

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

POOL GAME

Kiara:

From the way this man speaks, I see that he isn't tough, and what fuels his ego is the crowd around him. This makes me believe I can easily shake him down.

A pool stick is given to me, and then an attendant arranges the balls on the table.

"Wait," I say before he blows the whistle, and my opponent raises a brow.

"Yes? Do you want to back out now, because it isn't too late?" he says, and I scoff.

"Or are you scared that you will get your ass whooped by an actual woman who has a pussy?" I ask, and the crowd goes up with an "oooh!"

He looks around, and I see he's nervous. His fear stinks from a mile away.

"We are giving you half a million, and you have nothing to give to us, so how is this a fair game?" I ask, and he chuckles.

"Honey, I do not intend to make a stake because there is no way you are winning, so don't be delusional."

He thinks the crowd will join in, but everywhere is silent, and everyone looks at him.

"Sir, you'll have to make a stake," the attendant says. He opens his mouth to speak, but Zane beats him to it.

"I have a better offer," Zane says, and the man stares at him with a raised brow. "If we win, we'll get half of the money you've won, then everyone will leave this room for us," he says, and they all look at each other with a shrug.

"Deal," the man in front says.

The attendant holds out his whistle as the man licks his lips.

"Fuck, you're so sexy," Zane mind-links with me. "Oh, I can't wait for everyone to empty out of this room," he continues.

"Cut it out," I say to him, then steady my grip on the stick.

"The name's Jake, honey. So are you ready to lose?" he smirks.

The game begins, and Jake takes the first shot. He sinks into a solid ball, then another. The crowd cheers, feeding his ego. But I stay focused, watching his every move while waiting for my turn.

Finally, he misses, and it's my chance. I step up to the table, my heart pounding, but my hands steady. I line up my shot, taking a deep breath. The cue ball strikes the striped ball perfectly, sending it into the pocket with a satisfying clink. The crowd murmurs in surprise.

I continue, sinking ball after ball, my confidence growing with each successful shot. Jake's smirk fades, replaced by a look of frustration. He tries to distract me with more taunts, but I focus only on the game.

It's down to the last ball, and I can feel the tension in the room, all eyes on me. I line up my shot, taking my time. The cue ball rolls smoothly, striking the eight ball and sending it into the corner pocket. The crowd erupts in cheers.

"Yes!" I scream as I make my last pocket, then I toss the stick. "And that's how you do it!" I yell, and the man stands for a while with his stick in his hand.

"Uhm, sorry sir, but would you like to borrow my pussy?" I ask, and the crowd erupts in laughter.

He looks at me for a while, then tosses the stick and walks away. The attendant divides his money, giving half to us, and then the people in the room empty out, muttering congratulatory messages.

Once the room is empty, Zane locks the door, then walks up to me.

"I would love to see you take that stance again," he grabs my hands from behind, pinning them above my head with one hand, then he pushes me down to the table with my head resting on it, and my hands pinned down.

He runs his hands down my thighs, slipping under my gown, which he pulls up, bringing his hand to my butt cheek with a slap on it.

"Mmh!" I whimper, biting my lips as his hands graze my skin one more time before he lets go of my hand, pulling down my panties, and crouching down in front of me.

He trails his tongue up my thighs, then runs his hand from my belly to my pussy. His hand trails up to the crack of my butt, then he grabs my cheeks, spreading them open as his tongue trails down to my pussy.

My entire body tingles, and I curl my feet in my sandals, trying to maintain my stance, but I can't.

My moans fill the air as his tongue works divinely on my parts. After a while, he pulls away. Then he fondles my butt cheeks with one hand as he undoes his belt. I feel his hard cock run down the crack of my butt, then he settles into my core, which is dripping wet.

Slowly, he pushes in, causing me to arch my back as he thrusts in and out of me, our skin slamming against each other.

"You taste so good," he says to me as he increases his pace, causing my moans to shoot through the roof.

He continues for a while, then he pulls away, grabbing me by the waist with one arm. He flips me around, then he gets between my legs, rubbing gently on my clit, causing my body to shudder.

"I'll cum if you do that," I say, grabbing his hand. Then he slides into me, moving in and out of me.

I sit up and wrap my hands around his neck, bringing our lips together. Then I suck and nibble on his lips, trying to subdue the pleasure I feel, but it doesn't work.

In no time, my body shudders beneath his, and he clasps his hands around my waist, burying his head in my neck as he increases his pace for a split second before he slows down, pulling out as his cum spills on the floor with him panting.

My body jerks for a few seconds, and he rubs my clit slowly until I reach my peak.