

Spankdown

(Futa on Male domination)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa on male public domination and humiliation scenes, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

(Please remember to love and support the LGBTQ+ community, privately and publicly if possible.)

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Spankdown

Jack Roy cracked his knuckles, shuffling from side to side. He wished the itch in his wrestling trunks would go away.

He tried to move the trunks from the crack of his ass, bright pink and emblazoned with the word 'Big-Man' on the front and back, cinched around his crotch. The nickname hadn't been his choice, an ironic nod to his 5'7 frame, ant-like by wrestling standards, but it was a small price to pay. He was simply happy to be there.

The dull thuds of music booming in the nearby arena echoed around the cold stone hallway as he went through the rest of his warm-up routine. A quick calf stretch. Some deep breaths. On the surface he looked just as composed as the other figures around him.

On the inside it felt like his organs were melting.

The skin-tight trunks he usually wore so easily now felt tight and chafing, the slim but defined abs and chest which he had worked so hard for felt exposed, baby oil glistening on the goosebumps.

He wiped a forehead already beading with sweat and nodded at his opponent, The Axe-man, who had set his weathered gaze on him.

The man was even bigger in person than he was on tv. Twenty years in the ring hadn't dimmed his extraordinary physique; huge rippling cables welded onto a plinth of testosterone. Somehow through all the steroids and punishment he still had an aura that anyone could savour. Known as the man with the blackest heart, it was incredible how different he was in person, and a smile cracked through the bushy black beard ringing his chin.

"Don't worry bud, they're only going to hate your guts."

This drew a laugh from Jack and his tension eased slightly.

"Yeah, I suppose that's the easy part."

The mean eyes that he used to have posterred on his bedroom wall crinkled in amusement.

"Let's show 'em a good story."

"*Erm*, Guys, let's like *focus* here 'kay?'"

The trill voice of his tag-team partner, Trisha S, seemed to grate the ears with each metallic syllable, the hint of a Spanish accent doing little to smooth over her harsh Bronx lilt. Her voice, plus the resting bitch face, ostentatious lashes and natural arrogance made her the perfect heel (a wrestling term for 'bad guy').

Jack agreed, as he found that listening to her talk for more than five minutes was usually enough to make his brain start throbbing. She was of a similar height to him, her litness and flexibility evident as she bounced up and down with eyes set on the door leading to the baying crowd.

This was Jack's first time in a main event, having stepped in for a late injury, and even though he had wrestled semi-professionally since he was ten, this was particularly special.

A forty-five-minute mixed tag team match, on pay-per-view.

In other words: the biggest match of his life. Millions would be watching.

He felt the tides of adrenaline building, attempting to calm himself by taking a few deep breaths but it was impossible.

A second reason for his nerves was poised next to the entrance.

The woman dwarfed Jack, long, muscled arms crafted onto shoulders carved out through hundreds of hours of gruelling shoulder presses, a back like twin pillars of bronzed marble. Her long hair was black and glossy, and a frame that originally had been lithe in her long-gone rookie years now burst with rippling hills of oiled muscles, glutes vacuum-packed into yellow latex short shorts that defined every delicious crevasse and curve of her ass.

She turned back to glance at the clock high up on the wall that she probably could have touched without even having to jump, and Jack rested his eyes on the most over (or popular) wrestler of their generation:

Charlotte '*The Danger*' Danzine.

Even relaxed she radiated a certain something not easily defined; A magnetism lurking inside deep brown irises; thick lips proudly thrown out that demanded to be seen, with sharp cheeks that gave an air of beyond the ordinary. She seemed almost alien in her beauty, yet humanized by a soulful smile that filled you up like a balloon on the occasions she deigned to use it.

Jack felt doubly nervous having barely said a word to her.

She caught his eye and he found his face warming, his gaze scarpering away to the clock.

One minute.

When he glanced back she was still looking, this time with a smile flickering at the corners of her mouth. Her eyes flicked down to his pink booty shorts.

“Nice ass *hot stuff*.... All the boys back home must love it”.

Jack made to throw back one of the witty retorts that he had practiced in the mirror ever since he was a kid, but a horde of butterflies had taken residence in his stomach and fluttered up his throat, inhabiting the part of the brain where speech was supposed to function. A short nod was the best that he could muster.

She raised an eyebrow.

“Maybe think up a better comeback when they hand you a microphone,” she said tersely, although the curves at the edge of her lips remained, and with that she turned back to the ring entrance.

Jack had never felt more winded in his life then at that precise moment; not even when his older sister had kicked him in the solar plexus when he was seven.

Like a monstrous knife piercing through the background hum, the sharp synths of Trisha’s intro song began vibrating the walls and Jack’s nerves were drawn out redoubled as his toes tried to grasp the floor through hammy pink cowboy boots. Everything seemed to get louder, the echoes and roars all coalescing into a hurricane in his head, unbalancing his senses.

His eyes glanced at Charlotte Danzine’s ass cinched in booty trunks, before he somehow managed to follow Trisha in a trance, not really in his own body as Trisha disappeared through the curtains.

His legs seemed to have completely forgotten how to walk in a straight line.

As the curtains approached, something grabbed onto his shoulders, and he found himself being turned face-first into the most mind-numbingly magnetic set of breasts one could imagine, two huge tanned orbs that seemed perfectly placed to throw his face into, the bikini-style top so low that her nipples seemed dangerously close to being aired on national television at any moment.

Charlotte Danzine’s scent tickled his nostrils, a sweet vanilla overpowered by heavy odours of sweat and baby oil. His lungs began to hyperventilate as a finger touched delicately under his chin, lifting his gaze up from the prodigious breasts to

arrive at a face that couldn't have been more intoxicating if it had been chiselled from ice, cut cheeks with a strong jaw, eyes blazing as they set his brain on fire, the sensation deepened by the dark purple eyeliner with hints of lilac that added intrigue to her smouldering gaze.

"I... hi," he managed.

An amused expression spread across her face, and Jack felt his legs rooting to the floor, lost in her aura as someone in the control booth shouted at him to get going.

Jack tried to smile, but his muscles were no longer listening to what his brain had to say as her eyes scanned him from head to toe, before giving a satisfied murmur of approval.

"Good luck, *hot stuff*."

His mouth somehow briefly remembered what words were.

"*Thanks*."

A single eyebrow raised up as she smirked, before turning him towards the entrance and whipping a hand sharply against his ass.

SMACK!

"UHFFF-!"

The painful strike was so powerful that it sent him through the curtains, and it took him a few seconds to remember where he was, ass-cheek burning as he staggered out behind the bouncing Trisha, who was pirouetting through the vast amphitheatre.

BOOM-BOOM

His head span as a cauldron of noise greeted his ears, heat hitting his open chest from the flames flickering either side of the entrance. Boos rang out across the vast constellations of phone lights and 'Danger close' signs filling his vision in all directions.

Somehow, the most nerve-wracking moment had occurred a few seconds prior.

His left butt-cheek still smarted.

'I just got spanked by Charlotte Danzine.... HOLY SHIT....'

A new smell of burning sweat tinged his nostrils as he remembered he was supposed to be a bad guy, and managed to push out a weaselly grimace.

His head swivelled to the huge screen behind him and he saw Trisha leading him, a green fishnet-wearing woman with a dancer's physique leading a fresh-faced, pink-

bootie-shorts-clad male stripper towards the ring whilst leering at the sea of eager faces. Her ass swayed like a hypnotist's watch, strutting through the flaming guard of honour as Jack plastered his best mean face on and sauntered along behind her. She was by far the bigger draw, and people seemed happy to focus on her rather than the twink cowboy behind her. Jack knew they would probably hate him for replacing the injured Disastro, and he would need to put on a good show to win them over, or at least prove he deserved to be in the same ring as bona-fide wrestling royalty.

All these thoughts whirled in his head as Trisha's swaying moons led him down the long walkway, faces jeering gleefully wherever he looked.

His eyes homed in on the one thing he understood: The ring; lights blazing a path down to it with a long, ominous walk, true; but still a wrestling ring with the same three ropes across each side. His shoulders unstiffened and he flexed his traps, leering at the closest of the throng as his walk began to take on more of a strut.

He'd spent his life in rings like this.

The squared circle. Home.

His own music briefly flitted across the speakers, paling in comparison to Trisha's epic theme with its fluff-pop beat, but hearing it in this arena was still incredible.

'My sister would be so jealous right now.'

A little confidence trickled into his fingertips.

"Yeah, that's right, this is my ring now!" he shouted to the fans nearest him, although only a few managed to process his words over the din of music and bubbling humanity.

He tried to zone out the camera moving from Tasha right into his face, and the boos somehow managed to increase in volume, transitioning into confusion and laughter as it honed in.

'It's cool, you're a heel, they're supposed to hate you...'

It didn't stop his expression from faltering slightly in the face of the frothing atmosphere.

Steel girders leered overhead as he approached the ring, glinting menacingly with reflections of the burning lights directed at the centre of the canvas. *Like a spider's web*, he thought, anxiety creeping between his shoulder blades.

Trisha reached the ring and swept herself under the rope, grabbing a microphone as she did so. Jack jumped up and nearly fell in, catching himself in what he hoped was a cool slide between the ropes. Years of ringcraft were the only reason he was able to somewhat keep himself together in the face of it all, raising a trembling arm as he strutted around the ring whilst trying not to puke.

“I am SO HAPPY to see you all!” she sniped into the mic, that stinging tone now a million times louder, striking through the groaning arena.

“Because, *like*, today, you will *finally* be able to enjoy my victory, over that *filthy* DANGER WHORE!”

The pillars thrummed, boos ringing in Jack’s ears as they stood at the centre of the bear pit. Trisha seemed to relish it, doing a small lap of anti-appreciation to better take in the gleeful hate thrown her way.

“This is our time, and my sexy BIG MAN here!.....”

Whistles rained down.

“..... is going to help me throw that useless sack of garbage into the bin, alongside that *idiot* Axe-man once and for all!”

He had to admit, Trisha was damn good at making a promo. It was like they were inside the stomach of a roaring lion, fans inches away as they screamed for blood.

Everything seemed to have reached fever pitch, ...until the Axe-man entrance theme began. Guitar power chords shredded the air, signalling waves of heads turned to a huge figure shrouded in plumes of smoke. Everyone who hadn’t already sprang to their feet, cheering as the wrestling legend barged through two orderlies, stomping towards the ring. A camera had already panned to him as he flew towards Jack. The look he gave was one of pure menace as he raced forwards, and a bunch of referees quickly interred themselves between the two of them as the big screen showed the depths of hatred in his eyes. Jack stored it away as a personal bucket list moment; to have this idol looking at him with that iconic stare was like hooking up juice from the mains into his arteries, compounding the adrenaline coursing through him.

This was nothing however, compared to the reception for the next entrant.

The lights dimmed.

Lightning flashed across the screens, a vivid electric-blue hue that for a split-second was the only colour reflecting off sixty-thousand eyeballs.

Then the sound of thunder crunched through the air, and the stadium erupted. Shriill screams pierced Jack's eardrums as sixty thousand lungs bellowed in unison, and Charlotte 'Danger' Danzine stalked out from behind the curtain, yellow lightning bolts and sparks flying as she stood with her busty chest out, yellow latex bra barely holding her cleavage, showing so much skin yet still teasing the eyes to yearn for more. Her face was set in a smirk, and her sleek, muscled arms flexed as she strutted towards them. Jack was spellbound by the raven-haired warrior marching towards the ring, and it felt like her eyes were aimed solely at him as she did so.

Maybe he was just hoping that was the case.

'The Danger' moved through a sea of awe-struck faces, people leaning over the barricades to try and touch her, some having to be restrained, refusing to be kept from their hero. It was as if an angel had appeared in the centre of a crowd of believers, tits and ass clamped in yellow latex and ready to kick the crap out of evildoers.

She breezed over the top rope, landing deftly on her feet with a pout and a pushing out of her chest that made Jack forget himself and drop his mean face, before hitching it back on seeing the Axe-man who was grinning, pawing the air, ready for blood.

His ass cheek still tingled slightly from where she had slapped him.

'I... got spanked by Charlotte Danzine... I'm going to WRESTLE Charlotte Danzine... on television...'

The walls seemed to narrow down into the tiny space at the centre of this vast cavern, where the four figures were now staring each other down, the air brimming with tension. Jack had never been a part of something like this, and it was enough to make the kid inside him squeal with delight, yet his palms were already wet.

Trisha came over and whispered into his ear.

"Aye, your turn."

She shoved something into his hand and he looked down at a microphone that would amplify his voice into the entire building, and out to millions watching at home.

His inner kid quaked in his boots.

Sweat droplets wound their way down his forehead and stung his eyes as he brought the mic up to his mouth.

'Speak clearly.' His sister had taught him that early on.

"You may not know me...."

A few calls of "NO!" from nearby punters drew a ripple of anticipation from some of the other excited faces. His eyes connected to Axe-man, and then Charlotte, whose brown eyes were gazing into his soul. Something in his stomach tightened.

"...I... Am... The Bigman!"

"NO!" The response was louder now, and Jack quivered slightly as he hadn't delivered his line with anywhere near the intensity that he was capable of.

"You'd better know....."

"NO!"

.... that I am going to kick your asses!"

"NO!!"

Some of the stadium laughed, which was worse than booing because he was supposed to be the heel alongside Trisha.

Jack knew that if he didn't sell this, he would soon be dancing on quicksand. Not getting the crowd to like or loath you was dead man territory.

Somehow the icy feeling between his shoulder blades was winding up his neck, and it felt like he might choke on his own tongue if he tried to speak again. Luckily, he was rescued by Charlotte who came over and snatched the mic from his hand, bringing a huge swell as she stalked back to Axe-man's side.

Clearly his performance hadn't warranted any further talking.

He tried to look furious as every word coming out of the towering speakers began to brim with vigour and intent.

"So.... Tricia managed to find a little bitch who has a nicer ass than her huh?"

"Oooooooooohs" from the crowd.

Charlotte grinned as she moved slowly towards Tricia, keeping her piercing look fixed on the sneering woman.

"Tell me, when you first came to the company with the other hookers, did they try to make you look less cheap? Because honestly... whatever they did, I think you could add at least ten bucks to your price now.... double your wages!"

Roars of laughter.

“... The thing is, out of both of you, I think he’d be the one who gives better head... I mean, with lips like those flapping, I couldn’t concentrate on what he was blabbin’ about!”

More laughter.

“Bigman, right?... Can we zoom in on his lips? In fact come all the way around, ass, lips, those damn thighs..... I think instead of a wrestler you should follow your true calling..... a turkey! if you came to my thanksgiving, I’d be stuffing your ass! In fact, I bet you already got the practice in!”

The walls were rumbling.

“Oh and Bigman.....”

Jack stared into her fervent gaze.

“... I’m making that ass mine, cutey..... once I break you both, I think there’s a company strap-on in the back... I reckon the whole arena would love to see me split those cheeks.....”

Jack’s mouth opened, temporarily blindsided.

“... and make you my little *bitch*.”

‘Jesus... she’s not holding back...’

The pause that followed was answered with a humungous roar that surged through the building as she turned back to Tricia.

“You’ve kept me back long enough Trish.... No more talking. It’s time give both your asses the spankings they deserve!”

She dropped the microphone, and the shockwave of the arena’s collective volume made his brain vibrate. It was as if the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth commandments had just been revealed, and there were tears in the audience from finally seeing and hearing their idol in the flesh, screams so loud that many of the fans would surely lose their voice by the end of the night.

A referee quickly slid into the ring and beckoned them to begin.

The crowd were in the palm of their hands, thrumming as the opponents began to circle each other. Jack and the Axe-man would begin the tag-team match, so Trisha and Charlotte retreated to their team’s respective corners, and Jack was briefly shocked by a hand sliding across his ass, looking back in surprise to see ‘The Danger’ sashaying past him.

‘Holy crap’.

He couldn't help letting out a shy smile, before realising with a gut wrench that his face was being projected on the big screen, and Wolf whistles began to echo around the stadium with a few laughs mixed in as Charlotte smirked, jogging to her corner.

'Fuck... concentrate!..'

The 'rules' were simple. Only one person from each team was allowed in the ring at a time, and to switch you needed to tap, with the men fighting men and women fighting women, (but of course theatricality often involved breaking each and every flimsy rule available).

A single bell ring cracked through the air.

CLANG

Axe-man began the first charge, unloading a barrage of fake hits which Jack returned. A few of his punches might have connected a little but Jack felt he had got his distances pretty good, and Axe-man's blows looked brutal on the big screen even though they were quite comfortable to work with. Jack let the senior man take control, stumbling back until he was being forced against the opposition team's ring-post.

Immediately the strong arm of Charlotte was around his neck, and the Axe-man began unleashing blows into his torso. He spasmed as if the blows were taking a toll, but as he did so his hips jerked uncontrollably, because a strong hand had landed plumb on his ass from behind and was now groping firmly at his buttocks.

He moaned in surprise as the hand kneaded his ass, and felt hot breath twisting in his ear.

'Shit! It must be Charlotte!.... she's grabbing my ass!'

The blood in his head began to run south to a rather exposed area. *Fuck*, now was not a good time to get a hard on, and Charlotte's ministrations were becoming even more invasive, a naughty finger sliding between his ass-crack before he was saved by a fake knee to the stomach from Axe-man, who like the fans, hadn't noticed what Charlotte was doing.

The knee hurt a bit, taking Jack's mind away from the invasiveness of his idol, Charlotte grudgingly releasing his neck and ass after one last venomous squeeze which he was sure would leave nail marks.

'Holy hell... she was touching my ass....'

His sister was going to be so jealous!

Axe-man's muttered voice was harsh.

"Reverse and bulldog"

Jack nodded slightly and grabbed Axe-man by the head, throwing himself forward so that his opponent slammed face first into the mat. Near three hundred pounds of muscle exploded off the bouncing canvas, contorting in fake pain as he rolled around.

Somehow it was convincing enough to make it believable that a barely 130-pound Big-man could make a grizzled beast like Axe-man feel pain.

Jack threw his hands in the air and gestured to the crowd, turning to face Charlotte as the boos rang around the stadium. She was making an angry face, but her left hand was still subtly fingering the place where his ass had been. The movement was sowing ripe seeds of naughtiness in his head, and he tried to jerk his mind back from the fog of her glistening body as she pressed her chest outwards and licked her lips. His heart was pounding, and he turned away from her, noting there was no laughter in the crowd now... which meant he was doing his job. The tension in his head eased, and he began to roll his shoulders, jogging to a corner and waiting for Axe-man to hit him with a surprise attack...

He didn't hear the clap of hands as Axe-man was tagged out early by 'The Danger' Danzine.

'I wonder what my sister is thinking right now... she is gonna be so jealous-'

The world span, dizziness hitting Jack as he was hoisted into the air, someone grabbing his crotch tight, making his eyes water.

"OoIihhhh-!"

He looked down and Charlotte Danzine was beneath him, holding him in the air with ease.

"Hi hot stuff... my turn," she muttered, grinning.

"Huh?-"

The world flew by as he was sent soaring through the air, landing right onto the announcer's table which flattened under his weight and momentum.

"OOF!"

Jack writhed, the pain very easy to fake when it was half-real.

He looked up in a daze at the woman who had just groped and hurled him in the space of five seconds, and she blew him an air kiss before stalking back to the centre.

Jack took a few seconds, not needing to pretend that he was aching as he gingerly retrieved himself from the wreckage of the announcers table as people nearby feverishly jabbered into their headsets.

“-And I don’t know how he is getting up from this...”

“Welcome to the big leagues!”

“Buenos tardes ‘Grande Man’!”

Tasha looked bored in her heel persona as she slapped his arm without checking him, strutting to the ring.

The crowd bayed for combat.

It took him a few seconds to stagger back to his corner just in time for the main event: Tasha and Charlotte were already circling each other into the ring.

A streak of yellow and jet-black hair was all Jack saw before she was hitting Tasha with a flurry of blows.

The atmosphere crescendoed to a raucous pitch as they collided.

Charlotte had briefly flirted with MMA, and her strikes were easily as fast as any on the roster as her fists flew around Tasha’s head, and in any real contest Charlotte would have killed her (along with Axe-man simply flattening Jack), but in the make-believe world of wrestling it was Tasha who got on top, retreating from the blows before spinning a heel into the face of ‘The Danger’, the megastar selling the strike with aplomb, crashing to the mat so hard that it made Jack wince just watching it. Seeing her up close, he could see why audiences around the globe were so taken with her, as on the occasions she had to act hurt, she could ham it up with the best of them, her grimace turning into anger as she scabbled to her feet.

They followed soon after with an incredible set piece involving Tasha flying clear of the ropes, only to be caught by Charlotte who reversed it so that she was pile-driven to the floor. The hits were incredible, the reactions melodramatic, and Jack was mesmerised by their dance of violence and controlled chaos. They had done this with barely any rehearsal, and yet still made the guy’s fight look like a brawl in a child’s bedroom.

He was so entertained that he forgot he was in the match until Tasha shoved Charlotte into his corner and he remembered to take a few cheap shots whilst the ref wasn't looking. It looked great and he was feeling fantastic. In fact, he was beginning to think he could make it quite comfortably at this level-

WUMP

His fist caught Charlotte square in the jaw with a misplaced right, and she crumpled sideways into the ropes.

'SHIT.'

Fear flooded through him.

Tasha was the first to react as Charlotte's knees almost gave way, looking over at him in shock before clinching Charlotte against the ropes to keep her upright.

'SHIT.'

The crowd let out a huge moan of shock as their favourite sagged against the ring ropes, and it was unclear how many had seen the cleanness of the connection.... but many probably would have noticed her eyes rolling up into her head after the impact.

Jack was stunned, having never dealt a knockout punch in his life before, and began fidgeting nervously before Tasha hissed to keep hitting, and he made a few half-hearted efforts whilst Charlotte's gaze wondered aimlessly.

'I knocked her out.. The number one superstar... my career is OVER!...'

Trisha hissed something into Charlotte's ear but she didn't respond, eyelids still half-lidded.

More fake punches.

She wasn't responding, and Tasha continued prop her up whilst firing fake knees at her fellow fighter's stomach to give 'The Danger' time to recover. Axe-man immediately realised what was happening and ran into the ring so the referee could shout at him, drawing attention away from the sagging body of his partner. A bubbling anger began to rise in the cauldron as the mob sensed that something wasn't right. Jack saw zeal in people's eyes, and the icy nerves spread through his veins and into the back of his head.

This built for a few heart-stopping moments, until suddenly Charlotte's eyes levelled and she shoved Trisha away, staggering to her corner and slapped the hand of the Axe-man. Thousands of mouths roared, and Jack almost crumpled in relief,

before realising he had to run in and direct himself into a clothesline. Even though he had sold this a thousand times before he still flopped back much slower than he would have liked when Axe-man's arm connected with the top of his chest, unable to stop thinking about the fact he had caught 'The Danger' square in the jaw.

'I'm fucking dead. I'm DONE....'

He felt light blows across his head, and Jack rolled with the punches like he was being pounded. His eyes flickered over to the opposition corner, where Charlotte was leaning on the corner post, firing an acidic glare in his direction.

'Fuck.'

A silver lining to the hatred of his peers was that the crowd had become zealously opposed to his presence, and were baying for Jack's blood as he got up and bounced off the ropes before being speared to the floor.

His terror at having nearly knocked out the main attraction weighed him down like he was carrying a three-hundred-pound barbell on his shoulders, and it took nearly ten minutes to re-focus himself as the rest of the match played out much as it was intended to. Despite his soaring heart rate, he made it to ten minutes left: the finale. A two on one against 'The Danger' after Axe-man had been thrown into a table.

'Don't fuck up again, don't fuck up again...'

She eyed them, sharp and alert, and Jack felt relieved but also extremely nervous at facing her after his total fuck-up. It was possible she would throw a receipt (a real hit if another wrestler strikes you first). He threw himself forward, and as they had very briefly rehearsed managed to take her down, clinching her feet and putting her in a submission hold. Her howls of pain were echoed tenfold by the baying mob who at this point were wholeheartedly invested in the story of Charlotte's redemption against Trisha and 'Bigman'. It was incredible to feel the throb of desperate humanity reacting to each overstated twerk of his arms as he kept her leg in a comfortable position for her to 'endure'. Eventually she kicked out, the arena pumping with each twist and turn as they went back and forth, one in control, and then the other. Finally it came to the point where Charlotte would 'knock him out', throwing him into the ropes where he would rebound and get hit by a clean clothesline to take him down....

'Okay, it's fine, just off the ropes, and..'

WHAM

A sharp pain hit him square in his forehead, and everything went white. When he opened his eyes he was flat on the canvas, and a referee was half coercing, half pulling him out of the ring as Trisha and Charlotte grappled nearby.

“You okay?” said the ref in his ear.

He looked up at the ceiling, gulping in heavy breaths.

The lights hadn’t been moving this much at the start of the fight.

“Yeah, yeah,” he said dazedly. There was a heavy ache in the centre of his forehead, and he rubbed it gingerly. He felt okay, all things considered.

“Well there’s your first lesson, don’t punch the golden goose son, or it’ll earn ya a forearm to the head,” he muttered into his ear, making Jack chuckle apologetically as they slid out of the ring, before being reminded he still had to look defeated and angry whilst they finished the fight.

The rest of the match ended with Charlotte doing her finishing move ‘The Thunderbolt’ on Trisha, spinning in the air and knocking her flat on the canvas, before finally pinning her and blowing the roof off, a hurricane of euphoria that submerged Jack like nothing he had experienced before.

‘Wow... it all went good!.. eventually..’

After a minute or so of spots including laying the groundwork for some future rivalries, they limped backstage to the sounds of ‘The Danger’s thunderous theme, sweat pouring from their faces after being cooked steadily by the bright lights for nearly an hour.

The moment they crossed the threshold Trisha let go of him.

“Nice *white boy*, like, try not to knock anyone out next time,” she said, nasal tones slapping Jack across the face as she stalked off. Charlotte snorted, following after with a blank look that sank his stomach down into his pink boots.

“Jesus Zack, can you not floor the main attraction!” shouted Danny, the owner of the company from the observation booth, tie lying on his huge belly as he walked up.

“S-Sorry... also my names J-” Jack made to reply, but the boss was already pushing past to pass instructions on to the next ring-entrants.

“Gladiator, Barracuda, get in there!... Let’s keep the energy up people-”

Jack felt a huge hand on his shoulder as he began to trudge towards the men's changing rooms, joined by the Axe-man.

"Good show dude, you kept your cool."

Jack couldn't hide his concern as he gazed over at where Charlotte had disappeared.

"Don't worry about her," Axe-man chuckled. "She's tough enough to deal with a little chin music."

Jack nodded and felt his forehead. There was a slight swelling where her elbow had connected.

"Yeah, yeah I think she is," he muttered ruefully.

"Besides," he chuckled, "You're the perfect heel now.... After you clocked the crowd favourite, they're gonna want to see you get your ass kicked all over town."

This made him feel a little better as they traipsed over to the dressing room, running through everything that had just taken place. He was about to enter when he felt a hand on his shoulder again, and turned straight into the breasts of Charlotte Danzine. Jack casually grabbed for the wall to steady himself, nearly missing in the process as he yanked his stare up to her discerning gaze. Axe-man raised his eyebrows in amusement and headed on, leaving them alone.

Her expression was unreadable, the smoky eyes and natural smoulder making it feel like she was burning a hole straight through his face.

"How's the forehead," she said, touching a finger to Jack's brow.

Jack shivered. "Don't worry about me, I'm fine.... How uh.. how are you? Sorry again.. for earlier.."

"Fine, thanks for asking."

It came out sounding harsh, yet she didn't exactly look angry, tickling him as she checked his new bump. She was so close that her heavy breathing was pattering against his skin, and Jack got distracted by a sweat droplet winding down the side of her angled jaw and onto her neck, flirting with the possibility of slipping between her breasts which were screaming in his eyeline.

She withdrew her hand and Jack felt a note of disappointment at the clean air now touching his sweat dappled brow.

"Just try watching your distances next time....."

She angled her head sideways, peering down at his pink latex-encompassed ass with a curious expression.

“And once again.... Nice ass.”

Jack’s chest started thumping so hard that it was like a tiny boxer inside him had started pounding away at his heart, kicking it into the corner whilst it gasped for air.

He tried to respond.

“Nice....”

Her eyebrows raised and his brain went haywire.

“...Smile,” he finished lamely.

“Thanks,” she responded, the dismissive tone with which she said it shrivelling Jack’s ego like a leaf in winter.

She began striding away and he panicked as he tried to think of something, *anything* to come back with, blurting out a few words just before she reached the doorway and disappeared from view.

“Maybe we can train together sometime!”

The bouncing glutes pivoted back around, and her inscrutable expression briefly flickered with amusement.

“...Together? “

“Y...Yeah.... Sure... Maybe you can uh.. help me work on my distances!”

She stopped for a moment, seemingly mulling it over.

“I suppose I could use a partner... Will you be wearing your pink boy-shorts?”

“Huh? Uh, no I can-.”

“Whatever.”

She turned to walk.

“HEY... yeah! I’ll be in the shorts, you betcha!”

She paused, the coyness returning to her eyes.

“Well.... in that case, how could I resist?.... Tomorrow, six pm.”

“Y-yeah!..”

Her eyes flicked down to his waist.

“Don’t forget the shorts, hot stuff.”

“Yeah.”

Jack tried to contain the joy threatening to make his head explode. Frankly he would have thrown himself off the roof if she had asked in that moment, so he tried to keep his cool as he responded.

“..Sure, s-sure... Danger.....”

Charlotte Danzine shook her head.

“My friends call me Charlotte.”

Jack shifted his feet as she turned away.

“Okay... Charlotte. I’m.. I’m Jack.”

“Whatever... See you tomorrow, *hot stuff*.”

With that, she was gone.

“*Holy hell*,” Jack muttered, taking a deep breath. What a day.

“That was painful,” Axe-man grinned just inside the door, making Jack nearly jump out of his skin.

Overhead halogen lights began to flicker as Jack stood alone in the centre of the practice ring. The windows were darkening, and the other guys he’d been practicing with had left almost three hours ago. Jack checked the clock. 8pm. Two hours had gone by, and she still wasn’t here.

He bounced off the ropes idly, looking around.

The place was deserted now, and even though the practice gym was always open, he didn’t feel like sleeping in a grey, floodlit warehouse. He was in the process of walking over to grab his things, defeated, when a door clattered open and Charlotte walked in wearing the tightest yoga pants he had ever seen, plus a leather jacket over t-shirt combination which held in her unashamed bust like it was trying to protect the world from high-grade explosives. The pants were a second skin defining every crevasse of her ass, powerful quads bristling as she sauntered in with a large black bag on her shoulder. Her face without makeup was still stunning, lips slightly thinner and eyelashes slightly shorter perhaps, and a few of the lightest freckles dotted here and there. She was simply, and unapologetically, gorgeous.

“Hey....”

Her tone was neutral as she spoke.

“...Sorry for lateness, surprised you’re still here... I had to be checked up again, took a little while.”

His chest tightened.

“Ah yeah.... *About that*, I wanted to apologise properly for yesterday...”

“*Can it*, hot stuff.”

Her dry smile was back, and a tiny boxer was hitting his heart once more with renewed strength.

“I can pay you back again today.... You ready?”

Jack looked down at the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and felt ready to run through walls.

“Yeah, let’s do it.”

She smiled and then frowned.

“What’s with the getup?”

She was staring at his cargo pants like they were poisoned.

“Huh?”

“I didn’t come here for cargo pants.”

“Ah, of course, ah.... Let me go change.”

He’d almost forgotten about it having waited so long... perhaps it was just some sort of hazing ritual that some of the established stars had? Then again, she seemed pretty interested touching it in the ring....

“Just do it here, I need to change as well anyways, and I’m not planning on being here too long.”

His stomach flipped on itself.

“Sure... cool.”

He stepped back under the ropes and grabbed his stuff.

“Okay, let’s face away and do it, ready?” she said.

“Yeah.”

“Go.”

Jack turned away from her stare, doing the gentlemanly thing of not peeking whilst he quickly rustled out of his clothes, hardening dick springing out of his boxers and trying to achieve its full five-inch length as he rode the pink latex high up into his junk. Fuck he really hoped she wouldn’t notice, but it was kind of hard not to. Eventually he got himself snug and comfortable, bending over and shoving on some comfortable trainers.

“I’m done”

“I can see that,”

He looked over his shoulder to see her openly staring at him, her bag still in her hands.

“Oh... uh-!”

His blush could have lit up an arena.

She put her hands to her face in mock apology.

“Oh, *sorry*, I guess I saw you so you should probably watch me change as well right?”

He was amazed his heart hadn't decided to just say screw it and explode right there and then, but before he could answer she put the bag on the ground and slowly took off her leather Jacket, revealing a plain black half-tee hugging her chest and revealing her belly button, at least several sizes too small.

He could see two bullet nipples standing to attention, and tried to keep his knees from giving way.

'She's not wearing a bra... Oh Lord help me....'

He could see every bit of her breasts snug in the ridiculously tight shirt like a second skin.

Fear and equal arousal coursed through his limbs.

'Oh God I'm going to fuck this up... she's too hot...'

“Finished. Ready?” she said, before jumping into the ring. Jack's embarrassment didn't stop his dick hardening to full mast, the outline clear against the constricting material. An awkward smile of disbelief was dribbled onto his features.

She was really something else - and he was so into it that it almost hurt.

Trying his best to nudge his erection to the side so it wouldn't be too obvious, he carefully advanced into the ring to a spot opposite her.

“Sooo, what should we- UUHF!”

He didn't manage to finish the sentence because her large frame slammed into his midriff, taking the wind out of his sails as he was poleaxed to the ground. Instantly her hands were all over him, adjusting so that she was in more of an MMA style position, on top and between his legs. A perverted voice in his head mentioned that it felt quite similar to the missionary position.... but with Charlotte as the male.

'Don't think about that... it's just training... kind of...'

Her hands held onto his shoulders, as if she were about to fuck his imaginary pussy.

“Okay Big-Man... I want you to sell a new move for me....”

He gulped in some air to his shocked lungs.

“Oh... *right!*... Sure.....”

“Yeah... I’m calling it ‘The Mission’.”

He looked up into her deep brown eyes and tried not to think about how deep and intelligent they seemed as she took his hands and gently pushed them until his arms were straight out away from his head, slowly pushing her chest down onto his face.

Jack couldn’t help an embarrassing small moan at one of the greatest moments of his life, watching her covered chest approach, blocking out the light before she landed on his face, her soft tits pressing against him, the warmth between them so inviting, their weight and the shirt actually smothering some of his breathing, nose wedged deep in the crevasse of her tits.

He’d quite happily die in this position.

Charlotte let out a small sigh above him, pulling his fingers into a quite comfortable position which might look painful to viewers outside the ring.

“Okay... sell it,” she breathed.

He made to moan in pain, and as he did she fully shoved her chest against his face.

“MPPHH!-H!”

Jack completely forget what he was supposed to be selling, engulfed between her tits.

It was glorious, and for a moment he felt the suppleness of them as she forced him into a body weight motorboating, impressing upon him her power by leaving him genuinely unable to move from her pin, which was absolutely fine with him.

Nipples poked his cheek, and he found himself rubbing his face against them.

A slight murmur from above sent wild scenarios through his imagination.

‘Oh holy fuck. This is the best day of my life.’

Jack tried to compose himself and attempt to writhe in pretend pain, but Charlotte rubbed herself even more insistently across his body, and his moans changed in tone to one of gratification as he tried desperately to stop his hard cock from pressing into her thigh.

“Mpphhmmmmh.”

“Shit sell,” she grunted, sounding immensely pleased despite her words, “I guess we’ll have to keep practicing...!”

She thrust her tits harder into his face, whilst pushing his hands into a tighter hold.
“Mphhh!”

The warmth was so inviting that Jack felt happy to do it all night, and the sweat that began to form on the skin-tight material tasted like most beautiful moist, salty snack of his life.

‘I’m tasting her sweat...’

A true moan from above him made him even more eager, and he did it again, this time fully licking at a covered angry nipple pushing insistently in his cheek and eye.

The woman shuddered, and for a moment he could have sworn he felt something pressed against his erection... then she pulled away.

“hooh, okay..... I think.... that’s gonna work...”

She looked breathless, standing up and not waiting to ask if Jack wanted picking up, instead hauling him to his feet.

“HOooh!”

She caught him in a tango dancer pose, lips a mere inch from his, and he wasn’t sure if it was static electricity making their proximity almost painful as those large eyes bore into his. A freckle on the tip of her nose was the cutest thing he’d ever seen.

The thick bands came closer... and brushed the very edge of his lips, before drawing back.

Jack stared at her with intense need, before a smile spread across her features.

“....I think it’s time we practice your falls,” she said, sweeping a leg under him and dropping him to the canvas with a painful *THUD*

“WELCOME to the TZB show, we’re here with all the latest wrestling news! I’m your host, Finn Decker.”

“I’m Kelly Tops!”

“Annnnd Jeff Schwartzerman!”

“So.... The big match. What are we thinking?”

“Well straight off the bat I’d like to talk about BIGMAN....”

Jack adjusted his headphones, turning up the volume as he jogged across the road towards the seven-eleven.

“I think I know what you’re going to say here...”

“He was.. Rough. A little green around the gills.... But I’ll be honest, I was impressed.”

“Definitely.”

A smile broke out across Jack’s face.

‘Holy crap. They liked it?’

“I mean... okay you get excited; you nearly knock out the biggest superstar in the world in the first ten minutes...”

“Happens.”

“But honestly.. there were a few stunts in there that made me think... this guy’s got something.”

“Yeah, and I liked their chemistry!”

“Yeah... there was even a little flirtiness!”

Jack’s heart pumped a little faster as he grabbed a bottle of whiskey and a litre of coke.

“You think that was scripted?”

“Whatever it was, I liked it!”

“Yeah?”

“Yes! Think about it, two opponents who actually have the hots for each other? That could be dynamite!”

“Interesting....”

Jack placed the bottles on the counter and nodded to the cashier whose eyes widened.

“Hey... dude...”

“And what did you think of Axe-man and Trisha? They just seem to keep rolling on!”

“Oh definitely, I mean we all know Axe-man is a hall of f-“

The cashier gestured to the headphones.

“Dude, do I know you-?”

Jack paused the podcast and pulled his earbuds out.

“Hey, uh... what’s up?”

The cashier scratched his head, spotty features arranged in a gormless stare.

“Dude... are you on the TV?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“Like... in the wrestling?”

Jack grinned.

“Yeah.”

The man’s jaw dropped.

“*Hooly shit dude*, you ARE him... that new wrestler guy!”

“Yeah, yeah that’s me... Bigman.”

The young man looked positively delighted, grabbing his phone.

“Maaan... you’re one lucky son of a bitch... I would give anything to have my ass kicked by Charlotte Danzine.... Can we take a picture?”

“Sure!... “

He began to take selfies posing with Jack giving his best mean face.

“Man, what was she like? I can’t believe it, I never met a wrestler before-“

“Uh, hey...mind if I pay for these?”

“OH yeah, sure buddy...”

Jack thanked the man as he handed him his items, waving before exiting the store whilst popping the headphones back in his ears.

“...isten, Charlotte Danzine always wins so easy, like she never has a challenger... maybe this young dude can be her next real opponent!”

“Steady Kelly, he’s good, but he’s not *that* good.”

“Not yet!”

“Well you can back that horse if you want..”

“Sure, why not? I got faith in him!”

“We’ll see... how they use their newest up-and-comer next could make for interesting viewing, if they don’t flush him down the toilet of course!....”

Jack’s high spirits lowered slightly as he hurried back to the flat.

‘*What’s the opposite of a silver lining...?*’

“Oh my GOD JACK that was insane!!!”

His sister was jumping around the room, vaulting the sofa as the program ended, crew-cut black hair and fairly well-built stature making her seem like an overly cheerful soldier, enhanced by the cargo shorts she usually wore.

She had waited until Jack came back to their apartment so they could watch the show together, a ritual they always did on their small-time shows, and one they had carried through to now.

He gazed into the smirking visage of himself.

'Gosh I look.... young....'

Seeing himself on TV was incredible, surreal even.

The camera zoomed in on Charlotte Danzine standing triumphant, and Jack felt warmth flow to his nether regions as his sister clasped her hands on her head.

“JACK... I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WRESTLED 'THE DANGER DANZINE'!!”

He let out a defeatist chuckle.

“Ha yeah... and knocked her out.”

As he said it, his fingers flittered with the phone in his pocket with Charlotte's number in it. He had been too scared to send even a single message, but the fact it was there made him clutch it like it contained all his worldly possessions.

“WHO CARES, I think she deserved it.... Big-Man all the way!”

She vaulted the sofa again, coming down to sit with her legs out, feet on his lap.

“Here's to the true heroes, Big-Man and Trisha S!”

His sister clinked the beer in his hand and swigged her own as the 'TWF' logo slammed on-screen for the ad-break.

“Hey, when is 'Un-Leisha' going to join us?” he grinned.

She peeled her eyes.

Even now they still competed with each other in everything, and Leisha had more than held her own throughout their careers, bigger than him by a few inches, learning and fighting together as they ascended the amateur wrestling ranks.

Currently though, she hadn't quite made it to the next level like Jack had. It probably hurt more because ask kids she had been talked up as the next big thing far more than her skinnier, shorter brother.... but the female roster was stacked with talent. The men's had been struggling. So Jack had gotten the opportunity first.

“Oh I'll get my shot don't you wait.... I didn't wanna tell you yet but... I got a trial coming up.”

“Oh yeah, with who?”

She nodded at him, and his grin widened.

“No way... TWF?!?!”

“Yup!”

He sprang up, spilling a little bit of beer.

“No way that’s great! Imagine.. Bigman and Un-Leisha.... We could bring back our tag team!!”

“Ey, watch our upholstery you dickhead, we aren’t made of money!” she shot, although since he had made the roster, rent and food didn’t seem like a big issue anymore.

“Hey, why don’t *you* go out and make some!” he joked, “speaking of which, you excited for your match next week?”

Her face fell.

“Oh... the intercon competition? They cancelled actually....”

“Ah... well... don’t worry about it, like you said, you got the trial coming up!”

“Yeah.. yeah!”

She hitched the smile back on her face.

“To the Dest-Roy-ers!”

It was a cheesy name for the Roy siblings’ teenage wrestling duo, and Jack knew it, chuckling as they clinked glasses again.

“Come on dude, don’t keep the gossip from me.”

Axe-man had been trying all day through training to claw information about his training session with Charlotte, and Jack had been avoiding saying anything at every turn, rolling his eyes as they strolled to the locker room.

“Shut it man.”

“Just spill it already.”

He still hadn’t even texted her, too afraid that he might screw things up.

“Dude, we trained, that’s all.”

“But what muscles did you train exactly?”

Jack threw his head back, laughing.

“What do you want me to say, my dick?!”

“Hey ZACK, a word!”

Jack spasmed, turning to see the boss - Danny Henning with his head poked around his office door. He was wearing his iconic leather jacket that he usually did promos in.

“OH... Me? S-sure! Yeah...”

He walked over to the CEO and boss of the company whilst trying not to hear Axe-man’s stifled laughter, attempting to squeeze through the door until a polite hand stopped him.

“Hey, just a quick thing... We’re going to give you a run with another partner against Charlotte for a few weeks.... See if we can’t build on that heat you got when you clocked her in that last match.”

“OH... right, yeah, great! Thank-“

“Don’t mention it,” he said with a wink, “to be honest, you should thank her for that, I was considering putting you back down a division in ‘Underworld Wrestling’ for that botch... but I guess you got a guardian angel!”

Jack felt like the supernova in his chest had liquidated into a black hole until he saw the idiotic grin on Danny’s face.

“Oh... right....”

“Oh and Zack?”

“Yeah?”

“....don’t knock anyone out this time.”

“OH right... sorry... It’s Jack by the w-“

The door slammed closed.

“.... Good news?” said Axe-man.

“I... guess...”

He slapped him on the back, heading for the locker room.

“Well the fact that Danny spoke to you and hasn’t fired you means you’re pretty much on the right track. He’s been threatening to fire me for twenty years now.”

“Ah... right...”

They had almost reached the men’s locker room when Charlotte appeared along with Titania, one of the larger female wrestlers who had been a roster mainstay for years. Tall, dark skinned and an athletic specimen, her energy always seemed bubbly and infectious.

“Hey, there’s your girlfriend,” muttered Axe-man, and Jack elbowed him in the ribs, barely disturbing the gait of the man as he drank in the woman walking up to them, wearing tight jeans and a t-shirt ludicrously distorted by her chest. He noticed

Titania murmur something in Charlotte's ear whilst staring directly at him, and Charlotte smirked.

Jack's voice came out an octave higher than it usually did.

"Hey Charlotte!"

She nodded.

"Free for a word hot stuff?"

"I assume you're talking about me," said Axe-man in a gruff tone.

Titania guffawed. Charlotte gave a glittering laugh.

"Fuck off Barry."

He pretended to be annoyed as she slapped his shoulder, and he trudged off with Titania looking over her shoulder, leaving Jack gazing up at Charlotte.

"So, seems like we're working together for a few more weeks."

"Yeah... I guess I should thank you for that?"

She waved a hand airily.

"No idea what you're talking about, Danny's the boss."

"Yeah... well... thanks for... yeah..."

"No, thank you for getting me to actually do some training... it's given me a little extra... *motivation.*"

The way she was smiling at him was making his brain melt.

"Uh... c.. cool....!"

"Now, I just wanted to talk about that special little move we worked on..."

She came in close, pressing her hands up against his biceps, clamping him to the wall and gradually enveloping him in her body until her lips were barely an inch away, and he prayed his cock didn't harden in his trunks, a prayer unanswered as heat rushed south to his groin.

Her voice lowered.

"I'm looking forward to debuting it on you tomorrow...."

"Y-yeah... me too..."

She opened her lips slightly, grazing his.

"EY, Danzine, you ready for tonight?"

Jack jerked like someone had shocked him awake with a cattle prod, and Charlotte seemed similarly put out, muttering as she pulled back in time for Gladiator

Johnson's head to poke around the door. He never seemed to possess any mirth whatsoever in his tanned, chiselled jaw, and today was no exception.

"YES," she said in a tetchy voice, before losing her polite smile as soon as the door was closed.

"Idiot," she muttered, before coming back to Jack, bending down.

She sighed, looking him up and down.

"Looking forward to kicking your ass, hot stuff."

Her hand raised up... and flew to his behind, leaving another whipped spank on his ass, and Jack whinnied as she came back for a second, two rifle-cracks splitting through the silence.

SMACK!-SMACK!

"UN-UHnnn!"

Her grin was laced with hunger.

"Yeah, that's for getting me excited... now watch me walk away."

He complied with her request, watching her ass sway like she was on a catwalk, strutting towards the dressing room and posing for a moment with her asscheeks flush and taut before going inside.

Jack reckoned after a minute that he must have turned into a puddle, as his legs seemed to have stopped working.

If there was a type of girl that mothers warned their sons about, it was this one.

He turned to see Titania watching from down the hall with a raised eyebrow, and felt his cheeks flush before hurrying to the men's locker room.

Jack pirouetted around the ring, avoiding the heavy blows as 'The Danger' lashed out, cheers raining down from the rafters before his partner, 'Master' Lajira, interposed herself between them, huge eyelashes fanning out as she blinked furiously at her foe, mouth covered by an Arabian-style mask.

"A-As I was saying," shouted Jack breathlessly into the microphone, hiding behind the tall woman, "My MIGHTY Mistress Lajira, wishes you to give BACK that which is rightfully hers!"

He pointed at the golden belt around Charlotte's waist.

"Put the belt on the line, and THEN, you can try and fight us, like all these stupid assholes want!" he said, gesturing to the arena around them.

Hearing his own voice bouncing around the arena still felt bizarre, and yet incredible at the same time.

He looked down at the people nearest to him, who looked like they wanted to rip his eyeballs out, and he laughed at them, bending over so they could see his ass luridly cinched around his budgie smugglers whilst trying not to think about what his friends and family would be able to see on display.

They were even tighter than his last pair. He wouldn't have worn them if his boss hadn't specifically requested it. It was the only other note Danny had given other than to avoid knocking anybody out.

Some women's roars changed to whooping as he backed towards them, but on the whole his new rather risqué look worked perfectly to incense the crowd even further.

"Hey, if that fat ass gets out of line, I'll have to spank it!" Charlotte shouted back, clutching her mic close to her thick, lustrous lips.

This got the crowd laughing, and Jack's cheeks turned red.

'Well, it definitely informs my character....'

"DON'T ENCOURAGE HER!" he squealed in a childish voice to the crowd, receiving a wave of jeers and screams, "I am NOT going to be intimidated by this... this SLUT!"

"Ooooh seems like someone's ready for a spanking," Charlotte hissed, setting her legs.

"YOU DON'T HAVE THE BALLS!" her crowed, "I-"

Charlotte's expression became ravenous, attempting to barge past Lajira, but the woman shoved her back. The two large women butted heads.

Jack pretended to hide, scared, behind his guardian.

"AH-AH, you can't fight us until you have a partner! And Axe-Man isn't even here, so unless you-"

The theme music for 'Gladiator Johnson', a heavy rap beat, cut his speech in half as planned, and the crowd cheered, although not as heavily as they had for Charlotte, or even as loud as the jeers for Jack and Lajira.

The man himself was an adonis, and adjusted his roman-style robe across ebony skin, clad like a spartan in wrestling trunks with a ceremonial shield that he gave to a child in the front row, before marching towards them.

The haughty look wasn't all character, as Jack had noted in his locker-room encounters, the man barely sparing him a glance prior to tonight.

He didn't waste time, launching into the ring and straight at Jack, aiming a punch at his head.

Jack braced for the light impact, and then was sent spinning as the knuckles slammed into his temple.

Pain.

"Uhn!"

Automatically his arms raised to shield himself from the all-too-real blows of the larger man as they came in hard and fast, rapping the side of his head until it was ringing.

Somehow Jack ducked underneath a fizzing hook and pulled him in.

"What the fuck man," he hissed as they clinched, but received no acknowledgement, Johnson instead driving his full body weight into Jack's ribs.

"HUHH!"

Jack dropped to the canvas, and could barely pick himself up to launch a planned counterattack as Charlotte and Lajira began to brawl beside them.

He landed a few fake blows, not hard, on the man's head.

The man didn't even pretend to flinch, and Jack could barely contain his incredulity as the man sent a shot that rocked him backwards to the canvas, his legs wobbling.

'What the fuck, he didn't sell a single punch! Is he trying to beat the shit out of me?!'

Most people knew that wrestling was more of a dance than a fight, but finding that line was an art.

Johnson was nowhere near it.

Jack decided after another flurry that he had no choice but to throw fists back, catching the advancing figure with a swift left, and the man staggered slightly, before launching back in a rain of blows that Jack could only cover up and take.

Pain blossomed in his side as a fist connected with his kidney, the air leaving his lungs and refusing to return, and he doubled over as a bunch of referees quickly realised that something wasn't right and interred themselves.

'I'm supposed to hit Charlotte from behind...'

He looked over at Charlotte who was glancing in his direction, waiting for the pre-rehearsed sneak attack, confused despite staying in character.

'Maybe I can-'

He took one step forwards and almost collapsed, unable to regain the air in his lungs to continue, and with Gladiator nearby he had no idea if he would make it.

'We didn't get to do the move...'

The disappointment on her face looked a little too real, mirroring his own, lips thinning as she watched him and Lajira retreat, the theme music of gladiator playing them out.

He tried desperately to see if it was possible to force himself to go on, but then a mic was thrust in his hand, and a ref muttered to 'go home', the signal to finish the bit and get out.

Jack winced as he raised the mic to his lips to continue the promo.

"You guys... won't forget this...."

The wind had left him, and he could only drop the mic and look furious, which was easy to do as he tasted blood in his mouth, Gladiator Johnson sneering at him as Lajira, unable to take the microphone because of her gimmick as 'the silent assassin', walked off, pulling him with her.

Jack felt a tang of iron on his tongue, and made sure to force the blood past his teeth and onto his lips so people could see. Why give up free publicity? People gasped as they saw the red trickle running down his chin.

'Anything for the show.'

In the distance, Charlotte and Johnson put their fists up in the air to accept the cheers.

The observation area was a furious bustle when they returned, Danny nearly tearing his hair out.

"What were you two doing in there, you were supposed to sell the fight next week!!" he shouted at Jack, who threw his arms up in exasperation, wincing. "You know the point of a promo is that you TALK."

*"That... *hn*... that idiot hit me..."*

"You're a professional wrestler! It's your JOB!"

It was tough getting his breath back.

"He was.... H-he was full on assaulting me. Lajira, tell them!"

Lajira said nothing, instead making a gesture of boredom, striding away.

'Characters do bleed into reality sometimes....'

"For the love of... Well if that's the case..."

Danny had looked for a moment he was going to blow, his face scarlet, but he found a dose of composure from somewhere, and gave a jerk of his head to Jack, meaning 'you're dismissed.'

'Well, at least he didn't fire me.'

Jack turned to go, still pissed.

'That asshole.'

He made his way to the locker-room, but moments later Gladiator Johnson burst through the door, making a beeline straight to him.

"Hey ROOKIE, What the hell was that?!"

"Huh?"

'Is he insane?!'

"YEAH you! What the HELL was that!"

"What.... the hell was WHAT asshole?!"

He came right up to Jack and shoved him against a locker, Jack intensely aware of how much taller Johnson was than him, receiving the rather rancid smell of a man who had eaten too much meat, not quite covered up by a soporific perfume odour.

"I can't believe they bring people up like this... Freakin no-seller, they should have got 'El Fatadore' to do it, at least he'd be able to sell a punch."

"JOHNSON!..."

The door slammed against the wall as it was wrenched open by Charlotte, who was red in the face.

"...Leave him alone."

He acted like he hadn't heard her.

"You're a fucking joke! Just a talentless no-seller."

Jack's hackles raised.

"Me? A no-seller? You couldn't sell popcorn at a cinema, let alone punches in a wrestling ring!"

Charlotte couldn't help a titter at his response, which made Johnson's expression even fouler.

“Wow, congratulations, you finally found some mic skills *back-stage*.... You’re a real piece of work, you know that?

“Well, feel free to go explain it to Danny then.”

Jack made to walk to his locker, but Johnson caught his arm.

“Hey, we’re not done....!”

Then the imposing form of Charlotte was between them.

“That’s *enough*, Johnson.”

“Hey... this is the men’s locker room, get out of here,” Johnson sneered, and shoved her aside.

Jack reacted without even thinking, unleashing a punch which rapped the man across the jaw, stinging his knuckles as the man staggered, a look of shock snapping to his features.

Charlotte looked equally blindsided.

A fist came out of nowhere.

Pain.

Blackness.

Everything was dark....

Except...

“a....a....”

Something was calling him.

“...ack.... *Jack*....”

Something tickled his cheek, an itch.

“*Jack, wake up...*”

The itch was sharper this time, and Jack groaned.

“*JACK. If anyone gets to knock you out, it’s me asshole!*”

The third slap sent a lance of pain through his brain.

“OW! M’uhh.. *M’up...*”

He hauled his eyelids open to the deep brown eyes and worried frown of Charlotte, her hands on his face. He had been brought to the control booth where the medical team was located, surrounded by monitors and people with headphones on or worried expression, although it seemed as if they had been firmly told by Charlotte to remain on the sidelines.

One of them was sulking whilst holding a defibrillator.

“I don’t think you can accuse Jack of being the asshole here,” chuckled a bearded face behind her, Axe-man’s momentary look of seriousness quickly reverting to his usual twinkle as he saw the young man stir.

Jack shook his head.

More noises.

As his senses became sharper, he could make out what was going on nearby, a full-on argument over the background noise of the crowd, which turned out to be Danny looking like he was midway through an aneurism, his face a filth-spouting tomato, sweat patches on the underarms of his shirt, unleashing complete hell on Gladiator Johnson, who was being held back by three other wrestlers.

A huge, ugly black bruise covered the man’s eye, and his lip was busted open, blood trickling down his lips. Wierdly, the first thing that popped into Jack’s mind was that it would have looked great for an in-ring promo.

“YOU FUCKIN’ PULLED THIS SHIT FOR THE LAST TIME, I WON’T JUST SEND YOU DOWN A DIVISION TO UNDERWORLD, YOU WON’T WORK IN A SQUARED CIRCLE FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS, YOU’LL BE A FUCKING BUM DOING LAP-DANCES AT CAESAR’S PALACE!!”

Gladiator Johnson was similarly incensed, more imposing in height, but far less creative with his replies, nursing his wounds.

“Y-YOU DON’T HAVE THE BALLS TO FIRE ME. GOOD LUCK TRYING TO... TO GET A REPLACEMENT FOR GLADIATOR JOHNSON YOU FUCKING HACK!”

He gestured to Jack who was sitting up.

“You think guys like him are good enough? YOU’VE GOT NO FUCKING CLUE!”

Danny got even louder.

“THAT’S MR FUCKING HELMAN TO YOU, NOW GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY SIGHT!”

Johnson didn’t need telling twice, fists clenched as he extricated himself from the three men holding him and limped to the locker room, casting a venomous look at Charlotte and Jack, before slamming the door behind him.

Silence temporarily reigned, broken by the occasional crowd noise coming from outside as another match, entirely unobserved by the crew, took place.

Danny straightened his tie.

“Alright people... let’s get back to it.”

The bustle returned at a lower volume than usual.

Jack made to stand up but Charlotte stopped him.

“Stop, let me check you.”

“I’m fine... I’m FINE..”

She pushed him down.

“If you try to get up then *I’ll* deck you.”

“Hn.. fine.”

She looked into each of his eyes, concern scrawled across her features.

“Nice punch.”

“I... gave him a black eye?”

At this Axe-man couldn’t help a smirk, glancing at Charlotte, who gave him a motherly look that spoke of a white lie about to be told. Jack noticed her wipe the knuckles of her right hand; almost removing the specks of dried blood.

“Oh... uh, yeah... you really got him hot stuff.... Pretty strong for a twink, although I might have added a slug of my own...”

Axe-man’s raised eyebrow made it obvious she had done significantly more damage than that.

Jack snorted and made to get up, but she shoved him down by the shoulders harder this time.

“I said *stay*.”

“I-I’m f-“

She leaned in and pressed her lips to his, and Jack’s soul left his body as everything compressed down to the thick bands smothering his own, opening up so that she could slip a hint of tongue into his mouth, teasing with going deeper.

He offered a light moan of surprise, a sign he was touching the clouds just below heaven.

Warm.

Soft.

Wet.

She broke the kiss just before he thought she might fully French him.

“... I said *stay*,” she growled.

“... Yeah... *yeah*,” he managed, no longer concerned about going anywhere.

She leant down and pressed their lips together once more. Her lips felt so much bigger than his.... He could feel her about to press her tongue fully into his mouth when a voice broke the spell.

“Danzine!”

Danny was calling from the control booth.

She pulled back, and both realised that everyone in the back-stage area was staring at them, the monitors and in-ring performances forgotten.

Jack didn't care. He'd just kissed Charlotte Danzine.

“Yeah?!” she snapped.

“You're on in forty seconds!.”

“Just TWO MORE MINUTES!”

“I think he's fine Charl,” Axe-man said, looming above them. “You'll have time to ah.. check him over later.”

It seemed as if she would argue until grudgingly she stroked his cheek and released him.

“Fine.”

She stalked off towards the entrance, a few of the crew checking her out as she went, before turning with barely contained mirth on their faces to Jack.

“Oh thanks for saving me,” Jack muttered sarcastically to Axe-man as he watched Charlotte sashay through the red curtains, and many of the backstage crew tittered as the arena exploded again.

“No problem,” Axe-man responded, a glint in his eye.

“Alright Jack?” called Danny.

Jack picked himself up on wobbly feet.

“Y-yes sir...”

“I'll bet.”

The man turned back to his monitor, smirking.

Jack was still dazed, heart pounding like he'd just swum the Amazon river as Axe-man put his arm round him and led him away from the observation area, waiting until they were out of earshot to mutter in his ear.

“So, you and Charlotte... Just training huh?”

Jack's face went as pink as his wrestling trunks.

The boxy apartment felt larger now that the lights had finally been fixed, Jack and his sister dumped on sofas watching the large flat-screen TV hugging the wall. Leisha was glued to the screen, eyes wide as she watched Bigman and ‘the Danger’ exchange angry words.

“There’s no Lajira here to save you now!”

“I don’t need protecting!”

His sister smiled.

“Wow, you really got that edge of fear in your face perfectly.”

“Thanks.”

She looked at him for a second before snapping back to screen in case she missed a single detail.

“You always were better at the acting side than me.”

“Nah you’re so much better now than you were!”

She smiled, but it was forced.

“Yeah.... If I can remember how to wrestle. Feels like a while since I last got a proper match.”

“Hey, you could always go back to the amateur rings.”

She crinkled her nose.

“Yeah I suppose but.... I’ve made a decent name for myself... and with you in TWF... *OOOoooh* good sell!”

Her face lit up as she watched Jack belly flop onto where Charlotte had been standing, missing her by inches as he fell flat on the canvas and curled up in pain.

In Leisha’s eyes, Jack saw an eagerness, an envy which she couldn’t quite hide.

“You know... I was thinking of working at the restaurant again.”

Jack crooked his eyebrows.

“Why?”

She shrugged.

“Money.”

“But I have money!”

She sighed.

“Look, it’s great you’re paying for the rent and food and all but... I don’t want to be mooching off you forever.”

“Yeah... I get that... but for now...”

“How long is n-? HOLY SHIT!”

She nearly jumped from the seat as Bigman flew through the air and was caught by Charlotte, who then carried his momentum and threw him straight out of the ring, landing on the announcer’s table.

“FUCKIN’ YESSSSSS!”

“WOAH GET BACK Kaley... That’s quite incredible!”

“Hey, I’d let her throw me around like that if she wants!”

Leisha turned to him in amazement.

“That was CRAZY... is she really that strong?”

He smiled.

“Stronger.... She could snap me in half if she wanted.”

She looked back in awe..... And then came the moment that made him bite his lip.

“Uh, Leish I should warn you....”

“She’s coming to him... wait, what’s she doing?”

“I THINK SHE’S GOING TO-!”

Jack grabbed the remote and turned off the TV.

“JACK, WHAT THE HELL....”

He put his hands up in a good-will gesture.

“Okay, I know, but just.... You might be embarrassed.”

His sister crinkled her nose.

“Bullshit!! I’ve seen your buttcrack up close in a wrestling ring, nothing new is gonna faze me... Gimme!”

Begrudgingly he gave her the controller, and she turned the tv back on to a sight that made her jaw drop.

Jack winced.

Charlotte Danzine was fully on top of him, her breasts smothering his face whilst she performed ‘The Mission’ submission hold.

His sister’s jaw dropped open.

“... t’s been rumoured to have been found from the far east! ’The Mission’ submission hold!!”

“That’s impossible Kaley!”

“WELL It certainly seems to be working on Bigman, in fact I think that swine is going to tap out!”

The angle from above was the most clear smothering that any man could wish for, and Leisha watched in silence, mouth open as Charlotte begin to gyrate forwards and backwards, supposedly deepening the hold whilst crushing her tits into his face. The thrum of the crowd was almost drowning out the commentators.

Jack licked his lips as the feeling of her hot, sweaty bosom pressed against his face rushed back, and he couldn't help a sigh at the memory.

“How dare you, he’s a brave young man. What sort of woman smothers a man like that!”

“A benevolent woman Jeff, careful I don’t do the same to you!”

“Right you are Kaley.”

The hold had lasted for less than twenty seconds, but in his mind it was a glorious eternity of her hot, sweaty tits rubbing against his face before ‘The Bigman’ finally submitted, tapping and moaning to the ref who pulled them apart.

Jack had never regretted anything as much as when Charlotte’s tits left his face, looking down at the vision of himself ‘struggling to breathe’, subtly trying to keep his erection from being visible.

His sister said nothing.

“THE DANGER WINS!”

Charlotte’s gleeful expression as she held up her title belt was perhaps happier than her character was supposed to be, but Jack’s chest soared when she looked back at ‘The Bigman’, biting her lip.

The next few seconds were completely unscripted.

He watched as she walked back to him, and whilst he was making to get up, she spanked him on the tush.

SMACK

The sound was perfectly audible to the cameras.

Jack murmured as the TV vibrated so much with crowd noise that it felt like it was going to fall off the stand, and he even had to grab the volume and turn it down a notch as he watched his own eyes open in shock, uncurling, and then had to look away, because for a moment, live on tv, the TWW broadcast had shown the erection bulging against his trunks.

Deciding that was probably enough, he turned off the TV.

His sister said nothing for a long time.

'I guess that's understandable...'

Eventually, Leisha managed to untangle her lips.

“That.... Was....”

She put her hands up as if trying to mould the sentence that would explain her thoughts.

“... I have....”

Jack grimaced.

“... I have never been... more JEALOUS....”

Jack's eyebrows lifted.

“... than I am right now.”

She turned to him, a perplexed grin on her face.

He managed to quell his restless hands as her face morphed between mirth and confusion.

“WHY DON'T I HAVE 'THE DANGER' DANZINE'S TITS IN MY FACE???!?”

Jack let out tension-releasing laugh, and the two of them guffawed, Leisha rolling back on the sofa.

“OHHHH my GOD.... You got a fucking hard-on from getting spanked on live TV... I CAN'T EVEN!!”

He bristled, still laughing.

“Hey, you try to be smothered without getting one.”

She chuckled.

“You know, if any woman was going to give a girl an erection, it would probably be Charlotte Danzine.... And they planned all this?!”

He scratched his head.

“Hah.. well uh... no... I mean, we did, me and Charlotte.”

She cocked her head.

“Oh, it's *Charlotte* now, is it?”

He let out a small smile that tried not to show how pleased he was, despite the fact it was written on his face in neon lights.

“Huh.. you guys planned this together yeah?... Honestly, I'm pretty sure you wouldn't have the balls to suggest this.”

“Ha, well maybe I have bigger balls than you think.”

She grimaced.

“Nah, unfortunately those pink trunks are way too tight for you to be lying about that.”

Jack felt the wind get ripped out of his sails and clamped his mouth shut.

“WELCOME to the TZB show! I’m Finn Decker.”

“Kelly Tops!”

“And Jeff Schwartzerman.”

“Well.... I gotta say that wasn’t the most inspiring set of matches tonight...”

“Well hold on Finn, you’re forgetting that ‘Danger-Bigman’ matchup!!”

“OH hell I sure couldn’t forget that. What did you think of that new move Charlotte Danzine put out!”

“Finn, I have never wanted to be a wrestler more in my life then when I was watching him get buried under those tits.”

“Yeah.. those tits..”

“Woof.”

“Guys... a bit of professionalism please?”

“Sorry Kelly.... But you gotta admit, Jack Roy is the like *the* luckiest man on the planet.”

“Oh yeah.”

“The luckiest person in history?”

“I want a T-shirt with ‘smother me Danzine on it.”

“Hey, order ME one while you’re at it!”

“Honestly, can we just see her fuck him in the ring or something?”

“Kelly, Jesus you can’t say that!”

“Finn, why not! I mean if we’re going there... We’ve seen the comebacks, the underdogs, the close calls... why not just throw her a strap-on like she said and away you go!”

“Well... it is post-watershed....”

“Exactly... and they did it eight years ago with the midnight wrestling division...”

“That went under though, right?”

“Yeah, but not because it wasn’t popular!”

“Some embezzlement or something...”

“I thought that era of wrestling was over.... But I suppose we can all dream!”

The halogen lights of the training warehouses were harsh and blinding, but the figure beneath them had no angle that didn't look pretty in it, Charlotte scuttling left and right, clad in pink yoga pants and a training bra.

“Seems like we're casting up a bit of a storm.”

Jack tried not to get lost in her eyes. They'd not discussed the kiss since their last match, and afterwards she'd had to leave the arena. Somehow it felt awkward to bring up.

'What do I say... hey, we kissed, want to do it again?...'

She flew at him and clotheslined him, and Jack bounced easily onto the matt.

“W-WELL I think... people seem to enjoy the rivalry....”

“Oh, so it's a rivalry now, is it?”

He scratched his head as he sprang up.

“Uh... I thought so...”

She smirked.

“I'll have to ask Dan for approval.”

“Oh, really?...”

“Nope.”

Jack snorted.

Unlike other wrestlers, Dan let Charlotte basically do whatever she wanted. Other matches could be planned down to the finest details, but such was her in-ring performance and heat with the crowd that Charlotte Danzine could change anything she felt like on the fly, short of stripping butt-naked. (Hell, Dan's eyes would probably turn into literal dollar signs if she ever did that.)

“Hey, you got something on your ass.”

She gestured, and he looked down, confused.

“Huh?”

The tackle sent him into the canvas, and when he had time to get his bearings, it was with Charlotte hugging his back.

“Yeah... me.”

Her clinch was powerful, and he tried to struggle out of it. It was like she had bones made of pure iron.

“O-okay... I concede,” he chuckled, tapping.

The arms didn't loosen.

"Mmmh, what's the forfeit?" she breathed in his ear.

"Uh... forfeit?"

A hand rubbed across his abs and began tickling up and down his belly button with a lone finger.

"Uh... well Uhhmm...."

The tickle trailed down to the top of his wrestling trunks.

"Um..."

"You sure you don't know?"

She slipped to the front of his trunks and rubbed the bulge.

"Uhhnn-!"

"Tell me what you want," she whispered, grabbing harder to the point where she was quite aggressively clamping down on his cock, which was rock hard and straining against the tight confines of what amounted to overly stylised budgie smugglers.

"Uhhnnnnilli *want to....*"

She rubbed up and down, squeezing harshly.

"WHAT."

"UHHNNn.... I-I WANT YOU!"

Then arms clawed his sides as she whipped herself around him like a viper, landing on top and kneeing his legs aside, settling inside his guard with his legs parted.... Or in other words, a perfect missionary position again.

"Yeah???" she whispered, "... well I want you too".

Their lips met, and Jack melted into the most profound kiss of his life, her lips crushed against his with such need, such desperation, that it felt like she was trying to bring him back to life, her tongue plunging into his mouth and swirling, bullying his own. Her weight settled so heavily on top of him that Jack reckoned this must be what a woman feels like being kissed or being the middle of a sandwich as Charlotte used his face, grunting and moaning like a savage as he clung to the muscles on her back, sucking on the pink explorer delving into every corner of his mouth, unrelenting and extremely rough.

Through all the commotion something solid rubbed against his crotch, and a small part of his brain flagged it as odd.

'Huh?'

That felt like there was something in her pants.

They continued kissing, and the warning signs increased as it rubbed against him, still enjoying the incredible zealousness with which she was punishing him with a French kiss for the ages.

'What is that...?'

Then she pulled back, coming up off her knees.

"Oof, hang on one second their hot stuff,"

Jack wasn't even sure if she had even used his real name once, but he was never going to ask her to stop calling him that.

"Ha.. uh.... S-Sure..."

"You're making me uncomfortable,"

He twitched. Had he kissed a little too rough? Or not rough enough? He had certainly never ended up in that position with a girl like this before...

Charlotte immediately shoved her hands into her yoga pants and tussled with something inside.

His eyebrows rose, and then nearly flew off his head as she let out a huge sigh of relief, adjusting a huge bulge which had appeared from nowhere, and was now clamped to her right leg beneath the yoga pants. Curiosity, fear and arousal all smashed into one another as his facial features were pulled in all directions by a brain that no longer understood exactly what it was seeing, so had decided to jab at the controls until something stuck.

"OH."

"Hey, your fault," she said, shrugging her shoulder.

Jack didn't know what to think. Had she put a cucumber down there?

"Uh.. my fault?"

She rubbed it.

"Yeah, you uh.... made my cock so hard I can't even keep it tucked in."

"... Your... cock..?"

She looked him dead in the eye.

"Yeah. My cock."

He lay, speechless, looking up at Charlotte who was now sporting that gigantic shape down one leg, her yoga pants clinging to it so he could see the outline of a mushroomed head.

'That... is a cock.....'

"Get up... sparring's not finished."

Jack found himself getting up on shaky legs, and Charlotte began to stalk around the ring.

He was no longer concerned about anything other than the shadow of what must have been a ludicrous monster penis.

"Something distracting?"

"Huum... A-a little."

"I don't think its little... I'd say it's pretty big, right?"

"Y...yeah..."

She moved in and slipped his legs from under him, Jack whimpering as he hit the mat hard, so blindsided that he didn't fall properly.

"Oohf!"

"Oh come on rookie... shape up or I'll have to deliver some hard lessons," she breathed, panting as she wrestled him.

"R-right..."

They threw a few fake punches, and then she clinched him in the corner. Her breasts slotted into his neck from her superior height, so his chin was forced upwards.

"... Do you still want me?.."

The bulge pressed against his thigh.

"... Do you?"

His breaths came shallow, the mild temperature belied by the sweat dappling his brow.

He looked at the incredible woman pressed up against him, that twinkle of intelligence in her eye that felt like she could see right through his eyeballs and into his head.

He knew then that the thought of saying no would haunt him forever.

"..Yes."

It was Charlotte Danzine. Not even his childhood crush could measure up to her, because Charlotte had been too far out of his league even in his wildest fantasies.

"Good."

She stepped back to the centre of the ring.

“I want you to eat my ass.”

His jaw dropped.

“Oh... uh... now?”

She shrugged.

“Why not?”

“Er.. well uh...”

In one smooth motion she planted her feet wide, and lowered herself down until her head was almost touching the floor, staring upside-down between her legs.

He stared for a long time at the wrestling one-piece cinched into the woman’s buttocks, her bulge now so obvious that he couldn’t believe he hadn’t noticed it before.

Amazing what perception can do to reality.

Jack looked around the empty training warehouse, and the empty rings that had terrified him at first with the weight of the experience.. and now found that fear back again as he stared at the prodigiously hung, powerful woman prostrating herself with her ass aimed in his direction.

‘What am I doing....’

His feet were moving before his brain could make a decision.

Her ass came towards his face until it was taking up his entire vision... he placed his hands on them. Warm, firm hills of muscle. They tensed slightly as he touched them, and a tiny utterance from below made him gulp.

“That’s it hot stuff...”

He pulled the wrestling latex covering her anus to one side.. and found that he had to also gently remove them from the cupped balls underneath. His jaw dropped as he watched two peaches drop from their prison, hanging below her asshole, with a firm erection in front of them.

“Jesus christ...”

“We can get to that later,” she said in a sultry voice. “For now...”

Her hands came back and pulled her cheeks apart.... Allowing him complete access to a tiny pink flower.

‘Am I doing this?’

His head leaned forwards, the mounds of her ass a valley that he was journeying through. He stuck his tongue out.

It was... hot. And not bad tasting... a little sweaty. An odd, slightly rubbery texture compared to normal skin...

Her thighs tensed up.

“Hnn.”

He felt the ripple through her body and licked around the edge.

“HNN, yeah...”

Then he utterly lost himself in it.

He shoved his tongue as far in as it would go, feeling her cheeks clench against his face, groaning into Charlotte’s asshole as it was shoved back even further, attempting to swallow his face.

“HNNNNG.”

He felt her balls rub against his chin, and something pat against his chest, and realised her cock and balls were fully pressed against him.

She was probably as hard as he was.

He slipped his tongue in as far as it would go, trying to detach it so it could dive right to her core, and as he made sweet love to her anus, one of his hands came up on instinct to feather one of her testicles.

“HHoOOHhh yuhhnn-!”

It felt fleshy and so big, like he was playing with a real piece of equipment instead of his own rather uninspiring pair.

He squeezed again.

Her grunt was so ugly and masculine that it was obvious he had found a real weak spot, and he began to toy insistently with her testicle whilst french kissing the life out of her butthole, tongue-fucking with all his might, shoving it in over and over as he FELT as well as heard Charlotte moaning like her brain was being turned to soup.

‘This is crazy-this is crazy-this is crazy-‘

“HHNUHHHHH-HUNN...!”

He felt her moans reverberating through her cheeks and mimicked them even louder directly back into her asshole, feeling her buck as he gave his soul into the job of tossing her salad. Every time he teased her rim or shot his tongue inside, he felt her body respond, angling for a deeper entry, rotating her ass to get more of his tongue rubbing her naughty places.

He rolled her balls in his palm.

'They're huge....'

"Oh God I'm gonna... NNNHH....g-grab my dick...!"

Jack's mind felt like it was running through treacle as her instructions warred with his in-built defences.

'Should I touch her dick?....'

"MNNN-...I'm so close!.... *Touch it....*."

He reached out, tongue prodding her anus as he wrapped his fingers around the middle of her cock.

'Holy fuck.'

It was like holding a warm snake, thick and heavy.

"Y-YEuuhh...!!!"

'Should I jerk it..? Oh my God, the vein on the side is so big...'

His hand jerked it once, terror and excitement racing through him as it throbbed so powerfully that it expanded his fingers.

'Do I like this?.... touching her dick....'

Then her ass clenched around his face, and her grunts turned to deep bellows as he *felt* the cum racing down her shaft.

He instinctively squeezed.

It felt like having his hand on a firehose with the water turning on, pure power thrumming through his fingers, and then exploding all over the canvas, ugly cries issuing from the woman whose asshole had clamped on his tongue.

"UHGHHH!!!"

He couldn't see it, too busy tossing her sweaty salad, but he could feel the pulse racing under the skin of his hand as her cock let loose like a cannon, firing all over the floor.

He put a few jerks in for good measure which made the woman ripple in his grasp.

Something warm splashed onto his front, and he realised he must have caught some jizz backsplash which was now dripping down his firm erection and onto the floor. It almost felt like a load itself...

'Jesus she is still going!!'

"UHnnn...UHHNN...."

He started to wonder if it would ever end as the woman bucked and spasmed, until finally with a dog-like whine she fell still.

“Ohhhhh.... Oh that’s.... Hnn... the best rim job I’ve ever had...”

Jack pulled back, and the cool air hit his face, making him realise how wet and slick he was with his own saliva.

It was all over his face.

“You’re a hell of a performer,” she breathed, a hazy smile on her face, still bent over in front of him.

“B-big-time,” he panted, his face wet.

She unbent herself before turning to pull him in and crushed their lips together in a hot, sweaty kiss. God it felt so good, even if her cock was wiping cum on his belly.

When they broke, her voice was barely a whisper.

“I really enjoyed that.”

He looked down at the lake of cum they were standing in, his wrestling boots iced across the front, and the giant erection digging into his abs.

“Yeah... seems like it....”

She reached out and ran a hand up the hard bulge in his budgie-smugglers.

“... I’m not the only one...”

He shivered, wondering if she was going to pleasure him now, but she pulled back, eyeing his bulge hungrily.

“Not yet... I want you taut and ready for tomorrow.”

He let out a forlorn chuckle, desperate for release.

“Ha right... I mean... at least we’re not doing this on tv right?”

She stared into his soul, and Bigman gulped.

Jack put his head in his hands, trying to blot out the sound coming from the living room. His Sister was watching the show, despite him pleading not to.

He peered through a crack in the bedroom door, then thought better of it. The commentary was enough.

“OH, I don’t believe it Kaley, she’s actually going to make him do it!”

“I don’t think he can go through with this.. is h-...?!”

Charlottes voice thundered across the commentator’s voices, the microphone pressed up against her salivating lips.

“COME GET A TASTE OF THIS!”

Jack closed his eyes, remembering the adrenaline coursing through his veins as he had been pulled forward in front of forty thousand people, how her ass had felt against his lips, the puckered ring that he had begun to slide his tongue across.

The crowd explosion that came through the TV was so loud it felt like they were in the room with them, and Jack winced as his Sister choked on her popcorn.

“Oh, that boy is going to town on her booty!”

“You’re damn right he is Kaley, and good on ‘im, it seems like the action has finally arrived!”

“You betcha! I’ve never seen anything like- Oh hell, I think Charlotte is LOVING that!”

A heaving moan from Charlotte, who had kept the microphone pressed against her face the whole time, made Jack’s crotch throb.

“UUUHHH!”

“Oh HELL I think she’s making a lot of men and women jealous; did you hear that?!”

“She’s goin’ out of her mind!!!”

“UHHHHHHNNN!”

The TV sounded like it was exploding from all the noise.

Through it, his sister’s voice was low and confused.

“What in the world...”

“UUUHHNNN!”

“Better technique than a ten-dollar whore Kaley, where’d you think he learned that?”

“I don’t know, but wherever it is I don’t want my sister going there for a visit, that’s for sure!”

The moment she put the microphone up to her ass was the worst part, Jack blubbering as the sound of a pig searching for truffles came out of the speakers, a wet snuffling noise that pulled him right back between those gorgeous cheeks, feeling the heat from her asshole, the taste... thank god she was clean, the tinges of sweat adding a bitter taste...

He creaked the door open further to see his Sister looking on in shock, barely able to bring himself to look at the figure on the television that was him, so clearly lost in what he was doing that he couldn’t help himself....

'Don't do it...'

The boy on television didn't hear him... and pulled at Charlotte Danzine's wrestling bottoms, exposing two huge testicles which he sank his face onto.

Saliva flowed over his tongue even now as he remembered how the sagginess of her ball-skin felt so wrong yet so right in his mouth.

'I did it without thinking.... I wasn't thinking...'

The camera lowered further to zoom in on the new shape exposed underneath Charlotte's body.

"Wait... I don't.... is she wearing somethin' down there?!"

The figure on screen didn't think. He sucked so hard on Charlotte's testicles that one popped into his mouth, and the woman's eyes suddenly snapped open as she realised what he was doing, a crazed smile coming to her face, warring with shock as she stared out over a crowd of disbelieving faces.

"HOLY SHIT KALEY I THINK SHE'S PACKIN' HEAT!"

"I apologise for the language listeners, I think mah co-commentator got excited..."

"HE'S SUCKIN' HER BAWLS, THAT BOY IS LICKING THE NUTSACK OF A LADY PACKING BALLS AND A BAT IN HER SACHEL."

Jack's jaw still ached from getting his mouth around her left nut.

"Please Jeff, for the viewers..."

"I apologise Kaley, but it's gotta be said! Charlotte Danzine is packing a full set under there!"

"I don't know if we can even commentate about this! I can't believe that Charlotte Danzine has a pair of balls that Bigman is going to WORK on!"

The crowd murmured, stunned.

Their favourite woman, their angel, 'The Danger', had been having her asshole licked.... And now she was packing heat, and her testicles were being sucked.

Charlotte's head swung left and right, eyes wide at all the fans closest to her, who had all gone from cheering wildly to staring, confused, some holding their beards or fiddling with yellow-coloured nails.

On the tv screen, the moment of tension lasted seconds. In the ring, it had felt like eons, Jack's tongue paused halfway up her sack, his hand mid-reach for her revealed bulge.

It took a few moments for a chant to build.

“..uck her co....”

“What are they chantin’ Kaley!!”

“Welp, I don’t think we can repeat it!”

Suck her co-

“My goodness!”

SUCK HER COCK. SUCK HER COCK. SUCK HER COCK.

His sister looked like she was going to be sick.

“Well never in ma life!-“

“This is unprecedented... ladies and gentlemen I think we need to let these images do the talking for us!”

The TV switched off. Leisha didn’t complain as Jack put the remote down, standing near the door.

“So uh.. yeah.”

Words half-formed came to her mouth.

“Uh.... Well... that was... I don’t know.”

“I get it... it’s weird.”

She managed a chuckle.

“Huh, yeah... Jack.. you AGREED to that right? Like they’re not forcing you to do that?”

“Forced? Uh, no, no they’re not.. not forcing me...”

“They asked you to... lick her balls on TV?”

His face flushed with heat as he swallowed.

“Uh... they.. she... just said I should do her ass...”

“And the balls?”

His cheeks felt like ovens.

“I.. got... carried away.”

Leisha scrunched her eyes shut... and then laughed.

“Ohhh my God. Seriously.”

“Ha yeah uh.. yeah...”

“You got carried away and SUCKED HER BALLS?!”

“Uh... I was just...”

He trailed off.

Leisha put her head in her hands in a show of half-fake exasperation.

“Well you’re not a kid, it’s your call.”

His phone vibrated in his pocket. He managed a smile.

“Thanks...”

“Don’t mention it... ever.”

Taking that as his cue, he padded off to bed, a weight off his chest. At least his sister was okay with it.. kind of.

‘Thank God Mum and Dad don’t watch wrestling...’

He checked his phone whilst slumping into the creaky single bed in his tiny room. It was Charlotte. His heart began to pound as he checked the message.

Drink? Xx

Eyes popped to the six-foot-four woman entering the dingy bar and then stayed there as some recognised who she was. Despite wearing a baggy black coat, Charlotte’s presence still seemed to magnetise everyone within ten metres, and Jack found many of the eyes that came his way now possessed no small amount of jealousy, frowns and leers front and centre. It probably didn’t help that her face happened to be on an advertising board just off the highway outside.

“C’mon,” Charlotte muttered, taking him to a booth towards the back, dimly lit. As they settled in, hopeful thoughts began to swirl through his mind.

‘We kissed when she saw me just now... she held my hand... maybe we’ll fuck later.. wait maybe she’ll want to fuck ME later?! Should I slow down? Why did I take her balls out in public...’

A waitress came up with a softer expression, her eyes hopeful.

“Hi... what would you like?”

Charlotte ordered before he could speak.

“Two beers. Stolcraft”

“Stolcraft?” he questioned.

Her hand on his leg quelled any complaints.

“Yes.”

“Right...”

The girl looked like she wanted to say something more, but slipped away awkwardly as the waiting words were unable to leave her mouth.

“German beers... trust me, when we tour there, I’m taking you on a beer run.”

“I thought you were supposed to have the cleanest diet in the company?”

“It’s amazing how some people believe wrestling is real,” she said airily, and he smiled.

“Well... it felt pretty real last time.”

The hand on his thigh tightened.

“Mmmm... I know. I’ve not experienced a night like that in my entire life.”

“What, the crowd?”

“Your tongue.”

A ball lodged in his throat as he felt her eyes burrow into his soul via his irises.

“I’ve never had a boy like you before.”

His heart was palpitating already and they’d only been in their for two minutes.

“Don’t you mean... man?”

She grabbed his neck, and suddenly her face was inches away.

“I said, *boy*.”

Her lips made to press against his, warmth flowing south between his legs... And paused as her attention flicked to something behind him.

Charlotte’s expression morphed into one of aggression.

“Oh are you serious..”

“What?”

“Oh *HEY THERE*, look who it is... It’s Danger-slut and her little... pet!”

Jack’s head whipped round to see ‘Gladiator’ Johnson striding over, not quite in a straight line, a beer bottle in his hand.

“You know, the company really must be going down the toilet if you two are the face of it.”

He took another swig of the beer, which was almost empty. Most of the bar was glued to the drama taking place, their own drinks forgotten.

“Yeah, and your little fucking... *freak* down here.”

“Wow, with zingers like that I’m amazed they let you go,” Jack responded instantly, making Charlotte titter.

“I think you’re getting better at this hot stuff,” she smiled.

This didn’t sit well with Johnson. He placed a firm hand on Jack.

Charlotte was on her feet in a split-second, eyes blazing, A look of real menace on her face.

“Hands off.”

The man grinned, waving his bottle in front of her.

“Oooh, can we get a referee involved? Where’s my tag-team partner....”

He chuckled as he slapped Jack’s shoulder again.

“We’re just talking..... Hey, I thought the bad guys were supposed to be the ones outnumbering the good guys, right?!”

Charlotte stepped forward.

“You touch him one more time, I’m touching you.”

“Ohhh... sounds like a date.... well if you outnumber me, then I’m the BABYFACE right? So I MUST win!”

When Charlotte responded, her voice contained none of the grandiose nature of her wrestling persona. It was quiet... In a way that made her far scarier to Jack.

“Back. Off.”

He knew he should defuse the tension before violence commenced.

“Charlotte... it’s okay,” said Jack, “he was just leaving.”

That was exactly the wrong thing to say, as Johnson’s eyes widened.

“What did you say to me?!”

The hand went from Jack’s shoulder to the front of his jacket, almost lifting him from his seat.

Charlotte’s response was instant.

The elbow struck ‘Gladiator’ Johnson clean on the chin. It was so hard that his head was whipped to the right. The man’s beer flew from his hand and shattered on the ground as he sailed backwards, away from the booth and straight onto the carpet.

“W-what the...” whispered Jack.

Charlotte cracked her knuckles and then dropped some money on the table, and then grabbed Jack by his jacket.

“Wait CHARL-!”

She threw a nasty boot into the man’s side whilst he was on the ground, eliciting a whimper of pain, and then jerked Jack towards the entrance to the bar.

He gasped as she pulled him out into the car park, as other people stared in shock at the woman who had just levelled a Hercules rip-off with one hit. The crisp evening air bit at his skin as he wriggled free of her warm grasp.

“Why did you DO that?!??”

She growled and shoved him up against a car, muscles and soft fats enveloping him once more.

“Because nobody touches my *bitch*.... *Nobody*.”

“Y-your *bitch*? I-I don’t need you to keep me safe!”

SMACK

She spanked his ass so hard that he mewled, and her eyes burned with a fury that scared him.

“YES, my *BITCH*. I said nobody touches you, which means, *Nobody Touches You*.”

He realised how intensely she was staring at him, how her lips were slightly open; how hot it was having a woman aggressively claim him for her own.

She pressed forwards.

Their lips crushed together, and this time there was no two ways about it: Charlotte was the man. She powerfully ground herself into him, forcing his legs up and around her as she kissed him deeply.

“*MMHHh*-“

Jack whimpered into the mouth-raping kiss.

He couldn’t resist how hot it was being controlled and protected by this Adonis of a woman, opening his mouth for her to clamp her face against him, exploring him deeply. He obediently pushed out his tongue into her face so she could use it how she pleased, her own tongue intertwining with it before barrelling over it into his mouth and collecting all the flavours of his face.

He knew this was a dangerous game to play, but the magnetism of Charlotte Danzine was impossible to fight.

“I think we’d better call it for tonight,” she said finally.

“Y-yyeah...”

“Before we go then... lemme show you something...”

He let her guide him like a damsel through the parking lot to a dark gap between two buildings... and then she shoved him up against a wall and tongued him deeply.

“*MMph*-“

Her thigh bulldozed between his own, grinding up against his crotch almost painfully hard. He had to try to push back against her bulk just to stop her consuming him within it (although being suffocated by her tits might have been the

greatest way ever to pass on). A hard bulge from her crotch then dug into his belly, and he bleated.

“MMmh-“

She didn't let up, and eventually he whimpered, forced via her mouth-raping kiss to accept the huge hard object in her jeans humping against his front. She took liberties to go long and deep, not allowing him a moment to collect his thoughts as her tongue extricated the flavours from every corner of his mouth, dry humping him up against the wall.

When they arose, both were breathing heavily like they'd just been through a thirty-minute match.

Jack's hands came to squeeze her breasts, and she grinned hungrily... and pulled them away.

“Oh... sorry-“

She ground her thigh a little harder into his crotch, eliciting a high-pitched whimper of pain and pleasure as he felt her manhood pulse up against his abs.

“Hnnnnn-“

“Don't apologise hot stuff... I do wanna go back with you... so, so bad... but just wait.”

He whispered back.

“For what?”

Jack shifted side to side as Danny gave him a measured look.

“I know we're asking a lot.”

The thought rolled over and over in his head... *'how can this be my wrestling career....'*

“Charlotte's wants to.. to.... *fuck me.....* in the ring.”

“Well, yeah pretty much... she told me you both discussed it.”

“Yeah... we did.. *kinda...* but...”

Danny sighed.

“Listen our ratings had been sliding, ever since you two got to business in the ring, we gained a zero to our viewing figures..... It doesn't matter how much they fine us for it. Hell, I'd fuck you if it meant we sold more t-shirts!”

He laughed like he'd just told a hilarious joke, slapping Jack on the back.

“Lucky for you, it just happens to be Charlotte that’s taken a shine to you... hell of all the people to do it with, hard to complain about her, right?”

Jack tried to smile, coming out as a pained grimace.

Danny winked, putting an arm around him.

“C’mon superstar, let me show you something.”

Jack allowed himself to be steered onto a long hallway outside Danny’s office.

Gold-framed photos of childhood heroes stared down at him, hall-of-famers every one.

When Danny spoke this time, it was less bombastic, a note of sympathy injected.

“Look... I *understand*. You’re a man, you deserve respect, your family and friends probably watch you every night.... But the greatest wrestlers I know weren’t the ones that always looked big and strong....”

He gestured up to Croft-Queen, The mighty Jeronimo, Battle-bitch.... Axe-man.

“... they were the ones that could take the bumps... here-“ he pointed to Jack’s bicep, “and *here*.”

He pointed to his heart.

Jack didn’t respond, Danny giving him a measured gaze.

“They gave back to the business. I don’t ask my wrestlers to do anything I wouldn’t do.... Hell I had my face shoved into Big John’s crotch, and I’ll have you know the smell of that thing did NOT go away...”

Jack chuckled, half-hearted.

“... But at the end of the day, we’re here to make money, and put on a show.”

He led him towards the end, resting a hand on his shoulder.

“I’m gonna let you in on a secret.... I think you have it in you to be the very best. If you let go of that fear of humiliation, and are willing to suffer now, for the good of everyone in the company, eventually your name will be on the lips of every American in the world.... And everyone in that locker room will know you sacrificed for them and are willing to give everything for all of us to be lifted up.”

He lowered his voice further, earnestness in his gaze.

“And trust me kid... if the people despise you, mock you... at your lowest point, *THAT* is when you get that redemption arc that will turn everything around, and the business pays you back tenfold.”

He gestured up to the closest picture, Charlotte Danzine.

“Hell, ask anyone in the locker room about their first gimmick and they’ll tell you the same feeling you’re having right now...”

“But..”

‘They never got fucked in the ass on live television...’

“No buts... well, except your butt, ha.... Look, you do this for us, your place in this business is set in gold, you hear me? You and your family won’t want for anything.”

Jack nodded, coming to the door, resigned to his fate and hoping he would be dismissed.

“Oh and Jack, before you go.... There’s one big difference between you and everyone else here.”

“huh?”

“The difference between you and them.... You’re hotter property right now than any of them ever was in their first year.... Even Charlotte Danzine.”

As the office door was closed Jack walked away feeling oddly inflated.

Sweat was pouring down his head.

The nerves of going into a match never changed, but this was different.

He stood apart from Charlotte, watching her as she warmed up, and every time her eyes flicked to his, they flashed threateningly.

‘I’m starting to understand why she’s called ‘the Danger’...’

She’d been careful not to spend too much time around him as they invariably ended up making out... saying she wanted to *‘save it for the match.’* He didn’t exactly know how she was going to do it to him, but he had a fair idea.

‘Fucking me in the ass...’

They had practiced a few routines, ending at a certain point with him ensconced in her arms, or kneeling in front of her, or prone with her flat on his back, bulge wedged up against his ass.

He looked down now, and noticed she had a clear pronounced bulge in her wrestling trunks, in stark contrast to before. Apparently this was the new look.

She noticed his gaze and smirked.

“Well, no need to hide it thanks to you.... So much more space for the old girl...”

His face went red as she patted it.

“Ha.. yeah.”

Her smile was dripping with lust as she strutted over to him and came to his ear.

“But then.... you’re gonna be getting a real close look.”

She kissed him softly, almost ritualistically, as if she were about to send him to slaughter.

”You’re gonna love it when I’m inside you.”

Then Charlotte’s music filled the arena, and she slipped a hand to his ass, sliding her fingers right to his hole.

He mewled.

“Uhn-...”

“Let’s have fun baby.”

She pressed her lips to his, and he automatically opened to allow her tongue in, but she broke away before they could truly make out, leaving him desperate for more.

“See you soon sexy.”

Charlotte passed through the curtains, and Jack adjusted his budgie smugglers, face flushed, heart pounding at a million miles an hour.

‘Oh holy hell... I’m going to do this.....am I going to do this?!...’

Her voice was like a hurricane.

“HELLO ONTARIO... CAN YOU FEEL. THE. DANGER???”

The crowd joined in with the last three words, “*FEEL, THE, DANGER!!*”, adding even more power to her introduction.

‘... in front of everyone...’

“It’s been a long time...”

Her monologue went on for five minutes, but to Jack it felt like barely a second had gone by before his powder-puff music was playing - It was all happening too fast.

Sweat beaded his forehead as he slipped through the curtains, which certainly helped sell the cowardly nature of his character, because he was about to face ‘The Danger’ alone, the lights blinding him as he tried to maintain a strut.

Boos rang from the rafters, and then the first cries of ‘*suck her cock*’, began to echo in Jack’s ears.

“Suck her cock... *suck her cock*... SUCK HER COCK.... *SUCK HER COCK!!!!*”

It built until he couldn't hear himself think, and the sickening glee on the faces around him betrayed the fact that people were genuinely anticipating this.

Little did they know they were about to get their expectations blown out of the water.

He strode forwards on jelly legs towards the woman who would claim his ass, his own music sounding limp and powder-puff in comparison.

'Like a twink....'

He entered the ring.

SUCK HER COCK. SUCK HER COCK. SUCK HER-

Someone was handing him a microphone.

The lights were bright.

"D-.... DANGER....."

His lips trembled.

Charlotte looked smouldering.

She began to walk forwards.

"D-don't you come... I... *You'll be disqualified if you-*"

Clearly Charlotte wasn't bothering with any of the script they had practiced.

Instead she skipped straight to the part where she hefted him up with an enormous grunt as they had practiced... leaving him elevated on top of just one hand, an incredible feat of strength from Charlotte Danzine. The world gasped in awe as she walked a few paces, a brutal grimace on her face, arm trembling as she supported another human being in the air.

The bell rang, and a referee flung himself into the ring as Charlotte walked a few steps with Jack carefully suspended on her arm.

'Gosh she's so strong... One in a million....'

Fans were screaming nearby, Jack could see a group of nerdy guys all roaring in amazement, looking up at their idol 'The Danger.'

Then the world was rushing upwards. Jack wheezed as he landed heavily on the canvas.

SLAM

"Oohf!"

Wrestling could still hurt. A lot.

Charlotte didn't let up, sprinting to grab him again.

Every move seemed made to emphasise her physical superiority, easily lifting him again so she could choke slam him back to the canvas, manhandling him brutally, shoving him so hard he rebounded off the ropes into a clothesline. As they worked, he could feel the mood of Charlotte mimicking the people around her, the eagerness growing.

They wanted to see the little boy get spanked, and she wanted to be the one doing the spanking.

The emasculation chipped away at his pride and already bruised body, and as she dropped on top of him, smothering him, somehow even having her sweaty tits in his face made him feel inferior, although she seemed to extra zealously grind the soft glans into his face, her nipples easily detected under the skimpy costume, hard as anything.

“Get ready bitch,” she hissed eagerly, “I’m gonna rag-doll you in front of all these people.”

He whimpered into her breasts as they squeezed against his head, and then he whinnied in fear as something else hard dug into him, Jack shivering as he felt his bulge meeting its much bigger, more dangerous cousin.

It was happening. He could feel her pillar against him.

‘Oh lord..’

Jack couldn’t believe what was happening. His brain wasn’t working. All the things that somehow had led him inexorably to this moment seemed trifling compared to the terror gripping him... yet as her erection continued to rub up against his, pleasure wormed its way from his shaft to the tips of his fingers. It was incredible feeling the heat and the power in her manhood.

There couldn’t have been a bigger contrast between hers and his.

They felt like two different species.

“You were born for this,” she whispered, sliding her breasts from his face, the latex dragging uncomfortably down his chest as she licked his forehead. Then she was off him, and standing astride his prone form.

Jack watched in reverence and fear as a hand dug into her latex shorts and pulled, snapping them with a *THWIP*, leaving her full erection waving in the air.

Men and woman nearby jerked back, almost too overloaded with information for their brains to generate a response, settling for arhythmic claps, and whining

exclamations of *“Oh my God!”* and *“Holy Fuck-“* as Charlotte’s heaving member, a throbbing snake curved forwards from its own weight, bobbed gently in the air.

All of the air in Jack’s lungs left him.

A nasty, bruising vein ran up the side, and it leaned slightly to the left, as if pondering something nearby. What was not so thoughtful was the huge, bulging mushroom; a purple mace with a weeping cyclops eye leaking cum in a string down to the floor.

To Jack, it was like coming face to face with an alien about to eat him, raising his hands in terror.

‘Oh my God.’

Then he looked up, and a radiant, excited smile on Charlotte’s face wrenched him from his plight.

‘It’s ‘The Danger’ Danzine... perfection...’

“Ready?” she mouthed, with a wink.

He paused... before giving the faintest nod.

‘No, not Danger..... Charlotte.’

She lay down, and for a moment it was gentle, tender almost.

“Okay you’re super cute, but ham it up,” she muttered into his ear, grabbing his arms.

“Oh-... AHHHRGh-!!“ he shouted, pretending to struggle as she wrestled with him.

Both his hands were soon in a grip. He could break it if he really needed to....

The cock slid across his back, depositing a small spool of milk across his skin.

“H-holy-“

The trill of fear in his voice was not an act.

‘Should I break it?’

He was face down, with her hand loosely keeping his arms behind him. Then he heard the rumble of the arena crawl up a notch as Charlotte began to pull out a bottle of lube she’d slipped in her wrestling boot. Look back, he watched with a growing lump in his throat as she began to oil the python, taking care to let the moment sink in for the sixty-something thousand people watching. He couldn’t have been more scared if there had been an actual python, the head of her brute penis weeping sperm onto his back where it spooled in the crevasse above his ass. It

bobbed, and some of the white effluence flicked onto the back of his hand, and he squirmed on the ground, almost breaking the hold.

'Do... do I let this happen?'

Charlotte's hand tightened, and the hold became less acting, and more restraining.

"Ch.. Charlotte..."

Then she leaned down and kissed his neck.

"That's it.... Keep struggling cutie. The punters are loving it," she murmured, excitement clear in every syllable of her choir-girl voice. She made a show of biting his shoulder, which made it easy to squirm and cry out in fear.

'Just.. ham it up.. ham it up...'

He shouted out loud, outraged and scared like the punk he was meant to be playing.

"H-HEY... GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME.... I'M TOO GOOD FOR THIS... GET THAT THING-"

He bleated as he felt her tug at his wrestling trunks, wedgie-ing him.

"-OOHhh-"

Then the crowd went wild as Charlotte Danzine pulled... and lifted up a pair of pink wrestling trunks.

Jack's face flushed as the warm lights glared down on his exposed booty. This was his wrestling nightmare... his asshole presented to the world, only to be caringly shielded from the public by Charlotte... and the biggest dick he'd ever seen in the flesh, with two humungous testicles hovering into position between his legs behind it.

For a moment the fear on his face was the most real thing that had ever been shown in a wrestling ring.

"H-hoo—"

She slid the bulge right up his crack.... lubed up and hungering for penetration.

"HHNo..!!!"

Charlotte grabbed a mic from the floor, just as they were in position.

"HMM.... you know what, Bigman?" she said, leering into his face, "I think we need to make this a little more.... revealing, you know what I mean?"

She rose up on her knees, and grabbed him by the back of the neck.

It was soft, but enough to lead him up... and force him into a hands-and knees position.

'No.... '

The one he had feared the most.

Doggystyle.

'I'm going to get fucked doggystyle... everyone is going to see it....'

A large weight began to rest down on shoulders, a warm one with an uncomfortable latex bra pushing into his upper back, full of Charlotte Danzine's tits. His legs and arms began to tremble as she settled fully on top of him. Perhaps it was the weight of her... or the fear and anticipation of what was to come as she settled, wiggling into a comfortable position. Muscular arms wrapped tight around him until he was sandwiched under her. Wave after wave of sound built, something truly monumental taking place in this hallowed arena. A Southern state too.... At least it wasn't his hometown.

Everywhere he looked, he could see wide eyes, one or two banners displaying 'suck her cock', others with their phones out pointed in his direction, glued to their screens.

Then her breath was against his ear, and she kissed him softly on the back of his neck.

"Here we go... just push like you're trying to take a shit, okay?"

The cock head settled at his entrance, covering it so fully that it felt like something he would struggle to fit into his mouth, let alone the small ring currently trying to squeeze itself to the size of a grain of sand.

'Is this actually happening?'

"O-okayhHHHHUGH!!!"

His bitch whine had bubbled up from within, a mewling plea of inferiority and submission as the huge log pushed at his asshole.

'No.. no-no-no that's not possible...THAT CAN'T FIT.'

The crowd screamed.

"Ch-charlotte.... CHARLLughh!!!" he whimpered, trying to keep his lips down so people couldn't read what he was saying.

Charlotte responded by clamping down on his throat with one hand, setting herself, and reached underneath to play with his balls whilst murmuring into his ear.

“Push, baby. I’m not gonna stop now, so push. Take that shit.”

He obeyed, the squeeze of his throat not unpleasant... before he mewled as she pushed her cock-head into his anus, the rim on fire as it was pulled wider than it had ever gone before.

“HHNNN!-“

“Good... *push bitch,*” she urged, squeezing him beneath her as she breathed hot and heavy into his ear, *“c’mon hot stuff, I know you can do it...”*

Jack felt his heart expand as she called him ‘hot stuff’.... Yet still his asshole seemed to be taking something twice as big as it was built for, the huge fleshy monster pressing up between his cheeks. Somehow, he forced out a moan and pushed as she had ordered him and, horrifyingly, it allowed her to slide six inches of deluxe horse-cock up into his abdomen.

“UUGUHHN-“

His knees and elbows trembled. Charlotte’s fingers kneaded his balls, making him murmur.

The crowd noise was so loud it hurt his ears, but he couldn’t hear what people were saying. Saliva ran from his lips, but he didn’t feel it. All he understood was the pain and invasiveness of the flagpole halfway up his ass.

“Ch-charl.. HNnn-charlluhghhh...

“Shh... I’ve got you...”

Thick lips planted themselves on his neck, his hair, his back, teeth gripping nastily to his skin.

The crowd were making noises, but he couldn’t make sense of them.

All he could feel was the pain and humiliation of a woman’s gigantic penis pushing into his body.

“HUghhhrh...”

He blurted out the weak cry with tears in his eyes.

“Steady. We’re almost there.”

“N-No, Charlotte n-NNN... HHHHNNGGG-“

Charlotte pushed, and Jack sobbed as he felt his masculinity leak out of his body, forced out by the submarine pushing deeper into the middle of his abdomen.

Seven inches... eight inches?

‘Surely it should have bottomed out already...’

He squirmed. He could feel his muscles quivering... or was it the wrestling ring humming from the crowd? Wide-eyed faces were all around, but the bull forcing its way between his internal organs, sliding into sensitive crevasses was all he could see.

“Almost... there...” Charlotte moaned above him, her voice zombified as a brief lull seemed to take place..... and then their hips sandwiched together.

“HHHNG-“

It was painful having something so large in his ass, and Jack no longer had the ability to act or pretend, his eyes twitching, his knees turning inwards slightly at such a brutal invasion... and somewhere, deep inside...

His eyebrows, which had been almost jumping off his head, furrowed slightly. There was some deep, worming pleasure that seemed to be.....

“...hnnnguh?...”

Then the penis throbbed inside him, just as Charlotte pumped her hips a little. His back arched out of nowhere, like he had been hit by a bolt of lightning.

“HUHHH!”

The arena let out a collective high-pitched gasp at the same time Jack did, like they were for a moment intimately connected, able to feel what Charlotte was doing to his insides, re-arranging them, moulding them to take a cock.

“HhhohHHHHH my gGGooodd... MMMyy GOODDDddd, Ohh Llordd.....”

He didn't know what he was saying. Drool might have been spilling out of the corners of his mouth, but it didn't seem to penetrate his brain, because the pleasure of Charlotte's pulsing heat inside him was forcing out any doubts that it tried to bring to the forefront. He hadn't prayed in six years, but now he was singing to the heavens as the arms around him tightened so he could barely breath. The breathing in his ear was now heavy and fast.

“Hhoh there you are bitch.... You're so t-TIGHT... HHHnn.....”

Charlotte seemed to be having a similarly mind-melting experience, the wetness of her lips against his neck a clear indicator that she was in heat if he hadn't already felt her giant love-stick pulse in his guts.

THROB

“HUHn-!“

She bucked her hips again.

The arena's noise cut out for a split second as a bitch whine left Jack's mouth.

"UUGHn-"

'Wait... what was.... that...?'

She butted her hips a third time and a pretty girl-sigh filled his ear as he bleated like a broken dog, muscles tightening automatically across his body as she began to gently coax him via her dick in his ass to heaven.

'What was-'

The fourth miniscule rock of her hips sent a sliver of a much deeper orgasmic energy through his body. His fingers dug into the canvas.

'.. Ohhh-'

Nothing seemed to matter anymore except the girl with her dick in his ass.

"Ohhhnnngguhghhddd...."

Then he felt it pull outwards.. and almost take his anal walls with it, whimpering as she rotated her hips back much further this time, then sent them forwards again. The sheathing penis slid a little more easily to the deepest part of his ass, touching the treasures there. He whimpered, totally at the mercy of her schlong as it tickled his inner bitch-button.

'You're acting. Don't let yourself go-'

She pulled and pushed again. Jack fully moaned like he was a pornstar being fucked.

SHLlick-Shlick-

"UUUUghh... Uhhhgnnn-"

The lights from phones were everywhere, almost as bright as the ring-lights burning down on them. Sweat was collecting between their bodies, the flesh of his back hot and wet against her tits and abs.

'Just.. acting... just... big...'

A demented smile crossed his lips as he felt her body tighten over his, and the dick throb throughout his entire anal tract, stimulating all the way out to the very tips of his fingers and toes.

'.. just.... so big...'

She was clutching him, savouring his lithe, defenceless body under hers. She used her knee to coax his a little wider, and then took full advantage of his wider stance so she could send her dick as deep as possible, groaning into his ear as she enjoyed

the sodomy of a tight hole in front of a screaming crowd. Charlotte felt her bitch seize up as she hit a particular spot and growled.

Game over.

She hit that exact spot with a venomous thrust.

Jack felt molten ecstasy arch his back as he screamed. He had never thought in his life he would be rutted, and even as it began to happen and she rose up into a commanding position behind and above him, a hand settling to grab his hair, he didn't understand it was happening; could not contemplate the humiliation that was taking place... because she made sure to slam his prostate with such hard whips of her legs and glutes that she might have fucked him out of the ring had she not kept a hard grip of his waist and hair.

PLAP*... *PLAP

Jack's jaw hung open. His eyes bulged and he was sweating heavily. Thoughts didn't come straight as Charlotte began a steady pumping motion.

'Stop... moaning.. you've got to-'

"Oohhh.. OOHhh-"

It was impossible. Every thought he had turned to mush as she bottomed out in him... and his cheeks were starting to sting... was she fucking him that hard?

SMACK-SMACK-SMACK

The ring mics must have been turned up, because the clapping of his cheeks can't have been that loud?!

SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-SMACK-

She was clapping them like it was her job. And his moans were matching it.

"UUGH-UGHHmY-UHHH-"

"Ohhhhh baby I've got you now," Charlotte moaned, now fully fucking him like a dog, taking a moment to look around the arena at all the people going utterly berserk as sweat began to drip down her forehead and onto the crevasse of her breasts. Why not give them a show?

She gave a dashing smile ... and slowed down.

Jack had a moment of respite, and felt her throb inside him, whimpering... She was loving every second of this. His own warmth and tension between his legs said he felt the same. He he took a moment to stare down at the canvas, wiping the drool from his face.

'This is.. insane... this is....'

A yellow latex bra sailed into the crowd, and twenty fans all lunged for it as Jack stared up at the screen... and saw disbelief scrawled on a youthful face, bed-sex hair almost mopped over his forehead, on all fours with a small dick he knew all too well firmly erect beneath him, and an almost completely unclothed Charlotte Danzine, shimmering from the sweat on her face and naked breasts, nipples firm and erect. The picture would engrave itself in his memory forever. She was perfect.. a goddess.. and currently hilted to the balls inside his ass.

“Ch.. Charlotte....”

She spanked him hard enough that a tear almost came to his eye.

SMACK

“UGHN-“

“That’s the danger to you,” she growled, in character.

“S-SORRY DANGER.. SOR-UUUGHhh-!!!“

She withdrew and this time forced all eleven inches of her dick straight into his ass.

“-HNG-!!!“

He tried to put his hand up for her to stop, but she took it and twisted it behind his back... and slung her cock between his cheeks and defenceless butthole.

“HHg-Hn-HGH....”

Jack felt his body responding, his muscles twitching, his ass wanting to prostrate itself for more.

'Don't... don't....'

She hit the sweet spot.

“UUHGN-“

It was impossible to concentrate when Charlotte was forcing pure electric pleasure into his system, a dazed grin coming to his features as she buttfucked the shit out of him, her cock sawing through his insides, the helmet dragging across his anal walls to bulldoze the nerve endings and send his heart haywire, thumping so hard in his chest it almost felt like he was having a heart attack as her hips slapped hard against his cheeks.

His senses switched away again from his internal organs which were being bullied into submission, to his eyes which he realised had been staring straight at a woman

in the front row, who was screaming back with wide-eyed wonder, nodding furiously as she babbled words that seemed like “YEAH, FUCK HIM, FUCK HIM CHARLOTTE!”

He had to look away, too humiliated, but Charlotte grabbed his hair and pulled it up so he had to look straight at her, watching the glee on her face as she enjoyed her front-row seat of ‘The Danger’ violating her opponent.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

“Uhn-uhn-uhn...”

“YEAH FUCK HIM, FUCK THAT DIRTY BITCH-!”

Somewhere in his subconscious, he noted the woman’s cheeks were turning a deep red, and one hand even crept to her breast and began massaging the large gland. She was getting turned on by Charlotte fucking him.

At that exact moment, Charlotte’s cock found something wonderful and secret inside his body.

“HUH-HUHHH-!”

His voice jumped as if he were yodelling.

“-HHHh...SHH-SHHHliiTTUUHHHH-“

She was fucking him with gusto now, pulling his head back via his hair, and out of the corner of his eye he could see the screen, and on it her expression as she held his hair like horse reigns, a look of pure triumph and glee etched across every perfect hair of her eyebrows, every inch of skin as she rode the shocked twink in front of her like a two-dollar whore.

It was clear she was having the time of her life.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

“UUGHn-MGMu-UHUH-“

“Ohhhh yes bitch... nowhere to run... MMNnnhhH that’s tight!....”

What made it far more intimate and real was the horrendous throbbing that her cock was doing whenever she bottomed out, like the perfect full-stop to a line of poetry, the cherry on top of a constantly expanding cake. She was loving this.

“Uuuhhn-UHnUHHHnnn....”

Jack’s mouth started chuntering, and no matter how he tried to control it he couldn’t make it stop. His jaw just bounced, and saliva had started to run down his chin as a hefty spank lit up his right ass-cheek. Pleasure was arching his spine.

THWAP

“UUAUGHH...Uhhnn-!”

The crowd let out a frenzied scream. No matter where he looked awe-struck faces searched his expression for further morsels of emasculation, finding them again and again as another blissful whimper was extracted from his lips like clockwork.

“MMmuhh...”

“OH yeah!”

“GET ‘IM!!”

“Fuck his ayuss..!”

The woman directly in front of him had slipped a hand beneath her beltline and seemed to be openly masturbating, massaging her other breast through her shirt now, a little trickle of saliva wetting her lips.

Jack felt dirty beyond any place he thought possible... and yet his dick was harder than it had ever been as he was rutted in front of the nation.

Charlotte simply didn't slow down, and he was beginning to forget what it was like to not have a cock slamming into his asshole at an irresistible rate, the world falling away, replaced by heavenly pleasure as she rifled her cock into him at the rate of a machine gun.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

“HUHH-UHHN-UHNN-UH!”

The ring, the place he had always felt safest in the world, became the place he was losing his anal virginity. Jack looked up, and the face looking down on her bitch was one of cruelty, of violent joy.

THWAP

“UHNNN-!”

Then two words escaped Charlotte's lips. The last that Jack would hear as an unsullied man.

“Ohhh YESS-“

Her last thrust caught Jack flush on his prostate, and everything became undone as he moaned to the rafters, trying to cry above the crowd's groans and gasps as ecstasy annihilated any last traces of brain function, leaving his ass clutching her cock as it throbbed.

Heat exploded in his insides.

Jack screamed as the cum filled him.

It was bliss like he could never have imagined.

He spasmed as she took him, and if he had been able to see, he would have looked up at the screen where Charlotte was clinging to his back, in the throes of her own ecstatic peak, clutching him like he was the only thing in the world that mattered.

The audience were in utter delirium.

Women were flush-faced and watching open mouthed. Men tried to adjust the bulges in the front of their pants so they wouldn't be so obvious, trying to maintain composure but never taking their eyes off the penis lodged firmly in Bigman's gaping buttole. The large woman who had been facing Bigman directly moaned as oscillated her fingers rapidly in her pants, climaxing at the same time as her idols did.

Others kept their phone screens trained on every twitch of their faces (or testicles depending which side they happened to be videoing from.)

For a moment the arena shared a collective sigh, as if coming to terms with what had happened... followed by a huge "OOOHHHHH!!" as Charlotte managed to pull her pork sword clear of Jack's clinging anus, and a dam full of cum broke, waterfalling out of his ass and even shooting out onto Charlotte's thighs as she stood up, before pooling between his shaking legs.

The noise quietened, the audience watching, mesmerised, as Jack's bootyhole tensed and untensed, trying to expunge the stream of semen searching hopelessly for a womb.

For Jack, it took nearly half a minute before he managed some form of lucidity, frozen on all fours.

He stared at the floor, at the cum puddle he was kneeling in which was spreading slowly, and the long splatters that he himself had created, his face wet with saliva which had dribbled all the way down his chin.

The crowd noise began to build again, now clear as day in his ears.

"YeeeeeeaaAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!"

A collective explosion of appreciation emerged from every corner of the arena, every soul on their feet as Jack stared down at the covered canvas, too afraid to look up, wondering how his life had led him to this point.

Then sweaty fingers gripped his chin and turned his head harshly up to stare straight into the prettiest eyes he had ever seen.

“Let’s go home,” Charlotte whispered.

“O....*hokayyy*....”

The rest of it was a daze. She swept his feet easily from under him and carried him out to an ovation so loud that it shook the building, Charlotte moving quickly through an almost empty back-stage, into the locker room where she procured herself a simple robe and rapidly helped him into the same, made more for her than Jack because it was big enough to almost fall from his frame.

The arena groaned under the weight of the feverish excitement they had left behind.

He felt cool air hit his face as they emerged in the parking lot, Charlotte marching with him in her arms, clinging to her, and then she was at the door of her tour bus, nodding once to the huge security guard with a smile, himself only slightly taller than Charlotte, although far wider.

“Welcome back Charl.... Uh he okay?”

“Well he gave a hell of a show,” she grinned.

“Yeah?”

“Oh you betcha Frank... and hey, you’re done for the night, get back to the hotel and get some rest.”

“Oh... Okay Charl.... Hey uh... you *sure* he okay?”

She nodded, hiding her annoyance at Frank for not simply leaving her to her meal as Jack’s unfocused eyes searched for who had spoken.

“Yup... he’s fine.... you’ll have to watch tonight’s show to understand, it’s gonna be the best thing on television this year.”

“That so, huh?” he chuckled, “certainly sounded like it from out here....awright.... g’nite Charl.”

“Night Frank.”

Jack barely registered any of this, only understanding when Charlotte took him inside and dumped him on a rather cramped mattress, with curtains half-drawn all around the tour bus windows. Dirty light from the carpark spilled in.

“Hn-“

He didn’t have time to recover his bearings as a monster dove on top of him, ripping the clothes from his body again and wrestling his naked, tired body straight into the missionary position. He realised, feeling humiliated beyond any other point

in his life, that he still had his pink wrestling boots on, except now they were thrust in the air, around the waist of a hung gorilla of a woman.

He felt that bulge thrust up against his butt-cheeks, unclothed and ready for more action.

“Ch... charlllootte....” he moaned.

Before he could think he was looking up at Charlotte’s face as she smiled with all the joy in the world, sliding her hard dick back into his ass.

“NnhhHHH-“

“Yeah... yeah...” she whimpered, kissing up and down his face as she began to make love to him, pushing insistently at his rear end as she sank into his depths, exploring every last crevasse of his insides, hands roaming across his ribs, his shoulders, fiddling with his nipples which made him bleat.

“UUUAlliuhhh!”

“Yeah... *take that dick,*” she panted.

The urgent smile on her face lit a fire inside him that he never wanted to go out, managed a hazy grin of his own, still recovering from his first ever anal orgasm and now tearing towards his second at a rapid rate.

Clap-clap-clap

“Uhgnn-uhngngnnuhhhh-.“

Charlotte didn’t give him any mercy or time to gather himself, and began to fuck him with tight, barely withheld strokes that pumped a few inches out and then shoved them back in again, machine-gun dicking his insides with whined breathes in his ear, still talking, telling him wonderful things.

Shlck-shlick-shlick

“You’re so hot... *fuck I filled you so good...* *uhn*.. can’t believe your insides are wet with my *jizz...*”

Jack could barely breath, crushed by her tits into the bed, trying to stroke her cheek but finding her pumping hips so earth-shaking that his hands wouldn’t do what he told them, whining as she wrested control of any brain-functions he still had, enslaving him to her physical superiority.

She began to pick up the pace, the bed springs beginning to squeal in protest.

Eeeh-Eeeeh-Eeeeh

Clap-clap-clap-CLAP-CLAP-

“Oouhh...OUHHHHUUUNN-!”

“I fucked you in front of all of them... you’re mine now... the world watched me fill your fucking ass... now everyone knows you’re my bitch now....”

It took only a few more thrusts, far less performative and far more sweaty and intimate, for her to judder, the grunts choking off in her throat as she went taut.

His own pathetic weapon tensed up, the pleasure too much to contain....

Her cock throbbed along the length of his stomach, and Jake cried in submission and delight as a deep blossoming of wet heat radiated from his core, overtaking everything below his waist as Charlotte’s body heat spread through him.

She felt his legs jiggle around her back, grunting like a gorilla in his face as she pulsed in his ass, the smooth feminine features of her face scrunched into a masculine mask of unhinged arousal as Jack’s tiny dick shot his useless sperm over his belly.

“Ohhhhn.....”

“Ohhh shiittt!”

Their bodies moulded into one as they reached their peak together, the half-light through the bus windows the only illumination on sweat-dappled skin, chests rising and falling with heavy intakes of breath as they juddered. It was nowhere near as pretty as their in-ring performance yet their chests felt tighter, the butterflies in their stomachs swarming.

This was private, and special.

Charlotte made uglier, hippo-like noises as she squirted her seed deep into his ass, and Jack couldn’t really do anything other than clutch her tight and gurn as she dug deep into his rear-end. The pair gyrated together for a few more seconds.

The flow between their bodies slowed, the air conditioning in the bus the only sound other than their panting.

Finally they fell still.

Inside his body, the final thick layers of goo spread inside his butthole as Jack collapsed, his legs sliding from Charlotte’s waist; a shell of a man.

Charlotte gathered him in and rubbed his nose. His eyes were lidded, barely seeing.

“The whole world... *uhn*... knows what you are now...”

She kissed him, softly.

“...my little *bitch*.”

The vacant smile on Jack Roy’s face gently petered off as he fell asleep in the arms of his mistress.

###

About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for a number of years, and loves to write about girls with bulges in their pants, as well as various other genres.

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