

Good evening everyone!

Well here it is, the chapter that you've all been waiting for. It's been a long time coming, so I sincerely hope that you find it worth the teasing build-up!

As always, let me know what you think in the comments below, and vote on where you want the story to go next!

...

Claire took a deep, shuddering breath. Zane's heavy body pressed down against her, his thick cock iron-hard and throbbing against her belly, through his pants.

Claire's belly swilled and twisted with butterflies as shame filled her to the brim. She couldn't believe she was going to do this. She couldn't believe she was even thinking about it! But even as her mind rebelled, a deep, primal need swelled up inside her. An ancient, bone-deep craving for power. Masculine strength. Dominant control. The basic instinct of a woman for a strong, confident man to take and own her.

To fill her with his cock and make her moan her surrender.

Zane must have seen Claire's resolve crumbling in her eyes because he let out a deep chuckle and got off of her, leaving her alone on the bed, wallowing in the shame of what she was about to do. Her mind rebelled against the humiliation of letting Zane win, but her pussy surrendered, tingling and gushing slick, hot lubrication, desperate for the superior male that had already conquered her spirit.

Avoiding the eyes of the man who now loomed above her, staring down from the foot of the bed where he stood, Claire hooked her thumbs through the waistband of her panties, held them there for a minute, then slowly dragged them down her thighs. The warm, wet silk of her soaked panties pulled away from her throbbing pussy, leaving it feeling raw and

exposed in the open air as the underwear glided down her thighs... then her calves, then as she bent her legs upward, off her ankles, leaving her naked and defenseless beneath the eyes of a man who planned to fuck her brains out.

Claire saw exactly the look she had been dreading when she stared up into Zane's eyes. Gloating, smug victory. Zane had set out to fuck a married woman ten times hotter than him. Claire had been determined that he would never even get close to his perverse goal.

He had won. She had lost.

And it stung, even though the humiliation of her defeat filled her insides with dark, squirming desire. But, while a part of her boiled with hate for the cocky prick smirking down at her, Claire still couldn't look away as she lifted her trembling hand...

...and held out her panties to him as tribute. The symbol of her submission. Of his victory.

Zane reached out and took them without a word. The brutal expression of satisfaction on his ugly face said it all. He turned for a moment and admired the sexy pair of panties up against the light. The ones that he himself had picked out, knowing that one day they would be his prize. Then he picked up the special lower torso mannequin from the bed, worked for a moment to fiddle with the metal posts affixing it to the wooden base, and smoothly pulled the panties into place.

A perfect fit, Claire ruefully observed, even though the haze of her lust. She knew that he must have modeled it after her measurements.

Grinning like an excited child, Zane took a few steps and set the trophy on his dresser. The display case that the mannequin would decorate one day hadn't been built yet, but he wasn't willing to wait to display his prize. Claire was treated to the humiliating sight of her panties on display. The knowledge of what would happen next burned like a live coal in her lower belly.

Zane turned slowly to look at Claire, defeated and blushing on the bed, pussy bare and glistening with desire for a man she still despised, despite everything.

He dropped his pants without ceremony, letting his massive cock spring free, throbbing and swollen and glorious in Claire's horny eyes. After so many days of obsessing over that stiff, thick rod of masculine flesh, here it was in front of her. Her pussy pulsed with need, slick and wet and empty, desperate to receive. Her legs spread wider without her conscious thought, operating instinctively for what her body knew was coming. Claire's eyes stayed locked on Zane's cock as he pulled off his shirt, her pulsing thumping powerfully in her ears, in her throat, in her stiff, aching nipples.

Zane was naked now. She had seen him like this before, when she spied on him in the spa

and when she had watched his filthy porn videos. But that had been different. She had just been a bystander then. Now she knew that Zane was naked for her. And that cast the sight of his ugly body in a whole new, disturbing, erotic light.

As he plodded forward on his stumpy legs, Zane seemed like some sort of mythical monster. A troll. An ogre. He was fat and hairy, in a way that Claire knew should disgust her. It did disgust her... but for some reason, his unattractive body carried an inexplicable allure as well. It was his unshakeable confidence, Claire realized as Zane drew near with fire in his eyes. Most people as ugly and fat as Zane had a certain cringing quality. Like they knew that they repelled others. Zane didn't have that. He seemed utterly comfortable in his body.

Now Zane stood above her again, after setting her tribute in a place of honor, naked and powerful and in his element. His hand fell to his cock, and he began stroking it. Slowly. Teasingly. Claire could only stare up at him, her thighs spread to display her shamefully dripping pussy, her whole body burning with humiliated lust. She was just starting to wonder when he would get on with it when he spoke.

"I never had any doubt," said Zane in an infuriatingly smug voice as his fist slowly pumped up and down his cock. His eyes didn't even glance up at Claire's face. Instead, he focused with laser-like intensity on her pussy: the prize that he had been aiming for. "I knew from the first business meeting that you would be a tough nut to crack... but I saw the submissive streak inside you, too. A slutty nature that you couldn't quite hide."

Claire gulped down the shame, closing her eyes so that she didn't have to see Zane's smirk as he stared at the pussy he knew he was about to enjoy. In theory, she could still back out... she just had to slam her legs shut and tell Zane to go fuck himself. But she knew that she couldn't. Her whole body ached with desire for the superior cock Zane held in her hands. She had already admitted defeat, and now she wanted her reward for her abject surrender... Even if that came with a side of infuriating gloating.

"I want to hear you say it," said Zane in a deep, commanding voice. Claire's eyes snapped open to see that Zane's expression had grown serious. "It's all well and good for you to hand over your panties and spread your legs for me. But I know you now, Claire. Tomorrow you're going to have all kinds of clever excuses for why this didn't actually count. You're going to tell yourself that taking off you're undies and showing me your wet pussy didn't mean you actually wanted to fuck me. And when you lie to yourself, I want you to remember what happened next. I want you to remember that you begged for my cock."

His eyes were hard as he stared down at the defeated woman beneath him.

"So beg."

Claire was so taken aback that she let out a little scoff of disbelief. But as her eyes darted over Zane's stony, uncompromising face, she saw that he was dead serious. Handing over

her soaked panties and practically serving her pussy to him on a silver platter apparently hadn't been enough for him. He wanted to strip every scrap of pride she had left before he would give her what she needed so desperately.

Claire covered her throbbing pussy with her hand, closing her legs slightly as she scowled. She was already having enough difficulty as it was. As a proud woman used to being dominant in bed, it was hard enough to openly submit without Zane rubbing her fucking nose in it.

"Come the fuck on, Zane," she muttered bitterly, turning her head to the side so she didn't have to look at his stupid face. "I'm not the only horny one here, I see that fucking rock-hard cock. Can we just fuck like two adults and not play these games?"

Zane chuckled and got up onto the bed, moving forward on his knees. He reached out with firm, strong hands and slipped them between Claire's knees and up her inner thighs, smoothly parting her legs again. She kept her hand stubbornly clamped over her pussy for a moment, glaring up at him defiantly, but the dark tide of submissive lust inside her swelled again as Zane confidently manhandled her, looming over her with his cock throbbing like a dangerous stinger.

"Come on now, Claire Bear," he teased, his hands slowly rubbing up and down her inner thighs in a way that made Claire feel wet and hot and weak all the way down to her core. "You know me by now. You know the game is the best part for me... And you should know that I play to win. But this doesn't have to be a zero-sum game. If you just ask me nicely to fuck you with my big, hard cock, then you win too, in the only way that matters. So let's hear it. I want to hear that sexy voice begging for my cock."

His tone was oily and persuasive now, but that hardly made his ultimatum any easier to swallow. Zane was making another cocky gamble by trying to force her to submit further, and Claire was sorely tempted to make him lose that gamble. She gritted her teeth as she stared up at him, on the knife's edge.

But then what? If I turn him down now, what happens? I go home to Dan with this lust and curiosity still burning inside me? Try to convince my husband to fuck me even though he can't even get it up? Keep fantasizing about the cock in front of me while Zane taunts me? Every time our wills have clashed so far, he's come out on top. If I refuse him now, how long will it be until I give in?

Why not just get it over with and hopefully get this out of my system?

Claire took a deep, hitching breath and let it out. For a second her hand clutched even tighter over her pussy... then she released it, covering her eyes instead.

"P-please..." she said in a cracked whisper, shame and arousal twisting through her belly

like two slippery eels. "Please fuck me, Zane. I need it."

As Claire tasted the bitter sting of defeat with her legs spread wide and her pussy exposed for the worst man she knew, she was certain that he was going to push even further. Make her beg in even more humiliating language. Make her get on her knees.

But Zane seemed to have an excellent instinct for when he had pushed her to the absolute limit. Instead of further taunts and denial, Claire felt him settle her bulk down over her. Claire uncovered her eyes to see Zane's face inches from her own, mockery replaced by sheer sexual hunger.

"Good girl," he rasped, his breath was warm on her face. It smelled minty. "That wasn't so hard, was it? Now you get that reward that you wanted so fucking bad..."

Claire let out a little gasp of pleasure and shock as she felt the hot, velvety head of Zane's cock press demandingly against the sensitive flesh of her pussy, just an inch off the mark to the left. Zane grunted, reached down, and repositioned himself, sliding his swollen head between her dripping lips.

And then, as Claire's arms raised and wrapped instinctively around his hairy back, Zane pressed forward.

"F-fuck! Wait... Wait wait wait Oh Godddd," gasped Claire, her chest heaving with passion as Zane's cock pushed inside her for the first time. Fucking Christ, he's huge! That had been obvious to Claire for a while, especially since she had managed to fit his thick cock into her mouth the other night, but feeling it stretch open her sensitive pussy was another thing entirely. She had understood in her head that Zane was bigger than her husband, but the difference in sensation was even more marked than she expected. Even though her pussy was slick and receptive from their antagonistic foreplay, the explosive pleasure of the penetration was still blended with the sweet ache of being stretched wider than she was used to.

Surprisingly, Zane waited, just like she had asked. "Relax," he murmured, pulling her chin up and giving her a brief but deep kiss. "I know you can take it, Claire. Let me know when you're ready." His tone was oddly tender, despite his normally crude demeanor, and Claire found that she was relaxing. This time, it was she who pulled him close, kissing him while the tip of his cock sat just inside her throbbing pussy. His tongue slid dominantly into her mouth, and one of his hands reached up to roughly palm her breast beneath the fancy bra that she was still wearing. Claire felt the mild pain in her pussy fade, then disappear as they continued their sloppy makeout session.

She was ready for the main event. For the moment, her humiliation and dislike for the man above her were gone. She was just a horny woman beneath a hung man, with a pussy that ached to be filled. She continued to kiss him hungrily. She didn't even pause to tell Zane to

continue. She simply reached down to needily pull at his thigh, silently urging him forward.

Zane slid forward with the slow, but unstoppable force of an avalanche. Opening. Spreading. Impaling. Packing Claire full in a way that she had never felt before. She pulled back from their kiss and threw her head back, squeezing her eyes shut and letting out a whining, primal moan of deep satisfaction as Zane scratched the maddening, horny itch that had been tormenting her for weeks.

She suddenly suspected that this experience would do very little to “get him out of her system”. It might even have the opposite effect.

Finally, when Zane was fully inside, his fat balls pressing tight against Claire’s ass and his thick cock stuffing her pussy completely full, he paused and held there for a moment, just bearing down and pinning her to the bed with his dick.

He didn’t say anything, but Claire felt her humiliation come roaring back as she realized what he was doing. Zane was savoring his victory. Luxuriating in the feeling of her hot, married pussy wrapped snugly around his cock like a glove around a hand. Maybe with just the tip, she could have argued that it wasn’t really sex. But now he was balls-deep inside her. Zane had fucked her, and she could never take that back.

“Don’t... Don’t stop you bastard,” gasped Claire. “You wanted my pussy so fucking bad? Well, you got it. Now make it fucking yours.” She needed to feel his passion. She needed to get lost in the pleasure of his dominant physical prowess, or the enormity of how far she had fallen would swallow her whole. She pulled her hated tormentor down into another deep kiss and flexed her pussy tight around his cock, egging him on.

Luckily, the provocation worked. With a grunt, Zane began moving, letting Claire’s slick lower lips pull and cling to every inch of his thick shaft as his cock pulled out with deliberate slowness. Then his hips pushed forward again, forcing Claire to moan against his lips, her fingers clutching tight to his back as she felt the incredible sensation of complete and blissful fullness and stretching once again.

He gained speed, from a slow, teasing pump in and out to a deep, steady, rhythmic fucking. Claire’s hips squirmed upward in little humping, liquid motions against his thrusts, her pussy clenching and milking the thick, powerful cock impaling it again and again. Their tongues continued to writhe together in a passionate kiss as their genitals merged like lock and key. A perfect fit that sent deep, mind-numbing pleasure radiating through every nerve of Claire’s overstimulated body.

As much as she hated to admit it, she had never felt this good with her husband, even when he had been able to get it up. Dan was a good lover, but there was something about Zane. A primal, fierce energy that Claire couldn’t explain, but that her deeper feminine instincts picked up on right from the beginning. The way he held her down with his heavy body. The

way his thick cock pinned her to the bed with his slow, powerful thrusts... The way his tongue writhed and snaked against hers... All of it turned her insides into hot, submissive jelly.

Zane's pace increased, growing faster and faster as he slowly ramped up. Claire could feel her heart hammering in her chest. Zane's hand still grasped and palmed her breast over the bra, and she made a whining sound of dissatisfaction, writhing and twisting as Zane continued fucking her to reach behind herself and unclasp her unwanted bra. In another instant, it was gone and tossed away to the bedroom floor of the man who bought it, letting his hot, strong hand close over the bare skin of her tits.

She let out a needy whine as Zane rolled a sensitive nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Her hips humped up into Zane cock as his pace grew faster, fast enough to fill the room with rhythmic wet slaps as Zane's hips and thighs made contact with hers again and again. Zane wasn't just talking shit when it came to boasting over his sexual prowess. His slow buildup to these powerful, jackhammering strokes had played Claire's body like a violin. She clutched at him desperately, her legs spread as wide as they could go, her pussy eagerly swallowing his cock again and again.

Claire was shocked to feel an orgasm building up within her. She had never experienced an orgasm through penetration before in her entire life. She certainly hadn't been a slut... until now, that was, but Claire had dated and hooked up with plenty of men in high school and college, and although her body count was well into the twenties, none of them had ever made her orgasm during penetrative sex. She had long ago accepted that she was just the type of woman who needed clitoral stimulation to cum. But the wild, electric heat radiating between her legs and the increasingly strong pulsing of her pussy around Zane's pounding cock were unmistakable. Her whole body was filled to the brim with filthy heat, and it was building up to something powerful.

Claire could only think of one thing that was different; one factor that must be what was driving her toward a penetrative orgasm when no man had been able to accomplish it before. Submission. Claire had never allowed any man to dominate her like this. She had always been the one in charge, the one who set the pace, the one who led her men around by the nose. But Zane had come in and enforced his will on her. Won her pussy despite her best resistance.

Maybe on some subconscious level, her orgasm was a tribute to her conqueror. Her body was simply doing what her mind had done a few minutes ago by handing over her panties and begging for Zane's cock: waving the white flag and submitting to the prowess of a superior male.

Claire back arched dramatically up off the bed, a deep, animal moan pouring from her throat. Her thighs trembled and her toes curled. God, it's never been like this before... Dan can make me cum with his mouth after he's warmed me up enough with sex, but even

then... When she came with Dan, it was like a warm, swelling tide flowing over her body. This was like a tidal wave, drowning her in fiery pleasure. She moaned louder as the orgasm roared through her, clawing red marks down Zane's hairy back, her pussy clamping like a hot, silky vice around his dominant dick.

Zane never stopped, maintaining his endless, relentless, powerful thrusts downward into the tight, wet cunt he had won by right of conquest. His perfect cock kept Claire right on the cresting wave of her orgasm, making her ride the climax for a long few minutes, moaning and writhing like a bitch in heat beneath him as he taught her the pleasure of deep, fulfilling orgasms that only a real man's cock could give her.

Finally, Claire collapsed back, like a puppet with its strings cut, panting and trembling, her sinful curves glistening with a sheen of sweat from the intensity of her orgasm. Her whole body tingled and buzzed, over-sensitive from the power of her release. But her sexual energy felt barely diminished.

It's almost too bad that it's over! I still feel like I need more...

But wait... Zane pulled his cock from her pussy, still hard as a rock, with no telltale drip of semen. Fuck! The fucking horny bastard didn't even cum! Claire had been so focused on her own powerful, unexpected orgasm that she hadn't even realized that Zane didn't cum. It sort of blew her mind. Zane's stamina must have been truly mindblowing if he was able to get through a session of intense fucking like that without cumming.

But it didn't just impress her. Claire felt a little thrill of erotic fear trace up her spine as she realized what this meant: Zane wasn't finished with her yet.

Her fears were confirmed as Zane moved forward confidently on his knees. She made a choked sound of awkward surprise as he straddled her chest, one hairy knee planted firmly on either side of her body, trapping her in place beneath his bulk as he loomed over her, smirking down with heated, lustful eyes at the once-proud woman beneath him.

Claire grimaced and wrinkled her nose as she realized the position that Zane had trapped her in. With one flabby thigh on either side of her chest, Zane's huge cock was now directly in her face. It was an even more humiliatingly submissive position than kneeling. With Zane above her pinning her down, Claire was unable to move. She had no choice but to confront his stiff, throbbing cock. As she stared up at it, intensely repelled yet attracted to the powerful symbol of masculine power, some of her juices dripped down off of it onto her cheek.

"Aww, is the high and mighty princess grossed out by the big bad dick?" snickered Zane above her. He shifted his weight a little and reached down to slap the hot, slimy cock against Claire's blushing face, making her squirm in embarrassment beneath his flabby bulk. "You didn't seem to mind it a second ago... Does your pretty-boy hubby make you cum like that,

Claire Bear, or is it just bad boys that make you cream on their cocks?"

Claire snarled up at him, regaining a bit of her hateful rage that she held for this insufferable little man. His cock was right there, so she craned her neck upward, taking it between her lips and closed her teeth around it lightly. Her eyes flashed dangerously as she threatened to bite it and teach the smug prick belittling her a lesson.

But Zane didn't seem intimidated at all. He looked utterly confident that the light pressure of her perfect white teeth would be as far as she went. It made Claire boil that he seemed to think she was utterly broken... But her whole body still burned with desire, and being forced into this humiliatingly subordinate position made the submissive lust that Zane had been training into her spread through her veins like hot, weakening poison.

Claire could wriggle out from between his legs at any moment. She could bite his cock hard enough to make sure he never disrespected her again... But she didn't. As much as it stung to admit it, Zane was absolutely right in his assumption that she was his obedient little sex kitten, at least for now. Instead of biting him, Claire reluctantly swirled her tongue around the head of his cock, tasting her pussy on him while she glared daggers up at him with her fierce green eyes.

"There we go," he crooned, "suck me off, you little cocktease. Don't feel too bad for giving in, honey. You were probably the biggest challenge I've ever faced. You really played hard to get, didn't you? It must have been hard to deny yourself when you were this much of a slut on the inside."

Claire pulled her mouth away from Zane's cock long enough to bitterly say, "You think you're so clever, don't you? So tough and manly, swinging this freaskish cock around all the time... Well newsflash, Z; you're just a bully. You push and insult and exhaust people until you get your way. Women don't sleep with you because they like you, they sleep with you because it's easier than saying 'no' to a persistent little fatass like you on a daily basis."

Zane threw his head back and laughed, and when he looked back down, Claire could see a gleam of antagonistic lust reignited in his piggy eyes. "You see? This is what makes you so fascinating, Claire Bear! Even after you lost, you still have a sassy mouth on you!" He reached down to grab his cock, tapping it against Claire's pouty lips. "But let's not oversell your point, sweetie. I know you hate me, but I think there was a little more to your submission than just shutting me up. I heard those desperate moans. And let's not forget how sweetly you begged... Please fuck me, Zane. I need it!"

Claire flushed red and opened her mouth to hotly contest Zane's condescending mockery, but Zane bore down, sticking his cock into her open mouth and silencing her before she could get a word out. "Now shut the fuck up, Claire..." he grunted with a savage grin. "I was nice enough to make your first time with me sweet and tender. But now it's time to put you in your place. Suck my cock, sweetheart. Warm me up so I can fuck you like the cheating

slut you've become."

Claire tried to say something and argue back again, but it was no use. Zane's cock pushed in further against her tongue, and it came out as a ridiculous wet gurgling noise. The shame of being silenced by dick made her pussy pulse with fresh lust and her nipples ache with stiffness, pressed up against Zane's sweaty thighs as they clamped down on her chest. Zane pushed forward, carefully but firmly fucking her mouth as she lay back with her head against the pillow.

He was using her like some sort of sex doll, treating her resistance as a cute but meaningless tantrum. She really had become a slut in his eyes... and for some reason that deep disrespect just made the submissive lust deep in Claire's belly writhe and burn, spreading through her core, making trickles of fresh lubrication run down her thighs as her pussy prepared for more domination from her new master.

Zane's thick cock slid in and out between her lips, stretching them around its shaft as it dominantly filled her mouth again and again. Claire's anger faded away, replaced by desperate arousal... but the humiliation stayed. Normally, she was the dominant one in bed, but now she was getting her mouth fucked by an asshole she hated. That thought alone made her body ache with shameful desire.

Finally, Zane had had enough. It was clear that he had no intention of using Claire's mouth to cum during their first time having sex. No, a bastard like Zane must have something much more special planned.

He pulled away, leaving Claire gasping for breath as he got off of her chest. But she didn't have much time to rest. In a few swift, confident movements, he had manhandled his new slut into position, flipping her over, pulling up on her hips, and pressing down on her shoulders until she was in an arched-back, slutty doggy style position for him, her drooling, flushed pussy on full display between her spread, trembling thighs.

Claire's breaths were hot, humid gasps, trapped against her face by her tormentor's soft, expensive sheets. Her breasts were pressed down into the soft mattress as well, her sensitive nipples brushing against the Egyptian cotton again and again as her chest heaved with passion.

Zane had her right where he wanted her now. Something he had said kept running through her mind... that what they had just done was an example of Zane being "sweet and tender". If the jackhammering, deep, intense missionary fucking he had just given her qualified as sweet... what was she about to get right now? The idea aroused her almost as much as it scared her.

Just as that sizzling, anxious thought crossed her oversexed mind, Claire felt a thick finger trace down her slit from behind, pausing at her clit to rub in slow, lazy circles. She let out a

muffled moan down into the sheets pressed against her face, her hips involuntarily squirming back and up into the delicious sensation of Zane's dominant, possessive fingers.

"You still don't realize what's happened to you, do you?" Said Zane in a low, smoldering voice as his fingers expertly circled her clit, making her squirm from the electric sensations crackling through every nerve. "You're mine now. No metaphor. No exaggeration. You belong to my cock. And by the time you finally absorb that, it will be way too fucking late."

She felt his hand fall away, and a second later, the thick head of his cock was teasing at her eager entrance once again. "Anyway. Time for your first lesson in being my submissive fuckdoll..."

This time, there was no slow, teasing entrance. Zane slid his powerful thickness deep inside Claire in one swift, smooth motion, pressing her face hard into the bed. Her arched-back pose let him reach even deeper inside her than he had been able to during missionary. For a second, Claire was so overwhelmed by the feeling of Zane's cock filling her that she couldn't even make a sound, silently screaming her pleasure downward into the sheets beneath her.

Then Zane's fingers gripped tight onto her wide, squishy hips, and he began roughly fucking her down into the bed with deep, powerful strokes. Suddenly, Claire couldn't stop making noise. Loud, choking sobs of primal sexual pleasure poured from her, so embarrassingly desperate that she seized a mouthful of sheets between her teeth, trying unsuccessfully to muffle her cries. Zane's hairy thighs slapped against her pillowy butt again and again, blending wet smacking noises with her slutty moans.

"Fuck!" growled Zane. "I love fucking married cunt. Especially when they have husbands with worthless, tiny dicks. You're so fucking tight you're practically a virgin for a real man like me, Claire Bear."

Claire now knew exactly what Zane meant by the contrast between "tender" and what he was doing now. His strong, dominant thrusts pressing her downward from behind hammered the lesson he intended to teach into Claire's fizzing mind with every thrust. She was his. Her pussy belonged to him now. She was just a stupid slut to him; only good for taking cock. She felt those truths burning in her soul as her whole body lit up with pleasure.

Zane's hand flashed downward with a loud crack, his palm landing in a stinging spank that sent shock and sexual fire blazing through Claire's shuddering body. She let out a primal scream of rage and submissive lust, her hips writhing backward to meet Zane's punishing thrusts as he battered her pussy with his thick, powerful cock. She had never allowed a man to touch her like that. She would have cut off the balls of anyone foolish enough to try... before today. Now she just bit the sheets harder, sobbing with overwhelming, humiliating pleasure from how far she had fallen.

She lost herself in the filthy, rough rhythm of Zane's conquering thrusts, pressing her down into the mattress, and making her sensitive nipples rub against the sheet every time his flabby hips contacted her ass. Her pussy was on fire, gripping and milking the thick shaft inside it, desperate for the superior seed of the dominant male claiming her. She pushed back against his cock, meeting every stroke with her hips, her toes curling, and her fingers twisting sweaty handfuls of sheets as she raced toward another deep, powerful orgasm.

But Zane wasn't about to let her off that easily.

He reached down and gripped Claire's hair, forcing her head upward. "I want you to look," he grunted in a bestial tone, "I want you to see what you gave up to become mine. Look at the symbol of defeat as I fill that slutty married cunt full of my cum."

Claire had no choice. Her bright green eyes, once so sharp and intelligent, but for now clouded with weak, willing lust, flew open as Zane's cruel hand held her up by her hair. She stared directly where Zane wanted, at the mannequin displayed on the dresser directly across the room.

Despite the dark dampness on the crotch, the underwear still looked classy. White silk and dark lace, with a cute little feminine bow. But Claire had given up that classiness; sold it as the price for the brutal, domiant fucking her new master was now giving her. The sight of the lost panties filled her with shame... but also pushed her screaming over the edge.

Claire took deep, whooping breaths, letting them out a breathy, whining yelps of raw pleasure. If anything, this climax was even stronger than the one she had had just a few minutes before. Her whole body shook and spasmed with it's power. Her heavy tits swung behind her as Zane refused to let up his powerful thrusts. One fist still held her hair in a tight, painful, but somehow erotic grip in her hair while the other held her hip, stabilizing the flabby man as his cock pistoned into her spasming pussy. Claire was in heaven and hell, her body roaring with the fire and ice of pain and pleasure, radiating through every nerve of her body as Zane stretched her climaxing pussy to its limit, making it his.

Finally, when it felt like Claire had been trapped in the most powerful orgasm of her life for a thousand years, Zane grunted and thrust forward to the hilt, his balls pressing up against Claire's clit as he drained them into her married pussy, firing rope after rope of hot, potent cum into her deepest depths.

Claire deliriously reflected that it was a good thing she was on the pill. She could tell instinctively that she would be knocked up otherwise. She knew it didn't make medical sense, but Zane was so fucking powerful that she half wondered if his sperm would find some way to impregnate her anyway.

After shooting his massive load, Zane pulled his spent cock out of her pussy with a deep, rumbling, satisfied sigh, leaving her thighs trembling as his thick, pearly seed leaked out of

her well-used hole.

Claire slumped down to the bed, panting and shaking, still trying to come back from the aftereffects of her orgasm. Oh fuck. I fucked him. I fucking lost. I even let the bastard cum inside me. What the fuck am I going to tell Dan? Fuck that... Dan can never ever know.

Before she could spiral further, Zane patted Claire's plush ass fondly, then, without warning, he turned her around and pulled her up the bed toward him, snuggling her into a tight, but oddly tender embrace.

"You and I are going to have so much fucking fun, Claire Bear," he said smugly, staring into her orgasmed-hazed eyes. "This is just the fucking beginning. Just wait until you see what's in store for my new woman."

Claire stared back at him with a vague scowl, a little confused from the abrupt transition from fucking to this odd snuggling. Her mind felt as slow as molasses. Now that she had been satisfied, her obedience and desperation were fading, replaced once again by a stony, stubborn desire to resist. She swore to herself that he was wrong. This had been a mistake. A bad one, absolutely, but everyone made mistakes. She had Zane out of her system now. She had tasted the forbidden fruit and satisfied her perverse curiosity.

Now she was going to kick Zane to the curb. She could get contractors to finish up the physical work and send him an invoice in the mail. She would never see Zane again, and Dan would never have to know about her embarrassing failure to keep her legs closed. She wanted to tell Zane that. Tell him that this had been a one-time thing, no matter what perverted hopes he had to make her into his slut.

But suddenly Claire felt completely drained... And strangely warm and comfortable in Zane's flabby arms. All of the tension and anger and frustration she had been carrying with her for weeks was gone, wiped away by strenuous physical activity and the most powerful sexual relief of her life. She felt a wave of fatigue crashing over her with shocking rapidness, making the idea of getting into another pointless argument with Zane deeply unappealing. So instead, Claire contented herself with just shaking her head with a bitter twist of her lip. She shut her eyes. Just for a second. Just to just rest and catch her breath.

As she was unintentionally drifting off, a tiny, nagging voice in Claire's mind reminded her that she had been absolutely certain she would never sleep with Zane as well...

So how can I know for sure that I won't become his obedient slut?

But she ignored the little annoying voice and fell into a deep, satisfied sleep of physical and sexual exhaustion.

...

When Claire started lightly snoring, Zane carefully extracted himself and rose from the bed.

It was time for a well-deserved celebratory cocktail. He padded out of the room and down the stairs, his deflating cock still dripping cum and pussy juice as he made his way to the kitchen.

He mixed himself a 7 and 7 and raised it silently with a wide, triumphant grin painting his features. A toast to himself and his victory. Then he downed the drink in one gulp and started to think about next steps. He had never been a man to rest on his laurels.

Maybe when he first started this bet, this was all he planned for. He had won handily, with a week to spare. Even if Claire never spoke to him again, which he was sure was her current hope now that he had scratched her itch, he had still convinced her to fuck him. A married woman fucking a pornstar out of wedlock was slutty, no matter how you sliced it.

But now Zane wanted more... Claire wasn't going to be one of his occasional slip-ups, where the woman got away after one night of sex. No. Claire was going to be his loyal slut, and she was going to love every minute of it.

Which raised the question of how exactly to handle his victory. How should he approach breaking the news to poor Dan?

Option A: Tell him flat out. Zane had never been very good at being modest. The simplest solution would be to snap a pic of Claire sleeping naked in his bed, cum leaking out of her swollen pussy, and send it to Dan with a mocking message. He couldn't wait to see what the pretty-boy loser would do when he found out he was a cuck for real now, and not just in his pathetic fantasies.

Option B: Let Dan find out through the porn website. Zane knew that Dan was watching his porn religiously by this point on the censored site reserved for Betas like him. Wouldn't it be deliciously ironic for poor Dan to find out he lost while in the middle of one of his pathetic jerk-off sessions? Zane had some great footage of Claire's first blowjob the other day, and the hidden cameras in his bedroom had gotten today's full sexual submission in multiple camera angles. Of course, Zane would have to get Claire's permission to post them first. He may be a sleazebag, but that was one of his personal lines: it was much more satisfying to have women willingly submit to being on his site. But Zane wasn't worried about that. He had a feeling it would be very hard for Claire to say "no" to him before long. If he prioritized convincing her to join his site, he could probably have her debut up in time for the bet's deadline.

Option C: Play the long game. If Zane wanted to make Claire his long-term, and really teach Dan a lesson he would never forget, it might be a better idea to keep his cards close to the chest. Let Dan think he's won for now. Maybe even send him off on that little honeymoon

he promised. ...Then maybe follow behind. There was a lot of potential fun to be had with poor Dan in the dark while he got his hooks even deeper into Claire.

Option A: Zane should tell Dan directly and rub it in his face.

Option B: Zane should set up a finale where Dan discovers his loss on the porn site.

Option C: Zane should keep his victory a secret to keep corrupting Claire in secret.

