

A team building exercise, that's what the Don called it. But I knew what this was...punishment. He wanted to punish me, to humiliate me in front of my friends...in front of her. As I took another bite of my funnel cake, the powder sugar spilled over onto my lips, I couldn't help but think about how sweet she was...God, what the hell was wrong with me...even eating a funnel cake in the middle of Six Flags I was still thinking about Kai's sweetness all over my lips.

"Let's get this over with" barks Blade, motioning me over to The Viper, a bright yellow roller coaster reaching speeds of up to 80 miles an hour in less than 2 seconds, and a loop over 80 feet which was sure to drop even the most stoic of stomachs. What the hell happened? I went from dealing arms to the Yakuza to riding roller coasters with a man who either wanted to kill me or fuck me, or hell, maybe both.

"Since clearly you can't handle business, maybe you can handle pleasure, or at least, you can handle staying the hell out of my way"...my Dad's words still ringing in my ears as the worker checked our lap belts to make sure we were as snug as a bug in a rug. A little kid, that's what he saw me as...a little kid at an amusement park. And he would never see me as anything else.

My humiliation swiftly turned to rage as I realized...no one else was in the park...why the hell was a theme park empty on such a gorgeous day. It was 72 degrees with clouds dotting the sky just enough to keep the sun from turning my skin red...though the rage was doing its part to make that happen anyway.

It was then that it dawned on me...this fucker had rented out the whole damn park...all the "workers" were my dad's men...."fuck him" I muttered as a tear traversed down my face...when suddenly I felt a warm hand wipe my cheek...

"Kai?" What the fuck are you doing here? I thought you were with Spider?"

She smirked as she slowly moved her eyes up to mine, meeting my gaze, and as she did, ever so slightly biting her lower lip. For just a moment, I forget my deep shame, and it is replaced with even deeper desire.

"What, and miss this? The mighty Don Jr at a theme park, on a roller coaster, eating a funnel cake" she says as her finger slips from my eyes down to the powdered sugar on my lips which she swiftly scoops from my lips to her mouth, sucking it in in such a deliberate way that i know this crafty little bitch is teasing me.

"Let's be honest" she quips..."Spider might be the best as what he does...though I am still not quite sure what the fuck he does exactly...but the guy is a marshmallow, probably should put your boss Blade on guard duty next time"

That stung...my dad had removed me as underboss and put one of my fucking cappos in charge of me...who knows...maybe my dad just has a humiliation kink on top of being a fucking lunatic...and yet still all I want is for him to respect me.

I glance over at Blade who is in the cart in front of us...Blade...on a fucking roller coaster...Jesus...he hasn't done anything like this sincesince she died...

"I am not going to give you the satisfaction of eye contact you fucking stray, , but I will be having a word with Spider later."

Suddenly the overhead speakers blare out a pre-recorded announcement

"Please keep all arms and legs inside the ride at all times. Make sure any loose items are firmly secured. The ride is about to begin"

Kai laughs..."I need that announcement for my bedroom"

She glances over at me as she grabs my hand. She whispers in my ear so softly I forget the world and just feel her breath...

"Your dad wants to humiliate you by making you go to a theme park while he conducts business, he wants to make you feel like a kid because deep down...he knows you are more of a man than he could ever hope to be...because unlike him...you don't have to buy or force women to be with you...no...you get all the pussy you want willingly...whenever you want...."

And with that two things happened at once...The Viper sprang into action and so did Kai. With one swift move she shoved hands up her skirt straight to her pantyless warmth...and she wasn't kidding about not having to force women to be with me...she was wet as fuck...

The coaster reached its apex and began its descent down.

The air whipped past us, screaming in my ears as the Viper plummeted, the force pinning me back against the seat. But the G-force was nothing compared to the shock coursing through my system. Kai's hand, slick and urgent, was wrapped around my cock, a silent, primal challenge to the cacophony of the drop.

G-force had apparently met the g spot.

Her eyes, wide and bright with a kind of delicious anarchy, were locked on mine. The fear of the eighty-foot drop evaporated, replaced by a reckless, electric surge. This was the opposite of my father's humiliation—a raw, immediate affirmation of my adult reality, delivered at eighty miles an hour.

We hit the loop, and the world inverted. For a moment, the sky was below us, then above, then everything was a blur of yellow steel and bright clouds. The pressure in my chest tightened, a combination of the ride's mechanics and the dizzying sensation of her touch. I glanced at Blade in the seat in front of us. His posture was rigid, his knuckles white on the safety bar, his gaze fixed straight ahead. He looked like a statue carved from granite, utterly unaffected by the ride's

thrills, or maybe, utterly focused on not reacting. The only sign of his internal struggle was the almost imperceptible tremor in his left hand. The sight of his stoic misery only amplified the dark, secret pleasure I was experiencing.

As we rocketed through the next turn, Kai leaned in again, her hair whipping against my face, smelling faintly of expensive perfume and powdered sugar. "Your dad sent you here to be a spectator," she whispered, her lips brushing my earlobe, "but I'm making you a participant."

My fingers were so deep inside her I couldn't tell where I ended and she began, the coaster's movements and hers synced together in a playful almost insouciant way.

And her grip on my cock was so tight I thought she was mistaking it for the handlebar. Fuck.

The ride slowed slightly, climbing a small hill before the final series of corkscrews. It was just enough of a pause for a terrifying thought to surface. If my father had rented out the park, and these "workers" were his men...did that mean one of them was watching? Did Blade know? Did he care?

I gripped the safety bar, my breath coming in ragged gasps, not just from the speed, but from the audacious risk.

Her moans were drowned out from the wind and grinding of the coaster on the tracks. The muscles contracting, her eyes desperately trying to catch a glimpse of her own soul...I had seen this look before...she was cumming...and hard...and if she squeezed my cock any harder I was pretty sure it was going to burst.

Then, we plunged into the final corkscrew. The G-forces returned, violently pressing my body against hers, tightening the connection between us. It was a fleeting, perfect moment of defiance—the Don Jr. the "little kid" was disappearing, replaced by a man claiming his own dangerous, exhilarating territory, all while his father's punishment ride shrieked around him.

The Viper roared into the final brakes, hissing to a rapid, jarring halt.

The sudden silence was deafening.

Kai gently pulled my hand away, leaving behind a scorching trail of heat and moisture. She casually smoothed her skirt and gave her hair a toss, looking as innocent as a convent girl after Sunday Mass.

"Just know...your sorry excuse for a father...will never know what it feels like to really please a woman the way you satisfy me.

Before I could even process the disorientation, the worker—one of my father's men with a fake, forced grin—unlocked the lap bar.

Blade stood up stiffly, not looking back, and stepped out onto the platform. His voice, a low gravelly rumble, sliced through the air.

“Next”