

Lilly stared at the ceiling fan above her bed, quietly listening to the soft snores of her husband beside her, unbeknownst to what she was thinking of.

It was *cruel* in its own way, how her mind worked and twisted situations for the worse, and how she seemed to have absolutely no control over any of it. She should be used to it by now, counting another night of unsatisfied longing, how the several minutes that they spent together felt like seconds.

She had been going through the same routine for quite some while now, and she thought that the new scent of *marriage* would be enough to bring some spark into it. But again, it was just another night of pretending that the quick and efficient pumps he had given her before rolling over were enough for her, that they aren't lacking. Lilly had moaned out loud when his already sloppy thrusts were getting even more sloppy, and tried to scream out his name to convince herself that it felt *okay*.

But, those thrusts were *not* enough, not for a teen with an unlimited libido nor a grandma on her dead bed, they hadn't been fine for years—none of it felt *good* to her. She wishes that it could be enough because it *did* seem like he was trying his best, putting all of his effort into it just to make her finish. And she loved her husband, she really did – he was a kind, responsible, and decent man that had never forgotten an anniversary or a special day. It was a small thing to be unsatisfied about it, though Lilly tries not to think that another *small* thing was what was causing such a tear in their relationship.

He was good, he had a habit of bringing her coffee in bed on Sunday mornings and rubbing her feet when she had a long day, even going as far as to prepare a warm bath for her. That wasn't the problem, not really and not even a little bit, the issue lied in some other aspect of their relationship that seemed ridiculous to bring aloud. But Lilly can't let it slide that he was completely different in the bedroom, treating her like a task to complete or a chore that he should just get over with. It was a bore, and she *did* feel guilt over thinking of him in that way, it wasn't like it was his fault that he just cum too fast and furious for her liking. That he had a whole routine of five minutes of missionary position, a kiss on the forehead, and then he goes on to snoring before she'd even had a chance to feel anything at all.

Lilly thought that she could get over all of it, she really did—because outside of that whole situation, he was actually a decent husband to her.

And it did not help the situation that she had gained weight since they had their wedding, even more than she had when going through one of her cycles. It honestly made her feel horrible in *so* many ways, made her skin crawl at the thought that maybe she was the problem, that she was the cause of the issues.

Thirty whole pounds that settled on Lilly's hips and thighs, her belly had gotten soft and rounded – more a chub had been put on her body. Sometimes, the woman even feels shame when she finds herself fondling her breasts while taking a warm shower, feeling how *heavy* it is. Her husband had never said anything cruel about it, but he never touched those parts of her anymore either, or at least made it a point to touch her less.

She doesn't know if that really is the cause of everything or he had just been someone who was easily satisfied, a few pumps and he could be done with it. But Lilly had caught him looking at other women sometimes—*thinner* women—and something inside her would twist and wither, even if she isn't truly sure if that was his intention. Though, it's not like she could even fully blame him, not when she is *also* having some thoughts of temptation that are rather insulting on his part. It isn't her fault that she just needed more from him, that she needed someone to want *her* in such a desperate manner that it feels almost primal.

She had a fantasy about that once, of someone taking her and ravishing her body like she was just a piece of meat to devour, though maybe that's just the lust talking. She just wanted someone to crave her *deeply*, to make her feel like her body was something to be worshipped endlessly rather than tolerated, like she was oxygen and a man is thirsty. Lilly knows she isn't asking for too much, not when her own libido is begging for her to do something, to actually take action on it. And, that's why and exactly when she started scrolling through the darker corners of the various internet websites, looking for something she couldn't quite name. She craved for something more, and when she got into this type of mindset, nothing else could be able to contain her or even attempt to control her decisions.

It was ironic that she actually found him on a forum specifically made for lonely wives and unsatisfied women, and his username was just simply "Daddy," confident in its simplicity.

Though, the cliché of the chosen name made her skeptical on what he actually offers at first, the several *enticing* photos posted on his profile made her trust it. Their first conversation had been surprisingly innocent enough given the whole purpose of the forum and the content posted there.

Lilly never really expected to spark a connection with the man, she was just looking for some company, even if it meant small talks and such. He had just messaged her about a post she'd made, asking why a woman like her was looking elsewhere, asking slyly about her husband. It made something inside of her tingle with excitement, just the way he worded all of those things and said it with such confidence was otherworldly.

A woman like her, she had assumed at first that he meant someone married, someone completely desperate for any type of companionship. It wasn't wrong for her to believe so, besides, it was possible that a few trolls had made their way to the forum and had fun making fun of others. But his follow-up messages after that had made it clear he meant something else entirely, that she was being far too paranoid. "I know your kind, just the kind of woman who needs to be taken in hand gently," that was the first follow up text that she had sent to her.

And, that alone made her feel rather excited, but the words that came after that was just the cherry on top for her, something *more* thrilling. "Someone who needs to be told what to do by a stronger figure. You're extremely submissive when given the chance, aren't you, sweetheart?" The use of the endearment and long and drawn out message was something that shook her to the core, he was just so forward with his advances, and they had only just started talking. And, it was a chaotic thrill that made her feel energized, she even denied it at first and said that she was not submissive at all and he had gotten it all wrong. That she was a professional woman with a career, she was a wife, someone who made decisions every day, not someone else making it for him.

But late at night, when Mark was sleeping and her hand drifted between her legs, she thought about those words with a heavy weight on them, about someone else being in control, and about her just letting them, sitting back to see exactly what it actually meant.

Daddy was patient and he did not dare to push her on it, or try and brainwash her mind to think otherwise, he only guided her to the needed answer.

But, that did not mean that wasn't also persistent in his advances, because he was there for one thing and thing only — to get control of her. And getting her was exactly what he did, within a week, he had already convinced her to send him a little picture after spending some time talking. It was honestly scandalous at first—just her face, her long blonde hair spilling over her shoulders, her brown eyes looking uncertainly at the camera, as if she couldn't believe she was doing it.

"Beautiful," he'd responded immediately, not allowing the thoughts filled with insecurities to attempt and infiltrate her mind any further. "But you know that I want to see all of you. I want to see what that husband of yours is neglecting, and what *good* things you want to do to you." He just loved getting into her head like that, paying her compliments when she needed it before quickly requesting for more in a subtle manner. And it worked, she was always *so* eager to please, and her hands were even trembling when she took the first *real* photo, the first that counted.

She stood in front of her bathroom mirror wordlessly, her blouse unbuttoned to reveal the lacy black bra beneath, it was her favorite out of all the others. Her cleavage had overflowed the cups, she had always had large breasts and she didn't even realize she outgrew her favorite brassiere. She felt a shameful thrill as she pressed send, her breath catching inside of her throat as she saw that "More," was all he wrote back to her. The photos escalated over the following weeks alarmingly fast, her bra was the first one that came off, then her pants, then everything that she had to offer. She took them in secret, when her husband was either at work or asleep, her body flush with nothing but heat and shame and something that felt dangerously like addiction.

Lilly believed that what she did not know had no way of hurting her, it may be foolish but she thought that her own ignorance could truly be some sort of bliss.

She sent him an array of photos, from her breasts hanging heavy as she leaned forward to a picture of her thick thighs spread open for him. Lilly thought that indulging in an online connection like this would be good for her, it certainly takes her mind off of the issues that they've been having in the marriage.

So, she had no qualms of showing him her pussy glistening with arousal, of showing him exactly what state she is in whenever he gets down and dirty with his words. And, honestly, maybe Lilly should have issues with it, maybe she should have been more cautious and aware of how dangerous all of it is. That almost all of it was *too* good to be true, maybe she should have thought about how impossible it all seemed, how a guy like him would be interested in her.

But the thought that she had never shown anyone this much of herself, not even her own husband, was the exact cause of her demise. And, Daddy truly always wanted more even if she already gave him everything he could ever have in her life, that was just how insatiable he is. It was honestly messing with Lilly's own motivations and way of thinking, she had never thought that *he* would make her more eager to please. He praised her often, yes, and even called her his "good little slut" and his "perfect whore," on some good days, but he also pushed her further.

She knows that she should have doubted it by then, and found a way to get out of the relationship before it escalated into uncharted territories, but she was just *drawn* to him. He made several requests that were borderline on demands, Daddy wanted her in specific positions and even wearing specific things. It was insane, to the point that she knows if she told anyone else about it, they would be looking at her like she was absolutely insane. He even wanted videos and pictures of Lilly holding specific signs

with his name on them, like he wanted to prove that he owned her, every part of her. "Send me a video," he wrote to her one evening, a quiet one that made it easier for her to think. "I want to watch you touch yourself. I want to hear you say my name while you come."

She shouldn't have done *any* of it, it was breaching her privacy in more ways than she could even count with all of her fingers and toes.

She knew the harm and danger it contained, but she continued as she propped her phone against the pillow and slid her hand between her thighs. She was incredibly wet already—she was always aroused when they talked and spent time together—which made it easier for her fingers to slip through her folds while the camera recorded every movement she was making, every little thing for his eyes only.

That night, Lilly came faster than she ever had with her beloved spouse, her orgasm ripping through her body as she moaned out "Daddy" into the empty room. "Good girl," he wrote just after she sent it, replaying the video over and over again for her own entertainment. "Now I need to meet you."

Her heart had raced *so* much when she read the message completely, meeting the man in person was different from what they have right now. It would make it all real, and was the *one* line she had been telling herself she would never cross even if he asked her to cross it for him, and only for him. But Daddy was just insistent on it, he already knew that she had a work trip coming up—a conference in Chicago, a few nights away from partner, away from her life she's trying so hard to piece back up together, as hard as it would take.

And he knows she would be booking a room in a hotel that is just a walk away from the building where the conference is going to take place. "I'm going to meet you there in your hotel, just give me the address and I'll be there" he wrote to Lilly, and it was a straight demand more than anything else. Her breath was caught inside of her throat, she wanted to push back and dent it, but the people pleaser part of her was just begging for more. "Room 412. Friday night at 9 PM, be there Daddy or I'll pick up the phone and call the other ten I have on speed dial." She taunts him even if she feels afraid. But, deep inside, she truly understood her actions, she knew that she should have said no, that she should block him, that she should delete every message and forget that anything ever happened between the two of them.

Instead, she typed more: "I'll be waiting for you." And, she does not dare to think about the smile on her face after sending the text.

Now she was just two days away from boarding that flight for that meeting, and she couldn't stop thinking about what was waiting for her. She'd looked at his pictures countless times—he was older, distinguished, with stunning silver hair and a confident smile that made everything feel okay.

He made her feel things she had forgotten she could feel in her life, it's just a shame that she did not know that those pictures weren't real at all. And by the time she found out, it would be far too late to turn back.

—

The hotel room door had barely clicked shut behind her when the hand came from nowhere, clamping over her mouth with brutal force.

Lilly's scream died in her throat, muffled by rough and calloused skin that smelled like cigarettes and cheap cologne bought from a department store. Her heart exploded in her chest as she kept struggling, even as an arm wrapped around her waist from behind and pulled her closer.

The person was yanking her backward against a solid and heavy body that she did not recognize, that she was about to be familiar with soon enough. This wasn't what she had imagined at all, this was not the distinguished silver-haired man from the photos that she had spent her time fantasizing about. The body pressed against her back was thick and soft, heaving with labored breath, she could even feel the swell of a massive belly against her spine as she was pulled closer.

"Did you think I'd back out on our meeting, sweetheart?" The voice was just absolutely wrong too, from the tone of it to the way it sounds *forced*. It was thick and nasally, not deep like had sounded on the phone, like he was struggling to even breathe while standing up like this. Lilly's eyes went wide as saucers as she tried twisting her head, catching just a glimpse of her attacker in the mirror across the room as she squirmed. The face that looked back at her was nothing like the photos she traced, he was balding severely, just wisps of greasy hair plastered across a sweaty and shining scalp that made her want to gag.

His face was also puffy and red in its own way, his eyes too small for the size of his face, it was like it was buried in multiple folds of flesh somehow. Lilly had felt *odd* about it but she did not know how to fully explain it without coming off as someone *vain* that only looked at a person's looks. But she can't help her thoughts, he was just absolutely repulsive in her eyes and every fiber of her being screamed to run away from him with her bladder clenched tight. Maybe everything would have been better if she was

blind and maybe deaf, if she actually covered her tracks properly and listened to all of those stranger danger lectures when she was younger. Her fingers just curled into useless fists at her sides as she realized that there was nothing she could do about it really, that if she wanted to escape, she should be prepared to go through the lengths.

Lilly felt helpless in *so* many ways, making her blood run cold as she started to shiver at the sight of the man — he was not what she was expecting at all.

She gulped down, feeling her saliva push down her throat as her eyes were shifting around the room, curious—*afraid*, unsure of what was going to happen to her. Deep inside, she knew that it was her fault, that she had trusted *too* much and made the wrong choices - that she was *foolish* to think it could be a dream come true.

"Daddy?" Her voice cracked with disbelief as it was muffled against his palm, she still wanted to find a way out of it even if it all seemed impossible to her. "Are you surprised, baby girl? Did you expect someone prettier to come knocking on your door?" He had laughed as he said that to her. It came out as a wet, ugly sound, as ugly he looks and maybe even uglier—it was a terrible sight for her to see and even more terrible for her to witness.

She tells herself that if she knew he looked like this, she would have never given him a single chance, but she wonders if that really is true? "You should have known better than to trust strangers on the internet, but here you are now, baby. Dressed up so pretty for me." His voice was softer and more gentle now, but the condescending tone of it made it evident to her that he was taking great pleasure in all of it. She started to struggle then with every ounce of strength inside of her body, and her self-preservation had kicked in at last, her entire silhouette thrashing against his grip with desperate yet violent force, Lilly wanted to escape from his grasp *so* badly, and she made sure to.

She was a large woman, strong from years of carrying extra weight, and she threw her elbow backward hard, aiming for his ribs. It connected, but he barely flinched. His grip tightened around her waist, and he laughed again, amused by her defiance. Her heels scraped against the carpet as she tried to dig in, to anchor herself, to stop him from moving her toward the bed.

"No! Let me go! This isn't—I didn't agree to—" Her words tumbled out frantically as she bucked and twisted in his arms. "You lied! You fucking lied about everything!"

"That's the point, honey. That's always been the point." He shoved her forward, and her knees hit the edge of the mattress. The hotel bed was firm and unyielding, and she tumbled onto it face-first, the wind knocked out of her lungs. Before she could scramble away, he was on top of her. The full weight of him crushed her into the mattress. He was so heavy. So impossibly heavy. She couldn't breathe. She couldn't move. Her arms were pinned beneath her, and his knees forced her legs apart as he settled between them.

She started to struggle then. Her self-preservation kicked in at last, her body thrashing against his grip with desperate, violent force. She was a large woman, strong from years of carrying extra weight, and she threw her elbow backward hard, aiming for his ribs. It connected, but he barely flinched. His grip tightened around her waist, and he laughed again, amused by her defiance. Her heels scraped against the carpet as she tried to dig in, to anchor herself, to stop him from moving her toward the bed.

"No! Let me go! This isn't—I didn't agree to—" Her words tumbled out frantically as she bucked and twisted in his arms. "You lied! You fucking lied about everything!"

"That's the point, little one. That's always been the point." He shoved her forward, and her knees hit the edge of the mattress. The hotel bed was firm and unyielding, and she tumbled onto it face-first, the wind knocked out of her lungs. Before she could scramble away, he was on top of her. The full weight of him crushed her into the mattress. He was so heavy. So impossibly heavy. She couldn't breathe. She couldn't move. Her arms were pinned beneath her, and his knees forced her legs apart as he settled between them.

"Get off! Get off me!" Lilly screamed into the comforter, her voice hoarse with panic. She managed to free one arm and clawed backward, her nails raking across whatever skin she could reach. He grunted but didn't stop. His hands found her wrists and wrenched them above her head, pressing them into the mattress with one massive palm. She was trapped. Completely trapped. The reality of it crashed over her like ice water. This man—this stranger—had complete control over her body, and there was nothing she could do.

And then she felt it. The thick, hard length of him pressing against her from behind, already rigid with arousal. Even through his pants, she could tell he was big. Bigger than her husband. Bigger than anyone she'd ever been with. The thought sent a traitorous pulse of heat through her core, and she hated herself for it. She hated that her body was responding to this violation. She hated that she'd spent weeks fantasizing about this moment—about being taken, being used, being dominated—and now that it was happening, she couldn't reconcile the fantasy with the reality.

"Look at you," he growled against her ear, his breath hot and sour. "Fighting me. Pretending you don't want this. We both know better, don't we, slut? You've been begging for it for weeks. Sending me those filthy pictures. Touching yourself to my voice. You wanted Daddy to come claim what's his."

"I changed my mind! I didn't know—you're not—" She was sobbing now, tears soaking into the stiff hotel bedding. "Please, please let me go. I won't tell anyone. I swear I won't—"

"You'll tell everyone what a cheating whore you are?" His hand released her wrists and traveled down her side, roughly palming the curve of her waist, the swell of her hip. "Tell your husband how you spread your legs for a stranger? Go ahead, little one. Tell whoever you want. But you're not leaving this room until I'm done with you."

His weight shifted, and she felt him move lower down her body. She tried to scramble forward, to crawl away across the bed, but his hands clamped around her thighs and dragged her back. The red dress she'd worn—the one he'd specifically requested—had ridden up around her waist, exposing the lingerie beneath. She'd chosen it specially for him: a matching set of black lace, the panties cut high on her thighs, the bra barely containing her heavy breasts. She'd wanted to feel sexy. Wanted to feel desired. Now she just felt exposed.

"Don't—" she started, but the word died in her throat when she felt his face press against her inner thigh. His mouth was wet and hot, his beard stubble scratching roughly against her soft skin. He inhaled deeply, and she felt his chest expand against her legs as he breathed in the scent of her. She was wet. She couldn't help it. Her body was responding even as her mind recoiled, her pussy growing slick with unwanted arousal.

"You smell like you need it," he murmured against her skin. "Your cunt is begging for attention, isn't it? That useless husband of yours never touches you here, does he? Never puts his mouth on you and makes you scream?"

She whimpered, her hands fisting in the bedding. She should keep fighting. She should scream and claw and kick until he let her go. But her muscles were turning to jelly, her protests growing weaker as his mouth moved higher. He nudged her thighs further apart with his shoulders, forcing her open, exposing her completely. The cool air of the hotel room brushed against her heated core, and she shivered.

"Stop," she whispered, but it came out breathless and uncertain. "Please, Daddy, stop..."

"You don't mean that." His breath ghosted over her lace-covered mound, and she felt the vibration of his voice against her most sensitive flesh. "Your body doesn't mean that. And we both know you called me Daddy just now. You remember who's in control here."

His tongue traced the edge of her panties, licking a wet stripe along the lace where it met her thigh. She jumped at the contact, her hips jerking involuntarily. He was so close. His mouth was inches from her pussy, and she could feel the heat of his breath seeping through the thin fabric. No one had ever touched her like this. Her husband had never gone down on her, not once in five years of marriage. She'd forgotten what it felt like to have someone's mouth on her, and now this stranger—this repulsive, lying stranger—was about to remind her.

"I said no," she tried again, gathering the last of her strength. She pushed herself up on her arms, twisting to look at him over her shoulder. "I said I don't want—"

He looked up at her, and his eyes were dark, predatory. He smiled, showing crooked, yellowing teeth. Then he dropped his head, opened his mouth, and closed his teeth around the thin strip of fabric covering her pussy. Lilly's breath caught. She felt the sharp pressure of his teeth against her lace, felt him gather the material between his jaws. She tried to pull away, tried to close her legs, but he held her fast, his hands like vise grips on her thighs.

And then he pulled.

She closed her eyes instinctively as she felt the pull of the motion, not knowing what to expect from his actions as she breathed through her teeth.

The lace tore with a sharp rip that echoed through the room, bouncing off of the walls as it filled up the woman's ears in an almost ringing type of sound. Maybe she was foolish to think that he would not go through with it, but she wanted to believe it so bad that it made her heart beat faster.

Lilly gasped at the sudden exposure of her pussy to the cool air sending a shock through her body, a shiver running down her spine at the sensation overcoming her. She felt like cold water was forcefully poured over her head, the liquid dripping down her body and soaking her completely—every part of her. She tried to clamp her legs shut just to make herself less exposed, but his shoulders were already wedged between them, keeping her spread open and vulnerable.

It was *extremely* overwhelming for her, she wanted all of it to stop and every muscle inside of her body was spasming just to get him to stop, but nothing was working. "No," she whimpered pathetically for him, but the word came out thin and reedy, nothing like the scream she had intended for it to be in the very first place. Maybe she should have thought about it carefully first before just diving into the relationship, maybe there is no one else to blame but herself for it. And, before she could even regain her sanity, his mouth descended on her without warning – making her eyes widen out of surprise.

Lilly felt it before she could even tell what was happening in the first place, her hairs all over her skin were standing up and making her feel even more cold. The first broad stroke of his tongue dragged from her opening to her clit, and her entire body jerked like she had been electrocuted from head to her toes. More sounds escaped her mouth at that, she was on the verge of crying and making everything worse than it already is, her mouth clamped shut as she refused to show weakness. He was just all sloppy about it—no finesse, no gentle buildup—just wet and greedy laps at her folds like she was something to be devoured, a snack for him to savor. She was still struggling against the man, trying to push him away by kicking the plantar parts of her feet, pushing against the force of his strength in hopes that he would give in.

But, his short but full beard had scraped against her inner thighs, rough and scratchy, making her falter as the sensation had traveled through her skin.

His lips made obscene sucking sounds as he pulled her clit into his mouth, wrapping his tongue around the bundle of nerves as it caused the woman to get distracted. "Stop," she breathed out as she realized what he was doing to her, her hands scrabbling uselessly at the bedding for any type of support. "Daddy, please, you have to—"

Another long lick, and her voice broke completely, the pleasure that he was forcibly giving her was just too much for her to even try and bear. Her hips twitched, she was out of control, trying to pull away from his mouth, but his hands clamped tighter on her thighs and held her in place, like she belonged to be there. He buried his face even deeper into her cunt, his nose pressing against her mound and folds while his tongue was pushing slowly inside her entrance.

Lilly was soaking wet, she just knew it with how *hot* it felt down there, she was flooding up her walls with no thought of even stopping any of it. She could hear it—could hear the slick and wet sounds of his mouth working against her aroused flesh, how it had kept pressing into her core. The shame of it burned right through her chest, making it harder for her to breathe and letting the blood travel right

through her cheeks. Her body was just betraying her now, responding to this man she didn't even want in the first place, this stranger who had lied to her with no regret at all.

"Look how hungry this pussy is," he still mumbled against her flesh like it had even mattered, the vibration of his voice was just making her shudder. "Dripping all over my face. Your husband doesn't eat this cunt, does he? He doesn't know what you need." He kept teasing her with those words, making her feel the burn of it. She sobbed into the mattress helplessly, hating him and in turn, hating herself even more, because deep down, she knew that he was right in that way. Her husband had never done this for her, not once, and she now felt sick and tired of having to justify it and reason to herself with an excuse over and over again. And now this repulsive stranger was just giving her something she had been craving for years now, and her traitorous body was loving every second of it against her will.

Maybe it would have been easier for her if she didn't feel *so* guilty about feeling good, if she had nothing to compare it to at the end of it all.

But that was exactly the problem, wasn't it? That she actually had something to compare *all* of this to, and it still was not enough for her to be satisfied. His tongue had found her clit again, and this time he sucked—hard, taking it up a notch more, another step towards the right and most perfect direction.

It overtook the corners of her mind and made her feel restless, the guilt and shame that she felt were spiraling inside of her and mixing into one big whole problem. A spike of pleasure shot through her core and her back arched involuntarily from that, her thighs trembling with the force of many. Lilly tried her best to find it in herself to hold back the urge to curse right there and then, she still wanted to believe that she could just get out of it soon.

And, that is when she could feel an orgasm building up inside of her, both shameful and unwanted given the situation, coiling tight inside of her belly. "No," she gasped out as she realized what was actually happening. "I'm not- I won't— please!" Her breathing suddenly goes unsteady. She was *pleading* at that point, just for the man to have an ounce of mercy on her and what she was going through, to try and convince him to stop it. Daddy laughed harshly against her flesh because he just does not care at all, the sound low and mocking as it vibrated through her loudly and rather surely.

Lilly wanted to hope that a part of him was still good enough to care about what she was feeling and going through, that he was still able to sympathize with her. But no, he just sucked harder than he had ever done in his whole life, flicking his tongue rapidly over her swollen bud over and over again. And, at that point, the woman had felt her resistance crumbling, her hands stopped fighting the bedding and

instead fisted in it, bracing herself for how torturous it all is. She was ready to go through it against all odds, that she knows that she has *no* choice but to try and persevere through such a situation when everything else fails. Her hips began to move now, just slightly, rocking back against his mouth in an instinctual and rather reflexive manner, it was like something else was in control of her body.

"That's it," he growled underneath his breath like it was a craving he finally curbed. "Good little slut. Take what Daddy gives you." The praise escaped his mouth before anything else.

The words should have disgusted her, she knows that, and they did disgust her in some way — made her head spin and her gag reflex spike up suddenly. But the words had also sent a pulse of heat straight to her core, and she felt her pussy clench around nothing, a desperation to be filled showing up like the pathetic woman she is.

He pulled away from her suddenly, and she gasped at the loss of the sensations, of the heat of his mouth that wrapped around her gorgeously erotic entirety. The cool air hit her wet, throbbing flesh, and she found herself arching back like a needy whore, like she was seeking his mouth again, *wanting* it to latch onto her entrance. The realization of what she was doing horrified her but she still could not bring herself to stop under any circumstances, she was just *too* into it to even think straight right now.

"Look at you," he said to her in a condescending tone of voice, his voice rough and hard at the edges as he looked at her with all the attention he could muster. "Presenting yourself for me. Begging with your body even when your mouth says no." Daddy spits out like it was venom, even if it is actually nothing but the truth. She heard him moving even if she didn't look at him head on, heard the rustle of fabric and the metallic clink of a belt buckle, and *knew* exactly what was coming for her next. Lilly knew what was going to happen to her, and she should run, should fight, should do something other than pathetically lie here with her ass in the air and her pussy dripping onto the hotel sheets.

"Please," she whispered, though she wasn't sure what she was asking for anymore, doesn't know what she actually wanted to happen between the two of them. "Daddy, please..." The only thing that she knows is that she is pleading now, with no clear goal of what it is and what she could achieve by even doing it.

"Please what?" His weight settled over her again as he questioned the one thing she doesn't even know, his chest pressing against her back as his heat *spreads*. She felt it then—the thick and hard length of his cock that was sliding between her thighs, coating itself in her wetness and his very own. He was hot and thick and real, and she had never felt anything like it, never even imagined that she would be *feeling* like this for someone as ugly and repulsive as him.

Lilly felt absolutely *disgusted* with herself for even feeling this way, of becoming aroused and wet when the man in front of her is not even someone she was attracted to.

"Please fuck you relentlessly? Please fill this filthy cheating cunt?" He was mocking her at that point, letting the guilt and shame run her mind while he just smirks. Her eyes had widened at that, she was not expecting him to call her out in that way, not when she was still having a hard time wrapping her mind around what she was doing.

"I'm not—" She tried to gather her thoughts once again, tried to remember why this was wrong and how she did not want any of it to happen in the first place. Bits of her sanity were starting to come back at that point, her eyes going blurry as she realized that she was already crossing lines she should not have. "I'm married. I can't do this... We shouldn't— this is wrong-!" Lilly was starting to ramble at that point as word after word spilled out her mouth, she was going insane.

But then, her train of thought was completely cut off as she choked on her saliva, her words dying inside of her throat, even before they even got to come out. He shifted his hips, and that is when she felt the broad head of his cock notch against her entrance, close enough to just be able to press up against it and *feel* it. It was absolutely humiliating for her... how he was able to throw her off on her way of thinking just by pressing his cock against her needy hole. Her pussy fluttered in response, anticipation and dread coiling together as her wetness were already soaking the circumference of the head of his dick.

She wanted *so* badly to stop all of it, to speak up and say that she doesn't want to go through with it... and actually mean it with her entire heart. "What would your husband think?" But then his words were making her feel small, the words were murmured against her ear as his breath tickled her skin. It made her overthink her decision of escaping, if it would actually be worth it in the first place if the man has all of her photos as backup to blackmail her with. "If he saw you now? Wet and desperate for a stranger's cock?" Then, he kept going—taunting the woman and scaring her to the point of no coming back. Lilly wanted to respond but it felt like everything she could say in response would just backfire on her, and she would be left there to be nothing.

"He'd—he'd—" Still, she had to try, trying and failing would be better for her than the thought that she never even tried at all in the very first place.

But before the thought could even form inside of her head, he pushed forward with the force of an eager man trying to keep a woman's mouth shut. Lilly's words dissolved into a long and broken moan as he sank into her rather easily, like she was the one who was welcoming her in with how *wet* she is.

He was thick in every way possible—so much thicker than her husband—and long enough that she could actually feel him pressing against places that had never been touched. Her walls stretched around him, a slight burn mixing with the overwhelming fullness as she felt a new type of pleasure, one that she had never even felt before. "Oh god," she gasped out of surprise at first at the feeling of being stretched like that from inside, like it was slowly ripping her apart.

But, when that shock started to fade away and the *hurt* had mixed with the pleasure of the sting she was feeling, "Oh god, oh god—" She found that she just could not stop herself from reacting anymore, the sounds were just dripping from her mouth like it was meant to. "Feel that?" He bottomed out fully inside her, his hips flush against her ass as their skin pressed together and the body warmth between them had spread. She could feel his balls pressed against her clit, could feel every inch of him buried in her body and it was honestly driving her insane, more than she ever thought it would.

"That's what a real cock feels like. That's what you've been missing." And his *words* were just the cherry on top of it, he was being *mean* and she couldn't push back on it. He held still for a moment as an act of kindness, letting her adjust to the intrusion inside of her, and Lilly felt her resistance draining away bit by bit. Her body had surrendered to him completely, her pussy clenching pathetically around him, and her hips were already making tiny involuntary movements to it. It felt good, she could not help but admit it to herself, better than anything she had ever felt, better than what she even had to give to herself. All those years of unsatisfying sex with her husband, and she had no idea it could feel like this, that she could be as elated and pleased as she is in the moment.

Lilly wanted to *chase* that feeling out of desperation, and that was the exact reason why she never wanted to go through with this entire thing in the first place.

He pulled back slowly and surely, making sure that he was dragging his cock along her walls, making her whimper at the sensation and almost moan out loud. Deep inside, she knew that going through it would make her addicted to the feeling, that it would mean that she could never go back to her husband ever again.

Then he thrust forward again, harder this time, and she cried out—she was not able to contain her sounds anymore, she was making all the noises she could. It all felt *so* wrong but she can't help but

focus on how right it feels for her, how *good* and satisfying all of this is going for her, and maybe she *is* selfish for that. "More," she heard herself whisper without even realizing or making sense of it, "Please, Daddy, more—" then the demands grow louder and bolder, she couldn't just keep it all inside.

Lilly was full on *heaving* at that point, her chest was rising and falling like she was having a panic attack or hyperventilating, the pleasure pushing her closer to the edge. He set a rhythm, one that was both deep and steady with each thrust pressing her further into the mattress, making sure that she stays stuck to it. Daddy was driving himself insane as much as he was driving her mad, he *loved* to see the woman be ruined by his own hands, how she couldn't control herself around him. She was just lost in it, lost in the feeling of being completely filled and completely claimed, the idea of resisting was starting to slip away from her mind at that point.

It was almost like she had a change of heart of some sorts, her mind was becoming cloudy and more unclear as the moments dragged on, soon – she would be *finished*. Her earlier resistance had seemed foolish now. Why had she fought this? Why had she thought she didn't want it? Why when she is acting out like she's *hungry* for him? Her thoughts were clashing and fighting against each other, she did not have one consistent concept of what she wanted, it was all changing in the matter of a few seconds. His weight pressed her down even more, his hips greedily snapping against her ass as the sound echoed, his cock pistoning in and out of her slick channel. Lilly gasped out as he kept *demolishing* her, making sure that he was painting her walls white, relishing in how she tightens around him without meaning to.

The wet sounds of their *fucking* filled the room, it was both obscene and undeniable, the sound of their arousal mixing into one.

But then, on the third thrust, something had shifted within the woman, the pleasure receded just enough for her clarity to seep back in, for her to change her mind. She felt the weight of him—and suddenly, it was too heavy for her, too suffocating for her to even find it enjoyable in the slightest, the reasoning lighting up inside of her brain.

Lilly smelled him—the scent of sweat, stale cologne, and something sour, it made her realize what exactly was going on, made her remember that this wasn't the man she had wanted. It brought her back to the fact that she had been tricked by him, that she was being fucked against her will in a hotel room by a stranger, a stranger that she thought she could *trust*. "No!" She surged beneath him, bucking wildly as the realization sinks inside of her. "Get off! Get off me now!" She was screaming at this point, a blood curdling and irritating noise.

He laughed at her actions, and his hand had pressed harder between her shoulder blades, pinning her down even harder while his hips never stopped moving to distract her with neverending *pleasure*.

"There she is," he grunted with a predator type of hunger, slamming into her with particular force, making her see *stars* in the night. "My good girl. Fighting me again." Daddy smirked as he said that, a twisted sort of pride rushing in.

"I said stop! I mean it—I don't want—" She tried to talk, to tell him what she wanted. "You don't want to want it," he corrected without missing a single beat, but his voice was strained with effort now as he didn't stop.

One more harsh thrust had made the woman gasp out loud once again as he continued talking, "But your cunt says otherwise, little one. Your cunt is squeezing me so tight." It was cruel but her pussy *was* fluttering around him like it didn't want to let her go, but she still thrashed beneath him like it mattered. But, she soon realizes that her struggles only seemed to spur him on even more, and each time she twisted or bucked, he followed her movement. He was staying inside her and keeping her pinned, he wasn't letting her go as long as he was still ready to go, "Good girl," he groaned, fucking her deeper. He flipped her as soon as she stopped fighting against him, and one moment she was face down, fighting against the mattress, and in the next second the room had spun.

The tables were flipped on Lilly in more ways than one and she does not know how exactly she can recover from it or where to even start to get over it.

His hands had a grip around her hips, turning her onto her back while he stayed buried deep inside of her, while she found herself staring meaninglessly up at the ceiling. A hundred thoughts were running through her mind by the second, her hands had tried to hold onto the fabric of the bed's sheets, but she was not strong enough to do so.

Then she looked back at him, the man who was not Daddy but claimed he was, the imposter that slid his way into her life without her even asking him to. She felt nothing but dread at what was happening to her, her heart was racing a million miles by the minute and it was not going to stop until she did something. His pockmarked face loomed above her like a threat, flushed and gleaming with his disgusting sweat, those greasy wisps of hair plastered to his bald head as he smirks.

It is the most terrible thing she had ever seen or witnessed in her entire life, just looking at him in that moment made her want to barf and get away from him. His belly pressed against hers forcefully and it was heavy and suffocating in every way, causing her to grow more and more panicked with what was

going on. Lilly thought that maybe it would be better if she projectile vomited into his face so he could be turned off and get the hell away from her. "No-" she started to regain a bit of control over her body, her hands coming up against his chest and pushing him hard, even scraping her nails against his chest.

The man was a creep enough as it is, maybe barfing all over him wouldn't drive him away, maybe it would even pull him closer even more, knowing how much of a creep he is. "Get off, I said—" She was in the middle of pleading for him to get off when he suddenly silenced her with his mouth, his lips crashing against hers. That was when she knew that there was *no* way she was going to breathe his filthy stench of a mouth inside of hers and welcome it without batting an eye. But he moved in a way that was both brutal and demanding, with his tongue forcing its way past her teeth and wanting to explore more of her. She pushed back and refused to let him in for a few moments, holding her breath not to taste him, but he was persistent — and he had always gotten what he wanted

She tasted him—the taste of stale coffee and something sour lingering inside of his mouth—and she wanted to gag, but she stopped herself to remain her integrity.

And, his kiss was relentless, sloppy, and wet, so what choice did she even have in the manner when it was just forced down her throat at that point? Saliva was smeared across her chin and her cheeks, it was even dripping down the sides of her face as he devoured her mouth like he was consuming her, wanting a taste from her.

She turned her head as she was still insistent and trying to break free, but his hand caught her jaw and held her still while his tongue fucked her mouth relentlessly the way his cock had already fucked her pussy to an inch of its life, he had no sorts of consideration nor mercy at all. So, Lilly bit down on his lips, not hard enough to draw blood but it was hard enough to make him pull back with a grunt and a small sound on his end.

"Feisty," he panted as he tried to catch his breath, before then laughing out loud. He actually laughed, like he was enjoying all of that shit he was pulling. "I like that." He even treats his words as a compliment, like that was the prize for resisting against him—his hips also never stopped moving and that was the worst part. Even as she fought him, even as her hands slapped against his shoulders until his skin was red and pushed against his flabby and thick chest, he kept thrusting into her with no care. They were deep and punishing thrusts that made her whole body jerk with the force of them, it was a miracle that she was still fighting back in that state.

Her walls clenched around him involuntarily, and her body was betraying her as it adapted to his size, his thickness, and the way he stretched her open in ways that her husband never had, it was like her cunt was being molded to service him and only him for the rest of her life. "Stop—it-!" Her words came out broken, interrupted by each thrust as she rushed to catch her breath every hit and blow that she took from him. "Please!" She was sobbing at that point but she refused to give up, she still had the hope that she could still be in the game and get out of it. But his mouth had now moved down, and before she knew it, she felt his nasty lips on her neck, then her collarbone, then it was trailing down lower and lower.

Her head was spinning at that point and every touch had already been registered to her mind, digging deep inside her brain and forcefully being imprinted there.

When he reached her breasts, she gasped out loud as he took one nipple into his mouth and sucked hard, he was putting his everything into it, wanting to *show* her. He wanted to show her everything that he was capable of, and believe him, he was capable of *more* than what he was doing at that exact moment.

His teeth were grazing the sensitive peak of her mounds, and a jolt of electricity shot straight to her core just because of that action.

Lilly wanted nothing but to stop him in what he was doing, but every nerve inside of her body was begging her not to, to keep allowing for it to happen. Her back arched off the mattress from the pleasure—she could not help it—and she hated herself for it, hated that she allowed it to come to this.

And, no matter how much she wanted to make everything right, there was no going back to her old normal life that she used to *despise* so much after what went down. "No, don't—" Still, Lilly tried to plead with him like all the other times, but Daddy was already sucking harder, and pulling her nipple deep into his mouth. She is standing at a dead end after going on a wild goose chase for days and days on end, she *did* this to herself and she knows she has to own up to it. His hand found her other breast, and he squeezed, both rough and possessive in the manner, with his fingers digging into the soft flesh hard enough to leave marks.

Daddy was slowly ripping her apart in ways that she does not even know or expected, pulling her until her seams pop and there is nothing left of her. He rolled her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, tugging and twisting the bundle of nerves and she mewled, an actual mowl, like an animal in heat who is desperate. And maybe after everything that happened, she *is* desperate, a needy little *bitch* who just cannot get enough of what poison he is feeding her. But her hands were still pushing at him

nevertheless, slapping weakly at his shoulders, but the strength was slowly draining from her arms and he could see that. Her willpower was truly something else if she could get out of that as easily as she did, knocking onto the walls of her mind and *begging* her to let it go.

Each thrust was just sending waves of sensation crashing through her, each pull of his mouth on her breast made her pussy clench tighter around his cock.

Her body was on *fire* and every nerve ending was screaming with pleasure she didn't want to feel, she knows how *wrong* it is for her to even indulge this. "That's it," he murmured against her breast with that aggressive sort of possessiveness inside of his voice, his breath hot and damp on her skin as he smirks against the flesh.

Then, he bit down on her nipple in the next second—hard—and she yelped out. "Fight me. Makes the whole experience better for me." He still challenges her after everything. A flame was ignited inside of her chest as she screamed out, "I hate you," she couldn't take it anymore, it was all too much for her to even bear. "I hate you so much—" She whimpered as she repeated it once again, her bones being filled with *so* much anger that it made it hard for her to breathe.

"I know." He switched to her other breast, sucking the neglected nipple into his mouth while his hand continued to abuse the first, still keeping the same pattern. He was pinching, pulling, twisting every inch of flesh he could get a hold of, torturing her senses until she surrendered and succumbed to him. Her breasts were on fire, aching, maybe even radiating, and yet the pain was morphing into something else, something that was *way* darker and more desperate in a way. "But your cunt loves me, and we both *know* it. Feel how wet you are. Feel how tight you're squeezing my cock like it's just *begging* me not to let you go."

The words may be spoken by someone she can't fully trust at that moment, but she knows how true all of it is, she felt it — she couldn't *not* feel it when it's her body. Her pussy was completely soaked, her arousal was coating both of them, making these obscenely embarrassing squelching sounds every time he thrust into her. And she didn't even realize that her hips were moving now—when had they started moving?—rising to meet his thrusts even as her mind screamed at them to stop, to give up. "Please," she begged him even more, though she just wasn't sure what she was begging for anymore. For him to stop? For him to never stop whatever he was doing? "Please, please, please—" She kept going even if she didn't know what she wanted at that point, even if her mind was just split in the middle from all that thinking.

It felt like Lilly was being crushed inside out or like she was not given enough of what she had truly wanted, her body chasing that high that would not end.

"Please what?" He pulled back from her breast as he questioned her, his eyes meeting hers and boring into them like he was begging for an answer. That was when it had truly sunk into her mind that he was nothing like the man he once said he was, he looked nothing like the person he pretended to be.

They were pale, watery, and not the confident silver-grey from the photos that she was looking forward to, and that *really* made her feel all sorts of dizzy. She knew the truth now but it somehow still felt *wrong*, she could not believe that she even let herself get played like this, this was not how she operated back then. This man was a stranger, an ugly and manipulative stranger who had lied to her for all of those hours where they chatted with each other and all of those pictures were sent.

Just thinking about it *disgusted* her to the core, she was not the type to be naive or be tricked like this but she was easily reduced to such a state. And yet, her body was responding to him like he was everything she'd ever wanted, that *being* with him is just something straight out of her fantasy. Lilly didn't know whether to be angry at him or herself for getting stuck in this situation, for being tricked just because she wasn't satisfied with what her husband gave her. "I don't know," she sobbed out throughout the moans. "I just don't know anymore—" She kept repeating words in hopes that they would just make sense.

She was evidently at the end of her wits and it was something that the man had noticed, of course he did, that was his main goal after all, and it had been accomplished. He grinned at that and it was the most terrifying thing she'd ever seen, he was triumphant and possessive, like he owned her now, and no one else would have the chance to. It drove her even *more* insane as she thought it through, realizing just how much trouble she was in at that moment, how there *really* was no turning back. "I do." He started fucking her even harder and faster, his hips slamming against hers with bruising force, wanting to wipe away any trace of thought from her mind. Tears were freely cascading down her cheeks in that moment, she did not find herself to care about anything anymore, she was all spent up from him.

His belly slapped against her soft stomach and his cock had hit something deep inside her that just made a million stars explode behind her eyes.

"You want to come now. I know you *need* to come. And you're going to come on my cock like the desperate little slut you are, going to beg for it without even realizing." He was spewing out all kinds of

words, just waiting for something to stick—*anything* to stick, he wanted to imprint it onto her brain like the sick fuck he is.

"No—" But even as she denied it and tried to stop it, she felt it building inside of her, that familiar tension coiling in her lower belly that is just growing tighter and tighter with each thrust. She even tried to stop it by clenching her walls, but that was a bad idea, as it made her even *tighter* and wet as he grunted in absolute pleasure. Her thighs were trembling as she realized what she did and her breath was coming in short gasps she found that she just couldn't quite control.

Her nails were already digging into his flabby shoulders as her body raced toward something she couldn't stop, and she was *so* close to reaching the end. "That's it," he encouraged her like he always did, with his voice in that usual low and rough type of tone. "Come for Daddy. Show me what a good girl you are." And, she swore that she wouldn't be a *good girl* for him, that she was going to fight against the orgasm—but she came as soon as he said those words. The orgasm ripped through her like a tidal wave, obliterating every thought, every reservation, and every last shred of resistance that she had stored inside of her.

Her pussy clamped down on his cock like a strong *vice*, pulsing and quivering as pleasure consumed her entirely, pulsating through her own *body* until it ringed through her muscles. She heard herself screaming—*actually* screaming—a sound she'd never made with her husband back then, a sound she'd never made alone actually. It was a sound that seemed to come from somewhere primal and broken deep inside her, like it had been dormant and waited for something to activate it soon enough. And then the tears came just when she had least expected it, she sobbed through her orgasm, as her body shook with the force of it while tears streamed down her temples and right into her hair. Lilly was crying from the pleasure of it all and it mixed with the feeling of shame and the betrayal of her own body, she had never once in her life come like this.

~

Never. And the fact that this man—this liar, this predator—had given it to her made it so much worse.

"Good girl," he whispered, still thrusting through her contractions, drawing out every last tremor. "That's my good girl."

She wept, and he kept moving inside her, and she knew nothing would ever be the same again.

He rolled them over before she could catch her breath, his heavy body shifting beneath her, and suddenly she was on top. Straddling him. His cock still buried deep inside her pulsing, oversensitive pussy.

"No—" she gasped, trying to lift herself off, but his hands clamped onto her hips like vises. Thick fingers dug into her soft flesh, anchoring her in place. "I can't—I need—"

"You need to ride me." His voice was calm, commanding. Like he was discussing the weather. "Up and down, little one. Show Daddy what you've got."

She planted her hands on his chest to push herself up, to gain some leverage to escape, but her palms sank into the soft, hairy expanse of his belly. The bathrobe had fallen open completely now, and she could see every flaw—every stretch mark, every fold, the greasy sheen of sweat on his pale skin. This wasn't the man from the photos. This wasn't her silver-haired, distinguished Daddy.

This was a stranger.

"Let go of me," she demanded, her fingers clawing at his hands. She dug her nails into his knuckles, trying to pry those crushing grips loose. "Please, let go—"

He didn't. If anything, he tightened his hold. She felt his fingertips press into the meat of her hips, hard enough to make her gasp. Hard enough that she knew there would be marks. Bruises. Ten little reminders of this moment.

"I said ride." He lifted his hips, driving his cock deeper, and she whimpered despite herself. The angle was different now—everything was different—and he hit something inside her that made her vision blur. "Move."

She tried to resist. She really did. But her body was already responding, her hips making small, involuntary circles despite her protests. The orgasm had unlocked something in her, broken down some wall she'd spent years building, and now she couldn't seem to stop herself.

"That's it." He watched her with those watery, pale eyes, and his lips curled into that triumphant grin again. "Good girl. Now bounce."

She moved. Slowly at first, reluctantly, lifting herself up until only the tip of him remained inside her, then sinking back down. The slide of him against her inner walls made her shudder. He was so thick, so much thicker than Mark, and she could feel every ridge, every vein as she moved.

"Faster."

She shook her head, even as her hips disobeyed her. Even as she started to pick up the pace. "I don't want—"

"Your cunt says otherwise." He thrust up to meet her, and the impact jarred through her entire body. "Feel how wet you are. Feel how hungry this pussy is for me."

She felt it. She couldn't escape it. She was dripping, her arousal coating his cock, his balls, both of their thighs. The obscene sounds of their fucking filled the hotel room—wet, slapping, shameless sounds that seemed to echo off the walls.

"Stop," she whispered, even as she rode him harder. "Please stop—"

"Stop what?" He squeezed her hips, guiding her movements, forcing her down onto him with brutal efficiency. "Stop making you feel good? Stop giving you what that husband of yours never could?"