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Chapter synopsis: Rebecca goes on another date.

Rebecca felt a bead of sweat go down her temple.

The room was dead silent, save for the Edgerunner's nervous breathing, something that she herself knew wouldn't be a good look for the client once he arrived. But it was hard not to when that same client decided to cut to the chase and have her wait for him at the love hotel.

She was wearing her usual underwear and bra along with her headband. Her hair was also done up into her usual twin tails for good measure. She looked like how someone might find her in her apartment on a lazy morning. Instead of feeling comfortable, however, the clothes felt constricting, sitting on the edge of the bed as each second painfully ticked by.

"Just breathe. You're skeeving out like damn cyberpycho."

Rebecca told herself over and over again. She knew she had to stay calm, but from what she heard about this particular client, he was a piece of shit and infamous to top it all off. Real Adam Smasher type of stuff. Rebecca could still remember the stories about how he broke down a literal superhero.

Susan Richards, someone who's faced down apocalyptic monsters, was made into a quivering mess by some freak with a big enough cock. It made Rebecca nervous to think about how he was on his way to her right now, ready to break her down the same way he broke down someone so powerful.

KNOCK *KNOCK* *KNOCK*

Rebecca jumped at the knock on the door. It was him. Without even seeing out there, she knew it was him. Nervously, and with what little resolve she had left, she swallowed her emotions and stood on wobbly feet before opening the door, revealing a literal wall of a man on the other side.

Avon Carcer. Rebecca knew she would be remembering the name soon enough, but at that point, she was more concerned with the man's athletic physique. All those rumors she'd heard about him being a bit of a monster now seemed to underestimate him, as Rebecca feels a nervous chill run up her spine before she calms herself.

"Yo. You my guy?"

Rebecca asks, at the same time keeping her gaze turned away from Avon's terrifying eyes. Eyes that roamed across the entirety of her smaller form in a matter of seconds. A part of her was apprehensive about playing up the tough part, but after being given direct order to quote on quote, "Be a brat" or risk getting put back out for more booth time, she was willing to swallow that dread and push forward with this asshole.

"Shit, what do you think? You gonna let me in or what?"

Avon cuts to the chase. Rebecca usually would have snapped and sent a guy like Avon screaming and running the other way, but she knew that he knew that she couldn't do anything close to stuff like that. Besides the sass, Rebecca was still forced to swallow her pride as she stepped to the side to let the larger man walk into the room.

"Nice digs, baby. Gonna get a lot of use outta ALLA this."

Rebecca rolls her eyes as he talks. She had heard it before countless times over, even before being a new acquisition of the Arcade. Guys bragging about their dick sizes was like dogs peeing on fire hydrants. They were both part of the same picture of how people saw them. But when Avon strips out of his clothes, revealing his impressive tattooed athletic frame, that air of confidence grew just that bit more plausible, especially when he reached down and freed the monster he had in his pants.

"Holy shit."

The Edgerunner was at a loss for words as she took in the side of Avon's cock. It was big, but to even call it that seemed like a disservice to the cock itself. It was massive, scarily so, but at the same time looked like it could still fit inside her. Rebecca knew she wasn't going to be able to eyeball it accurately, but if she had to take a guess, then it had to have been at least ten inches long and damn near girthier than her wrist.

"Bigger than you were thinkin', right?"

Avon asks, the smugness dripping from his voice. Rebecca, on the other hand, was still shocked but nevertheless managed to pull herself together long enough to come up with some response.

"Whatever. I've seen bigger anyway."

Rebecca rolls her eyes before crouching down in front of Avon as he sits on the edge of the bed. He still smiles while his length gets hard, pushing its already immense size even further while the Edgerunner can only watch and think about how much all of this was going to suck, along with her sucking a whole lot as well. Although she wondered if she would be able to even fit such a thing past her lips, let alone down her throat. She had a feeling, however, that she would find that out soon enough.

"Ah, that's when I know you're lyin'. You're gonna be moanin' my name once I'm done with you."

Avon reaches down and grabs his cock by its base.

"Now show me that fuckin' tongue."

Rebecca hears the command and hates it, but still opens her mouth, allowing Avon to start beating his pre, leaking down across her tongue, giving her a preview of its taste and making her shiver once the musky taste hits her. She manages to hide her revulsion to some degree, but the client, on the other hand, could tell she was struggling and loved it.

"Fucking gonk. Outta everyone, why the hell does he have to have a dick this big?"

Rebecca asks herself the question in her head. Her gaze finally manages to fall back up toward Avon's once she works up the courage. Even then, he keeps smiling down at her like she's right where she's supposed to be. It was that sort of confidence that made her want to bring her teeth down once he pushed his length into her mouth. As for her throat, that remained to be seen, even with the ground Avon quickly gains, sinking his dick further down.

"Grrrrlk!"

"Yeah. Ready to start suckin'?"

Avon groans. It pained Rebecca that she was one bite away from hearing him scream, but with the new command, she began sucking his massive length. Soon after, when she started sucking the grime clean from his cock, Rebecca recognized and cringed at the bitter taste of another woman's pussy, catching her so off guard and making her cough before Avon suddenly grabbed her twintails, using the grip like handlebars to quickly keep her head on his cock.

"Where you think you goin' bitch? You got a stank-ass cock to clean! Nnf! Probably the best thing to do to yo' smart mouth."

Rebecca struggles for a moment against Avon's grip as it tightens even further before he drags her head down his length. The Edgerunner gurgles and retches furiously while her hands come up to press up against his thighs for support, but there was nothing to help her when the tip of his dick pressed up against her throat, with that pressure soon dramatically growing into something unstoppable.

"GGRRRLK!"

A louder, more violent gag tears itself from Rebecca's lips as her head is pulled all the way in to the point that her nose bumps up against his waist. There, and with her throat stuffed, the sweaty musk was more powerful than ever as she choked across his dark length until he finally let her pull back. But right when she was free, he pulled her back in. That was before he began thrusting his hips back and forth, groaning as he stood from the bed so that he could hunch over Rebecca's head while thrusting harder than before.

His grip on her hair tightened once he found a sufficient pace. It still had Rebecca getting her throat fucked, but at the very least, the Edgerunner didn't have to worry about things going harder than that. Avon was still ruthless, however, letting out low

pleasured groans every other second while he pounded his bitch breaker into the deepest reaches of the smaller woman's face. The taste and smell made things harder, of course, creating an experience that would leave most newcomers to the Arcade a broken mess.

But Rebecca wasn't new here.

"Yeah.... Now you're gettin' it."

Avon's cock twitched while lodged down Rebecca's throat, but he didn't cum. He slowed his pace while still keeping his thrusts deep, but eventually the Edgerunner found herself in a much more comfortable situation than what she once had, until he came to a complete stop. Rebecca was about to start questioning the change of pace until she saw the client reach down and start jerking himself off while the tip of his dick was still past her lips.

"Motherfucker."

The word crosses Rebecca's mind before it happens. With another groan from Avon, he unloads directly across her tongue, spilling his seed right across her taste buds enough to the point that she almost gags. But she doesn't. Even with her eyes watering, the once proud Edgerunner continued to look up at Avon while he finished, then, without saying anything and with a mouth full of cum, swallowed every last drop before opening her mouth to show him.

"Nice. But we ain't done yet."

Despite having just cum his brains out, Avon threw Rebecca onto the bed. The Edgerunner was already preparing herself for the pussy pounding, only to be swiftly mistaken when her client grabs her and dangles her head off the side of the bed, upside down.

"Wha- Really!? After I just- GLK!"

Rebecca almost starts arguing before Avon finally takes the chance to shove his dick back into her mouth and all the way down her still sore throat until his thick balls come smacking over her face. Balls that were now slick from Rebecca's spit splattering out of her lips during the first BJ with this bastard, and now they covered her nose and forced her to inhale that mix of her spit and Avon's cum still streaked across the thing.

That was before he then slowly dragged himself back, taking all the time he needed until he could slam back down and force out another humiliating scream from Rebecca.

"GRRRLK!"

Avon hardly heard the brat's complaints when he set up a new rhythm ten times worse than the one he had before. Something that Rebecca gets a taste of when he begins thrusting himself up and down, matching that same sort of brutality that he had

before, only this time with more strength and speed, with the final piece being his thick, sweaty, spit-covered balls that continue to slap down against the Edgerunner's furious face.

"GGRRRRRLKKKKKKKKGGGRALK!"

Rebecca's hands scrambled across Avon's thighs as she tried to push the larger man off her. If she had her gorilla arms, she would have torn a bastard like this in two instead of being his personal oral cock-sleeve. She could have torn his limbs off, one by one, all before getting down to the cock between his legs, something that she would take *special* care of.

It still pissed her off that she couldn't bite, even for just a moment. It was so perfectly close with all inches fucked down throat, making it even bulge. The sick bastard himself takes the chance to grab onto and hold tightly for that extra pleasure.

"Mnnh.... I think this can go without saying, but you ain't a person here. You're a fuckin' sex toy, bitch. Fuck, built like one too."

"GGGGRRRAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGLLLL!!!!"

Avon chuckles at Rebecca's angry cry at what he said. He could also feel her throat tighten even further at that. She could too and could also feel when he started going faster, if that was even possible. It came at the cost of the strength behind each thrust, but the rampant, near-rapid speed he had while he exerted his entire body into fucking her face more than made up for that as he got ready to cum.

The smaller woman was wet as well, of course, while not as aroused as the bastard fuck-slamming her face. It was a bodily reaction that Rebecca hated while her legs jumped about on the bed, unsure of what to do while all of the action was happening around her face. Like always, her mind went back to what she COULD have done if she still had her augmentations. She could only imagine his blood splattering across her face, but instead she had to deal with his sweat and her own spit as his balls tensed against her face whenever they came wetly slapping down.

As far as Rebecca could tell, Avon was getting close. Even being at the Arcade for as long as she has, she could never directly tell when someone was about to burst. It was more unpredictable than most people thought, but here, with the way that Avon stabbed his dick across her tongue and down her throat, she had a good feeling that she was about to get another mouthful. Hopefully, that would be enough for him so that Rebecca can clean her mouth out soon rather than get fucked while some of his pubes were stuck between her teeth.

"Shit.... Getting close...."

Avon groaned happily, encouraging Rebecca to suck even harder across his fuck-rod, even doing some teasing with her tongue for good measure. At the same time, the bastard himself continued to ramp up, getting faster and faster until Rebecca knew for a certainty that he was about finished, only for that certainty to go out the window when Avon suddenly pulled himself free from her mouth.

"Gah!"

Rebecca gasps when the member is pried free from her lips. The moment is brief, almost missable, before Avon grabbed her and flipped back over onto her front and pulled her lower half to hang off the side of the bed. The Edgerunner doesn't even have time to say anything before her soaked panties are ripped from her pale white body, letting the warm air of the room waft against her sensitive folds for a single moment before her client viciously plunges himself into her pussy.

"Gaaaaah! Yeah...."

Avon groans as his body snaps up against Rebecca's in thick, heavy thrusts, nearly knocking her forward across the bed if his tight grip didn't grab onto the smaller woman's plump hips hard enough to leave marks. Marks that would be taken care of and hidden in due time, but for now, the Edgerunner was in the arms of a monster as he lay into her with everything he had.

"YOU MOTHERFUCKER!! I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU! YOU HEAR ME!? I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!!!!"

A single stream of words flew out of Rebecca's mouth, almost incomprehensible to understand, but Avon understood perfectly well. And with a cock as hard as it was thanks to her, he has no issue screwing the smaller, screaming woman with the same power and precision of a veteran porn actor. Rebecca herself felt as such when her cervix felt like a member of the Animals was using it for boxing practice.

The loose gasps of air in Rebecca's lungs would have been knocked out of her if Rebecca herself hadn't managed to hold onto the bed for dear life and brace herself. Avon's grip on her was tight as he lay in mind and body, breaking thrust after thrust, but the Edgerunner still dug her fingers into the sheets underneath her. It was all an attempt to try and ground herself, but with the way the bastard was fucking her, plus with her already built-up arousal, it became perfectly what he had in mind.

"NNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

Rebecca roars like a wild animal. Her body thrashes around as she tries to use whatever strength she has to pull herself free, but she ultimately can't stop herself when her cunt is pushed over that edge, and she lets out a squeal. It sounded like it came straight from some cheap porno, with some loose slut getting fucked on camera for the millionth time, videos Rebecca herself watched on those lonely nights she thought about that Sandevistan user.

This time it was all real as Rebecca cums across Avon's dick.

The smaller woman was granted some mercy, however. Even though the change of holes was sudden, Avon was still at his limit, and soon enough, he's cumming right alongside Rebecca, filling her with more thick, disgusting loads of his virile seed. He keeps his grip tight on her while leaning forward, taking them up onto the bed itself with Avon's muscular body on top of Rebecca's.

It was disgusting having such a sweaty, repulsive pig on top of her, but the exhaustion in her body kept her from moving. Embarrassingly enough, Rebecca found herself relaxing just a bit. Her entire body ached. She needed some sort of rest until

this lumbering beast on top of her was back at it. The feeling of his seed leaking out of her well-used cunt was the icing on everything, with the only real solace Rebecca had being that at least it wasn't the first time and that she knew how to handle it.

"Shit.... That.... Was good. Real good."

Avon's voice is low before he pulls Rebecca into another position. The Edgerunner didn't even move, instead opting to rest her head down against the bed while she felt Avon shift upward.

He takes his cock, still hard as ever, and presses its slimy tip against her anus. There was a jolt from Rebecca afterward, but nothing beyond it when he slid the rest of his dick into her, pushing past her anal barriers until his body went up against hers in a satisfying clap.

From there, he went back to thrusting, building up his rhythm into something serious. But Rebecca remained silent with her face still buried in the bed. Tears welled up in her eyes while she bit down on the bedsheets to stifle the scream that desperately wanted to tear itself out of her. But to cry in front of this asshole would only serve to make this entire experience all the more humiliating.

Avon got faster, and she still didn't. Her mind was elsewhere, with her friends, and funnily enough, back in Night City, the one place anyone with half a brain cell would know to avoid. It was funny enough to make Rebecca laugh and turn her head from the sheets.

"Ha.... Ha.... Ha, ha.... Ah! Ah! Oh! Yes!"

Rebecca starts moaning loudly, right when Avon really starts laying into her. Her moans embolden him even further, quickly getting him back up to that point that he fucks her like a damn machine. But for the Edgerunner who stripped herself of that title for her role there at the Arcade, he was a tool of pleasure as she clapped her ass back against him, letting out louder and louder moans all the while.

She might have been broken, but at least she was happy.

Happy as a sex slave can be.