

Chapter Synopsis: Prodigy tries to confront Lola. It goes as well as you would expect.

Based on this:

https://rule34.xxx/index.php?page=post&s=view&id=10933580&tags=ultraviolet_%28dolecat%29+

Ethan didn't waste any time zipping into Lola's home.

The image of his mom getting fucked played over and over again in his mind. It disgusted him, seeing his own mother get fucked in public by a woman who had tormented him and his family. A woman who couldn't share the spotlight, albeit with someone with an ego of her own. He was sick of this. Sick of worrying about what she might do. This feud between her and his family ended NOW.

He kept his feet off the ground as he floated through the dark penthouse. Of course, Lola had her place x-ray proof. But from the amount of paparazzi that he saw outside, along with the amount of security, he knew she was here. It slowly began to creep into his mind soon after that: if Lola could defeat his mom, then she had a very good chance of beating him as well. But by the fiber of his very being, he wasn't going to let this go, not when his mom was just humiliated on a global scale. The only person who could fix this situation was Lola herself, a fact Ethan had to accept, even if he hated it.

The darkness in the penthouse was soon illuminated when Ethan was floating through a theater, and the screen suddenly came to life, showing footage from the Oscars.

"Oh! Ooooh! Oh! OOOOOhhh! FUCK! OOOoooooh!!!!"

"This is Gail Chalmers, still coming to you live from the Oscars. It appears that Ultraviolet has now gone for a fourth round with Olympia after emptying another load down her throat!"

Ethan felt his heart skip a beat when he saw it, direct footage of his mother's cunt getting filled and split open by Lola's fat cock. Her dark skin gleamed with sweat under the lights of countless different cameras going off at once. She looked elegant as ever, like this was all another modeling gig for her, as she plays up each thrust with gusto and spirit. But the celebrity-hero actually had the skill to back it up as she made his mom's body lurch forward with every thrust.

The Prodigy felt like he wanted to vomit as he imagined what his mother felt in that moment, what she was feeling now. That disgust curdled into something fiery, however, and he felt his eyes begin to burn as he got ready to laser-vision the TV in half. Only for the screen to quickly go back to the TV's home menu, from which a disappointed sigh rings out from behind.

"And here I hoped the Prodigy would be less emotional than his mother."

Ethan spins around at Lola's voice, only to be blindsided when he sees the woman herself in all her naked glory, cock and all. That's when it hits him, the smell, something that he smelled before. It was the slick scent of sweat and sex, curdled with something.... Different but familiar. It was a smell that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. Only then did he come to the disgusting realization.

Lola was still covered in his mom's.... Liquids. He scrunched his nose before eventually covering it with a hand as the pungent scent of sweat that emanated from her glistening frame nearly choked him. Lola, on the otherhand, scoffed at the sheer audacity.

"What did you expect? You came into **MY** home. But, if it makes you feel any better, darling, I could go wash up now."

"No!"

Ethan's voice booms in the penthouse, shaking its marble walls. Lola, even then, remains stonefaced. But her heart betrayed her. He could hear her heart beating a mile a minute in her

chest as he floated over to her. The more he heard it, however, he noticed that it was somehow different from all the other panicked heartbeats he'd heard in his life. It takes him a minute, but with a mind as sharp as his, he figures it out.

Lola was still aroused. No, she was BECOMING aroused, now that he was here.

That revelation is enough to make him suddenly stop and for his hardened expression to falter.

"Oh? What's wrong, Ethan? Where's all that bravado gone? Don't tell me you're feeling nervous."

Ethan snaps forward until he is only an inch away from her, eyes glowing red with anger and his laser vision that burns behind his pupils. He could throw her into the sun. Borrow her miles underground. Tear her to pieces. The image of his mom getting fucked kept going through his mind, fueling that rage as far as it could go before he pulls it back. He knew he had to be at least somewhat rational, especially when dealing with someone as cunning as Lola.

"You have to fix this."

"Fix what? Fix the mess your mother got herself into? If she had simply stepped aside and let me enjoy myself under the spotlight, I wouldn't have had to take such.... Drastic measures."

Ethan bit his tongue. On some level, Lola was right. Sooner or later in his mom's career, she was going to come across someone with an ego as big as, if not bigger than hers. Who's also willing to do whatever it takes to keep that spotlight. Even then,

SHE FUCKED HIS MOM IN FRONT OF EVERYONE AT THE OSCARS!

Some things could be forgiven, but that was not one of them. His whole family would be affected by this because Lola Martin was too petty to talk to him about his mom if she wanted that spotlight so badly. But no, she had to go and humiliate one of the two most important

women in his life. Not only that, he couldn't even begin to think about how it would all reflect on his dad.

Everyone knew Oscar Bay was shackled up with Olympia. He didn't deserve the endless onslaught of parasocial maniacs who didn't even have a single clue as to how complicated things actually were. Knowing the internet, his dad wouldn't even be able to explain himself without being called a cuck and beta. He hated it. He hated ALL of it. And now, as it was just revealed to him, Lola herself couldn't care less.

"My mom is.... Well, you know how she is, you knew that she wasn't going to give you the spotlight easily.... Wait! You were counting on that, weren't you?"

Lola flashes another smirk his way before walking off toward her bedroom with Prodigy continuing to float behind. He knew how easy it would be to reach out his hands and crush her head between his fingers. It's what every furious fiber of his being was still telling him to do. But he followed her, hoping that he could somehow break through her tough facade.

"Just.... Just say it was a body-double or something. You could even say it was a clone, just... Not actually her. You know that I know you have the resources to do something like that."

Lola takes a seat on the side of her bed. It almost looked like she wasn't even listening to him, but Ethan could tell she was taking in every word. And by whatever grace he had, it was working, as the celebrity hero looked like she was honestly considering it.

"Perhaps. But, then again. Perhaps I prefer the current narrative, that an uppity old hag got fucked by me, in front of everyone, at the Oscars."

"Ugh!"

Ethan groans in disgust and finally turns away from Lola out of frustration. He hated her as much as anyone could hate. Thoughts of his mom talking to his dad, and his dad being horrified, made him want to scream. He didn't know whether they were about to get a divorce or try to move

forward from this. In either case, deep down in his heart, he knew for a fact that his mom didn't deserve this, even if she could be... Pushy at times.

"Oh my, Ethan. If it bothers you that much, there's another narrative we could try."

Ethan turns back toward Lola as she pats the spot next to her on the bed. He hated the idea of getting anywhere remotely close to her while she was covered in his mom's liquids. Even being in the bedroom with her made his skin crawl, but he came down and took the seat next to her just as Lola reached under the bed to pull out something.

"We both know I have a certain attraction to you. That's why I'm willing to make a certain exception with you. It's simple, really. If I can't have the mother, then I'll have the son."

As Lola finishes talking, she leans back up after pulling out a diresteel collar from under the bed.

"W-What are you!?"

"Goodness, Ethan. Relax, I'm not going to use it on you, at least, not unless you want me to."

Before Ethan could fly up from the bed, Lola pulled him back down with surprising strength. Meanwhile, Ethan kept his eyes on the collar made out of the material that affected his powers. Even though he may have been part human, diresteel still worked as well on him as it would on any other member of his mom's genetic species. If it got close enough to him, he would be as strong as a normal human... Well, as strong as someone with his figure.

Going back to what Lola said, Ethan began putting the pieces together, and he was less than pleased. At the same time, he started considering the proposition. He also thought about Mythica, his girlfriend. They were both heroes, and both of them knew the price of duty. This was just a different kind of price to pay. His ass is quite literally on the line here, depending on what he decides. He didn't want to do it. It was one of the last things he wanted to do, especially on that day in particular.

Years ago:

"Alright, open your eyes."

Ethan remained still as he floated there. His eyelids were shut tight, but with his mother's encouragement, he slowly opened them, and he was quickly glad he did.

Down below, he saw Earth in all its glory. It was something that Ethan had seen countless times on the internet beforehand. Still, seeing it like this, not through some screen, but actually there, he was in awe of all of its beauty. The big blue orb, the one place he now realized how much he took for granted.

"This.... This is beautiful, Mom."

Olympia laughed at her son's reaction. It was exactly what she expected. Sure, she may have loved the spotlight, but there was something truly special about seeing how big the world actually was.

"I know you don't want to be like me, Ethan. You want to go out on your own path, and while I think you would be the greatest hero this world has ever seen, you'll always have your parents in your corner."

Ethan looked at his mom. He was at a loss for words, but he appreciated everything she said in that moment.

"T-Thank you. I guess that's all I can really say right now. Maybe, besides, I love you."

Another chuckle from his mother.

"I love you too, Ethan. And if anything, if you're ever feeling stressed, just know you have this place to relax."

Memories of Ethan's mom being the best mom she could be flooded his mind in that moment.

Ethan knew that she wouldn't want him doing this. But after everything she did for him, he knew he was going to have to repay the favor sooner or later. Even if said price was something that made him shiver in place before he finally came to the conclusion he was always going to come to when he first floated into the penthouse. He looked over toward Lola one last time.

She was staring at him intently, almost with bated breath, as she eagerly awaited his final answer.

"F-Fine. I'll do it."

Ethan nervously spat out the words before Lola quickly slid the collar across his neck. Almost instantly, all the power he once held was erased, leaving him otherwise helpless while next to the woman beside him. At the same time, tremors of nervousness and arousal pulsed through his body, enough so that he felt his cock begin to stir right when the collar was locked into place around his neck.

"Good choice, Ethan."

Lola leans in close. Even though his strength might have been gone, his sense of smell was still powerful enough to make him utterly revolted by her scent, but the moment the collar was put in place, it was a done deal. His mind was already shifting to focusing on just taking it. That was

before Lola grabbed him by the collar of his hero costume and tossed him back onto the bed, and soon pounced on top of him.

"Ngh. L-Lola."

Ethan groans as Lola's mouth shoots to his neck like a vampire. Thankfully, all she does is kiss, lick, and suck at the sensitive skin, shamefully enough making his dick harder. At the same time, Lola's hands roamed down across his body. His lighter frame shivered under her touch now that he was depowered, the overwhelming sensation of someone truly dominant having their way with him warped his mind in ways that he never experienced before. Meanwhile, he deals with disgust as her sweaty body drips down across his frame. He was already practically drowning in Lola's musk in that moment, made only worse by the fact that he felt her cock, still slick with his own mother's juices, brush against his thigh as it grew hard as well.

He could feel as Lola leaves behind a gallery of silver lipstick marks across the side of his neck, another way the celebrity hero marked him as hers. His thoughts drifted back to Mythica in the meantime, shamefully enough. His heart ached for his love as he debated whether or not he should tell her about this. But with the way that Lola was moving down against him, he knew he would be a changed man by the end of this, someone who would never be able to look into the eyes of his love the same way again. He thought she would have been more lust-driven and not be as focused on putting up a spectacle since she had no audience to show off to. It took Ethan to realize that HE was her audience, and the bottomless pit of dread in his stomach grew even deeper when Lola became far more aggressive.

"Mnnnh! Oh! Ethan!"

Lola moans against his neck before finally pulling back. Looking up at her as she had either had on either side of his head on the bed, his heart skipped a beat from the way she looked down at him. The way she bit her lip as her cock oozed out another spurt of pre across his leg. The way her sweaty and aroused frame glistened in the light of the room. It would have all come together to create a perfect image of female domination if Ethan hadn't felt his skin crawl with disgust as well.

"You look absolutely delicious, underneath me."

Arousal rolls off of Lola's voice. She might as well had damn hearts in her eyes by the way she was sizing him up. The feeling of being prey to her predator was not lost on him in that moment.

"C-Can you just.... Get it over with already!?"

Ethan asks, his face burning red. Lola, on the other hand, scoffs and laughs at his question.

"You don't make the rules here. I do. And if I want a taste,"

Lola tears Ethan's costume open, exposing his chest to the cool air of the room.

"I'll get a fucking taste."

From there, Lola moved her head back down, only this time to his chest. Ethan cringed as he felt the celebrity hero press her tongue down against his sternum, before licking a trail all the way up to his chin, all the while moaning as she did it. Her arousal made her cock throb even harder if that was possible at that point. Still, soon enough, she shifted her mouth back down and began sucking at his erect nipples. Another uncomfortable feeling, if there ever was one, Ethan let out a short gasp when Lola softly nibbled at his teat.

"S-Sto-"

Ethan stops himself midsentence when Lola turns to look back up at him. She flashed him a look that told him he was in too deep to say stop now. Unfortunately enough, that left him with no better option than to feel as her tongue moves back down and laps at the sensitive buds on his chest, causing his cock to ache even further as she switches between the two. To top it all off, she was still nibbling and biting whenever she could.

With the diresteel collar, Lola could leave as many marks as she wanted. Ethan himself was smart enough to know that the celebrity hero would use that to her advantage to the very end, the same way Lola used the moment to pull off his hero outfit even further and slowly expose more

of his trembling frame. A trembling frame that was practically putty under Lola's hands. And the thing Ethan knew she wanted to shape him into was nothing short of a slut.

It only got worse the more of his body she exposed. Ethan wasn't a bodybuilder or even... Plump, like his mother. He was just a skinny young man with his own attractive, cute areas of notice. Ethan had an idea of what those places could be from the way Lola's hands traveled down and across his frame, going from his chest, all the way down to his rear, which she grabs underneath him with two tight handfuls of perfect masculine ass-meat. Her nails even felt like talons digging into his weaker flesh, making another shiver rack up his spine. But soon enough, Lola kept undoing his hero outfit, with her even eventually breaking away for the moment Ethan knew she was waiting for.

"Mmmnh.... Moment of truth, Ethan."

Lola gets down low enough so she's near his bulging crotch. With a single hand, she grabs the entire thing and softly squeezes it in her grip, something that made Ethan gasp as he writhed around on the bed. Throughout it all, Lola teetered on that edge of having a painful and pleasurable grip, always keeping him on edge as a result. But the worst part had to be the fact that he knew how she was going to react when she finally did it and pulled out his cock. It was so mortifying that he couldn't even look down, instead opting to keep his gaze aimed upward at the ceiling right as he felt the cold air of the room waft across his cock.

"Ha! Oh, Ethan. Here I had such high hopes for you."

Lola remarks while looking down at Ethan's less-than-impressive member. It was something that Ethan himself wasn't delusional about. He wasn't hung. Not by any means. And for a while, he thought that was it. He felt no girl would come close to touching him if he had a dick that small. That was, until a certain woman came into his life. Mythica, his girlfriend. She might have had her own little quirks, but by the grace of whatever god there was out there, she honestly didn't care that he had a pea shooter between his legs.

Lola, on the other hand, sat up and grabbed their cocks together with her cock easily towering over his. Ethan could feel the way her thick mountain of a member throbbed against his, that was before Lola herself began using the pre oozing out of her mushroom-tipped dick to slather them both. Adding another level of pleasure, a follow-up moan rumbled out from Ethan's trembling

lips. It felt good, probably one of the best sexual experiences he's had in his life, and it was with HER of all people.

"From what I remember, aren't men supposed to have cocks bigger than these? At least, bigger than a lady's?"

Ethan gritted his teeth together. He tried to keep Lola's teasing from getting under his skin. But the bitch had a way with words, another skill she learned while fighting for the spotlight.

She was running on the arousal of jerking off her cock alongside the cock of someone who just so happened to be the son of a woman she had just properly fucked into submission. Her eyes trailed back and forth from his face as he whimpered and moaned every other moment. Then back down to their cocks, and how perfectly they looked pressed together. In the end, all it did for Ethan was lead to one thought he kept repeating to himself while he was in this position.

Ethan was straight. He was as straight as they came. He had a girlfriend and everything, and not once did he ever find another man attractive. He kept telling himself that because the feeling of Lola's cock pressing against his was turning him on. A lot. But he shouldn't. He knows that he shouldn't. He shouldn't like the way he felt Lola's balls pulsing against his. He shouldn't feel the nagging feeling to ask Lola to speed up. Yet, he did. He felt all of those things grow stronger within him. As a result, he scrambles to hide the fact that he thought such things, but with Lola being the woman that she was, he shouldn't have even bothered to begin with.

"What's wrong? Having your first bisexual experience? Oh, who am I kidding? You've always had those, haven't you? Dirty boy."

"I-I'm not!- Ffff! I-I'm not like that."

"Ha! Please. Don't try to lie to me, Ethan darling.- Nmnh. I know a lie when I hear one, and allow me to say that you are simply horrible at it."

"S-Shut up! Ah!~"

Ethan's short, angry response is cut off by a moan. Pre now steadily leaked from his dick if it wasn't already. He was close, already on the verge of cumming just from a handjob. Over and over, Ethan kept telling himself that it was Lola working her magic on him, that of course, someone as sexually proficient as her was going to be able to wring his dick dry just from a handjob. And while that most likely WAS the case, the doubt and shame twisted it into something worse. A sick sexual fantasy that had him getting off on the feeling of degradation.

It didn't help either that he soon did the deed and came. It wasn't anything spectacular either. There was no build-up, no tension, just a short gasp from Ethan before his dick spurts out a tiny load that shoots out across his stomach. Of course, it was joined by the sound of Lola's laughter echoing through his ears as he grapples with the humiliation. Thankfully enough, for his sake, it isn't long until Lola eases up and releases the almost iron-clad grip she had across Ethan's length. Her "generosity" extends to the point that she even gives him a moment to catch his breath as he lies there underneath her.

"Tired already? Oh, that simply won't do."

With little to no warning, Lola suddenly rises up. She takes a seat right on Ethan's chest, forcing him to, disgustingly enough, come face to face with the same cock that, not long ago, fucked his mom into submission. The smell that had burned his nostrils before now lit as a fiery inferno of musk that nearly made his head spin. His sense of smell, sound, and taste remained as strong as ever, so strong that he could taste the musk of Lola's cock along with his mother's juices.

"Suck it good for me, Ethan. Your mother made quite the mess."

"-Oh god...."

Ethan groans when Lola begins beating him around the face with her cock. He was drowning in the scent of his own mother's cum. It was well and beyond the most revolting thing he had to experience in his life as Lola slathers his face in the stuff. Her thick cock was like a meat battering ram smashing him around the face, knocking him around, and making an absolute mess of things until he was barely coherent. Worst of all was the fact that his cock, which had just begun to strain, began stirring even after he just come his brains out. It ultimately led him to keep his lips sealed while Lola enjoyed herself.

"Take your time getting used to it. It's a position you'll be well acquainted with soon enough. Better yet, here, have a sniff on me."

Before Ethan could comprehend what she said, Lola pulled his head in close and pressed his nostrils against her sweaty balls. And on instinct, he breathes in through his nose since his lips are shut. What followed was something Ethan himself couldn't quite understand, as his mind shattered and remade itself from the pungent aroma. In all his years of living, he doubted he felt anything remotely close to what he felt in that moment as his skin crawled with disgust and increasing levels of arousal. Another thick string of cum even shot from his cock just from the overwhelming mind-bending scent alone.

Lola pressed his face in deep. Her rigid member lay flush across his face, going damn well over his head. In the process, pre leaks down into his hair, another one of the many feelings that causes a shiver to rack up his spine as he clenches his fists together. She kept him there, for what had to have been five whole minutes where each breath fried his brain just that bit more, while his exhausted cock below stayed rigid. He still couldn't believe he was breathing in his mom's scent. He hated even more the fact that the arousal pulsing through his body made that fact bother him less and less.

Eventually, Ethan couldn't help himself. His mouth opened to take in any other air that possibly wasn't choked by Lola's sweaty scent. But from there, all the celebrity hero does then is push her balls down into his mouth. Like a bolt of lightning, the feeling of Lola's fat, sweaty sack pressing down against her tongue shot through her entire body, completely throwing him off guard and leading to him gurgling wetly around the testicles. Even then, the majority of Ethan's focus was on the salty, sour taste of a thoroughly used cock.

It was a shock to the senses as much as it could have been. By the time Ethan finally started returning to reality, he realized his tongue had been instinctively working away at Lola's sack. As well as that, he realizes he was sucking them clean of any filth on them, replacing the stench of sweat and sex with the smell of his own thick saliva.

"Mmmh.~ It seems someone's finally learning their place."

"GRLK! GRRALK! GRRKL! GRRKL!"

Lola's words were underscored by Ethan's gurgling coughs and wretches that came with more bubbly spit. He was practically drowning in the stuff before Lola pulled them free from his lips with a *pop* and for a brief, beautiful blink of time, Ethan wasn't utterly overwhelmed. That is, until Lola reaches down a hand, pulls his head up, and jams her fat, glistening bitch breaker right down his throat. From there, it was a matter of seconds until Lola had a brutal pace going that had her punting her hips back and forth in short enough thrusts that cut Ethan off from any air.

"GRLK! GRLK! GLKRL! GRLK! GRLK! GLRLKLKKL!"

"Ah. Much better."

Ethan couldn't breathe. Lola's cock was lodged down his throat every other second. He couldn't even properly taste it. Though that didn't make it any less horrible and nauseating, as he fully knew that the cock lodged down his face, that the slick grime across it was his mother's nectar. That fact was the most significant factor that almost made him puke, if he wasn't actively preventing himself from doing so. It took a lot, especially with Lola's reckless throat bashing. Still, he managed to hold on, albeit loosely, as every second that ticked by felt like an eternity.

"How's this, Ethan? I'd ask if you've ever done something like this yourself, but I doubt you could, given that little thing you have down there. In that case, maybe this is where you were always meant to be. Ha!"

"GRRLK! GRRRLKGKL! GRRRLK! GRRRRLK! GRRRLKGK! GRRRLKGLK! GRRRLKR! GRRRRLK!"

Ethan never in his life dreamed of sucking a dick. He had no dreams, no fantasies, he didn't even think about it. Now, his throat bulged, and he could feel the diresteel collar holding tight around his neck while Lola's balls wetly slapped against his chin. It was almost indescribable the things he felt in that moment as every nerve in his body stood on end. For him, it was the most demeaning and humiliating thing he had ever had to go through personally in his life. Sure, watching his mom get fucked in public was horrible, but to feel like he's betraying not only a relationship that he treasures with his girlfriend, but a deeper part of himself as well was all enough to almost bring him to tears if his eyes weren't already watering from Lola's endless fuck-happy efforts.

She could have kept going longer. Lola's endurance was going to have her fucking him all night. But soon enough, she slows down her pace and goes all the way in until his face is firmly buried in her crotch. For good measure, she started firmly grinding herself down against his features if everything she was doing wasn't already horrible enough. That and the taste of his mother's cunt across her sweaty cock nearly overloaded his brain once again.

By the skin of his teeth, he was able to keep himself from losing it, though that came at the price of being totally conscious of the feeling of Lola's fat rod lodged down her throat. Now that she wasn't violently slamming it back and forth into his face, he could now really focus on the abhorrent taste.

"God. The things I want to do to your face. Nmmh! But there's something I want more...."

Faster than he was expecting, Lola pulls her dick free from his face, allowing him to finally gasp in some lungfuls of air, even better when she moves off his chest.

That was before she flipped him over onto his front on the bed.

By the time his face hit the dark grey sheets, Lola was already stripping him out of the rest of his hero uniform. His breath quickened even further, along with his already rattling heartbeat, when he felt his ass as it was exposed to the cold air of the room. He tried to pull back, at least put some distance between him and Lola, so they could work something out that works for both of them. But she is quick to pounce and press her sweat-slick body down against his.

"L-Lola! I-I'm not!- D-Don't!- Mnnngh!"

Lola forces his face down into the bed as she positions herself. Ethan could feel her large breasts pressing into his back, a not too dissimilar sensation to something he actually liked if he didn't also feel the python between her legs slide between his ass cheeks as she locked her legs around his to keep them in place. That helped fuel the feeling of feebleness inside him, along with the humiliation of knowing he was supposed to be one of Earth's mightiest warriors, who was now about to get fucked down depravedly.

"Don't try to deny it now. If you didn't want this, you wouldn't have accepted my proposal."

Lola grunts when she finally gets Ethan in a proper hold. With her body tight around his, that only left her one more thing to do. He could feel it in painstaking slowness as the woman on top of him lines his giant bitch breaker up with his petrified pucker. His heart nearly leaps from his chest when it begins prodding at his back door, with his thoughts quickly going back to his mom, girlfriend, and then Lola. It all felt like a nightmare, but it was all real when Lola fucked her dick forward, right into his asshole.

"NNNMNMMNNNH!!!!"

A single cry ruptured from Ethan's mouth while his face was still buried in the bed. From there, his entire body went stiff as a board as his anal cherry was popped. With the amount of panic he was feeling in that moment, he would have flown directly up into space, and the fact that he couldn't only made it worse as Lola groans once she's finally inside him. Lodged halfway inside, she takes the chance to then push herself the rest of the way forward, going all the way until their bodies pressed together in a sickening conjoined fashion.

"And.... There, we go."

Lola slows down to a stop once she bottoms out. Ethan could feel her balls against his, their sheer size easily outclassing his pitiful sack as they twitch and churn with their contents. He would have reacted more if all of his attention wasn't on the fact that there was a solid, long cock lodged up his asshole, completely bareback. He could feel every vein, bump, and ridge in perfect detail. Meanwhile, his prostate was overstimulated by something it had never felt before, flooding every part of his body with hot arousal that nearly fuck fries his brain into a stupid stupor. But it was in that moment that he finally moved his face back up from the bed.

"I-I.... I-I can't b-breathe...."

Ethan huffs. Each breath he took didn't feel like enough for his lungs, which only added to the panic that had his mind going a mile a minute, even in its currently depowered state. Soon

enough, that panic transformed into full-on terror before it was abruptly shaken when Lola started pulling herself back, forcing him to feel every inch that had been pounded into him get pulled back out.

"You have to relax, Ethan. Or else, I'm going to have to MAKE you relax."

Lola's words went in one ear and out the other for Ethan. He didn't know it, but that was probably the second worst thing he could have done that day, the first being coming here in the first place. Despite that, under pressure, he realized his mistake. Still, even he knew in that moment that it was too late as Lola constricted even tighter around him.

"I tried to warn you...."

Those words were all the warning Ethan got before Lola launched forward an endless tirade of ass-shattering thrusts. The air in his lungs was knocked clean out, further panicking him even further before that was SWIFTLY overtaken by lust. Even the pain there was in the stretch ebbed away into something more enjoyable.

Ethan quickly realized that it was Lola's intention as she worked herself up to literally fucking the tension out of his body, all of which was more than enough to cause a cock-snot rocket to come flying from his dick. All of which would have led to humiliating cries of pained pleasure if Ethan hadn't been thankfully fast enough to push his head back down into the bed.

"MMNNNNNNH!!!! MMNNNNNNHHHHHH!!!! MMNNNNNNHH!!!! MNNHHHHNN!!!!!"

Ethan bit down into the bed beneath him. He would have kept up his wild thrashing if the energy hadn't been utterly sapped from him just from Lola forcing out such a violent orgasm out of him. She then does it again, and then again, and then again. She does it with such skill that Ethan can barely comprehend what's going on around him as he cums for the umpteenth time. There was no end to it as Lola packed in pistoning thrusts that had his weakened body quaking and nearly breaking from just how rough it was.

"GGGRNNNGGH! GGRRN! HHRRNNH! GGRRNH!!!!"

"Those noises, Ethan! Oh! I love them! As much as I loved the ones your mother made.~ Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Lola's laughter rang throughout the room alongside the brutal sound of two bodies smashing together. Ethan could even hear the bed creaking underneath them just from how rough Lola was being while on top of him. In the end, Lola's efforts don't go unrewarded as he can't help but eventually go limp underneath her, as a result, easing up some of that tension in his asshole. He hated how much better it felt afterward, in what he at first assumed was Lola's first act of mercy.

Instead, he's not that surprised to find that she uses the chance to go even harder on him.

It goes on like that for another painful, excruciating 30 minutes. Ethan even loses consciousness a few times before he feels anything close to Lola reaching her limit. But when he does, even with the feeling of her thick balls splatting over his, he's able to ride it out as Lola's breath quickens along with her pace. It suddenly hit him that after everything she did to him up until that point, she hadn't cum herself.

"Here! It! Comes!"

Lola groans those three final words before she lodges herself as deep as she can go inside him, all before spewing her blindingly hot seed across his sore anal walls. A final touch in pushing one last orgasm out from Ethan's exhausted dick, with things slowly starting to wind down to the point that they both stop. The only sound then was both of their exhausted huffing and panting, along with the feeling of Lola pulling herself free from his ass and falling to the side. A wave of hot gooey seed follows and goes down his poor and tired balls, stirring a final reaction out of Ethan before he and Lola both eventually settle.

For a moment, everything felt at peace as exhaustion overtook Ethan and his eyes began to flutter shut. It seemed like he was about to fall asleep right then and there before he was suddenly startled by a sharp hand cracking him across the ass, going hard enough to leave behind a bright red handprint, all to the sound of Lola laughing as she sat up on the bed.

"Oh, Ethan. When I said we'd be busy all night, I meant it."