



# I Fucked Somebody's Wife (Obsidian Heights)

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**Category:** Urban

**Description:** Janelle had her life set up just right. A husband. A home. A quiet little routine that looked perfect from the outside—even if deep down, she was dying slow. She played her role like a pro. Loyal wife. Pretty smile. Dinner on the table. But beneath all that perfection? A woman who hadn't been touched right in years. A woman craving more.

Then he showed up. Fontaine Wells. The man she shouldn't even look at twice. Dangerous, chocolate, and crazy as hell—with a voice that could melt panties and a temper that could get somebody killed. He wasn't safe. He wasn't nice. But when he wanted her? She folded.

Now her whole life's in flames. Her marriage? Over. Her morals? Gone. And her heart? Wrapped around the most toxic man she's ever known.

Can she walk away before she loses everything—or is it already too late?

Because Fontaine? He don't play about her. Ever.

**Total Pages (Source):** 10

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:41 pm*

1

Coochie Juices

Fontaine

As I took a step into Club Waters I had one thing on my mind, have a good time. I hadn't been out in I don't even know how long and that was by choice. I hated crowds, hated thirsty ass bitches, and the broke ass, fakin' ass men they clung to.

I glanced into the mirror beside me that rested on the wall of the club, taking in my appearance. All black Tom ford suit, white button up underneath, gold links glintin' under the club lights. Cuban blunt in my mouth, half-lit, and my cologne hittin' so hard bitches broke their necks to look at me. And when they did? Man, you'd swear these hoes saw some type of God.

A God with one fresh ass taper.

I looked 'round feeling the aura around me before my eyes made their way to my section. VIP, nuffin' less. I made my way over, music still boomin' lights still flashin', but all I saw was her.

Thick. Short sexy ass legs, pretty brown skin with a li' glitter on the collarbone, like she just knew she was fine. Hair flowing down her back, lashes looked natural, eyes big as hell and pretty.

The red mini dress she wore hugged her like it was specifically made for her. She was

dancing alone. Sippin' on sumn' tropical.

I took the blunt from my lips, leaned back in the booth, and said to myself, “ Damn. ”

I watched. Studied the way her hips moved. When she slid her eyes across the room and caught me starin', I ain't look away. I'm a grown ass man.

I wanted her to feel that shit, feel it between her legs. Wanted her pussy to drench just off my look alone. She smirked. That lil flirty, ‘ I know you want it, but I'm gon' play games' smirk.

And I was fine with that. She ain't wanna step to me I'd simply step to her.

So I stood. Adjusted my cuffs, walked over smooth and slow. “You here with somebody?” I asked, voice low.

She looked up at me, lips shiny, smile innocent and wicked all at once. “I'm good by myself.”

I chuckled, coldly. “I ain't ask you that.”

She stepped closer. Her sweet perfume slapped me in the face—fruity, like strawberries.

“Well that's what I told you, you always this bold?” she asked, eyes dragging down my frame.

“Only when I really, really want something.” I leaned in close, brushing her ear with my lips. “And right now? I really want yo sexy ass.”

She gasped. Soft. Like she ain't expect it, but like I said I'm grown. I needed her to

know the timing I was on. She was too fine to just be single.

If I ain't step to her another nigga would and we can't have that, now can we?

"Fontaine Wells," I muttered against her ear. Then backed away.

"Janelle."

Before either of us could process it, we was in the club bathroom. Private, dim, and locked. I pushed her against the wall, mouth on hers like I was truly starvin'. That kiss was dirty. Tongues touchin', her moans bouncing off the walls.

I dropped to my knees. Pulled them panties down and the scent of Dove and nothingness hit my nose. I dived right in, her legs shook when I sucked on her clit, two fingers slid inside her, slow, deep. She was sayin' my name already, grabbing my waves.

When she dropped to her knees? I damn near blacked out.

This was pos' to be a quick li' club fuck. I just wanted to get my dick wet out of boredom, but the way her pussy and mouth was hittin' HAD ME ON TEN.

She gripped my dick like it was hers, like she don' sucked it befo'. Nine thick inches and her mouth took all of me like she was trying to impress me. And she that she did, outstanding job.

Spit glistened around my dick, my eyes rolled back, I was losing it.

"Fuck," I growled, my fingers in her mouth now, pushing past her lips while she choked on my dick.

“You so nasty,” I whispered, thrusting into her throat. “So fuckin’ nasty. That’s how I like it, baby.”

I yanked her up, flipped her around, and bent her over the sink. That ass? stupid fucking fat. I slid in, deep and mean. No warning. Her back arched, mouth open in a scream.

“F-fuck...p-please,” she whimpered, eyes beggin’ for mercy in the mirror.

I grabbed her throat, leaning to her ear. “Speak up for me, baby. I can’t hear you.”

Her walls clenched, and I swear, I almost nutted right there. I gripped her hips and thrust. She was so wet I could hear the gush over the bass thumpin’ outside.

“This my pussy now,” I grunted in her ear. “We go together, real fuckin’ bad!”

When we came, it was violent. Loud. Her nails left trails down the mirror, and my hand released her throat.

We stood there, breathless, bodies twitchin’. Then she looked at me. Something in her had a li’ fear, I could see it.

“I..I’m married,” She said, voice barley above a whisper.

Everything inside me went silent.

Married?

I should’ve known. Pussy like hers ain’t never not put up.

I pulled away slow. Backed up, my eyes scanned her. She looked like guilt had just

came and took a fat ass shit on her face.

“Re-..” I chuckled, flatly. “Repeat that shit for me.”

“I’m sorry...I shouldn’t have—”

“You let me fuck you raw...and you somebody wife?” I laughed once. Low and hollow.

She tried to talk again, but I was already gone.

I wanted to be pissed off at ha’. But I wasn’t I was more so pissed that her nigga had her pussy and I didn’t. That’s what really pissed me off, I mean yeah I was mad about her havin’ a nigga. But not nearly as mad as when I thought about how her pussy just made me nut in five minutes, and she was prolly gon’ go home and hand it off to another nigga.

I laid in bed, wide awake. I couldn’t sleep.

I’d smoked two blunts back to back, sittin’ in the loft looking out the window replayin’ the way her moan sounded. How she said ‘ please.’

But she belonged to another nigga?

No.

Fuck that.

I pulled out my phone. Called one of my li’ hacker homies and had him do what he do. In twenty minutes, I had her name, her job, her bitch ass niggas name, and her address.

I was there in twenty minutes.

Nice li' house in the hills. Gated. Two cars in the driveway. All cute n'shit.

I parked across the street, engine off, just watchin'. My gun sat low on my lap. A blunt burning slow in my mouth. I leaned back and smiled for the first time in years.

She thought us fuckin' was a one-time thing.

But baby, I'm Fontaine Wells.

And best believe when I want some shit, I gets it .

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:41 pm*

2

Nobody can...

Janelle

I should've never fucked that man.

But I was horny, alone, and he- he was fine as hell.

The whole ride home from the club, I sat with my thighs tight, tryna ignore the mess he left between 'em. My heart was pounding like I'd just ran twenty miles.

I kept telling myself it was a one-time thing. A mistake. A wild, nasty, outta-pocket ass mistake I could tuck in the back of my mind like it never happened.

Except it did.

And Fontaine—sexy, dominate ass wasn't the type of man you'd just forget.

He the type to that make you press ya legs together just thinkin' about the way he looked at you. Big. Tall. Drippin' in all black designer, that gold cuban link swingin' from his chest.

And that voice? Lawd. Deep, smooth like silk, with a hood twang to it.

A voice that made you do shit, nasty shit.



I told myself I'd block him from my mind. Delete that night. Be faithful again. Be a wife, even if he wasn't being a husband.

And it worked till I saw him again.

It was a week later. Bright-ass day, sun out, not a cloud in sight. Me and my husband, Terrell, were havin' lunch at this upscale little restaurant off La Brea. Real chic, white expensive tablecloths, jazz music playin' low in the background. I wore a silk blouse, nude heels, fresh press with curls bouncin'. I was bein' good. Back on my shit, I think.

Then I felt it. That chill up my spine.

Like somebody was watchin' me. Burning a big ass hole in my soul.

I glanced up—and there he was.

Fontaine.

Sittin' at a corner table like a damn stalker. Dressed in a black tailored suit, golden rolex on his wrist, and an unlit blunt between his fingers. My eyes locked with his for a split second. He smirked, but when I blinked?

Gone.

Like a motherfuckin' ghost. Just like that.

I shook my head, confused. Maybe I imagined it. Maybe it was my guilt trippin'. Terrell was talkin' about his work trip and I was noddin' along, tryin' to steady my breath. Then I turned my head—and froze.

Right in front of my face.

Fontaine. At our table.

He was standing beside my seated husband. Laughin'. Dapping him up they been boys for foreva. My heart dropped to my stomach. Terrell ain't know shit, just kept chopping it up with Fontaine, who stared at me with a slow, deliberate smile.

"A-and this is my wife, Janelle." Terrell said, smiling.

Fontaine placed his hand out for me to shake, "Fontaine."

I hesitated, clearing my nervous throat. "Janelle."

I mumbled some excuse about using the bathroom and dipped to the bathroom.

As soon as I hit the mirror, I grabbed the counter. Breathed deep. I looked good—too good to be this rattled. But my hands was shakin'. My thighs were clenching. And worst of all? My pussy was throbbing.

What the fuck was wrong with me? Maybe it was the way he undressed me with his eyes, or maybe it was the way he completely acted as if he didn't just fuck me a week ago.

I turned on the water. Tried to ground myself.

Then I felt it.

Someone behind me. A presence. Thick and intense as hell.

Before I could even open my mouth, a big hand wrapped around it, pullin' me back.

My eyes blew wide as my body slammed against a firm chest, cologne and blunt smoke flooding my nose.

“I missed you,” Fontaine whispered, his lips brushing my ear.

We locked eyes in the mirror. That look on his face was so damn sexy, like he meant business. And I was more than ready for whatever business he was about to throw my way.

I struggled, but not really. Not enough.

A part of me wanted this, another part was afraid of someone walking in and seeing us.

His free hand slid down. My legs trembled.

I moaned. “Did you miss me, baby?”

His hand disappeared beneath my skirt, and two thick fingers pushed right inside me like this was his pussy to touch, to feel, to miss.

I was a moaning mess, eyes rolling back ‘n all. “Mmm,” He growled when I whimpered. “You sound so fucking pretty. Don’t you think you sound pretty, baby?”

I moaned behind his hand. Loud.

He started movin’ them fingers slow, curlin’ ‘em just right. The way he talked to me was just filthy.

“Does your husband make you feel this way, hmm?” He asked, voice deep and dark like thunder. “Does she soak for him like she does for me?” His fingers curled again

and my knees almost buckled. “You ever squirt for him like you did for me?”

His fingers sped up inside of me.

I shook my head, eyes damn near rollin’ all the way back.

“No, no?” He taunted, his hand went to my throat.

“Fu-fuck oh myyy...” my moans dragging out.

“Be a good girl,” he whispered. “Squirt for me. Soak my fuckin’ hand.”

And just like that, I snapped. Legs quiverin’, body twitchin’, I came on his fingers with a gasp that echoed the bathroom.

He pulled them out, slick and glistenin’.

“Open your mouth,” he commanded.

I obeyed.

He slid his fingers past my lips, watchin’ me suck myself off his fingers.

“That’s my girl.” He slid his hand down to pat my pussy. While planting kisses on my neck.

His eyes locked on mine, staring at eachother in the mirror.

Then he pulled away, I stood there breathless. “Have a good rest of your lunch, tell uh’ Terrell have a good lunch as well.”

Then—just like fucking that—gone. Again. Sucking his fingers as he disappeared into the restaurant.

Door opened. Closed. Silence.

I stood there, shaking panties ruined, lipstick smeared. I cleaned up best I could, tried to reapply but gloss, but my whole body was vibratin’.

When I walked back out, Fontaine was gone.

Terrell looked up from his plate. “You good?”

“Yeah,” I said, smilin’ like my pussy wasn’t as wet as could be right now. “Just...women stuff.”

That was just the start of it.

The next day, flowers showed up at my door. Black rosses, wrapped in satin, no card. Just a gold F on the ribbon. My heart skipped. I ain’t say nothin’ Hid ‘em before Terrell came home.

The day after that? Another bouquet. How did this motherfucka’ even know where I lived, I had so many questions.

Then perfume. The same scent I wore the night we fucked.

I tried to act normal. Tried to stay calm. But my body betrayed me every time I thought about him. I couldn’t sleep. Couldn’t eat. All I could do was dream about the two times he’d touched me.

Terrell noticed. ‘You alright, baby? You been actin’ different.’

I smiled. “Just tired. y’know with work ‘n all.”

He believed it. But me?

I knew the truth.

Damn that man.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:41 pm*

3

Coworker My Ass

Fontaine “Danger” Wells

I been sitting outside her job for an hour now.

Window halfway down, blunt perched between my lips, blacked-out Range creepin’ behind a row of parked cars. My eyes locked on the front doors of that glass building, waiting for her to walk out.

I had the engine low, music lower—some old-school Jill Scott playin’ through the speakers.

Call me crazy I truly don’t give a fuck, sorry. Not.

I was watching my lady makin’ sure she was safe. After a long days work, sounds to me like I’m being a gentleman.

Janelle came out the front in them tight ass work pants that hugged her ass so good. Silk blouse clingin’ to her titties, curls bouncin’, that pretty skin glowing in the late sun.

My dick twitched just lookin’ at her.

But then he stepped up to her and my shit went soft.

Some light-skinned, colorful suit wearin' motherfucka'. Smilin' hard as hell, standing a li' too close.

I leaned forward, narrowed my eyes. Watched her laugh at somethin' he said. Next thing I knew, they hugged. Full body, arms wrapped, her cheek against his chest. I gripped my thigh so hard I heard my knuckles crack.

Fuck this nigga think he doin'.

That wasn't no friendly goodbye. That was some form of intimacy. A nigga smelling the top of her head, pullin' her close, holding her for twenty seconds too long.

That was a nigga tryna taste somethin' that ain't his.

They walked off in opposite directions. She got into her lil white Benz, all casual and shit. But him? He walked off down the street. I couldn't wait to handle this nigga, I was gon' make it fun, messy and slow.

I dropped my blunt in the tray, sat up, and started my car.

Time to follow the motherfucka'.

He ain't even check behind him. Too damn comfortable. That's how you know niggas ain't never had any real world terrors—they forget its evil out here; evil be me. I tailed him smooth, quiet, two cars behind, black tint hidin' the rage on my face. We hit the freeway, then some side streets in Obsidian heights. Big-ass trees. Quiet little neighborhoods. He pulled into a two story crib with a long-ass driveway, flowers 'nshit.

Cute.



Real fuckin' cute.

I parked a few houses down. Slipped the suit jacket off and grabbed my Nina from the glove box. Fully loaded. Extended clip. Suppressor already on. Slid my rings off, unbuttoned my button up leaving me in just my wife beater.

Before I went in I stared at the sky thinkin' of Janelle and suddenly my dick got hard all over again. Just imagining the sounds, the taste, the smell.

I chuckled. "I miss my baby." I uttered, cocking my gun.

I took another breather then went in for the kill.

He didn't even hear me come in. Back door was damn near open, I crept through the kitchen, heard music playin' upstairs. Heard the shower runnin'.

I stood at the bottom of the stairs. Waiting, gun behind my back.

When the water cut off, I moved.

He came down with a towel on, hummin' some shit. Soon as he hit the bottom step, I stepped from the shadows and pressed the steel to his temple.

"Who—p-please..." he stammered, eyes wide.

"Shhh," I whispered. "Don't talk. Just listened."

He froze. Tears tricklin' down his face.

"That woman... you work with. The one who you touched today." I said, voice low, steady. "After work, in the front."

His brows pulled together. “J-Janel-”

Wrong name to say.

I cracked him across the mouth with the butt of the Nina. Blood splattered. He hit the floor, groaning. I stepped over him, crouched low, and whispered right by his ear.

“You ever feel pussy so good it fucks with your mind?” I asked. “So wet, so warm it makes you feel like you floatin’?”

He groaned, tryna crawl away. I grabbed his leg and yanked him back like a rag doll.

“Her pussy got my soul screamin’, nigga. And y-you got the fuckin’ audacity to put your dusty ass hands on her?”

“P-please, n-no I never touched her.” He tried to plead but it came out gurgled—blood in his mouth, panic in his eyes.

“N-n-no?” I mocked, voice taunting. I laughed

The sounds of his cries filled the ears of the walls.

I slid my gun into my waistband and pulled the knife from my ankle. Long. Clean. Sharp as hell.

“Nah,” I murmured. “I ain’t gon’ shoot ya buddy. You don’t deserve that.” I smiled.

The first stab went in his thigh.

Deep. His scream bounced off the walls, but don’t nobody check on shit out here. Too quiet.

I kept talkin'. Calm. Controlled. I sliced his cheek, split his lip. Blood everywhere. My hands were red, but I ain't flinch. I felt good.

"She's taste..." I whispered. " So. fucking. Sweet. "

Another stab. This one to the gut. Slow twist. He coughed, shook.

"So, you can understand why I'm so upset, right?"

I leaned close.

"She's mines. Only mines."

He stopped movin' after that.

Breathin' turned shallow, then stopped altogether.

I stood over the body. Heart beatin' fast but steady. Mind buzzin'. Not with fear. With pride. With peace .

This was love, obsession, protection. In its purest form.

I cleaned up what I could. Left no prints. Slipped out the back and drove off calm like nothin' happened.

Back in my loft, I stripped outta the blood-stained shirt, lit a blunt, and stood in front of the mirror. My chest was glistenin'. Muscles tight. Face emotionless.

All I could think about was her.

That pussy. That voice. The way her breath hitched when I touched her soul through

her panties.

I'd kill again without hesitation.

Because once I put my dick in her?

She didn't have the option to belong to nobody else.

It was me or no one.

And I was just getting started.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:41 pm*

4

UnHoly Thoughts

Janelle

I kept wakin' up with his name on my lips. Fontaine.

Sweat beaded down my neck, stickin' to my silk pillowcase. My thighs clenched under the covers, soaked in the afterglow of dreams that ain't had no business feelin' that real.

It was always the same. Me pressed against a wall, his thick lips at my ear, whisperin' filth so raw it made my chest burn. The way he slid inside me in them dreams—slow, deep, like he was tryna break every piece of me down. I'd wake up gaspin', heart racin', nipples hard under my tank top.

I hated it.

I hated how much I wanted it.

It ain't even make sense. That night in the club bathroom should've been a one-time, drunk, bad-bitch mistake. A quick fuck. A wild memory I buried and prayed don't come up again. But that man? That demon in a designer suit? He ain't just touch my body—he branded it.

Fontaine was dangerous. Crazy. Obsessive.

And I shoulda been scared of him.

But I wasn't.

I was scared of me . Scared of how every time I thought about the way he growled “Speak up for me, baby” while fuckin’ me from behind, I damn near came without even touchin’ myself. Scared of how my body remembered him when I was supposed to forget.

And now Carlos was gone.

They told us at work that morning. He ain’t show up for his shift. HR got the call. Dead. No foul play yet. “Still under investigation,” they said.

I blinked. Sat there with my mouth halfway open. We were just with eachother, he’d just hugged me. And now he was... gone?

I left work early that day. Cried a little in the car. I wasn’t super close to Carlos, but it still hit. Death always do.

The streets was slick with night when I pulled into my driveway. My house sat quiet up in View Park. Big windows, long-ass porch, and that soft glow of “ain’t-nobody-home” comin’ from the entryway light. My husband’s car was gone, again. Another “working late” night. I ain’t even question it. I was too tired to care.

I kicked off my heels, slid outta my blazer, and poured a fat-ass glass of wine. My satin robe clung to my curves like it had somethin’ to prove. I curled up on the couch, TV on low, tryna distract myself from the ache that never really left.

Ring. Ring.

My phone lit up next to me. Unknown number.

I answered slow. “Hello?”

Silence.

I sat up a little. “Hello?”

Then a voice.

“Where’s that husband of yours, baby?”

My blood turned ice. I looked around the room, heart thumpin’.

“Stop calling me.”

Click. Call ended .

I stared at the phone like it owed me answers. My hands were shakin’. I stood up, pulled my robe tighter, turned off the TV. The walls suddenly felt too close.

Ring. Ring.

Same number. I hesitated. Picked up.

“Is that any way to answer me, princess?”

His voice. Deep. Smooth. Fontaine. I felt it in my stomach first.

I snapped. “Look, Fontaine—”

“You look so fuckin’ sexy right now.”

I froze. My breath hitched. My eyes darted around the room.

“W-what?”

He chuckled, low and evil. “Yeah... that soft pink robe, that wine on your lips... You always look so good.”

My knees almost buckled. I took a step back, like I could run from his voice.

“I’m not playin’ with you.”

“But I am playin’ with you,” he murmured. “In my head, I got you on your knees right now, lookin’ up at me with those big beautiful eyes while I fuck that pretty-pretty mouth of yours.”

“Stop it—”

“I ain’t even started. You know what I’d do to you if I was there, baby?”

“Fontaine—”

“I’d fuck you right there on that rug. Face down, ass up. Spit in your mouth. Eat that pussy till your legs shake. Make you squirt on this tongue like it’s mine , ‘cause it is . You know it is.”

My hand trembled, phone pressed so tight to my ear I could feel my pulse in it. My thighs clenched involuntarily. Heat bloomed between them.

“Stop,” I whispered.



“You don’t want me to stop,” he growled. “You want me to bend you over and fuck you. While you cum again, again and again. ”

I hung up.

My chest was heavin’. Pussy thumpin’. I dropped the phone on the floor and backed up till I hit the wall.

This man was sick. Sick in the head.

But I was the one that was wet .

I tried to shake it off. Took a shower. Washed my hair. Lit a candle like that could kill the memory of his voice.

My husband came in ‘round midnight, smellin’ like liquor and bullshit excuses. Kissed my cheek, said he had a late meeting with the execs. I ain’t say nothin’. I just nodded, climbed into bed, and turned off the lamp.

He knocked out five minutes later, snorin’ low and sloppy.

But me?

I laid there with my panties soaked.

Face turned toward the window. Sheets barely coverin’ me. My fingers slid slow under the hem of my underwear, findin’ that spot that Fontaine had marked.

I closed my eyes, bit my lip, and whispered, “Fuck...”

It was his voice I heard.

His hands I imagined.

That same evil, beautiful devil in a black-on-black Tom Ford suit, blunt burnin' between his lips, laughin' low while he fucked me like I was the only thing that existed in his fucked up little world.

I came hard. Silently. My toes curled and I clenched around nothin', grindin' into my own fingers like they was him.

When I opened my eyes, I felt ashamed.

Ashamed... and satisfied.

That man was poison. And I was already drinkin' from the bottle.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:41 pm*

5

Maybe This'll Help

Janelle

It was just a fuck.

A nasty, filthy, back-blown-out fuck in the bathroom of a club I shouldn't have even been at that night. That's what I kept tellin' myself.

I didn't love him. I didn't even know him.

Fontaine Wells was a mistake. A beautiful, chocolate, demon of a mistake, but a mistake nonetheless.

So I tried to fix it the only way I knew how—by fuckin' my husband.

I rode his dick like I was auditionin' for my own redemption. Eyes shut tight, thinkin' maybe if I moaned loud enough, gripped his shoulders tight enough, I could erase the memory of Fontaine's voice from my head. But it ain't work.

My pussy knew the difference.

My body knew what it missed.

Still, I rode that man like I was tryin' to convince myself I was faithful. Tried to

drown Fontaine's name in weak moans and wedding rings. But when I came—it was from a place my husband ain't never touched. And that was the realest part.

I laid next to him afterward, chest heaving, feelin' dirty. Not 'cause I cheated. But because it ain't feel like cheatin'.

It felt like pretendin'.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:41 pm*

6

Maybe This'll Help Pt 2

Fontaine

I watched her.

I stood in the hallway of her big-ass house. The back door wasn't even locked. Rich-ass niggas get comfortable. She ain't know I was right there. Watchin' her.

She laughed at somethin' on the TV, curled up under her husband like she wasn't just playin' with that pussy to the sound of my voice a couple nights ago. Her legs tucked under her, ass sittin' fat beneath them shorts. My tongue remembered how she tasted. My fingers remembered how she gripped.

That pussy was mine.

She just ain't accept it yet.

I clenched my jaw, eyes fallin' on him. Her husband. Weak-ass, basic-lookin' nigga with zero flavor. I could tell by how he sat back with his chest out that he thought he owned her. Thought the ring on her finger made him safe.

Nah.

I wanted to shoot him.

Dead in the fucking face. Blood on the carpet, her screamin' my name, realizin' too late that she shoulda never denied me.

But I didn't.

I waited.

The next night, I pulled up outside that soft-ass corporate building where he worked. Parked the matte black Maybach right across from the entrance. Window down. Cuban lit. I waited.

Suit was clean again. Red this time. Velvet. Because I was in the mood to get dirty.

He walked out lookin' like nothin'. Just another number in a system that ain't mean shit. I watched him kiss his fingers and press 'em to a photo in his wallet before stuffin' it in his pocket.

Corny.

I followed.

I tailed his Benz through the hills, slow, patient. When he turned onto a quiet-ass residential street, I knew it was time. I pulled up right behind him when he got out, and before he could even look over his shoulder—

CRACK.

The butt of my pistol met his jaw. He hit the ground hard.

"Bitch made ass nigga," I growled, liftin' him by his collar and draggin' him to the trunk.

When he woke up, he was in my basement. Tied to a chair. Sweat drippin'. Cryin' like a bitch.

“H-Holy shit, what the f—where the fuck am I?!”

I exhaled slow, blowin' smoke in his direction. My blunt danced between my fingers as I walked around him like a lion circlin' dinner.

“Hush.”

SMACK.

His head snapped sideways from the force of my backhand.

“Too much noise,” I said calmly, straightenin' my cufflinks. “You in my house. Use yo inside voice li' man.”

He sobbed, shakin'. “Please... please, man... I got money. Just—please don't hurt me.”

I crouched low, eye level now. My face inches from his.

“Money?” I scoffed. “Nigga, do I look like I want your fuckin' money?”

I gripped his chin with one hand, my ring pressin' into his skin. “You know what I want?”

He shook his head, lips tremblin'.

“Janelle.”

His eyes went wide. “No—no, please, don’t—”

“I tried to be nice,” I snarled, squeezin’ his face. “But s-she’s just too addicting to let go.” I laughed.

I leaned in, nostrils flarin’. I felt my moods changing by the second

“I should kill you,” I whispered. “But I’m gon’ let you sit in this bitch and know she already mine. She moaned my name, dog. You don’t come back from that.”

He started cryin’ harder.

I smacked him again.

“Don’t cry. Be a man. BE A FUCKIN’ MAN BITCH.”

He whimpered.

I stood up, adjusted my suit jacket, took one last puff of my blunt.

“You gon’ sit here, think about her legs wrapped around me, about the way she screams when I shove my dick in her. You gon’ sit here and simmer , bitch.”

I walked off, laughin’ to myself. The sound of his muffled sobs trailin’ behind me.

My heart beat steady. Calm.

Janelle was mine. I just had to remind her. And maybe teach her lil’ husband what happens when you touch what belong to me.

The game was only just startin’.



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:41 pm*

7

TELL HIM

Janelle

I came home to silence.

No TV, no light hum from the fridge, no “hey baby” call from the back room. Just that still, eerie quiet that pressed in on my chest like something was wrong.

I dropped my purse on the counter, nerves tinglin’. Then I saw it—right there on the kitchen table, like some sick love letter.

If you want your husband alive, come here.

1000 Obsidian scribbled in red ink .

I ain’t never moved so fast.

Didn’t call the cops. Didn’t call nobody. Just grabbed my keys, heart poundin’, and peeled off like my life depended on it. Maybe ‘cause it did. Or maybe it was guilt burnin’ a hole in my chest like acid.

I knew who wrote that note. Knew it in my bones.

Fontaine.

The address led me through the cut, to a black steel gate that looked like it led to hell. I pulled up slow, tires crunchin' gravel, blood ringin' in my ears.

The gate slid open like it had been waitin' on me.

I stepped into a foyer laced in black marble and gold trim. That damn smell of blunts hit me in the face like memory and sin. My heels echoed off the tile as I walked in deeper, throat tight, nerves jumpin' with every breath.

"Shut the door, baby," came that deep ass voice from the shadows.

I turned, heart jumpin' to my throat.

He was loungin' on a leather couch like a damn king. blunt in one hand, legs spread wide in a silk black suit. Shirt open just enough to show that carved chest and those tattoos lickin' up his neck like secrets. His skin looked smooth and rich like melted chocolate, and his eyes... his eyes were full of fire.

I hated him.

And I wanted him.

"Where is he?" I snapped.

He smirked. "Damn, no 'hi Daddy'? No kiss for old time's sake?"

"You sick fuck!" I screamed, walkin' toward him. "Where's my husband?!"

"Safe," he said, standin' up slow. "For now."

I got in his face. "I swear to God, if you hurt him—"

Before I could finish, his lips crashed into mine. Hot. Hungry. Like he been starvin' since the last time I let him taste me. My hands balled up, pushin' at his chest, but my mouth opened like it missed him.

"Don't get your self fucked up for a dead man walkin'," he murmured, breath heavy against my lips.

"I hate you."

"Save that energy for when you creaming on my dick."

I shoved him. Hard.

He grabbed my wrists and pinned 'em behind my back, starin' me down like I was prey.

"I told you, Janelle," he growled. "You. Belong. To me."

"I don't belong to nobody!" I spat.

"You sure?" He dragged his mouth down my neck, and I gasped before I could stop myself.

"Tell me you ain't thinkin' 'bout that bathroom," he whispered, suckin' a bruise into my skin. "Tell me your body ain't screamin' for me."

I shook my head, lyin' to both of us.

He smirked. "I'll make you say it."

The bedroom was dark, lit only by moonlight spillin' through the blinds. He had me

on the bed, wrists tied gently to the headboard with silk. Not tight. Not rough. But enough to make my chest heave with anticipation.

Fontaine stood at the edge, shirt gone, muscles flexin' with every breath he took. His pants hung low, showin' that v-cut and the top of that thick, hard—

I swallowed.

“You remember how I touched you?” he asked, climbin' onto the bed. “How I made you cum on my tongue?”

I looked away.

He grabbed my chin, forced me to meet his stare. “Say it.”

“Y-yeah,” I whispered.

“Say you want me.”

“No.”

His mouth twisted into a grin. “Bet.”

His tongue hit me like a storm. Slow licks. Slow sucking. My body arched off the bed as he gripped my thighs and buried his face like he was searchin' for heaven. I moaned, twisted, eyes rollin' as he sucked my clit just right.

“F-Fontaine—” I tried to touch him.

“Move,” he whispered. “Don't you fucking dare, Nelle.”

I shattered.

My back bowed off the bed, my body betrayin' everything my mouth couldn't say.  
When I opened my eyes...

I saw movement.

He turned me slightly—and I saw him.

My husband.

Blood on his forehead. Tied to a chair just outside the doorway, barely conscious. His eyes wide with confusion, fear, and heartbreak.

“Fontaine... what the fuck is wrong with you?!” I gasped.

“I told you,” he whispered in my ear, pushin' his hard dick against my thigh. “You belong to me. And I want him to see.”

“N-no... this is wrong—”

But then he slid in.

And I forgot what wrong felt like.

He moved slow at first, like he was savorin' me. My legs wrapped around his waist on reflex, body respondin' before my brain could stop it.

“Tell him,” Fontaine growled, his lips by my ear. “Tell him this pussy mine.”

I shook my head, tears of pleasure rollin'.

He slammed into me harder.

“Say it.”

“F-Fontaine—”

Another stroke, deeper, heavier. My body betrayed me again, gettin’ wetter, my moans louder.

“Say it, baby.”

He hit that spot. That dangerous, forbidden, addictin’ spot—and I broke.

I looked my husband in his eyes... and whispered:

“This pussy his, f-fuck it’s all his.”

Fontaine roared like a lion, grippin’ my hips and poundin’ into me like he owned my soul. I came again, screamin’ his name, eyes never leavin’ the man I once said “I do” to.

But in that moment...

I belonged to Fontaine.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:41 pm*

8

TELL HIM Pt 2

Janelle

My throat was raw from screamin' his name. My chest rose and fell fast as hell, sweat glistenin' all over my body. But Fontaine? He wasn't done.

Not even close.

He flipped me like I weighed nothin', layin' me flat on my stomach. His hand slid up the arch of my back, down to my ass, grippin' it hard while his dick dragged against my soaked folds.

"You hear that?" he growled low in my ear. "That sound right there? That's phat ma so soaked for me, baby."

Clap. Clap. Clap.

The sound of our bodies smackin' together echoed through the room like porn on full blast. It was filthy. Loud. Shameful.

And I couldn't stop beggin' for more.

"F-Fontaine please..."

He grabbed a handful of my hair, yankin' my head back gently, but firm. "Please what, baby? Speak the fuck up, can't hear you."

"M-make me cum..."

"Yeah?" he leaned down, voice deep and dark as sin. "With pleasure, with fucking pleasure..."

His hips picked up speed, and I swear I saw stars. I clawed at the sheets, ass bouncin' with every hard stroke. I couldn't hold in the moans. They came from my soul. Loud. Desperate. Broken.

"Damn you sound so pretty moanin' on this dick," he growled, hand movin' from my hair to the front of my throat. He pulled me up by it, my back pressed to his chest while he kept stroke after stroke goin' deep.

"You think he ever touched you like this?" he asked, starin' me in the mirror across the room.

My eyes met his in the reflection, then slid to the side—

My husband.

Still tied.

Still watchin'.

Tears in his eyes.

"Answer me, Janelle," Fontaine barked, squeezin' my throat just enough to steal my breath but give it back in his rhythm. "He ever make you cream like this? Ever had



you speakin' in tongues on his dick?"

"N-no!" I cried out, body convulsin' as another orgasm rushed through me, violent and unholy.

"Say it."

"Only you!"

He pulled out, flippin' me over onto my back again. His lips crashed into mine—tongue, teeth, all hunger. Then he slid back in slow. Deep. Possessive.

He fucked me like I was already his wife.

Missionary, with my knees damn near on my shoulders, his chest pressin' down against mine.

"I'm gone marry you," he whispered in my ear, stroke never losin' rhythm. "And I'mma fuck you just like this on our weddin' night, with a brand new ring on your finger and my name on your soul."

I cried again—not from sadness, but from the rawness of what he was doin' to me.

He lifted my leg over his shoulder, goin' even deeper. "You hear that, nigga?" he barked toward the door. "That's the sound of yo' wife now gettin' fucked in by a real nigga." He taunted

My husband whimpered.

Fontaine laughed, kissin' my neck. "Shut up, nigga. She chose me."

I should've felt shame.

Guilt.

Rage.

But all I felt was full.

Full of Fontaine.

Full of sin.

Full of every twisted thing I swore I'd never let happen again.

My nails dug into his back, body archin' into his as that final climax hit me like a truck.

And this time...

I screamed his name loud enough for the whole damn world to hear.

My legs felt like jelly. I was breathin' heavy, my body still hummin' from every orgasm he ripped outta me.

But Fontaine wasn't finished.

Not even close.

He stood up over me, chest glistening, muscles flexin', veins bulgin'. That deep, demonic voice rolled from his lips smooth as whiskey, but heavy with command.

“Get on them knees, baby.”

My body moved before my mind caught up. I slid off the bed and dropped, the carpet burnin’ my knees, heart poundin’. I looked up at him, my lips still swollen, thighs slick with everything he’d done to me.

He gripped that big, dark dick in his hand, stroke slow—eyes locked on mine like he was lookin’ through me.

“Look at me, baby,” he whispered. “With them pretty, pretty eyes.”

My lips parted. My heart? Slammin’ against my chest. He took a step closer, slid his free hand to the back of my head, and guided it just how he wanted.

“I know you can take it. Make that shit nasty for me, Ok?”

He fed it to me. Inch by inch. My lips stretched around his thickness, tears prickin’ my eyes from the weight of him alone. He groaned deep—smokin’ blunt growl—thumb wipin’ my cheek.

“Yesss. Just like that, baby... there you go.”

I gagged.

He moaned.

I looked up, eyes waterin’ as I choked on every inch of him—and he loved that shit. His head fell back, jaw tight, chest risin’ fast.

Then—

He looked over at my husband.

Still tied to the chair. Still watchin'.

“This my mouth, nigga,” Fontaine said low and dangerous. “Mine now. You ain’t never gettin’ her back.”

I whimpered, embarrassed and aroused all at once. But that shit made him twitch in my mouth. He picked up pace, usin’ my throat.

His fingers tangled in my hair, guidin’ my rhythm until he pulled back. His dick glistened, throbbin’ against his hand as he stroked it fast.

“Stick that tongue out.”

I obeyed.

He grunted, jaw clenchin’ as his sweet tastin’ nut painted my lips, my chin, my cheek.

Tap. Tap.

He slapped the head of it against my face, spreadin’ it around with his hand as I sat there like a fuckin’ mess. A pretty one.

“You like that?” he asked, voice damn near a growl.

I nodded slowly. “Y-yeah.”

His lips curved into that dangerous smirk, the one that made my stomach flip.

He kneeled in front of me, slid his fingers down between my legs, and pressed two inside me deep.

My eyes damn near rolled back.

He leaned close, nose brushin' mine, and whispered against my lips, "This pussy mine. Say it, baby."

"It's yours," I breathed, clenchin' 'round his fingers.

He slid 'em out, held 'em up to my mouth, and I opened willingly. Sucked him clean while he moaned again.

"That's my girl," he whispered.

I was spiralin'. Mind blank. Heart shatterin'. But still, I needed more of him.

Then he stood.

Turned toward my husband.

The same one who'd been cryin', twistin' in that chair, beggin' with his eyes.

Fontaine reached behind him.

Pulled out a gun.

The click echoed.

The air shifted.

He walked up real slow and cut the rope around his wrists. My husband shot up, eyes wide, shakin'. I stood frozen.

Fontaine just looked at him cold.

“Leave.”

He didn't move. Instead, he reached for me—outta instinct, like I was still his to protect.

Fontaine stepped between us fast, that gun raisin' to his face without hesitation.

“I wouldn't,” he said calm. Too calm. “Touch her again and I'll blow your fuckin' head off.”

My husband's hands went up. “A-alright... alright...”

“Good. Walk, nigga.”

He did.

Out that room, stumblin', humiliated and broken.

Fontaine turned back to me. Calm. Smirkin'.

But that craziness was still in his eyes.

“You okay, baby?” His eyes held some type of gentleness.

I nodded, “Fine.”

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:41 pm*

9

Gotta Go—Can't Stay

Janelle

I woke up sore as hell.

My thighs ached, my pussy pulsed, and my chest felt tight like I'd been cryin' in my sleep. The sheets smelled like him—cologne, blunt smoke, and sex. My body was tangled in Fontaine's, his thick, muscular arm wrapped around my waist like he owned me, like I was his fuckin' property.

I didn't even know what time it was, but the sun peeked in through the blinds, soft and dusty. The room was quiet, heavy with the kind of silence that don't feel peaceful—it felt like a decision waitin' to be made.

His breath was deep, slow... calm. Like he hadn't just destroyed my life the night before. Like he ain't make me scream his name loud enough to wake the dead, while my husband sat there tied to a chair. Like I ain't let him nut on my face and then dare to sleep next to him like some kind of loyal bitch.

I should've stabbed his crazy ass. But I didn't.

I slid his arm off me slow, careful not to wake him. My legs shook when I stood up, my whole body feelin' like it had been used. Which it had.

I picked my dress up off the floor, slipped it over my head without lookin' in the mirror. I didn't wanna see myself right now. Didn't wanna look into the eyes of a woman who gave her soul to a devil with a deep voice and a monster between his legs.

My heels were still by the door. Quiet as I could, I grabbed my purse, cracked the door open.

I paused.

A part of me wanted to turn back. Crawl back into that bed. Let him hold me. Let him do it all again.

But I walked out.

He was already packing when I got home.

My husband didn't say a word when I walked in. Didn't ask where I'd been. He was folding shirts, placing 'em in a duffle bag on the bed. Calm. Too calm.

"I—" I started.

He cut me off without even lookin' at me. "You don't have to explain, Janelle. It's over."

I swallowed hard. "W-what do you mean?"

He zipped up the bag, looked up finally. "I mean, I'm not gonna fight you. I ain't tellin' nobody. I just want peace. You can have whatever you want. Just leave me the hell outta it."



My chest cracked a little. No anger. No yelling. No nothin'. Just a man broken in silence.

The divorce was fast.

No court drama. No public mess. Just papers. Lawyers. Two signatures and a quiet goodbye.

People asked questions, but I kept it cute. Told them we grew apart. Life happens.

But what they didn't see was me in the shower every night, cryin' into my palms. Or layin' in bed at 3AM, touchin' myself to the memory of Fontaine's voice.

"You like that? Yeah, you do. Be a good girl and squirt for me."

I could still hear him. Still feel his tongue, his hands, his dick. Still feel the way he looked at me like I was his fuckin' last meal. I hated him. I loved him. I hated that I loved him.

Was that possible? To love a man because of his craziness; because of his dick?

I hadn't eaten in two days. Couldn't sleep either. I would close my eyes and see his smile. That damn smirk he wore like a crown. See the way he smoked his blunt, the glow of the tip lighting up that fine ass face.

Dark skin. Low fade. Designer suits. Rings on his thick fingers. Dangerous eyes.

God, I missed him.

Missed the way he growled in my ear. The way he made me beg. The way he handled me like he knew I was his from the jump.

And I was.

I couldn't lie to myself no more.

I was his.

And if that made me crazy? So be it.

I stood up from the edge of the bed and walked to the closet. My heart was poundin', but my mind was clear.

I grabbed my trench coat. Black. Silk-lined. Belted tight.

No bra.

No panties.

Just perfume on my neck and wrists, and a pair of red-bottom heels clickin' against the hardwood floor.

This wasn't about closure.

This was about surrender.

I was goin' back to him.

Back to Fontaine.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm*

10

S-S-S-S&MM

Fontaine

I was pacing the fuckin floor.

blunt half-burnt in my hand, smoke curling around my head like a halo for a devil. My silk robe hung open, chest bare, muscles flexin' with every tight breath. I looked at that front door like it owed me somethin'. Like maybe if I stared hard enough, she'd appear—drippin' guilt and perfume.

She left.

Slid outta my bed like a thief, after I gave her every piece of me. Wrapped around me like she belonged, now gone like it ain't mean shit.

Should've hunted her down. But I didn't.

I just waited... smokin', drinkin', losin' my mind in silence.

Then came the knock.

Soft. But it cracked somethin' in me.

I moved to the door slow, heart poundin' like a war drum. I already knew. My soul

felt her before my eyes did.

I opened it.

There she was.

Hair wet, clingin' to her cheeks. Trench coat tied tight like she was tryna hold herself together. But them eyes—those damn eyes—shinin' like glass about to shatter.

“Can you make love to me?” she whispered, voice crackin'.

I didn't say nothin' at first.

Just stared.

Every cell in my body was screamin'. Rage. Desire. Relief. Pain. All of it floodin' my chest.

My jaw clenched. My hands balled up.

“Come inside,” I growled.

She stepped in slow, trench swingin' around her thighs. I pulled the door shut, locked it behind her. My blunt dropped to the floor.

“You left.” I said, voice low, deadly.

She opened her mouth to speak—but I snatched her lips with mine before she could.

Soft.

At first.

Like I missed her breath more than oxygen. Like her lips was made just for my mouth.

But then I grabbed her hair, tilted her head back, and kissed her like a starvin' man. My tongue tasted her, deep and slow, and she whimpered into my mouth.

I untied her coat.

Nothing underneath.

No bra. No panties. Just skin—soft, shivering, and beggin' for me.

My hand slapped her ass hard, and she gasped.

“You come here like this?” I whispered against her throat. “You know what happens now, right?”

She nodded.

“What?.”

“You... you punish me,” she breathed.

“Damn right.”

I backed her into the bedroom. Tied her wrists to the headboard with the same silk belt from my robe. Her legs were spread, her chest heavin', her eyes locked on mine.

I spanked her.

Not just to hurt. But to remind her.

Each slap echoed through the room, her cries music to my ears. I watched her squirm, skin red from my palm, but her pussy get wetter every time.

Then I choked her. Not hard. Just enough to make her moan louder.

“Apologize,” I whispered.

“I-I’m sorry,” she gasped.

I smiled, dark and slow. “Me too.”

I slid inside her slow. Deep. Like I wanted her to feel every inch of pain and pleasure I’d been holdin’ back.

We moved together like sin and salvation.

I kissed her tears as they fell, licked them from her cheeks while she moaned my name.

I untied her, flipped her over, made her arch that back for me. I fucked her in every position I knew she loved—pullin’ her hair, suckin’ on her neck, my chain swingin’ while I drove into her like she was my only purpose.

Then I sat down in my chair and pulled her onto my lap.

“Ride me, baby,” I whispered. “Nice and slow.”

She whimpered, slid down on me, and moved slowly like she was teasing herself. My hands gripped her hips, guidin’ her rhythm, starin’ into her eyes like she was the only woman that ever mattered.

“If you ever leave me again,” I said low, “that’s it, I promise.”

She moaned louder, tears fallin', body tremblin'.

I kissed her shoulder. Her jaw. Her lips. Her breasts.

Every part of her.

She cried my name as I filled her. Screamed it like it was a prayer and a confession. And when she collapsed against my chest, shakin' and breathless, I held her tighter than ever.

She came back.

And that's all I ever needed.

Forever.

Her body was still tremblin' on top of me, chest pressed to mine, heart racin' like it ain't know how to slow down. But I wasn't done. Nah.

I gripped her chin, made her look at me.

“You think I waited all this time just for a lil nut?”

She tried to speak, but I slapped her ass again, harder. The sting made her jolt, made her eyes water, and my dick twitched at the sight.

“Stand up,” I growled.

She did, legs shakin'. I grabbed her wrist, pulled her to the wall mirror across the room—the one I purposely put there so I could watch the filth we made.

I tied her wrists to the bedpost in front of it with my belt, spread her legs wide from

behind, her bare body on full display.

“Look at yourself,” I said, pressin’ up behind her, dick hard and heavy between her cheeks. “Look what you did to me. What you came back for.”

She glanced at the mirror, lips parted, breath shallow. I rubbed her pussy, kissed it, then rubbed the head between her soaked lips.

“You see that? You see how wet you are for me?” I slapped my tip against her clit. She whimpered.

Then I spit in her mouth.

She gasped, but swallowed.

“Your a wet mess,” I smirked.

I slid inside her with one brutal stroke, deep and mean, makin’ her cry out, her eyes rollin’ back.

“Keep them eyes open. Look at us,” I snarled, reachin’ around to grip her throat again while I fucked her from behind. “Look at yourself while I fuck you.”

Every stroke was filth. The sounds we made—skin smackin’, moans, curses—it was straight pornographic.

“Say it,” I grunted in her ear. “Tell me who this pussy belong to.”

“You, Papa,” she cried. “It’s yours. All yours.”

“Damn right.”



I fucked her harder. Rougher. My grip bruising her hips. My chain hitting her back. Her ass jiggled with every thrust, her eyes glued to the mirror, watching me ruin her soul over and over again.

“Look at you. Cryin’ and takin’ this dick. That’s what you needed, huh? That’s why you came back?”

“Y-yes,” she whimpered. “Please, baby.”

I reached down, thumb rubbing her clit while I pounded into her from behind, gripping her throat tighter, feeling her lose every piece of herself.

“Don’t run from it,” I growled. “Take all of me. Take this dick. Take this love.”

She screamed—my name, her release, all of it colliding in one broken sound as she shattered beneath me.

And I wasn’t far behind. My own moan deep, guttural, as I exploded inside her with a growl, still holding her tight, my name still echoing off her lips like a prayer.

This wasn’t just sex.

It was war.

And I won.

Again.