

A Life in DC

Chapter 13 - Part 1

The rain in Gotham never just fell. It came down in heavy, slanted sheets that turned the docks into a slick black mirror, reflecting the broken sodium lights and the rusted skeletons of old cranes that hadn't moved in years. Water ran in thin rivers between the cracked concrete and collected in shallow pools that smelled like oil and low tide. Vieri parked two blocks away under a flickering streetlamp and walked the rest. His boots splashed through the puddles with every step. The warehouse they had agreed on sat at the end of a dead-end pier, corrugated metal walls streaked with decades of grime, salt, and bird shit. The air was thick with diesel, wet rope, and the briny stink of the bay.

He knew this had to work. If the Queens kept making noise, IA would keep digging. The task force would get shut down. His quiet little life—the brick house in the Heights, the steady paycheck, the ability to stay a ghost in a city that ate people—would burn. He had spent years coasting on the edges of other people's stories. One bad week of headlines and that was over. The rain soaked through the shoulders of his jacket as he reached the side door. He pushed it open. The hinges groaned like they hadn't been oiled since the last century.

They were already inside.

Selina stood near a stack of rotting wooden crates, arms crossed under her full C-cup tits. The black catsuit was zipped only halfway up, leaving the soft inner curves of her breasts on clear display. The leather clung wetly to her long legs and thick thighs, the firm, round ass she worked hard to keep sitting high and tight. Water still beaded on the leather from the walk in, running in slow trails down the curves of her hips. Her dark hair was damp at the ends and stuck lightly to her neck. She looked composed—shoulders back, chin level—but her eyes tracked him the second the door opened. She was waiting for the line. He could feel it in the way she held herself, like a cat that already knew where the mouse was going to run.

Harley bounced on the balls of her feet a few yards away, pigtails swinging with every hop. The red-and-black jester top was cut so low her heavy D-cup tits threatened to spill out completely; every bounce made them jiggle hard and pushed the thin fabric to its limit. Her nipples poked stiffly through the material, clear even in the low light. Short shorts hugged her thick thighs and the generous, rounded curve of her ass so tightly the lower cheeks peeked out when she moved. She grinned the second she saw him, wide and bright and already filthy.

"Daddy!" she called, voice high and bubbling over the rain hammering the corrugated roof. "You actually showed. I told them you would. I already practiced the face I'm gonna make when you

cum down my throat again—eyes rolled, tongue out, the whole dumb slut look. You like that one.”

Ivy leaned against a rusted support beam farther back, one long leg bent, the other straight. The green bodysuit clung like it had been painted on—full, heavy tits straining the material with every slow breath, narrow waist flaring into wide hips and a thick, juicy ass that shifted and jiggled slightly when she pushed off the beam. Living vines curled loosely around her wrists and upper arms, dark green against her skin. Her red hair hung damp and heavy down her back. She watched him with that cool, assessing look, like she was measuring the quality of soil before planting.

“You’re late,” Selina said. Her voice was calm, but there was a thin edge under it. She didn’t move from the crates. “We already had the same argument twice while we waited. I’m not doing a third round of it.”

Harley spun in a little circle, heavy D-cup tits bouncing hard enough that one almost slipped free of the low top. “It wasn’t an argument. It was a discussion about who gets first turn on that thick cock. I vote me. Ivy votes the Green and some sacred dirt ceremony. Selina votes herself because she’s boring and needs to feel special.”

Ivy’s vines twitched once. She stepped away from the beam. Her full, heavy tits swayed under the tight green suit with the movement. “The Green already chose. This meeting is formality. He felt it when he filled me last time—the way the life-force moved through the soil and the roots. He knows what comes next. The two of you are still pretending this is about schedules and police paperwork.”

Selina’s jaw tightened. Her full C-cup tits rose under the half-zipped catsuit as she took a slow breath. The leather creaked across her thick thighs. “We’re not doing the sacred seed speech again. He sent a short, boring note about meeting to talk. So we’re talking. That’s it.”

Vieri closed the door behind him. The rain noise dropped to a steady, heavy drum on the metal roof. Water dripped from a dozen leaks in the ceiling and collected in shallow pools on the cracked concrete floor. The warehouse smelled like old diesel, wet wood, rust, and the faint underlying musk of three women who had been arguing in a closed space for a while. He kept his hands visible and his voice even.

“I’m here to make a deal,” he said. “Simple one.”

Harley clapped her hands once, thick thighs flexing under the short shorts. “Deals are hot. Does the deal include me calling you Daddy the whole time and you still wrecking my throat whenever I want?”

“Harley,” Selina said without looking at her. The single word carried enough warning that Harley only stuck her tongue out and kept bouncing lightly on her toes.

Ivy stepped closer. Her heavy tits swayed again under the green material. The vines on her wrists tightened a fraction. "Speak. The Green is listening."

Vieri looked at each of them in turn—Selina still by the crates with her arms under her full tits, Harley half-dancing in place with her heavy breasts jiggling, Ivy standing with that cool planted-feet posture and her thick ass cocked slightly to one side.

"The task force is under pressure," he said. "Internal Affairs is watching every empty raid and every headline you three generate. If you keep hitting big targets and making the city look at us like a joke, they shut the unit down. My captain loses his job. I lose the ability to stay quiet and keep showing up when you want me. Everybody loses."

He let that sit for a second under the rain noise. Water dripped somewhere behind him in a steady plink-plink rhythm.

"I need you to go quiet for a few weeks. No big scores. No viral videos of you three making the department look useless. No city-wide chaos. Small jobs only if you absolutely have to. In return, the arrangement stays regular. Exclusive to the three of you. You get what you want from me on a schedule that actually works instead of random break-ins and pollen ambushes. No more guessing. No more showing up at my house unannounced unless we agree on it first."

Harley's heavy D-cup tits rose with a sharp breath. The thin top stretched tighter across them. "Exclusive? Like... only us? No more random detectives getting the same dick we've been sharing?"

Selina's eyes narrowed. Her thick thighs pressed together under the wet leather. "He didn't say that."

"I'm saying the three of you," Vieri answered. "That's the deal on the table. You three. Regular access. In exchange for quiet."

Ivy's voice stayed cool and even. "And if we refuse?"

"Then IA stays on the task force. They dig until they find something that sticks. Eventually someone bigger steps in—Batman, federal, another player who doesn't care about your feelings or the Green or who gets to call me Daddy. The decision gets taken out of your hands. Out of mine too. We all lose the arrangement the hard way."

Selina shifted her weight from one boot to the other. The leather of her catsuit creaked across her thick thighs and the firm, round curve of her ass. Rainwater still glistened on the soft inner curves of her full C-cups where the zipper was open. "You're asking us to pull back so the cops look competent for a change."

"I'm asking you to pull back so the cops stop looking for reasons to put all three of you in a hole you can't climb out of," Vieri said. "And so I can keep showing up when you want me without my badge becoming a liability that gets all of us burned."

Harley bounced closer, short shorts riding up her thick thighs until the lower curve of her ass showed clearly. Her heavy tits jiggled with every step. "I can do quiet. Quiet is boring as hell, but if it means more Daddy time and that thick cock on a regular schedule I'm in. As long as I still get to call you Daddy and you still wreck my throat and my cunt whenever I ask nice."

Ivy crossed her arms under her full, heavy tits, pushing them up so the green material stretched tight across the soft weight. The vines on her wrists tightened until they left faint pale marks on her skin. "The Green doesn't pause for police paperwork. If he is what I felt when he spilled inside me, holding back is wasteful. Seed should be planted, not scheduled around Internal Affairs and their little checklists."

Selina stepped forward until she was only a few feet from him. Rainwater still ran in slow trails down the open V of her catsuit and between the soft curves of her full C-cups. The black leather clung to her thick thighs and the firm, round ass that sat high and tight. She looked him straight in the eyes, calm and stubborn and already a little flushed under the damp hair stuck to her neck.

"We'll listen," she said. "But I want something clear before any of us agree."

She didn't blink.

"When this conversation is over, you're going to look at me and tell me I'm your favorite. Out loud. In front of them."

Harley gasped, delighted, heavy D-cup tits rising hard under the thin top. "Oh my god she's actually doing it. I knew it. She's been weird all week—checking her phone, pacing, getting that little crease between her eyebrows every time someone said your name. She's been dying to force this."

Ivy's mouth curved in a thin, sharp smile. The vines on her arms shifted. "Temporary favorites are still temporary. The Green doesn't rank its tools."

Selina didn't look away from Vieri. Her thick thighs pressed together under the leather. "That's the condition. You want us quiet for your task force and your quiet little life? You say it. Clear. No dodging. No 'we'll see.' Out loud, in front of these two, before any of us walk out of here."

The rain kept hammering the corrugated roof in a steady, angry rhythm. Somewhere outside a foghorn groaned across the bay, low and long. Water dripped from the ceiling into the shallow pools on the concrete. Vieri felt the weight of all three of them watching him—Harley already half-turned on and bouncing slightly on her toes, Ivy measuring him, Selina waiting with that calm, stubborn focus that had always been more dangerous than Harley's chaos.

He could give the line right now. It cost nothing and bought the deal clean. Or he could make them work for it and keep the leverage a little longer.

Harley closed the last distance and put both hands flat on his chest. Her heavy D-cup tits pressed against him through the thin red-and-black top, soft and warm and already tight at the nipples. "Come on, Daddy. Say the words so we can stop talking and start fucking. I've been wet since I walked in the door. My shorts are already a mess. Just say she's your favorite so I can get on my knees and show you what a good girl looks like."

Ivy's vines slid a few inches higher on her arms, curling tighter. "The Green is patient. I'm not. Finish the paperwork talk or stop pretending this meeting was ever about anything else."

Selina's full C-cup tits rose and fell once under the open catsuit. She didn't move closer. She just waited, arms still loosely at her sides, thick thighs tight, firm ass still high under the wet leather.

Vieri looked at her for a long second. Rain noise filled the space between them. Then he reached out, hooked two fingers in the open zipper of her catsuit, and tugged it down another few inches so more of the soft inner curves of her full C-cups spilled into view. The leather peeled back. Her dark nipples were already stiff from the cool damp air.

"We'll get to that," he said. "First we finish the deal."

Selina's breath caught. Her thick thighs shifted. The leather creaked across her ass and hips. A faint flush climbed her throat.

Harley laughed, bright and filthy, heavy tits bouncing. "He's already touching her. I win. I'm next. Dibs on the throat."

Ivy's eyes glowed a faint, unnatural green. "Or we stop pretending this is about paperwork and he fills what actually matters. The Green is done waiting."

The argument that had been simmering since the pre-meeting flared again immediately. Harley talked over Ivy about turns and throats and who got marked first. Ivy answered in that cool, cutting voice about seed and life-force and temporary holes. Selina cut them both off with a sharp "Shut up" that echoed off the metal walls. The three of them circled the same jealousy that had already cost them clean jobs and quiet nights—voices rising, bodies shifting, full tits and thick thighs and firm asses moving under wet fabric while the rain kept drumming overhead. Vieri let it run for a few more seconds. The smell of wet leather, diesel, salt air, and the growing musk of three aroused women mixed thick in the damp warehouse air.

Then he decided talking had gone far enough.

He reached out, grabbed a handful of Selina's damp dark hair, and pulled her mouth to his. She made a short surprised sound against his lips, then kissed back hard, teeth grazing, tongue sliding. Her full C-cup tits pressed soft and heavy against his chest. One of his hands slid down the tight wet leather of her catsuit and grabbed a firm, round cheek of her ass, squeezing hard enough that the flesh yielded and rippled under his fingers. He kneaded it, pulled the cheek apart slightly, felt the heat coming off her even through the suit.

Harley whooped, loud and delighted. “Finally! About fucking time!”

Ivy’s vines stirred and curled tighter around her wrists.

Selina broke the kiss just enough to speak against his mouth, voice already lower and rougher. “Say it.”

“After,” Vieri said, and turned her around so her back was flush against his chest. He unzipped the catsuit the rest of the way down past her navel in one long pull. The black leather peeled open. Her full C-cup tits spilled free—soft, heavy, perfect weight, dark nipples already tight and stiff from the cool air and the tension. He cupped both of them from behind, mauling the soft flesh, thumbs dragging slow circles across the nipples, lifting and squeezing until the soft weight overflowed his hands. At the same time he ground the thick, hard bulge in his open pants against the firm curve of her ass, letting her feel every inch of what was coming.

Selina’s head tipped back against his shoulder. A low, broken sound left her throat. Her thick thighs pressed together. “You’re still not saying it.”

“You’ll get it,” he said into her ear, voice flat and certain. “When I’m ready.”

Harley was already peeling her top off. She yanked it over her head and threw it aside. Her heavy D-cup tits bounced free, full and soft, nipples hard and dark. She shoved the short shorts down her thick thighs, bent over to push them off, and gave everyone a clear view of the generous, rounded ass and the already shiny folds between her legs. She kicked the shorts away and stood naked except for the boots, thick thighs pressed together, the sharp scent of her wet cunt rising into the damp air.

“I’m ready whenever you are, Daddy,” she said, voice bright and filthy. “Just say the word and I’ll get on my knees right here.”

Ivy watched for another second, eyes still faintly glowing. Then the vines on her arms loosened. She reached up and peeled the green bodysuit down her shoulders in one smooth motion. Full, heavy tits spilled out, soft and weighty, nipples already tight. She pushed the suit down past her narrow waist, over her wide hips, and the thick, juicy curve of her ass until the material pooled at her boots. She stepped free. The faint green glow under her skin pulsed once, low and steady. She stood naked in the rain-dappled dark, thick thighs slightly parted, the scent of her arousal mixing with Harley’s and the wet leather smell still clinging to Selina.

The rain kept drumming on the metal roof. Water dripped into the pools on the concrete in an uneven rhythm. The warehouse smelled like sex already—wet skin, leather, salt air from the bay, diesel, and the thicker, sharper musk of three women who had been arguing about him for days and were done waiting.

Vieri kept one hand on Selina’s full tits, squeezing and lifting the soft heavy flesh, pinching the stiff nipples just hard enough to make her breath hitch, while the other hand shoved the catsuit down over her thick thighs and the firm, round ass. The leather peeled wetly. She stepped out of

it without being told, boots still on, completely naked now. He spun her back around to face him, grabbed the backs of her thick thighs, and lifted her in one smooth motion. She locked her legs around his waist on instinct, ankles crossing behind his back. The fat head of his cock—already free of his open pants and heavy with blood—rubbed against her soaked folds, sliding through the slick heat and catching on her clit.

Selina's face was flushed, lips parted, eyes half-lidded and already glassy. Her full C-cup tits pressed against his chest. "You're still not—"

He thrust up into her in one long, hard, ruthless stroke.

Her mouth fell open. A raw, broken sound tore out of her throat. Her full C-cup tits bounced hard against his chest. Her thick thighs clenched tight around his hips. The wet heat of her cunt stretched wide around the thick girth, gripping him in tight, fluttering pulses as her body tried to adjust.

"Fuck—" she gasped, voice cracking. "It's still... so fucking thick—every time—I can feel it opening me—"

He planted his boots on the wet concrete, hands gripping the firm cheeks of her ass hard enough to leave red marks, and started fucking her standing. Every upward thrust drove deep and lifted her slightly off his hips; every downward slide of her body made her full C-cup tits sway and slap softly against his chest. The wet, filthy sound of his cock driving into her soaked cunt filled the space between the rain noise—schlick, slap, schlick—loud and raw. Her face twisted with every stroke—eyebrows drawn tight, mouth open, eyes glassy and unfocused, a dark flush spreading from her cheeks down her throat and across the tops of her bouncing tits. Sweat already mixed with the rainwater on her skin.

Harley moved in close, heavy D-cup tits brushing Selina's arm and leaving a warm smear of skin on skin. She watched the thick shaft disappear into Selina's cunt with open hunger. "Does it feel good, kitty? Tell Daddy how full you are. Tell him how that thick cock is stretching you open again."

Selina's voice came out strained and broken between thrusts. "Shut up... and wait your turn. He's... fuck... he's so deep—"

Ivy stepped behind Vieri. One cool hand slid down the center of his back, fingers tracing muscle. A thin vine curled lightly around his thigh, cool and living, not restraining, just present and tasting the air. "The Green is watching," she murmured close to his ear. "Fill her. Let her take what she needs. Then fill me. The soil is ready."

Vieri fucked Selina harder. The slap of wet skin on skin mixed with the steady rain on the roof. Her firm, round ass rippled and jiggled under his hands with every thrust. He lifted one hand and spanked the right cheek hard—a sharp, meaty crack. The flesh bounced and reddened. He spanked the left. Selina moaned louder, cunt clenching tight around him in fluttering pulses.

“Say it,” she demanded again, voice cracking as another deep thrust punched the air from her lungs. “Tell me I’m your favorite. Say it while you’re inside me.”

He leaned in, mouth against her ear, still pounding up into her with steady, powerful strokes. “You’ll hear it when I’m done. Not before.”

Selina’s face crumpled with pleasure and frustration at the same time—eyebrows knitted, mouth open in a silent cry, eyes rolling half-back. Her full C-cup tits bounced harder, slapping against his chest. Her thick thighs shook around his waist. She came suddenly and hard—cunt spasming in tight, rhythmic waves, a gush of wetness coating his cock and balls and running down his thighs, a raw cry tearing from her throat that echoed off the metal walls. He kept fucking her through it, holding her up by the ass, fingers digging into the firm rippling flesh, until her head dropped forward against his shoulder and she was trembling, breath coming in broken pulls, cunt still twitching around him.

He pulled out slowly. She slid down his body on shaky legs, boots unsteady on the wet concrete. Cum she hadn’t taken and her own clear juice already started running down her thick inner thighs in shiny trails. Her full tits rose and fell fast. Her face was wrecked—flushed, lips swollen, eyes glassy.

Harley was on her immediately, dropping to her knees hard enough that her kneecaps hit the concrete with a wet sound. Her heavy D-cup tits swayed and slapped together as she moved. She wrapped both hands around Vieri’s thick, slick cock—fingers not quite meeting—and looked up with bright, filthy hunger.

“My turn,” Harley said, voice high and eager. “I want the taste of her on you while you fuck my throat, Daddy. Every drop.”

She opened wide and took him in.

Harley’s mouth stretched obscenely around the thick shaft. She sank down several inches at once, cheeks hollowing hard, and sucked like she was trying to pull every trace of Selina’s cunt off him. Wet, filthy sounds filled the warehouse under the rain noise—loud slurps, wet glucks, the soft choke of spit building fast. Spit ran down the shaft in shiny rivers and coated her fingers and palms. Her heavy D-cup tits hung heavily and swayed with every bob of her head, nipples stiff and dark. She pushed deeper. The fat head hit the back of her throat. She gagged hard, throat bulging visibly around the girth, eyes watering and tearing at the corners, but she only moaned louder around him and forced herself farther until her nose pressed into his skin.

Vieri’s hand tangled in one of her pigtails and held on, not forcing, just gripping. Harley looked up through teary, hungry eyes, mascara starting to smudge, and took him even deeper. Her throat squeezed and fluttered. Spit poured out the corners of her stretched lips and dripped onto her full heavy tits in long sticky strands that ran down the soft curves and dripped off her nipples.

Selina leaned against a crate a few feet away, still catching her breath, full C-cup tits rising and falling, thick thighs pressed together, the mix of cum and her own juice still running down the

insides of her legs. She watched with a mix of residual heat and clear irritation, one hand braced on the wood.

"You're making a mess," she said, voice still rough from crying out. "Spit's everywhere."

Harley pulled off with a long, filthy string of saliva still connecting her swollen lips to the head of his cock. It stretched, thinned, and finally broke. She stroked him fast with both hands, twisting her wrists, looking up at him while she spoke to Selina.

"That's the point, kitty. I want every drop of you on him while I suck. Makes it better." She licked a broad, flat stripe up the underside from balls to tip, then wrapped her lips around just the head and sucked hard, cheeks hollowing dramatically. "Daddy tastes better with you mixed in. Try it next time instead of complaining."

Ivy moved in from the side. Her full, heavy tits swayed with each step, soft and weighty. A thin vine curled lightly around Vieri's thigh again, cool and living. She reached down, gently but firmly moved Harley's hands aside, and wrapped her own fingers around the thick base of his cock while Harley still licked and kissed the head. Her voice stayed low and steady.

"Enough throat. The Green wants more than spit and showing off."

She turned, planted both hands on a low stack of crates, and pushed her thick, juicy ass back toward him. The cheeks spread open. Her cunt was already shiny and swollen, clearly ready. Vieri stepped in behind her, rubbed the fat, slick head up and down her folds, coating himself in her wetness, then shoved in with one long, hard, relentless thrust.

Ivy's mouth fell open. A deep, almost reverent sound left her throat—half moan, half something closer to prayer. Her full heavy tits hung and swayed under her as he bottomed out, the soft flesh swinging with the force. "Yes... there. Exactly there. The life-force... I feel it moving again. Don't stop."

He grabbed her wide hips, fingers sinking into soft flesh, and started pounding. The wet, heavy slap of his hips against her thick ass filled the space between the rain. Every thrust made her full tits swing forward and slap softly together. Her firm, juicy ass rippled and jiggled under every impact, the flesh bouncing. He lifted one hand and spanked the right cheek hard. The meat of her ass bounced and reddened. He spanked the left just as hard. Red marks bloomed on the pale green-tinged skin.

"Deeper," Ivy said, voice strained but still clear, almost commanding. "Fill me. The Green is ready. Plant it. Give me what only you can give. Don't hold back."

Harley crawled over on her knees, heavy D-cup tits swinging and slapping together with the movement. She reached under Ivy's body and found her clit, rubbing tight, fast circles while Vieri fucked her from behind. "She's talking to her plants again while she gets railed. That's so hot and so fucking weird at the same time. Look at her face."

Selina pushed off the crate and walked over, full C-cup tits bouncing lightly with each step, still shiny with sweat and rain. She grabbed a handful of Ivy's long red hair, pulled her head up and back, and looked her in the eyes while Vieri kept driving into her from behind with steady, powerful strokes.

"You're not the only one here," Selina said, voice low and sharp. "Stop acting like the rest of us are just waiting in line for scraps. We all get him. Not just the Green."

Ivy's face was flushed, eyes half-lidded and glassy, mouth open as she took every thrust. "Then take your place when he's done with me. Until then... don't interrupt."

Vieri fucked her harder. The stack of crates shook and creaked. Wet, filthy sounds of his thick cock driving through her soaked cunt mixed with the rain and the soft rhythmic slap of her heavy tits. Ivy's thick thighs trembled. Her ass rippled under every spank and every thrust. She came suddenly—cunt clamping down hard in tight waves, a full-body shudder that ran from her legs up her spine, a low broken moan tearing from her throat as clear juice ran down her thighs and coated his balls and the concrete. He kept thrusting through it, deep and relentless, until she was shaking and her arms threatened to give out on the crates.

He pulled out slowly. A thick string of her wetness connected the head of his cock to her swollen, fucked-open lips for a second before it broke and dripped onto the concrete. Harley was on him immediately again, mouth open, taking him deep and messy in one greedy motion, tasting Ivy now mixed with Selina and the heavy scent of sex that filled the warehouse. Spit and juices ran down her chin and onto her heavy D-cup tits.

Selina grabbed Harley by one pigtail and pulled her off with a wet pop. "My turn again before she hogs the whole thing."

She dropped to her knees beside Harley on the wet concrete. Both of them leaned in at the same time. Two mouths worked his thick cock together—Selina on one side, Harley on the other, tongues sliding over the shaft and each other, lips stretching wide, spit running down the girth in shiny rivers and dripping onto their full tits. The wet, competitive sounds were loud and filthy under the rain—slurps, soft gags, the soft filthy noise of spit building. Ivy recovered enough to step in behind them, still dripping down her own thick thighs. She placed one cool hand on each of their heads, guiding without forcing, fingers sliding into damp hair.

"Share," Ivy said, voice low and even. "The Green allows it for now. Take what you need."

Harley moaned around the side of his cock, the vibration running down the shaft. "Daddy's so thick I can barely fit my mouth around it with her in the way. Fuck, it's stretching my lips."

Selina pulled back just enough to speak, voice low and rough, breath hot against the wet head. "Cállate y chupa (Shut up and suck). Quiero sentirlo en mi garganta otra vez (I want it in my throat again). No seas codiciosa (Don't be greedy)."

She took him deeper than before, throat bulging around the thick girth, eyes watering and tearing at the corners, full C-cup tits pressed soft and heavy against his thighs. Harley licked and sucked whatever she could reach—his balls, the base, the side of the shaft where Selina's stretched lips left room—tongue messy and eager. Spit and mixed juices ran down both their chins in sticky trails and dripped onto their tits, coating the soft curves and stiff nipples.

Vieri's hands tangled in both sets of hair—Selina's dark damp strands and Harley's pigtails. He let them work for another full minute of wet, gagging, competitive sucking, the warehouse filling with the sounds of it under the steady rain. Then he pulled them both off by the hair at the same time. Spit shone all over their faces, chins, and chests in glossy strands. Their lips were swollen. Their eyes were glassy.

He grabbed Harley under the arms, lifted her easily, and laid her on her back across a wider crate. Her heavy D-cup tits spread and settled under their own weight, nipples still stiff. He hooked her thick thighs over his arms, folded her legs back toward her chest until she was open and exposed, and drove into her in one hard, deep thrust.

Harley's mouth fell open in a raw, loud cry that echoed off the metal walls. Her face twisted hard—eyes rolling back, eyebrows drawn tight, mouth stretched wide. "Fuck—Daddy—it's so deep—I can feel it in my stomach—!"

He pounded her hard. The crate creaked and shifted on the concrete. Her heavy tits bounced wildly with every thrust, almost hitting her own chin, the soft flesh rippling and slapping together. Wet, heavy slap of skin on skin echoed under the rain. He leaned down and sucked one stiff nipple into his mouth while he fucked her, teeth grazing, tongue flicking the peak, switching to the other when he wanted. Harley's hands scrambled for purchase on the edges of the crate, knuckles white. Her thick ass jiggled and rippled every time his hips slammed home against her.

"Harder, Daddy," she begged, voice high and broken and desperate. "Use me. Fuck your little slut until I can't walk. Call me your good girl while you wreck my cunt. Please—I need it—"

Selina climbed onto the crate beside Harley's head, full C-cup tits hanging heavily as she leaned over. She fed one dark nipple into Harley's open mouth. Harley latched on and sucked greedily, moaning around the soft flesh while Vieri kept driving into her. Ivy moved in on the other side of the crate, one cool hand sliding down Selina's bare back to grab a firm cheek of her ass and squeeze hard, fingers sinking into the still-marked flesh.

Vieri fucked Harley through a hard, shaking orgasm that left her thick thighs clamping tight around his arms and a gush of wetness soaking his cock, his balls, and the wood of the crate. Her cry came out muffled around Selina's tit. He didn't stop. He kept the same deep, relentless pace until she was whimpering and twitching under him, heavy tits still bouncing with every thrust, face completely wrecked—eyes glassy and unfocused, mouth open, spit and her own moans mixing with the rain noise.

He pulled out, still hard, cock slick and shiny with her. Selina was already turning on the crate, pushing her firm, round ass back toward him without being told. He shoved into her from behind

in one long stroke while she was still on her hands and knees on the wood. One hand tangled in her dark hair and pulled her head back; the other spanked her ass in time with his thrusts, hard and steady. Her full C-cup tits dragged and swayed under her with every impact, scraping lightly against the crate. The wet, filthy sound of him fucking her again filled the warehouse.

“Dime que soy tu favorita (Tell me I’m your favorite),” she gasped, face turned sideways against the wood, eyes half-rolled. “Dilo mientras me follas (Say it while you fuck me). Quiero oírlo (I want to hear it).”

He spanked her harder. The cheek rippled and reddened under his hand. “You’ll get it when I’m finished. Not before.”

Ivy dropped to her knees between Selina’s spread thighs on the wet concrete and licked where Vieri’s thick cock stretched her open, tongue sliding along the shaft and over Selina’s swollen clit every time he pulled back. Harley crawled over still trembling from her own orgasm, heavy tits swinging, and joined her—two mouths working Selina’s cunt and the base of his cock at the same time while he fucked her. The wet sounds of their tongues mixed with the slap of his hips and the rain.

Selina came hard, cunt locking down in tight spasms, a broken cry tearing from her throat as clear juice squirted around his cock and onto Ivy and Harley’s faces and tongues. Vieri fucked her through it without slowing, then buried himself as deep as her body would take and unloaded his first thick load straight into her. Long, heavy pulses that she felt in her belly. She moaned long and low and wrecked as every spurt filled her, cunt milking him greedily.

He stayed inside her for a few seconds, breathing hard, hands still gripping her hips, then pulled out slowly. Cum poured out of her in a thick creamy mess, running down her thick thighs and dripping onto the two women still licking between her legs. Harley and Ivy both cleaned what they could reach, tongues messy and eager, chasing the mix of his cum and Selina’s juice.

Harley looked up, chin shiny, heavy D-cup tits rising and falling fast. “My turn for a load, Daddy. I want it deep. I earned it.”

Ivy stood, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and turned back to the crates. Her full heavy tits swayed. Cum and juice still ran down her own thighs from earlier. “The Green is still waiting. Fill me next. Properly. No more delaying.”

Vieri stepped behind Ivy again, rubbed the fat, cum-slick head of his cock through the mess already coating her folds, and pushed deep in one smooth thrust. She pushed back to meet him immediately. He fucked her hard and steady, hands gripping her thick, juicy ass and spreading the cheeks wide so he could watch his cock disappear into her over and over. Her full heavy tits swung under her with every thrust, soft flesh rippling. Harley climbed onto the crate in front of Ivy, spread her thick thighs wide, and pulled Ivy’s face between them so Ivy was eating her cunt while getting fucked from behind. The wet sounds of Ivy’s tongue mixed with the slap of Vieri’s hips.

Selina recovered enough to move in behind Vieri, full C-cup tits pressing soft and warm against his back. One hand reached around his hip to cup and squeeze his balls while he pounded Ivy, rolling them gently in her palm.

“Fóllala duro (Fuck her hard),” Selina murmured against his ear, voice still rough. “Llénala (Fill her). Dáselo todo (Give her everything). Then you still owe me the words.”

Ivy came first—cunt spasming hard around him in tight, rhythmic waves, a deep moan muffled against Harley’s wet folds, thick thighs shaking. Vieri kept going until he buried himself to the hilt and dumped his second thick load into her. Long, heavy pulses that she felt deep. She shuddered hard as every spurt pumped inside, vines on her arms tightening for a second before loosening again. Her full heavy tits hung and swayed with the residual tremors, soft flesh still marked from earlier.

He pulled out slowly. Cum ran down Ivy’s thick thighs in heavy white rivers and dripped onto the concrete in thick drops. Harley scrambled off the crate, dropped to her knees immediately, and took his messy cock into her mouth again, cleaning him with long, filthy, greedy sucks while looking up at him with glassy eyes and a shiny chin. Spit and cum ran down her throat and over her fingers.

“One more,” she said when she pulled off, voice completely wrecked and hoarse. “I want the last one, Daddy. In my cunt or on my face. I don’t care. Just give it to me. I’ve been good.”

Selina and Ivy both moved in at the same time. The three of them ended up on their knees in a tight circle in front of him on the wet concrete—full tits of different sizes and shapes pressed close together, mouths open, tongues out, eyes hungry. They took turns sucking, licking, stroking, competing for every thick inch. Selina on the head with tight wet suction, Harley trying to deep-throat whenever she got the chance, Ivy licking long slow stripes along the shaft and balls. Spit and mixed cum from the first two loads ran down their chins and onto their chests in sticky trails, coating soft flesh and stiff nipples. The wet, greedy, competitive sounds filled the warehouse under the steady rain—slurps, soft gags, the filthy noise of three mouths working the same cock.

Vieri’s hands moved between their heads, guiding, holding damp hair, letting them work without forcing. Harley took him deepest, gagging loudly and moaning around the girth, heavy D-cup tits swaying. Selina focused on the head with tight, wet, rhythmic suction and filthy Spanish under her breath between strokes—“Así... chúpalo... quiero sentirlo (Like that... suck it... I want to feel it).” Ivy licked long and slow, almost reverent, vines lightly brushing his thighs and calves as she worked.

He lasted another full minute of the messy, competitive oral before the pressure built too high to hold. He pulled free of Harley’s throat with a wet sound, stroked once with a fist still slick from their mouths, and came hard across all three of them. Thick ropes striped Selina’s full C-cups, painting the soft curves and dark nipples. More landed across Harley’s heavy D-cups and the valley between them. Heavy streaks marked Ivy’s full heavy tits and the green-tinged skin above

them. Additional pulses hit their faces, lips, and tongues. They stayed on their knees through it, mouths open, licking what they could reach from each other's skin and tits, still hungry, still marked, the rain doing nothing to wash any of it away yet.

The warehouse smelled like sex, sweat, thick cum, diesel, and rain. The only sounds left were their heavy breathing and the rain still hammering the metal roof in a steady rhythm. Water dripped from the ceiling into the pools on the concrete.

Vieri stood over them, still half-hard, chest rising and falling, the ache in his thighs and core a deep, satisfied burn. Selina looked up first, cum streaked across her cheeks and the tops of her full C-cup tits, dark hair messy and damp, eyes sharp even through the haze of afterglow.

"Now," she said, voice hoarse. "Say it."