

THROWING
ROLLER-SKATES
IN
THE TRASH CHUTE

Romance on Roller-skates 3 (MILF takes on Alpha Male in Lesbian Gone Awry Romance)

Full Monty Dirty Nasty Filthy Asian Version

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WARNING: This novelette contains strong language and graphic sex scenes

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Preview:

If you haven't read [Part 1](#), [Part 2](#), or [Part 3](#) of this series, here's a quick summary. **SPOILER ALERT**, please skip this paragraph if you don't want to know the plots of books one and two. In part 1, Heather is dating that fucker and hoping that he will change his ways and be better to her. She finds he has surprised her at work by leaving a gift on her desk. He leaves her Skull Candy Headphones and a pair of roller-skates with pink sparkly wheels. The gift turns out to be a ruse to get her to perform naughty sex acts with him and a friend in an abandoned theater near her office. This leaves her all plugged up after the encounter and a co-worker by the name of Charlie the Wok swoops in to rescue her. In part 2, Charlie and Heather are an item but Heather is still pining for the raw excitement of that fucker so she roller-skates past his office so that he catches a glimpse of her. By the end of Part 2, Charlie has been cuckolded and Heather finds herself plugged and in need of help all over again. Part 3 opens with the cuckolding which Heather stops right before Charlie finishes. Both Heather and Charlie meet with Heather's MILF mom and each ask for help. Lana, the MILF mom, has her own plan to get That Fucker to stop and makes a deal to do anything for him once to get her daughter off his hook. Read on and find out what Heather's mom has to stoop to do to seal the deal. Be sure it will include skates, headphones, and butt plugs. Enjoy!

Note on the relationships:

Heather and Lana are *not* related by blood (I swear!).

THROWING ROLLER-SKATES IN THE TRASH CHUTE

Romance on Roller-SKATES 3 (MILF submits for full control over Alpha Male in Lesbian Gone Awry Romantic Comedy)

Women's Adventure Romance Series (Part 4)

How to Photograph it

It had been sunny for over six months. Perhaps it drizzled for an hour or so every once in a while, but it hadn't poured. That was the Malay character, either sunny without a cloud in the sky or Monsoons so rough they could drown a small city.

On this record setting hot day in the Malaysian city of Kuala Lumpur, it took Lana ages to figure out how to photograph a diamond plug up her ass. Should she just stand and hold the camera between her legs and shoot up. Should she bend over on her hands and knees and shoot the photo into a mirror pointed back at her reflective diamond studded shining ass? Lana didn't know. This was her first experience with a butt plug.

The best bet was to have someone else photograph her with a butt plug up her ass but who did Lana know that would be okay doing that? Surely the old ladies in her Mahjong Club couldn't be trusted. She would be shamed, ostracized, and left for the vultures.

The thing about Go-Stop cards from the popular Korean game was that they all looked the same to white people (the way white people think all Asians look the same). However, the cards had a wild variation to Lana's Chinese eyes. Upon closer inspection, the cards had beautiful, subtle differences. She could see these differences. She was always quick to memorize the geography of a room and was similar in card games. She was becoming the best Go-Stop player in the community. She was a very controlling player. One of the best strategies was playing dead in which she played the role of the losing player to sneak attack at the end and win. Trying to figure out this butt plug photographed into ass to seal the deal with that fucker and get her lovely daughter out of his lecherous clutches was proving to be a demanding task, a card game she wasn't sure she was going to win.

Charlie rolled up to the apartment complex feeling really awful about himself. The sidewalk was dirty. The smell of palm oil hung in the air like rubber cut only by the sickening stench of fish oil from the apartments. He didn't even know why he lived in Malaysia. He should really move somewhere else if this

fiasco with Heather ends. He was deep in his self-loathing thoughts when he saw Lana through the window. He saw her struggling with something horribly.

Lana, buck naked and MILFily beautiful, was beside herself to please That Fucker so he would want her (and also so he'd leave Heather alone) and was scouring her apartment for something that would help get this massive butt plug past her tight sphincter, which had loosened and relaxed considerably since that fucker had worked on it, and into her ass so she could photograph it. It was a total pain in the ass, literally.

Outside, Charlie watched Lana squat over it. Stand up. Finger her own asshole. Sigh. Squat again. Finally he knocked on the window

Lana saw that Charlie had seen the whole how to get a buttplug in her for photographing ordeal. She was as wet as she was horrified. Her big juicy MILFie body was vibrating with desire from being put in her hot Asian place in the eyes of these young white men. Charlie was a cuckold. Lana understood her daughter better suddenly. Having Charlie getting off on watching her play the submissive role to that fucker was the thrill. It wasn't just that fucker. It having a cuckold's wanton eyes on you while.

She answered the door with her arm over her big breasts and the big ass butt plug in her hand.

"Do you have cocoa butter?" he said greedily, a hard on pushing into his waist and his skin greasy with desire. He was sweating because he was hot. Hot for Lana. Hot for being cuckolded. Hot for being in the presence of an Alpha Male's plan.

"Come in! Come in! I'm naked," Lana said. Charlie the Wok came inside. She was naked with her daughter's boyfriend. Earlier, she had been fucked up the ass by her daughter's tormentor, the man on whom Heather had the biggest, most obsessive of crushes.

"You look great, Miss Choi," Charlie said. He had this weird way of saying the right thing at the most awkward times. Essentially, it is how he scored Heather as his girlfriend.

"Thank you, Charles," Lana said. "And please call me 'Lana'."

"Do you have cocoa butter?"

Months ago Wok had been eyeing Heather and wondering how he could get to enjoy her. He had a cuckold fantasy, but he wasn't married. He was just a young professional dude living in Malaysia. They were graphic designers making plastic moulds to be sent to factories for mass production of ice trays, laundry baskets, outer shells for baby wipe dispensers, and other plastic products. He needed to somehow watch Heather have sex. He commissioned his fucked up friend that fucker for the job.

Their plan had led them to this blazingly hot day months later. Like every plan, a bunch of unexpected side effects came into play. And at this moment, only cocoa butter could help. The plug slid in and all was well in the Wok's phone buzzed and said, "Hey, Wok, look outside into the trash chute."

The trash chute was one long tube that stretched from the top of the building all the way to the basement. Tenants of this apartment complex took out their trash bags and dropped it into the chute and the garbage bags slid down until it hit a heap of trash at the bottom which guys with gloves then emptied into garbage trucks. Today, instead of garbage bags, the flap-open-door like a postal drop box was stuffed not with trash, nor letters, but with a young woman's sexy head.

Charlie's phone buzzed. It was a text from that fucker: *Hey, Wok, look out the window to the trash chute. Watch me feed your girlfriend my cock covered in her MILF mom's ass. Hot?*

Charlie looked at Lana, butt plug lathered in cocoa butter deep in her asshole, and saw Lana look up. Eyes were powerful. Charlie's gaze influenced Lana's to look outside. She turned pale as an egg white. Charlie turned to follow Lana's stunned gaze. He saw what made her go pale: Heather with her head in the trash chute while That Fucker sodomized her from behind with a huge smile on his face.

Inside, not only was Lana *mad*, but she was *jealous*.

Charlie saw the MILF's eyes narrow. Lana was all tied up in a collapsing claustrophobia of jealousy and anger.

It was such an overwhelming buzz of emotions when Lana looked out onto the apartment complex's trash chute and saw her daughter's ass sticking out of it while her head was stuffed in it and her long black hair flowed out. That fucker, that white rice alpha asshole, was pounding Heather hard from behind. Lana was a sponge of emotions. The sight penetrated her deeply like a thousand bee stings. She felt the nasty and sickening pangs of jealousy since the man that she was submitting to, the one that had her quacking like a duck with its head off to photograph herself with a butt plug so she could taste the illicit ecstasy of his big white cock, was busy satisfying his sexual urges with another woman. She was angry because her plan to fuck Heather's tormentor into leaving her daughter alone had obviously failed, and there she was being used in public, being degraded, being humiliated, which led to Lana's strongest emotion: abject jealousy. It was like a knife was thrust right into her heart, a sword into her gut, and chopsticks into each of her eyes. She was beside herself with jealousy. It was so bad that her nipples hardened and her pussy lips quivered. She felt herself clenching her own asshole and thought she might break the butt plug into shards her clench was so powerful.

“You know you really are a fucker,” Lana yelled. It was as much at her daughter as it was aimed at that fucker, or so it seemed until she reached back, yanked the butt plug he’d given her out of her asshole, and heaved it at him. He caught it. “We had a deal.”

Heather tried to wiggle her asshole off that fucker’s cock, but her head was wedged so in the garbage chute that it was impossible for her to escape. “You gave my mom a butt plug? When?” She was furious, at him and at her mom.

That fucker heard Heather even though it came out all muffled and tinny from her head behind inside the trash chute. The sentence smelled like rotting fish.

That fucker’s cock pulsed up Heather’s clenching asshole. She thought that maybe she could break his dick off. He thought he owned this dumb bitch.

“We had a deal,” Lana said. She showed a piece of paper on official bank letterhead that said that fucker would leave Heather alone.

Charlie, like usual, just watched with his dick pretty hard as the women obsessed over that fucker.

“Hey, Mom, just shut your cocksucking mouth and lick your daughter’s lonely pussy and I’ll leave you both alone forever.”

As mad as both mother and daughter were at that fucker, the thought of him leaving them alone forever sounded as wonderful as it did horrible.

Heather pushed her ass back on that fucker’s massive cock, and Heather’s MILF mom kneeled under her daughter and licked that fucker’s balls as they slammed into her daughter’s glistening wet pussy. Both women moaned and it harmonized beautifully as that fucker sodomized the younger while having his balls licked by the older.

“Told you they could both be made into my whores, Wok,” he said and winked at Charlie who was watching helplessly. “Told you, bro!”

“Lick your daughter’s cunt, Mom. Stop fiending for my dick.”

“You’re right, man,” Charlie said to that fucker. Then he added, “Let her head out. I want to see my girlfriend.”

Overhead the clouds formed into heavy dark cumuli.

Heather, still on skates, continued to take that fucker’s dick into her pussy. That fucker allowed her head out of the trash chute. The smell of trash was pungent and sour. A few rain drops sprinkled on them. Charlie had his dick out now and was stroking it and Lana’s tongue started to explore Heather’s pussy lips. Her daughter’s pussy was stuffed with big dick and her lips pried open. Lana’s tongue follow the spread lips thinking of the immense pleasure that fucker gave her in his office earlier and jealous her daughter was getting that pleasure. The jealousy no longer stung. It was hot and she enjoyed working her tongue until the spread open pussy lips led her to clit which she took in between her full lips. She had the

clit separated from the rest of Heather's cunt and vacuumed it into her mouth. She heard Heather's moan increase.

Lana felt the full power of submitting to that fucker. She was an Asian whore in front of her daughter, a cuckold, and an alpha male. And what was weird was that by submitting she felt the most in control that she had been of her own life in a long time. The heavens opened up and heavy raindrops pounded them hard as they fucked. All of them were soaking wet and still fucking. Thunder boomed. "The monsoons are coming," Lana yelled. That fucker pulled out of Heather's tight pussy and jammed his cock into Lana's throat and face fucked her a few strokes before yelling, "Yes, let's get inside." Lana helped Heather out of her skates and threw them into the trash chute as the white boys ran inside. "No more skating to him," Lana said. Heather nodded with approval. "Now, make him lick your pussy to orgasm, baby."

On Lana's couch, that fucker got on his back with Heather sitting on his face getting her pussy licked while Lana sat on his dick. The two of them faced each other and began kissing wildly. Lana held the back of Heather's neck while she deeply kissed the young woman. The window was wide open and the rain brought the smell of wet sweet grass into the apartment. The trash chute smell was gone. Charlie was still sweaty and greasy while he whacked off fast and obsessively watching his girlfriend and her mom fucked by an alpha male. He was in heaven and shot a load, which Heather and Lana leaned back for while kissing. Charlie the wok jerked his bulging tumescence aimed at mother and daughter faces. It was amazing. He shot heavy strings of cum onto each getting it to hang from lips and chin and outstretched tongue.

Cum hung and draped like cooked sugar before dislodging from Heather's mouth and tongue and entering her mother's mouth. Lana's tongue swirled around Heather's hungrily eating the viscous liquid. Then she kissed Heather and spit the wad back into her daughter's mouth. Heather swallowed it. It was her boyfriend's cum after all.

That fucker was still fucking Lana's tight pussy but told her he wanted her ass. Obediently, Lana let that fucker into her darkest hole.

"Go get her the headphones," that fucker told Charlie.

Charlie put big studio style headphones onto Heather's head. Instructions from that fucker played, "Kneel as I fuck your mother's ass!"

The audacity. That fucker and Charlie had planned to make them into sluts. It was all clear now. It had all started in the movie theater. This is why Heather loved white men, their cruelty was so elaborate. It wasn't for big white dick in her tight Asian pussy, although that was good too. It was because of the dominance they exerted over her. In the headphones, that fucker instructed her to await his cum shot

from his dick as it came out of her mom's ass. She was to do exactly as she was instructed. She would. In submitting there was near infinite power.

In the final climactic burst, that fucker pounded Lana's ass cowgirl, with Lana's big MILF tits hanging in that fucker's face. Heather kneeled right by her mother's ass, "yes, kneel and wait for your mom's ass to daughter's mouth cumshot like a good pig!" he repeated in the headphones like her personal slut-mantra. That fucker's dick pounded Lana's ass ruthlessly. Charlie was on his back and Heather kneeled over his chest.

Everyone was in position. The rain kept pouring. That fucker kept pounding and Heather kept waiting to take that fucker's cock from out her mother's asshole and coax the cumshot into her mouth before leaning down and spitting it on her cuckold boyfriend.

****END****

The Romance on Rollerskates has concluded but the illicit Asian/Western fun that marks Emme's Asian SMUTPUNK has just begun...

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Kissies Kissies,
Emme