

## Dick down the discord mod

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30046557) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30046557>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warnings:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a> , <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">F/M</a> , <a href="#">F/F</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Shingeki no Kyojin</a>   <a href="#">Attack on Titan</a> , <a href="#">進撃の巨人</a>   <a href="#">Shingeki no Kyojin</a>   <a href="#">Attack on Titan (Movies)</a> , <a href="#">進撃！巨人中学校</a>   <a href="#">Shingeki! Kyojin Chuugakkou</a>   <a href="#">Attack on Titan: Junior High</a> , <a href="#">Fortnite (Video Game)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Floch Forster/Reader</a> , <a href="#">Mikasa Ackerman/Floch Forster</a> , <a href="#">Mikasa Ackerman/Reader</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Eren Yeager</a> , <a href="#">Armin Arlert</a> , <a href="#">Floch Forster</a> , <a href="#">Ninja (Fortnite)</a> , <a href="#">Reader</a> , <a href="#">Original Characters</a> , <a href="#">Mikasa Ackerman</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Watersports</a> , <a href="#">Urine</a> , <a href="#">pisskink</a> , <a href="#">Piss</a> , <a href="#">fortnite</a> , <a href="#">Discord - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">e-sex</a> , <a href="#">Zoom Call</a> , <a href="#">discordserver</a> , <a href="#">Piss Enema</a> , <a href="#">Urine Enema</a> , <a href="#">enema</a> , <a href="#">brown pee</a> , <a href="#">yellow pee</a> , <a href="#">mold</a> , <a href="#">Bad Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Daddy Kink</a> , <a href="#">DDLG</a> , <a href="#">Edging</a> , <a href="#">Scat</a> , <a href="#">call me by your name deleted scene</a> , <a href="#">poop sex</a> , <a href="#">Vomit</a> , <a href="#">2 girls 1 cup type of beat</a> , <a href="#">Goth Mikasa Ackerman</a> , <a href="#">Lactation</a> , <a href="#">Vomiting</a> , <a href="#">threesome but not in a hot way</a> , <a href="#">Breastfeeding</a> , <a href="#">flochkasa - Freeform</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-14 Completed: 2022-03-03 Words: 7,265 Chapters: 3/3

# Dick down the discord mod

by [buengiorno](#)

## Summary

Floch has a discord server he takes very seriously. But what happens when kitten posts memes in #general?

## Notes

Requested by my friend who's an attacker titan fan. Sorry if I mess up names I was told this was a show about adult boyscouts and Fortnite???? Please enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

“I swear it’s really popular and there are girls who post pics on there all the time!” Armenian clenched his fists.

“What kind of pics though?” Erin raised a brow as Albert leaned towards him.

“Bobbies” he whispered.

Ereh covered his mouf in shock.

“Like Dan nicky ur bobbie s?” he whispered as quietly as he could.

“No bro... like tits out for harambe.”

“Not harambe...” Erry gasped.

“Yeah bro... bless up.” Arwin poured out his coffee as he crossed himself. Ere followed his lead and did the same.

“You guys are being ridiculous.” You said from behind them. They both jumped and you could swear a piss stain started forming on both of their crotches. “Ew” you thought to yourself.

“It’s not like you’ve ever seen the server.” Armrest cried.

You were almost offended by that comment.

“I’ll have you know I’m a mod.” You said, flipping your hair over your shoulder.

The two of them got excited and started begging you to prove it.

“Fine” you sighed. You pulled out your phone and opened the Discord app.

“Here’s the server.” You said as you tapped on an icon of a chug jug.

The two of them snatched your phone and started going through the channels together. They had always heard rumors about the growing Discord server owned by your college’s greatest Fortnite gamer. Floch was strict about who could have access to the Tomato Town server, and some said that Tomato Town was now just the nickname for his harem. Some even said it was a sex cult.

Switching from chat to chat, they got excited looking at the lewd photos that people had sent. Many of them with Floch’s initials written on their naked bodies with lipsticks. They tapped around a few more times before

“f u c k....” they whispered to each other before you snatched your phone from them again.

“I think you’ve seen enough.” You said.

Knowing that there was no use for them to beg for you to hand it back, they walked off.

“Okay then see you around I guess.” They both mumbled as they walked away from you.

“Fucking weird-” You thought to yourself but before you could even finish that thought, your phone got bombarded with notifications from Discord.

“Stop ignoring me.” One of the messages read.

“Get on VC.” Another notification zoomed in before you saw another banner with angry emojis pop up after another.

“What the hell is going on?” you thought to yourself. You opened the chat and it was Floch. He did not seem too happy and you couldn’t help but to wonder what it was that had set him off.

“Do you think this is a joke?” one of the messages said

“You obviously don’t take your job seriously so I’m demoting you.”

“You’re no longer a moderator.”

“Scratch that! You’re banned from the server.”

You felt your heart sink. What could possibly have led to this. You had no access to the server anymore and couldn't help but to break down at this point.

"I see you're online. Call me." His last message read.

Not understanding what this was about, you tried calling him but instead he hung up.

"Come to my house. I'm not in the mood to talk over the phone." He messaged you.

You scratched your head in annoyance. What was the meaning of this? You had worked so hard on that server it had taken you hours to set up the bots and roles. If anything, he should've promoted you to admin.

You arrived at his door. Nervous about meeting him, you took a deep breath before knocking. The door flew up and you were met with a red-haired man who was at least a ft taller than you.

"You wanted to talk to me?" your voice was shaking.

He grabbed you by the collar and pulled you inside before shutting the door behind you.

"Do you know why you're here, kitten?" he whispered angrily. His voice was unsettling.

"Answer me." He whispered as he leaned closer to you. You could feel his breath hit your lips. You couldn't help but to pout in return.

He pushed a lock of hair behind your ear before he leaned into your ear.

"You've made daddy angry." He whispered and his breath hit your skin once more. You felt the hair in your neck stand up and he could tell. You had goosebumps all over your body.

"You've given daddy no choice but to punish you kitten." He whispered to you again.

You shut your eyes in fear. This man was unpredictable! One time he doxxed someone for disliking one of his reuploaded Fortnite streams against Ninja. He grabbed your wrist and lead you to one of the rooms down the corridors.

It was dark and smelled funky. The walls were covered in mold and the room was almost empty. Inside there were a bunch of stained mattresses stacked on top of each other and a nightstand.

"Go, sit over there, kitten." He commanded you.

Hesitant at first, you looked at him. His expression told you that he wasn't asking you, he was telling you to sit, so you obliged.

"I called you here today because you've disappointed me, kitten." He said as he started taking off his belt.

"You've been a bad kitten and daddy has to punish you now." He folded his belt in half before tucking at it, so it made a loud whipping sound. It echoed through the room.

You felt your throat get itchy from how dry it was. Not sure if you were allowed to speak yet, you nervously looked around the room.

Floch had anger issues, you had witnessed it on stream numerous of times. He was the angriest when his teammates didn't build quick enough and when he got shot by 12-year

olds.

As a grown man, it hurt his pride and he would always get on vc on discord later to scream at the people from his server, usually blaming you guys for his poor performance. You had witnessed several girls break down in private chats after Floch had called them all sorts of nasty names. You couldn't make any excuses for his behavior. But Floch was just Floch and that's just how he was. He had never hurt you before though, in fact he had always been there to make you feel good. Sometimes he would stay up until morning and listen to you talk. On nights like that, he'd whisper sweet nothings to you and you'd be lying if you didn't get on video calls with him and stripped in return for his teasing.

If you went on for long enough, he'd let you watch him stroke himself. You'd always feel a little embarrassed by how shy you were while he sat there on your screen, leaned back in his chair and moaning your name with his dick in his hand. That Floch wasn't the same Floch as the one who was standing before you. Floch from your calls was sweet and he'd have a gentle way with his words. He didn't call you by your pet name, the same pet name he used for all the girls in the server.

You wanted to hear your name leave his lips right now, but you could tell from how aggressive his tone was earlier, there was no way you'd see that side of him right now.

"Well? Are you gonna answer me?" he walked towards you, still with the belt in his hand.

"I-" you felt like you had to cough but your throat was too dry to even force one out. You made a water drinking motion and pointed at your throat. He just looked at you before kicking open the bottom drawer on his nightstand.

Yellow liquid splashed everywhere as he shot it open. It smelled foul and you knew exactly what it was.

"Drink up while it's still cold kitten." He chuckled before pulling down his pants. You shook your head in disgust. He couldn't be serious. He had a piss drawer next to his bed.

You felt the shame rise in you. Was this the man you had fantasized about at night. You started thinking about the times you had touched yourself to the sight of him pleasuring himself. You didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Do as you please. I won't let you go until you swallow every last drop from that drawer. That's your punishment."

You crossed your arms and turned your head away from the drawer.

He cupped your face with his free hand and clenched your jaw, forcing you to open your mouth. He spat right into your mouth. You swallowed as a reflex. You felt his cold slimy saliva run down your throat, it felt good how it was now lubricating the inside of your gullet. Embarrassed by what you had done, your cheeks started burning in his grip.

"You're a dirty little kitten aren't you?" he smirked.

You physically tried to stop yourself from nodding, but your head still moved in a "yes" motion.

You wanted the taste of him back into your mouth. You suddenly missed the feel of his hot breath against your face. He seemed so intimidating earlier, but now you wanted all of him. You tried to pull yourself close to his lips, but he was quick to grab your throat and push you away. You gasped at the sensation that was now running through your body. Trying to hold back your excitement, you bit your bottom lip (not like Lin-Manuel Miranda. It's supposed to be in a sexy way.)

He smirked and leaned in for a kiss, with his hand still on your throat. His wet tongue felt good against yours and you couldn't help but to let out a small moan for each time he pulled away.

"I'm gonna ask you one last time. Do you know why you're here?" he whispered before

licking your lips.

You shook your head.

“No.” you whispered.

“No what?”

“No Daddy.” You tucked your lips. There was something you hated about that word. It never turned you on. In fact it made you cringe.

“Then you don’t know why Daddy has to punish you either now?” he whispered again, kissing your cheek between each word.

You shook your head again in response.

“Daddy is disappointed in you.” He sighed. He let go of your throat. He was standing with his back to you now. You could tell by his whole body that he was disappointed.

“You posted a meme in #general.” His voice was shaking.

You felt your heart sink.

“There must’ve been a mistake! I couldn’t have done that.” Your voice cracked. “When was this?” you asked.

“Just this afternoon. Right before I texted you.” He sniffed.

“Oh no.” you thought to yourself. Those bastards must’ve accidentally sent it while scrolling through the channels.

“Can you explain this mistake, then?” Floch turned back around to face you.

“I accidentally sent it while holding my phone.” You mumbled. If you told him that you let an outsider see the server, you don’t know what he’d do to you.

“You do understand that I need to punish you then, right?” he sighed. You nodded.

Floch took off his pants completely before pulling off his briefs.

The sight was familiar, but you had only seen him through the screen.

He spit into his palm before he started stroking his dick. He was bigger than you had anticipated. He stood with his crotch close to your mouth, you looked up at him, who was looking down on you, pushing your hair behind your ear.

You wrapped your lips around his tip, licking it gently before wrapping your lips around it as you still played with the tip with your tongue. He grabbed the back of your head and shoved his cock deeper into your mouth as he pushed you closer.

You clenched your throat around his dick as it slid further to the back of your mouth. You tried not to gag as you took deep breaths through your nose. He pulled out before taking one last look at you. He grabbed you by the wrists and tied them together behind your back with his belt he had taken off earlier. He laid you on the bed again, with your head hanging off the edge. He unbuttoned your shirt and dragged off your jeans which he then threw aside. He unhooked your bra that he then dragged over your shoulders.

He gently started sucking on your nipple, fondling with the other one. You felt him brush his tooth against it, which caused you to whimper.

He pinched your other nipple before twisting it between his fingers, causing you to moan.

Floch pulled off your panties that were now damp. He smirked before curling it up and stuffing it in your mouth. He covered your mouth before turning you around, laying you on your stomach with your ass up. He spread your legs before rubbing his dick against your clit. You were wet, if you didn’t know any better, you’d say you were dripping onto his dick. He rubbed himself against your coochie again, but you couldn’t take it. You started humping every inch you could get between your thighs. At this point you were desperate. Your head felt light and all you could think of was how you wanted him to fuck you.

You groaned as you felt him slide his dick away from your clit. You felt his finger slide between your thighs.

"Fuck you're a wet little whore aren't you." He chuckled. You were embarrassed by his comment. Was it really that obvious that you wanted him? You closed your legs with your ass still in the air. You felt him spit on you once more, the saliva was now running down your ass and you could feel it make a puddle by your hole, in which he slid a finger into.

You moaned at the pleasure and he was quick to slide yet another finger in. Your muffled cries were drowned when you buried your face into the mattress. He picked up the pace and slid his fingers deeper inside you before sliding a third finger in. You whimpered harder into the mattress, almost choking on your lingerie. He quickly pulled his fingers out, in which you relaxed in relief. He went to the drawer and grabbed a pack of condoms, which he wrapped around his cock before slamming himself into your ass again.

Gasping from the pain, you tensed up again, but that did not stop him from thrusting into you. "Relax, it's gonna hurt less." He whispered to you. It was easy for him to say. He wasn't the one getting his hole torn right now.

Grabbing onto the belt, he thrust faster and harder, it started to feel good. You managed to slide a pillow between your thighs that you were now humping in pace with him. You moaned when the fabric hit your right spot, but it wasn't enough for you to get off.

Floch noticed what you were doing and quickly grabbed the pillow from between your legs. "You're not allowed to have this." He turned you around and pulled the panties out of your mouth.

"I'm still not done punishing you." He smirked.

Pulling the condom off and throwing it aside, he turned you around so that your head was once again hanging from the edge. He started fucking your throat once more.

"I'm gonna piss." He moaned. Before you could register what he had just said, you felt the warm liquid run down your throat. You gulped it down like it was the hydration you had been craving all day. You swallowed every drop he gave you before you felt his thick cum splash into you right after.

He pulled out and looked you with your tear-filled eyes.

"We're almost done, kitten." He smirked. He ran out of the room before returning with a funnel and what seemed like a roll of FlexTape™ (not sponsored).

"I told you I was gonna make you finish every last drop." He turned you back on your stomach and made you hold the funnel as he shoved it into your ass.

You could hear him pull out something from besides the bed, but you couldn't see what it was because of all the hair that was in the way.

He walked back to stand over you and you felt a cold liquid fill you up quickly through the funnel.

When he was done emptying the piss from the drawer into you, he pulled the funnel before quickly ripping off a strip of the tape and slapped it on your ass, sealing your hole. "They weren't lying. It does instantly patch, bond and seal." he whispered. "Too bad it can't repair." he chuckled before kissing your forehead.

"Daddy's gotta go and stream kitten. Tomato Town needs me. I'll be back to let you go when I'm done." He whispered to you, placing a pillow between your thighs before leaving the room.

You felt dirty on all sorts of levels. You didn't know what you were gonna do when he came back, but right now all you could do was finish off where he had interrupted you. Slowly you started rubbing your clit against the pillow once more, ashamed of the state you were in, you

humped the pillow in hopes of eventually reaching a high you almost had reached moments ago.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

The sequel nobody asked for.

Dedicated to all the supporters who have left me so many nice comments. I decided to write a heartfelt chapter to put an end to this nightmare since this fic has literally become my legacy at this point.

“.... red lights stop signs, I still see your face in the white cars” you heard a familiar voice sing as a pair of heavy footsteps approached the room. It sounded like metal clinking against the hardwood floors with every step that was taken.

Laying on your stomach with your arms still tied behind your back. Your body was trembling from the drafty air in the room and the pillow between your thighs that was now soaked in your own urine, due to Floch leaving you in there for god-knows-how-many-hours, had now turned cold. A tall silhouette stopped in the doorway and you could feel him stare at you. Floch was wearing nothing but a pair of cowboy boots and a thong with an American flag print. He had completed the outfit with a Stetson hat and a toothpick peeking out from between his teeth. If mama Ru had seen him, he would NOT be lip synching for his life tonight that’s for sure!

He galloped to the bed on his invisible horse and neighed before stopping right next to you. “Easy now boy.” he shushed to his horse before plopping his bare ass right next to your face. The smell of his sweat that had been collecting between his cheeks over the past few hours hit you like a heatwave on a hot July afternoon, and you felt that you were closer than ever to throwing up.

Floch noticed that you weren’t feeling too well, and you could see a worried expression grow on his face.

He took off his cowboy hat and brushed your hair aside so that he could take a good look at your face.

“What’s wrong kitten?” he asked as he stroked your cheek. Your whole body was ice cold and his warm hand felt nice against your freezing skin.

“I feel gross.” You pouted.

He quickly reached for the belt around your wrists and unbuckled it. You curled up into a ball, still shaking uncontrollably from the cold.

“We need to get you warmed up, kitten.” Floch said as he put his hat back on and scooped you up before galloping out into the hallway on his invisible horse. Neighing with every other step he took, he made way to the bathroom.

He let you sit on the edge of the tub that was placed in the middle of the room next to a brown toilet that once was white and a sink that had endured the same trauma as that toilet bowl. On the other side of the bathroom there was a shower that somehow looked too clean to belong to this room. Maybe it was because of how often it had been used.

He pushed you into the tub, causing you to fold in with your legs hanging above your head. He placed his hand between your thighs, rubbing your clit with his fingers softly before ripping the FlexTape® off like a band-aid.

You squealed at the sharp pain that shot through your body, causing you to clench, which led a fountain of yellow urine to shot out through your ass as it rained down on your face.

“Feel the rain on your skin-” he whispered. “-no one else can feel it for you. Only you can let it in.”

“What the fuck?” you cried. With tears running down your cheeks you tried to get up but Floch pushed you back in and grabbed the shower head that he then sprayed you with.

“You’re a wet little kitty, aren’t you?” he almost sounded like Ben Shapiro. He turned the water back off and got in the tub with you, letting his legs hang from each side of the tub. His taint was almost in your face and you swore you could see curled up toilet paper sticking to his ass hairs from under his thong.

“You know what kitten? I think you’re being a little too silly right now. You’re a silly little goose.” He reached to bop your nose and let out a fart right as his finger hit your nose.

Closing your eyes, you held your breath, trying to calm down but the smell had already hit you and the aroma of rotten eggs filled your nostrils, causing you to gag. You couldn’t keep whatever was in your stomach down any longer.

You were about to get up but Floch grabbed your wrist, trying to drag you back down.

“Floch please. I need to throw up.” You cried.

“No you don’t.” he said with a smirk forming on his face.

“What?”

“Prove it.”

“Prove what?”

“Let’s say hypothetically that you needed to throw up. Wouldn’t you have to actually vomit instead of announcing that you were feeling sick. So technically you’d already be throwing up which would prove that you had to throw up right here right now.” He did the white people smile where you tuck your lips and looked at you.

You raised a brow and leaned back down. Trying to understand what his thought process was right now, you just stared at him dumbfounded.

“That’s what I thought kitten.” He chuckled. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I need to get these boots off so if you could help me, that would be splendid.”

He moved his foot to your face, and you grabbed his cowboy boot, it came off easily as you pulled. But something fell onto your lap as the boot flew off and not daring to touch it, you just looked at it in shock. It was a stuffed sock that contained something warm and squishy.

The odor from it smelled as foul as Floch’s bedroom.

Floch laughed at your reaction.

“It’s just my poop sock you silly little goose.” He laughed so hard he had to grab his stomach as he leaned his head back.

“Ew!” you squealed as you pinched the end of the sock and flung it, the sock landed right in Floch’s mouth and he bit down as a reflex, causing shit to fly everywhere.

You froze up in shock, not knowing if he’d get mad at you and force that sock down your mouth next or if he would think of something a million times worse.

“Floch... I’m so sorry!” you covered your mouth.

He glared at you, scanning you up and down before busting out into laughter again.

You’re lucky I’m into scat.” He laughed.

“Scat?” you were confused. “Like Skiddi-di-bap-bap-boop-beep-boop?” you frowned.

“No, silly... just never mind, don’t worry about it“ he sighed.

Starting to feel uncomfortable with the vibes in the tub, you decided to tell him that you really wanted to go.

“Please kitten. I need this.” He begged in return. He pushed his lips against yours, trying to lick your lips, but you shut them together. The thought of him still having fecal particles in his mouth made you finally throw up. Yellow vomit shot out everywhere, covering both you and Floch. You looked at him in shock, not knowing if you should run or sit down and cry, your eyes met with Floch’s, who wasn’t saying anything. The silence made you so uncomfortable you started sobbing uncontrollably. You were exhausted from this nightmare and just wanted to go home, take a bath and sleep for the rest of your life at this point. Floch wrapped his arms around you and kissed your forehead.

“I’m so sorry mama. I never meant to hurt you.” He whispered apologetically. “Let’s get you cleaned up, shall we?”

You nodded as he gave you a kiss on the cheek.

Soaking in the bath after a long shower you looked at Floch who was sitting on the opposite side of the tub. With your legs up in his face, he was kissing the arch of your foot, making his way down to your heel before moving back to your big toe, which he then started sucking and leaving small pecks on.

He let go of your foot and crawled on top of you before planting small kisses on your neck. As much as you enjoyed this, you felt your stomach start to get upset.

“Floch...” you whispered softly.

“Hmm?” he moaned into your neck.

“Floch I need to use the bathroom.”

He leaned back and pointed to the toilet.

“It’s all yours.” He said.

“I’d like to have some privacy.” You said nervously.

“Why? We’re having an intimate moment, aren’t we? So why not make it more intimate?” he replied.

You knew there was no point in arguing with him so you got up and marched to the toilet.

He looked at you from the tub, waiting for you to pee, but nothing would come out. You were too uncomfortable.

“Well?” he said.

“Stop pressuring me!” you yelled back, still sitting there with nothing coming out.

“I’ll help you, kitten.” Floch said. He walked to the sink and let the faucet drip before hunching over you. He stroked your hair as if he was trying to encourage you to pee.

“Want me to force it out of you?” he whispered with raised brows before he bit his lower lip.

Confused by his comment, you just shrugged and before you could really do anything else, he placed his palm on your stomach, pressing on it. You quickly grabbed his hand.

“Floch... I really think you should get out. I have to go number two.” You mumbled nervously.

“It’s okay. I want this for us.” He whispered before pressing his lips against yours. He placed his free hand on the back of your head. Kissing him back, you bit softly onto his bottom lip before releasing it.

“Are you ready, kitten?” he whispered to you. You nodded in return and he started pressing his palm against your stomach. You let out a fart, but he didn’t pay it any attention and before you knew it, your diarrhea started running like there was no tomorrow. Through the process

Floch tried to kiss you below the belt, but each time, you had to bring him back up to your face and keep his lips hostage with yours. Getting eaten out in this position was just not something you were ready for yet.

As you finished shitting, you reached to flush the poop down the toilet, but Floch stopped you.

“I wanna see it.” He whispered to you.

Not surprised by this, you sighed and got up.

He took a good look inside the toilet bowl before he gave you a kiss on the lips and sat down on the warm toilet seat. He let out a fart followed by a duce plopping into the toilet bowl. The toilet water splashed and hit his ass. He flinched as it hit his hole.

“Poseidon just gave me a kiss haha.” He chuckled right when he shit out another piece.

Not knowing if this was the end of your friendship with Floch or the start of something magical, you brushed your fingers through Floch’s hair as he continued shitting. Whatever the outcome of this would be, you were just glad to be with him in this moment.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Summary

threesome?

## Chapter Notes

ok so after a lot of thinking, a handful of death threads on tiktok and a legal battle against fl\*xtape's company for "slandering" their name, i decided to write a third chapter. mainly because i keep seeing that this story keeps getting new hits every day and i kinda wanted to celebrate almost hitting 11k on top of also hitting 1k on my connie fanfic that i recommend you guys checking out if you haven't already! anyway, please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Floch put his hand inside the toilet bowl to scoop out the marinated mixture you two had created from your feces together.

“He’s beautiful,” he whispered. “but not as beautiful as you.” Floch held your dookie lovechild against his chest, squeezing it tightly against himself, you could see parts of it squeezing through between his fingers and in a way, it was sort of poetic. You weren’t sure if it was because you were blinded by your love for him, or if the past 24 hours had been an eye opening experience. Either way, you were glad to be sharing this very moment with him.

“Uhm... Floch?” you asked cautiously.

He raised a brow at you, requesting you to refer to him by his gamer tag.

“I apologize, FaZe\_FlochSMP.” you corrected yourself. “I should’ve known my place.”

“Tsk tsk tsk” he clicked his tongue before shushing you.

He then reached his shit covered hand out to you, waving you closer to him to let him pat your head. You bowed your head before him as he ran his doodoo hand through your newly washed hair.

“That’s what I thought, kitten whiskers.” he smirked. “You wouldn’t want daddy to punish you, would you?”

You glanced up at him.

“Don’t give me that look, you know how daddy gets when you do that.” he leaned closer to your face. You couldn’t help but blush at how close he was to you.

Floch grabbed you by the thighs, making you wrap your legs around him before he carried you to the sink in his bathroom. He then pushed his lips against yours. Causing you to part your lips, letting him brush his tongue against yours as you tried to suck on his bottom lip. He pulled you out of the kiss by grabbing your hair back with his shit covered hand as he started

kissing you down your neck, he put his clean hand on your lips. You started licking on his index and middle finger and felt a hangnail scrape against the inside of your mouth as you fought the urge to bite it off. Trying to ignore it, you couldn't take it anymore and finally gave in. So you started nibbling on the hangnail before you finally managed to bite it off. Floch stared at you in disbelief.

"Wow..." he chuckled. "...not gonna lie, that was kinda hot. Just promise you won't do that to my foreskin."

You ignored what he just said and started kissing his fingertips again, he pushed them to the back of your throat, as you rolled your tongue around them, while licking up the saliva you were collecting between the crevices of his fingers. He slid his index and middle finger up your tongue, causing your drool to slide down the length of his fingers as they exited your mouth.

He smirked with his eyes fixed on yours, before he placed his hand on your thigh. Caressing your skin with the same fingers, his hand made its way to your knee only to push your legs apart.

Floch leaned his face closer to yours as he slowly started rubbing his fingers between your thighs. You let out a soft gasp, only to have it be muffled by his lips. Leaning deeper into the kiss, you placed your arms around his neck, with your fingers running through his hair. You could feel his hand move a little faster than before. You felt his fingers rub against your walls, causing you to whimper from his movements.

He pulled away from the kiss to then continue kissing you down your neck.

Your face was burning, and your body had goosebumps all over it and with Floch's fingers moving inside you, your mind was going blank.

"Fuck you're wet." he whispered, with his hand still moving.

You cupped his face and brought him back up to kiss him again. With his lips on yours, you slid your hand down his abs and made your way down to his pelvis. You wrapped your fingers around his cock as you began stroking him. He was already hard and all you could think of was how you were gonna hint at him that you wanted him to fuck you. Those thoughts were quickly interrupted by Floch, whose fingers had moved deeper and found the spot that was now making you thrust yourself on his hand.

You grabbed his wrist, trying to push him away, but the more you resisted, the faster his hand moved.

"It's not fair." you gasped. Trying to muffle your moans, you buried your face in his collar, but they were only getting louder as he kept going.

"Please, I'm about to-" you couldn't finish the sentence as you felt a wave of electricity flow through your body. Your ears were ringing as you released yourself into his hand.

"Damn I didn't know this bitch could spit." Floch licked his fingers before he started stroking his dick. He wrapped his other hand around your waist and pulled you closer as he forced himself into you.

You squirmed, with your hands gripping onto his shoulders, you tried to push him away, but he got that gorilla grip around you and pulled you closer as he thrust his hips slowly.

You felt weak, but his body hitting yours was a pleasure you couldn't resist. The sound of flesh hitting flesh echoing through the bathroom walls sounded like a violent melody that reminded you of Dream's Mask.

Floch's pace was slowing down and you could feel that he was close to finishing, but you didn't want it to end, not yet.

"More.." you whispered "...I want more of you...please" you wrapped your legs around his waist and tightened your grip around him.

He grabbed both of your wrists and held them above your head, against the mirror behind you. He pressed his lips against yours before you could let out another moan. You wrapped your legs around his waist before he could pull out and you felt his warm load fill you up. He panted with his sweaty forehead resting on your shoulder. You were a bit hesitant about asking for a jar to preserve your creampie in, so instead you asked him to leave the bathroom so that you could wash up. He nodded and said he would cook you something to eat. Sitting on the sink, you scooped out the cum that was gushing out of you, only to smear it all over your body like it was sunscreen and you were on a beach in Florida. You washed yourself up in the shower, trying to scrub off the dried doo-doo he had smeared all over you.

Wearing Floch's shirt and his boxer shorts, you were met with him in the kitchen where he was cooking up breakfast for the two of you. He was wearing nothing but an apron around his waist. You took a seat by the table as he started serving you charred bacon and raw eggs with coffee on the side.

He plopped his bare ass on the seat opposite of you and the air collecting between his ass cheeks and balls caused him to queef.

"There's something I need to tell you, kitten." Floch started.

You looked up at him with concern written all over your face. This couldn't be good.

"I haven't been honest with you... or should I say... I haven't been open with you." he started fidgeting with his apron as he tried to not make eye contact with you.

"Go on..." you took a sip of your coffee, which for some reason had egg shells in it.

"I don't want you to think I'm lying to you, but there is another woman in my life."

You choked hearing that last part. You thought you were special to him. At least after what you had let him do to you for the past day or two.

"I've got to go." you tried to get up, but Floch pushed the table towards you, trapping you between it and your chair.

"It's not what you think, I was going to tell you but I was just so caught in the moment." he walked around the table and embraced you from behind.

"What you and I have is so much more special than what I've had with anyone." he whispered.

You pouted at his words. You hated that he always knew the right things to say.

"I- I just feel so used." your voice was shaking.

Floch's embrace tightened around you.

"I'm sorry I've made you feel that way." he inhaled sharply into your newly washed hair, with his lips pressed against your head. "I would've kept it hidden from you if my intentions were bad, I swear."

You turned around to face him, his eyes were getting teary and all you could do now was embrace him back.

It was at this moment that you realized that you loved this man too much. He meant more to you than you knew and nothing could really come between the two of you, especially not a third person.

He grabbed your hand and led you to the living room where you sat down on the couch. He wrapped his arms around you as you rested your head on his chest.

“Are you ready to talk about it?” he asked you nervously.

You nodded your head.

“So I’ve got this... person, who comes by from time to time. There’s nothing serious going on, she just helps me with certain needs I can’t fulfill myself.” he mumbled.

“What about me? Aren’t I good enough to satisfy you?” you felt upset, you couldn’t believe how greedy he was.

“It’s not like that. There are just certain things your body can’t do that other people’s can. I’ll show you if you’re open to meeting her.”

You sighed, it wasn’t like you had any choice at this point. There was no way you were gonna lose Floch to some competition you didn’t even know about.

“Yeah... I’ll meet with her.” you hesitated.

Before either of you could say anything else, the doorbell rang.

“I’ll be right back.” Floch rubbed his palms together before disappearing out into the hallway.

He walked back in to the living room with a tall big titty goth bitch walking behind him.

“Kitten, I’d like you to meet Mikitaka. She’s the girl I was telling you about.” Floch skipped over to you and grabbed your hands.

“Hi... sorry for bad English.” she said.

You introduced yourself and complimented her good English.

“So, do we do this right away or do you wanna walk her through it?” she asked Floch as she was starting to undress.

“Erm... do you mind grabbing a few pillows?” Floch asked you.

You looked at them both before you finally asked him what the hell was going on, in which he replied with “I wanna take what we have even further.”

“Further?” you stuttered. “Wasn’t pouring piss into my hole far enough?”

He rushed to cup your face before embracing you.

“I wanna do it all with you.” he whispered. “Fill you up with all I’ve got.”

You felt like crying, seeing him include another woman in what you two had going felt like he was cheating on you. Especially since she came out of nowhere. But the part that frustrated you the most was that he expected you to just accept this.

“Please... just grab the pillows from the bedroom, it’s very important to me that you see this part of me. I don’t wanna keep any more secrets from you!”

“Aight damn, chill I’ll get you pillows bro.” you snapped. “What is your obsession with these pillows?” you mumbled to yourself as you got up and made your way to the bedroom. You grabbed the pillows that you had been humping the night before. They were still drenched in your bodily fluids and as bad as you felt for thinking this; you were glad they hadn’t dried because they were gonna use those pillows now.

“Here.” you said as you threw them at Floch who was sitting on the couch. He stacked them up on Michael’s lap, then waved you over to sit next to her.

You rolled your eyes, but did as he said.

“Aw, come on now. Don’t be upset, I’d do this with you instead but I need you to see how we do it first. I really don’t want you to commit to something you aren’t comfortable with.” he reassured you.

You sighed and told them to go ahead and show you what they were so secretive about.

Floch laid his head on the pillows, then grabbed Milkasa’s shirt and popped her titty out

before sucking on it.

You could see milk spilling from the side of his mouth and the voice in your head urged you to wipe it away and lick it.

“Go ahead, it wouldn’t hurt to taste.” Mikussy giggled at you.

As goth and big titted she was, you realized that she was actually kinda cute. A little hesitant at first, you finally got up and sat on top of Floch to grab her other tit.

“Dan Miky your bobbie s” you whispered before you put her nipple in your mouth. You looked up at her, who was waiting in anticipation for you to start sucking, and boy did you suck. The sweet warm liquid that gushed through the teet of this goddess gave you the warmth and feeling of protection that only a mother could give her newborn baby. You felt like that one food critic from Ratatouille after he tasted that rat’s food. The only difference was that you weren’t French (thank god).

Floch watched as you shriveled up Marco’s tit like a raisin.

“Damn she fuckin that shit up.” he chuckled.

You stopped drinking and smiled at him, before feeling something come up.

Floch grabbed your face and pressed his lips against yours, allowing you to spit up milk into his mouth. You gagged up a big blob of milk that you felt enter his mouth. With no hesitation he swallowed it and waited in anticipation for your next load. Just when you thought you were done, you gulped up yet another slurp that Floch welcomed into his mouth.

You pulled away and hid your face in embarrassment when you suddenly felt his arms embrace you.

“Are you okay?” his voice was so soft, so gentle, like a light breeze hitting your buttohole after you’ve used the Head&Shoulders menthol shampoo.

You nodded as you wiped his mouth with your palm before kissing him.

His hands traveled under your shirt and you could feel his hands make their way up to your chest.

“Do you understand now?” he whispered.

All you could do was nod and reach for another round of Mikasa’s nectar.

## Chapter End Notes

feedback is much appreciated, so please let me know if there's anything y'all are missing in this story

## End Notes

Shameless plugs:

Twitter: @tengenvzvi

Tiktok: @fartsharter

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!