

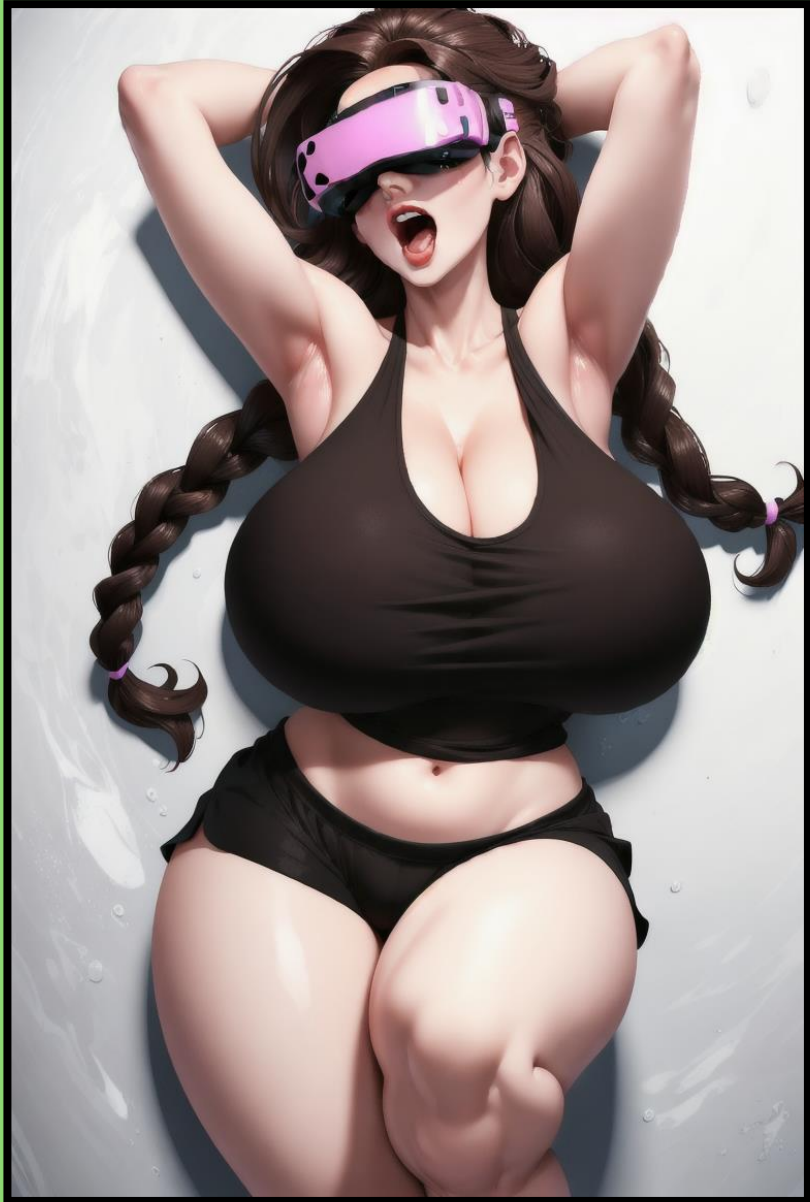


VENUS GYM

Chapter 3: Redemption

BY BEWCI





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WARNING

This story contains explicit language and sexual content that may be disturbing for some readers. This chapter may be offensive to some readers and is/or inappropriate for children. Reader discretion is advised.

This adult content does not target any specific person, community, religion, or country. All characters and locations in this story are fictional.

“I am a new member, so I think I should wait before taking part in this contest,” said Scott. But Lucy and Nancy kept insisting on meeting Mrs. Ritchson and talk about it. “Oh, c’mon, I hate it when people self-doubt themselves. What are you afraid of?” Nancy asked. She narrowed her eyes, staring at Scott, which sent a chill down his spine. Something about them felt off. Scott’s throat dried up as he noticed Lucy’s fidgeting pinky, a telltale sign of high adrenaline. Scott believed they knew something.

“Afraid? I’m not. Fine, I will go meet Mrs. Ritchson. But I am not making any promises,” Scott said in a frantic hurry. He opened the door and marched into the hallway on the right that led to the corridor reserved for the S.L.U. Training. At the far end, he could see the office of Mrs. Ritchson. Nancy and Lucy were following him without saying a word. Scott’s investigator instincts could sense their eyes gazing at him, making his stomach flutter with anticipation. He noticed them approaching from the corner of his eye, so near that their shadows loomed over him and their breath brushed against his shoulder. Scott’s mind swirled with questions, his lean muscles tensing up to prepare for a fight. His confident gait slowed down as he got closer to Mrs. Ritchson’s door. His eyes widened in shock, noticing the door locked from the outside. Mrs. Ritchson had

not arrived at her office yet. They lied. He turned around to blow a punch at Lucy and escape, but Nancy pushed him into the training hall on his left.

Lucy hopped in and kicked into Scott's stomach, making him cry out in his female squeaky voice. Scott gasped for breath, shocked by his weakness. He realised he was at the mercy of these two wicked ladies towering over him. "Wha-What are you doing?!" asked Scott. "Oh, stop acting, you slut!" Nancy said. "I saw you with my scoundrel husband on that sofa. You were eyeing him all over and when I walked up into my room, well, you know what you did! Moaning like a wretched whore!"

"What?! That was the subliminal triggers! It was part of the trai—" Nancy interrupted Scott, "Bitch, I couldn't care any less about who he fucks beside me. Men are all trash anyway. What I care about is you spying over me by joining the gym! You have the worst poker face! So, I did some backtracking and turns out Lucy knew about you." Scott gulped in fear.

"Yes, Scott Wray, we know who you are!" Lucy said with a sinister smile. Scott's beautiful face turned pale in horror as he heard his name echo down the hall. "H-How?!" he asked. "You are a rookie, aren't ya? Leaving your ID like that?! Most spies don't leave clues like that. And most women don't panic

after getting brainwashed for six hours in our program. Everyone I know has submitted way before to the cause. You were the first one to resist and panic. I had to find out who you were. Turns out, Samantha Reid doesn't exist!" said Lucy.

"It was quite obvious that you were a man. Only a man would not want women to be self-sufficient in all aspects of their life. Only a man would struggle to submit to absolute feminine pleasure. That training session made it quite clear," said Nancy. "Nonetheless, it was quite hard to find your identity. We had to bribe the pharmacist, chase my husband's whereabouts, until finally we reached your P.I office. The landlord was also looking for your cheap ass."

"Okay, fine. You got me. But I am just a private investigator! It's your husband who is suspicious about you because of your eccentric behaviour! Please! Leave me out of this!" said Scott.

"Oh, not at all. You are not getting an easy way out. As you have read the board earlier, we do not allow men on these premises. And it doesn't matter if you took those pills to become physically woman!" Lucy said, and frowned in disgust.

"And fuck that bastard, too. I know what he's trying to do here. He wants a divorce, so I will give him a

divorce, but I am taking half of his assets with me. And you are going to be the whore that makes sure the court listens to me!” Nancy said.

Drenched in fear, Scott asked, “What? I won’t! Please, just let me go!”

“I would save any woman from men like Robert, but you are a man in disguise. I don’t give a dime worth how much y’all suck each other’s cocks!” Nancy said.

Scott crawled backwards on the ground, away from the two menacing women. As he tried to turn around and stand up, he heard a headset covering his ears and strapped onto his head. “No!” He screamed and tried to pull off the headset, but the straps were tightened and soon a pair of hands zip-tied his limbs together, rendering him unable to move. Scott stumbled back on the ground, his face smashing on the tiled floor.

“The gym would be closed off till Monday morning, ain’t you a lucky one?!” Nancy exclaimed. “Haha! He would be a cock-loving slut by that time!” Lucy said. “This is going to be a fine experiment!”

“Wait! Wait! Don’t do it!” Scott screamed. But a loud pulsating buzz bombarded his ears from the headphones, silencing his voice for a moment. The

noise was deafening, drowning out his screams for help. His eyes witnessed flashes of enormous cocks and thick cum, and sometimes both wrapped in plump glazing lips. Shrill voice of a woman echoed words like, “submit”, “kneel”, “devotion”, “suck”, “shameless” and many more. Scott rolled on the floor, attempting to escape. The constant loud rhythm made his brain foggy while words of suggestions settled on him. He couldn’t tell if he was still shouting, if the ladies were still there, laughing at his emasculated self. Was it two hours already? Five? Or a day?! Scott couldn’t tell. However, it felt good. The buzzing had almost vanished, penetrating into his soul. And the suggestions were quite clear. All he had to do was follow them.

Scott stared into the screen, unable to blink. His eyes filled with tears as he bit his lips, mimicking the women in the clips flashing by. His nipples hardened, imagining the big member thrusting into his mouth and pussy like that in the flashes. It all made sense now. He was not to touch himself, for his body was for a man to please. The tantamount lust welled up in him, grew more profound, and rewired his brain to become more disciplined, more submissive, and more obedient. The tiniest remnants of Scott’s masculinity perished in the timeless void while spells imprinted into his sleepless senses. Scott had no

hunger, no sleep, no thirst. He laid there, with a desire to please men and get pleased by them, until his feeble dry eyes shut close from the immense exhaustion, rendering everything black.

Scott's eyes opened with a loud bang echoing throughout the training hall. Somebody had opened the door. The VR headset had turned off. "Agh!" Scott yelled as a sting of pain ran across his head. His brain pulsated and spun because of dehydration and hunger. "So, you are still alive!" Scott heard Lucy's voice, followed by strutting footsteps approaching him. "Ugh, what a mess!" Lucy said as she removed the headset from Scott's head and cut off the zip ties around his limbs. Scott squeezed his eyes shut as the light of the day pierced through them. He sat up and opened them slow again, looking at the wetness down his legs. His lips quivered and his eyes turned moist with sorrow as he saw his pitiable condition. He had peed and jizzed multiple times, staining the floor and caking his shorts and panties so much that they were crusty. There was a stinging odour in the room because of poor- ventilation. Lucy handed Scott a water bottle and went over to turn on the ventilators. "There are some fruits and cakes in that bag beside you. Eat it, then I'll drive you to your house," Lucy said with a sly smile.

Scott turned around and saw the bag. His trembling hands lurched into it, pulling out a banana. His stomach rumbled, urging him to peel it and shove the entire thing into his mouth. Flashes of recent memories echoed in his senses as soon as the sweet fruit touched his lips. The sight of an enormous cock sent a shiver down his body. He couldn't remember what had happened to him in the last two days, but it was nothing good. He was sure of that. "Why can't I remember the last few days? Something feels off about me! What have they done to me?!" Scott's mind raced with frantic questions, making him restless. "Hurry! Eat! I got to get this room ready for session today after I get rid of you!" Lucy clamoured.

Scott gobbled down two bananas and a cake in less than three minutes, choking on the food a few times. After a few sips of water, he satiated his hunger, even though his mind craved for answers. He followed Lucy to his old car, whose keys were in her hands. She ushered Scott into the backseat and drove him to his house. Scott looked outside the window and noticed the empty streets. The morning had just dawned, giving Lucy some time to clean up, leaving no trace of what happened to him before she opened the gym for the members.

“You’re a girl now, aren’t you? Scott, I mean, Samantha? Gosh, I so wished you were not a man. Such a shame. Well, I guess you’re more of a woman than a man now. You’ll realise that soon,” Lucy said while driving. Scott couldn’t say anything, as the situation had spooked him to his core. He could sense an alarming paranoia overshadowing his sense of identity. It felt as if he was about to die. He was not sure why and how. Everything seemed alright, but he couldn’t buzz off the morbid feeling. He watched his house approaching around the corner and somehow he felt more relaxed. He felt more safe looking at the usual lanes and his home. Lucy parked the car outside the backyard and handed over the keys before she walked away. Scott sat in the silence under the warm soothing sunlight from the windshield for a few minutes. Then he dragged himself out of the car, treading back to his home into the living room.

Fazed by the trauma, Scott spent hours sitting in the messy clothes, looking into the space of empty walls. “What do I do?” he thought, repeatedly.

“Well, I have fucked up every part of the plan. Either way, I got nothing left to live for in this city. But, wait. I still have the reversing pill!” Scott’s brain lit up. “That’s it! I can just go back to being a man! Either of those sick bastards has exhausted me. I’m not afraid

anymore. I'll just claim my manhood back. The rest can be fared later." Scott said.

Scott strutted to his desk and pulled out the drawer, fetching out a small box containing a blue pill. He staggered back to the kitchen for a glass of water from the kitchen sink. After filling up the glass, he raised the pill to swallow. However, he couldn't bring himself to open his mouth and take it in.

"Oh God, what has come of me?!" Scott yelled as he watched the reversing pill drop from his hand into the hole in the kitchen sink. Despite feeling confused, a part of him was happy to throw it away. As if a tremendous burden had been relieved from his shoulders. "I don't need to turn back, do I? I am perfect just the way I am!" Scott said, tracing his hands down his lithe feminine body. His sore body ached with every touch. He couldn't help but moan in ecstasy, knowing that he was not turning back to being a man soon. After the short celebration, he came back to his senses and screamed, "No! No! No! What have I done?!" He bawled in tears, confused and shocked by his actions and the mixed feelings invading his mind. Scott's head hammered with thoughts dissociated from his male identity. He yelled, holding his head as he crumbled down to the floor, wet in the pool of a spilled glass of water. Scott couldn't turn the noises echoing in his mind. Voices

spoke to him to surrender to his urges, fulfill his purpose as a submissive slut. His flat nether throbbed without rest, begging to be touched. "Oh! God!" Scott squealed like the women flashing before his eyes, sucking onto large phallic members. "I should meet Robert! I need to convince him to buy me another set of pills! I need to turn back into my male self!" Robert said, whimpering and clashing his massive tits down the floor as he collapsed into darkness from sheer weakness.

Scott woke up bathing in the golden shower of the sun trickling from the window panes. It was almost getting dark in the evening. The voices were silent, and he felt much better after that sleep. He was reeking of the foul odour of cum, pee, and sweat. His stomach groaned, urging him to get clean, both inside and out. Scott rushed into the bathroom and attended the nature's call, and washed off his body with meticulous scrubbing. To his surprise, he didn't feel aroused like before looking down at his naked female physique. However, the tactile buds sitting on his chest or over his womanhood were eager to awaken with the slightest nudge of the fingers. As he felt the touch, a sudden desperation overcame him, accompanied by a vivid flash of having a man with him in the bathroom. Scott felt taken aback when he

realized he was not just physically, but also mentally, a heterosexual woman.

“I need to convince Robert to turn me back. Maybe if I return his favour with something... delightful,” Scott whispered under heavy breaths. Scott moaned, experiencing femininity from a different lens for the first time. “Oh, how long had I been doing it?!” Scott exclaimed, pulling out his fingers out of his tentative nether. He couldn’t remember when he put his digits in there. The showerhead had gone dry. Surprised, he discovered he had been pleasuring himself for much longer than expected. Unhinged and confused, Scott rolled his long, wet brunette locks over his head and covered them with a thick white towel. He had brought only one towel into the bathroom, so he walked out naked... with the towel around like a turban over his head. Water drizzled down from his body onto the mat outside where he stood for a few minutes. Out of nowhere, Scott heard ruffling footsteps outside in the living room. A shiver ran down his spine. Butt-naked and alone, Scott wondered who could be in his house at this time of the evening. It was half-past eight, and he had almost no friends bothering him at this hour. Scott took a deep breath and rushed towards the wardrobe standing on the opposite side of the room. He opened the doors and searched for another towel.

He heard the footsteps approaching his room and couldn't help but yelp out a few times in panic. It seemed impossible to find another towel in the mess of his wardrobe.

"Scott?" the voice of Robert echoed in the hallway, coming closer. "What the hell is he doing here?!" Scott thought as blood rushed down at the sign of Robert's presence, making Scott weak in his knees. His swollen folds pulsed with the growing pressure of his womb. He could feel the gaze of someone standing behind him. Scott turned around in shock and saw Robert ogling at his exposed asshole and puffy slit between his legs. He pulled down the white towel on his head and covered himself up with what he could. Disheveled, wet, and flustered with humiliation, Scott yelled, "How dare you break in to my house and leer at me like that?! You sh-should I-I-leave now!" Scott stuttered, staring at the bump in Robert's pants.

Robert noticed and said, "You like what you see? It's even bigger when pulled out of these trousers. Haha! Anyway, I didn't break in. You had left the door open. And I was checking in because I heard Nancy speak with Lucy on the phone about how you didn't attend the gym because you were sick."

“I’m alright. They lied to you and me. Listen, a lot happened since the last time we met. I have been wanting to talk to you. But not now,” Scott said, “I, um, we are not in proper conditions. I have worn no clothes, and you, uh, your bulge, it’s growing... you should go outside.” Scott’s gaze fixated on Robert’s tightening tent as his hands pressed the towel against his puckering nipples. Scott heaved with temptation, hot blood rushing through his body, flushing his cheeks red.

Robert was no fool. He could tell Scott was in so much heat that he would not resist an ogre. Ever since Scott had transformed into Samantha, he had fallen over his beauty. That Scott was a man didn’t faze him, and even if he contemplated it, Scott had evolved into such an impressive specimen that he couldn’t waste for some trivial unwritten homophobic rule. All he could see was a gorgeous woman standing before him whose every cell was begging to get touched by a virile man, like him. This was the moment he had been waiting for, and he was not letting this opportunity go.

“C’mon, Scott, there’s nothing to be ashamed of. You said it yourself, you’re a man, right? We can talk right now,” Robert said with a sly grin on his face. Scott gulped, looking with wide eyes at Robert, and said, “Yeah, right. We’re both men. But,” Robert

interrupted, "Well, why do you think Nancy and Lucy lied to us? What happened? Don't tell me? Do they know about the investigation?!" Robert exclaimed.

"Huh, no, I mean yes, um," Scott faltered with thoughts, his mind still wondering how big Robert's cock was. "Fuck! Why am I admitting the truth to him?! I need to make up a story! Quick! Think Scott!" he screamed in his mind.

"Oh, Scott, you're a novice. Wasting my time and money. I should have never hired you," Robert sighed. "No! I actually captured them in the act! I mean Nancy and her trainer boyfriend, but, um, they found me, and deleted the video," Scott said.

"Oh, is that so?" Robert asked, raising his eyebrows. "Yes, but don't worry. I just need one more favour. I need you to buy me another set of pills. Once I become a man again, I can resume spying on them and collect evidence of their activities outside the gym!" Scott said with enthusiasm.

"Hmm," Robert said, "Your plan makes sense. But don't you have a blue pill already?"

"I, um, what are you doing?" Scott asked, watching Robert unzip his pants. "It feels uncomfortable. You don't mind, right? Man to man? Haha. Sorry, what

were you saying?” Robert said, pulling out his erect member.

Scott’s jaw dropped, looking at the veiny and thick shaft of Robert that seemed over ten inches long. His natural instincts kicked in when his vaginal walls started squirming, causing him to release a soft moan and bringing his knees closer together. Scott’s throat dried up as he continued to speak. “I can’t find it. I just, ahem, need this one favour from you.”

“Are you afraid, Scott? Do you need a glass of water? Or something else?” Robert asked, his cock flexing up. “You shouldn’t be. After all, you are just doing your job, and it’s alright if you are bad at it. We all have our days. But,” Robert said, walking closer to Scott, “you seem to have run out of favours, my friend.”

Scott shuddered in fear and excitement, looking above at Robert’s face. His lips trembled as Robert ruffled his damp hair behind his ears and whispered into it, “Let’s make a deal instead.” Scott gasped, listening to Robert’s words and feeling the breaths touch his neck. “Oh, God! It’s happening!” Scott hollered in his thoughts. His dainty hands let go of the towel as he whispered, “Fine by me,” and clashed his voluptuous breasts against Robert, sealing a kiss with both hands around his shoulders.

Scott's vigour took Robert by surprise for a moment, but he eased in and dug his tongue into Scott's mouth. Robert's rigid member pushed in between Scott's thick thighs and brushed against the parting swollen lips, contouring the wet entrance to Scott's womb. Scott moaned as his mind screamed, "This feels so right! So good! I don't mind if he doesn't pay me after this! I want him to fuck me!" Scott swayed his wide hips, grazing his pink nether against the rough, veiny surface of Robert's cock.

"Yeah, Samantha, baby, that cock's all yours tonight!" Robert exclaimed. A smile spread over Scott's face, listening to the name "Samantha," as he dropped on his knees and took the lathered cock in his mouth. "Sucking feels good. Submitting feels good. Being Scott is boring. Scott is hopeless, broke, a nobody. Samantha is gorgeous, sexy, wanted. Be Samantha. I don't need any pill. It was just an excuse to get fucked by his gigantic cock!" the voice of Samantha echoed in Scott's ears. Scott moaned and nodded in agreement, slurping on the juicy cock. He mimicked the flashing memories, bobbing his head with a twirl, rolling the tongue around the head like a pro. "Oh, God! Samantha! Where did you learn to suck like this?!" Robert exclaimed in delight. Scott giggled, pressing his supple, bulbous breasts around the wet member while licking on the tip. "Oh! Stop! I

am gonna cum!” Robert screamed, unable to hold his load. A jet of thick cum sprayed over Scott’s face, dripping down and collecting above his shoulder blades and bosoms. “Oh, that was... so thrilling and delicious! But we haven’t fucked yet. I want you inside me!” Scott exclaimed.

“Wow! What has gotten into you?! Hey, not complaining!” Robert said, lying down on Scott’s bed beside him. “You want it, then work on it!” he said with a smug smile. Scott chuckled as he crawled up on the bed over Robert, moaning as he dragged his sensitive nipples against Robert’s hairy body. They swayed free as Scott stretched up, hitting Robert’s mouth while Scott straddled his legs around Robert, clutching against the hardening penis with his sore petals. Robert bit on the meaty nubs, making Scott scream with his head held high in a cocktail of pain and glee. Scott ground his hips against Robert, pushing the half-rigid, pulsating cock in and out of his gaping pussy. “C’mon, Robert, I’m so wet for you. Just one more time! We have a deal!” Scott pleaded with his eyes squinting from the extreme sensations. Robert mumbled under the weight of the squishy boobs over his mouth, “Even you know Samantha, the deal was a sham! Still, do you want to stop?!”

Scott’s eyes opened wide as he shivered and trembled with no control over himself. Fluid

squelched out of his throbbing hole, cascading down Robert's erect dick and balls that had recovered from the first orgasm. "Oh! Oh God, he got me! I'm stuck in this body! For good! And I am getting fucked by him! This feeling! Of submission! Of defeat! Getting fucked! Why does this feel so good?!"

As Scott looked down, his eyes darted towards the window in front of him. Outside the glass, he could see two shadowy figures of two women. Nancy and Lucy!

"Oh!" Scott gasped in shock, watching the two ladies record the act, as well as the intense joy of being filled by Robert's hard cock in one swift motion. Scott blushed red, staring at Nancy and Lucy snickering, while his body jiggled over Robert as he thrust into Scott's gaping hole like a beast. "Fuck! This was their plan! He is being framed, and so am I! But-But I can't stop! This feels even better! They watching me is so turning me on!" Scott thought while whimpering in the rhythm of Robert's thrusts as his body shivered and his nipples hardened and pushed further out. His inner walls gripped onto Robert's cock, resisting the movement but failing to hold him in, causing further friction and thus leading both of them to their subsequent climax. "Oh! Fuck!" Scott's hips shimmied with resonance in Robert's pulsating cock that coated the womb's inner walls with a splurge of

warm fluid. Scott leaned down and locked his plump lips to Robert's, kissing him with utmost passion before releasing it and looking up at Nancy with a devious smile. Nancy's confident smug dwindled into an expression of contempt and jealousy. "What the- This bitch has the audacity to taunt me?!" Nancy screamed. "Shh!" Lucy pulled up his hand to shut Nancy up. "Huh?" Robert looked around and said, "Was that Nancy's voice?" Scott handled it quick by holding Robert's face and sealing another kiss. "Na, must have been the nosy neighbour," Scott said.

Scott looked up again and saw Nancy and Lucy pulling away to their car, leaving. Meanwhile, Robert's manhood shrunk out of Scott's gawking and dribbling hole. Scott collapsed beside Robert, both exhausted and drawing heavy breaths with a content expression on both faces. "Wasn't so bad, was it? You were being defensive for no reason," Robert said.

Robert turned his head, taken aback by the sound of sobs. "Robert, I lied. There is no lover of Nancy," Scott whispered, sulking with tears. "What? What are you talking about?!" Robert asked, shocked.

"I was afraid, alright?! I told you the truth at first, but you didn't believe me! That gym does experiments on women! They're brainwashing them into some

freak ideology! Nancy is a victim of that! That's why she is acting so erratic!" Scott said, bawling. Robert listened, speechless. "They did experiments on me! And later, when I got caught by Nancy and Lucy, they did something to me. I don't feel like a man anymore!" Scott sat up, streaming his eyes out.

"Wait. They know about you. Do they know it was me who hired you?!" Robert asked. "Y-yes. They also know that you are trying to get rid of her. That's why they brainwashed me into getting rid of my male inhibitions, and tried to frame you as cheating on your wife... with me. They, um, recorded everything that we did here." Scott muttered.

"And you're telling me this now?!" Robert shouted, throwing a tight slap on Scott. "You filthy slut! You just wanted an excuse to taste my dick! What the fuck do I do now?!" Robert hollered.

"I could have lied to you. But trust me, Robert. After tonight, I have fallen in love with you! I don't care if you are married. Nancy doesn't deserve you! Let her divorce you! We can build a new family together!" Scott said.

"You're fucking delusional! You're just another piece of meat for me! Do you really think I will marry you?! You fag!" Robert yelled.

“Oh, humiliate me, all you want. I won’t complain. I am not like Nancy, Robert. You’re the perfect man for me, and I am the perfect woman for you. They made me be your perfect half, Robert.” Scott said, creeping his hands down to Robert’s limp shaft, stroking it with utmost care, “Nancy will file the divorce soon, and will take half of what is yours. It’s inevitable. But she’s leaving something precious instead. Me. I am a cheap slut, but just for you. What are you gonna do? Lose me too? Take the deal, Robert. It will hurt less.” Robert was shocked beyond comprehension, his dick twitching with arousal. A perfect cumdump whore at his service for the rest of his life, for half of his possessions and Nancy’s permanent absence. The deal was beyond tempting to Robert’s ears.

Robert’s sore cock sprung into action, harder than ever before. “Fuck, that sounds good. But money is money, bitch. And I am going to recover every dime tonight!”

Robert stood up and shoved Samantha back on the bed, turning her around. Samantha gasped, heaving with tentative anticipation. “You will beg to me for a thousand times. Then, maybe, I will consider your pleads!” Robert said as he spread Samantha’s plump ass cheeks and spat on the clenched asshole. The damp coldness sliding down her buttocks caused a surge of alertness and arousal,

tinged with fear, since it was her first time down there. “Uh, Robert, maybe try a finger fir—OH! Oh! Fuck!”

The sudden pain shooting from her arsehole down her legs hijacked Samantha’s words as she felt the fleshy head of Robert’s cock pressing hard against the tight anal opening. “Shut the fuck up! You don’t get a say of what I do to you from now on!” Robert shouted, holding Samantha in her position. “Oh, Fuck! Oh!” Samantha’s hips vibrated, her pussy throbbed while her breasts swelled red with hard nipples. Robert’s dominating words subsided the intense pain coursing down her body. A tear ran down the inner skin as Robert’s thick cock pushed past the sphincter, drilling deeper into Samantha’s anal hole. Samantha screamed in pain, her eyes tearing up again. Flashing images rushed into Samantha’s mind of women submitting to men between their legs. “Oh, yes, need to submit,” Samantha whispered, relaxing herself. Robert pulled out just a few inches back before shoving it back in. The throbbing cock deep inside Samantha made her pussy writhe in ecstasy. Scott thrust in and out while slapping ripples across her buttocks as Samantha moaned and shouted, “Oh! God! Ah! Yes! Take all that frustration out on me!”

“You deserve it, you cheap whore! You’re the reason I am going to lose a fortune! Pay for it with your holes!” Robert yelled and laughed like a maniac. Robert increased his pace of thrusts, pushing the circumference of Samantha’s hole wider while turning her buttocks red from the intense slaps. Samantha lowered her head from exhaustion, sweat dripping from her nose on the bedsheet. Soft whispering moans eluded her lips, begging Robert to accept her as his wife. “Oh, you think you deserve to be my wife?! We’ll see about that!” Robert exclaimed before grabbing onto her long brunette locks and pulling her head back up. Samantha screamed with tears streaming down her cheeks, while her lips trembled with a smile. Robert pulled her hair hard, raising Samantha’s body closer to him until both were kneeling straight on the mattress. Robert released the grip on her messy locks, only to grab onto her humongous tits, bouncing by the jerky thrusts. Samantha bit her lips, moaning into Robert’s ears, begging him for more. “Fucking hell, bitch, you’re crazy!” Robert said, milking and squeezing Samantha’s teats. “Oh! This is what I want for us, every night!” Samantha said. Robert couldn’t help but smile, kissing and nibbling on Samantha’s neck.

Robert kept squeezing Samantha’s right breast while leaving the left breast and lowering his hand

down to the pulsating nub hooding over her moist nether. He circled his fingers hard against the sensitive bud, making Samantha convulse within his grasp. "Ah! Babe! Please! It's too much! Fuck!" she wailed. "You swear you will always confide to my wishes?!" Robert asked. "Oh! Yes! I will! My body, my mind, my soul! It's all yours!" Samantha exclaimed. Robert's fingers moved faster.

"Do you promise your loyalty to me, and only me?!" Robert asked. "Yes! I will be loyal to you! And only you!" Samantha cried with tears of happiness, her mouth wide open. Robert's fingers quickened its pace.

"Will you marry me and live with me, till death do us apart?" Robert asked. Samantha bawled and screamed, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" Robert shoved his fingers into Samantha's pussy and whispered into her ears, "Then cum for me, you dirty slut, and be my wife!" As he finger-fucked her with all his might, he grazed his fingers against her throbbing clit, stimulating her past all limits. As soon as Samantha heard his man speak those words, her pussy clenched tight against Robert's fingers while her asshole tightened around Robert's cock. Her body burst into bliss, her eyes shooting up into her skull while her tongue lolled out of her mouth. Her body shook out of control as she lost consciousness in

Robert's embrace after getting hit by the most intense orgasm of her life. "Oh!" Robert whimpered, his cock squeezed so hard that he ejaculated for the third time, remnants of cum milked out of his testicles by Samantha's anal walls. "Goddamn, she will suck the life out of me!" Robert chuckled, pulling out his cock and letting Samantha down on the bed. He sat beside her fainted body, staring at her for a while, contemplating everything that led to this point.

Robert's face drooped with sadness as he realized his actions. Robert remembered the countless times he had been a douchebag and a pervert which pushed Nancy away from him. He had always hated women for the many rejections he faced early in life because of his lack of physique, lack of character, or lack of money. Therefore, he didn't think twice before objectifying them and vilifying them. But for the first time, a woman laid beside him, who accepted him with undying love. Robert couldn't hold back his tears as his grateful soul thanked Samantha for its redemption. He bent over Samantha and kissed her on her forehead before leaving back to his home.

Robert waited for his trial in the court, and it came at him with a fury he had never imagined. Nancy bludgeoned Robert in front of everyone with her harsh words and the evidence she had collected against him. The court granted the divorce and

penalised Robert, relieving him from half of his assets. But Robert didn't object and refrained from the accusations. He had Samantha by his side, supporting him in every step of the way. As both the parties walked out of the court, Nancy had a stinging frown on her face while Robert and Samantha were sharing smiles that complimented each other.

After a month, Robert walked up the aisle again, waiting for his beloved bride. Samantha, welcomed by her neighbours, the landlord, and friends, took her vows with Robert, making their relationship official. Robert and Samantha Thompson, the new passionate couple in town, overtook everyone by surprise with their one-year long honeymoon. Samantha was more than happy to satisfy her husband in any way possible. Robert, on the other hand, made sure his wife was the happiest woman on the planet. Needless to say, they lived happily ever after.

THE END



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