

Chapter 4 - Night at the Club

The club was called Nova and it appeared to be quite the busy spot as the two approached. Hope felt excited. He remembered how he had talked to Lightning about checking it out some time ago, but she'd shyly commented how she was not much of a dancer. His girlfriend didn't say she'd be embarrassed to be seen by others or that she didn't have rhythm, only that she didn't trust her skills and that was that, they didn't go to the club.

Now, months later, the two were dressed to the nines. Hope had on sharp pants and a colorful but slick shirt. When he came out to see Lightning back at their home, he'd been blown away, for several reasons. The dress of dark, shimmering green hugged her body tightly. The material alone would have been eye-catching alone, but the cut was so deep that anyone who looked Lightning's way could see a very appetizing view of her cleavage. The dress ended well above the knee, and Hope was excited to see his girlfriend when she started moving in it.

Lightning felt excited in her close-fitting outfit. When the idea came to her, the pink-haired vixen only thought about the goal of going out to enjoy her evening with some dancing. Her mind had wondered about the new fashions she'd see and how the beats of whatever new bumping house music would make her feel when the measures filled her ears. But now, walking into the club and seeing men (and a few women) turn from their drinks, friends, and even girlfriends as she walked in gave her nothing less than a thrilling rush.

'I love this...'

Several people didn't go to her, but they did do their best to pull out their phones so that they could snap a picture of the protector-turned-celebrity. Lightning's body reacted quickly and she began moving her hips and hands around in a sultry fashion, eagerly inviting the attention. She even took a few pictures with Hope, but no one would have thought that they were posing as a couple on equal footing. Instead, she gave him a sharp smile and handed him her shoulder-strap purse, and treated him a bit more like a valet and at worst a prop, rather than her boyfriend.

"I'm not used to this," Hope said, smiling as he held onto his girlfriend's purse and continued watching her pose for the other club patrons.

"I know. But I feel like this is what I've been missing for years. I'm glad you're here with me, Hope,"

He smiled and wrapped his hand around her to pull her close. Her feathery pink hair waved beneath the lights of the extravagant club as she moved in nice and close. The kiss played well with her fans, but it was hardly enough to feed her growing zest. Lightning's new craving required a very certain meal to be satisfied. Unfortunately at that moment, Lightning didn't think that Hope and everything he could give her was enough to sate her body this evening. The pair walked deeper into the club and most thoughts were chased out of both of their minds by the strong, almost overwhelming beats coming from the

speakers set throughout the club. The DJ's beats lured plenty of people to the dance floor. There were so many that Lightning saw she could easily get lost in the crowd if she wanted to. But first, the remarkable woman with feathery pink hair had a thirst for something else.

They had asked for a booth, and the Nova's owner was more than happy to give it to them and take a considerable amount off of their bill. If the owner and staff could tell others about how no less than Lightning frequented their place, the stream of customers would flow like bottles of champagne.

"Hope, let's order bottle service! I've always wanted to do it. Snow always talked about it," She said eagerly.

Hope smiled and kissed her on the lips and flagged down a waitress. It was a very safe bet that Hope had never ordered the special service before, nor understood just how much it would cost, even with a discount.

Lightning ordered some Vodka and Red Lion. The round of drinks was served up by two absolutely gorgeous women in very sleek-looking cocktail dresses. It would have been a treat for Hope, but as beautiful as the girls were, they could hardly distract him from Lightning. Unfortunately, his own girl's eyes were already looking out across the club. All of the bodies moving rapidly like animals dancing without a care in the world quickly started a song to play out within her hot body.

After a round of drinks helped loosen her up, Lightning leaned forward and chewed on Hope's ear before kissing him. She even french-kissed him for a moment, letting her tongue play all over his mouth while she tasted the mixture of alcohol and energy drink. In no time at all, she was bouncing her shoulders while her head bounced all over the place, occasionally whipping Hope in the face with her hair.

Overcome by an urge to dance (among others) she rose from the booth and swiftly made her way out onto the dance floor. A gang of girls in dresses as revealing as Lightning's lit up when they saw the heroine coming in. They welcomed her with an excited chorus of voices and begged her to dance with them. Lightning quickly accepted their invitation and began sliding and grinding with the girls. The action looked serendipitous to Hope and some onlookers, but Lightning knew that if she danced with the nest of slutty girls, it would bring in a bevy of suitors right to her.

Lightning was right on the money. In a matter of minutes, she was no longer bouncing her hips off of other girls while they pretended to kiss and occasionally kissed their necks while running their hands over their bodies. Now one man had grabbed Lightning and pulled her free of the pack of amorous women. Once he'd looked at Lightning to make sure that she was alright with the situation, and the brave warrior quickly smiled and nodded to her new friends, waving them off effectively. And so Lightning was left alone with the first man who had struck up the courage to put his hands on her body without even wasting the breath to say hello.

Her first caller was not shy on any account. As the music continued, raining over and all around them with a volume so loud that she felt her nipples shivering with each base beat, the man's hands continued alternating between holding her close to his body and groping her hips and eventually her bouncing tits.

"Come closer,"

"Like this? Do you like it like this?" Lightning pulled her body free but stood close. The man was just about to pull her back in when she pushed her ass back an inch and began dancing and shimmying her body to tease the tight curves of her ass against the man's growing thickness.

The smoking-hot beauty bounced her ass back against the stranger's warm cock again and again. Each time she did, Lightning felt him getting bigger. His snake stretched out and captivated her. The man dancing behind her was decently large, but the slut with bouncing, feathery hair had enjoyed large penises, and it was hard to not yearn to go bigger rather than smaller. So the naughty girl gave the man one more bump with her fabulously tight butt before making a quick exit. It took Lightning barely a minute before she was grinding and bumping with a new target.

Oftentimes Lightning ended up feeling slightly frightened of her emerging perverted impulses. Thankfully, as the night continued, Lightning never found herself completely disappointed by the men she selected and her mind found peace in that. Each suitor also had no problem slamming her ass with their thick members. Their energy matched and overtook hers and almost every single man the alluring woman found would get even more adventurous as Lightning danced with them to the thumping, primal beats that the DJ laid out. Hands explored her naked thighs and constantly groped or even spanked her ass like it was just some toy for them to play and squeeze. Some grew bold and decided to slide their fingers underneath the tight fabric of Lightning's green dress. They found no bra guarding her breasts and they would eagerly pinch or pull on her nipples, but she stopped short of letting them pull one of her tits completely free of the skimpy material, no matter how much it infuriated her libido.

'This feels amazing. But... I can't just let them turn into animals. That wouldn't be proper. It would be bad. So so bad...'

The world around her melted away each time she felt a throbbing erection pushing against the small crevice formed by her thighs and ass. Each time she experienced a hard poke, Lightning struggled to fight back drool from her lips or a sensuous gasp of delight. The groping was one thing, and she was almost used to that, feeling goosebumps rise across her flesh while her nipples hardened into diamonds. Being fondled and teased with thick cocks, however, almost made her lose what little remained of her control.

Eventually, she found herself alone, out of breath, and with her panties absolutely flooded by arousal. 'I can't do this. It's just too much. This isn't... oh god... this isn't me,' She thought with her hand resting just above her heaving tits almost ready to burst free from her tight cocktail dress.

"I know what you are doing," Lightning turned to face the speaker. He was big as a bear and fat besides. His face wasn't appealing, but that expression... that knowing grin on his thick features hit Lightning like a slap. Her legs trembled beneath her. The shape of the man reminded her of the armorer and the man who had played with her in public. It spoke to something hidden and deep within Lightning, a depraved little animal. It didn't like being played with, so much as it liked to be used... and more.

His thick meaty hands spun her around and led her back out onto the dance floor. He moved her hips to start her dancing again. She got to enjoy a small bit of distraction before she felt 'it' pressing against her body. It was much bigger than all the rest of the cocks in the place. But he only teased her once with his prick before he invaded her body with his fingers. Lightning gasped out, completely unbelieving the fact that the man was so bold as to push a finger (up to the knuckle) right into her pussy while they were both surrounded by people bouncing and twisting their bodies to a lit EDM beat.

"I can feel how wet you are. If I wanted to, I could fuck you right on this dance floor and you wouldn't stop me,"

Gasping and moaning, Lightning wanted to stop him naturally. But stopping him would mean she'd no longer get to feel the perverted sausage of his finger pushing inside of her pussy while his massive cock throbbing against her ass.

"Let's... clear one thing up, Mister. Y-you, want me to be your slut. But... I'm really not like this. I just... I mean... your cock is just huge. I can't... I can't think..."

"Hmmm. Maybe you're not ready for it..." As desperately as she wanted to just leave him and leave it at that, her body betrayed her and continued humping back against his fingers. The stranger chuckled and then took his finger out and slid it down along the flesh just beneath her dress, marring her with her own juices.

She turned around and looked at him and the man nodded in the direction of the exit. "Hurry up, slut. I won't wait all night,"

The beautiful woman doesn't nod or say anything. Instead, she just returned to Hope and said that she was feeling a little down, suggesting she'd caught a small bug or something.

"Let's just go home,"

Lightning shook her head and gave him a warm smile before leading him back down to his seat. "No, you're having fun. I'll see you at home,"

But Lightning didn't go to her house. Instead, she wound up in the fat guy's luxurious ride. The whole time they drove to his residence, his hand moved over the stickshift and groped her breasts through the

shimmering material of her dress. He got even bolder, pulling up her dress while they rode and darted his fingers all over Lightning's drenched underwear.

"No... Muaaah... oh... Huah-ouuah-oormm..."

After barely teasing the material that had already been partially soaked by her juices, her heavysset paramour pushed his fingers in between the material of her panties and started tweaking and petting her clit. Lightning moaned and her body slid deeper into the plush leather of the seats. Of course, she found herself rising back up so that she could feel more of his fingers exploring her body.

When they got to the man's home, things got even more intense. "Get on the couch!"

Lightning's hands crossed her chest. Even though the man had groped her melons and even pushed his fingers inside of her body to tease her, something stirred in her body and drove her to be guarded, even while her sex howled out like a wolf under the moon. Her heart fluttered in her chest while he stopped up behind her and pushed her onto his couch. His hands flew over her body.

"Fuawaah... mrwaah-wuahha.... Oh Fuck!" The man Lightning left her boyfriend for ended up tearing off her dress like it was some cheap outfit she'd found in the bargain bin.

"Hey! You know how much that cost my boyfriend-" The bastard slapped her bare ass to shut her up. "Foouoha-mrwah-uuaah..."

The pleasure of the pain quickly crested a new level when she felt his hard cock probing her damp folds. Lightning decided to look back at him while her lips trembled and her fingers locked tightly into the arm of the sofa.

The ugly club-goer pressed his hard meat inside Lightning's sex. She was so tight he was surprised he didn't cum instantly. He felt glad he held himself back because a slutty, depraved vixen like her deserved to be enjoyed and fucked for as long as possible.

"Your bitch hole is sucking me in. You better be careful or the whole world will know how broken and slutty you are, Lightning," his shallow thrusts soon turned into deep, hammering penetrations. As much as her folds squeezed his veiny cock and pulled on his flesh, he just couldn't resist giving Lightning's juicy folds every inch of his fat prick to slobber and chew on.

"FUCK! Awaaaah-yes-uwah-mrmm... yes fuck me... oh fuck yes!" The naked heroine's tits danced forward and back while her partner throttled up the speed and continued fucking her like a dog in heat on the couch. In a matter of moments, Lightning's eyes crossed as she came, finally releasing the torrent of pent-up girl cum she'd been holding back since the first cock she'd played with earlier in the night. The man feeding her his hog continued stuffing her hole with no care about the way her ass was bouncing wildly. If anything, he got even more aggressive.

Thump thump thump!

“Ouaha-uraha-hu-away-fuaah... keep using my hole!”

The pleasure flying through her body ratcheted up more when he pulled on her hair and spanked her ass. Her cheeks burn as they got red but it was her pussy that was really getting nice and tender. Lightning found her throat going a little tuck as her tongue flopped out like a dog while her pussy continued being slammed by the man's hard, unrelenting assault.

“Urah... get on your knees!”

Lightning did as she was asked. Her mind was focused only on enjoying more pleasure and the man showed no sign of softening his approach. To him, she was just a piece of meat to be enjoyed, a fuckdoll for him to expel all of his anger and frustration. If he wanted to throttle and choke her all night, that was exactly what Lightning would wish for too.

On her knees, she got slapped with his cock right before his member finally started to jerk and spasm. His rod exploded all over her face. The man's load was enormous and the sleazy creepo coated Lightning's face with so much jizz that she ended up coughing slightly as his spoooge covered up her nostrils for a few moments.

When he was done cumming, he didn't stop violating her. Instead he grabbed her bodily and slammed every inch of his cock down her throat, forcing her to start deep-throating his slimy, smelly length.

“Lurapp... Pluaaplll.. Grlluap!”

Lightning sucked and slurped on the foreign object recklessly punching the back of her mouth. Her eyes stung from some of his cock, but she used all of her remaining effort to look like the perfect submissive sex slave she wanted to be.

His cock drove its path deeper and deeper inside of her. He got hard again, and this time, Lightning felt like he was even larger than before. Her cheeks, already red from earlier, constantly puffed out to accommodate every inch of his massive schlong while her nostrils flexed to get air into her lungs.

With her makeup a mess and her cheeks still completely coated in his jizz, her brutal lover fished his cock free from her mouth and slapped it none-too-gently against her gasping lips.

“Drool on it. You're my good little cockslut. So drool for Daddy's big dick!”

Lightning did as she was bid and then she was throatfucked once again. The fat prick slamming his long dick inside of her mouth didn't last as long as he had the first time. When he groaned out again,

Lightning's mind felt like it was melting as a fresh load of his jizz blanketed her entire mouth and poured down her throat. He yanked out his cock, dragging his firm meat along her raw mouth, and then ordered her to swallow up every drop. It was impossible for her to save every bit of the load, but ever the dutiful slut, Lightning closed her eyes and concentrated on the task.

The cum was so thick and slimy, but the last thing she wanted to do was displease him, mostly because she was already feeling eager to get wrecked by his fuckstick when he got nice and hard again. Lightning finally gulped down the last bit of cum, but he still grabbed her cheeks and turned her head this way and that before he let out a satisfied grunt.

“Good girl. Now... tell me what you want next?”

“I love your cock. Huaah... Please, Mister. Fuck my pussy again. Fill it up, make it a big mess... I just can't stand ituaah...”

Lightning's ferocious need to be fucked and the way her body burned at the thought of being further degraded by the stranger was so intense that the pink-haired fighter didn't even notice her phone buzzing once again in her purse...