

CW: questionable consent; unsafe BDSM; misogyny

Invisible - Part One

Teaser

by Danni Iridescent

Full Release: 23rd July, 9am GMT

1216 words

I watched, shifting around the room, as he fucked her restrained body - those pert tits squashed into the bed, her thick butt bouncing against his thrusts, ripples of impact going through her thighs with each wet *slap*.

‘Auu-aaaa-aaahh!’ she moaned, taking his cock easily; gladly, even.

As I rounded the bed to see her better, her face turned towards me - not *at* me, of course, just in a convenient direction - and I got to see the look on her face.

It wasn’t what I expected. From the sex, and from the noises falling from her spread lips, I was expecting to see rolling eyes, upturned eyebrows - the sort of thing that would tell me she was having a *good* time.

Instead, her face was nearly blank. In fact, as Mike let out another groan of pleasure, I watched her roll her eyes - all out of Mike’s eyeline of course. Still, she kept up the moans and the movements.

She was faking it.

I let out a laugh - unheard by either of them, of course - and sat back and watched. I couldn’t help it, and there was no way to deny it; even if she was faking her enjoyment, watching someone as *hot* as her get tied up and fucked was like living in a daydream. Like I’d walked into one of those amateur porn scenarios.

She can’t say anything, I thought as I kneeled down next to her, adjusting myself beneath the invisible jogging bottoms I was still wearing. *She wouldn’t know what to say if she could*.

It was a bad justification for wanting to do a bad thing, and I knew it - but there was no way for me to deny my impulses. Not when she was like this, all tied up and open and wet and *not enjoying it*. I wondered how much of a disappointment this must be for her.

Then, reaching out, I placed my finger on the insides of her ring gag. She didn’t notice, or at least didn’t straight away, but, as I slid my digit into her drooling mouth, her moans fell away as a frown appeared on her face.

As my finger became wet on her drool, I felt her tongue - and she felt me. She flexed, pulling her head backwards sharply.

‘Uagh!’

Mike, barely slowly his thrusts into her, frowned, too. ‘What?’

She started to turn her head to look up at him, but I caught her by the ring-gag, my finger hooking in her mouth, holding her in place. Her eyes, wide and fearful, looked around wildly, trying to place me - something - *anything*.

Mike carried on, not caring much about her apparent discomfort as I held her there, entranced by the way she had *no idea* what I was doing.

There were no consequences to this, either. I wouldn’t be caught, would be hated or scolded or sworn at.

What I *would* get, I knew at that moment, was more of this. More of *her*, here, like this. Tied up and helpless. Mike would get bored, or tired, and do something else, and when he did, I would have her all to myself.

My mind flicked to Olivia, and her perfect body, lying on that park ground, frozen in a mix of unknowns as I felt her. I wondered if Brit was feeling that same overload of impossible things, now.

A ghost, a poltergeist, a *demon*, and all it wants it to have you. Fuck you. Have it's way with you.

I am that demon, and for once, I would have my way.

I held Brit by the mouth, a fish caught on a hook, and leaned in until I could feel her breath on my face. Being so close to her... it was something I had *never* really experienced before.

Well, not *never*. I wasn't a virgin. Technically. But that had been nineteen-years-old awkwardness with a friend, where we both wanted to 'lose it'. This was more... animalistic. Power-based.

Sure, Mike was fucking her, but I was going to *ruin* her.

So, as I waited for him to finish, I let go of Brit's ring gag, and started to have a little think about what I could do to her to make her *mine*. To make her the broken bitch of this horny ghost she was on the receiving end of. Of course, as soon as I stood, and her face was about level with my crotch, the answer became clear to me.

Without another moment's consideration, I pushed down the waistline of my joggers, pulled out my invisible cock, and put my hand on the back of Brit's head. Again, she squawked through her gag, unable to say or do anything to alert Mike as I held her in place, and with my other hand guided the head of my cock into the gag.

It was *meant* for this, and was holding her mouth obscenely wide - so, as I lined myself up and held her head in place, the shimmer-like shape that was the head pressed into the silicone, and with a little help from the drool and spittle, slipped in.

'Aarhk?' she mumbled as another inch slipped in, and the underside of my cock slid against her tongue. Eyes wide, and lips wider, Brit wasn't able to do any more than shift her tongue wildly from inside as I pushed in.

My hand on the back of her head kept her still enough, but as Mike was fucking her the constant movement of his thrusts rocking her back and forth wound up with her slowly being spit-roasted onto my length.

And, good God, did she feel fucking *good*.

'Hrk-hrk-hrk-' she gargled as she was pounded deeper onto me by Mike's thrusts, until I felt myself reach the back of her mouth. I still had inches to go, but I wasn't in the mood to force her into a deep-throat or choke her, so instead I just enjoyed the wet, warm presence of her mouth around me, stroking the head and slathering me as she was fucked.

'Shit,' Mike mumbled at one point, his pace getting faster and faster - meaning Brit's swallowing of my sword picked up the pace, too. 'Shit-shit-shit, I'm gonna cum, Brit,' he moaned, slapping her and making her eyes slam shut as I fucked her hair, my fingers in her silky black hair, the soft of her mouth like a dream.

‘Oh fuck, you *whore*,’ Mike moaned as he looked up at the ceiling, not even noticing that his apparent sex-slave was currently gagging on a cock bigger than his. ‘Oh, *GOD*, I’m gonna fill you the fuck up, strap a vibe to your clit and leave you here like a bitch.’

That perked my ears up. I was, in all honesty, struggling to keep my cool with Brit - my own thrusts had gotten a bit jagged, as I hadn’t had a mouth that pretty around my cock for far too long. But, now, I knew she was going to be left alone... that changed things.

So, I pulled out of her, and Brit’s voice came back - though she still wasn’t able to make words of any recognisable sort.

‘Ahhk! Hahh... hah-hah-hu
