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Summary: With her husband's business failing and the entire Pritchett family suffering for it, Gloria finds herself driven from the stressful, argument-fueled walls of her home. Heading to a bar results in her meeting a Chico, a man willing and very able to help both her and her family out… for a price.

Tags: OCxGloria, Cheating, Coercion, Mind Break, Oral, Facial, Cumshots, Creampie

Discord Link: https://discord.gg/xdEby3qHMH

At Home With Jay …

Closing the front door behind him, Jay Pritchett took four steps into his house and slowed to a halt. A look of pure confusion clung to his face as he frowned and panned his eyes around in search of his wife, but soon realised there was nothing to be found. None of the usual lights were on, he couldn't smell dinner and there was something tickling at the very back of his mind but he just couldn't figure out what.

The sudden sound of feet thumping down the stairs pulled his attention like a hawk but it quickly turned out to only be his stepson. The kid was wrapped up inside some colourful poncho and draped with various coloured beads to the point it almost hurt Jay to look at him as he spoke.

"Hey uhhh, say Manny. You wouldn't happen to know where Gloria is, would you?"

With his face glued to some flashcards, it took Manny a moment to look up and see Jay standing there, and even longer for him to realise he was being spoken to.

"What, Mom? Yeah, she said she was, um…" His face scrunched up in obvious thought before he suddenly snapped his fingers and the look of constipation cleared from his face. "Oh yeah, she said she was going out! Girls night?"

Jay's confusion cleared as he remembered.

"Ahhhh, riiiight, girls night…"

He ooh'd and aah'd in a show of remembrance only to hesitate as Manny returned to looking at his notes and stumbled, almost tripping and ending up face-first against the floor. Jay rolled his eyes but helped steady the kid, then furrowed his brow.

"Girls night?" He muttered. "Which girls is Gloria going to see?"

"Man, I don't know, Jay." Manny sighed, pushing the wide brim of his hat out of his face to see where he was going as he walked past. "Maybe that's something for the husband to know?"

Jay waved him off with an irritated flick of his hand, then shrugged as he turned towards the TV.

"Ah well. I'm sure I'll hear all about it later anyways."

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Meanwhile, with Gloria…

The final buckle of her coat gave way and it fell with a flutter to the floor.

"Mmm… *wow*."

Shame and anger mixed together in equal measures as Gloria watched through narrow eyes as Chico finished and took a step back, his lustful stare lighting up as he examined her from head to toe with admiration. "Wow wow WOW! Look at *you*." He grinned.

Gloria scoffed impatiently. "What, what ees it? Never seen a woman before?"

Chico didn't immediately answer, far too engrossed in the image of sheer beauty standing before him as he chuckled.

"Never one like you."

He meant it too. The moment her coat had come off she'd seen how his interest surged at the sight of her caramel-coloured figure wrapped up in a full black, lacey, long-sleeved body stocking. The kind that hugged her hourglass figure as tight as it could from neck to ankle while a pair of simple, solid black lingerie served as the only thing protecting her privates from any prying eyes.

Large gold hoops hung from her earlobes and a curtain of lightly applied make-up left her almond-shaped eyes looking smokey and seductive, even as she tipped her chin up to look down her nose at him haughtily.

"Let's just gait thees over with quickly." She sniffed, her Latina accent already thick with emotion as she planted a hand on her nearly naked hip and cocked it.

Gloria stood before him proudly, utterly unashamed by her barely dressed state as Chico chuckled in genuine amusement at her attitude. The throaty sound made her stomach do a flip but Gloria refused to let him see any weakness, making sure to keep her posture stiff and her expression unamused as he finally stepped forwards and reached out to drape his hands around her waist.

It was a stark reminder of just how big a man Chico was as he looked down at where Gloria's head barely reached his chin, smile looking smug as she had to crane her neck to continue glaring while he fingered the fine lace surrounding her body.

"You look good." He complimented.

Her eyes narrowed into slits as she lowered her voice.

"I look like ay *whore*."

"You look *hot*." He corrected, carrying on fearlessly in the face of her simmering rage as Gloria's upper lip twitched in displeasure while he idly began tracing patterns on the bare skin of her sides through the sheer mesh. "I *love* the outfit."

His heated rumble sent shivers down her spine, putting Gloria on edge as she fought to control her breathing and stop the expansive curve of her breasts from brushing against his well-muscled torsi, pointedly ignoring his touch as she scoffed and poked a finger into his chest.

Hard.

"You told me to wear thees, thees *thing!*" She spat, her ire swiftly growing and even more so at the soft sound of amusement coming from his laugh.

"And I can see I was right to pick it," He smirked. Tired of simply plucking strings he spread his fingers out and wrapped them around her waist.

Gloria only realised just how big they were when she felt him almost encircle her middle *entirely*, fingers and thumbs only a hairsbreadth from touching where they were holding onto her wide hips.

"Ay, watch it wise guy." She grouched as he slowly became more handsy, fingers turning rough as they massaged her waist before slowly creeping further.

"Why?"

There was a twinkle in his eye that made her want to smack him, and the only thing that stopped her was the shock of feeling his touch slide around and down her lower back to land on the curve of her bum.

"I'm paying for it… aren't I?"

Gloria's nostrils flared and her tongue poised to spit venom but she wasn't fast enough. Chico's large palms surfed across the surface of her olive-toned booty and without waiting a moment more he slapped his right hand down onto the exposed skin where her underwear couldn't with a sharp **'SMACK'**, the sudden impact jolting her forward a step on her heels to bump into his chest with a hiss as he mauled her.

"*Damn* you've got some cake." He mumbled to himself, fully invested in the tightly toned nature of her badonkadonk as he mauled it hard enough to make her wince before letting go and giving it another painless smack.

Her expression soured, but Chico was too focused on her rear to notice the heated glint in Gloria's eyes as her face suddenly cooled. Swiftly changing her tune, the curvy Latina MILF pressed her palms against his stomach and firmly massaged it as Chico hummed before feeling her slide higher, his cock hardening visibly behind his trousers as she walked those long, dexterous fingers up his middle and over his chest before gently flicking his chin.

"Aye papi, you're *going* to pay for it…" She breathed, a smile full of promise curling her lips as she leaned up and drew him helplessly forward to feel the warmth of her words against his mouth. "Because if I do this and you *don't* keep your word…"

Sculpted arms looped around the back of his neck and Chico dipped forward for what he thought was a kiss, only to suddenly freeze as she tightened her arms so hard he coughed while she got right in his face and snarled.

"*They could have every seengle person in this ceety form a search party and STILL not find your body. Comprendido?*"

Even without being able to understand that last bit, Chico quickly shook his head that he did.

"*Good boy*."

She patted his cheek with a satisfied smirk and went to unloop her arms, only for the ones around her waist to suddenly tighten. A gasp flew from her lips as he roughly dragged her in and crushed her breasts to his chest, but as she went to complain she found herself frozen under his stare.

"So we're done playing then?" She felt his grip tighten. "*Great*."

Gloria barely got the chance to breathe as he suddenly moved aside to let her stumble through the air where he had been and popped up at her side with his girn back in place.

"Then let's get those Puerto Rican booty cheeks moving!"

SMACK!

"AY!"

Her high-pitched yelp broke the air as Gloria jumped forward in response to Chico's palm slamming against her right cheek and hissed at the hot sting it left behind, throwing a petulant glare over her shoulder but nonetheless started walking as she reached a hand back.

"I'm from *Colombia*, asshole! *Chico blanco ignorante*…" She grumbled under her breath while rubbing at the pain in her ass.

SMACK!

"AYEE!"

"Hehehe, less talking more walking!"

His poorly hidden snickers made her glower burn hotter but Gloria knew better than to argue as she trudged on while simultaneously rubbing the second handprint to have been added to her ass, content to continue cussing him out in her native language while Chico followed behind with his eyes glued to her rear. It was thick and it was juicy, bouncing up and down like the world's both softest AND largest heart-shaped peach.

Rolling her eyes at the sensation of him essentially molesting her figure from behind, Gloria focused on the apartment around them as she continued heading deeper. It was oddly reassuring seeing the obscene display of wealth around them, as it helped remind her wounded pride that whatever she took from him he'd barely notice, making it seem less like she was begging and more like…

Like she was being *paid*.

Her pink-painted lips turned downwards at the thought and she huffed.

"Ay don't even know where I'm *going*, cabrón."

"You'll see it," He told her calmly as they headed towards an open doorway. "We're just going to the lounge."

"And where exactly is thees…" Her footsteps slowed as she strode through. "... Lounge?"

The room that opened up around them was *impressive*. Floor-to-ceiling length windows ran the entirety of one wall and as high as they were it felt to Gloria like they could see out over the entire city.

Mesmerised by the beauty spread out before her she barely took notice of the large round pit in the middle of the room full of incredibly soft-looking couches or the fully decked-out open kitchen to the side. Her entire focus was pulled towards the view and as she came face to face with the glass close enough for her breath to steam, for a moment, she was stunned.

Then she felt his breath against the back of her neck.

“Mmm, you even *smell* good.” She heard him murmur, right before Chico wound his arms around her body.

She hadn’t even seen him approach.

Two hands far larger than her husband’s palmed an entire round breast each and made her gasp as she felt them squeeze her through the cups of her bra, pulling her back and pressing Gloria against his chest as he massaged them with a groan. His hips pushed forward and that fleeting feel of something long, hard and thick where it ran along his thigh was the last straw.

As if burned she leapt forward and tore around in a rage to deliver a deafening slap to his left cheek. The hit jerked his head around and now he was the one surprised, something that filled Gloria with vindictive glee as she smiled in a way that made it look more like a snarl as she stabbed a finger against his chest.

“You just theenk you can get away with whatever you want, all because you have a *leetle* bit of money.” She spat disgustedly, still jamming her finger against him as Chico’s face slowly lost its surprise and began turning to stone.

Gloria didn’t care though. She was trying to make a *point*, and the more she jabbed him whilst she spoke, the more his hands curled towards fists.

“Well ay have *news* for YOU-!” The second she raised her voice he struck.

Like a viper Chico ripped around and snagged the scantily dressed woman's wrist and twisted it around until he could pin it against the small of her back as she yelped, leaving her mouth opened wide with shock as she looked at him aghast while he tightened his hold and glared down into her face.

“You know…”

Her back arched in pain and Gloria hissed as her chest was thrust up, the two barely contained mounds of soft flesh wobbling precariously against their silky prison as she snapped her gaze up to clash against his ominous stare.

“For someone who chose to be here…” She used her free hand to thump him in the side. “You’re acting awfully *difficult!*”

Those perfect lips parted with the sound of a wounded jaguar as Gloria struggled but continued to smack him as Chico pushed her backwards.

“Get your filthy feengers off of me you jumped up- GAH!”

Ice-cold glass clashed against her fevered skin and stole the breath from Gloria’s lungs as he pinned her in place. Even with her struggling her hardest she couldn’t pull free and her heart was pounding so hard she thought it might burst right out of her *chest*.

Growing breathless, her other hand lost some of its energy and made it childs play for Chico to grab that one too and thread their fingers together before pinning that too against the glass by her head. There were a few stray strands of hair in her face that she had to blow away to continue glaring at him, face tight with fury as she resisted the urge to shrink away from the towering bulk looming over her.

“Do you want the money?” He rumbled, patience broken as he ignored the monumental heaving of her chest in order to maintain eye contact.

Gloria didn’t respond. Or at least, she didn’t until he slowly began tightening his grip, almost bruising the arm he had pinned behind her back as she made a sound like that of a leaking balloon before reluctantly nodding her head.

“... *Si*.”

“What was that?”

She grunted in pain but repeated herself loudly. “Si!”

“Then you do whatever. I. *Want*.” He grumped, before softening his voice back to something calmer, but not yet satisfied. “Understood?”

Gloria wanted to snap at him that of *course* she did, but under the cool weight of his gaze, some of the fire behind her eyes disappeared.

“Si…” She eventually told him softly.

“... Good.”

The hand holding hers against the glass let go, but the other didn’t. Gloria kept it where he left it though and maintained eye contact even as he brought his fingers to the mesh covering her abdomen, hooked them in and *pulled*.

The fabric tore like paper and a lump formed in her throat as the caramel-coloured plains of her well-toned core caught the light. Chico never broke their stare even as he slipped a hand inside and started sliding it down, leaving goosebumps in its wake as he slipped it over the front of her underwear and firmly cupped her mound.

“I should have taken a firmer hand with you at the start.” He muttered in a way that had her imperceptibly shivering at the gravelly tone in his voice, her skin unwillingly beginning to warm as he rocked his hand back and forth between her legs to rub the thinly defended lips of her pussy. “Latina bitches like you only understand one thing…”

He grinned as a hint of pink entered her cheeks and her crotch, subtly, pushed back.

“Oh yes? And what’s *that*, hah?” She scoffed in his face.

Chico ran the tip of his tongue along the front of his top lip.

“*Passion*.”

Gloria’s breath hitched as something he did sent a jolt through her core but before she could find her balance he was grabbing her, slipping the hand out from between her legs and using it to flip her around as Gloria shouted in surprise. Her front hit the glass with a **‘Bang’** and before she could curse him out he was against her, stifling her anger with the warm, hard press of his body as he reached for the mess covering her chest and she stilled.

RIIIIIIP!

Just like her stomach the threadbare stocking tore apart in his hand and Gloria bit back the curse on her lips as he pushed both hands inside.

“Let’s just see what we’ve got here.” He chuckled.

The tips of those thick fingers wedged themselves between the cups of her bra and her breasts, feeling the wonderfully warm flesh rub against their backs as he looked over her shoulder and licked his lips at the veritable feast he’d uncovered.

“Ohoho, that looks *yummy*.”

Gloria’s face soured as he licked his lips but she couldn’t turn away. The knowledge that she was doing this for her husband, for her family, did little to console the Colombian MILF as she watched her bra being tugged down so that the fronts of her tanned tits could surge forth and over the edge, her darkly coloured areola drawing Chico’s eye as she caught the flash of greed in their reflection and looked away just in time to not watch him run his thumbs along them.

“And these look so pretty~” He teased.

Even though she couldn’t see them Gloria could certainly feel them, his touch causing her to grimace and bite her tongue even as her flesh crinkled and a warm flush developed atop the tops of her breasts. After playing with her nipples for only a moment he pulled back to cup the edges of her breasts and this time Gloria did gasp as he suddenly pushed her forward-

“AY!”

-and made her yelp as they came into contact with the cool glass.

“What’s the matter, Gloria? Getting a little *heated?*” He leered, obviously amused as she jerked and glared at the him in the glass.

“As if I’d feel anything at the hands of some leetle *boy*.” She sniffed.

“Oho, I think you’re feeling *something* alright.”

She was about to snap at him to just say what he meant only for Chico to reveal he didn't need to. The weight against her back eased and she gasped as the cold was suddenly taken off of her nipples and she felt them *tingle*. Looking down revealed her dark pink nubs were fully engorged and throbbing, and Chico eagerly grabbed them between his fingers and pinched even as she squawked indignantly.

"Mmmm, even these just look so fucking *perfect*." He growled, practically salivating as he went to roughly fondle her chest while Gloria squirmed.

"You, MMPH!" She grunted as his groping grew more intense, *ignoring* her anger. "You *know* that was the cold!"

"Do I?" He breathed.

Gloria barely got the comprehend the sudden discomfort from her breasts being released as Chico pulled away and once again she was spun. Her 'clothing' was so thin that the moment her big, round ass pancaked against the icy glass it felt like she wasn't wearing any clothes at all, and a gasp would have torn its way out of her lips if it wasn't for Chico's mouth suddenly crashing suddenly and passionately pressing against them.

A loud, primal moan vibrated his diaphragm and there were so many thoughts whirling around inside her head that when Gloria felt it tickle her lips, she *moaned*. Despite trying to keep them closed Chico's overwhelming hunger slowly started to affect her as he practically attacked her mouth, licking at her lips until her breath shuddered and nipping at her jaw to make Gloria squeak as he nudged at the crease between them with the blunt tip of his tongue. All of this culminated in blinding Gloria to the warmth pulsing through her chest until finally, tentatively… she let them open a *crack*.

The moment he was given an inch Chico took miles, pressing forward at the first sign of weakness and shunting his slippery tongue between her lips and using it to pry them open as she loudly moaned against his teeth. The more their fleshy pink swords danced the more he drew her in until soon the two of them were furiously duelling, faces pressed so close together that it hurt but the pain only made them more *excited*.

The hands Gloria had pressed against his stomach with the intention of pushing him away became *claws* as they tugged at his shirt, untucking it roughly before dragging across the bare flesh of his abs as Chico groaned into her mouth and pressed closer. His hand sought out the doughy curve of her rear and smacked it as Gloria sharply inhaled, pressing her hips forward and hiking up her knee as she wrapped around his hip with her leg and sucked his tongue into her mouth.

Tingles assaulted her core as he roughly scratched the underside of her thigh and she responded by angrily dragging him down with an arm around the neck to furiously nibble at his lips, sinking her teeth into it and *sucking* as he grunted whilst she dragged those heaving tits against his chest.

Her shoulders bumped against the glass as they grew more intense and like lighting, her hand shot out as something rock hard brushed against her leg. Gloria used the hand that

wasn't around his neck to palm it curiously as she dedicated just a hint of her focus to figuring out what it was. Her fingers traced and found it easily as thick as her wrist and almost the length of her *forearm*.

Chico made a long, low sound of approval and in a flash Gloria realised what she was touching, ripping her head back in surprise and almost smashing it against the glass as the two of them stopped and stared, looking into each other's equally red and panting faces as she stammered.

"That… that can't be-"

"It is." He cut her off, running his hand along the back of her leg as Gloria shuddered and bit her lip indecisively before speaking.

It was huge, bigger than any she'd ever seen and when confronted with something she didn't understand, Gloria turned to a more familiar emotion.

Anger.

"You are full of *sheet*." She sneered, still groping at his leg in disbelief until Chico tired of her aggressive glaring and sunk his nails into the bottom half of her ass.

"Then take it out." He bit back, meeting the Latina's' heated glower with one of his own as she scoffed derisively at his words.

"Oh you'd jost *love* that, wouldn't you? Cómo un burro lujurioso como tú terminó con el cerebro de un cerdo asqueroso-"

SMACK!

"AY!" Gloria yelped as he suddenly spanked her butt.

"Take." **SMACK!** "It." **SMACK!** "OUT!"

SMACK!

"Ahn! *Si*~"

They both froze. It had been so quiet that he was almost sure he'd imagined the soft, quiet moan he'd THOUGHT he heard… but then he looked at Gloria.

For the first time that night she refused to meet his eyes while her cheeks rapidly turned scarlet, and one by one Chico began to register how she was positioned. The leg around his waist was higher than when they'd started and her breath was pulsing against his throat in hot and fast little *puffs*.

His face stretched into a grin. "Did you just-?"

“NO!”

Her lips curled furiously even as she brought both hands to his chest and shoved him away! Or at least… she *tried* to.

Without missing a step Chico leaned with her push and pulled her off balance, making her eyes fly wide as she cursed before yelping as he tangled a fist in her hair, making reins out of the luxurious brown waterfall that usually hung around her shoulders and using it to drag her *off* the glass.

Gloria lashed out and tried to steady herself only to realise a moment later that in her shock, she hadn’t looked at what she was grabbing…

Which turned out to be the massive bulge pressed against his leg.

“That eager, huh?” He asked her teasingly.

Words to defend herself refused to come and so she was left with her mouth agape, wordlessly moving like a fish trapped out of water as Chico chuckled and shoved Gloria down onto her heels, ignoring her angry hissing and shaking her head with his hand.

Two brown eyes shot up in silent fury as if trying to turn him to *ash* even as she roughly scrambled at his belt and zipper. Wordlessly undoing the buckle, she pulled them apart and got an eyeful of designer boxers and his *bulge*.

“Ay dios mío…” She breathed.

As if coerced by her whispered disbelief it flexed, pushing impatiently at its cotton prison as she took a trembling hand and reached inside. There she found neatly trimmed hairs along with enough heat to prickle her skin, and as her fingers stretched to surround its base Gloria *gulped*.

“Don’t worry puta…” He murmured smugly. “God’s not watching you here.”

Narrowing her eyes almost into slits she pursed her lips and started pulling, reeling his massive girth out of his pants as she clucked her teeth with a whispered curse.

“You theenk thees *thing* makes you inveencible?”

As she spoke her gaze flicked up and when it did, Chico’s girth escaped, flying upwards in a blur to firmly smack against Gloria’s chin as she gasped and almost fell back onto her perfectly shaped behind. The fiery Latina whipped her gaze around and found herself looking down the barrel of a very big, very long, very *angry* looking cock that was poised as if ready to lunge for her *throat*.

“I think it makes you quiet.” He told her smugly. “And that’s just as good, if not *better*. What’s the matter, Gloria?” He reached for the shaft and stroked it as she squatted before him in disbelief. “Dick got your tongue?”

There was still no reply forthcoming and tiring of it, Chico took matters into his own hands and *cock slapped her*.

PLAP!

“Ey!”

That made her splutter awake.

Cursing him colourfully, Gloria’s expression screwed up in disgust as she tried to pull away only for the hand in her hair to drag her back, forcing her disgruntled expression into the light as he tilted her face skywards and rained down cock slaps all across her eyes, nose and lips.

“What’s the problem?”

PLAP-PLAP-PLAP!

“Can’t *handle* it?”

The leftover shock from earlier was wiped from her features with ever degrading plap and anger swiftly took its place. Gnashing her teeth together Gloria reached for the massive trunk of his meat and grabbed it *hard*.

“Bastardo!” She hissed, needing two hands to wrangle even a portion of his shaft and squeezing as roughly as she could while glaring from so low down.

Instead of the pain she was hoping for though, Chico’s expression showed nothing but approval as he leaned into her touch, pushing the fat, intimidating helmet of his prick towards her lips as she grimaced.

“Mmm, that’s the ticket.” He moaned, thrusting shallowly into her grip as Gloria grit her teeth and realised she wasn’t doing any damage.

Her pride stung, it reared its ugly head and in a show of frustrated snarling, she started working her arms, stacking her hands above one another so that one pinky touched the other’s thumb as she roughly stroked his length, pumping aggressively and staring daggers into its flexing eye even as she tasted its stench on her tongue and realised she’d made a mistake.

Gloria loved Jay. That didn’t mean that once in a while she didn’t crave a nice, fat, youthful cock for herself on those nights her husband just couldn’t keep up. Those were the nights she fantasised, and Gloria refused to acknowledge that this *pig* was ticking every single one of her boxes as she swallowed to clear her suddenly tight throat.

“Mm, fuck yeah, *spit on it!*” **PATOO!** “*Yeeeeaaaahhhh.*”

Gloria didn't even realise what she'd done until she felt the thick coating of saliva slip through her fingers as she smeared it along his length, easing the passing of her curled hands as she stroked harder and found herself positively flying up his length.

In the low light it practically *sparkled*, causing her eyes to dilate as she was drawn in by its beauty like a moth to the flame, until…

"*Mwah~*"

Chico's breath hitched. Quickly his eyes slid shut and his head tilted back in pleasure as Gloria's soft, pillowy lips pressed just beneath his helmet and planted a fat, wet kiss mark against his shaft, painting it an eyecatching pink as she bent his rod towards his stomach and ran her mouth along the underside.

He looked down and saw those giant, juicy tits shaking as she rapidly pumped his length while lapping towards the base and he caught her gaze. Seeing not just anger but *lustful* anger staring back at him, the giant of a man showed no hesitation in reaching down and palming her breasts. Soft flesh filled his palm and Chico felt her moan around a mouthful of his cock, her excited eyes flicking up at him and predicting his next move as she pushed herself up off her heels in a surprise move that madee it even easier for him to finish tearing the front of her body stocking to shreds.

"I want to fuck them." He told her bluntly, surprising Gloria with his no-nonsense tone as she looked up, blinked, then *sneered*.

"Tch. You men are all the same!" She spat.

Reaching up she knocked away his hands but before he could complain, she replaced them with her *own*. Those caramel-coloured mounds filled her hands to overflowing as Gloria leaned forward and sandwiched them around his length, using his dick as the filling in a big titty sandwich as she mashed them together while he groaned.

"All you want to do is drink, laze around and stare at a pretty pair of tits!" She hissed, readjusting her grip until only the head was poking out while the rest was buried within what felt like two mountains' worth of *silk*.

Chico could feel her heartbeat against his length as he lost all restraints and relentlessly began to thrust. He had to lean an arm against the window above her head to keep himself steady as he pumped his hips, the sensation of her soft tits encompassing his slick shaft pushing him to really start fucking them as Gloria's voice lashed at him from beneath.

"Si, si, si!" She cursed, pushing her breasts even harder and crushing him within their heat as she started to pant with every thrust. "Prove to me you're just as much of a *peeg* as ay think you are!"

He grunted and pushed himself harder, slapping his crotch against the curve of her wildly wobbling tits with a hefty '**Thwap-Thwap-Thwap**' as Gloria chewed her lip to cover up a

moan and felt something brush the underside of her chin. She looked down at the bobbing head of his cock and in a moment of thoughtlessness, spat on it.

A thick blob of spit splashed against it before dribbling down his shaft and in between her breasts, soaking her cleavage as Chico moaned and pushed against the back of her head while barking. "*Suck!*"

Gloria couldn't remember if she hesitated. All she knew was that the moment that word left his lips she had a mouthful of cock and it tasted *incredible*. Well-washed with just a hint of that masculine musk, she clamped her lips around him and eagerly sucked him off as the *both* of them moaned.

A sudden sharp thrust almost pushed him into her throat and Gloria spluttered, spilling drool all down her chin and onto the slopes of her chest as he moaned with a smile and kept pushing her head onto his prick.

"That's it, suck me off like the slut I *know* you are!" He grunted, thrusting against her face as Gloria gurgled and slapped his thigh before retightening her arms around her chest.

Chico looked up from the sloppy display of cock worship going on between his legs and tried to admire the view, but barely got to glance towards the skyline. Instead, all his attention dropped onto the crystal clear reflection they were making in the glass. One that showed Gloria's wide, curvaceous rear where she'd parked it on her heels, the flesh not covered by the underwear currently being eaten up between tanned cheeks jiggling sexily as she slurped and tongued his prick.

It would have been a crime to just leave it, so Chico leaned back. Once again steady on his feet he reached for his pocket and pulled out his phone, carefully raising it up so that Gloria wouldn't notice as he snapped a few shots of their reflection. Or, more accurately, his smug grin, her ass and the *back of her head where it covered up his crotch*.

Completely ignorant of what was going on above her, Gloria continued to suck. She ran her tongue around his throbbing tip and licked the slit to make it jerk before wrapping it back up in her tongue and ducking her head down to gobble it up, bobbing her head eagerly as Chico slipped his phone away before threading both hands into her hair.

"Deep breath, puta." He warned.

Gloria had all of half a second to comprehend what he'd said but instead of bracing, she chose to swell up in anger. That turned out to be a mistake as Chico bent his knees and slammed himself forward.

"GLURCH!"

"Ahhhhh~"

He sighed in relief as Gloria gagged and took a moment to simply enjoy the warm, wet, fleshy sleeve of her throat where it was wrapped around his cock. The fluttering walls of her

spasming insides massaged him and when he pulled back, a tsunami of saliva came with, spraying from the corners of Gloria's mouth as she spluttered messily while he carried on uncaringly and began thrusting himself against her lips.

"That's the stuff." He muttered. "That's the fucking STUFF!"

Gloria's eyes bugged out and rolled as he withdrew hard enough to almost knock out her teeth before ramming back in, bulging out her neck and causing more spit to spray from her nostrils as he sawed in and out, utterly uncaring for her sneezing, cough filled struggles as fucked her throat until his balls began to *bubble*.

"Here it comes!"

She didn't hear his mumbled warning, too busy trying to snort down air past the fluids flooding her sinuses as he suddenly pulled on her head with a grunt and slammed her to her knees.

"FUCK!" He tore himself out of her throat and took aim.

She didn't even feel the impact on her knees. If anyone else had been there they would have seen Gloria's glorious, half-naked body trembling, her fat tits swinging with thick strands of syrupy saliva dangling and breaking off of her turgid nipples as tears blurred her vision and her make-up ran in thick black lines from her eyes. She was still coughing and choking as Chico furiously stroked his shaft before gritting his teeth and tensing, multiple shots of thick white cream exploding from the tip as he groaned.

Gloria gasped, flinching back but unable to escape the hand reigning her in as he kept her in place to paint, thoroughly coating her from forehead to chin as she panted and simply knelt on all fours to accept her fate while it splattered against her hair.

Chico stepped forward and Gloria shuddered at the casual ease with which he used the one clean patch of her face to wipe himself clean. "How's that face mask feel, huh cunt?"

He slapped his slimy shaft against her features as she panted for breath, lips swollen and her face still flushed as she pursed her lips and *spat* on his floor.

"Estúpido maldito cerdo…" She whispered hoarsely, shoulders shaking as she reached up to wipe the cum from her eyes so as to deliver the full extent of her fury. "You stupid fucking ASSHOLE!"

Her body exploded into action and it was like no matter how much swinging around her tits did, Gloria just wouldn't stop *hitting* him. They must have looked a sight to anyone who happened to look up as it showed the two of them locked in a deadly struggle.

Him the half-dressed rich kid. Her the unpaid and *furious* about it Latin *hooker*.

Eventually, Chico tired of her wild swinging and simply reached down to throw her up and over his shoulder, leaving her to flail and curse him out thoroughly in both Spanish *and* English as he started walking deeper into his home.

“Do not man handle me you jerk!” She shouted, kicking her bare legs futile as Chico ignored her swinging feet and reached for her rear.

A single harsh **‘SMACK’** stilled her long enough for him to reach up and, despite her protests, tear a new hole at the back of her legs where he could reach through the body stocking and drag her *panties* to the side.

Humid, excited warmth wet his palm as Chico stepped through the door to his bedroom whilst taking a finger and jamming it between Gloria’s legs, piercing into the soaking wet folds of her cunt as she squealed and bucked her hips to try and get away.

“N-no, no, NO!” She cried out, stammering nervously as her voice rose in pitch until she was yelling. “DO NOT TOUCH ME THER*NGH!*”

His other hand kept her pinned against his shoulder and no matter how hard she kicked, she just couldn’t stop him from viciously plunging his thick, burly finger in and out of her gushing cunt, stirring up all kinds of sloppy noises as she grit her teeth and spasmed through the sudden pleasure assaulting her cunt as she *came*.

Chico didn’t even acknowledge her climax as he pulled his fingers free of her suckling warmth and wiped the juices on her underwear, scoring the stark black fabric with white, creamy streaks as he shrugged her from his shoulder and dumped her onto the bed.

“Gah, hah, *brute!*” Gloria snapped.

She was still clearly recovering from the sudden burst of pleasure as Chico fell knees first onto the bed and steadily began crawling towards her. At the sight of his lecherous grin coming toward her, the caramel-coloured MILF’s first instinctive response was to try and quickly crawl away.

What she didn‘t account for was just how excited he’d get from seeing her beautiful figure wiggling away from him. She’d barely made it half a foot before his hand was on her ankle and he was dragging her back down the bed *squealing* into his open arms. As soon as he had those curvy thighs in hand he was pulling them around his head and burying his face in between.

Gloria felt her panties being pulled aside before Chico’s teeth were tearing through the mesh covering up her crotch and his tongue was worming its way into her slit, startling a sharp gasp from her lips before it transformed into a moan as she clutched the hair on his head and ground herself against his lips.

“Si, si, si you perverted *man* whore!” She yelled.

More ragged moans burst from her lips and she threw her head back with a prayer as he added two fingers to the treasure trove of juiciness that was her tunnel and wriggled them about, scratching her inner walls and sending sparks shooting up her spine as she mashed her thighs against his face and crossed her ankles against his back.

Chico felt the full weight of her Colombian passion as she furiously humped his face while squealing as he ate her out to another climax, the slick spray coating the lower half of his face as he licked his lips and pulled back while she slumped.

“Mah, too much,” She gasped as her chest was heaving. “Just… just let me breathe!”

“Mmm…” Chico paused to think about it, putting a hand to his sticky chin and humming as Gloria briefly let her hopes get the better of her… “Nah.” Before having them *dashed*. “Don’t worry though.”

He pressed his fists against the bedding at her sides and crawled to hover over her as Gloria trembled, shying further away into the absurdly expensive mattress as he lowered himself until their chests touched and her lips twitched open as they felt the warm caress of his breath.

“I’ll make sure you love it.”

Her heart lurched in her chest as Gloria heard his smug tone and clenched her jaw as he reached for the back of her knees. The rough touch of his palms left goosebumps along her legs as Chico pushed them up and hooked them onto his shoulders, leaning his body weight forward to bend Gloria’s knees toward her chin as she hissed in discomfort but this time didn’t try to get away.

Even when he rose up and let the full weight of his already fully revived cock slap against her mound, hot dogging the puffy brown lips of her pussy as Gloria grit her teeth and breathed deeply through her nose to steady herself.

“Well?!” She snapped. “What are you waiteeng for?”

“That fiery look in your eyes.” He admitted, breathing heavily himself as the excitement got the better of him and he roughly jammed the oversized head of his prick against her slit. “I want to see what happens to it the first time you spread your legs and let yourself be *fucked*.”

The turgid tip wedged between her lips while Gloria grit her teeth and hissed, pain flashing across her features as his thick cock slipped inside and slowly started to expand her from within as he groaned.

“Ahhhh, now that’s some *tight* fucking pussy.” He seethed, lightly rocking his hips as Gloria stabbed her nails into his bicep and *squeezed* as he shunted deeper. “Man, I hope that ornery old geezer you’re with doesn’t decide he wants some of this anytime soon.” Chico chuckled. “He probably wouldn’t even feel the sides.”

“*Hnn!* Wh-... what?”

It took a moment for Gloria to understand what he was saying. The sting of being stretched out for the first time in years was already leaving its mark as she continued to wince while Chico’s large cock continued to plunder her wet sheath, forging a path one inch at a time as she pursed her lips to hide her whimpers whenever it scraped along the occasional patch of her pussy that made her feel *good*.

“Your husband? *Jay Pritchett?*” He finally caught her attention, getting an accusatory look of shock as she jerked her head up only for it to fall back down with a groan as he laughed and pushed his hips forward, lifting her plump ass clean off the sheets as she quivered before easing the pressure and approaching from a steeper angle. “Yeah, I searched up his name when I got home. I mean *damn* Gloria, it HAS to be the money, right?” He asked, stifling her indignant curses by grinding the head of his dick against the bottom of her tunnel until she saw stars and squeezed him fiercely with her thighs. “Because there’s no *way* you saw that feeble old man and thought *yes*. THAT’S the man to tame this fiery Latina pussy!”

Chico laughed as he mocked her, but every time Gloria went to bite back at him in Jay’s defence, he did something *incredible* with his cock that turned her mind white and sent her slumping back into the pillows, head twisting from side to side in the throes of reluctant pleasure as she reflexively ran her fingers through the long silky curtain of her hair and spread it around her head like a halo.

“A-and you think-*mmm, mierda~*” She stumbled and moaned before rediscovering her words. “And you think that you can? *You* can tame me?” She snorted like she’d heard a good joke.

“*I already have.*”

Those words cut her amusement short and Gloria lifted up her head to tell him just what she thought of that only for the breath to be stolen from her lungs as Chico reared back and *pushed*. With a sudden surge of force over half of his remaining length stabbed forward and Gloria *shrieked* as it went crashing through her pussy, filling her up to the point she almost felt full as he finished kicking his pants off and she felt the fleshy warmth of his balls slap against her ass.

“This curvy little body knows *exactly* who owns it.” Chico grunted, folding her almost *completely* in two as he rose up in a crouch over her pussy and suddenly dropped his hips.

WHAP!

“EY!” Gloria squealed, flailing her hands in his direction and using them to slap at his chest, shoulders and arms even as he dragged his dripping wet schlong out of her pussy before *slamming* it back home.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

The bed shook beneath them in sudden harsh waves as Chico moved his hips at a slow pace before ramming himself home into her gushing quim, the heavy blows sending ripples throughout her rippling brown ass meat as Gloria clutched helplessly at his shirt to try and slow him down further.

“Oh mi maldito dios!” **WHAP!** “Estúpido cerdo blanco!” **WHAP!** “ME ESTÁS PARTIENDO EN DOS!” ***WHAM!***

“I don’t know what you’re fucking saying…” Chico simmered. “But it sounds fucking SEXY!”

He roared and she *screeched* as his rhythm suddenly sped up until he was ruthlessly pounding into her body, sending those big jiggly tits bouncing between her knees where they almost touched her chin as Gloria howled and felt him plundering her gushing wet pussy. Every thrust sent cream spilling over her mound and down between her cheeks where it soaked into the underwear wedged within her caramel-coloured crack until she could feel it start to chafe as her booty cheeks jiggled.

“You stupid white bastard, I said you’re tearing me in TWO!”

Her eyes rolled back as he pushed Gloria up onto her shoulders and hammered away at her pussy until it spasmed and refused to let him go, the warm flooding of her arousal around his cock both soothing and exciting him as Chico grunted.

“I bet that old fart can’t fuck you like *this!*” He seethed, slamming into her as Gloria felt the **‘slap-slap-slap’** of his fat nuts bouncing off her rear while she hoarsely moaned.

“Don’t, HNGH! Don’t you dare talk about my hosband!” She spat as her accent thickened with emotion. “He is twice, no, THREE times the man you will EVER be!”

“Oh yeah?”

His hips sped up and Gloria stiffened, unwillingly clenching her muscles around his rampaging dick as he slapped the curve of her ass and smirked as it made her yelp.

“Then why is his wife here getting mounted and bred like just some random Colombian street bitch!”

He returned to furiously hammering away at Gloria’s upturned pussy as she howled before suddenly clamming up. A long, tanned arm shot above her head and snatched up a pillow before clapping it onto her face as she opened her mouth and *screamed*. He could still hear it, but it was thankfully at least muffled as Chico felt her walls tighten up and milk the load from his balls as he reached his limit and *bust*.

“No, NOT INSIDE!” She snapped, forcing her body up as she tried to fight him off but he was too heavy to be dislodged.

He grabbed her wrists and pinned them down while shaking his hips. “Ungh, ungh, UNGH!” Before grunting and spilling himself deep inside her pussy as Gloria’s glistening body

trembled and jerked, knees sliding off his shoulders as she gripped him with her knees and rolled her eyes back.

"*Noooooooo~*"

He didn't acknowledge her mournful moans.

For a moment as she lay beneath him, trembling in the aftermath of more than a few orgasms of her own, Gloria weakly said thanks as she thought that surely now it would be over…

Oh how wrong she was.

Chico barely let Gloroa catch her breath and use his pillow to wipe the cum from her face before he was dragging her across the room and pinning her against the glass, kicking apart her shaking legs to spread her feet shoulder width apart as she pressed her palms against the window and groaned as he rubbed against her from behind.

"Here we go," He grunted, slotting into her from behind and pushing balls deep as the two of them moaned and he settled his hands on her waist. "God this pussys fucking *wet*."

He didn't waste time in starting up a rhythm and Gloria cursed through her teeth as his fat prick returned to tearing up her insides, scraping across her inner walls on the way to his hips clapping off her arse to make hard enough to make that giant peach shake as he fucked her ragged until unbidden, Gloria's voice began to leak out.

"*Ey, ey, ey, ey, ey, ey-!*" She quietly gasped with every sharp thrust, the tingles in her pussy riling her up until she was shakily pushing back to slam her rump against his crotch and *moaning*. "Ay dios mio~" **SMACK!** "EY!"

Her head whipped back as she whimpered and shuddered at the feel of his rough palm colliding with her ass, stoking the flames of her arousal as she ground her ass back while he chuckled and reached around to fondle her boobs.

"You know, I thought you would have been a little more hesitant considering the entire *city* might be watching."

Chico chuckled, squeezing her fat tits and using them to pull her against his chest while that cushiony ass was crushed against him as she looked up in a daze.

"What?"

"The *city*. The window?" He tried when it didn't seem she was getting it. "All it would take is someone looking up here. A telescope, a camera…" He hinted as the realisation slowly dawned in her eyes. "One picture and you're *fucked*."

Her expression paled as she turned her eyes sharply towards the skyline laid out before them, and her stomach anxiously clenched.

“You *bastardo*, close the blinds!” She snapped, already trying to pull away and do them herself before Chico wrapped her hair around his wrist and bent her over with a shove. “AY!”

“There’s no need for that.” Chico told her smugly.

Gloria tried to whip her head around to ask him what he meant but Chico stopped her with a simple tug against her hair. The makeshift reins snapped taut and Gloria cursed before hissing in pain that quickly mixed into pleasure as he resumed shoving his hips forward.

“No, NO!” She shouted feverishly as his hips smacked into her from behind, refilling the room with the meaty **‘smack-smack-smack’** of her ass against his thighs as she pawed at the glass and resorted to pleading. “Please, do not let them see!” She begged. “The shame, ay could not bear it!”

“You seem to be bearing it perfectly fine to me!” He grunted, sheathing himself into her sweltering depths and fucking her all the harder as Gloria cried through clamped-together teeth.

“Then at least! Slow! Down!” She growled as he pummeled her from behind, shoving her forward with each thrust until he was fucking her flat against the window as Gloria howled.

She came with a gasp and her tits squashed against the window, pancaked enticingly against the cool glass for anyone to see as she angrily felt him dump another load between her legs but say nothing.

They then returned to the bed, with Gloria thrown onto all fours as he mounted her from behind and slammed his hips against her quivering booty cheeks, turning the already reddened flesh an even darker shade as he shagged her fast and rough while laughing as she sank her teeth into the pillow to hide her moans.

“You think that’s going to help you?” He talked to her derisively. “I can already feel this cunt gushing, why not stop pretending?! Come on…” He hooked his hands around her hips and used them like handholds to yank her hips back and pierce into her cunny as far as he could go. “I won’t tell~”

He slapped his hips against her ass and slammed a hand down on her quivering ass as Gloria shook. “Tell me you *love* this dick.” He grunted, slowly sliding himself in and out before quickly regaining speed as he humped away at her behind while she screamed into the pillow.

“*Siiiiii…*”

“What was that?!”

He grabbed her hair and used it to rip her head out of the pillow just as Gloria wound her head back and *screamed*. “*Si* pa**~PI!**”

With that, it was over for her.

They carried on fucking and with every position change she ended up getting more and more used to the feel of his cum. Whether it was inside her, on her face or on her tits, Chico made sure to reward her with the feel of his molten hot load at every turn. Their dirty talk grew with every climax, slowly breaking her down until the breaking rays of morning light caught her eye as Gloria sunk down on his dick with a moan.

She had her arms pinned against the small of her back as she sat between his legs at the foot of his bed with her heels on the ground, offering leverage for her to ease herself up and down his length in a sultry manner as she looked back at him hungrily over her shoulder and rolled her ass in his lap.

“Si, si, si papi~ give it to me~” She moaned. “Dump that nasty thick load inside my tight little coño!”

He grunted and thrust his hips up as she gasped, head tilting back as she purred and wiggled her hips to rub that ass harder against his crotch.

“So waaarm~”

Chico put one hand behind his back and chuckled even as she flexed her insides to pull out the very last of his load, sighing happily as the warm weight of her behind settled in his lap while she panted from the exertion of riding him.

“Baby…” He smirked and gave his hips a jerk that caused her breath to hitch.

“This is just the *start*.”