

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 8 Slutty Adventure

They climbed to this high, round nice ass, which was only enhanced by her tight jean shorts. Her stomach wasn't big, but it wasn't the flattest either, which was no doubt due to her giving birth.

Her breasts were by far her most attractive feature; they were enormous, like a 30 G if you could imagine it.

What was even better was that she was wearing this tiny tank top with her massive breasts spilling out the front. She was also quite attractive on the face, with a cute little nose and big dark eyes.

Her lips were enticing. Her hair was very short, not long at all. So, let's get back to the story. Damilola's face lit up and her chest perked up when she saw me.

"Oh, so this is the hot rapist I've been hearing about." She said as she quickly closed the gap between us.

"Hi," I said as I extended my hand to shake, but instead she pressed her breasts against me and her hand went straight to my crotch.

She firmly squeezed my hardening c*ck. "Wow, I think you struck gold here, Tolu," Damilola said as she clung to me through my jeans before Miss Tolu yanked her away.

"Thank you, and please be aware that this gold has already been deposited in MY federal reserve." Miss Tolu indicated her crotch and drew me to her as if to stamp her claim.

"Well, Tolu, I believe it is in your best interests to share the wealth." Damilola stated, her hands on her hips. Miss Tolu retorted angrily, "I'm sure you do, but

you know I'm not the type to share."

"Take a look, ladies. Given how I met both of you, this is already awkward. Damilola, you're lovely, but I'm with Tolu and I absolutely love her," I said, attempting to put this matter to rest.

Miss Tolu smiled at me and gave her friend a mocking look, as if to say, 'what now?' "Well, I had hoped that both of you would willingly comply, but I guess you just need a little motivation," Damilola said as she took out her phone.

"You know what I like about smart phones these days? The cameras can use night vision if you get the right app."

I felt a little uneasy as I watched her search through her phone. "What are you up to?" I inquired, adopting a solemn tone.

Damilola handed the phone to Miss Tolu, and we both froze in horror as we watched the video. The video was of Miss Tolu and I having sex last night.

Miss Tolu was still wearing the blindfold, and it appeared as if I was holding her down, making her look very bad. "How in the world did you get that?!?" Miss Tolu inquired, enraged.

"It doesn't matter. What matters is that you let me have him if you don't want him to go to prison." Damilola said, evilly smiling.

"As for you, take off your clothes," she said, turning to face me. "Wait a second, Damilola. You are free to have him. But only for one night, and not here. And you can only give him an oral pleasure.

If you screw him over, I'll find out and go straight to

your husband. Understood?" Miss Tolu stated firmly.

I was surprised and excited that she would allow this, though I did feel like I had been auctioned off like a product on the OLX market.

But, on the other hand, I didn't want to go to prison. "Fine," Damilola said, rolling her eyes. "Let's go," she said, taking my hand in hers. Miss Tolu was outraged, but she maintained her cool.

She snatched me back, drew me in, and kissed me passionately, as if marking her territory. "When you're finished with the sl*t, come right back so I can reclaim you," she said in my ear.

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