory. She finished a second time, burying her face in her husband's pillow to stifle a scream, feeling Richard Long's phantom laugh echoing in the room even though he was across the street.

When she finally looked back at the clock, she had been masturbating on the bed for nearly an hour. The window for Helen's afternoon tea had well and truly closed.

She lay there, the cooling wetness of her own arousal on her fingers, the empty hours of the afternoon sitting heavy on her chest. Then, a thought arrived, clean and cruel: she had let Mr. Long use her as a toy, had submitted to his every whim and tasted his seed just so she could earn the "freedom" to go to tea; and she hadn't even gone. She had traded her dignity for nothing.

The realization made her clench again, a mixture of helplessness, shame, and fury.

She stared at the ceiling, mentally chastising the woman who had scooped cum off her own chin.

A one-time mistake. A momentary release. Never again.

I'm better than that. Better than him, she told herself, even as her fingers tightened on her nipple.

End of Part 1.

Neighbourly Debts Part 2

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

A Full Shift

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Has he said anything... offensive?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I've seen those puppies in all their glory. Fucked 'em. Painted 'em. No need to keep them behind all those layers like they're shy. Take your bra off. I want to see them move while you work. You can fix my lawn, and make my house more respectable, all you want. But those stay on display."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You haven't even told any of them that you have been coming over here to clean, have you?"

"Of course I haven't," she whispered, her voice trembling.

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

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

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

"You didn't go." It wasn't a question. It was a verdict.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I can do both. That's the gift," he replied, his tone dripping with smug satisfaction.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’ve got work to do,” she said, trying to dismiss it. “Starting with the kitchen.”

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

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

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

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

“We’ll take your car.”

The bag strap went tight in her fingers, her knuckles whitening. “You’re coming with me?”

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't you dare."

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

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

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

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

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

"Fine, let's get a move on then." She finally conceded.

Public Exposure

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who does he plan on using those on?

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

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

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

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

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

"Janet?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was not lovely. It was a massacre.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It took her eyes a moment to calibrate to the dim light, but then she saw him. Corner booth. The metallic glint of his leg brace jutting out into the aisle like a piece of industrial machinery. He had a pint gripped in his massive fist and a smile already waiting for her; a look that suggested he had been anticipating the exact moment she would walk through that door, savouring the spectacle of it.

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

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

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

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

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

Richard's smile widened.

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

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

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

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

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

"About you putting up with me." His thumb found the bare skin of her upper arm, rubbing in a slow, idle circle that felt less like a caress and more like a claim. "Past few days. Cooking. Cleaning. Driving my crippled arse around town." He leaned in closer, his scent enveloping her. "You probably need a day off, huh? Don't want to wear you down too much. A man'd be a fool to break a good thing."

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

"Really?" she whispered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dick?" Carl asked.

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

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

"I love you too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What's going on? Are you all right?"

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

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

And then, the void in the wall was filled.

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

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

The Hole

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

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

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

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

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

For Junior and Carl, she told herself.

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

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

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

The sound that tore through the wall wasn't language. It was a low, punched-out groan, a guttural sound dragged up from the depths of his belly. The cock kicked against her tongue, a sudden, violent surge of arousal as if it had been starving for this exact wetness all week.

"Fuck. There she is," his voice finally arrived, thick with satisfaction, close enough that she could hear the cruel, triumphant smile in his tone. "Oakridge wife on her knees in the piss.

That's a sight I wish this hole could show me. Warm little married mouth already dripping on it. Don't you dare stop."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Spit on it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I’m desperate for the lake. For Carl.

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

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

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

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

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

Then, the outer door groaned open.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first jet hit the back of her throat with a searing heat that shocked her system, forcing a reflexive, deep swallow. It was a thick, heavy pulse of seed that felt impossibly voluminous.

Then came another, and another, each one a forceful eruption of salt and musk. She gulped frantically, her throat working in spasms because there was nowhere else for the flood to go. Gulp after gulp of heavy, hot seed slid down her throat, filling her, settling like a molten weight in her chest.

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

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

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

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

"Look at you."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"There's my slutty little cocksucker."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Better," Richard replied, his voice carrying. "She's a real semen demon."

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

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

The Lake

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She could still hear the low voice of the man at the urinal asking if Dick was using that hot slut, and his response, boasting. Walking through the bar and being called a 'Semen demon'. The roar of the bar's laughter echoing in her ears. She thought of the white top, the dark, damp spots of cum and saliva that she had stuffed into the bathroom hamper, praying that cotton could be made to forget the filth it had absorbed. Even if she never would.

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

And yet, the evidence was undeniable.

Carl had come through the door last evening, his tie already loosened, his mind already on the lake, talking about office meetings and how proud he was of her for getting through the

week. Janet hadn't let him finish. She had felt a sudden surge of need; a hunger that she dressed up as "missing him", and her own voice had sounded sharp, almost demanding, as she commanded him: *Upstairs. Now.*

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

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

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

So small.

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

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

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

Nothing like the other.

Nothing like Dick.

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

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

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

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

But she didn't cum for Carl.

She came with the toilet stall in her head.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her mind had already left the water.

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

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

The Choker

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If only you knew, she thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That..." He tasted the word, savouring it. "Oakridge's finest on her knees in the piss. Gagging on a cock that actually fills her. Swallowing every drop like it was her last meal. My boys from the bar are still talking about the way you walked out of that toilet, shaking and drenched."

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

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

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

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

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

CUM SLUT.

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

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

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

“I am not—”

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

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

The glass reflected the whole, degraded sentence at once: platinum hair, a mean, trembling mouth, the unconfined weight of her tits straining against the thin black top, and now the collar cinched tight at the base of her throat. CUM SLUT in bright, mocking metal. For a fleeting second, she saw Claire’s judging eyes in the supermarket; she saw Carl’s innocent, picnic smile. She fastened the buckle with fingers that shook, the leather biting into her skin, marking her as his property.

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

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

“From now on, if you want something from me, you do it properly.” He set the mug aside and sank back into the chair, shirtless and enormous, his heavy belly and thick thighs sprawling. The ridge of his cock was already pushing against the denim of his jeans. “Come

here and straddle me. You want to ask, you'll ask nicely. Ten minutes of sloppy, tongue kissing. You want something from me, you ask with that mouth the way I taught it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A half day to parade around in that pretty garden, playing the perfect little wife?" He gave her nipple one last, possessive squeeze before his hand slid down, delivering a sharp,

stinging spank to the side of her ass. "I'm sure we can come to an agreement on what that will cost you..."

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

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

His Feast

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

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

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

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

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

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

The smell hit her first. It was the scent of stale sleep, old sweat, and sheets that hadn't seen a wash in months. The bed was a chaotic wreck of dark, rumpled cotton, the pillow bearing a deep, permanent dent where his head rested. Discarded clothes littered the floor: stained briefs, an inside-out T-shirt, and jeans with the belt still threaded through the loops. But it was the equipment surrounding the bed that stopped the breath in her lungs.

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

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

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

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

He let her wait.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't use that word!" she gasped.

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

"Both!"

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

"I'm not—"

“You want that barbecue, or not?”

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

“Describe it,” he commanded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't—" The protest broke, splintering into a gasp.

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

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

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

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

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

The first orgasm hit her hard. Her heels dug deep into his sides, her fists bunching the dirty sheets into knots, and a sound tore from her throat; a loud, messy scream she didn't recognise as her own. She felt a massive, hot gush of fluid leave her, flooding his mouth, his chin, and his face. She shook violently, trying to twist away from the intensity, but he

clamped his hands onto her thighs, holding her open and drinking her in, licking her through the aftershocks until she was twitching and swearing at the ceiling.

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

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

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

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

He went back down without waiting for a response.

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

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

“Don’t compare—”

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

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

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

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

Janet tried to summon a denial, but the words died in her throat, strangled by the physical onslaught. The second climb was faster and meaner than the first, fuelled by the electricity of her overstimulated clit and the thick pumping of his fingers. As she looked down, the sight only pushed her further over the edge: his bald head wedged between her thighs, those ugly, satisfied eyes flicking up her body to the black leather collar. The sight of her own submission

triggered something primal. She didn't just accept it; she ground her pelvis down onto his face, craving the friction, craving the filth.

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

“Yesss— fuck— Dick—”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He came with a violent, guttural roar.

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

her body: her belly, the underside of a breast, and a final, heavy splash that ran down toward the soaked, pulsing mess between her legs.

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

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

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

Crashing The Party

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

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

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

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

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

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

Janet froze. "You can't be serious."

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

"Dick—"

"Now!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Off you go. You've got ironing to do."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As he entered the orbit of the party, the atmosphere shifted. The light, superficial chatter of the neighbourhood thinned, then vanished. A fork stopped halfway to a mouth; a glass of chilled prosecco hovered in mid-air. Debbie’s husband actually took a physical step back, his

expression one of instinctive recoil, as if the very category of the lawn had changed from 'social gathering' to 'danger zone.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And entirely his.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Surely he hasn't hopped up there.

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

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

"What are you doing in my bedroom?" she breathed.

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

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

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

The Taste Of His Sauce

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

"What are you doing?"

Dick didn't answer with words. The silence of the room was punctured by the sound of him stripping. He unbuckled his belt and shoved his trousers and boxers down to his ankles in one decisive heave. The bulky metal of the knee brace made the movement clumsy, almost

ugly, but the man emerging from the fabric didn't care about aesthetics. He cared about power.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dick... please. This is our room. Carl is—"

"Clock's running, slut. Fifteen minutes you told him. Use every second of them."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I am not—”

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

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

The taste was a concentrated explosion of musk, heat, and unwashed skin. This was different from the pub stall; that had been a cock through a wall, a detached act of desperation. This was the very center of him, the most private, forbidden part of his body, and she was exploring it on her knees while her husband drank beer just a few yards away. She licked, her tongue probing the tight fold, and Dick pushed back hard against her face, grinding his weight into her. She pushed her tongue deeper, forcing it against the tight furl until it gave a fraction, and the sound she made was a small, ruined whimper of surrender.

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

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

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

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

“I’m not wet because of—”

“Feel it. Now!”

The authority in his voice snapped her spine. Janet shoved her free hand beneath the hem of her summer dress, diving deep into the lace of her underwear. Her fingers didn't even

have to search; they slid instantly into a flood of slick, hot cream. A shameful, easy wetness that had no business being there after only a few minutes of degrading a man on her own bedroom floor. She let out a small, broken sound against his hole; a whimper of involuntary arousal, that he immediately claimed as a confession.

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

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

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

She ate. She switched. The slurping grew louder, more obscene, because he demanded to hear the sound of her submission. Her mouth had gone sloppy, just as it had in the pub stall, thick strings of saliva bridging the gap between her lips and his dark, heavy sac. When she pushed her tongue deep into him again, probing the tight furl of his ass, Dick groaned, a sound that vibrated through the wall of his chest. It was the sound of a man being served in another man's sanctuary, and the sheer taboo of it made Janet's clit jump and throb under her fingers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first rope of semen hit Carl's pillow in a thick, blinding white stripe, soaking instantly into the cotton. The second followed with a heavy, wet slap of seed, painting both stacked pillows and dripping into the gap between them. Janet didn't stop; she kept stroking the pulsing shaft, her mouth clamped onto his balls, swallowing against the skin as if she could

somehow clean up the evidence of her betrayal. A third, final pulse spilled over her fist and smeared across the pillowcase in a cooling, viscous streak.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dick watched over the beer.

"You taste my sauce there, Carl?"

Carl blinked, pulling back an inch. "Sorry?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

End of Part 2.

Neighbourly Debts Part 3

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

Keeping Him Happy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why the hell are you naked?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She gave a sharp, jerky nod. “Okay.”

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

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

She crossed the carpet, her heels clicking like a countdown. As she picked it up, the mirror over the fireplace captured the entire cheap theatre of her degradation. Platinum hair, a mouth set in a line of suppressed rage, and the collar snapping closed around her throat, the

metal sitting cool and definite against her skin. In the glass, she didn't see a posh housewife; she saw the woman Junior had described from the sofa. The description her husband had called a hooker. She looked like a receipt for a transaction she couldn't afford to stop.

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

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

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

Richard's smile deepened, turning hungry.

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

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

She walked toward the chair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, his mouth closed over her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Slowly, he extended his tongue.

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

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

Janet stared at the thick, wet offering of his tongue for one frozen second. The leather collar was tight at her throat, a constant reminder of her status; her tits were still wet and aching from his mouth; and the massive, hard shape of him was pulsing against her panties.

Then she leaned in and obeyed.

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

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

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

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

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

"Thank you," she whispered.

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

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

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

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

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

He pulled her mouth back onto his by the hair.

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

against her clit through the silk each time she pushed forward. She told herself she was working. She told herself this was the cheaper price.

Then the angle found her.

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

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

He groaned into her mouth like a man collecting interest.

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

Smooth

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

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

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

“No—” The word came out breathless, wrecked, a fragile shield of a denial. “I’m not.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What do you prefer? Nice and hairy? Or shaved smooth?"

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

"It's not my body to decide," she whispered, her voice trembling. "It's not my cock."

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

Janet stared at the massive organ in her hand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

His silence stretched, waiting for the rest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Dick—”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Kiss it,” he ordered.

“What?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then came the razor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes... fine. I'll keep myself smooth for you," she whispered, the surrender complete.

Putting On A Show

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You know the way. Lead on."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was the exact moment the front door was knocked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Minute thirty, sweet cheeks. And don't you dare hide that collar."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Tick. Tock. Suck. Cock.”

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

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

“Look at you,” he murmured, his voice dropping to a possessive rasp. “Running out to play the proper little housewife while wearing my brand. Daddy’s proud of how you handle your duties.” He shifted, his gaze locking onto her dripping slit. “But we’re done with the talking. Get over here. Sit on my face. I want to taste how much you leaked while you were pretending to be polite.”

“Dick, he’ll hear us.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her whole body tried to close.

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

The first knuckle went in.

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

He sucked her clit at the same time.

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

"Dick— I can't— take it out, I can't—"

He curled the finger.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then she froze. The doorway was occupied.

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

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

She didn’t.

She kept him in her mouth.

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

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

He unloaded into her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dick continued talking from the bedroom; lazy, pleased, and utterly inappropriate as always. Janet just turned and walked toward the kitchen. Towards her next task. In pure and utter disbelief at the unravelling events of her life.

One More Day

Tuesday morning in the Little house came in wearing its usual domesticated face. Oakridge Lane did that well. Cut grass. Pale stone curbs. Flowers standing to attention in their pots as if colour alone could keep a street respectable.

Janet sat at the kitchen table with a mug of tea she had forgotten to drink. The ceramic had gone lukewarm against her palms. Through the window over the sink the new pane in Dick Long's front room caught the light like a freshly polished excuse. Yesterday's glass had been a wound. Today's was a neighbourhood improvement. No one walking past would ever know what that room had already seen.

She hadn't slept so much as drifted and jolted. Whenever her eyes closed, the dark didn't stay empty. It came back as weight: his palm at the back of her skull, the thick shove of him past her tongue, the glazier's silhouette in the doorway while her throat worked. She had swallowed because there had been nowhere else for it to go. The taste was gone. The knowledge of it wasn't.

One more day, she told herself.

Get through today. Then Carl and I can hit the road. Junior's face at the end of that journey was the cleanest thing she could still picture; a boy who didn't know any of this. They would have a few days to remember, making memories as a family before he went off to college. And when they came home from their trip, she would put an end to the whole deal once and for all. Tell him she had already done more than enough to make up for her son's mistake. They would pay for a carer with a badge and sensible shoes to fill her place and Richard Long could keep his brace and his bargains and find someone else to lean on.

The plan sat neatly until her body interrupted it. Under the terry robe she was still bare where he had shaved her pussy to a smoothness that she had hid last night and this morning from Carl. She had told herself the lie already for when he did notice; a treat for him, and the lie felt thinner in daylight than it had in the shower. She had done it because Dick had told her, and she had said yes with her mouth full of steam and shame. And because she had no other choice.

Carl came in already dressed for the office, knotting his tie as he walked. He bent and kissed the top of her head. Soft. Familiar. The kind of kiss that asked nothing.

"You all right, Jan? You're very quiet this morning."

"I'm just tired." It was not entirely a lie. Exhaustion had a useful shape; it covered what she couldn't say. "But I'm excited for this trip and seeing Junior's face."

His face opened the way it always did at their son's name, earnest and unguarded. He poured coffee, sat opposite her, and started talking about the route they should drive. Janet watched his mouth move. Thin, polite lips. A good man. A kind man. Four careful inches and a belief in asking if it feels nice, whenever he puts it inside her. She tried to let that be enough. Tonight she would sit in a car with him and pretend the other life across the lane had never happened.

Then the knock came at the door.

It was too heavy for the hour and too sure of itself for a parcel. Not the postman's brisk little rhythm. Not a neighbour with an apology.

Carl frowned, already half out of his chair. "Bit early for visitors isn't it? Don't worry, I'll get it."

Janet didn't need the door to open to know. The knowledge arrived first in her stomach, cold and unwelcome, and then lower, where her body had started answering him without permission. Carl's polite surprise carried down the hall, the bright, unsuspecting tone of a man greeting a friend. Or someone he pretended was his friend, while harbouring a bitter dislike.

"Richard! Morning. We weren't expecting you... Everything all right? Come in, I suppose."

Dick Long took the kitchen doorway the way he took rooms: by occupying them until there was no polite space left around him. Brace and all. T-shirt pulled tight across that barrel chest and those heavy shoulders. He hadn't shaved. Dark stubble roughened his jaw, and it made him look less like a neighbour paying a call than like a man who had slept badly and come anyway.

His eyes found Janet first. They travelled the robe, the throat where the collar usually sat, the line of her that the fabric couldn't quite hide. Then he looked at Carl, and the smile he put on was almost neighbourly. Almost. It had the ease of a man who already knew what the woman at the table tasted like, and who could stand in her husband's kitchen without blinking.

"Stove's playing up," Dick said, as if the kitchen had been waiting for the news. "Keeps clicking. Won't hold a flame. Strange smell in the kitchen. Thought I wouldn't chance it. Figured we could grab some breakfast in town. Do a bit of shopping."

Janet's mug paused halfway. The tea had gone dull in it.

"Again?" It came out thinner than she wanted. "There's food in the cupboard, Richard. I filled the fridge two days ago."

"Not thinking bacon and eggs. Clothes and a few things I think I'm going to need for the months ahead." Dick went on. His gaze travelled the robe without hurry, as if he could already see the smoothness he had put under it. "Other place I want to pop in to. A man's got to get out of the house."

Carl was already reaching for a plate. Useful. Kind. Blind in the way good men sometimes were when they wanted the room to stay pleasant.

"Well, you'll starve waiting for Janet to get ready for town, so you can eat here." He said it gently, almost as an apology for the inconvenience of another man's hunger. "Sit down. Janet made plenty. I've got ten minutes before I have to be on the road."

He offered the chair the way he offered everything kind, as if courtesy could shrink a problem down to toast. Dick took it with a grunt. The brace stuck out under Janet's table, ugly and

certain, and he accepted eggs from Carl's own hands as if that were the natural order of a Tuesday.

Janet stayed very still. Outside, the lane kept its manners. Inside, the man whose cock she had taken to the root while a stranger watched from a doorway was eating her husband's breakfast and wiping his mouth like any other guest.

Carl nodded toward the window as he passed the ketchup. "See you got the window done. Looks good. The whole street looks better."

"Glazier was great." Dick spoke around toast, then lifted his eyes to Janet. "Real friendly guy. Wasn't he, Janet?"

Heat hit her face so fast she felt it in her ears.

"He did the job," she said.

"More than that." He looked back at his plate with a church-quiet face that did not quite hide the corner of his mouth. "Even decided to give him a little something extra. For such a great job."

Carl chuckled. "That's my girl. Always looks after people and leaves them tips."

The praise landed wrong. It sat in her chest like a shout she wasn't allowed to answer. She stood before she could do something worse than leave. The chair scraped. If she stayed, she would either speak or fold.

"I'm going to get changed." She bent and kissed his mouth. "Have a good day. Drive carefully."

"Love you," Carl murmured.

"Love you too."

The stairs felt longer than they were. In the bedroom she shut the door and put her forehead to the wood until her pulse stopped knocking so hard against her teeth.

A little something extra.

He had said it in front of Carl. He had sat in her chair, eaten her food, and turned the glazier's stare into a joke her husband had smiled at. The audacity of it should have been only rage. It wasn't only rage. It ran lower as well, a traitorous heat gathering where she was shaved and still too aware of herself.

The robe slid off her shoulders and pooled at her feet.

She reached for a navy dress first. Neckline Carl liked. Modest. Safe. The sort of thing that let a woman disappear into errands.

She stopped with it in her hands.

She remembered his eyes in the kitchen. She remembered the bargain still hanging over the day; keep him happy, keep him from demanding the rest of her, get out of town with tonight. Dressing against him had never bought her peace. He took what he wanted off her anyway, or made her take it off where someone else could see. Meeting him halfway might be ugly, but it might also be the difference between lasting until the car left and giving him a reason to change the terms.

The yellow sundress was a holiday leftover, too short and too bright for a Tuesday in Oakridge. The neckline dropped in a V that did the opposite of modest. She pulled it on and left the bra and the panties on the bed.

Her breasts settled into the thin cotton with a weight the fabric hadn't been made to hide. Cleavage pressed up and out of the V as if the dress had been waiting for an excuse. She let her hair fall loose around her shoulders.

In the mirror she looked like a woman going into town with a neighbour. Under the sunny cotton she was naked, smooth, and already wet enough to feel it when she moved.

The quiet that followed Carl's car down the lane wasn't peace. It was the house noticing who was still in it. The fridge hummed. A bird tried its luck in the hedge. In the kitchen Dick finished the last of Carl's toast with a wet scrape of crust, unhurried, as if the plate had always been his.

He didn't get up when she came down the stairs. He sat where Carl had left him and watched her come. The yellow dress did the work she had known it would do. The V held her breasts the way thin cotton holds anything heavy: badly, and with interest. Cleavage sat open in the morning light. He looked at that first, then at her face, and didn't bother hiding either look.

His eyebrows raised and his mouth began to open, ready to hit her with his usual barrage of crude comments.

"Don't." The old edge came back into her voice, the one she had used when he was still only a problem across the road. "You sick black fuck! How dare you sit in my kitchen and try to shame me like that in front of my husband? Gave the glazier a little something extra? This is my house. You don't get to come over here and sit there grinning and joking about the things you make me do against my will."

Dick leaned back in the chair. Delight moved across his face without hurry.

"There she is." The laugh that followed was low and real, not performed for her. "You know, as much fun as it was watching you play the willing little slut yesterday, I much prefer this. Foul-mouthed. Nasty. That little racist streak teasing its way to the surface. Putting up a fight makes it all so much more enjoyable."

He tipped the last of the coffee back as if they were discussing weather. "Makes it far more satisfying when I break you down and show you exactly what you are."

"You'll never break me." Her chest lifted defiantly and high enough that the dress told on her. Nipples pressed the cotton. She hated that he could see it.

“You’re already broken, Janet.” He said it mildly, which made it worse. “Already mine. You’re just too stubborn to admit it. Don’t worry. We’ll get there. I’ve got plenty of time to fuck the truth into you... and stop with the whole, you made me do it act. You’ve made every decision and every act for yourself.”

“I am not yours.” The woman who had once stood at a clean window and called him a stain on the lane was still in her throat, brighter now that Carl was gone. “I never will be. Now hobble your fat ass outside and get in the car if you want that shopping trip. Otherwise get the fuck out of my house and don’t ever come back.”

His grin widened until it looked almost fond.

“Fiery. My favourite version of Janet Little.” He pushed up from the chair. The brace clicked and took his weight in an ugly, practical unfolding that filled the hallway. “Righto, sweet cheeks. Shopping! Let’s go show the town those big, beautiful tits of yours.”

He walked to the door first. Janet stood one extra beat in the kitchen with his dirty plate on the table and yesterday still sitting at the back of her throat, then snatched her bag and followed.

In the car, as she drove she could feel his eyes staring. Finding the place where the sundress clung, the bare shape of her under holiday cotton, the bounce she couldn’t stop when the car took a corner.

Janet watched the road. Today. Tonight. Junior. The trip. An ending to this nightmare. She ran the list until it felt like a shield.

She parked on the high street where he pointed and got out expecting somewhere that sold shirts and trousers in his size. What she turned toward was a shop she had walked by a hundred times, and never once went inside.

The window was pink light and posed plastic, lingerie that had stopped pretending to be practical. Open cups offering the breasts straight out. Straps cutting across hips. Sheer mesh that left nothing to the street but a suggestion of shame. Gold script on the glass tried to sound French and promised desire, which was only a prettier word for what the place actually sold.

Janet understood now what the pervert had meant when he had said ‘he wanted to pick up things he would need for the months ahead’. *But I won’t let him. After today, this charade is over.*

She stopped on the pavement. A bit of breeze found the hem of the sundress and moved it against skin that had nothing under it. Beside her, Dick smiled at the door like a man who had won again.

Leather Slut

The bell over the door was too cheerful for what the place sold.

Janet went in first, just happy to get off the pavement and the view of anyone who might be passing by. Inside, the light was pink and close, the kind that made skin look warmer than it was. Crimson carpet took the sound out of her steps. Racks ran back from the door in expensive rows: lace, silk straps, mesh so thin it was only an idea of covering. Nothing on those hangers had been made for errands or church or the version of herself Carl expected.

The door clicked shut. Dick's arm came down across her shoulders before she had finished taking the room in. The settled claim of a man who didn't ask whether he was allowed to look like he owned the woman under his hand. She stiffened. For a second the old instinct nearly won and she almost stepped out from under him. Then the bargain moved through her again, quieter than pride and harder to argue with. *One more day. Keep him happy.* She stayed where she was and let his arm keep her against his side.

At the till a young woman looked up. Dark hair clipped back, a face that had learned how to see a couple without needing them to explain themselves. Her eyes travelled from the yellow sundress to the Black man draped over it, then back down to where Janet's cleavage sat heavy and on display.

It didn't stop her nipples from tightening against the cotton, obvious now that the shop's air had found them. She felt the traitorous peak of them and hated that the girl would see that too.

"Relax," Dick murmured, close enough that the word warmed her ear. "First time you've walked into a room and actually looked like you belong in it."

"Fuck off." The bite was there. The flush climbing her throat took some of the edge off it, and she knew he heard both.

He laughed under his breath and steered her deeper, toward hangers that held less clothing than argument. Open cups that framed a breast and left the rest to be looked at. Straps that crossed a body as if binding were the point. He stopped at black mesh cut away where nipples would sit, the missing fabric doing all the talking.

He lifted it without asking and pressed the hanger to her chest. The mesh fell exactly where the sundress was already failing to hide her.

"This." His voice dropped. "Tits would sit in it like they were on a plate. Ass would pop in those panties. Turn around. Let me see the back of you in this light."

"I'm not putting myself on display for you in the middle of a shop."

"You're already standing here on display... with nothing on under that dress." His gaze followed the yellow cotton as it clung when she breathed.

The assistant had left the till and arrived beside them with a smile trained to helpfulness that never quite reached her eyes.

"Can I help you find anything today?"

Dick didn't take his arm off Janet.

“Just treating my woman to something raunchy. She dresses like a church social most days. Thought we’d fix that and let her naughty side loose.”

Heat climbed Janet’s throat, shame and something lower that she refused to name while a stranger was still standing there.

“He’s not—” The correction died in her throat. In this light, in this shop, with his hand around her, saying that she was not his woman, would hold no weight. “We’re fine... thank you.”

The girl nodded once. Her eyes flicked again to the cleavage, then she went back to the till with the air of someone who had collected a story and had no one safe to tell it to.

Dick was already pulling hangers. Red lace. Black silk. He pushed the black one into Janet’s hands.

“Go try this on. I want to see it on that body.”

“This? I’d look like a whore.”

“That’s the whole point.” His mouth tipped, pleased that she had said it plain. “Come on, it’ll be fun.”

She left him in the aisle still admiring the outfits and stepped into the far changing cubicle, with the scraps of black lace in her hands.

The cubicle was bigger than one woman needed and still felt too tight. Three mirrors turned inward and gave her back to herself from angles she spent most of her life arranging not to see.

She sighed deep.

Get through it. It’s just underwear. It could be worse. He doesn’t know that after today this is finished. He will never get to see me in these again.

She pulled the sundress over her head in one quick movement. Air-conditioning found her at once, thin and impersonal across bare breasts and the smooth mound he had left her with, every hair gone, pussy naked in a way that still felt like a secret she was carrying into town. She stepped into the black lace bottoms first. They cut high over the packed round of her ass and settled with the small finality of something that had been waiting for her measurements.

The bra was mostly strap and a suggestion of lace. It didn’t cover so much as lift and offer. Pale heavy flesh spilled over the black edges. Her nipples, already tight from the chill and from knowing he was on the other side of the curtain, sat obvious against the mesh.

She sat on the unused velvet stool to fasten the suspenders. Each clasp clicked louder than it should have in that muffled space. When she stood, the mirrors told the truth she had spent twenty years dressing around.

She looked expensive and filthy in the same breath. Lace pushed her ass high and plump. The bra presented her breasts as if they had been built for a man who didn’t intend to leave them alone. The suspenders lengthened her legs and gave her a kind of elegance the sundress

had been designed to hide. For a heartbeat she allowed herself to appreciate the body staring back at her. A small spark of approval moved through her, the recognition of a body in a costume it had been denied for decades.

Carl wouldn't know where to put his hands. The thought arrived next, unkind and accurate. He would smile that gentle smile. He would tell her she looked lovely. He would ask if she was cold. He would be lost in front of his own wife.

She let out a long breath.

The curtain ripped back.

Dick filled the gap and his eyes didn't pretend this was still browsing. They went from the lifted tits to the high-cut lace to the suspenders and stayed there long enough that she felt the look on her skin.

"Jesus Christ." For once there was no joke in it, only appetite. "Look at you. Fuck... that ass. Those tits sitting up like they finally got the job they wanted. Fucking sexy doesn't even cover it. We're buying that. That's not a discussion."

The heat that moved through her was small and immediate and frightening. Being wanted in a voice that didn't ask. Being looked at as if the only purpose of the mirror was to show him what he already thought he owned. She crushed it down until it had nowhere to live except the flush in her cheeks.

"What are you doing? You can't be in here. Get out." The command had less teeth than she wanted.

"How else am I supposed to give you the next one?"

He held up the next set.

It was not lingerie so much as equipment. Leather. Heavy straps. A harness that belonged somewhere with locks on the door, not gold script and pink light. The cups were rings that wouldn't cover her breasts so much as present them. The leather briefs were cut high and carried a silver zipper, a cold metal track that ran from the front, down between her legs, and up the cleft of the ass.

Opera-length black leather gloves hung over the hanger. Platform stilettos hooked from his other fingers. In the centre of his palm, under the leather, sat a choker with a small polished pendant: a black spade.

Then he showed her the mask. Glossy black latex, shaped to a head, the mouth cut out in a wet oval, a heavy zip down the back.

Janet stared at the heap of black leather. Even before she touched it she could smell it.

"What the hell is that?" The whisper came out thinner than she meant it to, disgust and a sharp spike of nerves sitting in the same breath.

"Your other outfit." He said it flat, as if the hanger had already been decided.

"I'm not trying that on. It looks like something out of a dungeon catalogue. I wouldn't even know how to put it on. It's all straps and buckles." She gestured at the harness, at the way the leather seemed built to hold a body still rather than dress it.

"I'm sure you'll figure it out." He gave the hanger a slow shake. "You've figured out worse."

"Jesus Christ, Dick. You can't be serious..."

"Come on." He stepped closer. "Is this really so much worse than the other things you've been wanting to do for me lately, princess?"

"Don't call me that." The snap cut cleaner than the rest of her had managed all morning. "And I didn't want to do any of those things."

His smile arrived slowly, the look of a man who had kept a particular sentence in his pocket for exactly this.

"That's not what you said yesterday. On your knees. On my face. With a man standing in the doorway while you begged for my cum." He held the leather closer until the hide brushed the lace still lifting her breasts. "Let me see what it looks like. That's all I'm asking."

She snatched the hanger out of his hand.

"Fine. You stay outside."

She yanked the drape shut hard enough that the hook rattled on the rod.

Getting into the outfit took minutes she felt in her pulse. Buckles at her ribs fought her. The leather was stiff, unhelpful, made for a body that already knew the shape of it. She threaded straps under her breasts and over her shoulders and pulled until the hide bit and forced her into its geometry.

The briefs cut high across her hips. The zipper was colder than it had looked on the hanger, a silver track that started at the top of her shaved mound, ran down through heat she didn't want to admit was there, and climbed up her ass. It was made for access. A man would not have to be polite. He would only have to pull.

Gross. She thought it clearly and still didn't look away from the mirror as she fed the last strap through and cinched it.

The woman looking back didn't belong on Oakridge Lane. Platinum hair. Wide icy eyes. F-cup breasts pushed up and mostly out of the harness, pale and heavy, the inner swell naked under the strip light. Her waist taken narrower than it liked. Thick thighs framed in black. Her ass barely held, the zipper sitting like a promise over the place his mouth had already been.

She worked the long gloves on. Leather warmed to her hands and made her stomach drop. She looked like the title of a film she would have sneered at. Worse than the look was the quieter recognition underneath it: her body seemed to know the kit. All the modest cotton of her married life felt, for a dangerous second, like a story she had been telling herself.

The black mask sat in her palm, glossy, almost faceless except for the holes of the eyes and the wet oval of a mouth. That was the line. She closed her fingers around it and kept it off, clinging to the last piece of her that still had a name.

The curtain moved again.

Dick stepped in and stopped. For a long second he didn't speak. His eyes went over her the way a man looked at something he had already decided he was taking home.

"Fucking perfect." It came out like a verdict. "There it is. Outfit to match the character. Leather slut. Look at those tits. And that zip sitting just begging to be undone. We're taking all of it."

"Fuck you, you pervert." The words were thin. Her nipples, tight against leather, told on her before her mouth could finish the refusal.

He didn't argue with it. He closed the space in one step until the wall found her shoulder blades and the straps dug in. His hand took her jaw, thumb on one side, fingers on the other, and tipped her face up so she had nowhere to look but his eyes.

Then his mouth came down on hers, hard and wet, a kiss with no interest in being shared. He was taking. When he broke it his tongue stayed out, thick and glistening, the same filthy invitation he had given her in the armchair.

Janet didn't think her way into what happened next. She found her lips closing around it. She sucked on his tongue sloppy and hungry, the same rhythm she had used on him yesterday. For a stretch of seconds she was the only one moving, the one degrading herself on his tongue, and the only thing he had to offer in return was his eyes staring down at her.

Janet noticed him watching and tore her mouth off him. Air came back in shallow pulls.

"You're disgusting." The venom was there. So was the shake in her hands.

Dick didn't flinch. He watched the rise of her breasts in the leather as if that were the only answer he needed. "Yeah? And yet you latched onto that tongue like you needed it to breathe. Like you were starving for it."

"Bullshit." Her voice cracked on it. "I just did what you wanted me to do. I'm just... complying."

"Then I guess I've trained you up well. My perfect submissive slut."

His hand was still on her jaw, still pushing her flush against the changing room wall. It tightened. Her cheeks compressed until her mouth popped open whether she wanted it to or not. He gathered spit with no hurry at all and let it fall onto her tongue, thick and warm. Then his palm shut her mouth and held it there.

Janet's eyes went wide. Wet heat sat on her tongue. His thick, gross saliva. Her throat locked. She wouldn't swallow it. She wouldn't give him that.

"Swallow my spit... like you swallowed my cum."

She stared at him, pinned to the wall, mind screaming while her body stayed where he had put it.

His other hand found the zipper at her crotch. The first few teeth peeled open with a small filthy rasp. Cool air hit the smooth skin of her mound and she shivered for a reason that had nothing to do with the air-conditioning. She was already slick. The lace had left her that way. The leather had made it worse.

He eased the zip another inch. The track opened her further. Pink heat, wet enough to shine. He didn't touch her. He didn't have to.

"Swallow it," he said, quieter now, "or I'm going to check just how wet you got for my tongue."

Another few teeth. Leather parted. His knuckle grazed the edge of her clit.

She swallowed the spit in her mouth. Desperate and breathless.

"Good girl."

"Excuse me." The assistant's voice cut through the drape.

The girl had the curtain in her fist, pulled back just far enough. The helpful smile was gone. What replaced it was tired disbelief.

"You cannot be doing that in the changing room. Sir, you're in the wrong half of the shop for that."

Wrong half? Janet heard the phrase and questioned it internally.

Dick was already moving. Yellow sundress, discarded lace, fallen hangers, all of it scooped into one indifferent armful.

"I have to ask you to leave the changing room, ma'am." The assistant's voice had found its firmness again, strained around the edges. "Now. Please."

"Dick. Wait. Let me put my clothes back on."

"You better put that mask on if you don't want people seeing you dressed like that." He called back, already walking away.

Panic did the rest. Janet yanked the zipper up. Leather closed over her pussy with a sound that felt too loud. She pulled the glossy mask over her face because walking out with her own features attached to this was worse.

The world narrowed to a blurred mouth-hole and black shine. Her breath came back at her, close and trapped. She stepped out of the cubicle without a name on her.

Dick was already heading for the back of the store, past the last rack of silk robes. He stopped under a doorway she hadn't noticed earlier. Bead curtain. Cheap plastic discs that clattered when he put a hand through them. Above, red neon buzzed.

XXX

“We need to pay for your outfits, gorgeous.” He tipped his head back through the beads. “Through here.”

Janet stopped. Masked. Strapped. The metal pendant sat cold against her collarbone. She had fastened the choker with a quick snap before she had even got the gloves on. Gloved fingers found the little pendant. Tiny metal. A claim that did not feel tiny.

“What is this?” The mask made her voice sound closer, wetter. “This thing on the collar.”

His grin showed in the red light.

“Queen of Spades. Means you’re a white wife who loves Black cock. Means you’re marked. Means anybody who knows the symbol knows exactly what you are. A slut for the right kind of man.”

“I am not that.”

Her thighs said otherwise when they brushed inside the leather.

“Give it a few days.”

A few days.

The thought sparked behind the mask, nasty and almost triumphant. A private sneer he could not see. *A few days and this is over. You think you own me? You’re a loser.*

She followed him through the beads.

The Wrong Half

The beads rattled behind her as she entered the 'wrong half' of the store, and the boutique's pink light died as if it had never been in the first place.

What took its place was a lower dark, the kind made so faces didn't have to finish looking at one another. Under her platform heels, the floor changed. Plush crimson gave way to something worn and faintly sticky, a surface that had taken too many visits and never quite given them back.

The air changed with it. Perfume and vanilla fell off her at the threshold. Rubber came up instead, cheap musk, the stale ghost of smoke no fan had ever beaten. To her left a steel side door stood ajar on a damp grey alley, a separate entry for men who didn't want the pretence of the lace. Wet asphalt and bins leaked through the gap. That door told the truth of the room more plainly than the neon had.

The clean half of the shop, where she had walked in with her pulse in her throat, felt suddenly like a front. A place a woman might take her sister and still look at herself afterward. This dim stretch was what the building was for.

One wall was all spine and cover. DVDs stacked high, bodies caught mid-act, mouths open, skin lit the cheap honey colour of studio lamps that had never seen daylight. Magazines lay in a low trough underneath, pages swollen and turned down at the corners by hands that hadn't been careful.

The opposite wall was hardware. Dildos stood in ranks of silicone, pale pink through to a black that didn't pretend to be shy, veined enough to make the point. Plugs and beads sat like jewellery for the depraved. Whips and handcuffs hung in a row. Lube bottles with names that tried too hard. Vibrators under glass, cold as tools.

The lingerie side had been almost empty except for the assistant. Here the room had men in it.

They loitered the way men loitered when they had already decided what they were looking at. Two of them stood by the magazines, one white, one Black, the pretence of browsing dropping the moment the beads moved. Their eyes found leather first, then the breasts the harness was holding up, then the pale length of her thighs between the leather straps.

For a moment Janet was grateful for the mask. The hood took her name. Wife, mother, the woman who was respected by her neighbours and friends; none of that showed. What showed was the body the leather had made of her, and that was almost worse.

A Black man near the till didn't look at her chest. He looked at her throat. The black spade pendant hanging off the choker around her neck.

His mouth curled, the quiet pleasure of a man who knew the symbol and hadn't expected to find it standing in front of him on a Tuesday. The pendant felt colder then, as if it had weight against her pulse.

Dick's hand found hers.

In the pink half she had tried to step out from under his arm. Now with these strange eyes on her, she didn't want to pull away from him. The gratitude that came with that grip arrived beside a disgust sharp enough to make her want to laugh at herself: holding the hand of the man who had put her in this situation.

He led her away from the door, into a quieter stretch in front of the silicone. Not far enough to take her out of sight. He wanted her seen. He wanted the room to understand exactly what he had walked through the beads with.

"What the fuck, Dick?" The whisper stayed inside the hood and came back at her, close and muffled, as if she were talking to herself in a room too small for the thought. "You have me dressed up like this... In a place like this."

"Relax." Dick's voice cut through the thicker air without needing to rise. He squeezed her gloved fingers, firm enough to be an instruction. "You're safe with me. Just go with the flow. Don't act up or they'll notice you're out of place, and we don't want that."

She shifted on the platforms. The floor clung a little to the soles. The men in the shadows had stopped pretending to browse. Their eyes did the work hungrily enough without anyone speaking, travelling leather, harness and tits. She understood him at once. Fighting in here would not look like pride. It would look like panic in a costume, and panic in a costume was an invitation. If she went with it, she was only another piece of leather on a Tuesday.

"Which of these do you like?"

He nodded his head at the row. Flesh-toned toys that looked almost medical. Skin pink and Black and all the tones in between. A few were modest enough to make her think of Carl, and the thought arrived with a twist of guilt she wished she had not invited. Most of them were built for a stretch that frightened her.

On the top shelf two of them were marked in blunt pen: 13 INCH MONSTER BLACK COCK. She looked longer than she meant to. The idea of that size and girth did something low and unwelcome, a slickness that found the leather. She dragged her eyes down. Breath snagged in the mouth-hole.

The refusal had already formed. It had come as far as her teeth. Then she felt the room behind her, the waiting quiet of men who had seen the pendant and were interested in what she would do next. She let the refusal out as a sigh instead of a sentence.

She couldn't pick a white one. The thought didn't need unpacking. The spade at her throat had already written that rule. Her hand shook as she lifted a veined black cock from its place, ten inches of matte silicone with a flared base. The weight surprising her.

"This one."

Dick's smile showed in the low dark, pleased in a way that made her wish she had pointed at nothing.

"Not as big as mine. But I'm sure you'll enjoy it." He took the toy from her as if she had handed him a receipt. "Let me go pay for the outfits and this toy. Wait here."

He took one step toward the counter and stopped. Turned back. Leaned in until his mouth found the side of the hood, the place her ear sat tight under latex.

"You need to show everyone you belong to me," he murmured, breath hot against the mask. "So they leave you alone."

Janet stood in front of the wall of cocks with eyes on her back and did the sum he always left her to finish. Kiss him and she was taken, property with an owner attached. Refuse and she was a white wife in a spade collar with no one standing over her in a room that had already started smiling at the symbol. Fair game.

She leaned in.

The kiss is for the room, she told herself, and knew how thin that sounded even inside her own head. She put her mouth to his and let it look like belonging. Dick didn't waste it. His hands slid down her sides, found the leather at her waist, then lower, fingers digging into the bare under-curve of her ass where the briefs gave him nothing to be polite about.

He squeezed hard enough that she felt the claim in her skin. A small broken sound went into his mouth, half protest and half something she would not name, and she hoped the mask would keep it.

When they broke apart he didn't look at her first. He looked at the men. The grin he gave them was wide and satisfied, the reminder of a man who had just shown the room exactly who the prize belonged to.

"Let me go buy my slut her treats," he declared loudly. The words went out into the low hum of the shop as fact, meant for every man close enough to hear what she was and who she belonged to.

He stepped back just enough to watch the glossy void of the mask and waited.

She could feel the eyes of the room on her. Waiting. She swallowed.

"Thank you, Daddy."

It came out wetter than she wanted, too close to a plea, the sound of a woman giving the room its answer. It worked. The Black man who had been watching her throat looked away as if the question had been marked and filed. She had said the required thing. That was enough for him.

Janet kept her eyes on Dick as he went to the counter. Looking at the others would have meant seeing the price of those three words while they were still in her mouth. He pulled cash from a pocket fold that had never met a wallet, notes crumpled and uncounted, and laid them down with the indifference of a man who didn't need the clerk to approve of him.

The man behind the glass was thin, pale, a grey ponytail and the bored competence of someone who had sold worse than leather and a toy before lunch. They spoke low. Then a card crossed the counter, black plastic, stripe catching the light.

Dick limped back with the bags in one hand and the card pinched between two fingers.

“What’s that?” The mask muffled it.

“Video booths.” He tipped the card so she could see the stripe. “One hour. Hottest interracial filth they’ve got. And we’re going to get nasty while we watch it. I want to see you shaking in that outfit while you watch other women do exactly what I’m planning to do to you one day soon.”

“No.” The hiss left the oval of the mask sharp and small. “Not here. Please, Dick. Let’s just get out of here. Let’s just go home.”

“Your choice, baby.” he said. Almost kind, which made it worse. “One hour together in the booth, and then you’re done for the day. You can go back to your little husband and get ready for your trip. Or we head back to mine and make it a private party. A whole afternoon for me to enjoy every inch of you, before you abandon me.”

The sum was still simple. An hour of sitting through there was better than an afternoon of being his with the door shut and no one to interrupt. She hated how neatly it added up. She hated that she was bargaining the shape of her own shame.

He offered his hand and she took it.

He walked her toward the back, past the magazine trough and the alley door, into a narrow corridor that smelled of musk, old sweat, and the chemical attempt to cover both. Narrow doors lined the hall. Each had a dim red bulb above it.

The men watched them go. Zipper. Harness. The gloved hand locked in the hand of the man she had just called Daddy. They knew where that corridor ended.

As the red light took them, Janet told herself an hour was easy. The card would run out. The door would open. When it did, she would go home and be allowed to act like herself once again.

The Booth

The card kissed the slot with a cheap, electronic chirp and the door clicked open.

The booth was smaller than the corridor had promised and meaner than her imagination had allowed. It was a claustrophobic box that smelled of stale cigarettes, industrial bleach, and the ghost of a thousand desperate perverts. A leather bench ran the far wall, the material cracked and peeling, wiped down often enough to shine with a greasy, unnatural lustre in the wrong places. Opposite it, a screen already lived in its own flickering light, paused on a title card in block letters: THE BEST OF — WHITE SLUTS AND BBCs.

To the left, the wall was rough timber, four glory-holes cut at waist height and covered with taped discs of plywood. Janet's eyes caught on those covers and stayed there a second too long, imagining the filth that had leaked behind those boards.

"Don't worry," Dick murmured, following her gaze. "Those are staying closed."

The right-hand wall was glass from bench to ceiling, frosted to a thick, milky blur. She sat where he pointed, her movements stiff in the leather and harness.

He found the remote, and the compilation roared to life on the screen.

It didn't ease in. There was no preamble. The screen exploded with the image of a gorgeous pale woman on her knees, her eyes rolled back in a trance of submission. A huge dark cock was buried deep in her throat, stretching her jaw to a breaking point. Cut. The same woman was now on her back, thighs splayed wide and trembling, that massive shaft splitting her open while she shrieked things Janet would have turned off at home, if Carl had ever been the sort of man to show it to her. Cut. A blonde with her mouth full, mascara ruined and running down her cheeks, a hand clawing into her own hair.

The volume was cranked high. The sound pornographic; the slapping of skin on skin and the animal grunts of a man's voice off-camera commanding her to take every inch.

Dick sat beside her on the bench and gave her thigh a squeeze.

"Watch it. Tell me what you see."

Janet stared at the screen, her breath deep behind the black leather. The porn was filthy and disgusting, but it was far better than what the alternative might be back at Dick's house.

"She's..." The mask made the words sound muffled, close and ugly. "She's on her knees. Sucking him. He's so big... and Black. She's— God, he's in her throat."

"And?" Dick prodded, his voice devoid of empathy, purely clinical in its demand for her degradation.

"She's taking it. She's saying she loves it. She looks like she means it."

On screen, the woman came off the cock with a thick, glistening string of spit dribbling off her chin, and she laughed at the camera; a broken, needy sound.

"That cock bigger than mine?" He asked with amusement.

She had been trying not to measure, trying to keep her mind blank, but the comparison arrived anyway, traitorously precise. The man on the screen was long and camera-lit, a professional fantasy. But he was not the thick, vein-ridged monster she had shaved, kissed, and swallowed yesterday. He didn't have the weight or the size of the man sitting next to her.

"No." It left her before she could dress it. "Yours is bigger."

"I think you should take mine out so you can be certain."

The command was absolute. Janet slid off the bench, dropping to her knees on the grimy booth floor. The platforms of her heels made her clumsy, her balance precarious as she knelt between his legs. She reached out, her gloved fingers trembling slightly as she worked the metal zipper down.

The heavy, shaved length of him sprang free into the red light of the booth. He was already fully hard, the head dark, swollen, and weeping a bead of pre-cum. Twelve thick inches of pulsing muscle that made the man on the screen look like an understudy.

She knew exactly what he wanted next, and she wasn't going to give him the pleasure of following his order. Instead she took the initiative and wrapped her gloved hand around the base, feeling the throb of his pulse against her palm, and leaned in. The mouth-hole of the mask fit perfectly over the head of his cock, as if the latex had been engineered specifically for this act of erasure. She opened her mouth and took him in, her tongue swirling around the crown before she slid down, taking the girth deep into her throat.

The sound of plastic tearing cut over the audio of the porn.

He was opening the toy's case, the ten-inch black dildo freed from its moulded tray. The silicone shone under the screen's flicker, a rigid, unapologetic imitation of the filth they were watching.

Janet pulled back, coming off him just enough to speak, a string of saliva clinging to the edge of the mask's mouth-hole.

"What are you going to do with that?" she gasped, her voice trembling.

"What do you think we're going to do with that, slut?" Dick's voice was a dark promise, his eyes gleaming with a sadistic hunger.

"Please, Dick. We can't. Not in here." She looked around the room in disgust, as if to say she was better than this.

"That's exactly why we are," he replied, the dildo slapping against his palm as if to show her the weight of it.

He slapped the wet, swollen head of his cock against her mouth, then her cheek; a heavy, filthy tap that left a glistening streak of pre-cum shining across the black latex of her mask. The sound was a wet thwack, a marking of territory that echoed in the small, red-lit box.

“Unless you prefer the real deal.” Another slap, the thick shaft painting her masked jaw with a smear of lubrication. “That it? Married slut finally wants fucked by the real thing?”

“No,” she whimpered, the word muffled and desperate behind the hood. “Fine... we can play with the toy a little.”

Dick shifted, setting the ten-inch silicone toy against her lower lip, pressing the cold, rigid plastic side-by-side with his pulsing, hot skin.

“Good. You’re going to have to get it nice and wet, before you stretch that tight little pussy. Take turns. My cock and the toy. Slobber on both. Get that thing slick enough to ruin you.”

His voice was thick with a sadistic pleasure as he envisioned the scene. “You can pretend I’ve invited one of my brothers over. Nasty little size-queen slut who can’t say no to Black cock. Just a hole for whatever thick shaft comes through that door.”

The sentence landed in her like a heavy hand at the back of her neck, forcing her down. Disbelief hit her first; a bright, offended spark of the woman she used to be. But beneath that, her clit throbbed with a violent intensity that she could feel vibrating against the tight leather and the zipper. She tried to lie to herself, telling her mind that the arousal was just a reaction to the video, the restrictive leather outfit, or the sheer terror of the location.

She put her mouth on him anyway, swirling her tongue around the ridge of his head, then shifted to the toy, sucking the silicone with a desperate hunger, then back again. Thick strings of saliva bridged the gap between the two dark heads, a glistening web of filth. The act was so debased, so utterly devoid of dignity, that her mind tried to detach, attempting to float up to the ceiling to watch the masked creature below worship two pillars of dark girth.

She didn’t see his other hand move.

Beside the bench, a switch clicked with a metallic snap. The frosted glass wall cleared instantly, turning transparent.

On the other side of the glass the men had already begun to gather. The Black man who had smiled at the pendant. A white man from the magazine trough with his hand already inside his jeans. They moved in without speaking, close enough that their breath might have fogged the pane, and what they saw was the leather-clad slut with the hottest body any of them had ever seen, on her knees between an old fat man’s thighs, slobbering between his thick black cock to a black toy and back again as if she couldn’t decide which one to choke on.

Janet was too consumed by the sensory overload of her worship to notice. Too busy sucking the dildo down until her lips met the base, pulling away with a loud, wet pop that sounded like a seal breaking. Immediately, she took Dick’s thicker, hot cock back into her mouth, sliding down until her throat fluttered in a gag reflex and her eyes watered behind the latex hood.

He gripped the back of her head, guiding the depth. He told her he wanted to hear her filthy mouth speak.

She talked because the act required it. Because she needed to keep Dick happy. And because the words came easy now, like she had learned the script. She was stripped of the inhibitions she had fought so hard to maintain in the armchair.

"I'm a slut," she heard herself say it and could barely tell if she meant it, or if she was acting. "I love your big Black cock. I want... I want both. God. I'm a size queen. I can't say no to it."

It sounded like a line from the porno playing on the screen. It also sounded like her. She didn't stay in the difference long enough to decide.

"You ready to show me how badly you want it? Ready to fuck yourself silly with that dildo?"

She looked up the dark, wet length of him. She knew she had to at least put on a little show for him. *Maybe just the tip*, she thought.

"Yes, Daddy. I want to fuck myself with that dildo for you. Let me show you."

Dick flicked the switch again. The glass returned to its milky, frosted blur. She was still oblivious to the show she had just put on for those strangers.

"Sit." He pointed toward the timber wall, the covered holes waiting at her back. "On the floor. Back against it. Legs spread. Unzip those panties."

She followed his command. The platforms of her heels slid across the grimy floor. A silver rasp of metal on teeth, leather peeling back to reveal her shaved, glistening cunt. She was open to the red light, so slick that the mere movement of air felt like a physical touch against her clit. She gripped the toy in both gloved hands, the silicone heavy and imposing.

"Rub it up and down that sloppy cunt. It's soaked already, isn't it? Needy."

"Yes." She dragged the thick head through her folds, the sound of the plastic sliding through her juices an obscene, squelching noise. "It's wet. I want to feel it inside me."

"Slowly. Push it in. Feel yourself open up and stretch around it."

The moment the head entered, the girth stopped her cold.

Carl had never been this. Carl was four polite inches and a hesitant question. This was twice that thickness at the very first inch; an uncompromising stretch that forced her mouth to fall open in a silent gasp. She froze, the dildo just an inch deep, shocked that her body was already yielding, already stretching to accommodate the intrusion.

And then the thought arrived, uninvited and terrifying: *If this is just the toy, what would the real one feel like?* Dick's monster still shining with her spit, pulsing with a life and a power that the silicone could only mimic.

The initial resistance, the fragile wall of dignity she had tried to maintain, finally buckled. The stretch shifted from unwanted intrusion into a searing, expansive pleasure, and the reluctance she had clung to simply had nowhere left to stand. It was swallowed by the physical reality of the girth.

"You like that thickness, don't you?" Dick had shifted, sitting forward on the leather bench. His hand was wrapped around his own shaft, his fist moving in a slow grind as he stared with intensity at the point where the dark silicone disappeared into her glistening folds. "My slutty little size queen."

"Mmm. Yes." The response came out broken, a shattered moan that echoed inside the mask. "It's so big. It's so good. I can feel it... stretching me open."

She had promised herself only the tip, but already began to work more of it in, her hips betraying her, tilting upward to meet the toy. She hadn't consciously told her body to move; her anatomy had simply surrendered to the demand for more.

"Imagine what all those men in the store would think of you right now," Dick purred. "That leather slut, on the floor in here. Legs spread wide. Pussy stuffed full with that Black dildo, wishing it was the real thing... deeper!"

She pushed deeper, the silicone sliding home with a wet, squelching sound. The toy filled her so completely that the explicit compilation flashing on the screen beside her stopped being a movie and became a set of instructions she was finally, desperately following.

"But you wouldn't care if they saw you, would you? You just want to pleasure yourself. You want to be used. Want to be a slut."

"Yes." The honesty slipped out with a jagged breath, raw and unfiltered. "I don't care what they think. The pleasure's too much. Fuck—"

She heard herself saying it, but couldn't tell if it was for him or for her now.

She was fucking herself fully, driving the dildo in with long, wet, desperate strokes. The base slapped against her perineum with a rhythmic thwack every time she took it to the hilt. Her thighs were shaking, the muscles twitching with exertion and arousal, while the silver teeth of the zipper bit into the edges of her swollen labia with every slide. She had fought this, had prayed she wouldn't like it this much, but her body had stopped taking votes. It had declared its own allegiance to the girth.

"Then keep fucking yourself, slut. Let them see who you are."

The last sentence snagged in her mind. *Them? What does he mean?*

She looked up, her eyes wide behind the latex.

He pressed the switch.

The glass before her transitioned from a milky frost to water-clear in a heartbeat, and suddenly, the wall before her was nothing but faces looking right down at her.

Men from the shop. They were all right there, pressed against the glass. Cocks in their fists; white and Black, thick and ordinary, all of them stroking in a frantic, synchronised rhythm to the sight of her spread on the floor. Their gazes were ravenous, fixed on the toy buried in her, the restrictive leather of the harness, and the open, gasping mouth of her mask.

For a split second, the old Janet returned. She wanted to lunge for the zipper, to scream, to slam her legs shut and hide. But the shock, the sudden exposure, and the sensation of the dildo seated to the absolute hilt hit the same nerve at once.

She came with a violence that stole her breath.

It tore out of her in a loud, wet cry, a massive gush of fluid that painted her own thighs and pooled on the floor between her platforms. Her cunt clamped down on the toy in frantic pulses, clutching the silicone as if trying to pull it inside her forever. Her eyes flicked helplessly from cock to cock beyond the glass. White. Black. Big. Small. All of them moving for her, all of them watching her unravel. The orgasm rolled over her in ugly, beautiful waves of electricity until her voice broke, repeating the same two words in a breathless loop.

“Oh my God. Oh my God.”

Dick stood over her now, a towering shadow of dominance. All twelve inches of him were rock hard, the head dripping a heavy bead of pre-cum that glistened in the red light.

“My little slut’s got a voyeuristic side.” He sounded proud, his tone obscene and triumphant. “First the glazier. Now these strangers. Cumming that hard. Cunt wetter than a beaver. Keep fucking yourself for them, and open that mouth.”

She searched for the fight. The "Oakridge voice" was still there somewhere; the woman who dreamed of a trip away from this madness. But that woman couldn't get her hands up. She was too far gone, drowned in the chemicals of her own submission. She resumed the work, driving the dildo in with wet, sloppy strokes, and opened her mouth wide inside the mask.

He stepped in and immediately began to fuck her throat without giving her a moment to adjust.

The sounds were filthy and immediate: the wet, rhythmic gluck of him using her mouth like a toy, the gagging sound when he bottomed out, and the strings of spit running down the black latex and onto her chest. Every time he thrust, his shaved balls slapped hard against her chin with a meaty sound. Underneath it all, the toy kept moving because he had commanded it; her sopping cunt continued to take the silicone while strangers stroked themselves on the other side of the glass, and her husband sat in an office ten miles away, blissfully planning for their journey away together.

“That’s it. Choke on that dark meat. White wife at work in the sex shop booth. Cocks being stroked over you and you can’t get enough. Look at them, Janet. Look at them all. They’re going to paint that glass for you. Filthy size-queen slut, putting on a show for strangers... Daddy’s girl.”

The pleasure didn’t ebb; it evolved, shifting into a deeper, more primal frequency. Each brutal thrust of Dick’s cock into her throat acted like a piston, the force of his hips driving the dildo even deeper into her ravaged pussy. She moaned around him, a muffled sound of surrender that vibrated through the partition, signalling her total collapse to the cock in her throat, and to the men watching. His balls tapped against her masked chin in a steady, filthy rhythm; a wet, meaty percussion of skin against latex that echoed in the booth.

He pulled back with a sharp, triumphant grunt, his cock glistening and pulsing.

“Keep fucking yourself, slut. Keep wishing it was my cock stretching that white pussy open whilst I paint you in my cum,” he commanded, his voice a low growl of absolute ownership.

Then came the first rope.

A thick, hot jet of cum slammed into the mask, splashing across the eye-holes and the bridge of the mask, blurring her vision for a few seconds with a salty smear that she tried to blink away. The second rope caught her open mouth perfectly. Janet didn't flinch; she swallowed what landed on her tongue and instinctively licked the streaks that ran toward the edges of the oval hole, her tongue darting out greedy and desperate without a single conscious decision. All the while, her gloved hand continued to drive the dildo in with violent, wet force, the silicone sliding in and out of her soaking heat with a loud, squelching sound. Load after load striped the glossy black of her face, dripping off the chin of the mask and soaking into the leather of her chest, and she took every drop, still stuffed, still working herself, her eyes locked on the glass.

The men on the other side of the partition went into a frenzy.

The first streak of cum hit the glass and slid slowly down the surface. Then another. The Black man came with a guttural shout, his eyes locked on the spade around her neck, his spend painting a thick, opaque white arc across her field of vision. Another followed, then another. The glass became a chaotic, dripping mess of them; ropes of seed sliding down in front of her spread thighs, blurring the line between her and the strangers. The sight of it; the knowledge that half a dozen men were finishing themselves just because they were watching her performance, ripped the last shred of dignity and the last useful thought out of her head.

“Yesssss!” she screamed, the sound raw and distorted by the mask. “Give me all that cum! Paint the glass! Look at me!”

She drove the dildo into herself one last time, slamming it to the base with a wet thwack that echoed through the booth. She came again, a violent, racking orgasm that left her legs wide and shaking for the men behind the running glass. A second, massive gush of fluid tore out of her, joining the first pool of squirt on the floor, mixing with the scent of latex and sex.

After that, there was only the wreck of her.

Janet slumped back against the timber wall. She was a vision of total degradation: her leather face dripping with Dick's seed, his cum smeared over her mouth and leather-clad body. Her juices shone on her thighs and pooled between her platform heels. In front of her, the glass continued to run with the remnants of the strangers' release. The toy remained buried deep inside her, her muscles still twitching around the girth.

Dick stood over her, his cock wet and slowly softening, looking down at her ruined state with a look of pride, as if she had just performed the greatest feat of her life.

The thought that arrived was not peace.

It was a quieter, worse thought than shame: how much of all that had been about keeping him happy, and how much of it she had wanted? The wanting was the part that scared her.

Carl's car. The overnight bag. Junior's face at the end of a long drive. She reached for them the way she had been reaching all week, and they came back thin, late, almost embarrassed to be in the room with the smell of latex and the toy still seated in her.

No.

The word was small and savage and hers. She was not going to sit in a sex-shop booth and let this filthy act rename her. She was going home. She was going to wash this off. She was going to put the navy dress back on and be the mother and wife she always was.

Dick reached down and tipped her head back by the edge of the mask. He looked at the mess on her face as if it had settled an argument.

"Look at you. A complete and utter mess. You're not a wife. You're not a lady of Oakridge. You're just a hole for me to use."

"I'm still his wife." It came out wrecked, raw through the mouth-hole, but it came out. "This is a task. That's all it is. You don't get to tell me what I am."

He didn't help her up. He hit the switch and the glass went frost again, the men wiped out of existence as if they had only ever been a trick of the light. He stepped in until his softening cock brushed the chin of the mask.

"Whatever you say sugar. But I've still got five minutes on our agreement. So get back to work and clean my cock up."

Her gloved hand shook. She drew the dildo out of herself with a wet sound she hated, the empty ache arriving at once, traitorous and sore. For a second she only sat there, jaw tight, trying to remember the list: *tonight, the trip, my family*.

Then she leaned in and began to lick him clean. As a wife finishing the last filthy minute so she could stand up, find her clothes, and get back to her own life.

New Man Of The House

The sundress felt like something she had stolen from a kinder afternoon and put back on too late.

Janet shut the driver's door with her hip and hiked the shop bags higher on her shoulder. The zip held. Lace, leather, a mask that still smelled of him, a toy that still smelled of her. None of it showed. All of it sat against her ribs as she started up the path. Oakridge Lane was doing its ordinary daylight trick: pale stone, cut verges, her geraniums standing to attention under the sitting-room window. Across the road the new pane caught the sun. Below it, she noticed with a small unwelcome jolt, the lawn had finally been striped.

Dick unfolded himself from the passenger seat brace-first, a big ugly arrival on her own gravel, and looked her over as if the yellow cotton were a demotion.

"You look so much better when you let me dress you." He said it to the V of the sundress, where her breasts sat heavy and unsupported, not to her face. "That leather. That mask. The booth saw the real version of you today."

"You would say that." She was already moving, key biting her palm. "You're nothing but a filthy perv."

The lock was three steps away. She was desperate to get inside. To escape him. To get in the shower and wash away the morning. Wash away the sin. She got as far as setting the key to the metal.

"Aren't you going to thank me?"

Janet turned so fast the bags knocked her hip. The laugh that wanted out had no humour in it.

"Thank you?" She heard her own voice climb and did not lower it. "After everything..."

"After everything." He cut across her without raising his volume, a man taking a sentence she had pointed the wrong way and setting it back on his own road. "After your racist son put me in hospital. After a week of you looking at me like I was something you'd scraped off your shoe. And yet here I am, still cutting you deals. Still giving you the freedom to go driving across the country playing happy families."

"Fuck you, Dick."

The smile that arrived was not the booth smile. It was quieter. It had patience in it.

"That's exactly what's going to happen, Janet." He let the words sit in the afternoon air of her own drive, where any curtain on the lane could have taken them if anyone had been listening hard enough. "I'm going to fuck that tight little pussy of yours. Ruin you. Make you realise you were born for big Black cock..."

A small tip of the chin, as if he were confirming a booking. "I promise you. Next time we spend time with each other, it's happening."

She almost gave him the answer out loud. It stayed behind her teeth instead and glowed there, private and victorious, the cleanest thought she had had since the beads rattled shut. There would not be a next time. Tonight the trip and when she came home she would end it. Hire him a professional to take care of him. No more bargains. No more slutty clothing. No more time off negotiations.

She turned the key, stepped through her own black door, and shut it in his face hard enough that the frame gave a low complaint. On the other side of the wood she heard him laugh, unhurried, and then the slow tick of the brace going back down her path.

Evening came in with the respectable noises of a household about to leave itself behind.

Carl came down the stairs with the larger bag bumping the banister, blond hair flattened from the shower, the pale blue polo he wore when he wanted to look like a man on holiday. Janet stood at the sitting-room window with her arms folded over the conservative navy blue dress she had worn in an act of defiance. Across the lane Mr Long's grass lay in even stripes at last. The new glass held the last of the light like a polished excuse. Oakridge looked, for the first time in months, like the photograph it had always believed itself to be.

"What are you looking at?" Carl set the bag down in the hall and came to her shoulder. He smelled of his soap. Of the life she was supposed to get into a car with.

"His lawn." She didn't turn. "It's finally sorted."

He followed her gaze and made a small pleased sound, the sound of a man whose street had been restored to him without his having to lift a finger.

"Night and day. The window too." His hand found the small of her back, warm, grateful, disastrously uninformed. "You've done amazing work over there, Jan. I mean it. The whole lane looks better for it."

The praise landed in the wrong place and sat there. He didn't know the work. He didn't know the collar, or the booth, or the shower. He was complimenting a version of his wife that had cooked lasagna and booked tradesmen.

"Listen." She kept her eyes on the cut grass. "When we get back from this trip, it ends. I can't keep going over there. I've done enough. The debt is paid. We can help pay for a carer for a few weeks if we have to. But I'm done, Carl. I mean it. No more!"

"If that's what you want." He smiled, pecking her cheek, dry and fond. "You've more than earned it."

Peace, then. A thin, clean peace that smelled of furniture polish and packed shirts. The street presentable. The bags on the hall floor. An ending she could almost taste on the same mouth that had swallowed spit in a changing room that morning.

Amber light moved at the junction.

A van. Flashing bright. It swung into Mr Long's drive and sat there with the lights still turning, throwing colour across the newly cut grass and the new pane.

"What's that about?" Carl's hand was still at her waist.

"Not our problem." Janet turned from the glass before the colour could settle on her face. "Come on. Let's get the bags in the car and get on the road."

They were on their own drive with the boot open, Carl lifting the second case, when she saw them.

Two tall Black men in boiler suits coming down Long's path with a hobbling shape between them. Dick, brace ticking, a face set in the particular fury of a man being walked out of his own door. One of the men had a clipboard. The other had a hand near Dick's elbow that was not quite helping and not quite steering.

Carl's politeness was already crossing the tarmac before she could close her fingers on his sleeve.

"Carl—"

"We'd better just check everything's all right."

"We ought to get on the road. It's not—"

He was already gone, walking into the conversation with the same helpful lean he had used on police officers and school secretaries, the stance of a man who believed problems got smaller when a reasonable person stood near them.

Janet stayed by the open boot, determined not to spend a second more in that pig's company than she had to. From her own gravel she had the shapes and nothing else. Carl's nod. Dick's mouth moving. The two men in orange-piped navy speaking with the calm of people who had already said this paragraph on other drives, in other respectable postcodes. She couldn't hear a word of it. She told herself she didn't need to.

Across the lane, the taller of the two men tapped the clipboard against his palm.

"Valve's gone on the incoming side. We've isolated what we can and capped it off, but we can't certify the property. That's the law. Nobody stays inside until an engineer replaces it and signs it off. Be a few days before we can get someone out."

Dick looked at his own front door as if the house had betrayed him on purpose.

"That's bullshit. It's only the gas that's off. I can live in my own place. I've lived through worse than no stove and no hot water."

The second man shook his head, already tired of the argument.

"Not allowed. Liability. You stay and something goes, that's our names on the sheet. You'll have to find somewhere else until it's done."

Dick's palm slapped the brace, a dull ugly sound.

"I've got nowhere to go. And a fucked-up knee. Because of that idiot's son." He pointed aggressively at Carl.

Carl's face changed. The old fear dressed up as principle. The schoolyard he had never quite left. The threat sitting in the evening like a smell you could not politely mention.

"He can stay at ours," Carl said.

It came out in the voice that settled claims and offered chairs and ruined things while believing it was being decent.

Dick turned his head and looked at the Little house the way he had looked at the leather on the hanger. Measuring. Already placing furniture.

"Your place is a palace compared to mine." He said it to Carl, but his eyes went to the upstairs windows. "Can't wait to make myself at home. I'll look after it while you two are gone. This works."

That did it. Carl's glance flicked to his own front door, to the stairs behind it, to the thought of this man unsupervised among their things.

"Actually." He cleared his throat. "I don't think it would be wise to leave you on your own. Bedrooms are upstairs. That knee of yours... Janet will stay back, and look after you."

Dick's mouth moved. What Janet got, all the way from her own drive, was the smile. It travelled the dusk like a light coming on in a room she had locked.

Then Carl bent and picked up a duffel that was not theirs, and the two of them started across the tarmac toward her. As they walked over together Carl mentioned that Janet couldn't keep working for him full time. How they would happily pay for a carer for as long as she needed it, but she's worked hard enough for him.

"She's been working pretty hard. I'll give her that." He said, hinting at all the things Carl would never know. "All right. You've got yourself a deal, Carl. I'll borrow your wife for three or four more nights. And when you get back, we'll put this whole thing behind us."

The two men in boiler suits were already walking back to the van. Tall. Distinctive through the shoulders. The sort of silhouettes she would remember later and not want to place. One of them glanced across the lane at the woman by the open boot and then away, professional, finished. The amber lights died. The van left Oakridge looking ordinary again, as if nothing in the evening had changed except a neighbour's stove.

Carl came back across the tarmac with a duffel that was not theirs slung off one shoulder. Dick limped beside him, huge against the last of the light, the brace ticking a countdown on the stone.

"Evening, Ms Little." Dick said it as they reached her car, polite as a man arriving for dinner.

Carl drew her a few steps toward the geraniums. His voice had gone low, already apologising for a decision he had made without asking the person it would be done to.

“His house is shut off. Gas valve problem. They won’t let him stay there, so I told him he can stay here.”

“What?” It came out too loud for the lane. A window two doors down would have heard the pitch of it if anyone had been in the front room. “No. Carl. We can’t have him walking around our house while we’re gone. That’s our home. That’s—”

“That’s the other thing.” His ears had gone pink. He looked at the packed boot instead of at her. “I told him you’d stay and look after him.”

“You did what?”

Anger arrived clean and complete, the old Janet, the woman who had stood at this window with a wine glass and called the man across the road a stain on the street.

“How could you do that? How could you stand there and offer me like a... like a spare room? We had a plan. The trip. Junior. You don’t get to give my nights away because you’re frightened of him. You don’t.”

“I know.” He said it to the gravel. “I know, Jan. But we haven’t got a choice. He’s angry. And that leg... we are kind of responsible. It’s a few nights and then Junior and I will be home, and he’s agreed to a proper carer after that. You can get back to normal. I promise.”

Normal. By then, she thought, watching the duffel bump against her husband’s hip, it would be too late.

Carl pecked her on the mouth on their own doorstep. The same closed little kiss he had given her in the garden after the barbecue, when another man’s taste had still been in her, and Dick had challenged him to kiss her proper.

“It’s just a few days.” He squeezed her arm. “You’ll be all right. You’ve got him wrapped around your finger. You always do.”

She stood on the step and watched him get into the car they were supposed to share. Watched the taillights take the corner at the junction and thin out. Junior was at the end of that road. She was not. The engine noise faded into the ordinary hush of Oakridge at dusk, bins, a television two houses along, a life that hadn’t been told it was over.

His promise from earlier arrived in her head before the quiet had finished settling.

Next time we spend time with each other...

Janet took a deep breath and walked back into her house.

Dick Long was already in the hall. He filled it the way he filled every room, the duffel at his feet. He looked at the stairs that led up to the bedrooms. He looked at her standing on her own threshold with the conservative navy dress on.

“All dressed up like the good wife. But it looks like we’ll be playing our own happy families, Janet. Just you and I.” His mouth tipped. The hall light found the stitches that had faded at his brow. “There’s a new man of the house, now... and I’m going to show you what that marital bed is actually for.”

End Of Part 3.

Neighbourly Debts Part 4

Authors Note: The idea of this story was pitched by our Patreon Member Story Poll Winner - Ink Heart - Neighbourly Debts. I hope you all enjoy my writing of it.

Making Himself At Home

The taillights had finally vanished around the bend of the junction, leaving a heavy silence in their wake. The house still smelled of Carl, of a man who believed he had done a decent, chivalrous thing by accommodating a neighbour in need. A naive, misplaced kindness that now felt like a suffocating shroud.

Janet stood just inside her own front door, her navy dress buttoned to the throat. Carl's goodbye kiss feeling like a lingering ghost of a marriage. She watched Richard Long set his duffel bag onto the hall rug with a dull thud. He didn't ask which room was his or where he should put his things. The smile on his face grew sharper, and infinitely more predatory now that there was no husband left to read it.

"You gonna hover there all night, gorgeous?" he asked, his voice a low, grating rumble. "Or you gonna give me the welcome home I deserve?"

"You're in." She shut the door on the lane, and the click of the latch sounded like a gunshot, final and irrevocable. "Guest room is upstairs. Towels are in the airing cupboard. That's as welcome as this gets... You don't get to call this home!"

Richard looked at her for a long moment, his eyes scanning her from the buttoned collar down to her sensible shoes, as if she had just offered him a boring church pamphlet. Then, with a slow limp, he pushed past her. The scent of him hit her immediately, a thick musk of stale beer and sweat.

The sitting room, which she had polished to a mirror shine, was a room designed for appearances: the expensive sofa, the cream wool rug, the lamp Carl loved because it made the place look 'settled' and 'wholesome' in photographs. Richard dropped into the cushions, and the fabric gave way with a soft, defeated sigh. He didn't bother to remove his boots; one stayed planted firmly on the wool rug, while the braced leg stretched out across the seat, claiming the space as if the furniture had been custom-measured for his arrogance.

He looked enormous in the delicate setting. His hairy, thick forearms contrasted sharply against the clean lines of the room. His gut settled heavily over the waistband of his worn jeans. He was a stain on her curated life, sinking into fabric that had only ever held the light scent of her perfume and Carl's soap.

Janet's mouth tightened into a thin, hard line. "Get off that."

"Why? I'm comfortable," he replied, his voice dripping with a mocking satisfaction. He patted the cushion beside his thigh, leaving his hand resting there, an invitation that felt like a threat. "Your man sure likes his comforts. I can see the appeal. A man could get used to being kept in a room like this."

"You look filthy on it." she complained, remaining rooted in the doorway. "Take your boots off the furniture. This isn't your rundown house, show some respect."

"It is my house... for the next four days at least." He tipped his chin toward the ceiling, with a big grin. "That's the term your man offered up. And then you go back to pretending you've never had my cock in your mouth. Until then, he's effectively hired the house out. And hired that sweet body of yours with it. So don't start the evening by telling me what I can't sit on."

"It's finished," she snapped, her voice trembling despite her effort. "We're not doing any more... of that... When he gets back, you're getting a carer, and I don't cross that road again. You've had your week of power. It's over!"

"It will be over..." Richard agreed, "When these four days are up, and your husband pays for that carer. Then, and only then, will I delete that video of little Junior being a little racist criminal."

The anger that surged up in her was clean, sharp, and blinding, but it had nowhere to go. It was a fire with no outlet that didn't risk burning her son's future to the ground. Not now. Not after everything she had already put herself through to protect it.

She looked at him, this hulking, perverted old man occupying her home, and felt the trap snap shut around her ankles.

"You're vile, you know that?" she spat, the words tasting like ash.

Richard's smile returned, wider this time, showing teeth. He shifted his weight, the brace ticking again, and his hand slid a few inches further across the sofa, beckoning her into the ruins of her own living room.

"Maybe," he murmured. His eyes went down the navy and came back up unimpressed. "But I'm the only one who knows exactly what you are, Janet. Now go and get changed, you look like a fucking librarian like that. And you know what I like. Tits and ass. I'll let you choose it, since you're so fond of having your feminist freedom, but it had better get my blood flowing and my cock stirring, or you'll regret it."

"I'm not parading around my own house for you," Janet spat, though the conviction in her voice was fraying.

"Cut the bullshit Janet. We both know the way this argument goes. You put on your silly little resistance act. I remind you of the stakes. Then you scamper away and pretend you aren't excited to be dressing as my slut."

The usual insults were coiled in her throat; pervert, animal, black filth, but she knew they were useless. They were pebbles thrown at a fortress. He didn't flinch; he never had. With a sharp, jagged breath, she turned and ascended the stairs, the heels of her sensible shoes clattering too loudly on the treads.

The bedroom lamp was casting a warm glow. By the dresser, in her secret little corner, sat the shop bags. The leather, the mask, and the heavy silicone toy she had used while strangers masturbated against glass in a red-lit booth. A surge of possessive panic hit her; she wasn't giving him those. Not in this house.

She reached into the back of the closet, pulling out a bag containing the anniversary negligee, the tissue paper still crisp in the folds. She had bought it for a night Carl had spent thanking her for her beauty, a night that had ended in a disappointing tumble, and a lukewarm kiss and sleep. It was sheer red lace, a neckline that didn't so much cover her breasts as frame the heavy, aching weight of them. The hem was a cruel joke, ending exactly where her ass began to argue with the fabric.

She stripped. The navy dress pooled at her feet, followed by the bra and the knickers; any cloth beneath a garment like this would have been a pointless formality. She stepped into the red heels Dick had liked so much, six inches of lacquer and pain. Finally, she reached for the second drawer, digging past the scarves to find the leather choker. He had insisted she take it home with her earlier, and now it felt like he had planned the whole scenario.

She fastened it tight: CUM SLUT.

In the mirror, she looked like a receipt for a transaction she couldn't undo. Platinum hair falling to her waist, her mouth painted a natural, pale nude that somehow looked more provocative than red. Her F-cups strained against the mesh, the nipples already dark and hard, pushing through the lace. She was completely shaved, a requirement he had enforced in his own bathroom, telling her she needed to match the cock she belonged to. The bareness was a vulnerable secret that the short hem was too skimpy to keep.

Downstairs, the silence had been replaced by the roar of the television. A crowd, a whistle, the volume of a game turned up far past what Carl would ever allow.

As she entered the sitting room, Dick didn't speak. He didn't have to. His gaze performed a slow inventory. It started at the ankles in the red heels, climbed the long expanse of her thighs, and lingered on the shadow under the hem where the shave was no longer a guess. Then his eyes locked onto her breasts, heaving with her shallow breaths, indecently exposed in the red lace. Finally, his gaze settled on the collar beneath her jaw.

“God damn.”

His hand had already migrated to the front of his jeans. He gripped the thick shape of his cock through the denim, squeezing it firmly as he watched her watch him.

“Look at what just walked in. Mrs. Little of Oakridge, dressed like the slut she denies she is. Tits pouring out of that red scrap. Ass and pussy practically on full display for her ‘vile’ neighbour.” His eyes narrowed, a flicker of surprise crossing his face. “And the collar and heels. I didn't even have to tell you to put that on.”

She stayed by the armchair, arms stiff at her sides, knowing that if she folded them, she would only lift her tits higher into his line of sight.

“You wanted this show,” she replied, her voice a whisper. “Don’t pretend any of this is my choice.”

Richard squeezed his cock through the denim, the fabric straining over a thickness Janet knew with a terrifying familiarity.

“That's not a show, Janet. That's you dressing for the job before I've even set the terms. If you keep making choices like that, we might both actually get something out of these four

days together. You get the video in the bin, and I get my slut-wife who finally stops pretending my big cock doesn't make her happy."

"Nothing you do is ever going to make me happy," she countered, her voice trembling.

"We'll see about that." A slow smile spreading across his face. "You've already screamed for me, Janet. You'll do it again. Four days is a long time to try and maintain a lie that thin."

The flush hit her throat and met the cold leather of the choker, the two temperatures arguing under her jaw. She wanted the stairs. She wanted the robe on the chair and the lock on the bedroom door and the version of the afternoon in which she was climbing into Carl's car ready for her trip. Duty kept her on the rug. The duty had his voice now.

"Go get your man a beer." he commanded.

Janet stood in the middle of her own rug in heels she would never have worn for Carl, not on a Sunday, not for a roast, not for anyone who still called her Mrs Little. The lace clung where her skin was warm. For a second she heard the sentence as a mistake a guest would correct. A guest waited to be offered. A guest did not name himself and then send her to the fridge.

"You're not my man," she stated with disdain.

"I am right now." He still hadn't lifted his eyes higher than her chest. "Go. Do as you're told. I want to enjoy this view with a cold one."

The walk from the sofa to the kitchen was eight steps, and she felt every one of them as an argument she'd already lost. The negligee moved with her. The hem climbed her thighs at each stride and the mesh over her tits did nothing to contain the bounce of them. She hated the sound of her heels on the floor. It was the sound of a woman who had agreed to be looked at and was now performing the agreement in the room where she packed lunches and cooked family dinners.

She opened the fridge and the cold rolled out over her stomach, her thighs, the fresh bare skin between her legs. The air made a small mean point of her shaved pussy.

She took the beer, the glass slick with cold. On the way back the hem rode again, higher, and a thin line of the lace tucked itself between the shaved lips and stayed there, a red seam against pale. She felt the tuck at every step, a small obscene cling, and the slick that had started made the cling worse.

She stopped in front of him and held the bottle out. Her arm stayed extended. He did not take it. His eyes had come up off the game and gone straight to the seam, and they stayed there while she stood with the cold glass sweating into her palm.

"Look at you," he said, easy, almost fond. "Mrs Little, hostess of Oakridge, bringing a black man a drink with her pussy out. That lace doesn't even have the decency to cover your slit. I can see it all. Little red clinging to those lips. Does being on display for me get you nice and wet?"

"Your beer... take it." she said, trying to ignore his filth.

“My beer... and my slut. The perfect combination.” He took the bottle at last, and he still didn’t bother looking into her eyes. He stayed on the red where it had caught in her. “I can see the mouth of it. All pink and swollen and shining with arousal. Bend over a little. Give me a proper look at what’s on offer.”

“You can go fuck yourself. I’m not bending over in my own living... You’ve got your drink. You can stop talking about me as if I’m part of the entertainment.”

“You are the entertainment!” He set the bottle on her coaster, a small courtesy that made the rest of it filthier. “That scrap cost money and it’s doing nothing but showing me the goods. Pale tits, heavy enough to swing when you’re cross. Nipples like they’re begging to be pulled through the holes. And under it is that shaved little married-cunt you keep pretending I haven’t already tasted. Turn around for me. I want to see that big juicy ass.”

“Richard.”

“Turn around, Janet.”

She turned because she knew this was a fight she would lose with her body already on display. The negligee climbed. She felt the air on the lower curve of her ass, the lace settling into the split, and she heard him breathe out like a man being served.

“There she is,” he said. “Round and juicy, just the way I like it. You can stand there and hate me. Just don’t insult both of us by pretending that pussy isn’t wet enough to end a drought.”

The doorbell went through the house before she could answer his perverse comment.

She flinched as if it had been a hand. She began running through the list of people it could be at her door, each one worse than the last. The idea of any of them seeing her, dressed like this, with Mr Long sat on her couch.

“Ordered us some pizza. Go and pay for it.” The amusement was already in his face.

“Jesus Dick, you should have told me someone was coming. Let me get my robe.” She turned toward the hall already scrambling.

“I was hungry, waiting for you to get slutted up for me.” He struggled up to his feet, and watched her across the room. “No robe. You’re dressed how I like you. Go give the pizza boy a show.”

“I’m not answering my door like some hooker.”

“Yes you are.” He tipped his head at the bell, which went again, politer, a boy who had been told not to lean on it. His hand found the small of her back. “Let him see the slut that lives here.”

Through the peephole she saw Ellis standing on the step. She knew him through the glass before she opened it: nineteen, Patricia’s boy, home from college and doing deliveries

because his mother thought work would improve him. Junior had played five-a-side with him some nights after high school. He knew the house. He knew the woman who opened it, or he had known the version that asked after his exams and sent him home with the good biscuits. That woman wasn't the one behind the door.

She opened the door, and Oakridge came in with the light.

Ellis stood with the box held up like a shield he had already forgotten how to use. His mouth parted. The box dipped. His eyes went where any boy's eyes would go and then tried, badly, to climb back to her face, and the climb failed in stages she could feel on her skin.

Behind him the lane was quiet and lit. She felt the street on her skin as if it had a temperature, the evening air finding every place the lace had given up, her stomach, the underside of her tits, the bare pout the hem had already failed to cover. The choker sat cold at her throat. A buckle. A confession.

"Mrs Little." He managed the name, and it came out strangled, too loud for a step. "Pizza. For Long. Card machine's in the bag, or cash, whatever's easier, I can—"

"Ellis... You aren't going to tell anyone about this."

Her arms had come up despite the order. Crossed tight under her breasts, a housewife's last ridiculous modesty, pushing the F-cups higher in the mesh so that the gesture hid less than it advertised. The voice was the one she used when she wanted a room to behave. Steady. A committee voice.

"Are you?"

He didn't answer. His eyes had dropped to the shadow between her arms, to the lace, to what the lace had tucked itself into, and they stayed there as if looking away had become a skill he no longer had. Colour climbed his throat. The box creaked. Behind her, in the hall, Richard remained out of sight, but he laughed once.

Then she dropped her arms.

The negligee did the rest. Her tits sat forward in the mesh, heavy, swaying with the drop of her arms, the nipples drawn so tight the net printed them for the boy to read. Below the hem her shaved pussy was there, the lips swollen and faintly shining. Ellis made a sound that wasn't a word. A small broken breath. His knuckles went pale on the box. She watched him try to be the boy who had sat in her kitchen, and watched him fail, and felt the failure land between her legs as heat.

"Are you?!" she said again, quieter, and she hated how much it sounded like a bargain begged in a hostess voice. "You don't tell your mother. You don't tell Junior. Our little secret, handsome?"

He shook his head. Fast. The flush had gone all the way to his ears. He nodded then, as if the shake had not been enough, eyes dragging back up to her face and failing again on the way, catching on her nipples, on the bare shine of her, on the choker. He held the box out with both hands, careful not to touch her fingers when she took it. She shut the door on his face before he found a second sentence. The latch was the loudest thing in the house.

Through the glass she saw him still standing there, not moving, the empty hands, the red pizza bag, Oakridge going on without him.

Richard was laughing properly by the time she turned.

"Shit, I forgot to pay him," she said, panicking and ready to shout him back to the door.

"Trust me sexy, you paid him and then some." Richard said laughing. "You're finally learning to use that body to get what you want."

"You son of a bitch." The box was hot against her stomach, grease and cardboard and the print of Ellis's eyes still on her tits. "He's Patricia's boy. He knows Junior. What if he tells?"

"Bitch, please." He took the pizza and did not step back. "You just showed that boy the shaved cunt and pair of tits he's been having wet dreams about since puberty. He's going to be too busy jerking off for the rest of the year to tell a soul... Next time you see him, you flirt with him. Tease him. That'll keep him happy enough to keep any secret for you."

The box tipped in his hand, and his eyes went with it, down to the red still caught between her lips. "Now bring me my pizza. A man needs to eat if he's going to keep his energy up for the days ahead."

The Marital Bed

Richard had cleared a space on the coffee table, carelessly pushing Carl's coasters aside to make room for beer and pizza. The game on the TV was loud, a roar of crowds and commentary. He looked at the armchair she was aiming for, then looked at the warm, empty dent of the cushion against his own thigh.

"Come sit."

"I'll sit over there," she murmured, gesturing to the chair.

"No, not all the way over there." He patted the cushion, the sound dull beneath the noise of the game. "Silly place for my little slut. You take up your place right here with your man. Where I can reach that body."

Shaking, she crossed the room and reluctantly sat beside him, defeated. The sofa seemed to swallow her, pressing her firmly against him. Her bare thigh pressed flush against his.

His arm came around her shoulders, heavy and possessive. His hand didn't stay decent for a second; it slid down and filled itself with her breast through the lace, weighing the heavy globe of her flesh. His thumb found her nipple, rolling it firmly, squeezing it until it stood hard and aching against the mesh. He made a small, pleased sound of approval into his beer.

"Eat some pizza if you want... I'm not a selfish man" he said, his eyes returning to the screen, though his hand continued to knead her breast. "Besides your hot body paid for it. Those tits in that poor boy's face... just to save you twenty bucks."

"That's not what happened and you know it. I just forgot to pay because you put me in that fucking situation." Janet's voice was a thin wire, vibrating with a desperation she hoped sounded like disgust. "Take your dirty hand off me."

"Not a chance."

Richard didn't even look at her. He pinched her nipple harder, a sharp flick of pressure through the lace, and the shock of it shot straight down the center of her, sparking a white-hot line of electricity that landed squarely in her clit. Her breath snagged in her throat, a small, broken sound. He felt the hitch in her chest and a smirk touched his lips, his eyes still locked on the television screen.

"There she is. Big soft tits and her nipple's as hard as stone. You can call me vile Janet, but your body is telling the truth."

His other hand shot out, gripping her wrist with a bruising firmness. He drew her hand down, the movement deliberate, dragging her palm across the fabric of his trousers. He made the journey last, forcing her to feel every inch of the tension until her palm rested flat against the denim, directly on top of the heavy length of his cock. The familiar thick and demanding weight she had already soaped, slapped against her tits, and sucked until she gagged. Under the press of her hand, he thickened further, swelling with a sudden surge as if her submission had been the real kickoff of the evening.

"You keep your hand on that bulge, baby." He said it casually, the same tone he'd use to ask her to pass the salt. "Squeeze it all game. That's a slut's duty, when her man's watching the

big match. You hold that cock for him and keep it hard and interested. Get it nice and ready for the after-game party.”

"You're a pig," she whispered, her fingers twitching against him.

"And yet, you're still squeezing it." He glanced down for a fraction of a second, a look of pure satisfaction, before returning his gaze to the television. "Harder now. You know it doesn't break. You've had both hands, and your lips, wrapped around this monster. You know what it takes to keep it happy.”

Janet squeezed. The shape of him answered instantly, a slow swell into her palm. The thick swollen head of his cock defined itself sharply under the denim, pushing back against her until her fingers had to spread wide to maintain the grip he demanded. On the screen somebody scored, and the room filled with a roar Carl would have turned down. Dick didn't even look at it. His thumb kept circling her nipple through the lace, and his mouth went to the side of her head as if the match were a thing happening in another house.

"Look at that little number you've put on for me. Sat down and the whole fight went out of it. Shaved lips on the sofa like you meant to serve them up, alongside the beer. Carl pecked you on the step and drove off proud of himself. Left his wife marked and owned and told himself he'd done a kindness.”

"Don't talk about him." Her hand had tightened without her telling it to. The shape under the denim answered, a slow swell into her palm, and she hated that he would be able to call it an answer. "He doesn't know. He would never have left me like this if he did.”

"He doesn't know because you keep swallowing the evidence." Dick's eyes went back to the game. "Harder. You ease off every time the guilt turns up. Guilt doesn't keep a cock interested.”

She gave him what he asked for, squeezing as hard as she could without physically hurting him. The head defined itself under the denim until her fingers had to spread to hold it. She watched men run up and down a pitch she couldn't have named and felt the wetness arrive without a decision, a slow slick high between her thighs where the lace had rucked. She didn't cross her legs. Crossing them would have pressed it together, and she didn't trust the sound.

His hand left her breast long enough to tap the collar, one finger on the silver.

“This is so much hotter under the light of your own home. CUM SLUT, in the room where your family photos sit staring at you. Pretending you're a hostage, and yet your nipples have been as hard as bullets since you sat.”

The match bled out into adverts, neon and too loud, and the last slice sat in the box. Her hand ached in the shape of him. Dick took a swallow of beer and spoke as if he were commenting on the picture.

"Still holding onto it like you're married to it. Whole game, and you didn't ask to stop once. You can call it the situation. But I bet your body is calling it something else right now.”

"You don't know what my body calls it." She kept her eyes on the screen.

"I know your thigh's shining." He didn't even look down to prove it; he didn't need to.

Richard turned off the television, the sudden silence ringing in the room. He took a final, slow swallow of beer, his hand still weighing her breast, kneading the soft flesh with a possessive rhythm. Her hand remained clamped on his cock, as if the act of letting go would trigger more demands from him.

"Up," he commanded. "My arse has had enough of your lovely sofa. Time you showed me the bedroom."

The ascent of the stairs was a slow procession. He leaned his weight heavily on her shoulder. In his other hand, the crutch clicked against the carpet, and the brace on his leg ticked. The red lace negligee did exactly what it had been engineered to do; with every step, the hem hiked higher, teasing the air against the lower curve of her ass.

Richard's breath was a hot ghost against the nape of her neck. He leaned in, delivering a low, filthy comment about the view of her cheeks directly into her hair. Once, he abandoned the rail, his hand shooting out to palm her buttock, squeezing the flesh with a force that tested the give of her skin before he returned to the labor of climbing.

At the landing, Janet pushed open the door to the guest room. It was a comfortable space, large double bed, neutral covers, but it was a room that had never known the heat of a coupling.

Richard looked inside, and a short, genuine laugh escaped him, a sound of pure derision.

"Why the fuck would the man of the house sleep in the guest room?"

"Because you're not the man of the house. You're a guest." Janet replied, her voice sounding dry, brittle. "You're not sleeping in our bed... Carl's and mine. There's no way—"

"Me and my girl are in the master suite, sugar tits."

He didn't wait for her response. He was already moving, heading toward the door she had left ajar. He marched toward the lamp, the clean, pressed pillows, and the bed she made every single morning with the corners pulled tight and disciplined.

"There it is. The marital bed. The one he kisses you goodnight in. All soft and sweet like he doesn't know what you really want. Really need."

"No. You can't sleep in there."

The words were weak, but she followed him inside. The argument had already entered the room, thick and suffocating. Richard stopped at the foot of the mattress, surveying it the way he had during the barbecue, browsing, pricing, calculating the value of the conquest. Then he looked at her. One breast nearly spilling out of the lace, her 'CUM SLUT' collar sitting tight against her throat, her mouth set in a line of trembling defiance.

"Don't worry, baby. We won't be doing much sleeping in here," he murmured.

"We can't do this." The plea leaked out of her, a raw sound she couldn't scrub away. "Dick, please. You said if I kept you happy you wouldn't make me. You said you wouldn't demand it."

"I said days ago, in my own house." He leaned the crutch against Carl's dresser. "Different roof, different rules."

"Please. This is our bedroom. Our marriage..." She began, desperately pleading her case.

"You can pack that 'good-wife' speech away, I'm bored of hearing it. You've pretended to be the innocent woman. The prim and proper housewife of the lane. But what you've actually given, is the woman who milked me with her fat tits and gagged on my cock. The slut-wife who ate my ass and then kissed her husband downstairs after it. Who shaved her pussy bald because she wanted to keep me happy. And who fucked herself stupid with a plastic toy while a bunch of strangers jerked off to her."

He stepped closer, his presence filling the room, his voice dropping to a predatory growl.

"You get off on all of this. Get off on being made to do it. You dress like a slut and cream yourself when I talk to you like one. That's not a hostage, Janet. That's a submissive with a dirty mind who loves being shown what she really is."

"I've had no choice," she whispered. The sentence was clean, but it sounded small and pathetic under the warm glow of the bedside lamp. "The video. Junior. I did what the situation forced. That isn't the same as wanting it. Or enjoying any of it. You disgust me. I've found it all repulsive."

"You really expect me to believe that shit?" he said with a laugh, as he sat on the edge of the mattress, the bed groaning under his weight.

"All right then... prove it," he commanded. "Show me how repulsive you find me. How disgusted you feel after squeezing my fat cock for the past hour..."

He smiled up at her, letting his words settle in her. Letting her anxiety build.

"Get up on this bed and spread those legs wide. Prove to me that slutty little pussy isn't dripping wet for me right now. And if it's not, I'll happily take myself back down the hall and lock myself in the guest room for the next four days. I won't lay a single finger on you."

The exit he offered was an engineered trap. As Janet shifted her weight, she felt it, the slick glaze of her arousal sliding against her inner thigh, a humid kiss that betrayed her. The ache that had sparked during the first half of the game had spent the second half writing a manifesto of need across her nerves. She knew that if she lay back, the warm glow of the bedside lamp would do his work for him. The visual evidence of her betrayal would be absolute.

"Yeah, just as I thought," he murmured, his tone dropping because he could see her expression crumbling.

"You're dripping. You've had this big cock in your hand since kickoff, and your needy married cunt has been keeping score the whole time. It wants that stretch. It wants to be fucked and ruined by a real man. It wants to spend the next four days as the toy I use in the very bed your husband fails to satisfy you in."

"I don't enjoy it... It's just a normal reaction," she gasped, her fingers white-knuckled as they gripped the wooden bedpost. "Bodies... they just do it. Cold, heat, a hand... it's biological. It doesn't mean I want you inside me. It doesn't mean I like this."

"It's a normal reaction, for a slut. And it's your body's way of telling you to give it what it needs." He smiled, a curve of the lips.

Then, he dropped a word Carl used in the privacy of the sitting room when he thought the walls were thick enough to absorb the racial slur.

"It's a natural reaction for a snowbunny who wants to try some proper nigger cock."

"Don't say that word." The flinch was real, a shudder that racked her frame, but it did nothing to dry her. "Don't you dare use that word in this house."

"What's it to be Jan?... show me you aren't drenched and we can put an end to this whole argument." He leaned back on his hands, his jeans strained and tight over the thick length she had been squeezing. He looked patient, relaxed, like a man who already owned the deed to the property. "Or just admit defeat and come join me on your marital bed... Your pussy gets the deciding vote, Janet."

Janet stood frozen at the foot of the bed she had shared for so many years with Carl. Her red negligee was rucked up, her collar felt like a brand, and her heels were planted in her own expensive carpet. With every humiliating word he spoke, the slickness between her legs pulsed, answering him.

She wanted to scream. To call Carl up and tell him he was an idiot, for agreeing to let him stay. To message Junior and curse him for the stupidity that led to all of this. This wasn't her fault, none of it was. Everything she'd done was because of them, and for them, she told herself.

"Please," she scraped out, her voice sounding broken. "Dick. We can share the bed. But... we can't go all the way. Not in here. Not... not like this."

Fifteen Minutes

He let her plea hang in the heavy air between them, stretching the silence just long enough for a flicker of desperate hope to ignite in her chest.

"Balls have been aching all night," he said, his voice mild, as if he were commenting on the overcast weather over Oakridge Lane. "Your hand on me through the whole match. Squeezing and teasing, again and again. You kept me rock hard for hours and you didn't even let me finish. That's a cruel way to treat a guest, Janet."

"Then I'll—" She cut herself off, the words dying in her throat. Every offer in this house had a hidden cost, a jagged edge, and she could already hear the price tag being calculated in his head.

"That slutty mouth." He tipped his gaze toward her lips, nude, swollen, and bitten raw from her own anxiety. "Reckon you could suck this thick load out of me in minutes, if you really tried."

He raised his thumb to her mouth, and pressed it on her bottom lip, pressing it down, spreading the wetness as if he was coating it himself. He pushed the thick digit further inside her mouth, until it rested on her tongue and looked deep into her eyes.

Janet felt disgusted. Those dirty hands, that thumb in her mouth. But with his eye contact and his assertion, she knew what he wanted her to do. And rather this, than opening her legs. She closed her lips around the thumb and began to suck on it hard. Her eyes locked deep into his, putting on a show for him, as mouth and tongue worked to show him what she was capable of.

Get him hard. Get him off. And then I can sleep and keep him away from my pussy, she thought.

"There she is. That's the nasty girl I've been waiting to see again," he said encouraging her. "You like making Daddy happy, don't you?"

Janet didn't want to answer, she just sucked his thumb harder and managed to moan a "mmm-hmmm"

"I think it's time to put that mouth to test, baby girl. You give me the sloppiest, nastiest and deepest head. You make me cum within fifteen minutes, and we can call it a night. I sleep, you sleep, and nobody's pussy gets wrecked before morning. Fair?"

The door opened in front of her and offered her pussy a way out, at least for tonight. Fifteen minutes. She had broken him before; she knew the animal sounds he made when he was on the edge. She knew exactly how her throat felt when it tightened around him.

Four days of his thick cock hammering her into submission, or a quarter of an hour on her knees. The arithmetic was ugly, but devastatingly simple.

"And if I can't?" she whispered.

"If you can't, that weeping little pussy finally gets the pounding it's been soaking itself for all week." He smiled and patted the wool carpet between his boots. "Clock starts when your lips

do. Don't waste time arguing. You've already got me hard and edging for the past hour or two, take advantage of the head start."

She went down. The carpet was plush and soft under her knees. Richard didn't move to help her; his hands remained flat on the mattress, bracing himself. He was going to make her do every bit of the work, and the realization of his total detachment went through her hotter than a hand gripping her hair.

She reached for his belt, the metallic clink of the clip sounding like a handcuff locking into place. The zip followed and he lifted his hips just enough for her to drag the heavy denim and the boxers down to his mid-thighs, brace and all.

It was a clumsy, ugly unveiling, but it ended with the cock she had been squeezing all evening springing upward against his gut. Dark. Vein-ridged and pulsing with a life of its own. The head was already glistening, slick from an hour of her palm, a thick bead of pre-cum sitting in the slit as if it had been waiting for her mouth to catch up with her hand. His balls heavy and full beneath the shaft, shaved and tight, radiating the ache he had described.

Janet stared at it, and on her own marital bed, couldn't help but compare it to the cock she normally saw in this room. Carl was a polite handful, a soft apology of a man. This was a weapon that promised destruction. She hated the timing of her own thoughts.

"Time won't start if you just keep staring," he commanded, his voice dropping to a growl. "Open up and get to work."

She spat into her palm—pride was a luxury that moved slower than the clock. She stroked him once, twice, using the rhythmic, gripping motion the shower had taught her, and then she went to lean in, pausing as a thought crossed her mind. She pulled back again, a little smile pulling across her face, as she began to stroke harder.

"What you waiting for? Get those lips wrapped around that cock," he demanded.

"You said it yourself." Her voice came out filthier than the sentence deserved. "The fifteen minutes don't start until my lips do. So this doesn't count. This is just me being thorough."

"Janet."

"An hour or two of edging." She spat again, a thick strand onto the head, and worked it in until the stroke made a wet sound in the tidy room. Her other hand came up under him and cupped his balls, heavy, hot, the ache he had complained about sitting in her palm like a weight she could use. She rolled them, thumb pressing the spot behind them that had made his breath change at the BBQ, while Carl laughed in the garden.

"You handed me a head start and then told me to take it. I'm taking it."

His thigh jumped against the brace. She kept her eyes on his and the stroke stayed messy. Spit ran over her knuckles and into the crease of his thigh. She squeezed the head on every upstroke, the way she had learned made him groan, and his hand twitched on the mattress as if it wanted her hair and hadn't been invited.

"Look at you," she said, and the contempt wouldn't quite hold, not with his balls filling her hand and the shine of him on her wrist. "Big mean man, who can't even sit still for my hand."

You going to cum like this? Before I've even put you in my mouth? That would be a shame. I'd win and I wouldn't have had to taste you."

"Don't get clever with me, you little whore."

"I'm already clever... too clever for you." she teased, speeding up, her thumb rubbing the underside of the head while her fingers milked the shaft, balls drawn up tighter in her other palm. A fresh bead pushed out of the slit and she smeared it down, filthy and deliberate, and watched his mouth open on a breath he didn't get to turn into a joke.

"You said I had you edging. So edge. Squirm. I'm not starting your clock until I know you are going to lose control and explode."

He lasted longer than she expected, which she hated and counted as proof. Then his stomach pulled in, the cock kicked hard in her fist, and the patience left his face. His hand came off the mattress and into her hair, a fist of platinum at the crown, and he dragged her down onto him with a grunt that was half laugh and half need.

The head pushed her lips open. Salt, heat, the thickness she had just been bragging she could withhold. Her startled sound went into the shaft, and his phone, face up beside his thigh, flickered as his thumb hit the timer.

"Time," he said, voice rough, holding her there while the numbers began to fall. "Clever girl... Now suck that black dick. You've got fifteen minutes and a head start. Let's see what you can do with it."

She had won something. She felt it even with her mouth full, a small dirty victory sitting under the gag. He had squirmed. He had been the one desperate to start the clock, not her.

Then he guided her down another inch, the head knocking her throat, and the victory narrowed into the work. She pushed forward, sliding down the shaft until the head knocked against the back of her throat, forcing her eyes to water and her breath to catch. She pulled off with a loud, wet pop, and then dove back down, deeper this time, setting a frantic pace.

Spit gathered fast, flooding her mouth. She didn't swallow; sloppy was the brief. She made it filthy, thick strings of saliva connecting her lips to the dark shaft every time she came up for air. While her mouth worked the head, her hand twisted at the base where her throat couldn't reach, and her other hand cupped his heavy balls, rolling them firmly between her fingers.

"There you go." His voice had filled with a deep satisfaction. One hand settled on the back of her head, resting there with a heavy weight. "That's the sound of a girl who knows she's on the clock. Get it wet, Janet. I want to hear every filthy slide of it."

She heard it. The entire room seemed to amplify the sound. There was a wet, obscene glide as she worked him, the sharp catch in her throat when she pushed past the point of comfort, venturing into the territory of a gag. She fought to turn the reflex into a moan, a desperate sound, because she knew from experience that her submission was the fastest way to make him cum.

Fifteen minutes, she told herself, eyes squeezed shut, her jaw already beginning to ache from the stretch. Make him cum and it's over. Then I can still tell myself I didn't let him fuck me.

"Look at me."

The command was absolute. She pulled back, her lips glistening and parted. She looked up at him, seeing the way his smile had gone narrow and cruel. His cock was a glistening, pulsing pillar of dark flesh, coated in her saliva.

"Talk," he commanded, his voice a low rasp. "I don't have the patience for your silence tonight. Tell me exactly what you're doing to me. You know how hot I find it when you talk dirty to me."

The words were a tool, a weapon she had learned to wield while on her knees in that red dress, smacking him against her nipples to speed up his release. She used them now with that same desperate hope.

"I'm sucking on your huge black cock," she whispered, though the breathlessness ruined the contempt she wanted to inject into the words.

She leaned forward, licking a slow, deliberate stripe up the underside of the shaft, tasting the salt and the musk, before taking him back into her mouth. And mumbling more dirty talk around his shaft. "It's so big and thick... You wanted it sloppy. You're making me drool and drip down my chin, while I choke on it."

"Better." His fingers tightened in her hair, tugging her head forward. "Deeper. And say it like you mean to finish me, not like you're reading a list."

She dove down, pushing until her nose pressed into the smooth, shaved skin at the base of his shaft. She held herself there, her throat fluttering and contracting around the head, her eyes watering as she fought the urge to retch. She pulled off with a wet cough, a thick rope of spit bridging the gap before falling onto his balls. She smeared the saliva back up the shaft with her tongue.

"You like this mouth, don't you?" she said, her voice muffled as she began stroking him fast, the head of his cock bumping against her lips between sentences.

"You like having your big black cock in a white wife's throat. In her own fucking bedroom. You sat on my husband's sofa. Drinking his beer and watching his TV, while his slutty wife squeezed on your dick to keep you happy. Is it working? Are you close to cumming for another man's wife?... Come on. Give it to me. Cum down my throat and show me how Dick Long likes to treat his married slut..."

He groaned, a low, animal sound that vibrated through her hand. She chased that sound. She went faster, wetter, spitting directly onto the head and working it in with a frantic intensity, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked. One hand pumped the base where her mouth couldn't reach, while the other tugged and rolled his balls in the same rhythm he had demanded when he told her to slurp them over Carl's pillow.

Below, her pussy was a soaking mess, rubbing against nothing but the wool carpet. She refused to touch herself. Touching it would have been a confession of pleasure, a surrender that the clock didn't require.

"Fuck. That's it. Nasty little snowbunny. Choke on that dark meat... Fuck you feel so fucking good."

She choked. She did it on purpose the third time, creating a wet, suffocating gluck around the head, and his hips bucked off the mattress an inch. He was close. She could feel it in the violent kick of the shaft, the way the head swelled even harder against her tongue, and the way his breath had shifted from arrogant commentary to raw, desperate need.

Hope surged through her, bright and filthy. She had him. Another minute. Maybe less.

The hope was shattered by a sharp, rhythmic trill.

Her phone was resting on Carl's dresser, and the ringtone was the specific tone Janet reserved for her husband and no one else. On pure, panicked instinct, Janet pulled away. She turned her head toward the noise, her breath coming in ragged, shallow gasps.

"No." His voice wasn't a shout; it was a low, final decree. "You're on a clock, Janet. Get back on it."

"That's Carl," she whispered, her voice trembling, eyes darting toward the vibrating device.

"I know exactly who it is." Dick shifted and reached out to snatch the phone before the ringing could cease. The screen illuminated his fingers, casting a cold, blue glow over his skin. His thumb hovered over the green icon.

"Eight minutes left. You want to spend them chatting with your husband, or do you want to spend them saving that tight pussy from what I'll do to it if you lose?"

Janet stared at the cock. It was pulsing in front of her mouth, the head an angry, swollen red, glistening with her spit. The phone continued to ring in his hand. If she didn't answer, Carl would worry, he'd call again, or call a neighbour to come check on her if he thought something had happened. Dick's thumb moved.

"Dick, don't—"

He swiped. Speaker.

The icon lit up, and Carl's voice exploded into the bedroom at a volume meant for a car's Bluetooth system, loud and jarringly domestic.

"Janet? You there?"

"Carl." Dick's tone shifted instantly, morphing into something almost neighbourly, a mask of suburban politeness. He looked down at Janet, his eyes dark and mocking, and pointedly tapped the head of his cock against her lips. "Richard here. Janet left the phone on the side here."

There was a beat of road noise on the other end, the hum of tires on asphalt. Then Carl, caught off guard and instinctively polite, responded. "Richard. Everything all right at the house? Where's Jan?"

"Couldn't be better here." Dick's hand tightened in her hair, guiding her mouth back toward the glistening shaft. Janet resisted for a fraction of a second, her eyes wide with terror, but Dick simply tapped the timer on his own phone, which sat beside his thigh. Six minutes and some change. The numbers were bleeding away.

"Your wife went up to sort the guest room," Dick continued, his voice smooth as silk. "Fresh sheets, she said. She's been very attentive."

Janet took him in. She had no choice. The math of the deal hadn't changed. She sealed her lips around the crown and sank, moving slower than before, desperate to be silent. But the silence was a lie; the amount of saliva she had already laid on him created a soft slurp as she slid down the shaft. Dick's stomach jumped with a swallowed laugh, a silent vibration of triumph. He stroked her hair with a mock tenderness, as if he were soothing a frightened animal.

"Glad to hear it," Carl said, his voice warm. "I felt rotten leaving it all on her at the last minute. You're comfortable? She get you settled?"

"Getting there." Dick's hips rolled, a small, calculated upward push that seated the broad head of his cock deep against her throat. Janet's eyes watered, the pressure triggering her gag reflex. A wet, guttural click escaped her, a sound of pure submission, and she hated herself for it, but she didn't pull away. She couldn't.

"Very thorough woman, your Janet. Doesn't do a job by halves."

"That's her." Carl laughed, a fond, unsuspecting sound. "Tell her not to fuss. The guest room's fine as it is. I just wanted to say I'd stopped for petrol. Going to drive another couple of hours and then find a motel. Feeling bad for abandoning her with you... no offence."

"None taken. Trust me, I would have been happy to stay on my own. But I'm glad she's here to take care of me, I'm a lucky man." He smiled down at her, tears smudging her cheeks, with his cock lodged in her throat. "But she seems to be pretty happy... from what I've seen... I'll call up to her, and let her know you're on the phone."

"Janet? Carl's on the phone... says he's feeling guilty for abandoning you!" he shouted, his voice booming, pretending he was calling upstairs to her.

The shock of the shout caused Janet to moan before she could kill the sound. It was a muffled, wet noise that vibrated directly into his shaft. Dick's eyelids dipped in pleasure.

On the phone, Carl paused, the road noise suddenly prominent.

"What was that?"

"Film." Dick didn't miss a beat. He began to thrust, fucking her mouth in little, wet strokes while he spoke. "Some soppy rubbish she left on the television. The remote's all the way over on Janet's couch, and my knee's not going to let me get to it, so I'm stuck watching until the lady of the house finishes her tasks."

"She does like her romantic movies." Carl sounded embarrassed for the television, his voice tinged with a slight, awkward chuckle.

Another deep stroke sent a surge of saliva cascading over her chin, dripping in thick threads onto his heavy balls. Janet didn't pull away. She sucked harder, her cheeks hollowing, driven by a desperate need to win. The timer on the phone beside his thigh was a glowing red insult,

the seconds bleeding away. She told herself that if she could force him to cum before that clock hit zero, she could claim some shred of victory, even with Carl listening, even with her dignity in tatters.

On the third aggressive push, her throat opened. The head of his cock slammed against the back of her soft palate, triggering a violent, muffled gag. It was a filthy sound, trapped in the cavern of her mouth. She fought the reflex, swallowing around the thick shaft, and felt him swell further, his cock pulsing with a sudden, hard intensity against her tonsils.

"Janet still not there yet?" Carl's voice crackled through the speaker, sounding small and distant against the backdrop of the road noise. "Can you call her again?"

"Actually, here she comes down the stairs now." Dick's voice was a purr of triumph. He tapped the timer. Two minutes. He didn't release her; he kept her pinned, his cock lodged deep in her throat, her nose pressed firmly into the musky scent of his groin, her hands braced white-knuckled against his muscular thighs.

He raised his voice, theatrical and mocking, projecting for the phone. "Hold on, Carl. She's got her mouth full. Think we caught her eating a late-night snack."

Carl laughed. It was a warm sound, the laugh of a man who believed the world was a safe, honest place. "She always did have a sweet tooth. Don't let me interrupt. Jan, just wanted you to know I'm safe and make sure you're ok."

Dick's finger hovered over the screen. One minute. He eased her back an inch, just enough for her to gasp for air. The shaft emerged from her mouth shining and slick. He didn't speak; he simply mouthed the words, his eyes dark and commanding: Say goodnight.

Janet came off him with a sharp, wrecked gasp that seemed to fill the entire room. She was shaking, her breath coming in ragged hitches, a silver thread of saliva still hanging from her chin. As she dragged in a lungful of air, the timer on the phone flipped to zero.

Dick tilted the screen toward her. A small, pleased smirk played on his lips. *Lost*.

"I'm here," she managed to choke out. Her voice was destroyed, wet and sounding completely spent. She heard the fragility in it, and she knew Carl would hear it too.

"Hey honey... are you ok? You sound out of breath?" Carl asked, his tone shifting from fond to concerned.

The dam broke, but only partially. The anger and the humiliation surged up, twisting into a distorted version of the truth.

"I'm breathless because you forced me into this," she snapped, her voice trembling. "You gave me no choice."

"No choice for what?" Carl's worry arrived a second late, the way all his worries did, always lagging behind the reality of his life. "Jan? You sound like you've been running."

She looked up at the cock. It was huge, dark and shining in her saliva and efforts. It pointed directly at her mouth, a rigid pillar of flesh that made the last fifteen minutes feel like a cruel joke he had told with his balls. The true words, the ones about the video, the blackmail, the

filth she had just endured, pressed against the back of her teeth. They were words that would incinerate her marriage and destroy her son's life in a single sentence.

She swallowed them, the taste of Dick's cock still coating her tongue.

"Cancelling the trip on me," she lied, her voice regaining a sharp, defensive edge. "Making me stay here to play host. I should have been spending time with Junior, and you. Instead I'm running around... changing sheets. Look, we can talk later. I need to go and get ready for bed."

"All right." He didn't push. He never pushed; he simply drifted with the current she set for him. "I'm sorry, honey... Get some sleep. I'll ring in the morning. Love you."

The line went dead and Dick watched her. Janet stared at the phone screen. Carl's name was there, alongside the photo of the three of them on a beach, a snapshot of a life where nobody had been on their knees, where the air was clean and the roles were simple.

Dick gave himself one slow stroke, spreading her spit across the crown, and looked at her with the same owning gaze he had used when staring at the guest-room door.

"Dick, please..." she whispered. It was all she had left. A protest, a plea, the beginning of a bargain she had already spent the currency for.

"Yeah." He smiled, and the smile was devoid of any hurry. The game was over, and the prize was hers to endure. "Dick is exactly what you're going to be getting."

Broken

He was still smiling when she stood up.

The timer on his phone lay discarded on the bed, a dead, glowing zero that served as a digital tombstone for her dignity. Janet's knees gave an audible pop as she rose, her muscles trembling from the strain of kneeling before him. The red lace strap of her negligee had slid completely off one shoulder, exposing the pale curve of her breast, and the shiny remnants of drool and spit sat on her chin and chest.

The echo of Carl's voice still haunted the air, that fond "love you", and beneath it, the sound of her own muffled, wet gagging while she lied to her husband about changing the sheets.

"I need a minute," she whispered, her voice a shred of its former self.

"You've had fifteen." Dick stated. "That pussy belongs to me now."

"I don't belong to anybody!" Her voice sounded steadier than her legs felt, though the tremor was still there, deep in her chest. "You won't. I heard you. But I'm not climbing onto that bed with cock-spit on my chin and my husband's voice still vibrating in the air. I'm going to use the bathroom and you can sit there and be pleased with yourself. I'll be back."

Dick's gaze shifted from the ensuite door back to her lips.

"One minute," he commanded. "Door stays unlocked. You come back ready for action, or I come in and take you on the cold tile instead."

She retreated into the bathroom and pushed the door closed. The lighting in the ensuite was bright white LEDs they used for flossing and grooming, and it stripped away the forgiving shadows of the bedroom lamp. The mirror offered no mercy. There was a glistening smear of saliva on her chin. Her lips were flushed and swollen. The red lace of her negligee was crooked, clinging precariously to her skin, and the silver letters of the collar sat on her throat as if they had always belonged there, as if she had been born to wear them in this house.

Carl had kissed her on the front step, driving off with a proud, oblivious smile, believing in the stability of their arrangement. A few hours later, his voice had filtered through a speaker while Dick's thick cock was slamming against her tonsils, telling her he loved her, telling her he felt rotten for leaving her alone.

She twisted the tap. Cold. The water shocked her skin as she splashed her face. The soap scrubbed the shine from her chin, but it couldn't reach the taste lingering at the back of her tongue. Her jaw ached with a dull heat, and her throat still remembered the thrusting thickness of his head. Every time she swallowed, she felt the ghost of him sliding down her oesophagus.

Between her legs, the slickness had not abated. As she shifted her weight, the wetness answered her, a humiliating kiss of moisture against her inner thighs.

Her body had reacted to her submission. It had thrived on the degrading talk she had initially used as a tool for survival, only to realize her pussy had reacted to it. Her core had clenched in a needy spasm the moment he swelled in her throat while Carl laughed about her "sweet tooth," and that clench had not been born of fear.

She gripped the edge of the porcelain basin until the shaking stopped in her wrists, refusing to let her other hand drift down to where the betrayal was happening.

Not want, she told herself, her eyes locked on her own reflection. *A reaction. A biological response.*

Her body didn't argue; it betrayed. It pulsed once, a deep throb of unwanted arousal that surged when she pictured the scale of what was waiting for her on her bed.

This is the line, she told the mirror, her voice a ghost of a whisper. She tried to make the sentence sound like a decree, a boundary, rather than the desperate plea of a woman drowning in her own contradictions.

I can give myself to that pervert and still be Carl's wife, as long as he doesn't finish inside me. If he wears a condom, a part of me remains Carl's. That is the version of me that I can keep.

The rest was simply a debt. A filthy, compounding interest on a loan she hadn't asked for, laid out on the table for payment. And she was paying it, one shameful act after the other.

She reached for the collar first. The leather had warmed, moulding to the curve of her throat, absorbing her heat and her sweat. As she unbuckled it, it left an indented mark against her skin, a ghostly brand. Removing it felt like a victory, but one so small it was almost embarrassing; a tiny, pathetic reclamation of territory. He hadn't even commanded her to wear it tonight. She had fastened it herself in the bedroom, knowing exactly what kept him sweet and happy.

She refused to walk back into that room branded.

The negligee followed, peeled over her head and discarded on the floor. The bathroom air hit her skin, sending a chill through her.

She left the red heels on and reached for the silk robe hanging from the back of the door. It was the pale, innocent thing she wore when she showered and prepared to slide into bed beside Carl. She wrapped it tight, the fabric closing over her breasts and stopping at mid-thigh, the belt knotted in a secure, domestic bow.

In the mirror, if she ignored the red puffiness of her mouth and the cooling slick of arousal she could feel sliding down her inner thigh, she looked like a wife. She looked like a woman who had simply come in to wash her face before sleep.

She allowed herself to believe the lie of the robe for as long as it took her hand to find the door handle. Under the silk, she was already rehearsing the only condition she had left to bargain with. He could have her body and her dignity on that bed. But he couldn't finish inside her. A condom was her last compromise. One of the last few borders she could keep.

But when she stepped back into the bedroom, she realized one of the borders had already been breached.

He had used her minute to colonise her space. He was sprawled naked across the bed, propped up against Carl's pillow. His bald head rested on the linen, his thick hairy chest heaving slowly, his heavy gut rising and falling with it. And there it was: the thick, dark cock

still fully hard and arrogant, pointing toward the ceiling as if it were waiting for her. One arm was flung behind his head, the other resting loose and possessive on his stomach.

He looked enormous, ugly, and entirely at home. A dirty stain that the glow of the bedside lamp could not civilise. The marital bed had already surrendered to his weight, sinking under him just as the sofa had.

Janet froze in the doorway. The silk robe suddenly felt like a costume, a flimsy piece of theatre she had put on for a man who no longer existed in this room. Carl's side of the mattress was gone, erased by the physical presence of the intruder. A stranger's fat ass occupied the place where she slept, where she dreamed, where she felt safe.

His eyes drifted to her throat, scanning the exposed skin where the leather had been. The absence of the collar landed, but it didn't move him an inch. He didn't look disappointed; he looked amused, as if she had tried to fight a landslide with a handheld fan.

"Where's your collar?" His voice was a low, gravelly rumble. "Or is this your way of saying you're upgrading from cum slut, to cock slut?"

"It's on the cistern." Janet remained in the doorway, her heels planted firmly in the carpet. She tried to project a strength she didn't feel, her voice trembling only slightly.

"You won. You wanted me, and you're getting me. But I am not wearing that brand for this. You don't get to name me while you do it. Not in this room. Not on this bed."

Dick laughed; a short, dismissive sound that stripped the dignity from her declaration.

"You think that buckle is the brand?" He held her eye contact as he spoke. "You can take that off and you're still the woman who gagged on me while her husband talked on the phone. The collar is just a toy, Janet. A piece of jewellery for a girl playing dress-up."

He shifted, the mattress groaning under his mass.

"What I'm going to fuck into you... what I'm going to leave etched into your soul, that's your real branding. A Big Black Cock slut. A size queen. A Queen of Spades who needs this dark meat more than she needs the love of her own family. That's who you're going to be when this is over... The collar you can unclip. The rest? That's who you really are. Who you'll be."

"It will not." She emphasised every syllable. "I'll be me. I'll never be those things. You can have these four days, but you don't get to rename the woman who walks out of them."

"Let's find out then, shall we?" He patted his thick, hairy thigh, then slapped the mattress beside him. "Stop hovering in the door like a guest in your own house. Get over here and take care of your man."

"Have you got condoms?" She asked, eyebrows raised.

Dick just looked at her as if she had told a ridiculous joke, laughing and that ugly laugh of his.

"You've got to be kidding me? You think I want that pussy with rubber around me, spoiling all the fun?" He stated.

"You have the Magnums. From the shopping... I left them in your kitchen." She reminded him.

"Ha. Those are for emergencies." He laughed. "Bedsides, they are back at the house. And the house is a no go area until the valve is fixed. So quit your stalling and get the wet pussy on this dick."

Janet sighed, and took a deep, defeated breath before she crossed the carpet. The silk sliding over her bare skin with a whisper.

At the dresser, she opened Carl's drawer. It smelled of cedar and old cologne. She pushed past the cufflinks and the indigestion tablets to the very back, finding the small, discreet box he had bought years ago, the one they almost never used. Three foil packets remained. Standard. The size a careful man bought for a careful, unremarkable marriage.

"You didn't bring any..." she said, her voice tight. "but If this happens, it happens with these."

Dick looked at the small foil squares in her fingers, and a laugh erupted from deep in his chest, warm, mocking, and utterly awful.

"Sure, baby. If you can make those white boy condoms fit." He leaned back on his hands, presenting his size to her. "I'm fucking that body of yours either way. A rubber is your preference, not mine. And if the preference doesn't fit... this thing is still going down."

"It isn't a preference, it's a necessity." She tore the first packet with a sharp snap. The condom ring was small in her palm, a pale, translucent circle that had always fit Carl with room to spare. "You want what's under this robe, you try wearing these. That's the terms."

"Put it on, then." His eyes remained locked on her hands, his expression one of curiosity. "I'm not helping. I want to watch a wife discover the problem all by herself."

Janet stepped into the V of his knees. With the condom in her hand, his cock seemed even more imposing than it had been in her throat. She pressed the ring against the crown and tried to roll the latex down.

It caught.

The latex met the flare of the glans and stopped dead, a pale, rubbery noose that refused to clear the width of him. She pinched the reservoir, remembering the instructions from the leaflet all those years ago, and pulled with a focused intensity. The ring whitened, stretching to its absolute limit, but not enough. She tried again, jamming both thumbs inside the band to force it over the head, but the girth was an immovable wall. A tremor ran through her arms, her breath catching in her throat. In her struggle, the robe had fallen open at the belt; one big tit was now completely bare, the nipple hard and dark, and she didn't have a free hand to close the fabric.

"Roll it," he said, his tone pleasant, almost encouraging. "You've got the idea, Janet. It just needs the tiny little white dick that was built for it. Carl's tiny clitty."

"Shut up, don't say his name." The words were a jagged whisper, a desperate attempt to reclaim a shred of authority. She pulled harder, her knuckles white, her breath coming in shallow, panicked hitches. The latex band crept a fraction of an inch onto the flare of the glans, strangling the color out of the rubber until it was a translucent, ghostly white. For one

heartbeat, she thought it would yield. Then, the sheath tore apart and with a soft twang, the ring snapped back down the head, recoiling like a failed rubber band and sitting uselessly at the ridge, far too small to encompass the sheer mass of him.

Below the waist, her pussy answered. A pulse, sharp and traitorous, rippled through her walls, as if it had witnessed the failure and approved of it. She clenched on nothing, a phantom contraction that sent a surge of hot, thick slickness gathering between her thighs. The shame was immediate, a hot flush that climbed her neck, but it didn't stop the second, greedier clench.

No, she told herself, her mind screaming against the betrayal of her own anatomy. That isn't want. That's just shock. A condom breaking is not a compliment.

Her body didn't listen to her correction. It only throbbed harder, the wetness dripping, painting her inner thighs with a scent that smelled of surrender.

"Again," she breathed, the word more of a prayer to a god she didn't believe in than a command to the man watching her. She threw the ruined condom away and tore the second foil packet with her teeth, the sharp snap of plastic echoing in the quiet room.

This time, she stretched the rubber first. She pulled the band between her fingers until her joints ached, trying to force a Carl-sized circle to become a mouth wide enough to swallow this monster. It looked ridiculous in her trembling hands, a pale, strained drum she was widening for a dark cock that had already spent the evening stretching her throat. She set it to the head and pushed. The latex climbed, reluctant and fighting, a thin, artificial skin trying to civilise something that refused to be tamed. Halfway over the crown, it went tight as a piano wire.

"Look at your face," Dick murmured, his voice a low, predatory purr. "Mean little mouth. Hands shaking. And that pussy just fluttered. I felt the air change, Janet. You're wetter now than you were on the sofa."

"I'm not." The lie was thin. The head of his cock looked enormous under the strain, the veins standing out like cords, the condom ring cutting deep into the flesh. The sight of her marriage's rubber failing so spectacularly against him went through her belly like a physical blow. She gave one final, desperate pull.

The latex gave a high, ugly shriek.

It split.

The tear ran violently from the reservoir down over the crown. His cock sprang free through it, darker and thicker without the constraint. Janet stared, mesmerised by the raw physicality of it. The pulse came again, harder this time, a greedy, rhythmic clench low in her cunt that vibrated all the way to her knees.

Too big for the thing Carl wears comfortably.

The power of that realization sat in the room like a heavy scent, suffocating and intoxicating. Her mind screamed no, it spoke of her vows, of the line she had told she wouldn't cross. But her pussy answered the size in one wet, appreciative throb, shameless and starving, as if it had been waiting all its life to be shown the true measurement of a man.

She hated it. She hated that she was being undone by a piece of rubber and the cock of the man she despised. And she hated that he saw her struggles.

"Don't you dare look at me like that. It broke because they're cheap. Not because..." she started, her voice thin and brittle.

"Because they were bought for a four-inch husband." He finished for her, reaching down, and removing the scraps of condom from his shaft.

The third ring looked smaller than the first, or perhaps it was just her perception warping under the tension. She fitted it anyway, her thumbs hauling the band wide, the heel of her hand braced hard against his thick thigh for leverage. Her robe had fallen completely open now; both breasts were bare, nipples hard and aching in the cool air, her heels planted firmly between his feet.

The latex climbed the head. It held for a single, breathless second. She saw the rubber go from pale to a strained, blinding white; she saw the flare of the glans fighting the material, and she felt that awful, grateful flutter again, the moment of anticipation just before the crash.

It snapped at the crown.

The rip was louder this time, a sharp crack that sounded like a surrender. The cock slapped back against his heavy gut. The ruined rubber hung off her fingers like a shed skin, a piece of dead waste.

On the sheet, the other two lay where they had failed. Three broken circles of a marriage that no longer fit. Janet stood between his knees, her robe undone, her body exposed and leaking, with Carl's last condom in pieces at her feet. The ache between her legs worse than she could ever remember it.

"That's it. You've used up all your lives, princess."

His voice was a low rumble. He reached out, his fingers hooking into the silk belt of her robe. With one sharp tug, he ripped it from her waist, letting the fabric slide uselessly to the floor in a heap of discarded modesty. He gripped her hips, hauling her forward until her bare, trembling thigh collided with the searing heat of his shaft.

"Now it's time for this tight white pussy to finally get what it's been needing..."

"Please..." The word was a fragile whisper that carried no weight against the gravity of his presence.

He didn't listen. He seized her and forced her down onto the bed, the mattress dipping under their combined weight. He shifted his position, pinning her beneath him and wrenching her legs wide. He paused for a moment, simply admiring the wreckage of her resolve. He drank in the sight of her: the profound shame etched into her features, her heavy breasts rising and falling in erratic, panicked heaves, and her shaved pussy, glistening and swollen, weeping a translucent flood of need.

"Look at you," he murmured, his eyes dark with a cruel, focused lust. "All spread open, soaking wet, and ready for me. Fuck... I want to eat you so badly right now, taste every drop of that desperation. But I think I've kept your needy little pussy waiting for too long."

He crept forward, the heat of him radiating against her, and hooked her legs high up onto his broad shoulders, folding her body in half.

"I'm going to flood this pussy with so much cum," he growled, his voice thick with promise, "that your husband's tiny dick will still be swimming in it months from now."

"No... please, you can't cum inside..." she protested, a last-ditch effort to maintain a boundary that had already been erased.

His response was immediate. He lifted his cock and slapped it heavily against her clit. The wet thwack of flesh on flesh made her moan in a shock of pure, electric pleasure. He pressed his heavy balls firmly against the scorching heat of her opening, then laid his shaft flat, letting the length of it stretch all the way up over her belly button.

"Look how much of Dick's dick you're going to be getting," he commanded, forcing her to look down at her own body.

Janet whimpered, a broken sound of surrender, as she stared at the obscene scale of him pressed against her pale stomach. He looked monstrous, a pillar of dark, veined muscle that made her feel fragile and small. Below, her pussy was fluttering in greedy spasms against his balls, begging for the intrusion.

As he adjusted himself, ready to take her, Janet didn't move or protest. The head of his cock rested right at the threshold of her entrance; huge, bare, and pulsing. It was a raw force of nature that her marriage had no size for, a measurement of manhood that rendered Carl an afterthought. Her eyes were still wide, still screaming no, still clinging to the wreckage of her vows. But her pussy was already pulling, dripping, and pulsing in a frantic, rhythmic yes... and they both knew exactly which one he was going to listen to.

Don't Stop

"No," she said, and the word came out thin. "Dick. I don't know if we can..."

"We can."

He didn't thrust. Instead he rolled his hips in a slow, deliberate seating motion. The thick, blunt swollen head began to spread her. The stretch was immediate and like nothing she had ever known. Carl had always been a warmth, a gentle polite slide. This was different. This was size and force, designed to find out exactly how much a wife could handle, after a week of being psychologically dismantled and sexually teased.

Her mouth opened and a sound came out that wasn't the 'no' she had been rehearsing. He heard it. Of course he heard it.

"There she is," he murmured, his voice dropping into a pleased, ugly register. "A pussy that's never had a real man in it. Fuck, you're tight. Gripping that cock-head like you don't know what to do with it, and soaking it at the same time. You're begging for it, Janet, and you haven't even let me in yet."

"I'm not begging," she gasped. Her hands were braced against his shoulders, but her fingers weren't pushing him away; they were clutching him. "It's just... too big."

He ignored her, driving another inch deeper.

The world went white at the edges of her vision. She felt herself open around him in a slow yield, the delicate lips of her pussy dragged wide around a girth her fingers hadn't even been able to encircle. There was a searing burn of friction, but beneath the burn, a melt began, her own traitorous slickness lubricating the path, making the entry a little easier than her mind would ever allow.

The sound that tore from her throat wasn't the refusal she had armed herself with.

"Oh... god," It was thin, shocked, and utterly honest. She tried to bite it off, but the moan finished anyway, a broken 'oh fuck' pressed against his shoulder. Instinctively, her hips tipped a fraction, not to escape the intrusion, but to accommodate it.

"Listen to you," he whispered, freezing his movement. He let her feel the weight of that inch, letting the flutter of her walls pulse around the head of his cock where she could no longer pretend it was a flinch. "Your mind is doing the 'good wife' act, but your pussy is sucking me in. You feel that? That's not me forcing it, princess. That's you pulling me. And that little 'oh fuck'... you don't make those sounds for a man you don't want."

"It isn't true," she cried, the full shape of the denial sounding desperate. "I don't want this. I don't want you. My body doesn't know what I want..."

Another inch. He sank it on the word *want*, and the word broke into a gasp she couldn't dress as pain. The head of his cock dragged along a deep, sensitive spot that Carl had never reached, creating a heavy pressure, and the clench that answered it was greedy, a reflexive, starving grip.

She felt it. He felt it. The wet sound of the slow push filled the tidy room, a soft filthy kiss of her cunt taking what it had been weeping for since she stood before him in her living room, in that red lace.

Stop, she told her body. Stop opening. Stop making that noise. This is just debt. This is for Junior and Carl. You lie here and you survive it... please don't enjoy it.

But her pussy didn't read the memo. It fluttered frantically around him, a desperate little suck, and a fresh flood of slickness escaped her and soaked his shaft.

"God damn." He let out a single, breathless laugh, and the vibration of it traveled straight down the shaft of his cock, rattling inside her. "So fucking tight. And squeezing. You hear that, Janet? That wet, greedy little suck you give me every time I stop moving."

He paused, letting the silence of the room amplify the squelching, suctioning sound of her pussy trying to hold onto him.

"You're milking that cock and telling me you don't want it. Years of that little husband of yours and this pussy didn't even know what a real cock is. It's learning now though. On my dick."

"Don't talk about him," she gasped, her eyes snapping shut. She couldn't look. Opening them meant the sight of Dick's smug, ugly face hovering inches from her own. "Don't you dare say his name while you're—"

"While I'm what?"

He eased back a fraction, and the drag out was worse than the push in, a thick retreat that made her walls clutch at him as if they were afraid of the emptiness. A sound caught in her throat, not a word, a small panicked *ah* at the loss, and she hated that. Then he gave it back, deeper, and her heel dug into his shoulder.

"While I'm splitting his wife open on his own fucking bed?" he growled, his voice a jagged edge of triumph. "It's ok, you don't have to say it. Your pussy's saying it for you. Feel how far I am already, Janet. He never got here. He never will. And I have even more to give you yet."

She knew it. That was the cruelty that landed under the stretch. Carl was an apology and a man who finished before she had decided whether she was enjoying it. Dick, he was only halfway inside her and already more than she had room for, a pressure building inside her, the head nudging something deep that made her breath stutter. Not pain exactly, but a fullness that rewrote the very dimensions of her. She felt owned in a place that had never had a tenant, and the taboo realisation of it made her clench. That reflexive grip acted like a vacuum, pulling him a little further in without his hips even having to do the work.

"There." He felt the contraction, his voice dropping to a sour-sweet murmur near her ear. "See? I stopped. *You* did that. *You* sucked me in. Tell me again you don't want it. Go on. I'll wait. I'll let this hungry little hole of yours do the talking."

"I don't," she whispered, her voice shaking, stripped of all conviction. "I don't want it. You're disgusting. You're a foul old man, and I fucking hate you, and this doesn't mean—"

He silenced her with a kiss.

It wasn't a question. His mouth covered the rest of the sentence, heavy, and his tongue pushed in the way the cock had, a thick claim, and the shock of it met the shock of another inch sinking into her, stretching her wider, deeper. She made a muffled noise into his mouth, but he didn't let the sound escape.

His tongue stroked hers in a filthy rhythm that mirrored the shallow, grinding roll of his hips. The two sensations merged into one: the salty taste of him and the agonising stretch of him, accompanied by the wet slapping sound of her cunt taking more and more of his meat. He had taught her mouth this trick days ago, how to suck a tongue like it was a cock, and her body remembered the lesson before her pride could intervene.

Her lips closed around it and she sucked instinctively. A moan escaped her, trapped in his mouth with nowhere to go, a wet, muffled sound that had his name tangled in the vibration of it. It wasn't a speech; it was a raw, animal noise she would have denied until her dying breath if it had happened in the open air.

Dick groaned into the kiss, a deep sound of satisfaction that vibrated through her jaw and traveled straight down to where he was ruthlessly opening her up.

"That's it." He murmured the words directly against her lips. "Tongue and pussy on the same job. You suck what I give you, and you cream while you do it. Tell me that isn't pleasure, Janet. Tell me you're suffering while your tongue is in my mouth and your cunt is trying to swallow every inch of me. You just moaned into my mouth. I felt the vibration of it in my own fucking teeth."

"It isn't pleasure," she whispered, but the lie hit his lips and died instantly, obliterated by the next inch of his advance.

She was so stretched, so utterly filled, that she could feel her own heartbeat drumming against the shaft of him. Her walls had become a tight, pulsing ring of muscle working without her permission, milking him with a desperate greed. Then, the thick head of his cock butted something, a deep, firm stop that made her entire abdomen flinch. He had reached the absolute end of her.

Carl had always finished somewhere in the polite, safe middle and called it making love. But this man was pressed hard against her cervix, and the obscenity of it was that there was still cock he hadn't even given her yet, a thickness of girth still outside, his balls not even flush against her skin. The unfairness of that physical dominance surged through her like a wave of liquid heat.

"Fuck." His forehead dropped to hers. For a heartbeat, the filth paused, because the fit had surprised even him. "Your pussy is so fucking perfect. That's the end of you. Right against it. You feel that? Your little husband lived his whole marriage in the hallway, Janet. I'm the only man who's ever actually been in the room."

"Too deep," she managed to choke out, the words barely audible. Her hands had slid from his shoulders to the hard meat of his biceps, gripping him with a white-knuckled intensity, unsure if she was trying to hold him still or pull him even deeper. "Dick, it's too deep... I can't—you can't just—"

He didn't listen. He rolled his hips in a mean little circle, and the head of his cock ground ruthlessly against that deep, sensitive stop. The protest she had prepared never arrived. The sensation exploded outward, radiating through her stomach, down her thighs, and all the

way to the soles of her feet, which were still in those red heels, high in the air. What escaped her wasn't a protest. It was a truth.

"Fuck. Oh my... God!"

Her heel dug into his shoulder. She heard herself, the high, wrecked tone of her own voice, and she realized how little it sounded like a rejection. It wasn't pain either; it was a warning of a pleasure so intense it felt like a violation. Her pussy clamped down on him with a sudden force that made him grunt. A fresh, hot rush of arousal flooded them, making the grind wetter, louder, and more filthy.

"Jesus." He maintained the circle, grinding into her cervix, clearly delighted by her reaction. "Listen to the Lady of Oakridge... Creaming all over that black cock. You liked that, didn't you?... You can't keep telling lies when your body is speaking truths, Janet."

"No...." She was shaking, her entire frame trembling under him. The 'no' had no conviction left in it; it was a hollow shell of a word. "It's just a reaction. It's too much, that's all... bodies do that when they're, when they're forced. It doesn't mean I like it, it doesn't mean I want you—"

He withdrew until the head of his cock tugged at her entrance, leaving her feeling a sudden, yawning emptiness that sparked a panic she would never admit to.

Then he drove back in.

All the way, a thick reclaiming thrust that ended with that deep knock against her cervix, and the sound that broke over her mouth had no argument left in it.

"Uhh—" She heard it escape her. She heard the second one when he thrust again. "Uhh, fuck" in a punched breath she didn't authorise, her tits jolting, her heel slipping on his shoulder.

He set a pace that belonged to a man who had all night and a wife who had accepted her place. A wet slap of his weight into her, her own slick loud in the room she made the bed in every morning, the bed answering under them, shifting, the frame giving a small shocked tick Carl had never got out of it.

She gripped him on the way out. She felt herself do it, a greedy close, and the shame of the grip arrived in the same second as the relief of him filling her again.

"Uhh— fuck, Dick..."

It wasn't a speech. It was what the thrust knocked out of her, over and over, a deep moan when he seated, a softer broken '*fuck*' when he ground there for a beat and her pussy creamed around the pressure. She tried to find the denial between one stroke and the next. There wasn't a between. There was only the stretch, the slap, and the sounds she was making into his mouth while Oakridge slept on the other side of the wall.

"You're enjoying that cock, but still fighting it, aren't you?" He murmured the words, his voice thick with delight. He pulled back just enough to look down at her, his eyes scanning her wrecked expression.

"Look at your face. That mean little mouth, trembling. Eyes wet with tears you can't even explain. And all the while, this cunt is riding my dick like it was custom-built for it. You're

losing, baby. Not to me... to yourself. Every time I pull back, you chase it. Every time I hit the end of you, you cream and you moan and you swear. That's the truth of you, Janet. Just a married pussy finally finding out what it actually likes."

"Stop talking," she gasped, turning her face away in a desperate attempt to reclaim some shred of dignity.

He didn't let her. He followed the movement, his hand gripping her jaw to pull her back, and his tongue was invading her mouth again before the sentence could ever become a defence. She didn't fight it; she sucked it. The pleasure of the suck wired itself directly to the pleasure of the stroke, a circuit of raw electricity that left her unable to tell which hole she was answering. A moan leaked around his tongue, muffled and shameless.

His hand slid down, capturing her tit, the weight of it heavy in his palm. His thumb found the nipple he had kept peaked and hard since the sofa, and he pinched it with a sharp, pressure at the exact microsecond the head of his cock slammed back into that deep, sensitive stop.

She cried out into his mouth. It wasn't a word; it was a raw sound of total sensory overload. Her hips rose instinctively, arching off the bed to meet him in a shameful, desperate grind. The collision made a wet, squelching sound that echoed in the room, and as her mind reached for the mental ledger of her morality, she found the pages soaked through and illegible.

Their fault, she tried to tell herself. Carl's. Junior's. Four days of this. I'm not enjoying this. I'm enduring the size. Enduring isn't cheating—

The thought collapsed entirely. He shifted his angle by a fraction of an inch, a subtle adjustment, and the next stroke dragged across a hidden nerve inside her that turned the burn into a bright, awful sweetness. Her thighs began to shake violently where they were draped over his shoulders. The clench came in sudden small pulses at first, then a massive, crushing contraction that tore a sound from her throat before she could catch it.

"Oh God..." Her voice shook, fragile and breaking. "Dick, don't, it's too— oh fuck, stop before I...Oh fuck, right there! Don't stop, I can't—"

She heard the words as they left her. She heard the "don't stop" and felt the absolute horror of it. Her mind scrambled for the rest of the refusal, but her mouth was already busy betraying her, the "oh fuck" still warm on her tongue, her hips still lifted and begging for the exact stroke that had broken her.

He laughed against her cheek, a sound that was utterly triumphant. He gave her that same stroke again, and again, patient and cruel, working that spot as if he had been paid to map every inch of her pleasure.

"There it is," he whispered, his mouth grazing her jaw, her ear, the corner of her lips. "Don't stop... You said it. Go on. Cum on this cock like a whore and try to tell me it was an accident. I want to feel you lose, Janet. I've been waiting all week to feel this tight little pussy finally give in to me."

"I won't." The words were a final stand, but they were already failing. "I won't cum for you. I don't— Dick, don't, it's too much, I can't—"

"You can... you already are, baby." He kissed her again, his tongue driving deep, and he fucked her through the kiss in those same deep, grinding strokes. He didn't increase the speed; he increased the weight. He drove himself in heavier, the head of his cock kissing her cervix on every single thrust. His thumb continued to roll her nipple, his gut pressed hard against her, the scent of his sweat and musk filling her lungs.

"Suck that tongue. That's your job. Pleasuring me with mouth and pussy. You know this. You've known it since the moment you dressed like a slut and called me Daddy. Give it up. Show us both exactly who you are. Cream on this big fat nigger cock."

Hearing him call it that, sent her further to the edge. The taboo of the words, the racial charge of his dominance, acted like a catalyst, igniting a fire in her that scorched through her remaining defences. She sucked his tongue with a desperate intensity, trying to swallow the scream that was clawing its way up her throat, but the sound was inevitable.

It gathered low in her pelvis, a tight, incandescent knot of tension exactly where the head of his cock continued to hammer. Every heavy thrust pulled that knot tighter, winding her nerves like a spring. Her cunt began to flutter in a frantic rhythm, gripping his girth with a strength she didn't know she possessed.

Small, broken sounds leaked around his tongue, a guttural *fuck*, a sharp moaned *ahhhh*, and a hitched, breathless *please* that wasn't a plea for him to stop, but a prayer for him to keep going. Her mind was still screaming no, but it was a distant, tinny voice at the back of a room her body had already vacated. She felt the orgasm approaching with a singular direction: surging up from where he was deep inside her, radiating through her belly, and sparking down into her trembling thighs. She tried to hold it back, trying to maintain the same stoic endurance she had used to fight through the fifteen-minute timer, but the dam burst.

The orgasm didn't just arrive; it took her prisoner.

It wasn't a polite crest or a gentle wave. It was a violent seizure of pleasure that clamped down on his shaft with a crushing intensity. Dick grunted, his body stiffening as he held himself perfectly still, buried to the hilt, letting her wreck herself around him. She came in jagged, overlapping waves, each one a rhythmic clench of her walls and a hot gush of cream that drenched him.

"Fuck— oh god, Dick... what is... ahhhh, god, yesss... I can't... control...ahhh fuck."

The screamed name and the swearing tangled in a messy, desperate knot, and a small, wrecked yes escaped in the middle of it. Her nails biting deep into the muscle of his arms, anchoring herself as her pussy milked the length of him with a starving greed, as if her body had been waiting its whole existence, for a cock this imposing and this cruel. Her denial shattered into something shameless and raw.

She shook violently. He didn't pull away; he kissed her through the peak, his tongue swirling in her mouth, all while maintaining that deep, unmoving pressure against her cervix. He didn't need to thrust. She was doing the fucking now, her hips performing little, helpless grinds, wringing every last drop of her orgasm out of a cock that remained motionless. The humiliation of her own desperation arrived in the same heartbeat as the pleasure, and the two fused together, amplifying the intensity. Another *yessss* slipped out against his mouth, breathless and defeated, and died there.

"Fuck. Yes. That's what I'm talking about!" His voice was a delighted growl. "There she is. There's my little cum slut. Cumming on that black cock like she was born for it. Feel that pussy... soaked with your own squirt. Still gripping and milking that dark meat, like a proper little size queen."

He pulled back just an inch, his eyes dark with triumph. "Tell me that was just a normal reaction, Janet. Tell me that you actually hated it... you can't, can you? Not while you're still fluttering around me."

She was. The aftershocks ran through her in betraying pulses, each one a squeeze around a girth she was no longer pretending she could refuse. A last, soft oh fell from her lips on the third pulse before she could clamp her teeth shut. Her eyes were wet, her chest heaving, her mouth open against his. The no was still in her somewhere, dazed and wandering, looking for the sentence of refusal she had been using as a shield all week.

But the no didn't arrive in time. Dick was still inside her, rock hard and far from finished, smiling against her cheek like a man who had just been handed the deed to her body for the rest of the week.

Begging

He didn't let her recover. He didn't give her a single second to breathe or gather the shards of her dignity. That was the first thing the aftershocks had to survive: the unyielding presence of him still buried deep inside her.

Janet was still wide open, her walls fluttering, the *yes* she had spilled into his mouth still damp and shameful on her lips. Just as she thought she might slip into the numb silence of the aftermath, he drew his hips back, just enough to create a void, and drove back in with a violent, singular force.

It wasn't the slow grind of before. This was a hard punishing thrust, and her entire body jolted, every nerve ending raw and oversensitive from the climax. The sound that tore from her throat was a wrecked, guttural moan, a sound stripped of language, a pure expression of physical shock.

He did it again. The wet, meaty slap of his gut colliding with the backs of her thighs echoed through the room. The bed frame groaned, a sound of structural surrender that mirrored her own.

"That was just round one," he growled against her ear. He was still hard, still hungry, and entirely unfinished. He shifted his weight, forcing her to look directly into his eyes. "One orgasm isn't enough. That's not how this bed works tonight, Janet. You're in bed with a real man now."

"I can't," she whimpered, her voice shaking. Her hands were still locked onto his thick arms, her nails digging into his skin, but they weren't pushing him away; they were anchoring her to the only thing keeping her from floating away in a haze of sensory overload. "Dick, it's too much... I just— ohh, fuck, I just came so hard, I can't take any more."

"You don't know your own body, baby girl. Let me show you what you can take."

He hooked her legs higher, draping them over his shoulders to open her even further, and fucked her right through her protest. He hit her deep and heavy, the pace of a man who had already won.

CRACK.

A sharp spank landed on the curve of her ass, the sting immediate and electric. The shock of the pain causing her pussy to snap shut around his shaft in a reflexive, greedy squeeze.

"God your pussy is built for this cock," he sneered, his breath hot on her neck. "Still soaking. Still gripping. It's practically begging for more. You need to stop fighting yourself and let your body have what it wants."

Another spank followed, harder this time, the sound cracking like a whip. Janet jolted, a loud moan escaping her, and she hated herself in that instant, hated that the moan had arrived with the slap, a simultaneous explosion of pain and pleasure, rather than after it.

"Tight little married cunt," he said, his eyes locked on her face, watching her tits bounce with every impact. "Just squirted all over this cock and wants to pretend the night's over. It isn't over. Beg for more, slut."

"I'm not begging," she gasped, trying to summon the ghost of the woman who had said no all evening.

He drove back in and ground his pelvis into hers, a crushing pressure that didn't let her off the end of him. The oversensitive sweetness of the orgasm blew out through her stomach again, a smaller cruel echo of the peak, and it took her breath before it took her mouth.

"Ohh— Dick." She moaned. A betrayal of her own voice, his name, with no sentence attached to make it safe.

Dick laughed against her cheek. His palm rubbed the burning heat he had just branded onto her ass, in a gesture of ownership, and then he delivered three quick, stinging claps. Each one made her pussy flutter around him, milking him with a desperation that terrified her.

"You want more don't you? You want me to fuck you senseless?" He didn't give her the order all at once; he rationed it, turning the words into a reward system. He fucked a deep stroke in, looked at her mouth, and dealt the words out between the thrusts.

"Beg me to pound you... say it for me."

Another heavy, bruising stroke.

"Tell me to give you this cock. Tell me you need it."

Another stroke, followed by a spank that left her skin singing.

"I want to hear you beg for me to ruin that married pussy. Trust me, you say it and I will make you feel things you never knew were possible. I will fuck you harder and have you squirting until I cover you in my cum."

A part of her, the part that belonged to Carl, heard the bargain. *Say it and he finishes. Say it and the night moves toward an end.* But the other part, the animalistic center of her, clenched on him at the mere thought of the words. It was a greedy little spasm of anticipation, and that spasm felt infinitely better than the strategy. She hated that she could tell the two versions of herself apart, yet found herself unable to keep them separate.

She was Carl's wife, lying on Carl's pillow, taking a brutal spanking on the ass while a cock he could never compete with knocked the wife out of her.

"Pound me," she whispered, the words thin and fragile.

He heard the whisper and didn't spend it.

"Again." He held still, buried deep, and looked at her mouth as if the word had been too small to count. "I didn't ask for a whisper. I asked you to beg. Louder. Show me you mean it."

The shame arrived before the second try. Being told to speak up for a cock that didn't belong in the house, and the worst of it wasn't the order. It was the throb. Held still like that, not fucking her, he made the empty stroke into an ache, and the ache liked the idea of being made to ask. Humiliation and heat in the same breath. She shut her eyes so she wouldn't have to see him enjoy it.

"Pound me." Clearer. Still small. Her face burned, and her cunt clenched on him as if the clearer word had been a touch.

"I don't believe you. Convince me." He gave her nothing. Not a stroke.

She needed him to finish and this was the way. But she also needed that thrusting pleasure. The need and the disgrace sat on her tongue together, and the need won, which was its own disgust.

"Pound me!" It broke on the way out, louder, ugly, and saying it at that volume sent a fresh slick rush around him. She heard herself in the room. She felt the filthy little kick of having been made to.

"Please... Daddy! Fuck me hard. I need it. Give me that big black cock. Make me cum on it again."

The thrill was immediate and sickening. She had begged for his cock and called him Daddy on her husband's pillow. And she was wetter for the begging than she had been for the spank.

Then he gave it to her. One devastating stroke, a reward and a punishment, and the impact knocked the floodgates loose.

"Ohh— fuck! Give me that cock! Dick, give it to me! Fuck this... fuck this married pussy! Harder!"

Every word she spoke caused her to clench in a mini-spasm around his girth.

He gave her the harder she had asked for, and the room filled with it. Skin on skin, a wet relentless slap, her cervix being slapped with every thrust, and the moan that came out of her wasn't owed to anyone in that house. *Ohh, fuck, yessss Dick.*

"There she is." Dick was panting now, his breathing ugly and pleased, the animal beneath the neighbour finally surfacing. He looked down to where they were joined, the sight of his thick shaft disappearing into her drenched, swollen folds, then looked back at her face, forcing her to witness his gaze. "Posh little wife of the lane, asking for pound town. Turn over. I want that big ass up."

He pulled out with a sudden suction. The emptiness that followed was a sudden, cold gape that left her feeling hollowed out and exposed. A whimper escaped her before she could catch it, a sound of genuine loss that stripped away whatever shred of dignity she had left.

He manhandled her, his grip bruising as he forced her onto her knees. She obeyed, her body now a conditioned instrument. Her palms pressed into the cotton sheets, her back dipped low and her ass thrust high into the air. The red heels remained on, looking ridiculous and filthy against the domestic purity of the bedroom.

She felt the sudden, cool kiss of air on her soaked, swollen lips for a fraction of a second before he struck.

CRACK.

An open palm slammed across the wetness of her folds, the sound a filthy, wet clap that echoed in the quiet room. The sting was bright, an electric shock that radiated through her

pelvis. She shouted, the sound muffled by the room, and before the heat could even fade, he spanked her arse with even more violence. While the skin was still blooming red and throbbing, he drove back in.

Because she was on all fours, he hit her deeper than before, the thick head of his cock slamming into her with a bruising force.

"Ohh, God... yessss." She cried out, her arms shaking as she struggled to keep her balance.

He reached forward, grabbing a handful of her ass, his fingers digging into the flesh to grip her as he fucked her with a raw brutality. The wet slap of his hips against her was constant, and on the deeper strokes, his heavy balls hammered against her clit, sending jolts of overstimulated pleasure through her spine.

"Look at this." His other hand reached down, spreading her open. "White pussy swallowing a black cock, while that fat ass wobbles and pushes back for more. Look at how well you take it, Janet. A natural snowbunny."

He delivered a sharp slap to the cheek he was holding, and she moaned face-down into the mattress, her voice a muffled vibration.

"Creaming on me every time I pull out. You've made a fucking mess of your own bed, you little slut," he sneered. He bottomed himself hard, grinding his pelvis into her.

"Carl's going to sleep in this in a few days and he won't even know why the room smells like sex. Why the room smells like a size queen who just got fucked down by black cock for the first time."

"Don't call me— ohh fuck, Dick, right there... don't call me your size queen, I'm not—"

"You are tonight. You are for the next four days."

He folded over her, his entire weight pushing down onto her back. Her posture collapsed. Her arms gave way, her chest hitting the mattress, her ass still high for a moment before he pushed her hips down, pinning her in the prone bone position. He was a mountain of mass on top of her, his gut pressing her into the linens, his cock buried to the hilt. He began to fuck her in short, vicious strokes, rapid-fire impacts that she couldn't escape and, in her delirium, didn't try to.

The sounds of her surrender were muffled into Carl's pillow.

"Ohh— fuck."

A thrust squashed her clit into the sheet, friction right on the edge of too much, and the next knock at her cervix punched the rest out of her.

"Dick, oh god...soooo... fucking good."

A string of it, broken, the open pleasure of a woman being driven into her own bed. Mini-spasms ran through her, small cruel peaks that weren't the big one and still left her shaking, and every time she clenched he groaned against her ear.

"Good girl."

Another stroke. Another muffled ohh into the linen.

"Filthy cheating wife."

He seated deep and stayed there long enough for her to feel the praise land in the clench.

"My big cock slut."

Then, his thumb found her asshole.

Janet jolted, a sharp intake of breath catching in her throat. The pad of his thumb pressed against the tight, virgin ring of her anus, slick with the overflow from her pussy. He circled the opening, probing the resistance. Instinctively, she tried to clench him out, her muscles snapping shut.

He punished her instantly, one sharp, stinging crack across her backside. The flinch opened her, and in that moment of vulnerability, the tip of his thumb breached. The double intrusion, the thick cock in her front and the finger in her back, blew a shout into the pillow.

"Ohh, God! Too much! Wrong hole!"

Her pussy clamped closed around him. Dick laughed, breathless and triumphant, and kept the thumb firmly inside her.

"Easy," he commanded, though he didn't move the thumb. He continued to fuck her around the intrusion, forcing her to feel the stretch of both holes simultaneously. "Feel that? This little hole is far too tight. It's practically screaming for some attention."

He gave a slow, deliberate push, driving the thumb in to the first knuckle. Janet wailed, a sound of genuine shock that broke into a moan when he ground his cock into her at the exact same moment.

"Virgin back here, I'd bet the house," he whispered, his mouth grazing her ear. "We're going to have to train you up. A few days of opening you up with some butt plugs, and this big ass will be ripe for some black cock. Turn you into a proper little anal slut. Perfect for when your pussy is too raw to use."

The thumb crooked, hooking inside her.

"Oh fuck," Janet groaned into the pillow, but instead of pulling away, she pushed back onto the finger, a betrayal of her own body that she knew she would never be able to explain.

"But don't worry, tonight's all about resizing this pussy." He spanked her again, a reminder of who owned her. "We'll keep your little asshole for another day."

She ground back into him, pelvis tilted, taking the thumb and the cock together, and the push was the part she would not be able to explain. Not to the morning. Not to the woman who had knotted the robe. The sheet was wet under her clit. She stayed on it.

He withdrew the thumb and cock in one sudden snap that made her swear a string of curses into the mattress.

He rolled onto his back, his bad knee angled out, his cock standing rigid and proud off his gut. It was shining with her juices, a monstrous pillar of dark flesh against the coarse hair of his belly. He patted his thigh, his eyes locking onto hers.

“Come ride it. Milk this black cock with that tight pussy.”

Janet knelt there for a heartbeat, gaping and leaking, her chest heaving. The silence stretched just long enough for his next command to land like a blow.

"I want to watch those big tits bounce while you show me how much you love it. Come claim your cock. Show me how a slut rides her Daddy.”

The demand should have sparked a fight, a flash of indignation, a reminder of who she was. Instead, she climbed over him. The emptiness was a physical ache, far worse than the degradation of the order. She positioned herself, the head of his shaft spreading her wide, and then she sank.

The danger lay in the control, and she found it on the first drop. Hands braced on his chest, knees spread, she took the long thick slide of him herself, inch by inch, until she was seated and shaking and the fullness was a fact she had chosen.

“Mmmm, God.”

She rose. The drag up her walls was filthy, visceral, a wet cling she could hear, and the loss of him on the way up pulled a sound out of her before she had decided to spend one.

"Ohh. Fuck, yessss.”

She dropped. The clap of her ass on his thighs cracked in the room, raw enough that the lane would have died to hear it, and she didn't take the polite bounce. She ground. Hips rolling, clit mashed to the base of him, a wet filthy circle, and the moan that came with it was loud.

"Ohh— Dick. God, you're so deep.”

Her tits swung, heavy, jolting when she dropped again, and he watched them with his hands behind his head, a man at a show he had been waiting a long time to see. She tried, once, to keep it smaller. A shallower rise. He spanked her thigh, one sharp crack, and she answered by slamming herself down harder, grinding there, loud, the slap of it filling the pause.

"Ohh, fuck, yes. Right there.”

She heard herself how much she was enjoying it. She didn't take it back. She rose and dropped and rose again, moaning through it, using him, the wet and the clap and her own voice louder than the good-wife thought trying to get a word in.

"Look at you," he murmured. He caught her eye, forcing her to maintain contact. "Lady of the house, riding her disgraced neighbour, while the lane sleeps. Bounce on that black dick. Don't be precious, Janet. Show me that inner cowgirl.”

She bounced. The slap of flesh on flesh filled the pauses in his speech.

"You've got the cock you've been waiting for, all your life. Use it. Tell me exactly what you're doing.”

"I'm riding you," she gasped. The words caused her internal muscles to clench in a sudden, violent mini-gasm, and she bounced through the peak, becoming wetter, the slap of her impact growing louder. "I'm— ohh, fuck, I'm fucking myself on your big cock. It's so deep... Dick, it's so deep, I can feel inside my womb."

"Whose pussy is this?" He wouldn't let her hide in the sensation. His hands shot up, gripping her hips with bruising force "Say it."

"My husband's," she sobbed, the words broken.

"Liar. Whose cock does this pussy belong to?" He asked again, reaching up and spanking her right tit loudly.

"Whose cock does it prefer?" He spanked her other tit and then pinched her nipple hard, causing her to moan, but also to grind her pussy down harder onto him as if the pleasure and the pain were all the same thing to her, and she could feel that orgasmic pressure building up inside her once again.

"Oh god... your cock. Your cock feels better." She screamed, bouncing herself on it. Saying it made her clench so hard she saw white sparks behind her eyelids. "Ohh— fuck, it's your pussy. Yours for four days... Give me it harder! I need it harder! Fuck his pussy! Dick, fuck it!"

The taboo of that admission burned through her hotter than the thumb in her ass had. She had signed her pussy to him while she used his cock as a tool for her own pleasure. She had explicitly asked a stranger to desecrate what had once only been touched by her husband. Her cunt spasmed around him in a run of frantic, rolling orgasms.

He groaned, his stomach tightening. She felt him swell, the tell-tale kick of a man reaching the edge. Suddenly, the ledger in her mind woke up with one last plan.

Finish him in her hand. Climb off before he came inside. The term from the bathroom was late and stupid, and it was still hers if she moved now. She couldn't let him cum in her pussy, even if she had willingly rented it out to him. A breeding was a different debt.

She began to rise, shifting her weight to swing a leg off his hip.

But Dick caught her. Both hands slammed onto her ass, huge and spreading, and hauled her back down onto him in one vicious seat that knocked the air from her lungs.

"Ohh— fuck."

He held her there, pinned, so she couldn't escape. His hips surged up off the bed and pounded her from below, short and deep and brutal, the clap of them deafening, her tits jolting in his face, his fingers biting into her cheeks. A spank landed in the middle of it, then another, skin on skin, filthy, and the plan she had climbed toward was already gone under the stroke.

"Where do you think you were going?"

His voice was a low, dangerous rumble, vibrating against her skin. He was too close; she could feel the heat of his breath on her neck, the scent of sweat and musk filling her lungs. He wasn't just holding her down; he was claiming her.

"You don't get to climb off. Only your pussy gets to finish what it started."

He drove upward with a sudden thrust, the head of his cock battering her with a force that made her vision blur. The impact was a blunt, heavy shock that echoed through her entire pelvis.

"I'm flooding this pussy deep. You hesitated to tell me who owns it. I'm going to show you who." His voice had gone rough, mean with the proximity of his peak. "I'm going to fill you up so much, your husband's tiny dick is going to be swimming in my cum months from now."

"No, please Dick, not inside, you can't— ohh fuck, ohh, you can't cum in—"

"Say yes. Beg for it." He didn't slow. He didn't relent. The heat was already gathering at the base of his shaft, a tightening coil of tension she could feel deep inside her. She felt the swell, the kick of a man on the precipice.

Her protest was still in her mouth and it had nowhere to stand. The pleasure had come up under it, heavy, the same knot as before and worse, because this time she knew what his cum felt like as an idea and her body had decided it wanted the fact. She needed to cum. That was no longer a risk she was managing. It was the only thing in the room. And under it, meaner, the need for him to cum too, to feel that hot flood hit her while she broke, the two of them going together so the yes wouldn't be a performance. It would be the price of the orgasm she couldn't hold.

"You want this cum," he said, watching her face fail. "Say it. You want me to breed you. You want us to cum together."

She did. God help her, she did, the want sitting in her cunt as a clench she couldn't talk over.

"Yes." It tore out of her, a scream more than a choice. "Yes, give it to me, ohh God, Dick, yes, cum in me, breed me, breed his pussy, I can't— fuck, I'm cumming, give me it all. Let me feel it."

He yanked her down, slamming her pelvis flush against his, and came harder than he ever had in his life.

The first pulse hit her cervix like a second cock, hot, thick, a high-pressure hose of seed that blew her orgasm wide open. The shock of the heat was an explosion. It wasn't a dribble; it was a flood. Wave after wave of searing, viscous fluid pumped into the deepest recesses of her. He was painting her insides, filling her to the brim, leaving a searing wet claim that Carl would never see and could never fuck out of her.

The taboo of it, the sheer, filthy magnitude of being bred on her marital bed by the disgusting man from across the road, detonated through her harder than the physical stretch. She screamed into his mouth, a string of his name, a desperate, broken litany, while her pussy clamped down in violent spasms, pulling the load deeper, milking him with a greedy hunger for every single pulse.

She squirted around the seal of his shaft, a hot, uncontrolled rush of fluid that soaked his thighs, his balls, and the expensive sheets beneath them. And still he was cumming. Still hosing her. The thick heat spread into her womb until she could feel the weight of it, the heavy, stretching fullness of being used as nothing more than a vessel for his seed.

"Take it," he snarled against her lips, his body still throbbing, his fingers digging into her cheeks to keep her pinned to the mess. "All of it. That's a proper fucking breeding. That's what this hot body was for. Feel it. Feel how much I'm pumping into you."

She felt it. The satisfaction of it was the most devastating part. A low, animal thrill sparked in her gut at the volume, the pound, the heat flooding a place her husband barely knew existed. Her orgasm continued in rolling waves, each one tripped by another pulse of his seed, until the pleasure tipped past the point of endurance. Her arms gave out, and she collapsed onto his hairy chest, her body shaking like a live wire. A wrecked, soft moan leaked out of her every time another spurt landed deep inside her.

He stayed buried in her until the throb died down to a dull hum. His hand stroked her back, slow, possessive. It was the hand of a man who lived here now. Then, he lifted her just enough to pull out.

The loss was an opening. She felt herself used, gaping, bred, and then the flood began to leave. Cum streamed out of her in thick, hot floods, his and hers combined, running over his balls and down onto the ruined sheets. The sensation of it pouring from a pussy that wouldn't close pulled a long, broken moan from her chest.

She lay across his gut, her head resting on his chest, thighs trembling uncontrollably. The mess continued to leak, but the core of the heat, the seed he had driven so deep, still sat in her womb where the leak couldn't reach. His heartbeat was under her ear. Ugly. Steady. Satisfied.

"That's my slut," he said, his voice rough, speaking to the ceiling of her marital bedroom. He looked down into her eyes, ensuring she heard it as an absolute fact. "So full of me, you'll be leaking for days. Don't you even try and tell me in the morning, that you didn't enjoy that. That you didn't beg for that breeding and cum harder than you knew possible because of it."

"You're going to be craving this feeling now. A true size queen, begging and needing it all the time..."

His For Four Days

The sleep had been short, only about an hour. But it had been indecently deep, and she came up out of it still inside the warmth of it, a good ache sitting in her hips and in the muscles of her thighs and low inside her, where something had been stretched and used and had liked the using. For a moment the dream was the only room she had. A weight against her, a heat along her side, a satisfaction she wasn't awake enough to file. She shifted, and the shift rubbed a soreness that wasn't pain, and a small pleased sound left her before she was conscious enough to own it.

Then the snoring reached her, loud and wet and entirely alien in her bedroom. It filled the ear that wasn't on the pillow, a rattle that didn't belong to the man she had married, and the dream tore along that sound. Janet opened her eyes on a hairy chest and a gut and an arm that had stayed around her as if the bed had already agreed to the arrangement.

Richard Long was asleep with his mouth open, the brace somewhere on the floor. Her head was on him. Her leg was over his. They had drifted off in the mess, and the mess had dried on her skin.

The night arrived behind the waking. The timer. The condoms. The stretch. The cries of yes. The heat of him flooding her while she screamed into his mouth. Shame came up late, as if it had slept longer than she had, and it was a thin thing next to the ache. She hated the comparison even as she slid out from under his arm, the way a woman leaves a room she isn't supposed to have been in.

The ensuite light was cruel. The mirror gave her the night without the kindness of the lamp. Her lips were still a little swollen, there was a faint mark on her throat where the collar had been and another lower down that his mouth had put there without asking. Red hand marks on her tits, where he had spanked them and grabbed them roughly. When she shifted, a sopping leak answered, some of his cum still inside her and still finding its way out, a slow warm thread on the inside of her thigh. She looked used. She looked fucked. Under it, in the eyes, there was something she pushed away the second she caught it, because it looked right, looked like it suited her, and that was a thought she wasn't having in this bathroom. In this moment.

The shower was too hot, and she stepped under it with her hands on the tile and let the water take what it could reach. It couldn't reach the deep part. She felt him leave her in thick little pulses when she clenched, washed down her leg, and the leaving made her shiver in a way that wasn't the cold.

Any woman would react to a cock like that, she told the water. Any body would cum if it was held open and filled and fucked that hard.

Mechanics. Not a conversion. Not her fault, and not a thing she had to carry with guilt into the kitchen when the boys came home.

The water kept running, and so did the memories. *Pound me*. She had said it three times, the last one loud. *Daddy*. She had called him that while she begged for his cock, and the begging had made her wetter than the spank. *Yours for four days*. She had declared to him. *Breed his pussy*. She had screamed it. She had pushed back on his thumb when he had told her this other hole needs training. And then she had climbed on top of him and ridden until the lane could have heard the sounds. The load he fired inside her had made her cum harder than anything Carl had ever done to her. That was the thought she kept pushing under the

word mechanics, and it kept surfacing, warm and specific, every time another pulse of him slid out of her and down her thigh.

She thought of the days ahead and that shared bed. He would want to cum inside her again. He had said so with his hands on her ass, and her pussy had answered by milking him while he said it. Buying more XL Magnums was an option. But so was the morning-after pill. A plan that didn't mean fighting him to put a condom on.

She was happy with it for as long as it took her to notice the smaller thought underneath. The pill meant she could let him cum inside her again. The pill was a permission she had dressed up as damage control. Her hand had drifted down without a decision, palm over the sore swollen lips, not quite rubbing, just holding the place where he had hosed her, and the shiver that went through her was the same one she had woken with.

She pressed her forehead to the tile and held on to the only sentence that still sounded like herself. *His for four days. I'm not a slut. I'm being a good mother. That's all this is.* She would get the pill, she would keep the boy safe, and she would not enjoy the rest of it. The sentence was neat. Her fingers were still between her legs, and they didn't believe it.

"There's my slut."

The voice came through the steam, low and amused, and it contradicted her inner thoughts so cleanly that she flinched. He was in the doorway, naked and awake, the snore gone and the smile from the bed back on his mouth. His eyes went down her, over the water and the tits and the hand she snatched away from herself a second too late, and then he stepped in. The cubicle wasn't built for him. His bulk took the heat and took the room, and her eyes dropped to the cock, soft and heavy and swinging as he moved, the weight of it a fact even at rest.

"What are you doing?" she asked, and the hand she put on his chest wasn't a push. "We've already had sex."

"Husbands and wives have sex..." He caught the wrist, and turned her so her back met the tile. His mouth found her breast through the water, a suck that pulled the nipple into a point she felt in her cunt. "Sluts and their Daddies fuck... Over and over. You've lived your life with the once and done, disappointed wife bit. This is the other one."

"I'm not—" The rest of it died on the suck, an ohh she didn't get to shape into a refusal.

His hands went under her thighs and he lifted, the strength of him unfair, her back up the wall and her legs around him while the water poured over both of them. He kissed her, and she kissed him back before the excuse could object, a small helpless meeting of mouths, and against the sore open ache of her she felt him harden, the head clumsily nudging against her.

He didn't tell her to take him. That was the part she would have to live with. His hands were under her thighs, his mouth was on hers, and the cock was only waiting, as if even he wanted the last inch to be hers. She could have stayed there. She could have let the water and the kiss be the end of the moment. Instead her hand left his shoulder and went down between them, and the choice was in the reach, in the way her fingers closed around the heavy heat of him and didn't hesitate once they had him. She steadied the head against the place that was still slick with what he had left in her. Sore. Open. Already remembering. For a second she held him there, the pressure at her entrance, and the hours before answered like a pulse, a greedy little flutter that knew exactly what she was about to do.

She tipped her hips. She pushed him in. Not a demand from him. A decision from her. The stretch took her breath, and the shame of having put him there herself arrived in the same second as the relief of being filled, and neither one made her take her hand away.

"Yessss."

Her moan went into his mouth as she pushed him the rest of the way, and the sound of it belonged to the choice, not to him. He held her against the tile and fucked her there, slow, because he could feel the ache and he used it instead of sparing her. Every stroke sank into the soreness and turned it sweet, a thick reclaiming of a pussy she had opened for him with her own hand, and she clung to his neck and moaned into the kiss, open, helpless, already fluttering around him as if the last session had never ended.

"Fuck me, Dick. Give me that cock."

He didn't rush it. He kissed her through the rise, and the rise came fast because she had put him there and her body was treating that as permission. When she came it was a long shaking clench, a broken groan against his tongue, her feet digging into him, her cunt milking the cock she had guided in. He followed her into it with a groan, pulsing deep, hot, another load joining the one the shower hadn't been able to wash out, the two of them breathless and joined under the water while she shook through it.

He didn't put her down. She stayed on him, forehead against his shoulder, the shower loud, his cum already finding its way out around the softening shaft and running warm down the inside of her thigh to join the water. The throb of it was still in her. The hand that had put him there was still between them, resting on his chest, and she could feel what she had done in every leak and every aftershock. Her mouth tried the sentence anyway.

"This is just for four days." She said, her voice hoarse. Her legs still wrapped around him. "It's just the agreement."

He laughed, low, into her wet hair, and didn't bother to answer. He didn't have to.

"Four days," she said again, as if she was trying to convince them both.

End Of Part 4.

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, thumbed 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?

