**December 31st, New Year’s Eve, 11:59pm, “Start with a Bang”**

“Just a little bit longer, honey!  You only have to hold on for another *minute!  You can do it~!”*

“Then, after the *fireworks,* we get to watch the *balls drop, right~?  Haha!* What goes up must come down~!”

*That was easy for them to say…,* Abe thought, gritting his teeth and holding on for dear life.  *Did they really have to try so hard if they wanted him to* ***last!?***

Sarah and Hayami had been teasing Abe for the better part of an hour already, keeping him hard and on the edge of cumming right from the get go.

*“We have to make this New Year* ***special!****If we end the old one the right way, it’ll mean good things for the new one to come~!”* Hayami had said, right before she got down on her knees and wrapped her enormous breasts around his violently twitching cock...

*“You’ve been through worse,”* Sarah had chimed in, draping herself over the couch and rubbing, pinching, and flicking his nipples with her surprisingly gentle and quite honestly beautiful fingers while she used her teeth to *not-so-gently* bite down on the nearest of his earlobes...

It was something new to say the least, neither pleasant nor unpleasant, but it definitely had an effect on him.

If it weren’t for how tight a fit Hayami’s breasts were when she wrapped her arms around herself to jackhammer him between them, Abe would have popped a long time ago.  Being smothered by the heat, weight, and pressure of her breasts kept his floodgates firmly closed better than simply wrapping her fingers around him and squeezing.

*For now.*

“Ten!” he heard from the TV, coming out of this trace, the MC hyping up the crowd by shouting and waving his arms as the final countdown began.

***Thank god.***Abe let out a sigh of relief as his balls told him there was no holding back anymore.  He really was going to shoot off a couple rockets for the girls’ amusement…

*Right between his girlfriend’s marshmallow soft J-cup tits and probably onto her beautiful smiling face, too!*

“I’m gonna cum!” he let them know, as the pressure of his climax finally passed his breaking point.

“Three!  *Two!* ***One!”*** the girls shouted happily in time with the countdown, right before Sarah sunk one of her canines into Abe’s ear and violently tweaked both of his nipples.

Hayami actually screamed as Abe’s hips suddenly bucked up into her breasts like he was having a seizure and couldn’t control his body at all.  Abe was cumming like a broken firehose with how much he was shooting off and how fast he was draining his balls. The first shot of the massive volley to come only missed her face by inches, whizzing past at breakneck speeds.

Losing count of how many rounds her boyfriend was firing off as his hips jerked under her again, Hayami switched her attention to where the shots were going to end up landing.

Sarah was of course right, and as the load started falling back down onto her breasts, she tilted her head back and stuck her tongue out as daintily as if she were trying to catch lazily drifting snowflakes.

The pearly white drops and larger, fuller ropes landed with a satisfying impact on her face and the tops of her breasts.  Hayami even managed to catch a little of the thick, salty reward she was looking for on her tongue as her face was peppered with whatever didn’t land on the much larger target that was the tops of her tits.

*“Hell of a way to ring in the New Year, huh, loverboy~?”* Sarah whispered directly into Abe’s ear, running her tongue over the spot she’d bit into a second ago.

“Sarah — *I swear to God* — if you broke the skin, I’m spanking you so hard you won’t be able to sit down until *next year!”* Abe roared back her, actually mad and concerned she’d given him an unconsentual ear piercing.

He wasn’t that kind of guy, and it wouldn’t fit his style if he woke up the next morning with a diamond stud or maybe a gold ring in his ear.

*“Don’t threaten me with a good time, handsome~”* she shot back without missing a beat, a devilish grin on her face as she slunk over to Hayami to start the cleanup effort.

Dragging her tongue over every last inch of flesh that Abe had managed to sully, Sarah only lifted her head to show off her now pearly-white tongue to the two incredulous onlookers before slowly and deliberately swallowing as loudly as she could.

Hayami couldn’t believe that Sarah would steal her boyfriend’s cum from her like that, and Abe was floored with how hot it was getting to watch Sarah run her long, pink tongue over and around every last inch of his girlfriend’s breasts…!

Most because he didn’t think she’d be able to, number one, but number two, it was ridiculously hot watching and *hearing* Sarah swallow his cum like that…

Abe could imagine the thick wad she’d collected on her tongue sliding down her throat and into her stomach as Sarah ran one of her hands down, down, down her body, tracing its path until she went straight past her stomach and continued on to palm her pussy with a wink for his benefit.

*“Thanks for the snack~”* she breathed sultrily, no doubt trying and succeeding to draw his attention to her mouth, tongue, and most of all her hot, humid *cumbreath.*

*Would Hayami be able to smell it on her?* he wondered immediately.  *Taste it on her?  Would she suck on Sarah’s tongue to try and recover even a* ***drop*** *of what was stolen from her?  The cum that was rightfully hers, that* ***she*** *would have swallowed just like that without a second thought if her tongue was long enough to clean her breasts on her own…?*

After the little show Sarah had just put on for him, the only thing Abe could imagine was Hayami getting on top of her, his girlfriend’s weight giving her the advantage as she pinned the lighter woman’s wrists to the mattress and assaulted her mouth with her tongue, searching her cheeks, and teeth, and any spot she could read for even a single *taste* of his cum, her pussy dripping and practically winking the whole time and—

***“Alright, that’s it!***  Both of you: bed, ***now!”*** Abe bellowed while pointing to the bedroom, his nostrils flaring and cock surging back to life.

If this was what Sarah was hoping would happen, then she was damned well going to get it!  Only, it would be on *his* terms!  *He’d* be in charge this time!  *...He’d even find a way to make her pay for what she’d done, his ear still throbbing.*

The girls squealed in delight, Hayami racing for the bedroom as Sarah hung back to have a quick word with him.

“Happy New Year, dude.  I mean it. You keep treating *her* right, and I’ll keep treating *you* right~  You two are really good together, and I haven’t had this much fun in ***years.***So keep it up,” she said, giving Abe a quick, motivational slap on the ass as if she were his coach and he was her star football player.

Skipping off after Hayami right afterwards and giggling to herself the whole way, Abe could hear her jump into their bed and land on the mattress with a thud, his girlfriend joining in on the giggling with a girlish laughing fit of her own.

*Always a wildcard,* he thought.

With Sarah around, and Hayami by his side and in his arms, it was going to be a fun year, alright. *More than Abe could ever know, in fact...*

**February 14th, Valentine’s Day, “The Goddess Bodice”**

*“Ho-lee* ***shit!”***

“So you like it, then~?  I was going to use it for a stream sometime, or maybe wear it to a convention if I ever felt brave enough, *but I never did…* Until now, of course!  *You’re the only one I want to see it now~*❤”

Abe’s brain couldn’t quite find the right words to describe the outfit Hayami had on at the moment, but ‘liking it’ was orders of magnitude short of what he thought about it.

The outfit was ***pure sex.***

Soft and lacy in all the right places with plenty of leather straps criss-crossing her body and a few shiny gold buckles, it left absolutely ***nothing*** to the imagination. Especially since it didn’t seem to come with a bra or panties, it showed off and enhanced all of his girlfriend’s best features all on its own.

Whoever designed it — assuming Hayami hadn’t pieced it together from several other kinky, sexy, and downright ***depraved*** pieces she had in her extensive cosplay costume collection — must have designed it for her specifically.

No other woman could do it justice, or benefit quite as much from everything it had to offer but ***her.***

It was a one of a kind piece for a one of a kind woman, and there was **no way** he’d ***ever*** let Hayami wear it in front of anybody but him while they were together.  That much he knew. He’d fight tooth and nail and even *kill a man* if he had to to keep this woman all to himself.

*No warm-blooded man could ever resist that outfit and it belonged to* ***him*** *now, model and all,* he suddenly and unexpectedly thought.

*How had she even put it on all by herself…?* It looked like he’d need more than a few minutes just to *take it off* let alone help her put it on, but however she’d managed it, Abe was hard and raring to go the second he saw her wearing it.

Hayami’s breasts looked even larger and perkier with the support it was giving her — *if that was even possible for a girl with her already more-than-generous proportions* — the bodice had some kind of slimming effect that gave her an hourglass figure the greatest Renaissance artists would weep at the sight of with the golden hip-to-waist ratio she now had, her ass had never looked so plump, or spankable, or biteable, or ***fuckable,*** and, and, and— were those ***thigh-high leather boots!?***

*“Yes, mommy,”* Abe whispered without thinking, compelled by the outfit to obey and worship the woman wearing it, his eyes looking like they were rolling around in his head with how quickly they flicked back and forth, up and down, this way and that to take in every inch of the heavenly sight before him.

Truly, Hayami was an angel— no, a **goddess!** He understood now why she hadn’t worn that outfit before as a single tear rolled down his cheek from her sheer majesty.

*It was too dangerous…*

He was seconds away from cumming just looking at her, and he had to dig his nails into his palm and almost draw blood just to keep himself *sane.*

“Oh!  Well, if *that’s* how you feel about it…  Why don’t you come over here and let mommy take care of you~?” Hayami teased, having heard his spontaneous slup.  “Or… *you could always just* ***make me a mommy,*** *like you said you would~*❤”

That was it.  The final straw.  Abe’s mind had officially broken.  Just snapped clean in half, reduced to rubble, and then blown away in the wind that was Hayami teasing him with *mommyplay* **and** *impregnation.*

He was on his feet before he knew it, his body unconsciously — *or perhaps instinctually* — rushing over to pick her up so he could feel her in his hands to make sure she was real before gently sitting her on the edge of their bed.

His mind was full of only one desire now: *worshipping at her altar and earning Hayami’s praise.*

Suddenly lifting her legs up to put them on his shoulders, Abe quickly positioned himself squarely between them, bowing his head as if he were saying a quick prayer.

Hayami, meanwhile, was forced onto her back as her seemingly possessed boyfriend lifted her legs out from under her.  In an effort to try and keep her balance before falling backwards, she reached out to grab onto something, *anything,* to try and stay upright.

That something was Abe’s hair.

With his girlfriend and now goddess’s fingernails digging into his scalp, Abe dived face first into her honeyed folds as if she had forced him there herself. She would of course say it was an accident to keep up her demure persona, but he knew that even a goddess had needs.

Hayami reeled as his tongue forcefully explored her, turned on beyond reason by not only the suddenness, but the apparent urgency and importance of her boyfriend making her cum.

It felt like he was *hungry for her* more than anything else with the way he was eating her out, she realized. She *may* have pulled his hair a little too hard, *perhaps* giving him the impression that she wanted to be in charge, but this? This was brand new to her…

Experimenting with a few gentle and playful tugs to snap him out of whatever trance he was in and maybe get a chance to talk to him, Hayami could just barely make out how glazed over her boyfriend’s eyes were as he lifted his head to get a better angle to lick and suck at her clit.

That’s when she realized that Abe really *was* possessed, and *that’s* why she couldn’t get through to him…!

Better to just ride things out and let him come to his senses on his own, r-right?  He wasn’t doing anything wrong, or *bad,* at least...  *Oh no,* he was doing everything so, *so* right!

He was a devotee doing everything he could to please the higher power wrapped around his head, so Hayami decided to cross her ankles and lock her thick, soaking-wet thighs around his head even more.

If this is what he wanted, she was going to give it to him!

Abe couldn’t see her, or hear her moans and pleas for him to at least slow down a little, and he definitely couldn’t feel any of her gentle tugs on his hair, but he *could* tell that he was at least doing a good job.

That soft, humid space between her legs was his whole world now, and it was only getting hotter and wetter.

He wasn’t about to stop or slow down until he got the reward he was looking for...! *The reward he craved, and* ***deserved*** *for his piety!*

As his tongue traced over and around her bean between long, gentle licks and strong, deep probes of her sweet depths, Abe only tightened his grip around his goddess’s thighs and redoubled his efforts to get her to squirt straight on his face.

Countless small orgasms — *or was it just one long one?* — tore through Hayami’s body as he did, her moans and screams reaching pitches and volumes she couldn’t remember reaching before.

It was a good thing Abe had a pair of thick earmuffs protecting him! Whatever he had to prove — *if that’s what this was even about* — he’d proved it *and then some!*

She yanked on his hair again and again, each tug getting stronger and harder than the last without her meaning to. The first soft tug was just meant to encourage him! But her body wasn’t listening to her anymore, and especially not the order to let go of him.

*He* was in control now.  Controlling her pleasure and driving her to what was sure to be one of her hardest and wettest orgasms yet. Why should she try to stop him if that was what he wanted…? *He seemed to enjoy the encouragement each time she tugged on him. Yanked on him. To stop now would be to deny him his own pleasure! The pleasure of pleasing* ***her~!***

If that was the case, she’d give it to him! *Exactly what he wanted!*  Abe was working hard enough, after all, so why not just enjoy it?  *Why not love that her boyfriend loved her enough to so selflessly make her squirt her fucking brains out~?*

He was doing things with his tongue she probably couldn’t ever do with her fingers, now!

As she found the strength to consciously yank on Abe’s hair one last time, Hayami raised her hips and ground her aching muff into his face, wishing she could feel the same kind of hot, sloppy finish she was about to give him.

Gushing hot femcum straight into his waiting, ravenous mouth, Abe slurped, swallowed, and drank deep from her hallowed font, slowly coming back to his senses after knowing without a doubt that he had pleased her.

He had to hold her legs and slowly set them back down on the bed after holding them up the whole time — since Hayami had gone completely limp after his record-setting performance — but she hadn’t passed out on him.

The almost drunken smile on her face and the way she was breathing told him that much.

*“...I don’t know what got into you, but I don’t think I could handle that more than once a year!”* she managed to squeak out between deep breaths and light, airy laughs.

“Uh... *sorry?*  I just really, *really* like that outfit…  I could’ve kept going, honestly, but you seemed to need a break.  Maybe you’re right, though: not that I really cared, but at the end there, I don’t even think I was breathing…  *You’re a bit of a drowning hazard, too.”*

“Abe!” she playfully screamed at him, just a little embarrassed of how much of a mess she’d made of his face and chest.

Even with how hard he was working to *drink her,* he looked like he’d just gotten out of the shower.

“Well…  If *you’ve* caught *your* breath, and you still have some stamina left — and if you don’t mind doing all the work again — *it’s still Valentine’s Day, you know~*  I haven’t quite caught mine yet, but that shouldn’t stop ***you~”***

A wink was just about all the movement Hayami could manage in her state, but it was more than enough for Abe.  Seeing her sprawled out on the bed and feeling his neglected member throbbing at him angrily, he quickly came up with a plan.

Pulling his girlfriend to the edge of the bed again, Abe hooked her knees over his shoulders this time and held her thighs in place as he wrapped his hands around her waist.

*God, that felt* ***right,*** he thought, letting his hands slide down to her hips before giving her a few testing squeezes.

He had to bend down low to make sure she was comfortable and to get the kind of power he was looking for, but rolling Hayami into a thick, tight little ball of fuck, combined with the angle his cock would be getting, was more than enough to make Abe dribble pre straight onto the bedsheets.

She had mentioned one of his biggest fetishes: impregnation, and he was poised and ready to mating press her and try to do just that.

“Last chance to back out, honey,” Abe teased, grinding the full length of his cock against her still sopping wet folds.

“Just do it already~!  *Fuck me like a RealDoll!*  Like a toy~!  Like a helpless little—”

He didn’t give his girlfriend the time it would take to finish what he knew she was about to say, instead sliding balls deep inside her without a hint of resistance and giving her womb a hot, sloppy kiss on the first stroke.

***“Ahn~!*** *Yes, yes,* ***fuck me~!****I couldn’t stop you if I wanted to!  Take what’s yours,* ***white man!****”* she moaned, regaining enough control of her tongue to have it loll out of her mouth.

Picking up steam and pistoning into the helpless little ball of woman he loved more than anyone, Abe took advantage of the situation to really bully Hayami’s insides and batter them into a proper tunnel he could slide in and out of as fast as he wanted.

She was tightening up around him now, or trying to, her pussy convulsing and coaxing him deeper and deeper inside her every time he started to pull out. That was about all she could do, though.  With his arms still at her sides and wrapped around her legs, she couldn’t so much as kick or even *attempt* to wrap them around him.

Hopefully she wouldn’t need to~

With his pleasure and climax building by the second, Abe knew he was close, and that it would be stupidly easy to move Hayami around a little so he could cum straight down and directly into her womb.  Gravity would take care of the rest, making sure every last rope pooled right where he wanted them to: against the back of her thirsty womb…

“Fuck!  You really *are* an Asian fucktoy!  Making me do all the work and just getting filled up with cum!” Abe teased, digging his fingers into her a little bit deeper with a manic grin on his face.

The thought of finally and properly filing Hayami’s thick body up spurred Abe on to be even rougher and thrust even faster.  He was thrusting into her like a hammer against hot iron, straightening out her cute little love-tunnel and battering her cervix with every thrust.

*Knocking on her door with a battering ram and demanding to be let in.*

It wouldn’t need to descend for him like this.  He wouldn’t be shooting sideways, or even up into her like when she rode him.  This was the perfect position to finally ***breed her in…!***

As soon as the thought crossed his mind, Abe buckled down and used the shortest strokes he could to both make sure his aim was true, and make Hayami cum around his cock.

The latter was an awful lot easier than the former as it turned out, and as his girlfriend squealed from underneath him, she regained full control of her pussy and squeezed the cum right out of him.

Almost instantly, her pussy tightened around his cock locking him in place *right up against her womb.*

God, he wanted to knock her up so badly!  To see her already thick body get even thicker as she swelled with his child, *or children,* if they were lucky!  Hayami would be ecstatic, he knew, and he was ready for them to become a proper family too.  With this burning load, he was ready to be the father of her children and breed her for the rest of their lives!

***“Fuck!”*** he roared, as an orgasm of his own rocked his body making every muscle tense and rocketing rope after hot, creamy rope of cum paint his target in a one-man bukkake!

…Right before Abe fell over backwards onto the mattress, launching the rest of his load onto Hayami’s stomach, crotch, and finally the bedsheets.

While the squatting position he was in was great for power, it wasn’t the best for balance if he leaned back just a little too far…

**. . . . . . . . . .**

Hayami was back on her feet, clenching tightly around whatever cum managed to make it inside her after Abe’s little mishap.  He was sitting on the edge of the bed, head in his hands, breathing hard and looking more than a little defeated.

“I wish we’d been streaming that,” she chimed, hoping to lift the bad mood he looked to be in.

“...No, not in *that,”* Abe replied grimly without so much as moving his head even a single inch.

Her audience would’ve loved that finish, Hayami knew, but it was apparently a bit of a sore spot for Abe for some reason other than the obvious one where he back planted onto the bed and didn’t get to finish inside her.

While she felt like he would normally be able to laugh that kind of thing off, she’d talk to him about it later and find out what had him down. In the meantime, she just wanted to stand by her man.

Or sit next to him on the bed and wrap an arm as far around him as she could reach, at least.

Rubbing his back, she said the only thing that came to mind: “Happy Valentine’s Day, honey.  I love you.”

It was simple, and maybe cliché, but it was genuine, and Abe felt it.  Enough to lift his head and hug her right back at least, *his* arm managing to make it all the way around *her.*

“I love you too, Mimi,” he replied, a small smile starting to form on his face.

Then he started to laugh.  He laughed hard and long, wheezes and deep breaths racking his body as he struggled to get even a single other word out.

Hayami laughed along too: Abe’s laughter was just too infectious!

They were both laughing at the way he just keeled over onto the floor in the middle of one of their most intimate moments, but at least they were both in good spirits now.

“I love you way too much to let you show off that stupidly sexy outfit you’ve got on.  I wouldn’t mind helping out with the next stream, though. Maybe make it a special. March is just around the corner, you know,” he said, sounding like he was back to normal compared to just a few minutes ago.

“Oh?  Are you *jealous* of all the fans that would get to see me~?  *Hehe,* don’t worry, now that I know how you feel about it, this is going into the ‘Abe’s Eyes Only’ section of my closet~”

*He had a whole section of her closet…?  What else was in it?* Abe found himself thinking.  He was dying to know, but right now, his woman needed a different kind of loving.  Maybe a hilariously bad movie and some delivery pizza cuddled up under a blanket, even.

“Wait, what’s in March?” Hayami suddenly asked before the realization hit her square in the face.

**March 14th, White Day, “Paying it Back”**

*“Hiii, everyone~*❤!  Oh my god, I’ve missed you all ***so much!***  I’m sorry for the long break with no updates, but... things got a little *hectic,* and then more than a little *romantic,* and I couldn’t help but want to keep the big guy all to myself for a while~!  *Sorry~*❤”

Hayami waved at her webcam through her entire intro, genuinely happy to be back in front of — *and talking to* — her adoring audience.  They were just like a circle of real life friends to her, so the long-awaited reunion brought her chipper personality out to its fullest.

“It was just the two of us getting *comfy,* spending Christmas and New Year’s together, and then ***Valentine’s Day~!*** *It was amazing…*  I ***promise*** I’ll get everyone up to speed on the regular channel later, *but if you’re* ***here,*** *then you already know what’s happening~*

“This one’s especially for the ladies, *and probably a few guys, too* — *not that most guys can’t enjoy it or anything!* — but I’m *really* going to be focusing on *Abe* since he told me he has a very special surprise that he’s been saving up for all ***week~!”***

Hayami couldn’t help but lick her lips and fidget in place at the thought of what her boyfriend could be saving up for a whole week for.  She had some ideas, of course, based on what happened a few months back, but—

***“Ah~!****I haven’t even told everyone about* ***November~!”*** she gasped at the sudden realization, rubbing her thighs together at the memories of that amazing, torturous, and absolutely ***orgasmic*** month.

*“Oh my gosh,* I’ll save that story for later since it’s a ***really*** *juicy* one, but I just wanted everyone to know that we’re both back from ‘vacation’ now and we’re kicking our return off with style!  We had a lot of fun together *last month,* so you should know what today is~!

“At least... I bet the *Asian* ladies know what I’m talking about~!  *That’s right, it’s* ***White Day~!*** I can’t believe I forgot all about it at first, *since I’ve never had a boyfriend to practice it with,* but Abe reminded me, and since it’s *his* turn to give the gifts, he told me to—”

A heavy, almost ominous knock on the bedroom door rang through the room, sending shivers up Hayami’s spine and silencing her the moment she heard it.  There was only one person in the house that could knock like that, and that meant it was finally happening!

A week was *nothing* compared to the suffering she had to go through in November, but she still missed the kind of raunchy, regular intimate contact with Abe she was used to.

...At least he’d told her outright what was going on this time. It spoiled the surprise a little, knowing that *something* was coming, but not knowing how her boyfriend was going to utterly destroy her after a week of abstinence?

That was more than good enough for her.

“Here he is now~!” she squealed in delight, absolutely giddy.  “Of *course* I’m going to leave the stream on for you guys, but I’m gonna have to get up and tend to my man, *alright~?*  I promise I’ll do a little Q&A afterwards if I can still talk, *assuming I’m even still conscious!”*

Chat messages poured in in equal parts excitement for the show and support for the loving couple.

While there had been some outcry and ugly envy when she first introduced Abe as her boyfriend to her regular stream — *and even more when she started her R-18 streams* — the fans that stuck by Hayami were truly loyal fans and more than just supportive now. They absolutely ***adored*** seeing the two together, and not just because it meant they got to enjoy seeing an even *lewder* side of their J-Cup idol than usual.

That’s what today was all about. Everyone watching the stream knew that what they were about to see was almost guaranteed to be amazing since it was a special holiday on top of being the return of their favourite stars after a long absence, so with bated breath everyone turned their attention to watch as the door slowly opened.

Abe walked in naked from the waist up and wearing nothing more than a simple pair of white boxers covered in hearts.  They looked like the kind of thing you’d find for sale on Valentine’s day in just about any store as a gag gift, except for the big red bow that had been added to the waistband...

“Ready for your present, honey?” he asked, his rich baritone drawing all eyes to his broad chest and shoulders.  “It might not be as sexy as that little number you put on for me, but I think you’ll love it just as much once you get it *unwrapped,”* he teased, giving his hips more than a few shimmies and shakes.

Hayami could already make out his cock underneath the thin fabric, zeroing in on his crotch after trailing her eyes all the way down his stomach, and she watched it bounce around as her boyfriend gyrated and thrusted to whatever music must have been playing in his head.

He was obviously showing off and playing it up for her and her audience, and the thin veneer of mystery added to his bulge had her on her knees in front of him in seconds.

“Don’t get so excited that you forget about your fans, Mimi!  *You need to put a little show on for them too.  Hopefully that’ll slow you down so you can* ***really*** *enjoy it,”* Abe whispered.

Hayami hadn’t heard a word he’d said, of course, her eyes were fixed squarely on the growing bulge in his boxers.  It was *twitching* now!  Not so much that Abe was properly tenting them just yet, but more than enough to put Hayami in a trance.

A hand came down to take her by the chin and tilt her head up so she would make proper eye-contact with something other than his cock.

“White Day or not, you won’t be getting anything *white* from your *white* ***master*** if you don’t listen and ***obey his commands,”*** Abe said, slipping into an assertive tone as soon as he saw the state his girlfriend was in.

Hayami loved it when he took the reins and played to her bleached fetish, of course, but she especially loved the part where she could show off just how loyal and above all ***submissive*** she could be.

*Even if she had to watch the recording back later to remember any of it.*

 “Now ***look at me*** when I’m talking to you, and ***respond,*** *for God’s sake.*  *I won’t bother rewarding you if you can’t do at least that much…* ***You’re*** *the piece of meat here, not me.”*

Especially because it was their first White Day together, Abe wanted to set the bar high.  This was for Hayami, after all. Her drooling audience was just coming along for the ride.

“N-No, I can, *I can!*  ***I will!***Whatever you say, m-master!” Hayami barked back immediately, as if Abe had snapped his fingers and pulled the words right out of her.

This was exactly the kind of scenario she’d let run through her mind at least a dozen times before, but it was actually happening for real now!  She was going to play her part and earn that reward if it killed her...!

“Good girl!” her master praised her.  “You may start unwrapping your present now.”

The softness of Abe’s voice compared to a moment ago, along with the simple compliment, had Hayami in hysterics on the inside.  She was going to get to **serve** her big, strong, hunky **white** boyfriend like the cute little Asian slut she was~!

Scratch that, she was going to get ***used***like the submissive piece of Asian ***fuckmeat*** *she was~!*

With trembling fingers and an already dripping pussy, Hayami reached for the waistband of the boxers staring her in the face before pulling her hands back at the last second as if she was at risk of being burned by a roaring fire.

Abe’s cock had hardened a little at the motion, and the tent she had been waiting for finally appeared.

Whether real or imagined, she swore she could feel the heat suddenly coming off his crotch, though that wasn’t what made her recoil.

Hayami was curious now.

She knew what was waiting for her, right?  It *had* to be Abe’s beefy white cock…  But what other surprises could be waiting for her?  She hadn’t expected him to walk into their bedroom looking like he was ready to give her the private strip-show of a lifetime, so what could he have spent the whole day doing to get ready for her and their special night together…?

Abe knew all about the stream and had wholeheartedly agreed to it, of course, since they’d ended up talking about their plans a week in advance, but she’d barely seen him since he rolled out of bed that morning...

Summoning what little courage she could scrounge up to give the boxers a quick yank, Hayami managed to get them caught on the monstercock that was now coming to life.

***It’s alive!****She’d thrown the switch and it was* ***rising from the dead!*** she realized.

She *had* to free the beast now.  Even her webcam could pick up on Abe’s boxers doing a little dance as he throbbed and hardened more and more, and it was time to open her present and get the reveal over with already!  Before he ripped his shorts right off! *It was time for the fun stuff to start!*

With another quick — *but more delicate this time* — yank, Abe’s boxers fell to the floor around his ankles, red bow and all.  He was at full mast now, the behemoth unleashed and pointing straight at Hayami in all its glory.

*It’s just the usual—* she started thinking, a little disappointed, before the smell hit her.

Clean, pure, and uncut by sweat, soap or anything else, for that matter, Abe’s manly musk hit her like a ton of bricks.  Or maybe like an out-of-control 18-wheeler with the way it seemed to flatten her... *Or maybe like a snake charmer with the way it seemed to take her by the nose and get her swaying side to side before hitting her over the head with a sledge hammer…*

Hayami’s eyes were swimming in her head as she breathed in the pheromone laden scent of her boyfriend— no, her *master* and her ***mate*** over and over again.  With deep, steady breaths, she huffed the unmistakable **male** scent and filled her lungs like the addict she was, her thighs rubbing together so quickly they eventually stopped moving altogether.  Her quivering sex leaked all the more as she sat on her legs, motionless, readying herself for the unmistakeable breeding to come.

*This must have been the same kind of effect I had on Abe on Valentine’s Day,* Hayami thought somewhere deep in her mind, since she couldn’t register the thought consciously.

A part of her realized it, though, storing that little tidbit away for later.

That scent was pure sex to her.  It was the scent of a dangerous and hungry predator — or maybe a horny, virile **bull** that wanted nothing more than to drain his balls inside his little **cow** — and the most powerful aphrodisiac in the world to Hayami.

She could have cum herself stupid just sitting there smelling it.

*Why had Abe wanted to save up for a whole week?  Did he need to? Why had he agreed to livestream something as seemingly special to him as White Day?  Why did he smell so irresistible to her now? What was he going to do to her next~?*

A multitude of questions went through Hayami’s mind before she came to a single answer for almost all of them and they faded away.

*He’s going to knock me up live, on stream, in front of all of my fans…* she thought, right before her brain shorted out and completely fried.

*He was finally going to stake a claim to her and tell the world who she belonged to, who she was* ***owned by,*** *because she was just a white man’s slave, after all.  Property. Something to be used, and—*

Abe had snapped his fingers in front of his girlfriend’s face a few times now, finally snapping her out of her trance just in time for her to hear the question he had been asking her for almost a minute now.

*Right before he lost his patience.*

“Are you going to just *look at it* like a selfish little *whore,* or are you going to do your **job** and *present it?”* he teased with a smile on his face that both painted him as some kind of villain character and gave away how much he was enjoying the effect he was having on her.

*Present...?* Did her master want her to turn around so she could—

The word rattled around in Hayami’s musk-filled brain before finally snapping into place.  ***The stream!***  That’s right, there were people watching!  They didn’t know what she was doing just sitting on her legs taking deep breaths…

“Th-The smell, you guys…” she started shakily, picking up speed until the words almost tumbled out of her.  “Oh god, I swear I’m going into ***heat*** just *smelling it!* He’s so hard, and thick, and *perfect…* Now I know what my surprise was, and I know I don’t deserve it…!  *How did I ever find a cock like this…?”* Hayami trailed off, starting to mumble to herself.

“Now, now, you know that *it* found *you.* Don’t lead anyone on by saying or *thinking* that you had any choice in the matter.”

Abe was properly putting on airs now, maybe assuming the persona of some wealthy aristocrat that was oh-so-obviously slumming it with someone so below him. That or a wealthy slave owner correcting the errant behaviour of his newest acquisition…? Hayami didn’t know which was hotter.

What she did know was that she would have cum right then if she could have remembered to.

If she had any working brain cells left that weren’t dedicated to Abe, that is.

Instead, one of her hands found its way to holding onto the glorious white cock in front of her face all on its own, and everyone watching could tell it was pure instinct by the look of surprise on Hayami’s face as she realized what she’d done.

“He’s so hot, and hard, and **thick,”** she concluded, picking up where she’d left off before, giving the dick a few testing strokes.  “I can’t remember the last time he was this turned on, but that’s probably because I just can’t *think* right now!  Everything inside me is telling me to tackle him and ride his cock until neither of us can cum anymore, but…  I just can’t. ***It’s not my place…!”***

Hayami’s bleached fetish was properly kicking in now.  Taking over. Abe really did seem hotter, thicker, and harder than normal, but who could tell with the state she was in?

Turning to the camera, Hayami opened her hand and stacked the other on top to show off just how much bigger than her the cock was.  She could easily wrap three of her hands around it and maybe have some left over still!

*Or at least, that’s what she thought at the time...*

Being a somewhat smaller woman, Hayami was of course making Abe’s already ridiculously impressive member look even bigger by comparison, and as she ran her hands over it, he got the distinct impression that she wasn’t so much showing off to make her viewers jealous as she was presenting him for their consideration as if he and his cock were exotic things up for auction, or maybe game show prizes, and…

*That was exactly what he wanted.*

Call it petty jealousy, but Abe definitely wanted to send a strong message about who the Asian idol belonged to, body and soul.  Not in an owner-slave way, of course, since she wasn’t his property and he’d never think of her as such, *current roleplay scenario aside,* but as **lovers** and ***partners!***

He loved this woman with all his heart and he was only getting into the little act and treating her this way for *her* benefit!  Hayami’s fixation on his whiteness was both flattering and added a certain spice to their sex life every now and then, but Abe could definitely live without it.  Hayami treating him differently — *or normally, in this case* — wouldn’t change the way he felt about her.

The audience probably got the message, though, having followed them thus far, so it was time for the show to finally start in earnest.

“Assume the position,” he commanded, guiding Hayami’s hands off his cock and to her sides, resting his own hand on top of her head as if she were a pet.

Running his fingers through her hair and his nails over her scalp calmed her down considerably, and by the time he gave her long black hair a tiny yank, she practically read his mind, tilting her head back for him.

Hayami could sense what was coming and tilted her head back, back, all the way back so she could unfurl her tongue and present it to her master as a kind of landing pad he could grind against and use to lube himself up before sliding deep into her throat.

*He’s going to fuck my throat for them~!* she repeated to herself over and over again, letting the thought sink in as she shivered with excitement.

Dragging his cockhead over and against his girlfriend’s hot, soft tongue, Abe struggled not to let out a grunt or moan and risk breaking character.  He needed to keep up appearances and let everyone know that he was in complete control of the situation.

*At least up until Hayami throated him all on her own and made his knees buckle…*

She hadn’t done that yet, though. She was behaving herself so far, so he continued with the foreplay of running his shaft along her tongue and poking his pre-drooling tip against her nose.

*“Da schmell,”* she slurred, having a hard time talking with her mouth open and her tongue all the way out.

Moving her head as little as possible to try and get a better whiff of the stuff her boyfriend was grinding into her now, Hayami’s nose and lips were soon coated in pre as Abe rubbed himself against all the spots she couldn’t lick or wipe up without his permission.

*That way, she’d have plenty to huff as things went on,* he mused.

Hayami had other plans as she let her tongue go wild and ripple against the underside of his cock in both worship and a form of payback, earning herself a fatter dollop of pre that she almost ended up snorting before he pulled back just in time.

Abe’s cock was soaked in her drool by now, a clear stream of the stuff mixing with his pre to run off her tongue, down her chin, her neck, her breasts, and eventually off her rock-hard nipples to drip onto her knees in long, clear strands.

Messy was an understatement given how wet her body was getting, but being used without concern for her looks or comfort — *not that she was uncomfortable by any means* — had Hayami breathing more and more heavily and spurred Abe on to take the plunge and finally give his girlfriend a taste of what she’d been waiting a whole week for.

Bunching her hair up in one hand for a makeshift handle, Abe checked his positioning to make sure the webcam and their audience had a good view before sliding his cock over Hayami’s tongue, past her lips, and into her warm, waiting throat.

An inch at a time, sometimes two, he pushed into her mouth excruciatingly slowly before pulling back to run his head against her fleshy tongue and hear her mewl at him for more.

The teasing was the best part for Abe, right after feeling her hot, humid breath washing over him each time she exhaled and knowing it would feel so much better for both of them the longer he waited.

Hayami was melting by now, of course, letting Abe have full control of her head as her arms went completely limp. She could only manage to keep her eyes open as her jaw went slack and she prepared for what was coming.

When he winked at her, her breath hitched and she knew it was **finally** time~!

Sitting up straighter, even while sitting on her legs, Hayami got ready to suck as Abe finally entered her throat.

She wasn’t going to give him the choice, or chance, to pull out this time. Playtime was over. She *needed* that dick.  Even if *he* was in control of the speed of his thrusts, he wouldn’t be able to resist her suction.  She’d force his hand, or hips, in this case, and get him to pick up the pace for her.

*She was right.*

As Abe thrust straight down into Hayami’s throat, he flexed his hips and tightened his glutes to get every last inch he had inside that tight little love-tunnel.  The way she sucked around him and pulled him even deeper made him wish he had more to give, but when his groin finally bumped up against her nose, she stopped sucking and locked her lips around the base of his shaft instead.

*There was no going back.*  He was at *her* mercy now.

Full of thick, white meat, Hayami took a moment to try and plant a kiss against Abe’s body as she worked her tongue and tightened her throat to squeeze around him. *To remind him that she was his, and every part of her was for his pleasure.*  Just in case he forgot, or didn’t know it~

Moving her head now, Hayami started throat-fucking herself with Abe’s cock, pulling back as far as his tip but keeping her vacuum-like suction at full strength the entire time to rid him of any thoughts of escaping.

Thrusting his hips in time with her head-bobbing, Abe felt his orgasm quickly approaching.  It was going to be big, and hard, and he needed Hayami in her right mind to carry out the second phase of his master plan.

*“Mimi,”* he whispered, tapping her on the head gently after bringing his hips to a stand still.  *“I can’t give you your surprise if you don’t let me!”*

Blinking herself back to full consciousness, Hayami smiled around Abe’s cock and let him pull his dick clear of her throat, giving his crown a quick kiss and a lick as it passed her lips.

“Close your eyes and open your mouth!” he grunted out loud, only a second or two away from his big finish.

*A whole week’s worth~!* Hayami thought, before she answered, *“OK!”* in a hushed whisper.  This was Abe’s big moment, after all.  Better not to distract the audience~

***“Fuck!”*** was the last thing she heard before she felt a week’s worth of backed-up spunk splatter against her face.

Rope after fat, heavy rope landed on her lips, cheeks, and chin all at once like a shotgun blast before she felt a few sticky strands land on her neck.

Hayami had to smile as the realization hit her at last, even as more pearly-white cum hit her forehead and dribbled over her eyelids.

*Painting my face white* ***and*** *a pearl necklace to celebrate White Day…!  Those are the best gifts I could ever ask for~*❤

Hayami couldn’t stop herself from giggling softly at the little pun of a *‘Painted White Day,’* even as she heard Abe grunting and panting as if he’d just run finished running a marathon.

Hayami couldn’t see the look on his face with her eyes practically glued shut, but he must have been so relieved to finally drain those pent-up balls of his~!

*She’d have to take a picture to remember their first White Day together and give him an extra-gentle, extra-hot good morning blowjob the next day as a reward.*  Or maybe something else, so he didn’t get tired of oral~?

*As if that would ever happen,* she joked to herself.

“All done, honey?” she asked at last, completely breaking character with her chipper, upbeat tone.

“I…  I think…” Abe managed to get out.

*Never again,* he thought.  A week couldn’t hold a candle to a whole month, and while the results were breathtaking — *getting to see his girlfriend completely plastered in his seed, pearl necklace and all, was almost enough to get him hard again* — it was absolutely **brutal** having to hold back and resist making sweet, sweet love to the bundle of joy that was now wiping his cum off her face with a finger and…  *and eating it…*

“You might want to go show that off while there’s still some left,” he chimed in, half disappointed in himself for thinking of their audience before his viewing pleasure.

Getting to watch her lick and suck her fingers clean was hypnotic, and really was starting to get him hard again at that point...

“Thanks, hun~!” Hayami sing-songed back before getting up to go plop herself down at the computer set up for the stream.  “I hope you all enjoyed the show, guys!” she sing-songed to the webcam this time, licking her lips and more than a few ropes off her fingers.

The chat exploded with messages as Hayami continued to clean herself off, leaving the pearl necklace untouched until she could get Abe to snap a picture or managed to take a selfie.

Support, praise, the usual ‘I came’ messages from fangirls, fanboys, and even the rare fan*boi* flooded in, the chat going crazy with how happy they were to see their favourite duo again.

As Hayami read through the backlog from the time the stream had started, she realized Abe had some hardcore fans as it turned out!  One in particular loved to gush about his big white cock with some really vivid, romantic, and most of all *graphic* language, and seemed like an honorary sister-in-arms.

A fellow white-cock addic— *enthusiast...*

Continuing to catch up with older chat messages, she laughed, smiled, and even gave the camera a saucy wink or two.  Hefting her breasts to show off the droplets of Abe she hadn’t licked up yet earned her another round of excited messages and even another nut or two, if her viewers were being honest and not just playing around.

She jiggled her massive chest just to be safe, and help out any stragglers that hadn’t busted yet.

Then Hayami noticed there was a little chunk of chat between some users and an ‘AbeFan13.’ She didn’t quite understand it, though...  They were obviously excited, but were also referring to something she’d never heard of before... Something new?  Something risqué? It wasn’t a streamer or anything like that, as it turned out, or even a fun new sex position. Some kind of challenge?  Maybe an opportunity for a fun stream based on the good taste her fans usually had~?

Hayami mumbled the question out loud as she slowly typed it in, repeating herself more clearly as she sent the message to ask her chat directly:

*[What’s the Walk of Fame, you guys?]*

**March 14th, White Day, After the “Festivities”**

🟊Queen\_Twinkie: What’s the Walk of Fame, you guys?

Hayami could feel the chat almost grind to a halt at her question.  The previously boisterous talk seemed to evaporate and she couldn’t help but feel like a strict teacher that had just caught a group of rowdy boys doing or talking about something they shouldn’t have been.

Her fans were playing dumb for whatever reason until one brave person that she’d noticed had been especially excited to see Abe again, piped up — *as if their screenname wasn’t enough of a clue on its own.*

AbeFan13: Are…  Are you joking? You’re kidding, right?  Please tell me I didn’t just spoil a surprise by mistake…  Please don’t ban me!

Now Hayami was ***really*** confused.  While she had hoped whatever the thing was would be something good — *something she could talk about and eventually share with her fans and with Abe* — if someone was scared of being banned for even *mentioning* it…? Did she want to press further?

Even with the largest of doubts in her mind, her curiosity had to be sated now.  She **had** to know.  If it really was that bad, then that just meant she’d end up having to ask *in private.*

🟊Queen\_Twinkie: Now you’re just making me even more curious, haha!

🟊Queen\_Twinkie: I promise, I really don’t know what you’re talking about, so you haven’t ruined anything~!

Hayami pouted and turned on the puppy-dog eyes as she stared straight into her webcam, using her adorable face for leverage.

🟊Queen\_Twinkie: Come on, just tell me already~!  It can be our little secret if it’s that spooky and mysterious~  Please~?（＾ｖ＾）

AbeFan13: Well, it’s not something bad…

AbeFan13: It’s like… a challenge?  Sort of? A bragging rights kind of thing

AbeFan13: I just thought you’d know about it because this one, uh, bleached couple came up with it… sort of…

AbeFan13: They were the only ones I saw do it, and it was stupidly hot!

Ah, that explained things!  *A little…* She’d been gone so long that she hadn’t been keeping up with current events so to speak, and why bother with porn when she had the real thing on a daily basis~?

Sometimes a lot more than just daily…  *Hourly,* if Abe was feeling especially frisky and was up to spending a whole day in bed…

Hayami was drooling now, imagining what this challenge might be.  *What might be involved...* Getting to look at, or watch, or read about a couple like her and Abe doing “it,” whatever ‘it’ was?

AbeFan13: This kinda explains it: <https://pastebin.com/hawuULL2> ?

A pastebin?  So it *was* a challenge.  Something with rules, or guidelines, at least.  *Something a bleached couple like her and Abe could do…*

The name alone had her curiosity, but now it had her attention.  The gears in Hayami’s head were turning faster and faster as she scanned her eyes across the admittedly short description of the ‘challenge.’

The terms were short and sweet, but also very *flexible.*  There were barely any requirements at all, in her mind, and the freedom was breathtaking.  The possibilities were almost endless! The choice of venue and course, the time, the number and variety of ‘stages’...  The only real limit was the timeframe and Abe’s stamina, but the timeframe didn’t matter if she cleared the challenge early and wanted to do a victory lap or two.  *Or three~*

Reading the little document again, Hayami was already on board.  It was perfect. Just the kind of thing she could do for her fans **and** for Abe.  The possibility that the whole thing was a hoax crossed her mind for all of a nanosecond, but that didn’t matter.

Real or fake, it was something new.  Something fresh. An excuse to blow Abe’s socks off and—  Oh! That was a part of the challenge, actually, Hayami realized.

🟊Queen\_Twinkie: Thanks for the tip~!  That’s definitely something I’m going to end up looking into.  Bet on it.

If it weren’t for the limits of her webcam, her adoring fans would’ve seen the lascivious glint in Hayami’s eye as she suddenly popped a finger out of her mouth.  She had finally finished cleaning her entire face of even the smallest trace of Abe’s pearly-white cum with the necklace he gave her left perfectly intact.

Waving goodnight with one last extra jiggle, Hayami wished her fans extra-lewd dreams and closed down the stream.

She needed to know *everything* about the challenge and how to pull it off because she **was** going to pull it off.  There were no brakes on that crazy train as it went barrelling down the track to a destination unknown.  All she needed now was the time to plan the whole thing out, and someone devious enough to help her pull it off.

*If only she knew a girl like that...*

**March 24th, “Coffee Time is Any Time”**

“So you’re *serious* about this, then?  *...What did Abe have to say?”*

Sarah needed to stall for time.

The gears in her head had come to a full and sudden dead-stop at what she’d just heard come out of her best friend’s mouth, and bringing Abe into the conversation would either keep Hayami talking *—* *even if it was just a string of stuttered and mumbled excuses as to why she* ***hadn’t*** *—* or else it would make the animated chatterbox stop and think about it for a moment.

Either way, Sarah needed those precious few moments to collect her own thoughts, regroup, and come up with some kind of strategy if she had any hope in hell of being helpful with… *the thing she hadn’t had a chance to try and unpack yet...*

Even for someone as experienced as Sarah was, the shy, bubbly short-stack of extra-thick pancakes sitting across from her had pitched something ***unbelievable!*** Sure, it was the kind of thing she could see *herself* teasing Hayami with — *probably even relentlessly* — to get it stuck in the back of her head, but that’s as far as she would’ve gone!  *Teasing!  Just teasing!*

She knew, *or* ***thought*** *she knew,* her best friend well enough to be able to stop herself short of anything *too* mean spirited or risky — since she’d never ever dream of seriously hurting her feelings or, *even worse,* getting her in legitimate trouble — so to have Hayami pitch this to her ***herself,*** unprodded and unprovoked was just…

She **never** would have tried to get her to ***actually do something like this!*** God, it was crazy!  Wild! ***Ludicrous!***

*...It was just the kind of thing she couldn’t resist taking part in at this point, she realized.*

As if she’d miss out on something like that!  It sounded like the stupid kind of fun she’d need at least a few beers in her to actually want to do, and to top it all off, she’d probably get to pull her friend’s phat ass out of the fire if anything went wrong?

*A story for the ages, to put it mildly,* and Hayami must have known it, *that beautiful, saucy* ***bitch~!***

Already on board with the *entire thing,* no matter what that might end up being, Sarah only had the briefest of moments left in her little imaginary time out to fight back the huge grin that was threatening to suddenly pop onto her face and split it in two.

*As much of a Herculean labour that was, she had to manage it. For Hayami’s sake...*

She could tell from looking at the cute dollop of Asian pudding — *really, truly scrutinizing her* — that there wasn’t a hint or even a kernel of the kind of fear or hesitation that would undoubtedly shine through if this whole thing had actually been a poorly timed April Fool’s joke all along.

*Besides, that was the kind of joke* ***she’d*** *be playing~*

“I worked it all out ahead of time, and *yes,* ***I’m serious.***  I haven’t wanted to do anything this badly for a long time, *including Abe~!”* Hayami piped up after calming herself down, her soft but steely resolve shining through her words.

Until she giggled at her own little joke before putting her serious face back on.  That little laugh, together with the fact that Sarah was still sitting across from her with a warm, gentle smile on her face, gave her the rolling start to keep going deeper and deeper...

“I did my research on good — *but not* ***too*** *good* — neighbourhoods, planned out the route from start to finish, I know how long the whole thing will take us — *roughly* — and made sure we can do the whole walk under the time limit. Ilooked into the weather so I know what to wear around the time I’m hoping to do this and I even know all the angles so we don’t get spotted too early and have to call the whole thing off!

“At this point, I just need a second pair of eyes and ears, and there’s no one I trust as much as you.  *Except maybe Abe, but he’ll be busy~* Oh, and a second cameraman, too!  *Er,* cameragirl?  *Cameraperson...?”*

The way Hayami got hung up on something as simple as what to call her as she was filming her and her boyfriend having lewd, freaky, nasty, public sex was both cute and honestly typical of her occasionally ditzy self, but the fact that ***that*** was what she stumbled over spoke volumes to Sarah.

The heartfelt and *genuine* way Hayami had asked her for help…  *Even though she* ***technically*** *hadn’t asked her to do anything just yet…*

How could she turn her down after she worked up the courage to share something so intimate, personal, and downright sexy with her?  *Her best friend to the end?*  *Her sister in arms?*

*She could feel a light dew forming between her lips already...*

Sarah had introduced her to Abe in the first place, *sort of,* and put her on this *big white cock express-train* in the first place*,* so there was no going back now!  Hell, she’d join the two of them if there was a spot open at this point…!

“...How long did you spend on this?” Sarah asked, more impressed than curious, smiling in earnest and patting Hayami on the back in spirit for all her hard work.

*If she could have stuck it to the fridge with a magnet, she would’ve.*

“Just a f-few days…  An all-nighter here or there, *and a few pots of coffee,* and it was easy~!  I mean, not *easy* easy*,* but I had a lot of help and suggestions from my fans!” the smaller woman beamed back, almost glowing with pride.

“Do they know the details already?  Cause you wouldn’t want to risk—” Sarah started, genuine concern flitting across her face for a nanosecond before Hayami cut her off.

*“No.*  The final details are a secret that I’ll share publicly *right* before we start.  I love them, and I trust them — *I really do* — but I know there might be some… *less than nice people out there…”*

Hayami looked... disappointed?  Or maybe just sad? Saddened by the thought that there might be people out there that considered themselves her fans but could pose a— *risk,* to her, or Abe, or even Sarah if she really had managed to drag her into this whole thing.

That was one of the biggest reasons to include Sarah, actually: not just to bring her bestie on the wild and crazy ride they’d probably be talking about for *months* afterwards, but to have someone looking out for them in case things went south.

A sort of lifeline, or maybe guardian angel.  Someone who could—

“OK, I’m in.  What do you need me to do?”

That had to have been the most honest and straightforward Hayami had heard Sarah be in a while.  Possibly ever. Or at least, as long as she had known her.

No jokes, no teasing, just straight-faced acceptance.  She was on board for whatever might come their way. *Ride or die indeed.*

*“Help me convince Abe to go along with it…?”*

Just like that, the old Sarah was back as she let out a quick belly laugh that turned more than a few heads as the other customers at their favourite coffee shop put their drinks down to physically turn around and look at them.

*“I’m serious!”* Hayami whined, whispering under her breath as she visibly deflated by the second out of shame and embarrassment.

It was undeniably cute, but not the kind of thing Sarah had meant to do to her.

“Sorry, sorry, you just caught me by surprise!” Sarah whispered back frantically as she stealthily turned her head to look around and make sure their onlookers had gone back to whatever they’d been doing a second before.

She had to hide her beaming smile behind her hand to get Hayami to know she was taking her seriously, but the idea of roping someone like *Abe* into doing the things she’d just heard about…!

*Now* ***there*** *was a challenge!*

“I know if I ask him nicely and explain everything to him *carefully,* he’ll see how serious I am about it, but I don’t want him putting his foot down and saying it’s too dangerous!”

*...Hayami had a point.*

As short and as long as Sarah knew Abe, Hayami’s health and happiness had been his number one concern.  Always. That made him a damn good boyfriend, of course, *but also a bit of a stick in the mud, or maybe a wet blanket…*

*He’d probably— no,* ***definitely*** *try and stop her from getting Hayami piss-drunk again, for example, if he knew that was some part of their plan,* she thought, biting her lip ever so slightly.

The faintest pang of envy shot through her at the thought of possibly *never* having a man like that in her life, but no one could compete with the J-Cup Queen herself.

*“Play up the raceplay angle…”* she mumbled as the thought crossed her mind, her eyes unfocused and lost deep in thought.

Abe was willing to do almost anything for Hayami, wasn’t he?  Even playing along with some of her more *hardcore* raceplay fantasies?  She assumed, anyway, from some of the saucy stories she’d managed to weasel out of the shy little dumpling~

If he knew how much it would mean to his girlfriend, and how hot and humid it would get her *downstairs,* then that would be the thin edge of the wedge she needed to crack him wide open and get him on board!

*The tip of the spear* ***they*** *needed…*

“Explain to him that this is some kind of rite of passage or something for bleached couples,” Sarah continued, her eyes clear and focused as the gears in her head went into overdrive.  “Don’t frame it as a peer pressure thing, or something all the cool couples are doing — just tell him it’s something **you** want to do after someone brought it up and you did a lot of research into it.

*“Lots of research is* ***key*** *here.*  It tells him you know what you’re talking about and that it’s something perfectly safe, even if it *is* risky.  Then bullshit him about how it’s going to bring you closer together and really test what it means to be an interracial couple, y’know?

“It has to be ***your*** idea, though.  *Don’t even* ***mention*** *me, not even as someone willing to help!* If you drop my name, he’ll think I pushed you into it somehow or that I was the one that brought it up to you.  Then it becomes a *joke.*  You can show him the rules or whatever you want to call them, but leave that for a last resort.  They’re just there for structure, to show it isn’t made up...

“The most important thing here is that **you’re** the mastermind, that **you’re** making the decision on your own and with a clear head, and that **you** really, ***really*** want him to do this with you...  *It* ***has*** *to be him, and it’s something you have to do* ***together.***  Got that?” Sarah concluded, drumming her fingers against the tabletop to drive her point home.

That was... a lot for Hayami to think about.  Boiling down what The Walk meant to her, why she wanted to do it so badly in the first place, why she wanted Abe to agree to it *willingly—*

“Or just pass it off as an April Fool’s joke while you’re sucking his soul out, I don’t know!” Sarah joked with all the grace of an especially loud fart in a quiet room after seeing how hard her best friend was thinking things over.

*...That* ***would*** *be easier, wouldn’t it?*

**April 1st, “Fool me twice…”**

*“Ahn~!*  If—  If you cum inside me right now, *you’re going to knock me up for sure!*  **I’m not on the pill right now!”**

*“God, I sure hope not…  I’d* ***love*** *to finally start a family with you~”*

*Strike one, not even a flinch.*  Just a quirked eyebrow, a sly grin, and an extra squeeze as Abe continued pistoning into her.

...He was definitely in on the joke, right?  It wasn’t exactly a surprise to hear those words coming from her boyfriend — *especially with how serious the couple had gotten about each other over the months and months they’d been together by now* — but it still shocked Hayami into a second or two of silence as her brain, *but more importantly her body,* processed that statement.

*Abe really did want to be a father, didn’t he...?*  With her…  *He wanted to start a family, with* ***her…!***Maybe not *immediately,* of course,and especially not **accidentally** —*since it was so much hotter to both of them to think about the conscious and deliberate alternative* — but some day...

*Some day for sure, the handsome, rugged, kind, gentle, outrageously-hung and ultra-fertile* ***white stud*** *on top of her was going to breed her, and there wouldn’t be a single doubt in either of their minds when it happened that it was* ***happening~!***

Abe let out an especially deep and satisfied grunt as Hayami clamped down around his cock, massaging him and pulling him deeper as he bottomed out again.  She was smiling now, licking her lips playfully and daring him to call her bluff, as bad as it was.

*His cute, beautiful, loving, gentle, squishy, smoking-hot, ridiculously-stacked and* ***utterly-breedable*** *girlfriend didn’t want him to last, it seemed...  Not with how hard she was trying to wring him out and stop him from pulling out, anyway.*

Abe couldn’t exactly blame her for that one; he didn’t really want to last either.  Not with what her cervix was doing to his cockhead, anyway, so he opted instead to give her the same kind of deep, loving kiss her body was giving him by slipping his tongue past her lips and dominating her mouth, practically devouring her tongue in the process.

The fire had been lit and there was no going back now.  They couldn’t have stopped themselves if they tried.

Despite how often the topic seemed to come up in their ***very*** *fulfilling sex life* — *with all their fantasies and fetishes seeming to orbit a molten, lusty core of breeding, bleaching, and the combination of the two* — the couple had never had a real conversation about the topic, strangely enough.

They knew how to push each other’s buttons, of course: what felt best and what they wanted — *what they dreamed of* — but other than that?

*What did they want for their future together?* ***Was*** *there a future together for them...?*

That train of thought earned Hayami a few quick, hard, and most of all **deep** thrusts from Abe.  Without having to say a single thing, they both knew exactly which question had gone unasked, as well as its more-than-obvious-by-now answer.

To vocalize their feelings would be a waste of time when they could let their bodies do the talking instead and focus on enjoying themselves.

*Enjoying the experience that was* ***them.***

*“Eeep!*  I mean, **I’m already pregnant!** I took a test yesterday and it came back **positive!”** Hayami squeaked out, trying to regain her advantage as well as her courage.

*“...Don’t get my hopes up now, Mimi,”* Abe groaned, sounding like he was legitimately disappointed and maybe even a little tired of her game already.

*Strike two, but also* ***unf~***❤Hearing Abe say that in what Hayami was now going to call his ‘Dad voice’ was enough to get her positively *gushing* downstairs.

It was a voice full of experience and weariness despite the small age gap between them, and it instantly spawned fantasies where her boyfriend was a decently older DILF-type.

*“S-Sorry…”*

*God, that was something to remember for later!  She’d be the naughty little bratty minx that all but* ***refused*** *to get pregnant despite all the thick, potent loads her older, wiser, and more commanding Daddy was pouring into her all the time, and she’d need to be* ***punished*** *for it and knocked up like the proper* ***slut*** *she—!*

Another grunt and groan from Abe as he slammed his length home made Hayami bite her lip.  She needed to stay on target and not cum too quickly, she knew, but he wasn’t making it any easier for her… Still, if she could avoid wringing him dry while imagining him breeding her stupid in a tweed suit on top of his desk and a pile of graded papers*—*

*The Walk!  Keep The Walk in mind!* she told herself.

Her screaming orgasm was an *eventuality,* but getting Abe on board for The Walk wasn’t.  Hayami needed to be tactful, graceful, and cautious so he’d take her seriously and—

***“I want you to go on The Walk of Fame with me!”*** she blurted out at the top of her lungs as the orgasm-in-waiting finally caught up with her and smacked her squarely in the back of the head.

*“What—?”* Abe managed to mumble in a second of confusion and clarity before Hayami’s orgasm caught up with him, too.

Instantly, his girlfriend’s legs were locked around his back, her pussy going wild trying to coax him into draining his now swollen and overloaded balls in her, and his vision went white as a soundless roar escaped his open mouth.

Neither of the two could tell where their orgasms began or ended in that moment, but they *could* feel Abe’s sizeable cock jumping and twitching as it tried and failed to dump its whole load all at once in the prison-of-pleasure that was Hayami’s pussy.

There was far too much for that, though.

The seed was too thick and the ropes too many, and both partners’ eyes rolled back in their heads as Abe came and came and came for what felt like an eternity.

*An eternity of raw, unfiltered pleasure,* but an eternity nevertheless.

Hayami finally managed to hear him gasp as he desperately sucked in air to fill his empty lungs, and she had the wherewithal to unlock her legs knowing an extra drop or two wouldn’t make a difference after the tsunami that had made landfall inside her.

*What was an extra drop or two in the ocean~?*

Speaking of, she was suddenly so very aware of how full she felt that she could have cum again just from the sensation of the massive load sloshing around inside her.

She would have, too, if Abe’s current limbo state between life and death didn’t take precedence.

*“...Are you alright?”* she asked softly, gently touching his arm with just her fingertips after she noticed his breathing return to normal.

*Well, normal for him after she milked another load out of him like the hungry succubus she was.*

*…Silence.* Hopefully he at least knew *where* and *when* he was this time, but all she could do was wait for his system to reboot.

Her boyfriend was motionless again, waiting either to exhale, or maybe for his eyes to spin back around, but he was stock-still on top of her, beads of sweat rolling down his broad, *strong chest…*

Any other night and Hayami would have run a finger over those precious drops of ambrosia to get a taste of him, but tonight—

*“Little death my whole ass,”* he breathed huskily, as if he had just finished trekking through the desert and desperately needed a drink of water.“I ***literally*** can’t feel my legs right now, *but I’d do that again in a heartbeat.”*

*Well, at least he was ok?* Hayami thought, taking pride in what she’d managed to do to her boyfriend without even really meaning to.  At least, she *thought* she did it to him…

*Take that!* she cursed at the imaginary rival pining for his heart.  *He’s all mine!  I’ve still got it~!*

*...Focus.  The Walk...*

*“Can I talk to you about something, honey?”*

*“Uh oh,* busting out the ‘honey,’ huh?  Well, let’s hear it…” Abe replied, using all of his upper-body strength to pull himself and his limp noodle-legs into a more comfortable position beside the nervous looking woman doing everything she could to avoid direct eye contact.

*After what she just did to you, no matter what it is, you’re damn well going to hear her out and talk through it,* he thought.  *Hell, she can have a* ***puppy*** *if she wants one!*

*“Well, you see…”*

**. . . . . . . . . .**

It was an awful lot to take it for Abe, but getting the feeling in his legs back and having his girlfriend nervously jerking him off certainly helped.

Not that she was nervous about jerking him off— well, actually, that was probably the best way to put it...

The relaxed up-and-down motions didn’t exactly feel amazing, *and obviously couldn’t hold a candle to her usual work,* but they were clearly some kind of coping mechanism, or maybe a relaxation method.

Something to do with her hand while she talked and something to keep her mind occupied as she told him everything he needed to know, essentially.

So, while she was obviously nervous about *something,* and had been holding that something in for a while now, that something wasn’t jerking him off, just what he might say to her about whatever the Walk of Fame was supposed to be.

The… *challenge?* No, she made it clear it wasn’t something like that to her, even if it *could* be called one.  It wasn’t some dare, or something she’d been pressured into doing or thinking she *had* to do, whether by Sarah or anyone else, though Abe *did* make a mental note to place some imaginary bets about whether or not the trickster in question and the chat his girlfriend wanted to have with him were related somehow.

*Probably.*

Whether they were or weren’t, though, this was something she was clearly passionate about and wanted— no, *needed,* his help with, since she couldn’t possibly do it without him.

If he was going to place any other bets at that moment, he felt pretty confident that Mimi had lost some sleep and worried herself sick about bringing this up with him, so he was going to take it just as seriously as anything else they would talk about as a couple.

No judgement, no laughing, just a down-to-earth heart-to-heart because Abe truly and deeply cared about her and the things she cared about. He loved her in every sense of the word he knew.  He’d never met another woman like her, and he didn’t care to try finding another now that he had.

If there was ever some kind of search, it was officially over now. He chose Hayami.  He’d always choose Hayami. Her hopes, dreams, fears, *and* anxieties.  All of it. He had made his mind up a long time ago without having to really think about it any harder, and he was going to always be by her side no matter what.  In good times and in bad, in sickness and in—

*“So you’ll do it!?”*

*Oh, right, he hadn’t actually agreed to it yet,* Abe suddenly realized. *Or had he…?*

There were a lot of questions floating around in his mind but Hayami was starting to give the handjob more and more attention, so his recovering boner was siphoning more than a little bit of processing power from his brain at that moment…

“Yes.  ***With some conditions, of course,”*** he announced, weakly bucking his hips with what little strength he had left as Hayami’s grip around his cock tightened and her other hand started to cradle and massage his balls.

***Touchdown!*** Hayami thought.  *...No, wait,* ***Homerun!*** Yeah, that sounded better…

Abe’s cock was starting to come back to life and the heat of it in her palm alone was enough to be just a little distracting for her too...

*She’d smother it in kisses in a minute,* but for now, she needed to focus and look her beautiful boyfriend in the eyes.

“Thank you, honey.”

Three words packed with volumes of hidden meaning, and Abe picked up on all of it.

“Anytime,” he replied with a genuine smile.  “But do you think you could…?”

*“You read my mind~”* Hayami giggled back at him, turning over in their bed to get more comfortable and make both their eyes roll back in their heads for the second time that night.

**April 16th, “It Begins…”**

*“Hiii, guys~!*  I’ve got a ***very*** special announcement to make today!  *I didn’t want to say anything until I knew for sure, and you might have been joking about it, but* ***I’m not~!  I’m going to do the Walk of Fame~!”***

Short and sweet and straight to the point, Hayami sat back and smiled the biggest, brightest, and proudest smile her fans had ever seen as the chatroom practically imploded and devolved into pure chaos.

Excitement and disbelief were the two largest camps within the tidal wave of reactions, third place being easily taken by a decently large group announcing they’d be *saving up* for the special event.

All it took was one look at the face staring into the webcam for any doubts her fans might have had to evaporate, though.  She was serious about this. *Or at the very least, too excited and downright* ***giddy*** *to be lying,* but either way, there was conviction in her eyes and a warm, genuine honesty in her smile.

This was just as much for her fans as it was for her and Abe, after all, and she couldn’t stand to keep it a secret anymore, so why wouldn’t she be happy about it?  They deserved to finally know. Plus, building a little excitement never hurt anyone, right~?

At least, that’s how Hayami saw it.

That just meant it was time for the real, hard-hitting questions, though.

*What?  Where? When?  Why? How?*

“I’m going to keep all the details ***top secret*** until right before the stream starts, so keep an eye out, alright, guys~?” their Asian goddess replied in a soothing and reassuring tone.  “I can tell you it’ll be some time in the next week or so, *and late at night,* but that’s about it!  *Sorry~!”*

Even coming from someone as bright and cheerful as Hayami, there was no question that what she had said was ***final.***She couldn’t, and wouldn’t, say anything more than she already had, so there was no point trying to fish any more out of her.

*That newest tidbit led naturally to one other reaction:* ***fear.***

Would their favourite streamer — *since calling her a* ***porn star*** *felt dirty and didn’t quite fit the mostly wholesome, personal shows she put on* — be alright!?  She’d be going out late at night and doing dangerous things!  Anyone could see her! What if the police caught them!? *What if something really* ***bad*** *happened!?*

“Don’t worry, ***Abe*** will be there, of course~!” Hayami started, picking up on the lull in the deluge of messages and expertly reading the room.  *“He’ll keep me safe~”* she cooed, wrapping her arms around herself at the thought of her big, strong, *white* boyfriend being there to protect her from whatever might show up like a trusty knight in shining armour, *and then fucking her cross-eyed right after dealing with it~*❤

The mood seemed to pick up at that, all of her fans breathing a collective sigh of relief even as a few pangs of jealousy permeated the chat for one reason or another.

*Some wished they had a boyfriend like Abe in their lives, others wished they could be Hayami herself, with a surprising minority wishing they were in Abe’s shoes…*

“So!” Hayami said, clapping her hands together out of excitement and to get everyone’s attention again, “Keep your eyes peeled if you want to catch the stream ***live,*** otherwise we’ll post the recording afterwards~!  *I think…  Right?”*

She had turned around in her seat to call over her shoulder to— seemingly no one, since she was the only person in frame at the moment. Seeming to get the answer she was looking for, though, it was time to end the spur-of-the-moment announcement stream.

“Yep, yep, I just know you guys will love it!  *Who knows, maybe if you’re lucky, you’ll even catch me on the walk~?  Now wouldn’t that be fun~!”*

**April 25th, 1 am, “The Starting Line”**

“Batteries?”

“Check.  One loaded, three backups.”

“Memory cards?”

“Check.  Way more than enough for just four hours’ worth.”

“Cellphone?”

“You got it, and no, I won’t play any games or anything if I get bored.”

“What do you do if you lose sight of us and we don’t check in?”

“Call the cops.”

“Sarah!”

“Sorry, try and phone you two, and *then* call the cops.”

“...What about if—”

“Cops.”

“...Is that going to be your answer to everything now?” Hayami teased, sensing how impatient her best friend was getting.

“Cops—  Oh, sorry, *ditch the camera, console Abe, change our names, flee the country, live long, happy lives somewhere sunny, name my first kid after you, and* ***then*** *call the cops.”*

*“You know I love you, right~?”* Hayami managed to choke out between laughs.

“You know it.  I mean, *‘I know.’* Jeeze, *relaaax,* you’re gonna be *fine,* girl!  Stop thinking about creeps and stuff.  *You’re* the one basically putting on a public sex show here!  Half the fun’s in being watched, anyway! *Or at least,* ***thinking*** *you’re being watched…”*

At least one of them was looking on the bright side of things...

Sarah was right, though, this was supposed to be about having fun.  *The kind of fun that left you walking funny afterwards,* but fun nonetheless!  If *anything* happened, Abe would take care of her, and if there was something he *couldn’t* protect her — or himself — from, then Sarah was their guardian angel.  Their eyes in the sky. *Their faithful watcher?*

Basically, she was their backup plan, but Hayami *really* hoped it didn’t end up coming to that.

“Alright, good talk, good talk.  Here we go!” Hayami said with a smile, giving Sarah a long, bone-crunching hug despite her small size.

“Shit, if you’re *this* strong, then *you* should be the one protecting *Abe!”* Sarah managed to choke out after being pulled down to the shorter woman’s height, hugging her back as much as she could with her arms completely pinned to her sides.

“Sorry, sorry!”

“Damn, just go get that dick already!  You’re burning moonlight!”

**. . . . . . . . . .**

“You know the plan, right, honey?”

“Not really, but I trust you,” Abe replied absentmindedly, adjusting the small video-camera he had strapped to his body to capture POV footage and stream the walk for their fans online.

*Somehow…*

He wasn’t exactly sure *how* that was supposed to work, but he wasn’t about to sweat the little details, either.  Not as long as it *just worked,* anyway.

Hayami had to stop and drink her boyfriend in after that.  He probably didn’t even have to think about those three little words, but they were so packed full of meaning and emotion to her that they were probably one of the single hottest things Abe had said to her in a while.

At least outside the bedroom.

Abe had placed his trust — *and to a certain extent his safety* — in her hands, and that stoked her fire all the more, convincing her to milk her poor little white boy dry every chance she got.

She was going to make this night something neither of them would ever forget, *possibly for completely different reasons,* but that didn’t really matter right now~

“Just follow my lead, then.  I’ve got the whole thing memorized!” she said with all the conviction and authority she could muster, easily feeling a few feet taller as she took Abe’s hand.

She rubbed it gently to try and soothe him, but the simple action was more for her benefit than his, despite her newfound bravado.

“I will.”

It was Abe’s turn to reassure the soft and squishy little bundle of nerves that had dragged him into this whole thing in the first place that everything was going to be alright.

Wait, no, that wasn’t quite right, was it?  Hayami hadn’t dragged him into anything, and he liked to think she couldn’t, even if she tried her hardest.  While his little No Nut November adventure was somewhere in the back of his mind as something he’d sprung on her and forced her into, this was something she’d wanted him to agree to all on his own, and do completely voluntarily.

Abe knew he could call this little walk off at any point if he felt it was too dangerous, but he was along for the ride now.  In his heart of hearts, he really wanted to fuck his girlfriend all over the city and maybe get seen by one or two people.

It was exciting, invigorating, and as Abe felt his cock revving up for the marathon to come, he welcomed whatever challenges Hayami had in store for him, since she hadn’t actually told him exactly what they’d be doing…  *Or where they’d be doing them…*

“How long is this thing supposed to last, again?” he wondered aloud, trying to crunch the numbers on exactly how much dust he’d be shooting by the end of the night.

**First Stop, “Pearls Before Swine,” Four Hours Remaining**

“Come on, honey, pick up the pace!” Hayami announced, waving an arm at him and proudly leading their party of two — plus Sarah — with all the vim and vigour of a marching band conductor at the front of a massive parade.

She had started to cross the street, leading Abe towards an alley he somehow hadn’t seen until just then, he realized.  *Somehow.*  Much the same way he hadn’t realized Hayami was wearing high-heels until he heard the click, clack, click, clack-ing they were making against the concrete and bothered looking down at her feet…

He caught glimpses of the bright red pumps now and then as the coat she was wearing swayed from side to side in time with her deliciously thick, child-bearing hips, and his girlfriend was strutting her stuff, exaggeratingly swinging her caboose left and right for his — and the camera’s, *but mostly his* — benefit.

As he stared, completely entranced at that point, Abe started to notice that Hayami was also wearing an almost comically cliché tan trench coat. It wasn’t quite warm enough just yet for anything less, and it *did* fit what they were doing, so he hadn’t paid much attention to it at all until now — deciding the coat fit their circumstances and digesting that piece of information subconsciously.

She had to be wearing *something,* after all...

*Plus,* the way it framed her curvy body meant he’d likely ask her to wear it again even when they *weren’t* sneaking about the city to have risky, raunchy… *public sex…*  Thatwas the power of *J-Cup Hayami’s* outlandish proportions: making just about anything look good on her.

*That and a good dose of his love, of course.*

The heels, though?  Now those were quite a bit rarer for him to see and an extra-special treat, but they only accentuated her already fine features.

*Damn, he just* ***loved*** *watching her walk in them,* he had to admit.

His girlfriend knew he had a thing for heels — and not just because she was a little on the short side, because, in fact, he couldn’t care less about how tall she was, even if he *did* love having more than a couple inches on her, *though he’d never admit it* — but because of what they did to a woman’s leg-line in general!

A good pair of heels turned an otherwise fine looking leg into a **gam,** and boy did Hayami have a sweet pair of gams right about then!

“Not that I don’t absolutely ***love*** those heels you’re wearing, but how far are we walking, exactly, and are you going to be able to do the whole thing wearing them?” Abe piped up suddenly, kicking himself right after because of the possibility that his girlfriend might take them off.

If she picked them out just for this — *because he’d never seen them in their closet at home* *before* — then she must have known what she was doing, right?  He was worrying about *nothing!  There wasn’t any reason at all for her to take off those sexy shoes...!*

“I appreciate the concern, stud, but you can tell me how *drop-dead* ***gorgeous***I look once we’re safely at home in bed, alright?  *I’m really happy that you like my outfit, but we’re here to* ***fuck,*** *remember~?”*

“Y-Yes ma’am…!”

Well, ***that*** was a new side of Hayami Abe couldn’t remember seeing before!  *One that he didn’t exactly dislike, either...*

Commanding, focused, *in charge...* He’d have to ask her to put that mask on again later, for sure.  His cock throbbed just thinking about his sweet and squishy shorter girlfriend ordering him around and reminding him who *owned* his cock.

*That he had one job, and one job only, and that job was—*

“Coast’s clear~!  *If you don’t want to back out, we’re getting started* ***right now,*** *so you’d better get that big white cock nice and hard for me, baby!”*

*Nope, nope, nope,* he was totally on board, and not just because he’d caught a glimpse of her ***fishnets*** as Hayami spun on her heel to lift an arm and point into the alley they were standing in front of.

He had his marching orders now, and that meant readjusting his quickly hardening cock before it threatened to split his zipper wide open and pop out before they were even a little hidden from public view.

“Lead the way!”

*“Good boy~”*

*He could get used to this...*

The moment they were about halfway down the alley — *since Abe had been scanning for entry and exit points* — Hayami once again spun around, stopping dead in her tracks this time, to issue her first ‘order.’

“Whip it out for me, big boy! I want to make sure you’re firing on all cylinders,” she said with a saucy wink and a lick of her plump, ruby-red lips.

***When did she—****How had she managed to put on lipstick that quickly, and without him noticing?*

Abe couldn’t unzip his pants fast enough, his totally hard cock springing free as soon as his zipper was down and bouncing from side to side in the cool, late-night-early-morning air.

“Good, good, that’s *exactly* what I want to see,” his new mistress teased as she slowly wrapped one hand around him to give him a testing stroke, even though it felt more like a testing ***pump.***

He had to bite his lip to keep from moaning as the situation finally dawned on him the second Hayami started jerking him off.

“Go ahead and rest your hands on the wall so you don’t fall over, okay~?  That’ll give me plenty of room to ***work*** as long as you remember not to squish that little camera you’re wearing~  *We want the fans to have a good view, but I want* ***you*** *to have a nice little memento later, too, alright~?”*

Abe nodded his head a few times, his mind clouding over already.

It wasn’t as if he really had a choice in the matter, after all. Hayami quite *literally* had him by the balls at this point as she tenderly ran her free hand over his entire length to get him hard enough that he started twitching.

Hayami started off gentle with light strokes and light touches with the odd hard *pump* thrown in to keep him on his toes before starting to really milk and massage him.  She squeezed and tickled and rubbed his already swollen head on the up-stroke, and then pushed the makeshift cock-ring she’d formed with her fingers all the way down his shaft to bump into his groin on the down-stroke.

There was a tenderness to how rough she was being, but Abe still got the message: he **was** going to cum, and **she** was in charge of ***when.***

*Not that she wasn’t usually, but this was different...*

Hayami’s handjob started to pick up even more speed as she copped a squat between her new plaything and object of affection, and the wall Abe was leaning against. She even made sure to give him a kiss or two before slipping a small bottle of lube out of one of her pockets to make sure she wouldn’t give him any friction burns with the kind of speed she was pouring on.

Or at least, Abe had to assume she’d reached into a pocket...

When his eyes weren’t closed because of the pleasure Hayami was forcing him to endure with the now ***brutal*** handjob she was giving him, he looked her straight in the eyes and enjoyed every tingle that shot up his spine each time she winked, or licked her lips, or let her tongue loll out of her mouth like she was going to—

“I-If you go that hard, I’m n-not gonna last very long,” Abe protested unenthusiastically, feeling as if he should mention how close he was getting in case it played into his girlfriend’s master plan somehow, *but not wanting Mimi to stop or even let up in the slightest.*

*“That’s the idea, babe,”* the saucy little minx below him whispered just quietly enough for him to get the impression she was saying it just for him.  “The faster we get the boring stuff out of the way, the sooner we can get to you creaming me ***raw~*** Just keep your eyes on me and don’t move those hips, you *bad boy~!”*

*Fuck!* He really *had* been swinging his hips, wanting to fuck his *mistress’s* warm, slick hand…

Abe felt *compelled* to obey Hayami’s every word at this point, so he braced his forearms against the wall and held as still as he could, flexing his hips to expose as much of his aching cock to her as he could.

Luckily, Hayami rewarded him for his good behaviour, opening her mouth nice and wide and exhaling hot, humid puffs of breath against his cockhead every time she let it go to stroke the rest of his considerable length.

She couldn’t exactly let it get *cold,* could she~?  No, that just wouldn’t do...

Up and down, up and down, Hayami was holding onto Abe’s cock like she was trying to choke it out. She squeezed with all her might and took *great* pleasure in the fact that her boyfriend’s beefy cock resisted her genuine efforts to make it submit, only throbbed longer, harder, and more often for her.

Abe let out a *very* satisfying whine for Hayami as she massaged his crown with the palm of her hand, letting the tips of her fingers stroke as much cock as they could reach.

Oh, he was close alright.  It was going to be an especially *messy* finish, too.  She could feel it.  But that suited her just fine.

*All according to plan~* she thought, smiling up at the man she’d reduced to a panting, sweating, quivering mess.

*He deserved this orgasm,* she told herself over and over again as she ground her palms against his swollen mushroom-head one last time, slicking her both her hands with his pre so she could give him a proper double-barrel finish.

As Abe bit his lip and flexed his hips especially strongly — *as if he were bottoming out balls-deep inside her pussy, Hayami thought* — she knew it was time to let him blow.

“Now **cum for me,** *like a* ***good boy~"*** she almost growled, her voice husky and dripping with authority that her boy-toy couldn’t have ignored if he tried.

While Abe couldn’t see Hayami shifting around beneath him to position herself right between the wall and his cock, he could at least feel her loosening her grip around his cock to give him the signal that she wasn’t holding him back anymore.

In fact, she was giving him all the room he needed to blow his load and started to massage his balls to get every last drop she could.

What felt like a week’s worth of cum raced up and out of Abe’s cock before blasting Hayami over and over again with thick, syrupy ropes.  He balled his fists and had to lean against the brick wall in front of him even more to avoid falling over completely, the orgasm was so strong.

*“Good boy, good boy,”* Hayami repeated over and over as she continued to stroke his entire length through his whole climax, ensuring each shot was just as strong as the last.

She milked every pearly-white drop he had out of his cock and onto her neckline, save for the very last rope that she’d already earmarked for the wall itself.

Abe somehow managed to open his eyes just as his orgasm ended to see his girlfriend dodge to one side, and his seed hit the wall and leave a long, shining white streak quite a few inches long.

As he desperately tried to catch his breath and had to wait for his eyes to stop swimming in his head after what had to have been the single strongest orgasm he’d had from a ‘simple’ handjob, he heard Hayami whistle and saw Sarah round the corner to join them in the alley.

“Hoo-wee,” Sarah remarked, getting an eyeful of the picture-perfect pearl-necklace Hayami was showing off to the larger, but still portable, camera she was carrying around to have backup footage and properly document the *momentous occasion.*

Drops of pearly-white cum ran down Haymi’s neck and formed the most beautiful bib-style necklace either of the two women had ever seen.  Streaks of white ran this way and that all over Hayami’s fair Asian skin, connecting and reconnecting and forming thin rivulets and thick streams of cum as they dripped down her tits and into her massive cleavage.

The individual ropes Abe had initially blasted Hayami with — *and where they had landed* — were still recognizable even in the now runny, streaky mess, but the couple’s handiwork shone through.

As strange as it sounded, it was a team effort, and Sarah had to fight the urge to both bury her face in it and lick it up off of Hayami’s copious, jiggling breast flesh.  It simply looked *divine.*

“Backed up, were you?” she asked Abe jokingly, wondering how long he must have saved up for a money-shot like that one, and how long it would take him to be ready for another just like it.

“N-No, *j-just t-today,”* he panted, sounding like he was exhausted already, or maybe had an out-of-body experience, making Sarah’s jaw hit the floor.

***“Holy shit, girl,*** starting strong, huh?  Better not ride him too hard right from the start or he’ll give out before you’re even halfway through!” she remarked incredulously.

“The riding’s up next, actually, so don’t worry~  *We only just* ***made*** *the starting line, after all,”* Hayami joked, the devilish look in her eyes saying it was anything but...

**Second Stop, “Save a Horse,” Three-and-a-Half Hours Remaining**

“Feeling better, honey~?”

*“I can walk, can’t I?”*

That earned Abe a light, airy chuckle, but Hayami had taken the lead again, herding him out of the alley they’d ‘started’ the walk in and down the sidewalk proper.

He was focused on the rhythmic, almost hypnotic beat her heels were click-clack-ing out, but he knew they were properly in public now.  Not in some hidden alley or side street. There was no real cover from buildings or shadows or anything like that out here, and if someone happened to be driving down the street just then, they would see them. *They’d see* ***everything…***

Him, and Hayami, *and the shining pearl-necklace he’d blasted her with just a few minutes earlier, too…*

There was no denying the raging semi he was sporting walking after the woman that had all but promised to milk him dry — *and had done so in part already —* but did she have to show it off so *openly?*

She had undone a button on her coat to show off her neckline and more than a little of the deep, full cleavage she normally kept covered up, and Abe couldn’t stop thinking about it, but not in a good way.

Arousal, fear, jealousy, possessiveness, and even a little self-consciousness swirled through his head, among other thoughts and feelings.

Being seen was part of the walk, sure, but he didn’t want to draw attention to themselves unnecessarily, and Hayami didn’t seem to care.

That was downright dangerous.

It felt to Abe as if the pearly-white strands were glow-in-the-dark, and that it was *his* fault Hayami now had a target around her neck. *That he’d painted a target on* ***both*** *of their necks!*

It was beyond sexy too, of course, but the danger was very quickly looping back around to being downright scary, and he couldn’t help but feel like he only wanted other people to see her like that in the comfort and safety of their own home…

*Where he could throw the sexy minx on their bed and plow her in front of everyone watching…  Assert dominance and* ***ownership*** *of his busty, vivacious—*

Hearing his guide come to a stop more than seeing it, Abe finally raised his head and really wished he hadn’t.  The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end as he broke out in goosebumps and prayed that he was seeing things.

That Sarah and Hayami had somehow *built* the bus-stop shelter his girlfriend was now standing in front of and presenting to him like a *Price Is Right* model.

Luckily, his brain had finished rebooting, erasing all his doubts and dears after what Hayami had put it through earlier, and he realized that what he was seeing didn’t make any sense for a number of reasons.

“Okay, so, *first,* no busses this late at night.  *Second,* we’re supposed to do this thing on foot...  So, what’s the plan?”

“Just giving you a little *break,* honey.  *Why don’t you come take a seat right over* ***here~?”***

Abe had almost missed it because of the giant ad plastered on the side of the little shelter, but there *was* a small bench inside.  Clean, sturdy, and completely empty, *obviously,* there was more than enough room for him *and* Hayami to take a seat and catch their breaths.

And why not?  His girlfriend hadn’t told him how far they’d be going, *or* the route they’d be taking, so this was the perfect chance to get some extra feeling back in his legs.  He knew they were on a schedule, but five minutes here or there couldn’t hurt, right?

The second Abe’s ass hit the bench, his succubus of a girlfriend was on her knees again, spreading his legs with one hand and tugging on his pants zipper with the other.

“What happened to ‘rest your legs’?”

“You **are** resting your legs, silly~!  I never said you were going to get to rest your *cock,* though, did I?  *But if you want to rest it on my face, that’s fine by me~”*

The oldest trick in the book, and he had fallen for it hook, line, and sinker!

Hayami got through his fly in the blink of an eye, pulling his cock out and stroking it to semi-hard life much more gently than when she’d *jacked him off* earlier.

As she darted her tongue out of her mouth to circle his head and pull it into her mouth, Abe was suddenly aware of her reaching into her pocket again and pulling out what looked like a pack of… *condoms?*

“Didn’t think I’d be seeing *those* tonight,” he chuckled, even as he had to bite his lip because Hayami had turned the suction up to ‘vacuum.’

*“Mmmn,* normally I wouldn’t,” she replied, keeping her lips in contact with his cock and sounding like she *strongly* resented the fact that she didn’t really have a choice in the matter, “but what better *proof* than the cream-filled kind~?

“Besides, it isn’t exactly a *climax* if you cream my pussy **every** time, now is it?  I know our audience — *but more importantly,* ***you*** — will appreciate getting to taste me **raw** *after* you bloat every last one of these silly little rubbers~  *Assuming you don’t burst one early, of course.  I* ***did*** *get the* ***extra thin ones*** *so you wouldn’t be* ***too*** *disappointed~*

“I’m sure my *white* ***stallion*** won’t mind showing off, though, *will he~?*  *Bloating condom after condom and giving me more than a couple* ***snacks*** *along the way…?  Or maybe even a lucky viewer at home, if they can find the extra special dead drop~?”*

Damn, Hayami always knew just which buttons to press to turn Abe into a drooling, panting beast!  *Popping a condom?*  Easier said than done, but where there was a will, there was a way, and Abe definitely had a mighty, burning will right about then.

If his girlfriend wanted to show off, then he’d tear through whatever kind of package of however many condoms she had in the lewd hammer-space she was keeping all her surprises in, and *make* her wear them as a filled-condom *skirt!*

If she was okay with walking down the street with his cum all over her neck, then wearing a condom or two or *five* shouldn’t be that big a deal!  If she really *was* planning on leaving a little present for a fan of theirs, and assuming someone managed to find it—

*Well, it sounded hot on paper, at least…*

With those thoughts flooding his mind, Abe’s cock had risen to the occasion, *so to speak,* taking that extra new challenge to heart.  It was going to be his inspiration *and* a little gift for his suddenly extra-slutty girlfriend.  *Their fans watching at home, too, of course.  Naturally…*

With thoughts of decorating his girlfriend with his cum — *in* *one way or another* — swimming through his head, Hayami had to get Abe’s attention with a little tug.

He’d completely missed seeing her tear a condom package open with her teeth, and now she’d be damned if he missed watching her put it on him with her *mouth,* too!

As soon as Abe’s eyes focused on her, she started swallowing his now twitching, jumping cock inch by painstaking inch.

Hayami had had plenty of deepthroat practice with her boyfriend, of course, and while he was certainly a *throatful* under normal circumstances, she’d learned how to handle him *and* his behemoth.

*She’d never tried to stretch a condom over his cock with just her mouth before, though…*

So her pace was more restrained compared to the usual frantic one where they’d skip the rubber altogether and she’d want as much of his cock as deep in her throat as quickly as possible, but Abe got to enjoy every little feeling of their slow and sensual journey while Hayami got to take her time and massage her favourite slab of white meat without being pressured by the ravenous slut in the back of her head screaming at her to go faster.

By the time she reached the end of the line, pulling her patient little man’s hand off her head and planting it firmly on the bench he was sitting on, she *also* got to enjoy watching Abe’s breath hitch in his throat as he twitched in hers.

When he tried to move his hand to touch her again, she held it in place for a few seconds to teach him that right now, he could only *look, and not* ***touch~***

*“You’ll know when I want your hands in my hair and* ***my nose in your crotch,*** *baby, so just let me work and focus on* ***enjoying yourself~”***Hayami cooed after slowly pulling her face off Abe’s cock to reveal the spit-slicked condom that was now properly in place.

She’d done it all in one go and completely hands-free, too!

*“Y-Yes ma’am…”* was all Abe could stutter out in reply as his cock hardened even more at the sight.

***“Good boy~”***

There it was, Abe’s new favourite phrase.

*How could two little words make him spurt pre like that?*  Get him twitching like never before? What had Hayami done to him, getting him so used to her usual bubbly, cuddly self that this sudden 180 turned him into a helpless little boy?

*Christ,* he thought, *was this her plan all along?  Was she just buttering me up so she could whip out this dommy mommy side some day and turn the tables on me?  Get me completely addicted to her so I’d be her whimpering slave? Am I just breeding stock to her now? A fertile white* ***bull?***

In reality, Abe couldn’t care less.  The thoughts were ridiculous to begin with, but they were potential problems for future Abe to figure out.  When he *wasn’t* having the time of his life and cumming his brains out...  *When his loving, caring, big-titty, thicc-as-all-hell girlfriend wasn’t* ***making*** *him cum his brains out.*

Hayami slowly climbed up his body while he was lost in thought, but another quick tug of his cock brought him back to the reality that was the absolute goddess standing in front of him with her trench coat *wide open.*

He was right about seeing fishnets earlier, but he was wrong to think they were just stockings…  *Hayami was wearing a full-body fishnet* ***body stocking*** *under her coat!*

Memories of their Valentine’s Day together rushed back to Abe, and he instinctively sucked a bright pink nipple into his mouth to give it a few worshipful licks as it passed him.

Whatever it took, he needed to see Hayami in that outfit again later, at home, where he could rip it open or just rip it off altogether.  The way it dug into her flesh in all the right ways filled the condom he was wearing with another few spurts of precum.

He was also instantly aware of how much more naked she seemed compared to when she was wearing nothing at all…  If it wasn’t for the unspoken order to keep his hands on the bench, he would have wrapped his arms around his girlfriend to shield her from the prying eyes he imaged were watching as much as to get a good feel of her.

When his brain came back online after its second crash and he realized that with Hayami facing him, with her long trench coat covering her back, in that tiny little bus shelter, no one would be able to see them anyway.

*Then she sat on his lap and held his head between her breasts, her legs dangling in the small gap between the hard, metal bench and the Plexiglas back wall.*

“M-Mimi, I’m gonna…!” he groaned, muffled by her tits and once again drinking in her scent and taste, his tongue sampling anything and everything it could reach.

“No, ***you’re not,”*** his mistress replied, and the matter was settled.

Hayami reached a hand down between their bodies, stroking Abe’s chest as she went, before moving the panties she was wearing on top of her fishnet ensemble to one side so she could tear a decent sized hole in the patch of netting covering her crotch.

With a shimmy and a shake, she managed to lift her hips and guide her pet’s cock inside her until he was hilted and he was forced to suck in a quick breath of air through his teeth.

“See~?  Nice and *thin* so you can still feel ***everything.*** Now be a ***good boy***and ***earn*** that creampie.  *Even if you* ***are*** *just bloating a silly little condom.* ***For now~***❤**”**

***Christ!*** Had Hayami always been that good at pushing his buttons, or was he just that easy to toy with!?  *Did it matter at that point!?* Was there any reason *not* to dig his fingers into the phat ass that was now riding him and do his best to make sure they both came as hard as they could!?

Abe started slow, worried about how far back his girlfriend seemed to be leaning and whether or not she’d end up falling, until he realized she’d tucked her legs underneath the bench they were on to prevent just that.

Really, he had all the freedom in the world — *that their position allowed them, anyway* — to pump his hips and jackhammer his girlfriend on top of his cock, so he did just that.

Burying his face back between the peaks of her mountains and his cock as deep as it would go, he actually leaned forward to get just that little bit more leverage and enjoy the ridiculously sexy arc of Hayami’s backbend.

*If they were at home on their bed, this would be an amazing position to—*

***“Fuuuuck!”*** Abe roared, suddenly wishing he wasn’t wearing that condom just to have the infinitesimally larger — *though still near zero —* chance of knocking Hayami up.

She actually giggled, probably realizing exactly what he was thinking, and playing him like a damned fiddle, too!  This was the perfect time, and the perfect place, to just go wild and pump every last drop he had deep inside his lover.  *The perfect scene for their fans, too.*

***“Good boy,*** *just like that!  Fuck me and* ***cum for me~  Cum inside me~!*** *I want it nice and full so I can show it off dangling from my panties~”* Hayami whispered right into Abe’s ear.

That was the goal for now, he reminded himself, picking up steam and brutally driving his hips into the woman on top of him over and over and over again.  Everything else could come later. ***Would come later.***  He needed to stick to the plan, and the plan right then was to ***cum inside her!***

Time lost all meaning as Abe drove his hips into Hayami and she wiped the sweat from his brow, lewdly licking and sucking on her fingers before pulling him into a molten-hot kiss that felt like pure sex.  More than the feeling of Hayami’s pussy squeezing and convulsing around him, or the kiss her womb was trying to give him through that ***shitty fucking condom,***his girlfriend’s tongue and lips on his were what drove him to the edge.

He dug his fingers into her back, pulling the minx down onto his rock-hard cock but also into his chest, criss-crossing and wrapping his arms around her to remind everyone involved how much he wanted her.

*How much she belonged to him, and he belonged to her…*

For Hayami’s part, with Abe restricting her movement, she shimmied her hips side to side as much as she could, rubbing her lips up, down, and against the base of his cock, and massaging his length with every fold she had.  *With every hot, molten-honeyed fold, crevice and bump she had at her disposal.* She focused and contracted her muscles, milking her poor white boy and drawing him deeper and deeper until there wasn’t a ‘deeper’ anymore.

As her boyfriend swung his hips until the very last second, Hayami finally released her legs’ grip on the bench to wrap them around Abe’s back, and as he jerked forward to wrap her in a bone-crunching hug and drive his cockhead into her cervix — *as well as make sure the two of them didn’t land on the ground or the sidewalk outside the bus shelter* — Abe came with all the force and fury of a damn hurricane.

His eyes were forced closed by his orgasm, but feeling, tasting, and smelling Hayami in his arms, he knew they hadn’t fallen.

Hayami could feel the condom stretching and fighting to contain Abe’s load as what seemed like one long, continuous release flowed out of him. Compared to the usual shots and waves of pleasure, they were both consumed by an uninterrupted *stream* of pleasure that merely petered out slowly instead of choppily stopping and starting again, though it lasted quite a bit longer than any of their previous orgasms.

*“Good boy, good boy, good boy…”* Hayami whispered over and over like a mantra into her hero’s ear, engraving what was now a trigger-phrase deep into his subconscious and tattooing the phrase onto his brain.

Between that and the squeezing of her legs still wrapped firmly around him, Abe needed more than a few minutes to come down from his high, catch his breath, and let go of his beautiful future-wife, but couldn’t complain about the way Hayami’s pussy was gently massaging his now spent cock to get the last dregs of cum out of him.

“Do you—  *Do you need help…?  G-Getting off…?”* he practically wheezed, wishing he had something to drink just then.

“I think you covered that, honey~!” his loving girlfriend replied back, taking the mask of the dominant mistress off for a moment to gently stroke his face and take care of him.  “Why don’t you just lean back and take it easy for a minute, hmm~? I’ll get you a drink, too, since you look like you could use one.”

*Huh?* Abe thought, not able to say or think another word at that moment, generally confused at how she’d seemingly managed to read his mind.

“Did you get all that, Sarah~?” Hayami called, turning to look just outside the bus shelter’s cut-out entrance.

“Hell yeah I did!” the obviously excited woman replied, *if the growing stain in her yoga pants was anything to go by.* “Jesus am I glad I got to watch that…!  Oh, and that I could record it since the other camera was *probably* covered up the whole time…”

“Me too, and probably not the *whole* time~  *Would you mind grabbing a bottle of water for Abe, though?  I think that one took a lot out of him and he looks more than a little parched…”*

“Sure, no problem.  How about you?”

“No, I’m fine, just the water for him first so you can get a good shot of the ***reveal~!”***

*Wait, what?  Water? But everything was closed and—*

Sarah was back in a flash after ducking out of the shelter and opening up a zippered, insulated bag, ice-cold bottle of water in hand.

*...Damn, they really* ***did*** *come prepared!* Abe thought, before Sarah had to open the bottle for him because of how weak he was feeling at the moment.  *Made sense, though.*

“Alright, alright, show me what you got!” she called over to Hayami now that the white stallion was watered and recovering.

Hayami had walked over to lean all the way back against the far wall of the shelter for some support as she spread her legs and squatted down a little.  Sarah almost had the camera *inside her* from where Abe was sitting as the Asian sensation moaned and bit her lip, pulling the filled condom out of her leaking, messy pussy painstakingly slowly.

Abe hadn’t even noticed that he wasn’t wearing it anymore…  *It must have come off when Mimi dismounted…*

The empty tail-end came out slowly and smoothly before some tugging was necessary.

***“Holy. Shit!”*** Sarah nearly shouted incredulously as the bloated head section steadily spread Hayami’s lips before popping free all at once and the star attraction of their little live-streamed porno cried out as a smaller but no less powerful orgasm rocked her body.  *“That thing’s almost as thick as your cock, Abe!”*

Managing to raise his head to take a look at his handiwork after finishing off his drink, even he was surprised by the size of that load.

The condom looked like someone had shoved a golf ball — *or maybe something even a little bit bigger* — inside it with how full and heavy it looked and how much it seemed to be struggling to not burst open on the spot…  It made sense based on what it felt like coming out of him in the first place, but seeing it like *that* was something else entirely.

Pearly white and ridiculously thick based on how Mimi was pinching it between her fingers, it looked even better after his girlfriend had tied a little knot in the end and let her panty’s waistband pin it against her body.

“One down and *who knows how many more* to go~!” she announced, giving her precious cargo a little pat before striking a pose that somehow managed to get Abe to his feet before he realized he was standing.

*“Y-Yeah,”* was all he could reply with, *and weakly at that,* but not exactly because of how drained his poor balls were feeling...

Hayami was in a good mood and as committed as ever to completing their little walk, and as much as he absolutely ***loved*** everything they’d done so far…  Abe wasn’t sure how much more punishment his body could take.

*Jesus, this woman — this* ***walk*** *— is going to be the death of me,* he thought, before another realization hit him.

*Worse ways to go, though...*

**Third Stop, “Barbie Girl” Two Hours Remaining**

*How could there be so many alleys in this part of the city?*

Some short, some long, some wide, some narrow, some rough red brick, and others just smooth concrete, this was a part of the city Abe had never seen before.

Not that he knew the city like the back of his hand or anything, but he didn’t even know this part of the city *existed* before tonight.  A lot of it was your average city-fare with dumpsters, trash cans, and trash bags lining the walls, but there was also some rather beautiful graffiti once in a blue moon that drew Abe’s attention away from looking for the boogeyman he imagined following the two of them.

At least for a minute or two, anyway.

He couldn’t stop himself from wondering if they were actually covering ground as they seemed to snake through the alleyways, but covering their tracks wasn’t exactly a bad idea, as long as that’s what they were doing. Limiting sight lines and sticking to the shadows — *as long as they weren’t* ***too*** *dark, of course* — gave him a little relief when it came to getting caught.

...That didn’t mean he wanted them to still be on the walk when the sun started coming up with the pace they were going at, though that couldn’t have been impossible since he knew Hayami must have them on a tight schedule to get where they needed to go within the seemingly arbitrary time limit.

Thank goodness she did.

If he were on his own, or if Hayami hadn’t done her extensive research, Abe swore he would have gotten hopelessly lost in the maze he felt he was in. So he followed his girlfriend a little more closely, looking and feeling like a dog on a leash, but not minding it one bit.

He could worry about that later, once he was done trying to keep his nerves in check and remember that he was a big boy with a job to do.

Pouring on a little more speed to catch up with, and eventually overtake, his girlfriend, he heard a voice from behind him suddenly call out: “Looking for a good time, handsome?” stopping him dead in his tracks.

That was definitely Hayami’s voice, but it didn’t quite sound like the dominatrix-in-training that had put him through his paces so far...

Spinning on his heel to do a quick 180, Abe looked back down the alley and noticed his girlfriend was a decent way behind him.  Either he was walking quite a bit faster than he thought, or she had just stopped suddenly…

*Speaking of…*

Hayami was squatting down, perched on the balls of her feet, the long, pointy heels of her shoes hovering just barely off the ground, *and with* *her trench coat wide open to show off her goods for anyone who—*

Abe was catching on now.  This must be the next stage of the walk, right?  *Or just Mimi’s libido running wild…*

“Come on over, big boy~!  I’ll treat you ***real*** *nice.  Love you long time,”* she moaned, swirling her tongue around in the air and opening her coat even more to show off her bare breasts just barely restrained by her fishnet bodystocking.

If she wanted to reel him in, mission accomplished. The smouldering come-hither look and motion she was doing with just one finger were impossible to resist. Whatever this turned out to be, Abe wasn’t about to pass up a chance to get lucky with a *very* attractive lady of the night.

Better to just go with the flow and enjoy himself, *right?*

Gulping, Abe’s feet came to life all on their own, slowly taking him straight into the jaws of whatever hungry monster was waiting for him.

“I knew you wouldn’t be able to resist~!  *A chiseled* ***white boy*** *like* ***you~?*** *I could spot that* ***yellow fever*** *a mile away~”* Mimi teased, keeping up the act, her eyes looking her ‘prey’ over from top to bottom and back again before focusing on the ***very*** obvious tent in his pants.

*More like a circus tent!* she mused to herself, loving the effects she was having on her boyfriend so far that night and furiously jotting down mental notes for later. *Damn, this is going to be even easier than I thought~!*

*“Oooh,* ***très beaucoup~!***Why don’t we loosen up a little, baby?  I wouldn’t want you to pop too quick, *as fun as that would be.*  *I want you to get your* ***money’s worth*** *so you keep coming back again and* ***again, alright~?”***

***Oh.****So that really* ***was*** *what the scenario was supposed to be!* Abe was just fine with that!

The prostitute that he’d *never-met-before-in-his-life* leaned forward, taking her coat off entirely and very carefully laying it on the alley floor to show off her goods.

*Boy were they good…*

For the first time that night, Abe got a proper look at that bodystocking and his girlfriend’s back, thoughts of scratching it up as she scratched his flitting through his head before he devoted every spare brain cell he had to burning the image of his girlfriend’s ass into the back of his head.

To say Abe was an ass-man would be a bit of an understatement at this point — *not to mention an insult to Hayami J-Cup’s beautiful j-cups* — but her absolutely ***bootylicious*** ass and thick, child-bearing hips made him completely forget all about those creamy mountains.

*Out of sight, out of mind, after all.*

Squatting down — *in high heels no less!* —Mimi’s ass was on full display and had never looked better.  The squat itself tightened her glutes to the point her ample flesh was poking out through the holes in the netting, the material biting into her just enough that she looked even ***thiccer.***

It was perfect.  Divine, even. Abe could have easily gotten lost in that ass, and he imagined he would, *some other night...*

Drinking it in, he knew that the stocking wasn’t quite tight enough to leave a mark on that smooth, creamy skin, *but he almost wished it would…* Some faint red lines to show where she’d overflowed and the netting had struggled to contain her? *They would perfectly compliment a fresh red hand-print or two after he spanked her.*

As his girlfriend-experience got started and the thirsty slut beneath him grabbed him by the hips to line him up and get him properly squared off with her, his zipper actually started unzipping all on its own.

*“Holy shit,”* Hayami whispered before covering her mouth, realizing she had broken character, albeit only for a second.

“I almost feel bad about wrapping up a beast like this!  *One that wants to get out of its cage* ***this*** *badly…* But you know how it is, right, handsome~?  A girl can’t be too careful, and if you manage to ***knock me up…*** well, I’d be out of a job~”

With an especially lascivious wink, she wiggled her fingers and seemed to summon a condom out of nowhere like a magician conjuring a playing card.

Normally, Abe would be amazed, and maybe question where it had come from since her coat on the ground was a couple feet or more away, but not right then.  Not that night. *Not when he was paying for it.*

“I’m not paying you to talk,” he said, completely deadpan and in charge, instantly immersed in his character and the role he was playing for their little act.

He wasn’t the only one twitching downstairs, he realized, as Hayami actually fumbled with the wrapper at first, struggling with it before tearing it open with her teeth and just rolling the condom down Abe’s considerable length with her hand.

As much as she would’ve loved to show off again, she needed to get him ready *fast.*  She could feel the heat and the ***need*** she’d stoked in him even through the thin latex, and she gulped at the thought of what Abe might have in store for her.

If he was *that* quick to adapt to her little makeshift roleplay scenario, she needed to feel him. She wanted to find out what he was going to do to her, and how *hard* he was going to do it.

Both of her mouths were watering now. *Drooling, even.*

Holding the end of the condom in place with one hand, she placed the other on her customer’s hip to keep him in place and got to work throating his cock with reckless abandon.

When Abe put his hands on the back of Hayami’s head to help set the pace he was expecting, the hand on his hip shifted to her crotch and she actually redoubled her efforts on his cock.  Clamping her fingers around his base and the condom so she wouldn’t accidentally suck it right off, she shifted her panties to one side to slide a couple fingers as deep into herself as they would go.

“F-Fuck, you must be a pro!  That, or you can’t control yourself around *‘white boys’* like **me,** right?” Abe teased with a smirk on his face.

Mimi was giving him a performance he almost felt guilty about *not* paying her for. He could just barely make out that her arm — *and therefore her hand* — was moving in time with his thrusting, meaning that she was fucking herself on both ends as if his cock were filling her up and stretching her out…

Digging his nails into the scalp of the wanton whore throating him like a vacuum cleaner — *or maybe a diver in desperate need of air* — Abe could feel the smile on his girlfriend’s face as he flipped the script a little and took more control.

Hayami could feel just how hard her boyfriend’s balls were churning with how deep he was getting now, touching them against her chin each time he bottomed out, and she tried to grind her nose against his stomach to give him a kiss when he did.

*A great big smudgy, smeary kiss-mark to let the other sluts in the area know that he was* ***taken!***

Feeling that she was having a hard time and struggling in her attempts to do just that — *not to mention getting a little bit lazy now that she’d been paid* — Abe used both hands to shove himself as deep down the warm, tight, clenching throat that was giving him the time of his life, holding Mimi’s head in place and refusing to let go even as her arms went limp and fell to her sides.

He was basically holding her up now as his hips met her shoulders, keeping her from keeling over into him or the ground, though that only slowed the relentless facefuck as he switched to small, shallow thrusts, bulging her neck each time.

If it wasn’t for how hard his girlfriend’s throat was trying to milk him, and how much drool she was getting all over his balls, he would have sworn she passed out right there on his cock with a look of pure bliss on her face.

She hadn’t of course, it was time to tap out, so the apparently over-ambitious young amateur weakly hit him in the thigh to signal that she needed a breather.

Holding her down on his cock just a little bit longer after that to drive home the point that ***he***was in charge and that he was ***allowing*** her to breathe, Abe *slowly* pulled Hayami off his cock inch by excruciating, panty-soaking inch, with a loud and delicious sounding ***pop*** at the very end.

His cock bobbing and jumping right in front of her face once it was free reminded her that she wasn’t done yet, and that things would only get harder, *and hotter,* from there.

As Hayami gulped down lungfuls of air and her breasts jiggled with the effort, Abe finally took a good, long look at just how badly he had wrecked her face. She actually mugged for the camera on his chest, showing off his handiwork so he could appreciate it better later.

Her watery-eyed, mascara-streaked face finally came into focus for Abe, her tears from getting choked on his cock and drool from the rough throat-fucking dripping off her chin and telling him just how hard he’d been going at her.

*Not that there was anything wrong with that, of course: he needed to go even harder in order to cum. If she didn’t like it, then she could just give him a refund.*

Hayami was anything but a quitter, though, so she ducked under his bobbing erection to lavish his balls with attention and no doubt whisper some words of encouragement to them to get the biggest load she could.

She was a big girl, and she’d tell him if and when he crossed whatever line they were using.  In the meantime, she was sure to get off as hard as *he* did, and if she could play it up for the camera, then so could he…

It was then that Abe decided he was going to go *whole hog* and fully commit to the character Hayami had semi pigeon-holed him into.

Popping each ball into her mouth in turn to give them a rough but loving suck before juggling both of them with her tongue, Abe finally grabbed a fistful of Hayami’s hair and started to guide her back up to finish the job she’d started.

She had some ideas of her own, it seemed, with the way she was looking him straight in the eyes now.

“F-Fuck…!  ***Fuck*** that was good~!  *Best customer I’ve ever had~!”* she panted, apparently still totally committed to the bit.  “Can you do me one favour though, loverboy~? *I’d* ***really*** *love it if you’d* ***knot me.”***

Well now, just when Abe thought Mimi was out of surprises for him, clearly, he was wrong…

*“Uh,* I mean, I know what knotting is, but do we really have time for—?” he started, having to dip out of character again to get a little clarification.

“N-No, not ***there,*** *not yet, anyway~!* I want you to knot my ***throat!*** *I want you to blow that load that you’ve been storing up and that I’ve been working so hard to make as big as* ***I*** *can, and dump it as deep in my throat as* ***you*** *can, daddy~!”*

Oh.  ***Oh…*** Well, so much for *that* character, it seemed…?

“I want a load even bigger and ***thicker*** than your last one!  *I want to* ***choke on it*** *when you pull it out of me, and then I want you to* ***smack me*** *for being a bad cock-cleaner when I gag or cough afterwards~*❤!”

***W-Well then…!*** That was new, to say the least.

“Are you sure that’s a—” Abe started, completely breaking character himself before Hayami throated him again and he instinctually grabbed her hair to stabilize himself to not fall over.

The deep, guttural moan she let out and the vibrations it sent up his cock were enough to shut him up and convince him to do it again and just enjoy himself.

*She was a big girl, after all.  Right?*

He didn’t need to set the pace as the cock-hungry whore beneath him — *or maybe, the hungry little daddy’s girl* —throated his cock from base to tip at breakneck speeds, all the while massaging every inch she had access to and keeping the suction turned all the way up to pull him deeper and deeper into her greedy throat.

Abe was in a race against time, he realized.  Even with the little insulation the extra-thin condom offered him — *which he actually wished was a bit thicker just then* —the heat and pressure of Hayami’s throat were *excruciating.*

She was clearly desperate for him to cum in her, and in that moment Abe thought her throat might have been even better than her pussy, right before chiding himself for thinking of her hot, wet, *molten-honey pussy that always milked him just the way he wanted at the exact moment he wanted it...*

How long could, or *should,* he last, and how long could Hayami hold her breath?  She hadn’t come back up for air since telling him what she wanted, seemingly treating oxygen as a reward for making him dump his load.

Hopefully he wouldn’t choke her with the load itself if it was anything like his last… At the same time, though, Abe couldn’t help but feel that it *would* be even bigger than that…

It was certainly going to be something that would bulge her neck and throat as he filled that little condom, and that he’d be able to *see* bulging her neck on its way out as he either pulled his withered, sucked-dry cock out of her — *condom and all* — or as she pulled it out on her own, *manually…*

Those lewd thoughts earned Hayami an extra-strong twitch deep in her throat, and it was that twitch that ensured she didn’t care about anything but the end result. Abe’s impressive stamina was potentially a problem for once, *but that just meant she had to work even* ***harder*** *to earn his cum.*

Like an experienced professional, she threw every trick she knew at her hubby, moving her head this way and that, twisting her mouth around his cock, massaging his *heavy* balls with **both** hands, tracing a fingernail up and down the seam to send sparks up his spine, and finally wrapping her arms around her beau to plant both hands on his ass so she could stabilize herself and pull him into her as she took care of the face-fucking all on her own.

Watching the thick and curvy bundle of sex working him over like— well, like he was *paying her to* and she really did want the repeat business was what ended up finally sending Abe over the edge.

As his girlfriend pulled back for one final thrust, Abe grabbed her head with everything he had — *pulling her hair to the point that the pain mixed with her pleasure made her gush all over the ground like a broken fire hydrant* — and thrusted his hips into her face so hard he was worried he might have hurt her.

That thought had to take a quick backseat to the sensation of his biggest, hardest orgasm of the night thus far, and the load that accompanied it. It was big, it was thick, and it was completely beyond his control at that point.

Unloading everything he had into the stupid condom and not his girlfriend’s stomach, Abe had to rock on his feet to maintain some kind of balance, not knowing or caring that his minor rocking was shifting the balloon he was inflating in Hayami’s throat and stimulating what she thought of as her oral g-spot.

*Not that she minded, really, since she was in the exact same boat he was, orgasm wise.*

After her first squirting orgasm earlier, Hayami couldn’t so much as even *gently* touch her clitor she would have passed out on the spot.  Feeling the condom bloat and bloat and bloat some more — *clearly past the almost-golf-ball from earlier* — and then float around in her throat as her boyfriend, lover, *master,* ***whatever!*** shifted his body around, had her leaking a very steady stream of girlcum into an ever growing puddle as if someone had turned on a faucet.

If she hadn’t moved her panties aside earlier — *because she certainly didn’t have the strength or coordination to right now* —she would have soaked them a dozen times over, *easily.*  As her hand limply swung past her pussy, she recoiled at the heat and humidity pouring out of her and she felt just how strongly her body was clenching around a cock that wasn’t there, protesting — no, ***screaming*** — to be filled up and given a taste of that thick and rich baby-making seed.

*Later,* she had to tell herself.  ***Later.*** *Sooner than you think, but later…*

As Abe came down from his high and realized he was playing with Mimi’s ears and rubbing circles around her lobes to signal for her to swallow, he stepped back, pulling her whole face with him, her forehead landing on his stomach.

Hayami came-to not long after that, desperately grasping at his pants around his knees for support as she leaned backwards, pulling the bloated condom up and out to just behind her tonsils.

Between the two of them pulling together — *and another violent squirting orgasm for Hayami that actually hit the bottoms of Abe’s pant-legs this time* — they had the bulge cleared in a matter of seconds, the pendulous thing swinging hard enough to bounce into Abe’s cock with a loud, wet ***squish.***

Sarah was there beside them, they both suddenly realized, and as Hayami fell on her ass — *onto her trench coat as it turned out, moved by Sarah just seconds before* — they were glad she was.

All three of them noticed the much bigger and still growing stain in her yoga pants this time, but opted not to mention it for now, instead helping Hayami to her feet, albeit shakily.

After a cough or two, she deftly swiped the now filled-to-bursting condom off Abe’s cock so quickly he didn’t even feel it come off — *something else he might want to keep in mind for later* — and posed for the camera Sarah had raised back up to capture the aftermath.

She panned over Hayami’s completely ruined makeup, the mess running down her face, and even the massive smear of individually indistinguishable lipstick marks all over Abe’s balls before the wobbly shortstack put up a peace sign or two and added the condom to her growing belt, its size dwarfing the first by a more than a small amount.

“Y-You owe me a smack later, d-daddy,” Mimi managed to get out hoarsely, massaging her neck to try and get her throat back to normal after all the abuse it was put through.  “I gagged like a cheap whore *and* I coughed, so you’d better teach me a lesson later~ *Though, if you want, I’d let you let me get off with some* ***spanks*** *instead of some slaps so no one finds out how rough you were with me~”*

High spirits for a woman that had just finished playing a *very* dangerous game...  *They’d both come out winners, though, so was it really all that bad?* Well, yes, but Abe would have to give her a good talking to about that later.

Right now, Hayami drunkenly stumbled down the alley with her slightly-dirty coat draped over her shoulders, the sway of her ass less predictable but just as hypnotizing, and definitely no less effective in getting Abe hard again.

Trying to wrestle his engorged member back into his pants, he thought, *why bother?,* and opted to leave it hanging out of his fly in all its glory — a fact Sarah was ***very*** quick to pick up on as she circled around for a close-up.

*Entirely for the fans, of course.*

Never hurt to give the girls — *and even some of the guys* — a little fanservice, and getting to see Abe’s beefy cock stirring again after going a couple long, hard rounds was a sight to see indeed.

*How much more did it have in it, though?*

That little show had to have counted towards the walk as a whole, Abe thought, following his intrepid girlfriend, time moving on whether they wanted it to or not. The night would soon be coming to an end, so there was no time for distractions.  As hesitant and worried as he’d been at the start, he didn’t really want it to end…

The night *and* the walk, that is.

It had to, of course, *he knew that,* but in a strange way, he was just spending time with his girlfriend.  Quality sexy time with the woman he loved more than anyone, and that he always wanted to see smiling and happy, *even if that meant brutally fucking her face, choking her with his cock and smacking her around a bit…*

*Yeah, it was gonna be a long, long night…* Abe thought, picking up the pace to walk beside his girlfriend this time, his cock swaying in sync with her hips, his hand in hers, their fingers intertwined.

*Sometimes, you just had to do whatever made you happy,* he could hear somewhere in the back of his head as he focused on enjoying himself and living in that moment.

*It* ***was*** *going to be a long, long night, and he was going to make the most of it.  With* ***her.***

**Fourth Stop, “Stop and Frisk”, One Hour Remaining**

It had been a rough but fun three hours for the couple so far, and as they entered the anchor stage — *or at least, Abe* ***hoped*** *this was the anchor* —tensions were actually lower than when they first started on their little walk. At least for Abe.

That didn’t mean their libidos had taken a hit, however.

The dynamic duo were blushing and practically glowing as they leisurely strolled hand in hand, sexual fluids occasionally dripping from each of them and peppering the concrete below.

Hayami was excited that her giant hunk of a man had finally relaxed and started going with the flow after seemingly taking a page out of her book and becoming the sweet, tender teddy-bear she knew and loved so dearly.

Seeing him finally relax and let it all hang out — *quite literally this time* — reminded her of the calm *after* a storm, or maybe just the man that always took care of her after he regularly fucked her white-cock-addict brains out and left her a satisfied puddle of woman that couldn’t feel her own legs~

*Speaking of...*

*“F-Fuck, babe, were you getting a little too* ***h-hot*** *down there…?”* Hayami asked huskily, licking her lips and watching her boyfriend’s big white cock bob and jump around from more than just his steps as they walked.

Letting it just *hang out* like that was a massive turn on for her, as well as a massive tease!  It was like he *wanted* her to get down on her knees and throat him again~!  *In public, no less!*

...Well, as public as an empty alleyway could be, but it wouldn’t be as stealthy as before!  They’d lose an awful lot of time if she did, too, *but she really,* ***really*** *wanted to now...*

“Just figured it’s only fair since you’re walking around with *everything* hanging out, you know?” Abe replied cutely, feigning innocence before shooting her a saucy wink as he cupped and squeezed one of her asscheeks.

Turnabout was fair play, wasn’t it?  After all, from the moment he’d let himself *hang loose,* Mimi had swept her coat completely to one side so she could walk around with her titanic ass on full display.

Why was *she* the only one that got to show off the goods~?

The not-so-crazy idea that any girls in the audience watching from home would appreciate him letting his cock get some air, plus the hungry, desperate looks he caught on his girlfriend’s face any time she tried to sneak a peek at him, were more than enough reason for Abe to show off.

*If you’ve got it, flaunt it, right?*

He just wanted to get to fuck his girlfriend again and he didn’t care who saw them anymore.  He saw it as a challenge now: something he could use to assert his dominance and authority over anyone that might try to contest him or his relationship with the pint-sized fertility goddess at his side. Abe wasn’t afraid to flex a little muscle every now and then if it meant keeping Hayami all to himself.

So they walked hand in hand, the J-Cup queen kissing the back of her white breeding stud’s hand when she wasn’t pressing it into her breasts and rubbing it against her nipples, and he threw a pelvic thrust or two into his relaxed pace to make his growing erection slap against his belly like he was beating a war drum to announce their arrival.

Each time the meaty thwack rang out, Mimi squeezed his hand a little harder, probably about the same way she was squeezing her thighs together.

*“Down this way,”* Hayami whispered suddenly, pulling Abe down an alley they’d nearly walked past, controlling her voice a little *too* well so that he felt the pull on his arm before the words even reached his ears.

Narrow, but clean of debris and trash, this newest alley seemed like the perfect final leg of their little walk and Abe could feel in his bones that this was the end.  *Or at least, the final stage.*

“How much further, honey?” he asked cheerily, without a hint of disappointment, fatigue, or aggression in his voice.  He sounded curious more than anything. Maybe even just a little excited.

“J-Just a few more turns and we’re all done!”

*So he was right about that after all.*

“So we’re close, then, right?”

“Yep~!  We’ll definitely make it in time.”

It was Abe’s turn to yank on Hayami’s arm.  Or at least, come to a sudden stop so that when she kept walking she couldn’t go any further because she was still holding his hand and was essentially tethered in place.

“Honey?” she asked, confused at why they’d stopped.  Why *he’d* stopped.

“Take your coat off.”

“What?”

It was already completely open and just draped over her shoulders at this point.  If she took it off, then—

“Take it off.  **Now,”** Abe said, his voice level and calm, but more full of authority than Hayami had ever heard before.

*No, to say he ‘said’ it wouldn’t be totally accurate.*  It was an **order** plain and simple.  A ***command~!*** His tone of voice and the stony look on his face wouldn’t allow any questions, backtalk, or doubts.

Hayami didn’t have any choice in the matter but compliance.  *Subservience...* Submission and ***obedience.***

**Oh,** she said to herself.*It was* ***his*** *turn now.*

*“Y-Yes, daddy,”* she finally responded automatically, needing to hear the words coming out of her own mouth to realize she’d even said them, and what she’d said, exactly.

He could have easily lifted her coat off himself, so asking— no, ***telling*** her to take it off was important for some reason.  *For the* ***best*** *reason,* Hayami realized as the gears in her head started turning after the momentary halt.

She needed to shift gears.

“Sarah!” Abe bellowed calm, clear and loud, the slender woman appearing from around a corner just seconds later looking like she was shaking in fear, *or maybe arousal*, though he didn’t care which just then.  “Take Mimi’s coat so it doesn’t get dirty, would you?”

“Yes, sir!” she squeaked back, hiding her excitement and relief at not calling him ‘daddy’ too.  *She was getting more swept up in this than she thought...*

All three of them could hear just how wet her yoga pants were as her thighs rubbed together as she walked, right up until she disappeared around the corner again, the camcorder sticking out from behind the wall to catch the action.

She didn’t dare show her face in front of them — *and especially not Abe* — until it cooled down and her tomato-red cheeks returned to a more girlish and subdued blush.

“What next, *daddy~?”* Hayami half-asked-half-moaned with a coquettish look on her face, one of her hands on her hip and the other tracing a finger down her daddy’s chest.

“Up against the wall.  *Both* hands flat.  Stick your ass out for me and arch your back.  You’re getting that spanking you asked for.”

Yes, *yes,* ***yes!***  He really ***was*** playing along~!

Planting her palms against the wall for support, the horny Asian bitch-in-heat — *since that’s what she felt like and would have called herself if anyone asked* — stuck her ass out and waved it side to side, playfully making the massive target just a little harder to hit and hoping her daddy would rewar— ***punish,*** her bratty behaviour!

She felt both of Abe’s hands take a firm grip on her shoulders before one slid down her back, sending the most delicious tingles up her spine as the heat of his hand sunk into her cool skin and finally came to rest on her hip.

“Oh, no spanking~?” she whined, only slightly disappointed but playing it up with a pouty face.

“Once you assume the position,” was the only response she got before Abe manhandled her into arching her back even more.

Her ass was practically pointing straight up afterwards and the new position made her gush a little bit more until she heard:

“You won’t be needing these anymore.”

***OH!*** He was…!  *Oh fuck, he was taking her panties off~!*

The hand on her hip had slid down a little further to hook around the waistband of the scanty set of panties she was wearing, pulling them down past her knees with a hard and fast yank until gravity took care of the rest and they fell to the ground all on their own.

She couldn’t spread her legs as much as she wanted to with the fabric around her ankles, she realized, so lifting one foot up and out—

*“Did I say you could move?”*

That was…  *Jesus Christ that was hot.*

Her sweet teddy-bear sounded more like a grizzly with the way he growled that in her ear, sending more ripples up and down her spine and instantly making her plant her foot back on the ground.

*Daddy knew best,* so if he *didn’t* want her to spread out any more than she already was, then she *wouldn’t!*

***“Good girl.”***

Hayami got a taste of her own medicine as Abe whispered those two words into her ear and she came on the spot, bucking her hips so that she ended up squirting all over the wall she was up against.

While it didn’t quite make a good finish line, it was a decent enough marker for their final leg, or *legs.*

*“I’m going to give you that one for free, but if you move again, you’ll get a whole lot more than just a spanking.”*

Grabbing his girlfriend by the hair — *roughly at that, though not so hard that she wouldn’t be able to get off from it and gush down her own legs* — Abe reset her position, pushing on her lower back with and elbow to once again get that dead-fucking-sexy bend he loved so much.

Hayami just nodded, not wanting to speak out of turn and risk him punishing her with something other than his rock-hard cock in her quivering, hungry cunt.

***“Good.***  Now hold still.”

With his cock already hanging out, it was a simple enough matter of swinging it up and over to land straight between those massive cheeks he had been eyeing for a while now.  Soft, warm, and most of all ***huge,***there was more than enough bun for his jumbo frank to sink into, and Abe got started with long, slow thrusts just to get himself good and hard.

It was torture for Mimi, keeping herself still and facing a boring brick wall while her boyfriend started using her body like—  *Yes, that was exactly right:* ***using her…*** She had to bite her lip to keep her moans in check as her boyfriend— no, her client— no, her ***white master,*** used her to get off like the Asian sextoy she was!

*That* sent more than a few drops streaking down her legs, but not being able to see of predict what he might do to her and only being able to feel him was ridiculously arousing.

One he was satisfied, and once his girlfriend almost started *vibrating* with how restless she was getting, Abe called out for Sarah.

“Condom,” he said, no longer angry or impatient, but just as commanding.

No, it wasn’t quite an order or a command, but a decree.  *Absolute and unquestionable...*

Sarah scurried over from behind the corner she was recording from to hand the wrapper over to Abe.

“Open it.”

*Wh-What!?  What did* ***that*** *mean!?  D-Did he want her to p-put it on him too...!?*

“Because my hands are full,” he added, giving the extra thick woman under him a dramatic squeeze for Sarah’s benefit, eliciting a high-pitched squeak from the obedient Asian woman.

Abe could see the gears in Sarah’s head turning faster than ever, probably overheating, too, but he managed to hold back a smirk.  *Maybe even a smouldering look, too.* He couldn’t tease her *too* badly when they still had time left on the clock.

***Oh!*** *Of course!* Sarah thought, ripping the wrapper in half with shaky hands and chiding herself for even letting that thought pass through her head, her face just as red as it was a few minutes ago.

*This really is fun,* Abe thought, taking the condom from Sarah, thanking her, and then rolling it onto his stiff cock in one smooth motion before burying just his tip between his girlfriend’s lower lips.

Hayami could feel it.  Oh boy, could she feel it!  The condom, the heat of his head as it pried her open, and *especially* that way her pussy was twitching without her meaning to, her walls contracting and trying to massage a cock that wasn’t inside her yet.

Where her boyfriend had learned to be such a tease, she couldn’t even make a guess just then, but she didn’t exactly hate it, either…  *It was getting her hotter and wetter than being in charge ever did~*

*She really* ***was*** *made to be dominated by beefy white men and their thick white cocks,* Hayami mused to herself, running through as many subby fantasies as she could construct and making another mental note of her own to beg Abe to play this character more often~

It just felt *right.*  Natural, even, to be akin to livestock and used for his pleasure whenever he wanted, wherever he wanted~

Inching her hips back as slowly as she could to hopefully avoid being noticed by her strict daddy figure, Hayami got a sharp, hard ***smack*** on her fat ass for her efforts.

“What did I say?” Abe chided, the honest-sounding disappointment in his voice turning the trickles running down Mimi’s legs into full-blown streams.  “Don’t. Move. This isn’t for *you,* this is for **me** and for ***them.”***

She had earned herself a spank with almost every word, and she loved it.  So did Abe as he watched the way the ripples played out across her ass.

“I guess I’ll just have to teach you the hard way,” he said so quietly it was almost to himself, sinking balls deep with a single thrust, actually pulling Hayami even deeper afterwards.

Her eyes wide and her mouth agape, a silent scream escaped her as she felt herself getting stretched out before the battering ram that was Abe’s cock slammed into her waiting, winking cervix.

With the way he had forced her to bend her back, his stiff cock was rubbing up against all of her now curved love-tunnel, stimulating every fold on its way in, and likely about to do the same on its way out.

Hayami uttered a quiet apology to her g-spot as the thrusting started properly.

She was nothing more than a hole to relieve himself in, Abe told himself again and again as inspiration — *or possibly as a justification* — to hammer her as hard as he possibly could.

Like a hammer on hot iron, in fact, he pounded straight through the multiple short but no less powerful orgasms he was forcing her to endure, the rivers of femcum now running down her legs and occasionally squirting onto his pants, and the wild, animalistic, and most of all ***loud*** moans and screams she was letting out.

None of that mattered to him.  Abe had made his mind up: he was going to fuck his girlfriend just as hard as if they were home alone and streaming via their webcam.  Of course, people would also be watching them in that case, but the major difference would be that they’d be perfectly safe and he’d have all the time and room in the world to really show off.

To remind everyone — *Hayami included* — that she was ***his.***

“Yes, daddy, ***please~!*** *Cum inside me~!  Knock me up! Pop that stupid little condom and* ***knock. me. up~!”***

Mimi was pleading now, desperate for him to finish.  To stop ‘punishing’ her with long, hard, and *deep* orgasms.  She couldn’t take much more, and Abe could tell.  Her legs were starting to turn to jelly, shaking and wobbling like crazy, and he had to tighten his grip on her hips to help hold her up.

*That just made things worse, though.*

She just screamed louder, milked harder, and arched her back even more... *God, if only he could press her into their mattress and wrap his hands around her neck to finish her off before cumming inside and—*

...Well, with the exception of the condom he needed to fill for her growing skirt, there wasn’t anything stopping Abe from trailing a hand up and over her stomach, past a giant tit and up to her neck...  All he’d have to do then would be *squeeze.*

***So he did.***

Just to the point where they’d both enjoy it, and not so suddenly that he’d surprise and scare Hayami, but closing his hand around the now wailing whore’s neck, Abe gave her a few last thrusts that lifted her completely off her feet before finally cumming.

He got as deep as he possibly could, nudged his head as deep into her womb as it could go, and then ***came.***

With the force of a man that hadn’t had a pussy in years — as if it was his dying wish to knock her up — Abe came, bloating the condom what felt like *instantly* to both him and his girlfriend and knotting her properly this time.

*Tying them together as he emptied his sore balls for what felt like the tenth or twentieth time that night...*

One shot, two shots, Hayami stopped trying to count after the sixth shot as the balloon inside her bloated to the point where discomfort and pleasure became one, her rippling pussy pulling in waves for all it was worth.  She wanted — *it wanted* — Abe to give her even more and finally pop the damn rubber so she could feel the liquid heat spread inside her!

With a few well timed slaps to her ass, however, her ridiculously well-hung bull managed to pull both his cock and the swollen condom out of her as the ripples and orgasms they caused made her body loosen for a second before tightening back up again.

Or it *tried to,* anyway...

Abe had properly gaped her this time, her pussy trying its hardest to milk the cock that was long gone by then, but putting on one hell of a show for everyone watching at home.

*“Holy shit,”* Sarah whispered, suddenly standing shoulder to shoulder with the man responsible after having crept up silently like some kind of cat.

She got a good, long look at the absolute ***devastation*** Abe had caused, training the camera on it as Hayami’s twitching, pulsing, and sometimes *squirting* pussy slowly closed itself back up, returning to normal until the *next time* Abe turned her inside out…

“Which way are we headed now, hun?” he asked, rubbing his girlfriend’s back to bring her down from the high he knew she was still on.

All poor, fucked-silly-Hayami could do was raise a shaky arm and point in the direction they were supposed to head and signal their upcoming turn with a quick flick of her wrist.

“Alright, off we go then,” was all she heard before Abe threw her over his shoulder and she came again from being manhandled in a different, but just as pleasurable, way.

*She really was his property now, his conquest, his prize, his mate,* was all she could think before passing out in his arms.

“You coming, Sarah?”

He sounded awfully chipper for a man carrying a thick-ass, Hayami-size cinnamon-roll on his shoulder after fucking her so ragged she was totally out of commission, but as the comparatively slender white woman watched his biceps bulge and his chest flex as he adjusted to the extra weight, Sarah knew he had everything under control.

Hell, he could probably handle *another* Mimi on his *other* shoulder! *He could definitely pick both of them up and carry them to his bedroom before flinging them onto the bed itself and having his way with them…* ***Easily.*** *It was a little bit of a shame she wouldn’t ever make him have to use all his strength with* ***her,*** *though,* she thought, retreating for their supplies.

“Oh, and those?” Abe piped up suddenly, turning around to catch Sarah’s attention before she disappeared from view, pointing at the lacy red underwear that was left on the ground after having fallen off of Hayami’s legs with all the extra *liquid weight* they’d taken on.

“Yeah?”

“Leave ‘em there.  If anyone finds them, *they can have them.* Consider it a prize.”

Fighting the urge to pick them up herself and stuff them in her pocket when Abe wasn’t looking, the intrepid camerawoman hastily caught up to the duo, sticking right behind them now that the end of their little stroll seemed to be so close and daylight was getting even closer...

**Fifth and Final Stop, “Bravissima!”, 20 Minutes Remaining**

“Wakey, wakey, *my sleeping beauty.”*

*It was… Abe?*  Hayami came to slowly.  She was lying on the ground, her trench coat splayed out beneath her like a blanket to give her something to lie on.

*“What, no kiss?”* she mumbled groggily, looking around to figure out exactly where they were and maybe what had happened, too.

Tall brick walls littered with windows stretching up at least twenty stories surrounded her, and a plain, metal door caught her eye…  Apartment buildings? Which meant they were… *Behind one.* Not quite a courtyard, but not exactly an alley, either! *They were right where they were supposed to be!*  The last checkpoint, the finish line of their—

***The Walk!***

***“What time is it!?”*** she asked in a panic, instantly awake, her heart racing at the thought that she had passed out this close to finishing and ruined everything.

She couldn’t let it slip out from under her like this!  *What was she thinking, why didn’t she keep better track of time— no, why didn’t she* ***budget it better!?***  *How could she have*—

*“You’re fine, just breathe, we’ve still got time,”* Abe repeated to her over and over again, taking a knee to rub her back and stroke her hair as soon as it looked like she was starting to hyperventilate.  That *always* calmed her right down.  “What’s the last challenge~?” was all he asked despite having a pretty good idea what it was, the calm, loving smile on his face bringing Hayami back from the brink of a full blown panic attack.

***I love this man,***was the first thing to go through her mind before she answered Abe’s question much more calmly: “Technically, just a creampie…  *Y-You know, r-raw…”*

The Asian sexpot shouldn’t have felt nervous or self-conscious about something as simple as just having sex *— not at this point —* but with her boyfriend leaning into her and still rubbing her back, something came over her.

Not just the wave of love and adoration that felt like a warm, heavy blanket on her shoulders, but introspection and clarity.

*He was in no hurry.*  *She* came first in his mind, and he wasn’t about to do a single thing until he knew she was alright.  He couldn’t care less about finishing on time at this point. His eyes, his smile, his whole damn aura — ***everything*** about him was saying: *“Shh, shh, relax, just let me love you.  We can always try again if we don’t make the deadline.”*

In that moment, Hayami could have cried.  She could have just clung onto Abe for dear life like the rock he was to her and openly sobbed.  Taking a few precious seconds to think about what she could have possibly done to deserve someone like him, she said a quick prayer and promised she would love that beautiful, precious hunk of man until they were withered and gray.

But she didn’t cry, of course.  She couldn’t. Not when they were that close, and not when she was so happy.

That would have to wait for later, and for some other time.  Maybe when they were back at home and she could make some hot chocolate.

*She’d pop one giant marshmallow in Abe’s mug and have the miniature kind in hers, and then she could bundle up with him on the couch, an actual heavy blanket draped over their shoulders.  She’d nuzzle into him and just enjoy him being there. Just enjoy the precious moments she got to spend with him.*

*It was love,* she knew.  Of course it was.*Pure love.  The deepest, strongest love she had ever felt for anybody, ever,* Hayami realized.

It was that love that got her to her feet.  That gave her the strength and energy to wrap her arms around Abe’s neck and pull him into the deepest, most lovey-dovey kiss of the whole night thus far.

She swirled her tongue around inside his mouth, wrapped it around his, savoured his flavour and the feeling of his saliva in her mouth *— drinking as much of it as she could like it was the finest booze she could get her hands on —* and finishing the whole performance with a comically loud and cartoonish, ***“Mwah!”***

“What brought that on?” Abe found himself asking, visibly shaken after feeling the raw emotion Mimi had poured into that kiss.

To call it invigorating was an understatement if his now raging boner was anything to go by.  It seemed completely out of place on a man that had already drained his balls four times in as many hours, even to him.

Just under, actually, and it was about to be five, he realized, switching from caretaker back to breeding stud, his cock bobbing happily and ready for its next assignment.

The mind was always willing, but the body… *actually, the body couldn’t be any more up for the challenge,* as it turned out.

*“Honey?*  I’m going to need you to hold me…” Hayami squeaked out suddenly, her legs remembering just then how tired and worn out they actually were.  “Sorry, but I might have gotten a little bit of a cramp from all the… *toe curling~?  Hehe,* I mean, I don’t know how you want to do this but…  *I’m going to need your help again~”*

“I know,” was the reply.  Short and to the point but packed with understanding.

*“I m-might need you to do all the work, too…”*

“I know,” was the reply again, accepting what that meant and what it meant to her.

*“I’m really happy you did this with me…*  It was kinda dumb, but I really enjoyed it~”

“I know,” was the reply, with a wink this time, showing he felt the same way.

**“I love you.”**

Hayami got a tender hug for her reply, followed by a quiet, *“I love you too,”* that might as well have been shouted from the rooftops with the way it resounded inside her head.

***“Alright, that’s enough of that!”*** they heard from behind.  “Get fucking already or I’ll make Abe creampie ***me***so we can go home already!”

It was Sarah’s turn to say something, it seemed.

“You have no idea how fucking ***cold*** I am in these pants, and I really need a long, ***warm*** shower sooner rather than ***later!  Preferably not in a police station!”***

*Somehow, the two lovebirds had completely forgotten Sarah was right behind them…*  They knew how, of course, but that didn’t make her feel any better about being ignored.

“Right, so—” they started mumbling and fumbling over their words.

“Y-Yeah, what should I…?” came the question with uncertainty but also innocence.

“You probably want to put on your coat so you don’t get cold and so you don’t hurt yourself on the brick…” said Abe, blushing as he looked at the naked body of the woman he loved for easily the hundredth time that night, turning to morning.

*“O-Oh,* you’re going to—?” replied Hayami, raising her eyebrows.

*“Y-Yeah,* I figured it’d be easier than making you stand, and we can’t exactly *lie down,* so…”

***“Just fuck already!”*** Sarah exploded again, her free hand already stuffed down her pants, the camera oddly steady and trained right on them.  “You aren’t fucking ***teenagers*** anymore, so you should know how this works!  ***Just JAM IT IN!”***

“Jesus, Sarah, maybe I really *will* get Abe to creampie you if you’re going to rush us like that~!” Hayami joked, her light laugh slicing through the tension like a knife.  “Sounds like you could use it more than me!”

“Yeah, and Mimi can hold the camera!” Abe chimed in, chuckling at their little joke scenario.

*“It wouldn’t count that way, but you’d better* ***believe*** *you owe me one for this shit,”* Sarah cursed under her breath, the already huge wet stain in her pants getting a little bit darker as she sunk another finger knuckle-deep inside herself.

While she hadn’t intended for the couple to hear her, *they had,* and the blushes on their faces showed as much.  Luckily, it was the perfect ice-breaker they needed to lighten and liven things up.

They shared another quick kiss as Hayami wrapped one dainty hand around her boyfriend’s length to get a feel for what she could have sworn was *rebar* at that point,and Abe held out the trusty trenchcoat so his girlfriend could just slip her arms into its sleeves.

They were ready now.

While neither one wanted the experience to end, time had other plans, *and they really were wasting it.*  They shared the thought that they should try something like this again, and then they got to work.

Leaning back against the nearest wall, Hayami lifted one leg and beckoned Abe towards her so he could hook his hands under her butt to lift her up.  Abe, taking his bodycam off and handing it to Sarah because it wouldn’t be able to record much if he was belly-to-belly with Hayami, hoisted his diminutive lover up so she could wrap her arms and legs around him and he could cradle that deliciously soft ass in his hands.

They really were ready now…  Hayami could have sworn she felt Abe’s heartbeat through his cock as it throbbed just on top of her belly, and she gulped at the sight of just how deep it was about to fill her.

She’d felt it before, of course, but she was seeing it in a whole new light all of a sudden.

Taking a calming, steadying breath, she closed her eyes, took the big white cock in one hand, and guided it to her entrance.  It parted her lips like a hot knife through butter, and as it sank further and further inside her, she closed her eyes even tighter and rested her head on her boyfriend’s broad shoulder.

*It just so happened to have the added benefit of stopping him from seeing her go cross-eyed as he bottomed out and started to bulge her belly.*

They were all set now, and all Abe had to do to properly fuck his oversized RealDoll was swing his hips and lift.  With Hayami’s shoulders resting firmly on the wall behind her, he was free to pull her onto him like she was on a swing and—

***...Damn,*** *that felt good,* he thought, a spark of pleasure shutting down his brain and making him see white for a fraction of a second as he started to work both their hips.

It felt even better when he split up the work and pulled each of them just a handful of inches away from each other so that combined, he was easily sawing at least half of his cock in and out of her with each lazy thrust.

Splaying his fingers out to grab as much of Mimi’s cheeks as possible, Abe sucked in a quick breath while enjoying the doughy softness before getting back to work and pounding her stupid.

Both of their furnaces now lit, he found himself pistoning into a molten-hot pussy that shuddered around him each time he love-tapped her cervix

While it wasn’t the frenetic kind of milking he was getting before — *on account of both of them being exhausted* — it felt just as good to be inside Mimi now that they were at the finish line.

*Maybe even better...?*

With her naked body pressed so closely against him, and with the trench coat wide open, Abe was able to get a much better feeling for how warm Hayami was as well as the rise and fall of her chest with each breath she took.

Their connection — *besides the literal, physical one* — was much more intimate this time around.  Much more gentle, and paced, and maybe even enjoyable than all the times Hayami had been looking to drain his balls, or that one time *he’d* been looking to drain his balls in *her.*

The gentle *slap, slap, slap*-ing of his body against hers in all its luscious glory was paradise on Earth for Abe, the word *comfy* coming to mind before disappearing again because it was so much more than that.

The more Abe thought about it, the lewder and hotter it became to him, *and the harder and faster he swung his hips, much to Hayami’s pleasure.*

So much for not being able to handle anything rougher…

She was spurring him on now, whispering sweet nothings as well as raunchy instructions like, “more,” and *“harder,”* right into his ear, even nibbling on his lobe every now and then when she found the strength to.

He’d already fucked her to the point of exhaustion before, but she still wanted more, and every spare ounce of his strength was now devoted to giving her what she wanted. To filling her pussy and giving her body what it *craved* because it couldn’t take what it wanted by *force* at that moment.

His girlfriend’s pussy was trying its best to entice him, to coerce him, of course, but it couldn’t make *demands* anymore.  It couldn’t wring him out or clamp down around his head when he pulled out, or massage on him in waves like it was trying to pull the cum straight out of his balls.  All it could manage was writhing in complaint that he was pulling out at all and not *flooding it with cum already!*

It was a different — *but no less exhilarating* —power trip for Abe to feel the effects their little marathon had taken on her.  The effects **he** had had on her.  What was most surprising was the effect it had had on ***him,*** though. *Or lack thereof.*

Despite all the loads he had blown, condoms he had bloated, and energy he had spent giving his girlfriend the time of her life, he felt fine.  More than fine, in fact... Finally getting to sink balls deep inside her completely and utterly ***raw*** — *no condoms, no protection, no* ***nothing*** — and knowing that she not only *wanted* him to creampie her, but that he ***had to?***

It was like he had caught his second wind.  Or fourth, or fifth, or whatever number they were on... Point being, Abe felt like he had more than enough gas in the tank to finish things off with a bang, *and that’s exactly what he was going to do.*

*“Hold on tight,”* he whispered in Hayami’s ear before taking a few steps towards the wall, pressing her against it completely.

It was time for the big finale and that was his signal.

*“Cum inside me, honey,”* Hayami whispered straight into his ear, loosening her legs’ grip on him so he had more room to work, but wrapping her arms around him all the more tightly.

*“Time?”* he groaned with his eyes closed, pumping his hips up and into his girlfriend.

*“F-Five minutes,”* Sarah moaned, either close to cumming, or having just cum.

*“Give it to me, baby.  No silly condoms to burst this time, just an empty womb that’s been waiting all night for that white gold~”* his girlfriend whispered, using the last of her strength to pump her hips herself and meet Abe’s thrusts.

“D-Don’t worry, it won’t even be close!” he grunted, switching to long, hard thrusts as he started pulling all the way out to his tip.

He had more than enough energy to stroke his entire length with his girlfriend’s pussy like she was an oversized onahole and make his last orgasm of the night a real gusher.

He even rubbed circles on her clit with a thumb to make her tighten up and squirt one last time.

“Now, now, do it now~!” Hayami squealed as she came.  “Fill me up! *I need it~!  Cum in meeeeee!”*

The big finale really was going to end with a bang, Abe realized, as he thrust his hips so hard he sent Hayami skidding a few inches up the wall.

Then his balls dumped everything they had in one last, victorious load.

Hayami clung to him with everything she had as Abe fell forward, bracing himself against the wall with his forearms as the final two orgasms of the night racked his body. His cock throbbed with strength he didn’t know he had left, and Hayami’s pussy clamped down like a vice to her own amazement.

Their bodies wanted to do them proud, it seemed, and as moans and groans escaped them, they heard Sarah whimper and muffle a scream as she came as well.

If either of them had the strength to turn around and look, they would have seen her absolutely drenching her poor yoga pants, but at that moment, all they could do was look into each other’s eyes as they trembled and shook with pleasure.

*That must have done it.*  There was no way it hadn’t.  They wouldn’t believe anyone that said they didn’t make it in time!

Countless orgasms and countless city blocks later — *mostly because they couldn’t care to remember the numbers at the moment* — and they’d done what they set out to do from the start: *remind themselves how much they loved each other!*

*Oh, and Hayami wanted to flex some BLEACHED muscle, but that was secondary…*

Neither goal really mattered to them now, but being reminded of how much they truly loved each other — *and not just because Abe was a pale-skinned wild stallion and Hayami was every man’s wet dream* — never hurt anybody.

They’d put on a good show, ***thoroughly*** enjoyed themselves, *and maybe even learned a thing or two about Sarah that they’d have to discuss later…*

***Then the clapping started.***

Slow and quiet at first, but picking up speed from the direction of the—

*Someone was there.*  Holding open the plain metal backdoor that they’d seen earlier.

“You had me worried for a minute there, but I knew you had it in you!” the someone said with a mischievous smile on their face...

**“Encore!”**

It was *officially* time to panic.

*“This isn’t what it looks like, we’re just—”*

“Yeah, yeah, ***Abe,***I’m sure it’s all an *act,* cause you’re shooting a porno or something, right?  *And you* ***definitely*** *have all your licenses and permissions lined up, don’t you~?*

“Listen, ***you’re cute,*** so I’m sure that’ll work on *someone, someday,* but you need to remember not to leave your ***schlong*** hanging out when you try it again.  *Or do, if* ***they’re*** *cute and into that sort of thing~*

“Don’t worry though, your secret’s safe with me.  I promise. I’m actually a fan that came to watch the show, believe it or not,” the young Latina woman confessed, a smile growing on her face along with the mischievous glint in her eyes.

Abe had had enough practice recognizing it in Sarah — *the local avatar of chaos* — that he knew something was up, but that it wasn’t exactly *malicious…*

*At least, he hoped not.*

“You can call me Julia, and before you ask, ***yes,***with a hard ‘J’ instead of a spicy, Spanish *‘H,’* and ***yes,*** I’ll still call you *papi* if you ***earn it~”***

***Definitely*** a Sarah type, Abe noted with an approving twitch from his spent cock, looking her over now and being awestruck at just how beautiful their newest conspirator was.

Shorter than Sarah but taller than Hayami, Julia had the smallest bust of the three — *not that many could even hope to depose the J-Cup queen* — but definitely the biggest, ***juiciest,*** most *mouth-watering-est* ass Abe had ever seen *in his life.*

He only managed to catch glimpses of its size and shape under the skirt she was wearing, but it was ***that*** impressive.

The skirt almost didn’t suit her, he suddenly realized, clashing with her spunky, tom-boyish pixie-cut and the *just-rolled-out-of-bed-and-grabbed-the-first-thing-I-could-find* t-shirt she was rocking, but the whole ensemble came together somehow to give the impression of a cool and relaxed down-to-Earth type that didn’t care what you thought about what she was wearing, even if she *would* look better in a pair of ripped jeans.

*At least, that’s the impression Abe got.*

***“Ahn~!*** This is why I’ll never fuck anything other than white guys, and no one else but my hubby~!” Hayami moaned suddenly from behind the pair.  “I can’t get enough of getting ***BLEACHED,*** you guys~!  *I don’t mind being his little Asian cocksleeve-cumdump if it means I get to cum this hard and* ***still*** *get headpats and lovey-dovey kisses afterwards~!* You guys should go white too!

“*Find a nice guy that treats you right, and with* ***respect,*** *and then worship his cock until you awaken his inner colonizer, or slave-owner, or* ***whatever*** *word you want to use for a man that knows how to treat his* ***property~!***

“Hehe~  Just kidding, *but not really~* Until next time, guys~!  Gotta get home and jump in bed!  ***Love ya~!”***she concluded quickly with a blown kiss before signaling for the video feed to be cut and the stream to come to an end.

Hayami had been busy spreading her lips to show off the impressively thick creampie inside her still-glistening pussy, Abe realized, and throwing up peace-signs and ahegao faces for Sarah, the camera, and all her fans at home.

At least until her *Abe-sense* tingled and she strolled over to meet the young woman that may or may not be a threat to the pecking order…

If someone else wanted a piece of ***her*** Abe and ***her*** white monstercock, Hayami would have to give them a thorough once over **and** her explicit approval.  *Then they’d need Sarah’s, too, since* ***she*** *was second in command of the HMCS Bitchbreaker!*

“Hi~!” she greeted the stranger with all of her usual bubbly mirth.  “So you’re a fan!? *Ohmygosh,* I didn’t think anyone would find us tonight!”

“Yeah, well, I live nearby and you need to be more careful when you’re showing off the local graffiti, you know?  Pretty easy to place you and then figure out where you’ve been and where you’re heading. Oh, and before I forget: *I* ***loved*** *the stream.* You’d better do this again sometime, assuming Mr. Man over here feels up to it, of course.”

Cordial, with just a hint of flattery and familiarity...  She really *had* watched the stream if she was giving them useful advice for future streams *and* she was looking forward to those future streams…  *She even gave Abe the credit he deserved?*

Hayami had every last word dissected and analyzed in seconds before wrapping her arms around Julia and hugging her like she would a long-lost sister.

*She was alright,* the bubble Asian concluded.  A nice girl. The type of girl she’d totally let Abe fuck and bleach her womb if she wanted him to~  *And only if Abe wanted to too, of course~*❤!

She wasn’t about to force him into a harem if he didn’t want one — *or wasn’t willing to* ***admit*** *he wanted one just yet* — or being a gigolo for lonely non-white girls, or a cock-for-hire breeding service, *or—*

Hayami noticed everyone was staring at her and the massive glob of white cum that had slipped out of her in her excitement and was now running down her leg, but mostly at *her…*

“That was, uh, just a bit of roleplay for the fans…  You know, playing it up a bit for the, uh… *fetish value?”* Abe interjected, turning all eyes on him.“I don’t know how to put it exactly, but I want you to know I don’t treat Hayami as anything other than my girlfriend and an equal!  *Unless she asks, of course, in the privacy of our own bedroom and…”*

He had trailed off to an inaudible whisper as what he was saying and what he had to defend himself from hit him squarely in the face.  He’d never had to try and explain that he wasn’t some kind of slave owner, or thought of non-white women as breeding sows...!

“Don’t worry, *papi,* I know~” Julia teased, stepping closer to run her palm over one of his arms, even giving it a squeeze to feel the muscle she knew he was hiding.

Despite his nondescript look, Abe took care of himself.  He had to after how easily he hoisted someone as ***thicc*** as Hayami over his shoulder so easily just an hour or so before.  Not to mention the ***stamina*** he had!

“Do you mind if I get an ***autograph?***Something to show off to my brother?  *He’s a huge fan too, and I know it would mean a lot to him~”* she suddenly asked, even turning on the puppy-dog eyes.

“Oh, of course—” Abe started, before realizing she was asking *Hayami* while pointing at… *his... twitching cock...*

“Are you okay with that, honey~?” Mimi asked him point blank.

“Uh, I…  I mean… *I wouldn’t want to…*  *Y’know…  It’s not like I…  I guess I could…? Only if* ***you*** *want me to, of course…”* he mumbled, confused and just a little turned on at the idea of his loving girlfriend passing him around like a pack of cigarettes in prison.

Another fetish, or preference, or scenario, or *whatever* to talk to her about later.

“You can have one if you ***earn it~***He’s pretty well spent, but you should know that already~” Hayami teased with a wink.

“I think I’ll manage,” Julia replied, sinking to her knees and pulling Abe’s pants down to his knees in one smooth motion.

*“You’ve got enough left for one little* ***autograph,*** *don’t you, big boy~?* ***Of course you do.****You’re going to send me home smelling like I blew the whole football team, if the football team was made up of the type of ruggedly handsome white boy that would actually call me later and then take me out to a nice dinner before finger-fucking me in the backseat of his car while kissing my neck and turning me on to the point I actually had to* ***insist*** *on ‘no condoms’ because he was too polite to realize I* ***needed*** *his thick, creamy cum inside me so I could have a half-white niña or niño that looked just like him to remind me of the* ***best night of my life~”***she concluded with a wicked smile, staring up at Abe.  *“****Right, papi~?”***

She drove the final nail into the coffin with his reason inside with that one, turning her accent up to 11 for effect, *and what an effect it was.*

***Jesus Christ, that was... HOT!*** Abe thought,and not just because Julia was jerking his cock back to steel-rod hardness, either.

She had buried her nose both under and then **in** his sack the entire time she talked, *except for when she was peppering both it and his shaft in kisses that swapped between the daintiest, most chaste things you could get away with giving your girlfriend in front of her father, and the lewdest, wettest sucks that would make a nun drop dead.*

If Abe woke up in the morning with hickeys on his cock, he’d know exactly why after ***that!***

“There we go~!” Julia announced triumphantly, letting the white behemoth stand upright on its own.  “Looks like I’m getting that autograph after all~! We’d better be quick though, right? We all have places to be, *so don’t hold back on me,* ***gringo.”***

*As if he could,* Abe had to admit.  Hayami must have been getting to him for something as simple as that to have as much of an effect as it did.

*Why did being treated like a piece of meat turn him on so much?*

Besides that, while he didn’t know much about the woman besides her name and what she looked like, her *performance* was absolutely masterful.  He hated to admit it, but she might be right up there with his own girlfriend!

“So, we’re gonna get you cleaned up, and then you’re gonna cream my stomach like a ***good boy,*** *understand?”*

*Fuck,* ***fuck,******FUCK!  There it was!***  He couldn’t stop himself from letting a rope of precum loose after hearing that *trigger phrase!* Julia really *was* paying close attention, maybe even while on the edge of her seat, leaned back in her chair so she could *pet herself* as she watched...

Hayami audibly gasped and Sarah smiled as they recognized a kindred spirit now that Abe was trying and failing to calm his breathing, sounding like a proper bull in rut again.

*He had to hold it in, though!* Hayami cheered inside her own head.  *He couldn’t go making her look bad by letting another woman make him cum that fast!  He had a reputation to uphold, too!*

“Oh, and… Sarah, was it? *Sorry, it was hard to make out on the stream,* but would you mind doing a little more shooting so I have a memento and something to brag about?  You know, besides the ***cumbreath*** I’m gonna have afterwards?”

Julia was already holding out a smartphone for Sarah to take from her with the hand that wasn’t occupied sliding up and down Abe’s cock.

She must have pulled it from her own lewd hammerspace when everyone blinked since she didn’t have a purse or any visible pockets to hide it in.

*“Sure thing~!*  Just don’t be afraid to tap out, alright~?  He can be a ***bit much*** for a first timer,” Sarah said sweetly and more than a little bit condescendingly, obviously not happy with having to be outside a little longer or once again being relegated to *camera-girl.*

“This isn’t my first rodeo, but thanks for the tip~!” Julia replied, mimicking the bitchy baby-voice she’d just been on the receiving end of.

“It is with ***him,”***was the reply, this time with hints of a smile both evil and genuine.

Sarah could respect a girl like that.  One that didn’t take any shit and punched well above her weight class.  *She just didn’t know she was doing it yet.  With her,* ***or*** *with Abe.*

*“Wreck her, Abe.*  Put this little *puta’s* throat through its paces,” she said, giving her favourite white man a slap on the ass to encourage him.

“Yes, please do~” Julia said, hooking a finger in each of her cheeks to spread her mouth wide open for Abe’s impatient, throbbing cock.

Rather than join the *mostly* playful shit-talking, Abe got to work instead, steadying his cock like the bucking bronco it had turned into and rubbing his head against the mouthy Latina’s tongue to make sure he was properly lubed.  That got him some ***very*** pleasant approving vibrations that only got more intense the further he went and the harder Julia moaned.

Down, down, down, the poor little brown girl’s eyes went wide as she noticed how much more pipe her new *papi* still had to lay after already stretching her out and filling her up.

She’d ***never*** had a cock like Abe’s before, she started to realize.  *Started to admit to herself…* While she thought the hefty cock she was just like others she’d seen and tackled before, what she ***felt*** was a different story altogether.

She *might* have bitten off more than she could chew, but she couldn’t exactly back out now.

Getting rid of thoughts of quitting or giving up out of her head as soon as she could, she opted to tilt her head back even further to give Abe a better angle and make his insertion a little bot easier on both of them, but mostly herself.

By the time he was 80, or maybe even 90 percent of the way inside her throat with just a few more inches to go, Julia started to gag.

Carefully but quickly pulling himself out, Abe let the young woman cough and catch her breath.

***“Fuck,*** you weren’t kidding!  I mean, it looks just a little bit smaller in person than on my computer, but ***hijole!*** It feels so, so, ***so*** much bigger than it looks!  *No offence or anything, it’s still* ***monstrous,*** *papi,* but I’ve gotta know: where the fuck do you hide it all!?”

With one final cough, Julia reached out for Abe’s hips to steady herself and go again immediately.

“Not so easy, huh~?  *Don’t worry, it just takes* ***practice!”*** Sarah teased, both sneering and cheering the girl on at the same time.  *Somehow…*

Hayami had snuck around behind the dazed girl to grab her by the back of the head and shove her back onto Abe’s cock, not letting Julia set the pace.

“Just brea—  *Wait, I guess you can’t, can you?  Just* ***swallow,*** *then~”*

Abe had to grit his teeth as the woman on her knees did just that, swallowing around his cock as if she were trying to drink it.

“That’s it, *that’s it~!*  Get that white dick~!  ***Make*** *him cum!  You wanted that autograph, right~?  Well you have to work for it~!”* Hayami teased with a less-than-innocent chuckle, letting go of the Latina’s head to hand control over to her shivering boyfriend.

*“I want you to give her something to* ***remember,*** *honey.  Just pretend it’s* ***me,*** *and you want to completely and utterly* ***break me,*** *alright~?”* she whispered as she passed him to watch on the sidelines with Sarah.

...Had his girlfriend always been so evil?  Abe didn’t exactly dislike it, but it was certainly news to him.

Carefully testing both her short hair and then her ears for grip — *and getting a moan each time* — Abe settled on just holding the back of her head with his fingers splayed to maximize the amount of force he could exert on her.

*The amount of control…,* a voice inside him whispered. *Everyone wants you to fuck Julia hard, right?  Including Julia herself?  So… why not give them what they want?  All you have to do is thrust. And* ***thrust. And thrust some more!***

Building up a steady rhythm, Abe was rolling his hips as he fucked poor Julia’s face like he was fucking his girlfriend’s pussy.  ***Hard.*** Only, it wasn’t ‘poor Julia’ at all with the way she was smiling and staring straight at Hayami.

No, not quite at *Hayami,* Abe realized, more like her…

***Oh?***

Their little Latin firecracker was staring straight at his girlfriend’s pussy.  Gulping around his cock and wiggling her tongue as best she could every time Hayami’s pussy twitched or a glob of his cum slid out — *and not because his cum was coming out, but because it meant Hayami’s lips spread and fluttered just the tiniest bit each time.*

*Julia was probably just as interested in his girlfriend as she was with him…* Well, that made everything fine in Abe’s mind.  She was fair game now. *There was no reason to hold back anymore.*

*She needed to be* ***straightened out,*** the voice commanded.

Staring straight into the naughty little bi-sexual’s eyes — *at least, he hoped he hadn’t completely misjudged her* — Abe defied her to look anywhere other than at him, or the base of his cock that was tapping her in the nose now, as he picked up the pace anytime she wasn’t staring him straight in the eyes.

He challenged her to take him less seriously and risk choking on his cock.  Or have him ***choke her*** with his cock.

*...Well, pass out on his cock, really, since he was still committed to giving her a time she wouldn’t easily forget but didn’t want to risk actually hurting her,* the kinder, gentler side of Abe chimed in.

*Sarah really was rubbing off on him,* he realized, chuckling to himself before pulling all the way to let Julia catch her breath one last time before the big finale.

***“F-Fuck,”***was all she could say, *and weakly at that,* her eyes swimming in her head and her tongue lolling out all on its own.

She was drooling on herself now and rocking a little like she was in a trance.  …Or as if Abe were still thrusting into her and she wanted to help him bottom out completely.

“One breaking coming right up!” he exclaimed, taking her head in his hands again and absolutely power-fucking her poor throat, deciding that she’d had enough time to fill her lungs.

That was what she deserved for acting so high and mighty and comparing him to whatever other men had *used her* before!  *He’d make sure no other man,* ***or woman,*** *would get her off like he was about to…  He was going to make sure she’d never forget* ***him.***

Pulling out to her lips on each thrust now, Abe was pleased to see Julia basically twerking her phat ass as her whole upper body rocked back and forth with his thrusts.

No, she actually **was** twerking, he realized!  *Enticing him by showing off that phat ass,* the naughty little slut!

Knitting his brow and driving his hips into her face like he was trying to grind against a cervix that wasn’t there, Abe had to smile when he saw the young woman regain her consciousness just long enough to smile back up at him, try her best to give him a kiss with his cock dislocating her jaw, and wink before her eyelids started to flutter again and she was out like a light.

*Her lights were on, but nobody was home,* just the way Abe liked it.

Imagining he was fucking that naughty phat ass of hers, and thinking about how a nice red handprint would look on her brown skin, the suction on his cock more than doubled as he kept laying hot, thick, and ***white*** pipe in her throat.

Either Julia was hungry for his cum, or desperately needed air again. The two possibilities combined in Abe’s head and ***threw*** him over the edge of his quickly building orgasm.  He ended up stumbling forward as he lost his balance for a second, smashing Julia’s lips against his crotch and smooshing her nose up against his body as he came like a firehose.

Quite possibly his hardest orgasm of the night — *or should he say ‘morning’ now?* — because of how tired he was and how many other orgasms he’d had to endure, Abe jerked and spasmed and practically ***roared*** as he got on his tippy-toes so his overworked balls could dump everything he had straight into the Latina’s stomach.

Abe could feel that was going to be the very last load of that day, *and more than likely the next couple of days,* his body flooding him with pleasure more out of protest than arousal.

He needed to knock it off already, and this was his body’s signal.

For her part, Julia tried her best to keep up with the deluge, swallowing as much as she possibly could with loud, large ***gulps*** before she really was forced to tap out against Abe’s leg if she didn’t want to drown under the torrent of seed.

As her new papi slowly pulled out — *not wanting to push her too far on their first encounter* —she grabbed him by his cock so he could spurt his last few ropes into her mouth and bloat her flushed cheeks.

Breathing quickly but steadily through her nose, the gang saw her tongue swirling around inside her cheeks that were bloated like a chipmunk’s — *on account of both being stuffed with* ***nuts*** — and could have sworn they heard quiet *gargling.*

She somehow managed to climb up Abe’s sturdy body to get to her feet on her own — *though really, she couldn’t have any other way* — and the young woman waddled over to Hayami like she’d just been given the fucking of her life.

*Or maybe like she was already eight or nine months pregnant...*

Wrapping her arms around the shorter Asian woman as if she were the happiest drunk in the world and needed to latch onto someone because she couldn’t stand up on her own anymore, Julia gave her a long, hard kiss on the cheek before roping Sarah into a hug and giving her a long, hard kiss *directly on the lips.*

Both Abe and Hayami watched in bemusement as Sarah looked surprised, happy, horrified and disgusted all at the same time as Julia’s cheeks actually ***deflated.***

*She was snowballing the last of Abe’s load straight into Sarah mouth!* the laughing couple realized as Julia pulled off Sarah to pinch the woman’s’ nose shut, forcing her to swallow the mouthful or two of spooge if she wanted to breathe.

*Well, that or spit it out, but Sarah didn’t exactly strike Julia as the ‘quitter’ type.*

“Sorry, but you looked like you wanted to join in for a ***long*** time before that little outburst at the end of the walk, and you deserve a reward for holding the camera steady the whole night~!

“*Except for when you accidentally ended up pointing it straight at your crotch once or twice while you schlicked~  I really liked those parts, though~*

*“You should be more honest with them, and yourself, girl! They aren’t the type to turn you down if you want to join in every now and then,”* she said, looking straight at Sarah and whispering the last parts so only the two of them could hear it.

*“Besides,“* she added quietly again, *“with how* ***wet*** *those pants look and* ***smell*** *from here?  You’ve got a bit of a bleached streak in you too~  A little thing for hunky white guys and sexy non-white girls, am I right~?”*

Completely speechless and frozen in place, the only thing Sarah could do was watch and swallow with a loud gulp as Julia pried her phone from the death grip she had on it.

She wanted to pose for a selfie next to Abe’s spent, but still impressive, cock, as it turned out.  And then another one where she was kissing it... *And one last one where she had it back down her throat…*

“You d-done?” Abe asked tiredly, shuddering as she stimulated his freshly spent cock and teetering on his feet as the wind finally left his sails.

“Yeah, I’m done~  Thanks again, ***papi~***❤**”** she teased, giving Abe a chaste but heartfelt kiss on the cheek.  “A girl could get used to that kind of *royal treatment~* If you and Hayami here don’t end up getting married and having a shitton of kids, you’re always welcome at my place, *comprende~?”*

“We’ll see, we’ll see,” Hayami interjected, stepping in to physically separate the spicy little minx from her boyfriend so they could exchange contact information and both groups could start heading home.

While she hated the nagging feeling that Julia was dangerous and a threat to her relationship with Abe, maybe, *just maybe,* if they were both free sometime, they could do something like this again...  *Just maybe.*

It was definitely fun, and Abe deserved as many rewards as she could think of, including a saucy little *puta’s pussy~*

*“No, like* ***seriously,*** *you’d better marry that man,”* Julia whispered to Hayami as they huddled together, just the two of them, speaking woman to woman, or maybe white-cock-addict to white-cock-addict.  *Hayami couldn’t tell just yet.*

*“That’s the plan, but I don’t want to rush into anything, you know?”* she whispered with a genuine smile on her face.

Whipping out her phone, Hayami exchanged numbers and emails as quickly as she could after noticing what time it was on her home screen.

As they all exchanged hugs and the odd ass-grab before parting ways — *Hayami’s party off to Abe’s house and Julia off to wherever she had come from* — Abe found the wherewithal to say one last thing and ask Julia one last question.

“If you found us, that means you watch the stream, right?  What’s your handle so we know it’s you the next time we see you in the chatroom?”

She was smirking even before she answered the question.

“Well, I’m definitely a fan of yours.  You *specifically,* Abe, *though Ms. J-Cup isn’t half bad herself and I* ***swear*** *I’m not jealous~*  You can keep your eyes peeled for *AbeFan13, papi~  I bet we’ll be seeing each other* ***real*** *soon.”*

She had already turned around halfway through her answer, and Julia waved back at the group over her head with one hand while the other lifted her skirt to reveal—

*“Hey, are those my panties!?”* Hayami hissed as she sent the Latina off with a few choice hand gestures she knew she wouldn’t see before joining Sarah and her boyfriend in a spirited laugh.

*“Now let’s get home before someone calls the cops.”*

End