

SNOW BUNNY SNARE!

By TARA YARN

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To Devin Dickie,

The Queen of Cuckold Comics

Prologue

The dress splayed out on the bed took his breath away.

It had no shoulder straps, its color was crystalline blue, and on the front was a knee-high slit. A bodice embellished with large crystals lay next to it, and at the foot of the bed stood a pair of kitten heels in matching color. A cape, much shorter than the one

he remembered from the movie, transparent and icy blue and decorated with snowflakes, lay on the pillows.

He slid into the room and shut the door quietly. Not all the way, of course: only to the point where the door touched the frame. Then, sighing softly, he approached the costume.

Holly must've bought it for Halloween. The details were so incredibly thorough, he was quick to guess that it had not been purchased at some cheap toy store downtown. As he reached for the fabric, enthralled by its quality, laughter from downstairs made him flinch. He was running out of time. Couldn't let them be alone. Taking a deep breath, he began to undress. Starting with his shirt. As he unbuttoned the collar, something caught his eye.

He froze. Reached for it. His left hand held up the bodice; his right pulled out the panties that had been hidden beneath it. It was a thong. Decorated with a blue ribbon in the shape of a snowflake. The velvety fabric felt soft between his fingers. Tyler blushed.

He knew what he had to do. It was time to leave his masculinity behind.

Chapter One

Two days earlier...

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh resounded through the room.

Tyler groaned, digging his fingers into the wobbling buttocks. The quivering asscheeks spilled out between his fingers like he was groping a lump of dough, and the way they jiggled beneath his palms almost pushed him over the edge. He moaned, biting his lip.

Holly sighed. “Are you done soon? You’re lasting awfully long tonight.”

“S-soon,” stammered Tyler, picking up the pace. He was staring at her butthole, at that wrinkly sphincter. It was clenching, puffing out slightly each time he thrust himself balls deep into the wet warmth of her depths. She was so soft around his shaft. He felt her pulse, a gentle throb, but she never tightened around him. And that made it very hard to cum.

“Have you thought about where you wanna go tomorrow?” Holly tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear with her left thumb, her right scrolling incessantly on her phone. “Not too far away; I don’t want you to skimp on your job applications just because it’s

your birthday.” “N-not yet,” he wheezed. His fingers sought the small of her back, traced her waist and trailed down her flaring hips. His wife was on all fours, rocking back and forth, the screen of her phone mere inches from her face. Her blonde hair was splayed out across her back like the mouth of a river, fine and soft and embellished with streaks of silver.

“You’re sure you can afford it, right?” She glanced at him over her shoulder. “Because I don’t mind paying, but then we’ve got to pick a cheaper place. The electricity bill was so expen-”

“I’m sure,” squealed Tyler, collapsing on top of her after a final thrust. His cock twitched in there, engulfed in the velvet warmth of her pussy, and then his balls blew their load. Two spurts were all he could manage. As he creamed his condom, he whimpered, embracing his wife and burying his face in her hair. She hadn’t budged when he fell on her, supporting his weight with ease, and he could feel her impatience so strongly he could almost touch it. “But are you sure, Tyler? Perhaps you should check your account first, and then-”

“It’s my birthday,” he hissed. Heaving for breath, he slid off her voluptuous frame, landing on the mattress by her side with a soft thump and a gentle bounce. “I c-can afford to take my wife out to eat, Holly. N-now can we please talk about something else?”

“Go throw that condom in the rubbish. I don’t want it staining the sheets.”

Tyler rolled his eyes and swept the room with his gaze. It was almost unbearably white: white walls, white doors, white lamps, a white desk, a white nightstand, and a white closet. The curtains, thank god, were not white but a casual grey, and the plant in the corner - a fake palm tree, a present from him on their anniversary - enlivened the room with its mint-green leaves. The bookshelf, tall and thin, had been black once. Now it was as white as everything else, containing a total of five books which he doubted she’d ever read. The rest of the space was occupied by unicorns: unicorn statues, unicorn plushies, unicorn figurines, unicorn pictures, unicorn posters, unicorn coffee mugs, and unicorn wine glasses. Holly kept her entire unicorn collection in the bedroom. Well, with one very important exception. In the living room, in the corner by the fireplace, sat Lucas. He was enormous, not much smaller than Tyler was, and had one blue eye and one green. He was colored bright pink, though his muzzle and the insides of his ears were sewn in a darker purple. He had a soft tail, a fat belly, and a horn on which glittered all the colors in the rainbow. It was her favorite, the start of her collection, the one that spurred a borderline insane obsession with horned horses.

He had won it for her precisely one thousand, two hundred and forty-nine days ago, the main prize on a spinning wheel at the local summer fair, and he’d given it to her on the dock beneath a

setting sun that had bathed the shimmering sea in its glaring orange light.

It was the day they first kissed, the day he saw the prettiest smile he had ever seen.

She piped up again the moment he stood up. “Oh, and get my dildo while you’re at it.” Tyler froze, scowled at her, and trudged toward the nightstand. Six empty cans of Pepsi Max stood there, stacked on top of each other. Behind them was a picture. It depicted a smiling couple, Tyler in a shiny suit and Holly in a flowery summer dress, holding hands in the middle of a sunny field with grazing horses in the background. He frowned.

“There’s nothing here, Holly. Well, except for the cans you promised you’d throw out.” “It’s in the drawer, stupid. I don’t just leave it lying around on the nightstand.”

He pulled it open. The moment he did, a bundle of panties - thongs, boy shorts, hipsters, high-cut briefs - burst out, some of which fell on the floor. Tyler swore and began to pick them up. His wife was oblivious, the entirety of her concentration fixated on her iPhone. It was sheathed in a pink casing, and the fake diamonds that adorned it gleamed in the light of the bright overhead lamp. Glaring at her, he put the panties away and started searching.

“I can’t find it,” he mumbled, rummaging in the drawer. “Are you sure you put it in th-”

The walls started to tremble, the floor to quiver. Holly startled and sat up. Tyler shut his eyes, took a deep breath, and strode toward the window. The music was insanely loud.

“Not again,” whined Holly. She had to raise her voice - almost scream - to be heard.

The house that lay next to theirs had its windows wide open - a peculiar sight in mid-October when the days were becoming terribly short and frost coated the grass on early mornings.

(Big, big booty, what you got a big booty) (Big, big booty, what you got a big booty) (Big, big booty, what you got a big booty) (Big, big booty, what you)

“That’s it!” Tyler spun on his heel and darted toward the bathroom, his cum-filled condom swinging with his every step. “I’m going over there! I won’t let him get away with it!” “He’s been to prison,” groaned Holly, slumping back on the bed. “Don’t!”

He ignored her, slammed the door shut, and started looking for his clothes. Then caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. The sight of his prick made him freeze.

It had withdrawn, no doubt due to the cool air, and now resembled a plump nub. Tugging the condom off, he turned slightly, staring at it from another angle. The way it had retracted just above his balls made it seem like the nub was protruding from between a pair of wrinkly folds. It brought to mind the head of a tiny tortoise peeking out of its shell. He blushed.

(Big, big booty, what you got a big booty, my baby, uh) (You're gorgeous)

(I mean you're fine)

(You're sexy)

(But most of all)

(You are just absolutely booty-full)

Tyler frowned. He grabbed his bathrobe and draped himself in it. Then, pausing briefly to ruffle his blue hair, burst out the bathroom door and started toward the hallway.

He paused halfway there, locking eyes with his wife. She was stunning where she lay, her colossal breasts quivering slightly in response to the thundering beat. One of her eyebrows, thick and black and drawn in a sharp arch, was cocked questioningly.

Tyler swallowed. “It’s a b-bit late now. I s-should probably wait until tomorrow.”

Holly snorted, rolled toward the nightstand, and produced a pair of safety ear muffs from the middle drawer. They were pink and fluffy and had a unicorn sewn into each cushion.

The song about big booties came to an end... and started again immediately. Tyler scowled at the window. It would be a long night. They only had one pair of earmuffs.

Chapter Two

Holly was seething.

She hadn’t said a word since they left the restaurant. She had gotten into their car, crossed her arms beneath her busty bosom, turned away, and refused to reply ever since.

Tyler sighed, switching lanes. The road that led to their street was coming up.

“Honey,” he began, again in a soft voice. “I swear I didn’t know. I thought I had more-”

She hissed at him and he fell silent. Turning off the road, his fingers sought her thigh. The way she retracted made it abundantly clear that he should keep his hands to himself.

The radio did little to help with the awkward silence. Nicki Minaj was singing about thick cocks and fat asses. The chorus, quite bassy and annoyingly catchy, brought to mind big-titted girls jumping up and down on a trampoline. And something else.

A right turn brought the BMW onto their street. The sky was blue and the sun pale and bright, the latter bathing the neighborhood in almost white light. Crape myrtles and snowball bushes enlivened the sidewalks, rustling softly in the gentle breeze. They drove past rows upon rows of white houses, most of which were surrounded by fine wooden fences or green shrubbery of considerable stature. Every lawn was small and shaped like a square, and not a single home seemed to stand out from the rest. This was a new neighborhood, its inhabitants' recent arrivals, and they had not yet taken the time to add a personal touch to their

properties. Well, there was one who had. And he'd turned his driveway into a basketball court.

The moment Tyler saw Omar, he hit the brakes so hard his wife flew forward and smacked her head on the dashboard. Holly swore obscenely and was about to pounce him when she too caught a glimpse of the shirtless man. Slowly, she returned to her seat. Gawking.

Omar was tall and broad and bulging with muscle. He had shaved his head and sported a black patch of facial hair beneath his lip. His eyes were shielded by a pair of white sunglasses whose rims were embellished with gleaming fake diamonds, and around his thick neck, he wore a silver chain that bobbed and clinked as he danced with the ball. He wore white sneakers and red shorts, and - much to Tyler's frustration - no shirt. His dark skin was glistening with sweat, and his swollen abs clenched powerfully as he jumped.

There were two others with him, they were playing basketball, and Omar was winning.

The blast of a car horn snapped him out of his thoughts. In the rearview mirror, Tyler saw a blue Honda whose front stood only inches from his towing hitch. Sharing a glance with his wife, he took a deep breath... and let his BMW roll forward. The three men

had paused their game and were watching them approach. Omar was bouncing the ball.

The cause of their staring was soon revealed. Holly let out a whine of frustration as she saw it; Tyler parked, pulled up the handbrake, and whimpered as he sank back in his seat.

The remains of their kitchen window lay in the flower bed beneath, shards of glass scattered everywhere. Squeezing his eyes shut, Tyler swore under his breath.

And threw the door open, struggling to unbuckle himself. Holly rolled her eyes.

“Don’t be an idiot,” she mumbled. “If you go over there, he’ll get angry.”

“This is the third time since we moved in,” he sneered, tearing off his belt. “If y-you think I am just going to let him get away with this, then y-you’re sorely mistaken!”

She groaned. “Honey, stop! Honey! Don’t go over there! You have nothing to prove!” Halfway out of the car, he paused, scowling at her. “Do you remember when your parents took us to Italy and that creepy salesman wouldn’t stop feeling you up? Do you

remember when you asked your father to make him stop? Why didn't you ask me, Holly?"

"You're half his size, honey. And besides, we don't want any trouble with the neighbors-" "So we're just going to let him get away with breaking our windows? We're just going to let his friends get away with parking in our driveway? What about when his dog starts barking in the middle of the night? What? Do you think I am afraid of him? Is that it?"

Holly let out the deepest sigh she could possibly muster. He stared at her for a moment longer, stepped out of the car and slammed the door shut. From behind the fence, Tyler could hear laughter and loud chatter. Taking a deep breath, he started toward his neighbor.

By the time he rounded the fence, his heart was pounding, his temples throbbing, his legs shaking, and his hands trembling. He stuffed the latter into his pockets and cleared his throat. That caught their attention, and suddenly they were all staring at him.

Tyler recognized his friends almost at once. Shane and Jamal. One was very tall, the other very thin, and both wore loose T-shirts and baggy trousers. They were standing by the curbside mailbox, its white plastic container so full one more letter wouldn't fit.

“Yo, white boy,” grunted Omar, tossing the ball to Shane. “What do you want?”

“My window,” started Tyler, his voice rising a pitch, “is shattered, and I was wond-”

“Yeah, my bad,” said the black man, approaching. “It was an accident.”

Tyler swallowed, forced to take a step back when Omar refused to stop. His neighbor had almost a foot on him in height and was towering over him now, the dark of his chest glistening a few inches away. He smelled of fresh sweat and manly cologne.

“Well,” continued Tyler, feeling himself buckle, “this isn’t the first time, Omar. M- Maybe you could try to keep the basketball on your side of the f- fence? Replacing a window-” “Hey,” Shane took a step forward, squinting. “Why are your legs shaking like that? Are you scared of us, white boy? What? Did you think we’d beat you up?”

Tyler widened his eyes. “Oh, no! No, no, no, no, no! I’m not s-scared, I’m just-”

“He’s shaking in his boots like a little girl,” snorted Jamal, pulling up his pants. “Yo, Omar, don’t torture the white boy. You know what he wants.”

Omar grunted, dipping a hand into his pocket. Out came a fistful of green bills, squished in the iron grip. He stared at Tyler, nodded, and threw the notes at his feet.

“There you go,” said the black man casually. “That should cover the cost.”

Tyler looked at the money, swallowed audibly, and dropped to his knees. As he plucked the bills from the grass, the breeze caught a few, tossing them around like leaves.

There was a snort, brief laughter, and he looked up. And immediately averted his gaze, his face flushing with color. The outline of a long and thick bulge had been but an inch from his face, pressing against the red shorts. The laughter grew as he scrambled to his feet.

“R-right,” stammered Tyler, stuffing the money in his pocket. “Thank y-you, Omar.”

“Hold up,” said Omar, whistling sharply. “I was wondering if you could me a favor.”

“I really should get going. My wife is waiting for me. I have to get started on dinner-”

He broke off. From behind the unpainted porch emerged a beast, a black and brown creature whose muscles were rippling beneath its thin fur. It plodded lazily across the makeshift basketball court, assuming a rigid stance some five paces away. It had black eyes and was foaming at the mouth, and around its neck, it wore a spiky collar. Tyler gaped at it.

“Me and my boys,” drawled Omar, fetching a chain from the tailgate of his silver Ford pickup truck, “need to finish our game. Do me a favor: walk Buckler.”

Tyler yelped, stumbling to catch the end of the chain that was flung his way. “Uhm, I-” “Do it on your lawn,” said Omar, starting toward his friends. “Ours is a little busy.”

“I really should get going, Omar. I’m so sorry, but my wife is expecting me back.” The black man froze, turned excruciatingly

slowly, and stared. “What did you say?” “Uhm, my wife is expecting me back; I have to get started on dinner, and-”

“What? Are you still upset about your window, sweetcheeks? Is that it?”

“N-no! My w-wife is waiting for me! A-and my name isn’t sweetcheeks-”

“Why do you gotta be so difficult?” Omar took a step in his direction. “Buckler here needs a walk and I asked you to do it. What’s the problem, white boy?”

Tyler was speechless. He stood there for a while, gaping at his neighbor.

The game resumed, the three men bolting to and fro on the broad driveway. In an attempt to catch their attention, Tyler raised a shaky hand. They didn’t see him.

He turned without a word and started for his lawn, grumbling under his breath. Buckler, that terrifying beast of a dog, plodded past and began pulling him along. All Tyler could do was whimper and mewl as the rottweiler rounded the fence and started exploring his lawn. It didn’t take long for the dog to squat, and he

felt his face flush with heat as he stood there, patiently waiting for it to finish. From beyond the fence, Tyler heard deep laughter.

The thump of a car door that was slammed shut drew his attention. Some ten paces away, staring at him like he was a stain of shit on her boot, stood his wife. She looked baffled. Tyler widened his eyes. “W-wait, honey! It’s not w-what it looks like!”

Holly veered her eyes to the dog, examined it for a moment, spun on her heels, and set off toward the front door. “Grab the groceries from the car when you’re... done.”

He swore, rushing after her. Until the short length of the chain prevented him from going further. Whimpering, he watched her walk away, her perky bottom wobbling beneath the black fabric of her dress. Then she slammed the front door shut, leaving him alone.

Tyler clenched his fists. Buckler was still at it, squatting and staring at him with dead eyes. The laughter from beyond the fence grew. They had stopped playing.

“Frick,” he whispered, scowling at the fence. “Frick! Frick! Frick!”

Chapter Three

Tyler was not surprised to find his wife on the couch.

She was wrapped in a quilt, pointing the remote at the TV and furiously tapping its buttons. It had been broken from the start, that remote, but neither of them had bothered to call the company for a new one. He knew he had to get on it, else face the wrath of a scorned brat. The groceries could wait. He placed them on the floor and stepped into the spacious living room. She faked obliviousness to his presence, her forehead lined with a frown.

“Sweetie,” he tried, but she got up the moment he sat down. Without a word, she stormed through the doorway and up the staircase. Groaning, Tyler watched her leave.

Half an hour passed by before he had built up the courage to follow her. The look on her face when she had seen him with Buckler was still fresh in his memory. The only comparable look he had ever gotten was when she had caught him trying on her panties. That was some ten months ago, and they’d never spoke of it since. It had been a look of... contempt.

He trudged upstairs, knocked on the door to the bedroom, and stepped inside.

He found her at the dressing table, deftly removing mascara. She had discarded her dress and now wore nothing but a white towel and probably lingerie, the pale of her skin bathed in the bright white light reflected off the plethora of mirrors placed strategically around her. “Honey,” he began again, taking a seat on the edge of their bed. “I’m sorry...”

Silence. He frowned, averting his gaze to the window. The sun was setting behind the hill beneath which lay their neighborhood. One month ago, glaring orange light would’ve been pouring through the window. But now, mid-October, the sun seemed almost feeble.

He refused to relent. “I don’t understand why you are angry at me. You were the one who told me that it was important to stay on good terms with the neighbors!”

“One more word,” she drawled, “and you’ll be sleeping on the couch tonight.”

The white sheets curled in the palm of his hand. He kept his lips sealed and looked to the carpet on the floor, a Christmas present from years before. It was white and fluffy, and there was a wine stain in the center, the product of a late night and an excessively drunk wife.

The silence was driving him crazy. Holly stood, still facing her dressing table whose surface was cluttered with powders and containers and brushes. She bent over, switching cotton pads, and the white fabric of her towel was strained to the brim by her ample buttocks.

“I told you not to go over there,” she growled, finally breaking the torturous quiet. “But you insisted, didn’t you? And now there’s a pile of steamy dog poop on our lawn!”

He rolled his eyes. Then immediately checked to see if she had seen it in the mirror.

“Oh, how scary you were,” she snorted, “when you stormed around his fence. He must’ve been terrified of you. Probably thought you were coming over to beat him up.”

Tyler blushed. Holly scowled at him in the mirror and let the towel drop. Beneath she wore a frilly bra and a scanty thong, the flesh of her bum swallowing the string whole.

“Yes,” drawled Holly, unhooking her bra. “You sure gave him a piece of your mind!”

Tyler, bright pink, scratched the tip of his nose. A sweet fragrance lay heavy in the air, the smell of feminine cosmetics and laundry detergent. And a hint of girlish sweat.

“I’ve never been so ashamed in my life,” she snarled. “Oh, how brave you were.”

“I’m sorry, Holly!” Tyler leaped to his feet. “I don’t know what you want me to say!”

She froze, turned around and placed her hands on her hips. The way her face screwed up in a frown would’ve bothered him had it not been for the way she was flaunting her chest. He swallowed, faced with a pair of massive breasts so large they resembled drooping melons.

He cleared his throat, mesmerized by the way they wobbled as she started toward him. They were thick and soft and supple - the cause of mild back pain, leering strangers, a bit of a reputation around town, and a successful waitress career down on fifth avenue. In seventh grade, she was already the size of her mother. Her tits had simply refused to stop growing. Silence reigned for some time. There was a cold - almost evil - gleam in her eyes, a look that promised murder. The moment he huffed and took a

step in her direction, she stormed toward the bed and grabbed a pillow. He couldn't catch it in time. It smacked him in the face.

“Get out,” she said, pointing at the door. “You’re sleeping on the couch tonight.”

Tyler whimpered, hugging the pillow to his stomach. “But, honey... It’s my birthday-” “Out,” she shrieked, baring her teeth like a crazed mountain cat. “What? Did you seriously think I’d let you touch me tonight? After what you did today?”

Tyler swallowed, frowned, and looked down. “At the restaurant, you promised you’d-”

She made a zipping gesture across her lips. “You need some time alone to think about what you’ve done. Now get out. Actually, give me your phone. Come on.”

She held out her palm. He stared at it, scoffed, shook his head, and stepped back. “I’m not giving you my phone. We might be married but I am not your bitch-”

“That’s what I thought,” she snorted, smiling hideously. “I remember what happened the last time you slept on the couch. I remember the stains. Oh, no. Not this time. Give it.”

“It’s on the bed,” mumbled Tyler. “There’s no battery on it. I didn’t want it anyway.”

She slid all the way up to him, her nose an inch from his. “Get. Out.”

They were the same height, some five inches five, and the size of her breasts and the width of her hips gave her a thick look - a slightly intimidating look, in fact. Tyler obeyed.

As he was preparing the couch, stacking pillows and retrieving quilts, a strange sound drew his attention. It was not - thank frick - booming music. It sounded like vibration.

About a year ago, visiting rainy London, the freshly wed couple had visited a sex shop. It had been very large and packed to the brim with people, and its sheer size was the only reason Holly had been able to convince Tyler to overcome his embarrassment and join her inside. A dildo had been bought there, a brown one with fat balls and quite realistic veins.

And, of course, thirty-two different settings of various forms of vibration.

Chapter Four

(Don't want don't want don't want don't want) (Don't want no short dick man)

Tyler startled awake. He scrambled out of the couch, leaving his blanket in a bundle on the floor. And, for a split second, he thought he knew precisely how war survivors felt when the fireworks started booming ten to twelve on the very last day of the year.

(What in the world is that fucking thing?)

(Do you need some fucking tweezers to put that little thing away)
(That has got to be the smallest dick)

(I have ever seen in my whole life) (Get the fuck outta here)

Tyler swore, picked up the quilt, swore more obscenely, and kicked the couch with all his might. That's when he saw her, standing at the foot of the stairs, wearing her bathrobe.

(Don't want don't want don't want) (Iny weeny teeny weeny)
(Shriveled little short dick man)

“I have a plan,” screamed Holly. Tyler narrowed his eyes.
“Whaaat?” “I have a plaaaaaan!”

They met by the kitchen. Holly grabbed his hand and led him into the cottage. There, after closing the door, the tremendously loud music seemed bearable. It was dark and quite cramped: brooms and buckets and an old washing machine took up most of the space. In order to fit, they had to squeeze inside, and the size of her breasts proved troublesome. “He's been to jail,” said Holly, only the white of her eyes visible in the heavy darkness. Tyler said nothing. Her tits were pressing against his chest, and a broken broom handle was prodding him in a place where he'd rather not be prodded in front of his wife.

“He's been to jail,” she repeated, a touch of frustration clear in her voice. “And do you remember what they told us when he was moving in? When they came knocking?”

“He’s on probation,” said Tyler, widening his eyes. “And that means-”

“-we have to find his probation officer and let him know how Omar is behaving!”

He was silent for a while. “How are we going to find him, Holly? We don’t have-”

“His mailbox, stupid! Haven’t you seen how all his letters are jutting out?”

“His mailbox,” he mumbled. “That’s... That’s actually not such a bad idea.”

Holly squealed, bounced on the spot, and threw herself around his neck. Tyler, bracing for impact but unable to bear her weight, staggered. The broom handle creaked ominously. “This is what we’ll do,” said Holly. She yanked him out of the cottage by his collar. “You will run over there, check his mail, and see if you can find a name. I will keep watch.” Tyler paled. “I’m not sure if that’s a good idea...”

She pretended not to hear him. Or perhaps she genuinely could not; the music was still booming so loudly the pictures on their walls were shaking. Without a further word, she pulled him into the hallway, opened the front door, and shoved him into the night. He turned to look at her but the door slammed shut before he could catch as much as a glimpse. Sighing, Tyler stuffed his hands in his pockets. The air was cold, almost biting cold, and spider webs glazed in frost were shimmering dreamingly beneath the orange light emanating from the street lamps down at the curb. A cat, a fat one with black fur and yellow eyes bolted across the street some twenty feet ahead. It was barely visible in the dark.

Taking a deep breath, he started toward the mailbox, keeping a close eye on his neighbors' windows. There wasn't any light there; either Omar was a vampire, or he lay in his bed sleeping peacefully with a pair of very effective ear muffs. Probably without unicorns.

An abundance of letters was jutting out of the plastic container. It reminded Tyler of a horse halfway through its shit. When Holly was twenty-five - and they'd just met - she'd gone through a very expensive equestrian phase. She'd thought she was classy, bobbing up and down in the saddle on her brown Clydesdale, describing ring after ring in the grand indoor arena that was Stable Sarah - the stable where skill didn't matter as long as one had an ego and the horses were liable to kick when one walked past their stalls.

Holly had grown out of that phase quite quickly and Tyler was glad that she had. He knew she'd mainly gotten into it so she could flaunt her rear in expensive designer jodhpurs. And besides, all that stable meant to him was sawdust in his shoes and the stench of muck.

The first letter was easily pulled out. The second not so much. The whole bundle of mail seemed to slide out at the same time, and before Tyler could react, the ground beneath the mailbox was white with paper. Cursing, he threw a glance at the house. The windows were still dark, the music still thundering. Squatting, he began to go through the pile.

“A men’s magazine,” mumbled Tyler, tracing his finger across a raunchy publication still wrapped in glossy plastic depicting a plump redhead playing with her ample tits. “It’s twenty-nineteen; who the frick subscribes to men’s magazines in twenty-nineteen?”

He discarded it and kept searching. The process was simple and effective: pick a letter, read the name of its sender, and place the ones he'd checked to the right of the rest. Every now and then, he'd look up to check that the coast was clear. And it always was.

“Bill,” he muttered absentmindedly, “bill, bill, bill, bill, a gift card from Amazon, bill, bill... another gift card from Amazon... more bills... hold up... what do we have here?”

Tyler squinted, turning slightly to angle the front of the envelope toward the nearest source of light: the street lamp some four paces away. There was a name written on the front. He struggled to make it out; its author clearly wasn't very skilled at handwriting.

A hand gripped his neck. Tyler flinched, widened his eyes, and squealed as his feet left the asphalt. Squirming like an eel on land, he yelped as he flung over a shoulder.

“If you're gonna go through my stuff,” growled Omar, “I'mma go through yours.” “Hey! Stop! Put me down! I swear I wasn't-”

A swat on his backside made him howl. It was hard, and the terrifying strength behind the flat handed blow left his buttock prickling with pain.

The black man wrapped a bulky arm around the back of his thighs and set off across the lawn. Behind him, Tyler heard the door creak open and a gasp from his wife.

“H-hey,” said Holly, a moment later. “Y-you can’t just come in here!”

There was a scream, a quite theatrical one, the kind of scream Holly gave whenever she had fallen off her horse despite landing in soft sand. And then they were inside, Tyler wiggling and punching and kicking, and Omar striding forward like he was dealing with a mosquito. Then Omar held him no more, and Tyler hit the floor with a hard thump. They were in the kitchen, an open solution that gave an unfettered view of the living room. His bulky neighbor set off toward the sofa, oblivious to Holly’s high-pitched protests, and Tyler noted the clothes he wore: he was dressed impeccably, donning a white shirt beneath a black vest, a grey overcoat embellished with stripes of silver, black jeans, white sneakers, and a black cap. As Tyler lay there, sprawled out on the floor, he realized he’d never seen his neighbor dress in anything but fancy clothes. Which was odd, considering the man who was now headed toward the mighty unicorn in the corner by the fireplace was on probation.

Headed for the unicorn. Tyler grew wide eyes, gasped, and sprang to his feet.

“If you’re gonna steal my mail,” said Omar, tearing the massive plushie from the floor, “then I’mma steal this. How about that, thick cheeks? Do you’ve got something to say?”

Tyler froze on the spot as his neighbor faced him, gripping the unicorn by the throat. Then, raising his hands in an attempt to calm the situation, slowly started to approach.

“I w-wasn’t stealing your mail,” he stammered. “Omar, p-please. It’s her favorite.”

Holly was standing in the doorway, her eyes just as wide as his. She didn’t just look surprised; she looked outright frightened. The sight of her made his stomach turn.

“This thing?” Omar cocked an eyebrow, turning the plushie around. “This your favorite plushie, princess? Who bought you this? Little thick cheeks here?”

“Don’t break it,” said Tyler in a quivering voice. “Look, I am sorry. Please!”

The black man snorted. “What? Are you begging me, white boy? Is that the best you can do? I can burst into your house and all you’re gonna do is beg me to leave?”

Tyler flushed with color. Omar grinned, raised his chin, and held out the plushie.

“If you want it,” he drawled, “come get it.”

As Omar curled his arms to raise the unicorn higher, the mass of his biceps strained the fabric of his grey overcoat. Tyler bit his lip and didn't budge. The massive arms weren't the only thing he had spotted. On the front of his trousers, very perceptible despite the dark fabric, was a bulge. It was huge, probably measured a foot in length. He swallowed.

Holly was staring at him. Her eyes were glistening. Tyler slowly turned to face Omar.

And veered his eyes to the floor, frowning and burying his neck in his shoulders.

Omar scoffed. “That's what I thought.” He started toward the hallway, paused momentarily to stare down at Tyler for what felt like an excruciatingly long time, then threw the plushie to Holly. “Here you go, princess. Don't forget to thank thick cheeks here for saving you.”

He left Tyler with a parting gift, a slap on the butt that made him jolt and blush. Then, taking his leave, he slammed the door behind him. Leaving the couple alone.

Several minutes passed by in silence. Tyler, whose face seemed to be radiating heat, sighed and finally turned around. His wife was scowling at him. With murderous eyes.

“Honey,” he began, but Holly grabbed her unicorn, wiped her tears, and darted up the staircase before he could say another word. Sighing, he headed for the couch.

“Well,” he whispered, fetching the blanket from the floor. “At least it will all be over soon.” And paused, spotting the green little square that lay on the floor where Omar had bent over to grab the plushie. He walked over and picked it up. It was tiny. Had a pungent stench to it. Tyler knew what it was. He’d never smoked it, of course, and neither had Holly. Which meant it belonged to Omar. And, suddenly, there was light at the end of the tunnel.

Just before Omar had grabbed him and flung him over a shoulder, Tyler had managed to make out the terrible handwriting on that crumpled letter. And, much to his surprise, he had discovered that Omar’s probation officer wasn’t a he at all. It was a she.

She was a woman. And her name was Jennifer Frost. Chapter Five

Despite all his flaws, Tyler could clearly see that he was, in fact, handsome.

As he was preparing in the bathroom, running a comb through his neck-length hair in front of the mirror, he considered his features and came to the conclusion that his mother hadn't lied to him when - as most mothers tend to do - she had called him handsome.

His father - and his friends, the ones who hung out down at the motorcycle club on fifty-four street, wearing black letter jackets and bands in their matted beards - had called him something else. They had called him pretty. Tyler frowned, leaning closer.

He had icy blue eyes, a soft jawline, a small chin, and full lips. In middle school, the girls in his class had fawned over him. They had giggled incessantly and always tried to touch him. And the lucky girl who was seated next to him had turned to her friends and grinned. He had, of course, never been particularly good at talking to them. The way they spoke, the way they dressed, and the way they strutted around him with cleavages so deep he could see every jiggle of her breasts had left him dizzy, almost mesmerized. And compliant.

That changed in high school. The girls who'd once showered him in - greatly desired, yet still somehow unwanted - attention had switched boys. The way a hunter does when he's sick of blowing little birds to pieces and sets off in search of bigger prey. They'd switched preferences and the change in their behavior had come upon him so quickly he barely understood what had happened. No longer did they fawn over him; the boys they chased - actually, the boys who now chased them - were bigger and stronger. And, most oft, darker. His wife, when she was only his girlfriend, had always compared him to Link, the character from the Zelda games. She quit that once they were married. Tyler missed it.

A fist pounded on the bathroom door. "Tyler! We're going to be late!"

"I'm coming," he sighed, reaching for his blue shirt, the one which looked like silk and complimented his eyes. It was the third sentence she'd said to him that day. The first one had been brief; she'd told him she had found Jennifer. The second was even shorter; she'd told him to be ready at five o'clock. It was five past five now, and they were running late.

As he stepped out of the bathroom, he saw an ass in blue jeans wobble as it disappeared into the hallway. A moment later, at the top of the stairs, he watched a blonde in a black tank top grab the

car keys from the bowl by the front door before darting toward their car.

And, as he trudged downstairs, he realized this might be their worst car ride yet.

It wasn't as bad as he had expected. Jennifer demanded that she drive - by getting into the driver's seat without a word. Tyler didn't object, well aware that he'd need to be on his best behavior for the next few weeks - and wash some five hundred dishes - before she'd let him touch her again. However, he wasn't completely comfortable with his wife behind the wheel. It had nothing to do with the fact that she was a woman - though, to be fair, his father had warned him about female drivers - but rather that Jennifer could not, no matter how hard she tried, park a car. She was absolutely terrible at it; she'd hit the curb with her wheel, scratch the vehicle next to her, get stuck, and burst into tears until they switched seats.

There was - thankfully - no need to parallel park in Jennifer Frost's neighborhood.

By the time they arrived, the sun had already set, and the sky was growing dark.

Clouds were gathering in the east, obscuring the rising moon. The air was clear and cold and a gentle breeze tossed piles of withered leaves across the asphalt street.

Holly parked by the curb, grabbed her purse, and got out. Tyler remained for a while, rooted to his seat. When his wife threw him a black look, he whimpered and stepped out.

A single car was parked in the broad driveway, a silver sedan of the Toyota variety. Tyler narrowed his eyes, sweeping the street. There were no other vehicles nearby.

The house was magnificent, as modern as they come, a one-story solution with walls of grey smooth stone, white planks, and frameless windows as tall as the oak door. A short walkway of granite - flanked by a pair of neatly trimmed hedges - led to a patio bathed in the warmth of the cozy orange light emanating from inside. The lawn was freshly cut, the black lanterns protruding from the wall clean and shiny, and the flowerbed utterly void of weeds.

The whole place reeked of perfection. And money. A false facade, of course: Jennifer Frost was not nearly as well-off as she pretended to be. Tyler was sure of that. He had been on her Facebook and checked her out. A part-time romance writer, she had published precisely three novels, four novellas, and eight

short stories. When she was not seated at her computer, wrapped in a comfy quilt with a steamy cup of coffee by her side, her hobbies included bragging on Facebook, taking pictures of the extravagant pond brimming with water lilies in her backyard, firing semi-automatic machine guns, and bragging some more.

Holly paused, retrieved a handheld mirror from her purse, fluffed her hair and adjusted her cleavage, then put the glass away and rang the doorbell. Tyler took a deep breath.

The clicking of high heels echoed from behind the door. It slid open with a creak.

He had never met a probation officer before. He had seen some in movies, of course, and had - prior to digging through her Facebook profile all the way back to good old twenty-fourteen - expected Jennifer to be an old woman with a lined face and curls in her hair. Or, at the very least, some very young blonde with round glasses like Harry Potter, a sharp nose that resembled a beak, and great career ambitions. Jennifer Frost was neither.

She had traces of the latter. Her face was strict, her nose a tad sharp, but she was not young nor probably particularly ambitious. Her age was difficult to guess, some forty-years-old perhaps, and she had a red mop of hair that immediately brought to mind that clown from the Mcdonalds' commercials he had seen on television

so many years ago. It was tied in a ponytail and stood in stark contrast to her pale complexion. She wasn't ginger; there wasn't a freckle to be seen anywhere on her flawless skin. She had a beauty mark at the corner of her mouth, a small one that brought attention to the plumpness of her lips, and the ample size of her chest almost rivaled that of his wife. They were huge and fit her frame well. Yet the most striking part of her, that which immediately drew his eyes, was the sheer width of her hips, the size of her ass, and the thickness of her thighs. Jennifer Frost was - as Jennifer Lopez would put it - absolutely booty-full. Tyler looked at the ground.

“There you are,” said Jennifer, sashaying toward Holly with a bright smile on her taupe-painted lips. The two women met at the foot of the porch and the voluptuous redhead embraced the busty blonde so hard his wife started to seem puzzled. “A little late, perhaps, but don't worry: I put the lasagna in the oven. It's just perfect. Come on in.”

She stepped out of the way, leading Holly toward the front door with a hand on the small of her back. Tyler, who was staring at her skirt, a black one ordained with vertical silver stripes whose color was a perfect match to her high heels, thin stockings, and elegant dress jacket suddenly realized that Jennifer hadn't even deigned him a greeting. The reason for his obliviousness was plain to see now: Jennifer Frost donned a skirt so short he could glimpse the

bottom of her buttocks whenever she bent forward slightly. They were jiggling.

Tyler held back. The two women froze in the doorway and the host threw him a glance. “Does your husband plan on waiting for you in my driveway or is he coming inside?”

Tyler narrowed his eyes. “Hi, Jennifer. My name is Tyler-”

“We’ll leave the door open and let him decide for himself,” interjected Jennifer, giggling as she led Holly inside. Tyler gawked and started for the door. It slammed shut in his face. Rubbing his eyes, he stood on the doorstep for a while longer. Then went inside.

The hallway was spacious and dark. All the lights were dimmed, and four lamps were lined up along the walls on clean glass tables. There were shoes everywhere, sneakers and dress shoes and high heels in abundance. Tyler left his own on the doormat.

A picture hung on the wall, flanked by a pair of silver chandeliers that were, no doubt, considered antique. A brawny man was in it, hugging Jennifer and smiling at the camera. He wore a police uniform with a gold badge pinned to his chest. Tyler squinted at it. The man wasn’t just brawny; he had a beer belly and fat cheeks

and seemed extremely out of place next to the dazzling redhead. Clicking his tongue, Tyler set off toward the kitchen.

Holly and Jennifer were already in there, and their conversation was flowing freely. It was small-talk, concerning matters of absolutely no importance. Tyler hated small-talk.

By the kitchen entrance, the hallway made a sharp right turn, continuing for some ten paces to the right, revealing three closed doors and what looked like a banner.

“Black lives matter,” mumbled Tyler, casting a glance at his wife. She was now seated at the table, helping herself to a glass of wine. Jennifer was rummaging around out of sight.

He looked at the banner again. It was black, its letters white, and there was a closed fist beneath the words. Frowning, he loosened his collar and entered the kitchen.

There was a particular look on his wife’s face. He recognized it at once. It was the expression she always wore when she felt underdressed. She often felt that way.

The voluptuous redhead was by the kitchen counter - whose black stone surface gleamed in the soft light emanating from various

luxurious lamps - and was typing on her phone. Then, preparing a bright smile, she placed her phone down and hurried back to the table. Tyler swallowed, stealing a glance at her wobbling backside. Her skirt was ridiculously short. “-really sorry that we’re late. Tyler always takes ages in the bathroom.”

“Oh, don’t mention it. I had a husband too; I know just what you’re talking about. It’s funny, the way white men always complain that we take too long-”

Tyler couldn’t contain himself. “*White* men?”

The conversation died down. Holly paled. Jennifer slowly looked over her shoulder.

“The lasagna is ready,” she said, after a while, smiling sweetly. “Get that, will you?”

He looked from Jennifer to Holly. The look in her eye told him to obey. Huffing, he fetched a pair of oven mitts - white, with the name of some brand on the side in silver letters - and did as he had been told. It wasn’t very warm nor cold; the temperature seemed perfect.

Jennifer interrupted him when he reached for a knife. “What are you doing?”

Tyler froze. “I thought you wanted to me to-”

“It needs to sit and rest for a while. Have you never made lasagna before?”

Holly was staring daggers. “Come sit down, honey.”

The voluptuous redhead leaned sideways and patted the seat of the third chair. Flushing with color, Tyler started to stammer, thought better of it, placed the knife down, and sat.

The two women scrutinized him in silence. They did not seem impressed.

“So,” said Jennifer finally, crossing her legs, “here we are. Before we start, may I ask what it is that the two of you do? You do, after all, live in quite a fancy neighborhood.”

“I’m a waitress,” said Holly quickly, and flicked her eyes to Tyler. He cleared his throat. “I’m... currently between jobs.”

“Currently between jobs,” repeated Jennifer in a slow and drawling voice. “I mean no offense but how is it that a waitress and her husband-between-jobs can afford such a place?”

“Daddy sells excavators,” said Holly. “He has a lot of money and doesn’t mind shar-”

“Ah,” interjected Jennifer, flashing a bright smile. “A rich daddy. I see.”

“But I don’t,” said Tyler, suddenly very aware of how much he despised false smiles. His wife, who had forced a smile of her own, glared at him as he continued. “If you have to ask us how we can afford that neighborhood, how on earth can Omar?”

There was a pause, a momentary silence. The smile on the redhead’s lips grew.

“Because I made sure he could,” she said, after a while, and there was not the slightest trace of shame in her voice. “There’s more to my job than arresting those who relapse. It’s my duty to do whatever I can to keep them out of prison. If I had let Omar move into his old neighborhood, he’d likely return to his old ways and

we'd be right back where we began." Tyler gaped at her. "You're... paying his mortgage? That can't be legal."

"I think that's a wonderful way to think about it," said Holly, and this time she didn't have to force her smile. "If only more probation officers thought the way you do."

Fiddling with his empty wine glass, Tyler started to speak. "Are you divorce-"

A kick from his wife cut him off. Tyler jerked, almost swore, bit his teeth together, and sat back with a wince. And realized he'd now have to clean a thousand dishes.

"I'm sorry," said Holly, giggling apologetically. "He must've left his manners at home." "That's quite all right," said Jennifer, eyeing him in a way that made the hairs on the back of his neck rise. "I imagine your husband saw the picture in the hallway. No, I am not married but yes, the man in that photograph was my husband. He's no longer with us."

Jennifer lowered her eyes, huffed, and smiled. Tyler ground his teeth.

“I’m going to kill you,” mouthed Jennifer. And kicked his shin once more.

He flinched. “Gwah, I’m... I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have-”

“No,” agreed Jennifer. “You shouldn’t have. But you did. And now that it is out in the open, I see no reason why we can’t speak of it.

After all, it is quite relevant to our little problem.” Tyler and Holly shared a glance. Neither of them said a word.

“Mark,” began Jennifer, filling her glass to the brim with Château Margaux, probably some very expensive vintage, “was shot on duty eight years ago.”

She trailed off, swirling her wine, then continued. “It was gang-related. Wasn’t an accident. A young gangster, some twenty-years-old, shot him point-blank in the back of the head when he was making his rounds in a particularly hostile neighborhood. You know, the type with crumbling homes and rusty fences and youths aplenty in the street at that time of day when they should be in school. I got the call on a Friday night. He’d been dead for eight hours.

“At first, I was angry. So angry that I quit going to work, quit cooking dinner, picked up a terrible habit of downing a few bottles of wine every day, and spent my time on the internet. “I found people there. Bad people. Few of them understood what I had gone through but we all shared a mutual hatred. I won’t specify what it was; I am confident you can imagine that on your own. And, as time went on, I started getting worse... and worse... and worse.”

“Until I decided I had had enough. I swallowed my hatred and drove down to the neighborhood to check it out for myself. Turned out the people who lived there weren’t the monsters I’d made them out to be. They were just like us, only... more assertive.”

Her eyes flashed and she bit her lip. “I came to realize that it was not the youth who killed my husband. It was their fear of cops, the decades of oppression they’ve suffered.

“I became an anti-fascist that day. And I have been one ever since.”

Jennifer took a sip of her wine, smiled, and looked at Tyler. “Which is probably why I think something stinks when a white couple funded by some rich daddy barge into my house and

expect me to... do what, exactly? Arrest Omar? For... listening to music?”

Holly, who was sipping on her wine, choked. It shot out her nose and spattered the purple table cloth. She blushed fiercely, apologized furiously, and reached for a napkin.

“Oh, leave it,” said Jennifer, smiling playfully. “Your hubby can take care of that later.” Tyler blushed. There was something in her voice, some confidence he couldn’t quite understand. Her tone was sweet and stern and oh-so-sultry. Almost provocative.

“Omar has been struggling for the past few years,” said the voluptuous redhead. “Yes, he dresses well, drives a nice car, and lives in a big house... but he has no family worth mentioning, few friends, and bills that are piling up. If he has harmed either of you-” “Well,” interjected Holly, her voice uncertain now. “He hasn’t really harmed us.”

“No? Oh, I was worried he had. Well, then. Whatever horrible things he has done-”

Holly grimaced. “He hasn’t really done any horrible things.” Jennifer cocked an eyebrow. “Then may I ask why you are here?”

“He-” Tyler broke off, burying his neck in his shoulders. “He always plays loud music and he made me walk his dog on my lawn and didn’t bother picking it up-”

“But if you were the one walking his dog,” retorted Jennifer and that playful smile on her lips faded at once, “why should he be the one to pick it up?”

He parted his lips, fell silent, parted his lips again... and realized he had no idea what to say. He lowered his eyes, reached for the wine bottle, and filled his glass. Then drank.

Their host was silent for a while. “Are you racist, Tyler?”

Tyler snorted, choked, and spat out the wine.

Holly froze, slowly turned to face him, and stared at him with eyes that promised murder. “S-sorry,” he stammered, trying to wipe up the liquid with his sleeve. There was a moment of silence and the girls shared a glance.

Jennifer was the first to break it. “So you do have a problem with black guys?”

He paused, blushed, and looked at Jennifer with wide eyes. “No, I- Of course not! I-”

Holly was toying with her glass. “You did complain about that TV show you were watching. How the producers were - what did you call it - forcing diversity?”

He gawked at his wife. “That’s not what I meant! The character was white in the book-”

“I see,” scoffed Jennifer, smiling hideously. “You’re not a racist, you’re just... some fragile white boy who can’t handle seeing people of color in his favorite TV show?”

“He’s not a racist,” sighed Holly. “He’s just too stupid to consider his words.”

Tyler was sure he was as red as a tomato. “Look, I am sorry. I’m just-”

“-a fragile white boy who can’t handle having a black man as his neighbor?”

Jennifer smiled, evidently taking satisfaction in leaving him speechless. He looked at her for a moment, at that cruel smile, and buckled beneath her intense stare.

“You’re right,” he stammered. “I’m sorry. I’ve been stupid. We shouldn’t have co-”

“Good,” snorted Jennifer, sitting back in her chair in a manner that brought to mind a queen on her throne. “What were you thinking, coming here? What was I supposed to do for you, Tyler? Arrest Omar? For what? He hasn’t committed a crime.”

Tyler slowly looked up. “He had weed in his pocket...” “If you want me to hear you, you’ll have to speak up.”

“He had weed in his pocket. I found it on the floor in the living room. Must’ve fallen out.” Jennifer tensed as if all the muscles in her body contracted at the same time. She stared at him for some time with an expression that betrayed no emotion. And stood.

A fist pounded on the front door. Jennifer paused halfway out of her chair. Tyler jolted and sat straight. And, much to his displeasure, realized both women were again staring at him. Their host spoke first. “Why don’t you go get that, Tyler?”

Tyler was about to object when he spotted the face of his wife. Rolling his eyes, he pushed his chair back and headed into the hallway. The fist beyond the door pounded once more. “I’m coming,” he growled, tearing the door open. And flinched as if struck.

“Hello, thick cheeks,” said Omar, grinning wickedly. “Heard you were here.”

Chapter Six

Omar didn’t take his shoes off.

They were huge, probably a size twelve, and left wet prints on the french oak. Tyler focused all his attention on those white sneakers, forced to trudge forward by the firm hand which his neighbor had shamelessly placed on the small of his back. As they together strode toward the kitchen, Tyler became very aware of just how much taller Omar was. It felt like he was walking next to a giant, some monster of a man who stank of cologne and cocoa butter. As they reached the doorway, Tyler began to resist, but the hand on his back - actually, on his tailbone, right above his ass - pushed him onward and into the dimmed kitchen.

“Oh, there you are,” said Jennifer, smiling brightly. “I was starting to worry.”

The voluptuous redhead stood, sashayed around the table, and threw her arms around the newcomer without as much as a glance at Tyler - who was standing mere inches away.

At the table, her knife halfway through a piece of lasagna, Holly blushed furiously.

“Come, come,” Jennifer led Omar to the third chair. As he sat, Tyler realized there were no fourth and awkwardly cleared his throat. No one paid him attention.

“Oh, don’t act so surprised,” Jennifer told Holly, also taking a seat. “Of course I would invite him; you two are, after all, making some quite severe accusations.”

She broke off, serving Omar a glass of wine. “It’s only fair that he can defend himself.” Holly was staring at their neighbor with the eyes of a puppy. She hadn’t moved a muscle since his arrival, and the color on her cheeks refused to fade. Omar spread his legs, sat back in his chair, and plucked on the sleeve of his shirt - a white T

so taut around his bulky bicep it looked like the fabric might tear any moment. Then, wordlessly, he looked up.

And his wife, jolting so hard she almost left her seat, hurried to look elsewhere.

Omar snorted, turned around in his creaking chair, threw one look at Tyler, and leaned toward Holly. She went stiff, the pace of her breath picking up. The black man murmured to her, smirked at her horrified expression, then sat back. The smile on his lips was repulsively arrogant, and Tyler immediately took a step forward. Jennifer interrupted the confrontation. “There’s an extra chair in the bathroom,” she told him, and the tone in her voice sounded so sour he was certain the idea that he ought to sit greatly vexed her. “Don’t take too long. The clock is ticking and we do have a lot to discuss.”

Tyler hesitated. “Actually, I just remembered that Holly and I have to get up early-”

“Go,” snapped Holly, sinking toward the table. She kept her head bowed and her attention on her plate. The glass of wine by her napkin was almost empty.

He frowned. “Honey? If we could talk outside for a mo-”

“Listen to your wife, white boy,” said Omar, once again turning in his chair. His voice was deep and bassy and the expression on his face made it abundantly clear that this was not a request. Holly lifted her eyes, only briefly, and the look on her face was strange.

Tyler split his lips to respond, thought better of it, and trudged into the hallway. As he crossed the threshold, he heard Omar mumble something. And the two girls giggle.

There was no symbol on either of the three doors. Checking the entrance to the kitchen to make sure no one was looking, he tried the first door. That revealed a glimpse of an opulent living room. He quickly shut it and moved on to the next. A bedroom. He kept going.

Then paused, took three steps back, and threw another look behind the second door. A collar lay on the king-sized bed, and next to it, a white tank top and a black thong.

Laughter resounded from the kitchen. Tyler clenched his fists. The loudest laugh, the one who cut through the others, belonged to Holly. There was no doubt. She had very distinct laughter. Three hysterical squeals followed by a snort. Before repeating it.

He slid into the room. Slowly approached the three items. The collar had spikes on it, like something you'd put on a dog. On its back was a lock, shaped like a heart, and from its front hung a tag. A black heart with a white Q in the middle. Tyler narrowed his eyes.

The same symbol was printed on the front of the tank top. And on the front of the lacy panties. The latter had the colors reversed, of course, and text beneath it.

He traced the fabric - which was oddly moist - with the tip of his finger.

“A Halloween costume for my daughter,” explained Jennifer.

Tyler jerked, withdrew his hand, and flushed with color. “Frick! Sorry, I-”

“It's fine.” Jennifer waved a dismissive hand. “Her name is Thea. She is quite fond of Halloween. Loves edgy costumes. She is off to college but will be coming home any day now; I figured this would be an adequate surprise. Think she'll like it?”

Tyler cleared his throat. “I’m so sorry, Jennifer. I was looking for the-”

“-bathroom? It’s right down the hall. Perhaps you would like me to show you?”

“No,” Tyler struggled to force a smile. “I’ll be fine. T-thank you for the offer.”

As he attempted to take his leave, the busty redhead smiled, blocking the doorway with her voluptuous frame. When he swallowed, she giggled and sank her teeth into her plush lip. “Do I make you uncomfortable, Tyler?” She tilted her head. “You certainly don’t feel sorry for my hubby, I hope? Please don’t feel bad; he could be quite the jerk.”

She eased closer - too close - and placed a hand on his chest. As if her palm was piping hot, he withdrew and backed up. That drew a pretty giggle, and Jennifer kept floating closer.

“Or perhaps is it my sexuality,” she drawled, her voice oh-so-very provocative. “Does it bother you that I - a forty-year-old mother - still have a craving for big, black cock?”

The pitch of her voice faded into a soft moan. Tyler whimpered, feeling his cock twitch.

“I should get back to Holly,” he mumbled, flashing a sheepish smile and attempting to slip past her. It didn’t work; she caught him by the arm and pulled him back.

“Oh, no,” said the busty redhead. “Now that you’re here, I want to show you something.”

Taking his arm in hers, the older woman led him toward the only bookshelf in the room: a tall thing painted obsidian black that measured half the length of the floor. In it were a plethora of bottles, some full and others drained. Jameson and Jack Daniel’s and Famous Grouse.

“My perfect husband,” muttered Jennifer, almost apologetically, reaching behind the bottles to fetch forth a gold medal with an icy blue ribbon framed in caramel-colored oak. Angling it slightly to give him a better view of it, Jennifer smirked, scrutinizing his expression.

Tyler paled, completely unaware of what to say. It was a wrestling medal.

“I was given this in college,” she continued, a bit absentmindedly. “Oh, I was good, the best on the team. A pulled hamstring forced me to stop. Though I never quit going to the gym.” Wrinkling his nose, Tyler took a step back. “That’s nice-”

“You can’t protect your wife, can you?” He gaped at her. “W-what?”

Jennifer snorted, placing the medal back on the bookshelf. “Omar called me this morning. He told me what you did. And what he did. Were you scared?”

Tyler frowned. He tried to come up with something to say. And couldn’t. Jennifer kept smirking. There was an evil gleam in her eye. Huffing, he began to turn.

“And where do you think you’re going, thick cheeks?” He froze on the spot. “I’m g-going back to my wife.”

Before Tyler understood what had happened, he was on the floor, his face buried in the pit of her arm while a powerful forearm squeezed the nape of his neck so hard he was afraid it might snap. He howled, clawing at the floorboards and kicking his feet. Jennifer scoffed. “Oh, stop struggling, white boy,” she growled,

tightening her headlock. “If you squirm free, what are you going to do? Beg me into submission? Oh, that’s right. He told me.”

Tyler squealed, her armpit muffling most of the sound.
“Hmmmph!”

Jennifer was panting. Beads of sweat shone on her forehead. She had a look in her eye that brought the word crazy to mind, and as she started clenching harder, she bared her teeth down at him in a wicked grin. “Did you really think I would let you lock my daddy and his big, black cock away? Hm? While your little white boy dick roam free?”

He widened his eyes. Jennifer, whose face was turning crimson from the effort, nodded.

“Oh, yes. You heard me. I *love* bouncing on that fat cock. Gwah, you have no idea how good it feels, white boy. In fact, does your wife? Has pretty little Holly ever fucked a black dick?” She let him loose, suddenly and out of nowhere, and Tyler scrambled to his knees. Heaving for breath. He didn’t get far. Before he had a chance to react, she caught him between her ankles and yanked him back with such force the back of his head fell in her lap.

For a split second, they stared at each other. Then, as swiftly as she had released him, she crossed her feet and locked her thighs around his head. And clenched.

“Owh!” Tyler howled, grabbed her thighs, and desperately tried to pry them apart. It was no use; the more he tried to loosen the leglock, the harder Jennifer squeezed. The pressure was becoming unbearable. The voluptuous redhead grinned, leaned on her arms, and blew a lock of hair out of her face. Giggling as he tossed and turned beneath her legs.

“Omar told me how you shrank like a little wimp in front of your poor wife,” she mocked, flaunting the flat of her tongue. “I wonder: did your itty bitty prick also shrink? Does his cock scare you, Tyler? What about those swollen black balls? Oh, they should, white boy. He’s like a bull down there, I swear. What do you think a bull can do to a little pussy boy like you?”

“P-please,” wheezed Tyler. Her muscles flexed beneath his palms. “P-please!”

Jennifer refused to relent. “Why is it that men try to humiliate other men by calling them girls? I mean, look at you. I’m a girl. You’re not. You’re a wimpy sissy.”

The pressure was too much, the pain in his cheekbones insufferable. Stomping his feet on the floor, Tyler patted her thighs wildly, desperately trying to tap out. “Pleeeasee!”

“Here is what is going to happen,” said Jennifer, her voice as casual as ever. “You are going to go back to the kitchen, tell Omar you want to talk, and beg his forgiveness.

“Then,” she continued, clenching harder, “we will never speak of this again and go our separate ways. Well, unless Omar wants you to let his dog shit on your lawn again.

“If you do not,” she sneered, clenching even harder, “we will stay here until I pop your head like a grape. Because fuck you, white boy. And fuck your little white boy dick.”

She released him and the back of his head slumped in her lap. His neck was pounding, his temples throbbing, and when Jennifer slapped him on a cheek, his head lolled to and fro. “You will never, ever, speak of the weed you saw,” she panted, leaning over him. Her ample bust hid the glob of spit she was producing. Until she spat it in his face. “And don’t you dare bitch and whine, you little poop. You’re lucky he didn’t beat you up yesterday.”

Tyler groaned, feeling her spit ooze down his cheek. She shoved him off her lap before it reached the floor, found her feet, and flattened the wrinkles on her skirt. Sashaying down to his crotch, she grabbed the bookshelf for balance. And hovered her heel over his balls. “Now,” Jennifer arched an eyebrow. “Is that understood, pussy boy?”

The heel pressed into his crotch. Tyler whimpered. “Y-yes, ma’am!”

“Good,” she said, taking a step back and fanning her face with a loose-wristed hand. “I’d hate to have to crush those tiny white boy balls. I bet they’re a nightmare to stomp on.”

She went to take her leave, then paused. “Oh, and if you consider running off-”

She broke off, copping a squat near his face. “I promise you: I will have your wife jerking off his black shaft with that fat ass of hers before the night is through.”

Tyler didn’t budge. There was spit on his face and his head felt like it had just been in the center of a car crash. Or perhaps a trailer crash. Whichever was worse. He was too disoriented to remember what was what and which was which. Wincing, he touched his

forehead, whined like a little girl, and clambered to his knees. Then, after some five minutes of swaying, he began the arduous process of scrambling to his feet.

And, much to his horror, realized that his prick was pressing into his trousers.

Chapter Seven

Tyler ambled down the hallway.

He could hear Omar and Jennifer speaking. Holly didn't seem to say much, though she occasionally piped up with a peal of laughter. He couldn't make out what they were chatting about; Jennifer had begun to slur her words, and Omar had the kind of gruff voice that at a distance sounded more like mumbling.

He passed a table, stopped, slid back, and threw a look at it. The table itself, supported by four shafts on which there were elephant engravings, had been there when he went searching for the bathroom. But the white iPhone that lay on its surface had not. It was attached to a blue wireless mini speaker, the type that could play surprisingly loud music despite its meager size. Tyler pondered for a moment. And tapped the screen.

It lit up, revealing a Spotify playlist. The text was small and blurry. Tyler - who technically needed glasses but refused to get them out of sheer principle - leaned closer.

“Iggy Azalea... Nicki Minaj... Kesha... Carly Rae Jepsen... Jennifer Lopez-”

He froze, gaping at the title that had caught his attention. “Short Dick Man!”

A scream tore him from his thoughts. Tyler startled, widened his eyes, and set off toward the kitchen entry. And, the moment he rounded the corner, froze on the spot.

Jennifer was rubbing her bottom, scowling at Omar. Tyler veered his eyes to his wife. She was howling with laughter. Tyler cleared his throat. All six eyes fell on him.

He lowered his eyes. “O-Omar? C-could we have a word?”

His neighbor smirked, shrugged, and stood. “Sure, thick cheeks.”

Omar started to approach. Tyler didn't budge. His feet may as well have been nailed to the floor. Well, until his neighbor grabbed his collar and pulled him along.

The last thing he saw as he was dragged across the threshold was Jennifer. The voluptuous redhead was staring at him. The smirk on her plump lips oozed amusement.

Omar did not let go of him in the hallway. He was heading deeper, toward the third door at the end of the corridor, and Tyler had no choice but to stumble along.

"O-out here is fine," he stammered, seeing his neighbor twist the doorknob. Omar paid him no attention, opening the door and pushing him inside. "Really, we don't need to-"

Omar stepped inside, shutting the door. Then, without a word, locked it with a click.

Tyler paled. "There's n-no need to lock the door. All I wanted to say was-"

“You wanted to talk to me, white boy.” Omar gestured at his surroundings. “Talk.”

They were in the bathroom. Which reminded Tyler of his bedroom. The walls were white, the sink was white, the shower curtain was white. Everything was white. The room was large and equipped with marble tiles from which rose a pleasant heat. There was a shower, a toilet, a washing machine - of the exorbitant sort - and a hamper brimming with laundry.

Tyler swallowed. “Uhm, I know we’ve had our differences and I was thinking-”

Omar was by him in three strides, dwarfing Tyler beneath his towering frame.

“-that m-maybe it would be a g-good idea if we buried the h-hatchet?”

His neighbor snorted. “Oh? You gon’ quit going through my mail?”

“W-well, yes! O-of course I am! T-that wasn’t what it looked like! I s-swear!”

Omar crossed his bulky arms. “A’ight, white boy. Let’s bury the hatchet.”

Tyler released a long-drawn-out sigh. “Oh my god. Thank you. I was worr-”

The black man pointed at the floor. “Well? What are you waiting for?”

Tyler parted his lips. “W-what?”

“If you gon’ apologize, you better do it right, snowflake.” “B-but you said we could bury the hatchet!”

“Well, you gon’ have to apologize properly.”

As Tyler stood there, baffled beyond belief, staring up at the smirking face hovering some ten inches over his own, he could almost feel that pair of muscular thighs wrap around his head and squeeze so hard his skull felt like it was about to crack. And, as he swept his neighbor and spotted that bulging row of abs, he could

clearly see the fat ass of his wife bouncing on a black lap. Up and down. Over and over. Quivering with every bob.

He sank to his knees. Omar rewarded him with a wicked grin. Taking a deep breath, he leaned back a bit, trying his best to put some distance between him and the outline of that monster cock which was pressing into his neighbor's jeans. Then, slowly, he looked up. "F-fine," he said. "I'm s-sorry for going through your mail. It w-won't happen again."

Omar rubbed the black patch beneath his lip. "Nah, that ain't gon' do it, white boy."

"W-what do you mean 'it's not going to do it'? I d-did what you told me to do!"

The black man shrugged. "Didn't feel very sincere to me, honeybutt."

"I t-told you I was sorry! And I a-am! I shouldn't have gone through your mail!"

“You know: we’ve been neighbors for some time now, white boy, and I’ve never actually realized just what a big-titted dumb cow your sweet little wife is.”

Tyler felt the hairs on the nape of his neck rise. “D-don’t call her that.”

“Don’t call her what, thick cheeks? A big-titted dumb cow? What you gon’ do?”

Omar eased closer. Tyler, whose eyes were growing wide, leaned back. Until he could back up no further, and that fat bulge trapped beneath blue fabric throbbed an inch from his face. “Do blonde bitches with tits like that,” he added, unbuckling his belt, “usually like small pink pindicks? Can you satisfy your wife, white boy? Fuck her like a man?”

Tyler gave no reply, staring with horror at the black fingers pulling down the zipper. The sight left him speechless, almost mesmerized. Omar snorted, reaching into his jeans. “Maybe,” he continued, rummaging around inside his zipper, “we should go ask her.”

The cock that Omar pulled out was enormous. It was thick and brown and full of plump veins that ran from the hairy base of his

crotch all the way up to the meaty mushroom-shaped tip. Tyler squealed, began to crawl back, and fell on his ass. “W-what are you doing?”

“Show me how sorry you are, white boy,” he growled, wrapping his fingers beneath the belly of his flaccid dick and giving it a shake, “or your pretty little wife gon’ do it for you.”

“T-this is insane!” Tyler kept crawling backward. “I’m not doing that! I’m not gay!”

“We’ll see how you feel about that when you’ve wrapped your pretty white boy lips around my black cock,” snickered Omar, approaching slowly. “Oh, you would’ve made it just fine in prison. Those girly cheeks of yours would’ve kept you safe and sound.”

Tyler scrambled away until he could scramble no longer; the wall at his rear prevented further retreat. With nowhere to go, he froze, watching the big dick dangle closer.

“I’m not gay,” he insisted, his voice rising in pitch. “I’m not gay! I’m not gay!”

“That’s a’ight,” said Omar, bringing the cock within an inch from his face. “Call yourself straight if you want, white boy. You still gon’ suck this dick. Here. Have a sniff.”

Omar thrust his hips forward. Before Tyler had time to react, he found himself trapped between the wall and his neighbor, the black shaft belonging to the latter squished against his face. He squealed, began to squirm, and fought to turn his head sideways. The girthy dick - now flattened against his cheek - was moist and sticky, and from its chocolate surface rose a cheesy stench that reminded him of the locker room shower in his old high school.

Omar was grinning hideously. “Well? What’re you waiting for, snowflake? Sniff it!”

The harder Tyler struggled, the more pressure the black man applied, and the pain from the pressure was swiftly becoming unbearable. He swore, blushed, and scowled up at Omar.

And, as the black cock eased its force slightly, he pressed his nose to its tip and inhaled. Omar burst out laughing and Tyler turned purple from his neck to the roots of his hair.

“Yo, how that dick smell, white boy? Think your wife would like it?”

His neighbor took a step back, and Tyler whimpered as the black dick slid off his cheek like some lazy animal that had finally decided to shift. Then, Omar set off toward the door.

But he didn't leave the bathroom. Instead, he simply twisted the lock open.

“A'ight, thick cheeks,” he said, facing Tyler once more. “You don't seem particularly excited about the prospect of sucking my dick. So, here is what will happen now...”

He paused, opened the door, then shut it. “The sweet little thing that is my probation officer is currently serving your pretty little wife a whole lot of wine. And, as happens with everyone who drinks copious amounts of wine, she will soon get drunk. At which point - I can only imagine - she will become impatient and wonder what is taking her hubby so long.”

Tyler swallowed audibly. He already understood his predicament.

“And a cute little bimbo like that? Do you think she’ll respect your request for a private conversation? Or do you think she’ll come looking for you? Opening every door?”

“Omar, please! You can’t do this! I c-can’t suck a dick! I’m s-straight!”

The black man shrugged. “It’s your choice, white boy. You can *choose* to not suck my dick but you will stay on your knees; I’ll make sure that you do. And what do you think your dumb, big-titted cow of a wife will say when she sees us in here? With my cock out?”

Tyler whimpered. Pleaded Omar with doe-eyes.

“Oh, yeah,” growled Omar, grabbing his shaft and beginning to tug. “That’s the look. Now crawl your sweet sissy ass over here and wrap your plump lips around my cock.”

For a split second, Tyler hesitated. He knew Omar was right, couldn’t fault his logic. If Holly was getting drunk - and, knowing Holly, she certainly was - then she’d quickly start to wonder what was taking so long. Not out of fear for his well-being, of course;

she'd come searching because when she got drunk, she'd want attention. She'd *require* attention.

He crawled toward Omar, who was grunting and jerking his shaft. The deep bass in his voice made Tyler shudder. He stopped with his hands some three inches away from the white Nike sneakers Omar wore. And sat, flattening his butt across the back of his ankles.

The cock was pointing at his face. Like some one-eyed viper gleaming brown beneath the bright white overhead light. It was large, ridiculously large, and its cheesy aroma fouled the air. Tyler lifted his eyes. And saw a row of bulky abs, a thick chest, and a nasty smile. Licking his lips, Tyler leaned closer. "P-promise you won't tell Holly. P-please."

Omar said nothing. His sole response was cocking his hips, prodding Tyler in the forehead with the tip of his humongous shaft. Tyler flinched, whined, and grabbed it at the base.

It was heavy. The sheer weight of it took him by surprise. His own cock would've disappeared in the palm of his hand had he grabbed it. If he was to do the same with this one, he'd need another pair of hands. It was also warm; its sticky surface seemed to emanate heat and left the hollow of his palm strangely moist. Tyler sighed and lowered his eyes to the warm tiles as he began moving his

hand. Omar let go, giving him space. A sudden twitch made Tyler yelp and quickly retract his fingers. The cock had throbbed.

“Oh, no, you don’t,” growled the black man, grabbing Tyler by the wrist. His fingers were forcibly wrapped around the shaft, and Tyler sighed shakily as he resumed wanking it. Cocking his head against the door, Omar shut his eyes and groaned. His hefty member was in the process of swelling. Little by little. And Tyler felt it grow in the palm of his hand.

“Put it in your mouth,” grunted Omar. “Worship the dick that could steal your wife.”

Tyler obeyed. With a huff. Splitting his lips and pressing them against the bulbous tip like a pair of pillows embracing a football. Well, a very large football. Tyler fought hard to steer his thoughts toward the sport - a sport he’d never much cared for. But it beat thinking about the big, black dick in his hand and the cheesy aftertaste it left on his supple lips.

Omar ruffled his hair. “Your wife gon’ come looking soon. Better hurry.”

Tyler withdrew, scowled at his bully, and picked up the pace. The white of his fingers was in stark contrast to the black of his cock.

He gripped the member harder and kept speeding up, the tip of his thumb tracing a particularly fat vein. This was nothing like jerking off his own. The idea that a cock, a *beast* of a cock, could even grow this huge-

A slap tore him out of his thoughts. It was swift and hard and left his head ringing. Tyler gasped, dropped the cock, and squeezed his eyes shut. In the blackness behind his lids, stars zoomed and exploded. Stupefied, he pressed a hand to his burning cheek.

Omar crossed his arms. “I told your white ass to *suck* my dick. That ain’t sucking.”

Tyler gaped at his neighbor. The spot where he had been struck was sizzling. Glancing elsewhere, he pouted. Then grasped the cock, tipped forward, and stuck out his tongue.

He flicked the swollen tip with a quick lick. The taste made him grimace. A kiss, a soft one right on the asshole caused Omar to moan. Then, mimicking the curvaceous girls he’d spent so much time watching on Pornhub, he guided the tip of the black cock between his lips.

The wet warmth of his mouth engulfed the mushroom-like cap with some hesitation. He covered his teeth with his tongue and

started gravitating toward the hairy crotch he was forced to stare at. The hairs were short and black and very curly, protruding from the black-skinned crotch like frizzy weed from a flowerbed. Omar moaned again.

The thick girth proved problematic. Two inches deep, and the throbbing cockhead was already stretching his lips painfully. Three inches deep, and Tyler gagged.

The black man snorted. “Is that all you can manage, thick cheeks? How do you think you’d fare against your wife? Think she’d manage six? Or maybe she’d make it to the balls?”

If Tyler hadn’t been crimson with color before, he sure was now. The sound of his retch had been strikingly similar to when the girls he watched - Riley Reid was his favorite - gagged on their cocks. Overwhelmed with shame, Tyler tried to withdraw. Omar held him fast.

Tyler widened his eyes. “Hmmmph! Hmmmph! Hmmmph!”

“That’s right, snowflake,” groaned Omar, grinding his teeth. “Gag on my fat dick.”

It wasn't a request. Omar drove his hips forward, feeding him another few inches until his cheeks were bulging with cock and the tip of the thick shaft tickled the back of his throat.

He gagged, loudly and horribly, flooding the cramped space of his mouth with saliva. The moment Omar released his hair, Tyler pulled back in panic, drooling spit on the floor.

He was given no time to recover. His neighbor grabbed him by the chin, dug his fingers into his cheeks to force his mouth open, and plunged his cock back between his lips. Then, with one hand beneath his chin and the other on the top of his head, Omar shut his mouth, made him squeeze the shaft with his lips, and started pulling out. Tyler whimpered, his plump lips rolling over the length, coating the black skin in glistening spit.

The tip of the cock evacuated his mouth with a sloppy pop. Tyler began to struggle but his forceful lover kept him in place. The cheesy taste, foul and almost unbearable, had stained his tongue and refused to go away no matter how many times he swallowed. The pungent stench of dick added to the repulsive flavor and caused him to blush even worse.

“Fuck, yeah,” drawled Omar, grabbing the base of his cock and slapping Tyler across the face with it. “Take my balls out, white boy. Pull them out like a good little girl.”

Tyler cried out. The second slap had been almost as hard as the first and he did not want another. He obeyed immediately, holding the zipper open with one hand while the other delved into the jeans. He felt around in there, in that warm gap, and gasped like a girl struck as he found them. They were massive, almost egg-sized, and heaved in his palm.

He pulled them out through the zipper with the utmost care, gasping again in amazement at the sight of them. Unable to contain his fascination, he weighed them in his palm. And the weight of those plump nuts took his breath away. It brought to mind the balls of a bull.

Omar flashed a boastful grin. “Like what you see, thick cheeks?”

Flushing with color, Tyler gulped. The balls were alive, heaving lazily like a football pumped full of air only to be deflated and inflated again, and he thought he could feel the sperm churn beneath the steamy skin. They were - extremely annoyingly - very large.

“Yeah, you do, don’t you?” Omar snickered. “I can see it on your face. Why don’t you give them a kiss, snowflake? They’re not gon’ hurt you. Kiss them like you kiss your wife.” Staring daggers at his neighbor, Tyler shook his head. A raised hand was all it took to change his mind. Wrinkling his nose, he leaned in. And kissed the wrinkly sack.

Omar released his cock. It came crashing down like a building just demolished, slapping Tyler on the forehead and throbbing on his face. He whined in response.

“Take them in your girly little hands, white boy. I’mma teach you how to treat black balls.” He did as he was told, one palm for each ball, cupping them softly. His neighbor shoved his face back, grabbed his dick, and steered it toward his lips. When Tyler hesitated, the black man prodded his mouth with the tip until he gave in. The cock slid between his lips with a sloppy pop, plugging his mouth. Tyler scowled, mumbling a muffled protest.

A sound suddenly drew his attention. It was a voice, a female one, calling out his name. His neighbor heard it too, and Omar looked from the door and down to him.

They locked eyes, keeping quiet. Holly called out again. Her voice was closer now.

Tyler panicked. In a flash, he was rubbing balls and sucking cock. He didn't know what he was doing; he simply did what he could. Which meant massaging the nutsack like he was trying to clean the peel on a pair of apples with his thumbs. And slurping on the tip of the black dick like he was trying to suck water from an ice cube. Omar clenched his belly. There were footsteps in the hallway now, and a high-pitched creaking sound revealed that Holly had begun to open doors. As his heart started to thump like a speaker blasting a bassy song, Tyler started to bob his head. At first, the rhythm was slow and gentle. Then, when Holly called once more, he started to roll his lips up and down the shaft faster and faster. "Fuck," growled Omar, and Tyler cast him a deadly glance. He squeezed and clenched and toyed with the black balls, and there was no doubt in his mind that Omar liked it. His neighbor was moving, arching his back and clenching his fists. With three inches of dick in his mouth, Tyler froze, eased his tongue beneath the belly of the shaft, and started to lick. The brown beast, the cock that looked like a fat viper with one eye, throbbed against the flat of his tongue. That encouraged him to continue and he fondled the black balls harder.

The door shut. Soft footsteps approached. Another creak. Holly called his name.

Tyler withdrew, kissed the tip of the dick as it sprang from his lips, placed his tongue on the sticky surface, and circled the head.

No reaction. Widening his eyes, he wedged his tongue between the bulbous head and the foreskin and ran his tongue to and fro. Omar flinched. He'd found the sweet spot. It was soft and smooth and contained dry flakes of something Tyler didn't really want to know what was. He lapped it up, kept licking furiously, and kneaded the nuts in his palms like he was preparing a pair of buns out of dough.

Holly was annoyed. He could hear it in the way she slammed the second door shut. And the way she set off - almost storming - toward the third door. The door to the bathroom.

“Please cum,” whispered Tyler, begging Omar with his eyes.
“Please cum!”

There was a knock on the doorframe. Omar grinned. The doorknob began to twist.

“Holly?” The feminine voice echoed through the hallway. “Holly, can you come here?”

For a split second, nothing happened. It was as if the world stood still. Then, slowly, the doorknob returned to its place. And hurried footsteps appeared again, fading swiftly.

Tyler released a long-drawn-out sigh, the warmth of his breath causing the cock that lay on his face to twitch in pleasure. He was still fondling the black balls. Absentmindedly.

The overwhelming relief at the avoided disaster dwindled as Omar groaned. It was a new kind of groan. One he hadn't heard before. It seemed deeper. More guttural.

The cum exploded from the black pisshole like a bullet from a pistol. The first rope gushed into his hair. Tyler gasped and leaned back. And immediately regretted it, taking the next rope straight in the face. It was warm and sticky. Raising his hands like a puppy trained to beg for its food, Tyler squeezed his eyes shut and squealed as Omar kept nutting on his face. The whole process probably lasted ten seconds. But it felt much longer. Omar sprayed his face with nutbutter for what felt like half a lifetime. Each rope came quickly, and Tyler jolted each time it splashed against his face. The seed that first hit him started to seep. The disgusting goo oozed through his eyebrows, down his cheeks, and dripped from his jaw. Then there were only a few hot drops left, which Omar shook off in his direction. Tyler hadn't dropped the bull-sized balls and now they were pulsing in his grip.

Whining like an unruly child sent to bed, Tyler let them go and wiped his eyes. He was caked in cum. Could actually smell that it was on his face. Huffed and stifled a sob.

Omar threw a towel over his head. “You ain’t bad at fondling balls, white boy.”

Rubbing his face with the coarse fabric, Tyler blinked, opening his sticky eyelids.

Omar was grinning at him. “Yo, you better wash up. I’mma go chat with your wife.” “W-what?” Tyler scrambled to all fours. “I sucked your dick! You can’t-”

The black man stuffed his dick through the zipper. “I *was* i n the mood to have your white ass gagging on my dick. *Now* I am in the mood to bury my face in a pair of fat tits. Move.” “No!” Tyler shook his head. “No, no, no, no, no, no, no! Y-you stay away from her!”

Omar was silent for a while. “Do you know what I think about when I pull my dick, Tyler?” He took a step toward the door. Tyler whimpered. He took another. Tyler tried to block it. “It’s you,” he said, casually and without a trace of shame in his deep voice. “And that fat-titted cow of a wife of yours, of course. And can you guess why?”

Tyler rose, spreading his arms and gluing them to the frame of the door.

“Because you’re a sissy wimp, white boy, and there’s no way your bitch of a wife is going to pick you when she sees the size of my dick.”

He broke off, leaning closer. “I plan on fucking your wife up the ass - in your own bed - while you stand outside on your lawn watching my dog shit in your flowerbed.”

Tyler blushed. Shook his head and refused to budge. The two men stood but inches away from each other, and Omar was practically pressing him into the door.

He grinned. “Sure, I want a white bitch booty call next door. Sure, I’d fuck her even if she didn’t have a husband. But I really can’t wait to see your face when she moans my name.” Clenching his fists, Tyler scowled at him. “S-she doesn’t want anything to do with you!” Omar snorted, shoving him out of the way. “I’mma make your wife call me daddy.”

The black man left the bathroom. Tyler, absolutely horrified, bolted to catch up.

Chapter Eight

Omar led him to the table like a father leads a bride to the altar.

Tyler didn't want to enter the kitchen. Kept stalling. Tried to halt Omar by digging his feet into the floor. His hair was claggy, the strands sticking to each other in clods. He hadn't been able to get it all off his face either. He'd simply rubbed it into his skin. Like ointment.

The girls had scooted closer. They sat next to each other now, a glass of wine in front of both. Jennifer had fetched up her phone.

The screen was angled toward Holly, and with each swipe, the two girls exchanged glances and giggled. Omar cleared his throat.

“Well, you two sure took your time,” said Holly. There was an edge in her voice, a strange and cold one. The reason for her newfound confidence was clear to see: the bottle of wine the two women had been sharing - the famed Château Margaux - was empty.

Tyler wiped his lips in silence. Across the table, staring at him intently with the empty eyes of a drunk, sat Jennifer. A hint of a smile played on her taupe-painted lips.

Omar pulled out the third chair and sat with a grunt. “We had a lot to discuss.”

Tyler remained standing. There was nowhere to sit, after all, and there was no way he’d go anywhere near his wife now. Not with the stench of cock cheese on his breath.

Holly broke the silence that fell. “Well? Did you arrive at a conclusion?”

“We did,” said Omar. “And I have decided to sue.”

The tension that arose in the kitchen could be cut with a knife. Tyler felt as if he’d been punched in the gut. The words actually winded him. Holly opened her mouth and let her jaw hang. The expression on her face reminded him of a dumb bimbo blonde.

Even Jennifer, slowly withdrawing from Holly, seemed surprised.

Holly squinted, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “You’ve decided to-”

-”sue,” grunted Omar, cutting her off shamelessly. “Oh, don’t worry, Tyler. I ain’t suing you for what you did. It’s not about the mail. It’s about the fence.”

Holly looked dumbstruck. “The fence?”

“It’s on my property,” he explained, tugging on the sleeve of his shirt, “two inches too far to the right. Your daddy put it up. He can come take it down. Or have your hubby do it.”

“You can’t be serious.” The busty blonde visibly paled. “We came here to-”

“-clear up issues,” mumbled Jennifer in a quiet voice, “and this is an issue.”

“No! We came here because you’re bullying us! In our own house! And now *you* are going to sue us? Because our *fence* is on your property? Have you completely lost your mind?”

“Tell you what,” said Omar, smiling arrogantly. “If your hubby takes the fence down - and moves it two inches to the left - then I shall let it slide. This time.”

Tyler saw his wife sink back in her chair. And blushed furiously as their eyes met.

“Are you going to say something?” Holly was trembling.
“Anything? At all?”

He squirmed on the spot. “W-well, if our fence really stands on his property-”

Holly pushed away from the table and stood. She was seething with anger. Jennifer mumbled something and reached for her hand but the busty blonde stormed off.

“Honey!” Tyler turned to watch her leave. “Honey, we can talk about this!”

“I’m going home,” she sneered, pausing briefly on the threshold, “and if you don’t want to walk back on your own, you better get your ass in the fucking car.”

She left the kitchen. A moment later, the front door creaked open and slammed shut. He started after her but came to a stop when he heard Jennifer.

“Tyler,” she drawled, smiling brightly. Placing an elbow on the table, she leaned forward and presented him with an excellent view of her deep cleavage. Then, screwing up her middle finger, she cracked a wicked grin. “Fuck you, white boy. And your pinky dick.”

Omar snorted. “And don’t put the fence back up. My dog doesn’t like it.”

Holly was halfway down the street by the time he caught up.

He ran over. And, much to his surprise, she didn’t drive off. It probably took five minutes to convince her to let him drive. As she finally scooted over, she’d yet to say a word.

They began the drive home in silence. Rolled through the neighborhood beneath a sky of twinkling stars. The asphalt was bathed in silvery moonlight.

Tyler threw his wife a glance. “Sweetie-”

“I’ve never felt so betrayed in my whole life,” said Holly suddenly, and he immediately fell silent. “My husband defending his bully in favor of his wife.”

He frowned. “You’re the one who wanted us to make peace with him!”

“He’s threatening to sue us, Tyler! Over a fence! And what if he does? What if he actually has a case? And we lose in court? Are you going to pay those bills? With what money?” Tyler shuffled in his seat. “I’ll move the fence, honey. I promise.”

“I don’t want you to move the fence! What kind of idiot are you? All I want is a husband who doesn’t bend over backward for a neighbor who bullies his wife!”

“I don’t b-bend over backward,” he stammered, flushing with color. “A-and he isn’t bullying you, h-honey. If the f-fence really is on his property, w-we have to move it!”

“One more word,” she drawled, “and I swear: when we get home, I will drag you upstairs and shove my dildo up your butt until you squeal like a little girl.”

Tyler gaped at her, crimson from his neck to the roots of his hair.

“I can’t believe I married you,” she snorted, shaking her head and crossing her arms beneath her breasts. “Why exactly can you offer me, Tyler? Money? You don’t have a job. You can’t even get one when you try. Support? Do you feel like you support me, Tyler?”

Gripping the steering wheel so hard his knuckles paled, Tyler said nothing.

She grinned, the blue of her eyes flashing menacingly. “Sex? A steamy fucking? Is that why I married you, honey? Because you’re so good at fucking me?”

Tyler ground his teeth. The temptation to snap back at her grew with her every word. But when Holly was angry, the best course of action was to keep your mouth shut. She’d build herself up, of course, growing more and more irritated until she almost burst. However, by keeping his lips sealed, he might at least avoid having to fight off her dildo later.

“Oh, sure,” she mocked, and the tone in her voice reeked of contempt. “That’s why I stick around, Tyler. Because I can’t imagine a life without your little pindick.”

He pulled onto the highway. Kept driving. Squeezed the wheel until his fingers hurt.

“Oh, but it’s okay,” she spat in a venomous voice. “I know you can’t help it, sweetie. It’s not as if you chose to be born with such a teeny weeny baby dick.”

“It’s not that small,” mumbled Tyler, blushing furiously.

“Oh, it isn’t? Are you sure? Maybe we should measure when we get home? Hm? Would you like that? Fetch the ruler from the kitchen and drop your tiny wee-wee on it?”

She smiled as he widened his eyes. It was a hideous smile.

“How long do you think it is? Hm? That beast in your pants? Three inches? Three and a half? If you stretch it, like *really* stretch it, maybe you’ll get lucky and reach four?”

Whimpering, Tyler buried sank his neck into his shoulders.
“Honey, you promised-”

“-what, exactly? What did I promise? Not to make fun of your micropenis? Oh, but honey: I am not making fun of your little shrimp. I’m dead serious. Every time I start to wonder why on earth I married you, I remember that giant in your pants and I almost swoon. Oh, god, how I love it when you fuck me from behind. Nothing beats the feeling of your itty bitty hubby squeezing as hard as he can just to get past your buttcheeks. It’s every girl’s dream!”

As they turned off the highway, Tyler felt his eyes well with tears. A lump closed his throat down. He tried to mumble a reply. And realized it was impossible to speak.

“Oh, don’t cry, babe. I told you: I don’t mind. In fact, I sympathize! I can’t even begin to imagine how it must’ve felt to shower with all the boys in school!

“Though, I have to be honest: I wish you’d look at it from my perspective. Think about how it feels to find a boy you like... only to be disgusted every time he pulls down his pants.” “I’m sorry,” he whispered, slouching his shoulders. “I’ll t-take your side next time.”

“Next time?” There was a pause. “What makes you think there’ll be a next time? Oh, I won’t be needing your support anymore, honey. I’ll take care of Omar. Properly.”

A sense of unease washed over him. “W-what do you mean... take care of him?” “Nevermind that,” said Holly, sitting back in her seat. “You just worry about whatever it is you wanna worry about. Playing video games or whatever it is that you do.”

“Holly,” whined Tyler. “Stop it! I told you: I am sorry! I’ll take you side next time!”

“Good,” she said, and there wasn’t a trace of anger left in her voice. “It’s fine. In fact, I think I agree with you. If he wants us to move the fence, of course we should move the fence. If he wants to play booming music at night, let him! If his dog needs our lawn, go for it!”

Tyler sighed, pulled over, turned to face her, and stared at her pleadingly. “Sweetie.”

Baby blue eyes met his. “What? I’m serious. I mean, it’s not like we can stop him. I guess I could try to beg him. Maybe he’ll reconsider if I show him my tits?”

“Holly!” He clenched his fists. “That’s not funny!”

She burst out in a peal of laughter. “Do you think I am joking? I need sleep, hubby; I can’t stay awake all night. And I prefer a lawn of grass; not a lawn of gifts from his dog. If flashing my tits won’t do, maybe I can convince him on my knees. What do you think?”

Tyler was speechless. Holly cocked an eyebrow, stared at him for a while, unbuckled her belt, and got out. She set off down the sidewalk. Swaying her hips.

They weren’t far away now. She could easily walk the rest of the way. Tyler, whose heart was thumping like a hammer banging on an anvil, stared at her wobbling butt.

Panic struck. Flooring the gas, he shot past his wife. He heard a shout, glanced in the rearview mirror, and saw Holly flip him off. He didn’t care.

He only had one card left to play. One chance left to salvage his marriage.

He had to convince Omar not to touch his wife.

Chapter Nine

Fifteen minutes later, Holly arrived.

Tyler was parked by the curb. He hadn't bothered to pull into the driveway. The car was strategically placed in order to provide a view of both houses - Omar's and theirs. If Holly was feeling a little less overcome with pure hatred, maybe she'd head for the latter.

The moment he spotted her expression, he immediately regretted leaving her.

As Tyler sat there, watching the busty blonde dart across the street, he realized that he'd put the last nail in the coffin all by himself. You don't let a girl walk home on her own. If she leaves the car, you beg her to come back. If she refuses, you insist until she relents.

He opened the door and stepped out. Rose a hand and waved at her. She flipped him off and strode past his car. Toward the house next to theirs. Toward Omar.

“Honey!” Tyler swore and ran after. “Honey! Stop! He’s not even home!”

“I’ll wait on his doorstep,” she replied with a smile and kept flipping him off as she darted across the makeshift basketball court. “We’ll probably be a while. Don’t wait up!”

He caught up with her underneath the basketball hoop and grabbed her tank top. “This isn’t a joke anymore, Holly! I said I was sorry! What else do you want me to say?”

She froze on the spot, turned, and stared. “Do you think Omar has a big cock?”

Holly broke free. He grabbed her again. She twirled on the spot, slapped his arm out of the way, bent over, yanked his pants down, and gave him a shove. He lost his balance.

“I think he does,” she sneered, pouncing him as he tried to scramble back up. “Is that why you won’t take my side, Tyler? Are you scared of his cock? That big, black dick?”

They struggled on the asphalt. He tried to push her off. She tried to wedge her knee between his legs. Her bust bobbed and wobbled, threatening to pop free of her cleavage.

“Maybe you two should measure?” She grinned wickedly. “How about that, hubby? The one with the bigger dick gets a blowjob from me! Does that sound fair, honey?”

Gathering all his strength, Tyler threw Holly sideways. Trapped in a strange hug, they both rolled over. And, much to his dismay, kept rolling. His wife was back on top.

“Please,” he pleaded, staring at her with the eyes of a puppy. “I love you!”

“Oh, what a man you are,” she growled, catching his hands and pinning them above the top of his head. “You can’t protect your wife, can’t fuck your wife, can’t even overpower your wife. You’re pathetic! It’s time to get cucked, cucku!”

She fell on him. Pressed his face into her cleavage. The doughy breasts enveloped his face and trapped him in darkness. They were warm and soft and supple. And very heavy.

He started to squirm harder. “Hmmmmph!”

“That’s right!” Locking her arms around the back of his head, she pulled him deeper. “I’ve had enough of you, pindick! If you can’t give me what I want, maybe Omar can!”

The headlights of a car illuminated what little of the squished breasts he could see. Tyler froze beneath his wife. And desperately tried to grab her as she clambered to her feet.

She ran to meet the truck, her buttocks jiggling in the taut confines of her jeans. The silver pickup rolled into the driveway and flashed its lights once before the engine died. The door slid open, a white Nike sneaker thudded against the asphalt, and Omar appeared.

“Yo, white boy,” he said, looking askance between Tyler and Holly. “What is this-”

His wife cut him off. She was by his side in three strides. Placing a hand on his chest, she lowered her voice and whispered by his ear. Tyler widened his eyes.

Omar withdrew slightly. “Is this a joke? Did thick cheeks here put you up to this?” Holly shook her head. The whispering continued for some time.

The black man veered his eyes to Tyler. “Well, a’ight.”

Without a further word, he wrapped an arm around Holly’s waist, pulled her close, and started toward the house. As they passed Tyler, his wife smiled. Hideously.

“H-Hey!” Tyler grabbed Holly by the arm. “Y-you can’t go inside with him!”

Omar paused. “You have three seconds to let go of her. If you don’t, your wife gon’ watch as I bend you over and whack your buttcheeks red and blue.”

Tyler swallowed. The arm slid free of his grasp as the couple kept walking. Holly haughtily tossed her hair over a shoulder, and Omar placed a hand on her ass.

Tyler whined, blushed, and cried out. “Please don’t fuck her.” They froze by the door. Holly glanced at him. “What?”

Omar also looked over his shoulder. “Speak up, honeybutt.”

Taking a deep breath, Tyler sank to his knees. “Please don’t fuck her. O-Omar, I’m begging you. I’ll do whatever you want. But please don’t fuck my wife. Please.”

The white girl and the black man exchanged glances. Then, after a moment of excruciating silence, Omar snorted. And the busty blonde burst out laughing.

“Awh, look at that! He’s begging you not to fuck me! On his knees! That’s adorable!”

Omar grinned. “Yo, get your silly ass on your feet, white boy. Go home.”

“I’m begging you,” continued Tyler, whimpering on his knees. “I’ll clean your car. I’ll do your dishes. I’ll wash your laundry if you want. Please don’t fuck my wife!”

The laughter died down. Holly looked at Omar; Omar looked at Holly. There was a pause, a momentary silence that seemed to last forever.

Holly spoke first. “You’ll do anything? Whatever he wants?”

Tyler scowled at her. She was leaning against Omar, the black of his hand clutching one of her asscheeks. He was groping her. Kneading the doughy flesh.

Taking a deep breath, Tyler bowed his head deeper. “Anything.” The girl in the tutorial was blonde and sweet and very pretty.

Tyler rummaged through the shelves. While the pretty blonde did take her time, he still couldn’t keep up with the instructions she gave. The glass cabinet was loaded with cosmetics. There was so much stuff. And he had to figure out what was what.

As instructed, he applied primer first. The foundation came next. It was a touch too pale for his skin tone. Tyler didn’t care. His heart was thumping. And his legs were trembling.

The light above the mirror was flickering. The bulb evidently needed changing.

He applied the concealer with a stiff brush that felt surprisingly soft on his skin. When he was halfway done, he froze, catching a glimpse of himself in the mirror. His skin was glowing. Emitting a

shaky sigh, he kept watching the video. It had some six thousand upvotes on Youtube. It was the first one he'd found. He hoped the upvotes had come from women.

A new brush. A new container. Then, as he was about to apply the bronzer to his face, he realized how blonde he'd just been. And quickly put the bronzer away. He paused the tutorial, swiped right, and stared at the reference picture he'd found earlier.

“Definitely no bronze,” he mumbled to himself. “Oh, for frick’s sake!”

He didn’t skimp on the blush. And, despite the humiliation he was about to put himself through, he couldn’t help but feel a bit of pride in his spontaneous decision. He had made the right call. The blush caused his cheeks to gleam pink - almost red - and that was precisely the look he was going for. There was a resemblance now. There was hope.

The pretty blonde in the tutorial giggled. She’d just dropped her brush and took advantage of the situation to flash her cleavage. Her breasts were small and perky. That momentary pause - which probably contributed to a fair share of the six thousand upvotes - let Tyler catch up. Fumbling for the pencil, he found it just in time. Together, they shaped and filled their eyebrows. Tyler was generous with the pencil. And, again, he made the right call.

His eyebrows, thick and black and curved now, reminded him of something else that was also thick and black and curved. The thought made him shudder. And whimper.

The eye shadow proved problematic. There were at least six different containers and none of them seemed to elaborate on what color they contained. With the help of some toilet paper, he tried each round box and sighed with relief upon finding one that was purple. He had made a mess, probably a costly mess, but Holly despised him anyway.

The purple eyeshadow coupled with eyeliner and mascara made his eyes pop. They looked huge. Round and pretty and very colorful. Blushing beneath his blush, he kept going. Wielding a powder brush, he dusted his forehead, cheeks, chin, and nose. The tutorial ended, the pretty blonde waved goodbye. But there was still one thing left to do.

The assortment of lipsticks stacked in a neat row in the cabinet took his breath away. A dozen, maybe more. These, admittedly, did state the color of the product. The problem was: he'd never heard of them. Another sheet of toilet paper. Another test. He picked a reddish shade, the one called Cherry Wet. Gingerly applied it to his lips. And widened his eyes.

In the mirror, wearing a pink hair holder topped with a fluffy ribbon, stood a girl. With purple eyeshadow and rosy cheeks and plump lips painted dark pink. With icy blue eyes that popped beneath thick eyebrows shaped in a gentle arch. Tyler looked like a girl.

He huffed, tracing his jawline. His skin felt sticky. The makeup felt heavy. The smell in the air was sharp and feminine and brought to mind factories crafting chemicals.

Shutting his eyes, he took a deep breath and rubbed the bridge of his nose. He needed to calm down. His heart was still thumping, his legs trembling, and his temples throbbing.

“Right,” he mumbled and turned toward the washing machine. Between a few bottles of laundry detergent, placed carefully on the edge so as to not mess it up, lay a wig. It mimicked long platinum blonde hair tied in a French braid. At the back of it, pinned to the top of the plait, was an icy blue snowflake embellished with dozens of smaller snowflakes.

Taking a deep breath, Tyler carefully lifted the wig off the white surface. Then, facing the mirror, he placed it on his head like a crown. He spent five minutes adjusting it.

The process of packing the makeup away proved even more troublesome than it had been to apply it. He couldn't remember where everything had been. Giving up, he placed the containers back on the shelf in random order and put away the used brushes. Holly was going to see the mess he'd made anyway. He knew that. That wasn't important right now.

It was a problem for another time. Twirling, Tyler eyed himself in the mirror.

The blue bodice embellished with large crystals clamped down on his waist. The cape, transparent and icy blue and decorated with snowflakes, reached the small of his back. The dress, crystalline blue and adorned with a thigh-high slit, felt glued to his figure and flared at the hips. The little thong, so soft when it had slid up his legs, chafed his butthole.

Tyler pouted his lips, and the dark pink pillows immediately drew his attention. He spun on the spot and eyed his backside. His buttocks appeared larger in the taut dress. The tip of the French braid lay at the top of his buttcrack. And, as he performed another pirouette and asked himself why he'd gone through the trouble of putting on a thong, he realized he wasn't quite sure. The silky fabric squeezed his nub into his balls and hugged his junk in a tight embrace. It almost felt good. Well, if it hadn't been so emasculating. The panties were a velvety prison, pressing his cock

back, keeping it at bay. And the back, the little string of satiny fabric had been swallowed by his asscheeks and now smooched his sphincter.

Tyler groaned. It sounded more like a moan. Sliding his feet into the kitten heels, he realized with horror that they seemed to fit. He hadn't planned on wearing them. Holly would've forgiven him for not wearing those. But they fit. And looked good. He swore.

He decided he'd bring them downstairs. For good measure. He wouldn't, of course, put them on until he'd reached the first floor. Walking down the stairs in kitten heels meant certain death. He bent over, gasped as his panties flattened his balls and the string strained against his butthole, and plucked them from the floor. They displayed ribbons. Princess ribbons.

"All right," whispered Tyler in the mirror. "They're making you wear this. You're only obeying to keep your wife safe. That doesn't make you gay. This isn't gay at all."

Flushing with color, he placed the heels by the sink. Wrinkling his nose, he lifted up what at first glance resembled a pink strip of rubber. Then, turning on the sink, he stretched out its rubbery mouth and held it beneath the water. The balloon swiftly began to expand.

“This isn’t gay,” he repeated, forced to arch his back in order to bend over. He tied up the first balloon and filled another. They were pink. And he’d let them grow large.

“I’m only protecting my wife,” he kept mumbling, starting the dreary process of stuffing his cleavage, the only loose part of the beautiful dress.

Then, after some ten minutes of minor adjustment that made him scowl and swear and deeply sympathize with all living females, he straightened up.

The water balloons wobbled on his chest. They were big and plump and drooping. Tyler bit his lip and grabbed them. They jiggled in his palms. He took a deep breath.

Omar would like him now. Of that, Tyler was absolutely certain. Well, unless Omar despised the movie Frozen.

Chapter Ten

As he entered the living room, Omar and Holly roared with laughter.

He'd made his way downstairs before slipping on his kitten heels. They'd proved almost impossible to walk in. On his way through the kitchen, he'd nearly stumbled twice. Now, staggering into the living room, he wished he hadn't put them on at all.

Holly had a camera in her lap, a Kodak Pixpro Astro Zoom he'd bought her for their anniversary three years ago. She was laughing so hard it shook.

Tyler blushed, swallowed the lump in his throat, hid beneath the unruly lock of platinum blonde hair that had fallen over his eye, and swayed toward the TV.

"Oh my god," said Holly, clicking the camera on. Omar was shaking his head and rubbing the bridge of his nose. The smile on his lips oozed amusement.

"Oh, that's perfect," continued his wife, struggling to choke her laughter. Tears glistened in her eyes. "If only I had known you'd make such a perfect Disney princess."

"Little Elsa," snorted Omar, "with a butt like a peach. Give us a spin, white boy."

“Get it over with,” huffed Tyler.

Omar grinned, shrugged, and stood. As he unbuckled his belt, Tyler blushed and Holly widened her eyes. All her attention was drawn to him - as if the act of unzipping his pants somehow hypnotized her - and she gasped as he yanked his trousers down.

The black cock sprang free and smacked against his thigh with a meaty thump. Unable to help himself, Tyler dared a quick glance at Holly. And felt his stomach churn.

She was staring at the dick with the eyes of an addict. Forgetting Tyler, the camera, and seemingly everything else. Her lips parted in surprise. She ogled it shamelessly.

Omar noticed... and reveled in the attention. “See something you like?”

Holly covered her lips with her fingers. “That’s the biggest cock I’ve ever seen.”

Omar chuckled, embracing Tyler in the crook of his bulky arm and pulling him close. The sheer force of it almost made Tyler stumble, and he put a hand on the chest of his neighbor for

balance. The taut string between his buttocks stretched, flattening his balls.

“Well, go on,” said Omar, angling Tyler toward Holly. “Take as many as you like.”

His wife finally snapped out of her trance. “Uhm, all right, sure. Pull up his skirt!”

Tyler narrowed his eyes. “W-what? No! I agreed to dress up, I didn’t agree-”

Grabbing the hem of his dress, Omar tugged it up in one fluid motion. Tyler squealed and tried to push it back down. He was too late. Holly’s hysterical laughter revealed that.

“Oh, shit,” Omar raised the blue flap higher. “Yo, I am so sorry, thick cheeks! I had no idea you had a peanut for a cock! Now I know why your white ass is always so sour!”

Tyler howled, desperately trying to cover himself up. The flash of the lens briefly stole his attention and gave Omar the opportunity to yank his panties down.

Holly broke down. Like a car whose engine has run dry of fuel. She fell over, dropped the camera on the sofa, pointed at them, and started convulsing with laughter.

Tyler let out a long-drawn-out whine, the kind of sound that better fit a ten-year-old girl whose father had just grounded her. Tears welled up in his eyes, fogging his sight.

“Oh, yeah,” drawled Omar, cocking forward his hips. “Look at those beasts.”

Gasping, Tyler veered his gaze toward his crotch. Omar was squishing his cock, that fat black adder, against his own white nub. The latter retracted like the head of a tortoise withdrawing into its shell. Squealing, Tyler weakly tried to push the black man away.

Holly had found her feet. Another flash revealed that she'd snapped another picture. Her hysterical laughter prevented her from keeping the camera still, and she must've snapped at least another dozen before she quit. Her eyes were enormous.

“It’s like an elephant rubbing up against a squirrel,” she said, and there was a hint of actual awe in her voice. “It’s not even comparable. Holy shit, Tyler! Your dick is tiny!”

“That little wee wee knows its place,” mocked Omar. “Look at it retreat!”

“And look at those balls,” gasped Holly, squatting and leaning closer. “You look like a child trying to measure balls with a bull. Oh, you’ve lost, honey. He’s so fucking big.”

She bit her lip, studying both cocks side by side. Tyler was boiling. He’d long given up trying to shove Omar off, and now had no choice but to stand still and sob while Omar ground his black dick to and fro and up and down against his own white shrimp.

Holly grinned at Omar. “Oh my god. I had no idea! Like, I knew you were big, but-”

“-you didn’t think I was hung like a horse?” Omar grinned again, and the arrogance on his face made Tyler wanna thump him in the jaw. “Heard you were a horse girl once.”

“I can handle a stallion,” she replied with a smile, moaning at the two cocks.

“Oh, frick,” whimpered Tyler, widening his eyes. The black cock was swelling.

“And you’re still flaccid,” Holly slapped her hands to her lips. “My hubby never really... gets hard. His little wee wee just... stays soft, and... leaks out its load.”

Omar snorted. “Yo, Elsa, that true? Can’t even get hard for your wife?”

Tyler made no comment. The black cock had grown considerably. It’d gone from flaccid to what he could only imagine was semi-hard, and was now pressing into his balls. The sheer strength of it caused Tyler to fear that Omar might actually lift him off his feet.

“Right,” said Holly, focusing again on her camera. “Time to bend over, princess!”

If Tyler had planned to obey, there was no time to do so. Before he realized what was happening, Omar had wrapped an arm around

his waist and hoisted him around. A hand on the nape of his neck bent him forward. Another started to lift his skirt.

“Pull your panties back on,” said Holly. “I wanna see that cute butt in a thong!”

He obeyed. While the string hadn't left his ass, his cock and balls were hanging out. And it wasn't as if he was going to dispute covering them up.

Omar folded the hem of his dress on the small of his back. Then took a step back, no doubt to get out of the way of the camera. Behind him, Tyler heard Holly shuffle closer.

“Arch that back, hubby,” she mumbled. “Stick that booty out!”

Tyler cringed, swore, and did as told. Lifting his chest, he formed a curve with his back. The kitten heels helped; they were easier to stand on in this position. As he stood there, scowling at the fireplace, nothing happened. A few seconds passed. He looked over his shoulder. “There we go,” said Holly, grinning, and the flash lit up. “Oh, that's beautiful!”

Glowering at his wife, Tyler straightened up. Well, not completely. The angle of his feet, enforced by the kitten heels, naturally arched

his spine and popped out his butt. Without a word, he wiped tears from his cheeks. Omar snorted and headed for the couch.

“There,” he sneered, shoving his skirt back down. “You have your pictures now.”

“Oh, you bet,” she replied, standing up. “Now it’s time for your apology.”

He paled. “W-what do you mean? Y-you said you wanted pictures!”

“Ahuh,” she agreed, heading for the couch, her attention glued to the Kodak Pixpro. “I said I wanted pictures. Now I have them. And if you don’t want your mom to see them - oh, I am sure she’d absolutely adore these - I think it’s about time you apologize. Sincerely.”

Omar sat first. Holly slumped by his side. As Tyler stared at them, the busty blonde eased closer to the black man - whose cock was still out and resting lazily on his thigh.

He spun on the spot, almost stumbling. “F-fine! F-fine! I’m sorry! I am so sorry!” Holly and Omar looked at each other, snorted, and veered their eyes back at him. “Uhm, you’re not supposed to

apologize to me,” said Holly. Her pale fingers, thin and elegant, settled on Omar’s thigh. “You’re going to apologize to him, honey.”

Omar smirked, the girth of his cock twitching. “Listen to your wife, white boy.”

Tyler could barely breathe. “B-but you were angry at him! I d-don’t understand!”

Holly shrugged. “Well, honey. I need to sleep. If you’re not going to stop Omar - which, let’s be honest, I doubt you even could if you wanted to - then you’ll have to beg him to quit.”

He didn’t budge. “W-we can talk about this, honey! J-just send Omar home!”

“Oh, I can’t tell Omar to do anything,” she snapped, hoisting up the camera again. “He’s not the kind of man you can order around. You should know that by now, sweetie.”

Tyler flushed with color. “W-What are you doing? P-put that down!”

“Do you think your mom will show your dad? Or will she just delete them and pretend she never saw them? Do you think I should send the pictures to both their phones?”

Emitting a shaky sigh, Tyler approached on quivering legs.
“W-what do you want?”

Holly looked up from the camera, smiling mischievously. “Oh, you have no idea.”

The catchy beat thumped with a steady rhythm.

“I can’t do this,” mumbled Tyler. “Please don’t make do this.”

“You gon’ show me how sorry you are,” said Omar, spreading his legs.

“Don’t you want him to stop bullying us, honey?” Holly cocked a haughty eyebrow. “What else are you going to do? Beat him up? We both know that’s not going to happen.”

“I’mma whoop your hubby’s ass if he doesn’t start shaking that booty soon.” Omar rested his elbows on the back of the sofa like a king. “What’s it gonna be, thick cheeks?”

(Bubble butt, bubble, bubble, bubble butt) (Bubble butt, bubble, bubble, bubble butt)

Tyler hesitated. “Honey! Please!”

“You know what,” Holly faced Omar. “If beating him up in front of me means I no longer have to watch out for dog shit on my lawn, just do it. That’s fine with me.”

Omar nodded. “A’ight.”

“No!” Tyler widened his eyes, took a step back, swayed, and almost lost his balance. “Y-you can’t be serious! Y-you can’t let him beat me up! Y-you’re my wife, Holly!”

“Then twerk on his dick,” she sneered, and now her voice was cold. “I’ve had to start this song three times. You tell me you will dance. Then you don’t dance. I’ve had enough.”

Tyler wanted to cry. His eyes were wet with tears and the lump in his throat grew. He looked at Omar first, whose arrogant smile made him nauseous. Then he looked at Holly and found only

contempt in her eyes. Taking a deep breath, he turned away from them.

(Bubble butt, bubble, bubble, bubble butt) (Bubble butt, bubble, bubble, bubble butt)

The rhythm was in the floor. His heels caught it first. The steady thumping shot through his shoes and up his legs. Blushing like a bride on her wedding night, Tyler began to move. When the room grew loud with laughter, he almost couldn't keep going. Only the consequences of leaving Holly alone with Omar prevented him from tossing his heels and bolting out of the house. Huffing, he placed his hands on his thighs. Sticking out his butt, he started to roll his hips, struggling to follow the beat. It was fast. Like a machine gun.

“Oh, yeah,” drawled Omar. “Back that ass up, white boy! Give it a shake!”

Holly was shaking. “You’re doing great, honey! Twerk that booty!”

Grabbing a handful of his dress, he squeezed the blue fabric so hard his knuckles turned white. The hem of it still lay in folds on top of his back, baring his bum.

(Bubble butt, bubble, bubble, bubble butt)

(Bubble butt, bubble, bubble, bubble butt)

(Turn around, stick it out, show the world you got it!)

He started to shake his rump. By moving his hips to and fro, then up and down. The taut thong kept his balls in place, but he could feel his buttocks start to jiggle. The better he got at sensing the rhythm, the more his ass shook. His wife was howling with laughter.

“I’m s-sorry,” he whimpered, and his voice cracked halfway through the apology. “I’m s-sorry for everything. P-please don’t bully my wife anymore! Please!”

“I don’t know,” said Omar, barely able to restrain his amusement. “My dick ain’t feeling those moves, white boy. You ain’t twerking like a black girl. And shake those titties!”

Tyler parted his lips, blushed, huffed, and staggered sideways. Without straightening up, he placed his hands on the back of his head, puffed out his chest, and shook the balloons.

That was the end of his wife. She almost fell off the couch, shaking so hard she resembled an epileptic having a fit. She was laughing hysterically, crying, and clutching her belly.

(Bubble butt, bubble, bubble, bubble butt) (Bubble butt, bubble, bubble, bubble butt)

His cock was shrinking. He could feel it withdraw. Stifling a sob, he struggled to put his ass toward Omar once more. The kitten heels constantly wanted to push him forward.

And kept shaking his butt, tossing his hips around, making his asscheeks wobble. The doughy pillows quivered in rhythm with the beat, jiggling and clapping together.

“That’s it,” growled Omar, and Tyler glimpsed the black man grabbing his shaft. “Work that booty, thick cheeks. Like you’re out clubbing for cock. Earn your dicking.”

Holly was barely comprehensible through her chortling. “L-look at that butt!”

“I’m sorry,” squealed Tyler, swinging his hips faster and faster, his pale buns rippling with every meaty clap. “I’m sorry for everything! Please don’t fuck my wife, sir!”

The song died. The laughter outlived it. Tyler finally stopped, remaining bent over as he caught his breath. With his wrist, he wiped beads of sweat off his forehead.

Holly, sounding eminently amused, suddenly spoke. “Did you just call him-”

“He did,” cut in Omar, and after exchanging glances, a new fit of laughter broke out. “Looks like your little hubby is finally starting to understand how to talk to me.”

Tyler could barely force out his words. “No! That’s not- I didn’t- That wasn’t- I don’t-” Leaning forward, without releasing his cock, Omar rose a hand and brought it down hard on the bare white butt. Tyler gasped, twitched, swore... and again, blushed furiously.

Omar grinned. “What you gon’ say when I tell you to walk Buckler, white boy?”

Tyler hesitated. His eyes drifted to Holly, who was looking at him and trying her hardest not to laugh. Her eyes kept flicking sideways, toward the black cock. It was growing.

The black man leaned forward. “Yo, do I gotta ring your head in front of your wife?” Slouching his shoulders, Tyler mumbled. “Thank you for letting me walk him, sir.”

“Oh my god.” Holly was pressing a hand to her lips. “This is surreal.”

“Yeah?” Omar snickered. “And what you gon’ do if I call you and tell you to come put on my music in the middle of the night? What you gon’ say then, white boy?”

Tyler was boiling inside. “Thank you for letting me turn on your music, sir.”

Omar nodded, sat back, and wiped a strand of hair behind Holly’s ear. “A’ight.”

“And what you gon’ do,” he continued, a moment later, snatching the busty blonde by the wrist, “if I make your sweet little wife wrap her tiny little hand around my dick?”

Holly froze. She hadn’t expected him to grab her wrist. The way her face twisted into an expression of uncertainty revealed that. Her eyes grew huge.

“No,” said Tyler, dumbstruck. “No, you said you wouldn’t. You said if I-”

“Your hubby sucked my dick in the bathroom,” interjected Omar, directing all his attention toward Holly. “You were in the kitchen with Jennifer. I made him smell my balls, and his scared little white ass did it willingly. I’ve had your hubby gagging on my cock.”

All the amusement faded from her face. “W-what?”

“No,” said Tyler again, taking a step forward. “No, wait! I can explain!”

“He licked my shaft like a little bitch.” Omar flashed the white of his teeth. “Swirled his tongue around my asshole like he was born to suck dick.”

As white as a sheet of paper, Holly turned to look at Tyler. “You’ve... sucked his dick?” Tyler tried to take another step forward. He didn’t place his heel correctly and stumbled. Hit the floor with a thud and landed on his ass. Sat there in his blue princess dress. Silent.

“Yeah, that’s right,” Omar kept pulling on his cock, whose shaft was now thick and tall and throbbing in the palm of his hand. “Gagged like a dumb whore when I shoved it down his throat. Fondled my balls like they were made of glass. Ain’t that right, honeybutt?”

Holly tore her hand free from Omar’s grip. “Get out.”

Tyler expected Omar to get up. He didn’t. He expected Holly to scowl at him. She didn’t. It was him they were staring at. Holly wasn’t talking to Omar.

“W-wait,” said Tyler, widening his eyes and glancing between them.

“If you throw him out,” Holly told Omar, “I will gag on your dick.”

“Y-you can’t be serious!” Tyler tried to rise, fell, tried once more, and fell again. “It’s not as if I was cheating on you! I didn’t blow him for fun! I blew him because-”

“-you love black dick and you couldn’t resist?” Her eyes flashed menacingly. “Well, if the man of the house can fuck black cock, why can’t I? It’s only fair, don’t you think?” “H-honey, this is ridiculous! Y-you hate him! Y-you’ve always complained about him!” “Oh, shush,” said Holly, watching Omar rise and pull up his pants. There wasn’t a trace of warmth left in her voice. “If he keeps talking, throw him in the trash. Headfirst.”

“T-this is my house! I l-live here! You c-can’t just kick me out! I have nowhere to go!” “Trash it is,” grunted Omar, buckling his belt.

“You can come back in when he’s done fucking me,” she sneered, briefly adjusting her scanty cleavage. “But we are done, Tyler, and I want you out. Fucking white boys.” “C’mon, thick cheeks,” said Omar, grabbing Tyler beneath the armpits. “Your wife wants some privacy. Don’t worry. I’mma cool her down real good. Make her reconsider.”

His neighbor lifted him off the floor with ease, and Tyler yelped as he was flung over a shoulder. With his ass in the air, he started to squirm and kick and squeal. Omar would have none of it, wrapping an arm around the back of his thighs to keep him steady.

He refused to give up. “Holly! Don’t! Make him stop! Holly, please! I’m sorry!”

Omar struck him on the ass with a flat hand. Tyler jerked, sobbed, and kept struggling with all his might. The last thing he saw, carried off on Omar’s shoulder, was Holly.

She had a smirk on her lips, an almost evil one, and she was flipping him off.

“Later, white boy,” she called as they entered the hallway. “Time to become a cuckold!” Omar opened the front door, slammed it shut, and strode across the lawn. It was still dark out, the clock perhaps three or four in the morning, and all other lights were out. The strength of the black forearm kept Tyler subdued, and they soon reached the curb.

The thud of a lid that was lifted and let go caused Tyler to freeze. Then, as Omar dropped him into his arms and pointed his head toward the open trash can, he panicked.

“I’ll suck your cock!” he squealed, wriggling and writhing in the strong grip. “I’ll take it deeper this time! I’ll gag on it! I’ll let you fuck me! I’ll let you hump me like a girl!” “A’ight,” said Omar, “but you gon’ have to wait here until I am done with your wife. I’mma try her tits first. Make her squeeze them around my dick. Drill those juicy udders.”

“Then,” he continued, lowering Tyler further and further, “I’mma have her put on more lipstick and kiss my fucking dick up and down like she’s found herself a new husband.” “No!” The stench oozing out of the trash was foul. “Omar, please! I’m begging you!”

“Yeah, well,” Omar shrugged. “Your wife needs some real dick. Sorry, honeybutt.”

Tyler shrieked when he fell. It was high-pitched and made him sound like a girl. Paper and cardboard and plastic containers softened his fall. The smell was repulsive.

He ended up with his legs in the air. No matter how much he kicked, no matter how much those blue kitten heels embellished

with crystals flew back and forth, the cramped trash can refused to fall over. He jerked and sobbed and screamed. Omar simply left him there.

The dress started to slide. Widening his eyes, he immediately ceased kicking. But it was too late. It kept sliding down, baring his ankles and thighs and finally his ass.

A gust of wind tore through the neighborhood. The cold air nipped at his bare bum. Tyler suddenly understood his predicament. And, for the first time in his life, pleaded with God to make sure that Omar would be done banging his wife before the neighbors woke up.

Epilogue

The bulky rottweiler was panting, and his thin black fur shone with sweat beneath the bright sunlight. He shifted slightly, but Tyler didn't bother getting his hopes up. The big dog had been squatting for several minutes already and didn't seem to plan on finishing.

He tried to ignore the moans coming from across the yard. If the wooden fence had still been there, he wouldn't have been able to steal a glance. He desperately wished it had been.

It was impossible to keep his eyes away. They were by the window, the white of her tits squeezed against the glass, while he bumped her from behind. They'd left it open, and he would've heard them anyway; Holly was scratching the glass with her nails.

A car was rolling down the street, a blue Honda. Tyler flushed with color and hid his crotch behind his palms. It slowed, stopped momentarily by the curb, and kept rolling.

It was Amanda, one neighbor he'd just recently become acquainted with. It wasn't really necessary to hide the fact that his penis was pressing into his trousers; the black goth girl who lived a few houses up the street probably couldn't think any less of him anyway.

After all, she'd been the one who tattooed the queen of spades tattoo on Holly some six months back. Put it right on her buttock. A private place, which wouldn't have bothered Tyler that much if his wife hadn't also picked up a white queen of spades tank top on Amazon. Holly screamed, pounding her fist against the glass. He looked at them. She was gritting her teeth, slammed forward with each thrust. Her face was red and twisted in a grimace that implied both pleasure and pain. He'd never been able to make her pull a face like that.

Her hand flew up. It took her several seconds to press it to the window. It was thrown back and forth each time Omar thrust against her butt. Tyler blushed at the middle-finger.

Buckler left the last of his gift in the grass, quite audibly, and almost yanked Tyler off his feet as he started toward the window. Tyler whimpered, stumbling along.

He wasn't allowed in the house until they were done. Which meant he'd have to wait on the porch. He sat down, begged Buckler to sit, and buried his hands in his face.

The last time he'd tried to deliver Buckler too early, Omar had lifted him off his feet, pulled his pants down, and slapped his ass until - as Holly put it - he had bawled like a baby.

Buckler was taking his time.

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh seemed to last forever. Pressing his hands to his ears, Tyler occupied his mind with the events that took place yesterday.

Jennifer had come over, crying and screaming and waving her arms. Something about Omar not paying enough attention to her.

She'd outright ignored Tyler. Strode right past him as he stood there on the lawn, waiting for Buckler to finish his business.

Omar had opened the door calmly. Taken her inside. Fucked her so hard she'd probably be better off in a wheelchair. And sent her staggering home half an hour later.

She'd seemed content. Ambling toward her car with a bright smile on her face.

Behind him, the door slid open. Tyler snapped out of his thoughts, scrambling to his feet. The sight that met him in the doorway took his breath away.

Holly was naked, and from between her legs - seeping down both her thighs - trickled a clear liquid. Her eyes were glossy, her lips bright pink, and her belly more swollen than ever. "C'mon, boy," she said, patting her hip. Buckler sprang up and bolted past Tyler. If he hadn't let go of the leash, he'd have been torn off his feet.

Wouldn't have been the first time. With the exception of taking black cock, that seemed to be Holly's favorite hobby these days.

"Hi, cucky," she continued, wiping a strand of matted hair behind her ear. "How is living with mom and dad? Actually, I should be

asking: how is mooching off mom and dad?” Tyler bit his lip. Her drooping melons were bare and only a few feet away. They’d actually managed to grow, no doubt due to the pregnancy, and now they left him speechless.

She flicked her fingers in his face. “Oi! White boy! I am talking to you!”

He flinched, looked up, saw those baby blue eyes, and averted his gaze. “It’s n-not going so well, Holly. They’re a-asking a lot of questions about you and I don’t know what to say.”

She snorted. “Tell them what happened; I don’t care. Tell them I had enough of your little wee wee. And your sucking black dick in bathrooms. Tell them I’m a blacked bitch.”

She grinned, almost proudly, and turned to greet Omar with the eyes of a puppy. He came up behind her, big and bulky and wet with sweat. His black hands found her belly.

Omar pulled her close, and she wrapped her arms around the back of his neck, flaunting those taunting breasts. “Yo, are you short on cash, white boy? Want a fiver?”

Tyler lowered his eyes to the floor. “W-what do you want me to do?”

“Come upstairs,” said Omar, “and clean the toilet. What are you blushing for, honeybutt? I ain’t gon’ make you clean my ass. That’s her job. She’s good with her tongue.”

Tyler felt like his face had caught fire. “F-fine.”

“Nuuh,” drawled Holly. “That’s not how you talk to him.”

He took a deep breath. “Y-yes, sir. I’d like to clean your toilet.”

They both cracked up. Omar grunted, released Holly and her swollen belly, and left her with a slap on the butt. The busty blonde jumped, parted her lips dramatically, and turned.

Tyler grabbed her by the wrist. “Please. Can’t we just talk? For a little bit?”

“Oh, no,” she said, and her voice was dripping with venom. “Nothing you could possibly have to say is anywhere near as interesting as his asshole.”

“They’re kicking me out,” wheezed Tyler, stepping closer. “If I can’t find a job before the end of the week, they’re going to kick me out. I’ll have nowhere to go!”

“Suck cocks,” said Holly, patting him far too hard on the cheek. “You’re apparently very good at that, honey. I am sure you can find a glory hole somewhere.”

He refused to let her go when she tried to pull loose. “You’re never in the house, Holly. I could sleep on the couch. I’m the one keeping your lawn clean anyway. Please.”

“If you don’t let me go,” she said, smiling brightly, “I will ask Omar to beat you up. And I don’t just mean slap you. I mean to stomp on your head. So it pops like a grape.”

He released her with a whimper. “Holly, please! I don’t know what I am supposed to do!” She rolled her eyes, groaned, and flipped him off. “I have a black ass to lick. Which means I don’t really care. I honestly don’t really care. Go pick up after Buckler, honey.”

She slammed the door shut in his face. And, before long, she was moaning again.

The End