

Nate was feeling pretty good about himself as he sat back in his lounge after his climax. It had been a long time since he'd felt this relaxed, and he couldn't help but smile. The sun felt good on his skin, and he knew that he'd made a good decision. He had jeopardized his date with her, but he had given Grace comfort after having showered her with pretty little words. Nate always had a knack for that, but it was fun to see the effect he had on Nolan's girlfriend. Even after she had second thoughts, she let Nate jerk off to her, and she hadn't even screamed at him for unloading directly on her chest. She just took it like a champ.

She was perfect, he had to admit. Maybe too perfect. Nate had never seen a woman who represented perfection in every sense of the word. Her confidence, her voice, her skin, her entire body. Heavy ass cheeks, slim waist, perky tits, overall in great shape. Her teasing nature, of course.

Nate was also pretty sure that her showing off naked for him was not something that she and Nolan had agreed upon. Why else wouldn't she make any mention of it? And keep doing it?

It was just a matter of time before she gave in to his charm. He'd been with enough women to know when one was interested. And Grace was definitely interested. Her poor boyfriend had removed the barriers of guilt, thus now she could freely enjoy the thoughts of Nate plowing her. And it obviously turned her on.

Grace's attitude towards Nate had shifted, that was at least for certain.

"See ya next week?" Nate called from the balcony, giving her some needed distance as Grace slipped out of his bathroom. Fuck, her neon blonde hair all wet like that, a shower warranted because of his doings...

"I-I'll have to talk to Nolan first," she replied. "I don't think we agreed on--"

"I get it," Nate said, waving his hand dismissively. "Let me know. If he doesn't approve, then I guess it as fun while it lasted."

Grace shifted a bit, her face dropped a bit. Nate had to fight his smirk back, getting a visible confirmation that she didn't want their fun adventures to end just yet.

"I'll let you know. Bye," she said quickly, giving him a wave and hurrying out of his apartment.

Nate leaned back, closing his eyes and grinning to himself. He was drawing Grace closer to himself; now, he just needed more tension between her and Nolan. He knew she hated Nolan getting drunk, but he was already working on that. Nolan's driving had already caused some tension, earning Nate points as he was the man of the hour, giving Grace a lift to her dancing class. Sure, he had pushed his luck too far, but his story about his mother had resonated with her.

He was making progress, but there was still a long way to go. Grace needed more encouragement to let go completely, and he had a feeling their date would be the thing to push her over the edge. He just needed to make sure Nolan didn't get in the way. And there was at least one aspect of Nolan that he was sure he would be able to get rid off.

A few days later, Nate was driving to an appointment with a shrink. He had somehow managed to get it covered by the company. He had come into Josh Calhoun's office, all meek and humble, and told him how he was appreciative of the chance he was given, but that he was worried about his mental well-being, and hoped to take the next step of coming back to society as a productive member. The man had swallowed every word like it was a candy, and Nate got a free pass to talk to a shrink for a few weeks.

He had also caught a glimpse of Mrs. Calhoun, Kimberly. Fine piece of latina ass. If he wasn't busy with Grace, maybe he could put some effort into getting her as well.

The shrink had been quite easy to talk to. A middle-aged woman who seemed to be good at her job. Her name was Anna, and she was a short brunette with an attractive face. She had an easy-going attitude and seemed very non-judgmental, which was always a plus. She had also been quite receptive to his story, and had offered him some insight into dealing with his depression.

It was all bullshit, of course, but it was good bullshit. He wasn't going to do any of the shit she suggested. This was just a means to an end. After his stint in the joint a few years prior, he had talked to the prison psychiatrist, so he had some practice of what to do and say to get what he wanted from them. But he did enjoy listening to her voice and the way she spoke. It was soothing and calming, and it made him feel better.

"So, Nate. I'm glad to see you're taking the initiative for your own health," Anna said as their first session commenced. "Based on what you told me, I'm going to prescribe you Zoloft. We're starting at a low dosage of fifty milligrams a day and see if that helps you. And if you experience any side effects, I want you to know that it is normal, but that you should contact me or the office straight away. Okay?"

"Sure thing," Nate said in his most cheerful way. Any shrink medicine would do, but Zoloft was perhaps perfect. At least based on fifteen minutes of googling. It could help with depression and anxiety, but most importantly, it could reduce sex drive, fuck up your sleep, et cetera.

"Alright. We'll start with that. And please, don't hesitate to reach out to me if you need to talk. That's what I'm here for," Anna said. "We'll meet again in two weeks, okay?"

"Sure thing," Nate said. "Thank you for all your help."

"You're welcome, Nate," Anna said, giving him a warm smile.

Two minutes later, Nate was back in his car, on his way home. He felt pretty good about himself. He had made progress with Grace, and now he was going to fuck up Nolan.

Life was good.

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Grace couldn't help but feel a bit frustrated. She was horny all the time now, and it seemed like it revolved around Nate no matter how she twisted and turned. She was honestly sort of livid that Nolan put her through this, as much as how hot it makes her. She wanted to explore and push things further, and she wasn't entirely sure if it was to drive the excitement for Nolan or if it was for her own selfish reasons.

Grace loved Nolan. She truly did. But she also felt this powerful allure towards Nate, a force that drew her closer to him. Why was it like this with him, and not with other men? She had plenty of admirers, and she didn't give one flying fuck about any of those, so why did Nate provoke such strong feelings in her?

Grace shook her head. She didn't know.

"God damn it, Nolan, you and your stupid fantasies," Grace muttered as she did the undercut on a branch.

She was at work, and she was feeling a bit overwhelmed. She needed to get her head straight. She knew that she had crossed a line with Nate. She had let him touch her, and she had touched him. She was guilty, and she knew that it was wrong. But she couldn't escape the feeling of holding his powerful meat in her hand, feeling its strength and warmth, feeling it pump as she gave Nate a stroke or two. It had been so intense, so powerful, so erotic.

"Fuck," Grace whispered, closing her eyes for a second. She had to get a grip. She couldn't think about that right now. She needed to focus on her work.

Grace finished her shift at the park, trying to forget about everything. She didn't even say anything to Nolan yet. She had to, but she was honestly scared of his reaction. That she had hurt him, disappointed him. Or that he would be angry with her. She didn't know what she'd do if he got angry with her. Paranoia was a bitch you can't easily shake off.

But it was that time again, where she was to visit Nate, so it was now or never. She had to tell Nolan of her sins and worries. She was honestly afraid of what would happen should she go over to Nate's place without clearing the air. The tension would be too high.

When she finally got home, she felt drained and tired. She had been thinking about what she was going to do all day, and now that she was finally home, she just wanted to relax and unwind. She needed some time to herself.

"Hey, princess," Nate said, finding her while she was picking up the mail. "How was work?"

"It was fine," Grace replied, looking over at him. Nate was leaning against the wall, his arms crossed over his chest. He looked relaxed and calm.

"So, any word from Nolan?" Nate asked, raising an eyebrow. "I hope you talked to him. I really enjoyed our time together, and I don't want it to end."

"No, not yet," Grace said, feeling her face flush a bit. "I'm still... trying to figure things out."

Nate grinned at her. "Well, let me know when you've made up your mind. I'm dying to see you again."

"Okay," Grace said.

With that, Nate turned and headed back to his apartment. Grace sighed and followed suit. She needed a long shower.

Later that night, after she had eaten dinner with Nolan, she sat down on the couch and watched TV. Nolan was at his desk, working on something. Grace could see him glancing over at her every now and then. She knew he wanted to talk, to know what was up. The last few days he had been dying for information, but all he got was Grace in his lap, taking her frustration out on his cock.

"So, uh... how was work today?" Nolan asked, turning to look at her.

"It was fine," Grace replied.

"Are you okay?"

"Nolan," Grace said, determined. She wasn't some shy schoolgirl. She was confident, hot, and driven. She could handle this. "We need to talk."

"Okay," Nolan said, frowning. "Is everything all right?"

"Yes," Grace replied, feeling her stomach churn. She didn't know why she was so nervous. It was just talking. But this wasn't just talking. This was telling Nolan that she had broken their deal. And not only that. She had shown herself naked to Nate, touched him, and he touched her too, though that was a consoling gesture more than anything. But the most important factor was: she had broken them, and that was much scarier than if Nate had been the one to initiate it.

"So, uh... I wanted to talk to you about Nate," Grace said.

Nolan's eyes lit up, and he nodded eagerly. "Yeah, what happened? How did it go? I've been waiting all week to hear about it!"

Grace sighed and ran her fingers through her hair. She couldn't believe she was doing this. She was about to confess her sins, and she didn't know what Nolan would think. She couldn't keep it from him. It wouldn't be right.

"Nolan," Grace said, looking at him. "I... I touched him."

Nolan stared at her, his eyes wide. "You what?" he asked.

"I touched him," Grace said. "We were... I don't know, flirting, I guess, while hanging out on his balcony. We got close. Too close. And I-I touched his... well, you know."

Nolan stared at her for a moment, and then a smile spread across his face. He let out a low laugh.

"Really?" he said. "You touched his cock?"

"Y-yes," Grace replied, feeling embarrassed. "That's not all, though."

"Oh?" Nolan said, leaning forward. "What else happened?"

Grace took a deep breath and steeled herself. "He has seen me naked. He didn't touch me... then..." Nolan stood, with a wild look on him. "Easy now. You know when I went and bought that bikini for him? Well, I had him on a video call... I turned the camera away when I changed, but then, I have no idea why, I decided not to hide from the camera... so he saw me naked."

Nolan looked at her with wide eyes.

"But he only saw me from the back! And he didn't even say anything. It's so wild. We both know he saw, but neither of us made any mention of it..."

"Wow," Nolan said. "This is... wow." He sat back down and rubbed his face. "I can't believe it. You've really been pushing the boundaries. You're amazing."

Grace blushed a bit and smiled. "Thanks," she said. "But I'm sorry, Nolan. I know we had an agreement, and I broke it. I... I let my feelings get the best of me."

Nolan shook his head. "Don't be sorry, Grace. This is so hot. I can't believe you did all that. You're so fucking sexy."

Grace's blush deepened. "Thanks," she said. "I just... I want to make you happy."

"You do, Grace," Nolan said. "You make me so happy. And you're so fucking hot. I think I'm going to fuck the hell out of you."

Grace's heart skipped a beat. She couldn't believe that he wasn't angry with her. She couldn't believe that he still wanted her. And she couldn't believe that he was okay with her touching Nate and showing him her naked.

"But Nolan," Grace said, frowning. "I broke the deal." As she saw his face, Grace bit her lip, and a smile spread across her face. She couldn't believe it. He wasn't angry with her.

"I'm not gonna lie, it's kind of messing with me, but seeing how turned on it makes you, it's just so fucking hot, Grace," Nolan said, sitting down to rub her thigh over her sweatpants.

"He touched me, though," Grace said. That gave Nolan pause. "But... I hate coming to his defense, but basically, I got upset that I touched him. So he, erh, consoled me."

"Oh," Nolan said. His face looked odd. Hard to read. "I guess... I mean, it wasn't in a sexual way, it was to be nice, I guess, so I'm not sure that... counts?"

He said the 'right' words, but Grace could see that it bothered him for some reason. "But we quickly got over it," she said hurriedly. "We took a small break, then he... continued to jerk off, and, well, came all over my tits."

That changed Nolan's mood like a light switch. "That's so fucked. You continued? And let him cum all over you? Jesus, I bet that would've been hot... Is that why you cleaned up before you got here? I thought the excuse of too much sun lotion was a bit out there."

"Yeah... I felt guilty and was scared of how you'd react," Grace said, turning meek. She was never meek, but this was Nolan, and she had just confessed her sins. She could afford some meekness.

"Well, I'm glad you told me," Nolan said, rubbing her thigh. "I can't believe you did all that. You're so sexy and naughty. I can't wait to fuck you."

"You're not mad at me?" Grace asked, looking at him. Nolan looked toward the bedroom, no doubt wondering if it was worth the effort of bringing this in there instead, but apparently, urgency won over.

Afterwards, the two lay strewn across the living room like two heaps of steaming mess, panting after a passionate, full-room session.

"No, Grace, I'm not mad at you," Nolan said.

Grace smiled and snuggled up close to him, both of them still on the floor. She felt relieved, and she couldn't believe how understanding Nolan was being. She couldn't believe how much she had enjoyed touching Nate. She couldn't believe how good it felt. To think they had to continue these sessions of ultimate teasing for at least another two weeks...

"About the date," Grace started.

"I don't think we need to postpone it over this," Nolan shot in.

"That's good... I think. But I think Nate has some expectations of what's going to happen then," Grace said, carefully trying to mask her own hopefulness. "I think he expects to get more... intimate."

Nolan tensed up next to her.

"I'm not saying that we should jump in bed or anything, but now that we have two weeks to think about it, we can at least make a less impulsive decision, right?" Grace asked.

"What do *you* want to happen?" Nolan asked, catching her unaware.

"Oh... I haven't really," Grace started, but cut herself off. She knew she was about to lie. "I have, actually."

"What is it?" Nolan asked, propping himself up on his elbow to look at her.

Grace bit her lip and looked down. "Well... I wouldn't mind... I don't know, maybe a blow job?"

"A blow job? You want to blow Nate?" Nolan asked, his face incredulous.

"Maybe," Grace replied. She felt her face flush and heat rising in her body. "I mean, it's doesn't have to happen, but you know how turned on I get from that. I'd get back here and drain you for hours."

"I was worried you'd ask to sleep with him," Nolan chuckled. Grace's heart leapt. Nolan was taking her confession too lightly. But the question remained: Would she sleep with Nate? "If you're comfortable with just a blow job, then I won't push beyond that."

"Just a blow job? What, you'd let me fuck him?" Grace asked, her heart racing. She had to bite her tongue not to add 'finally'.

"Well, yeah, I mean, you seem to be pretty into him," Nolan said. "And I'm sure it'd be hot as hell watching him fuck you."

"I don't know..." Grace said, trailing off.

"Well, let's see how the date goes first," Nolan said, running a hand through her hair. "We'll play it by ear."

"No promises," Grace said. "I'm curious, not gonna lie, but I don't know if I can go that far."

"Well, we'll see," Nolan said.

"And until then... me touching him?" Grace asked.

"I'll admit that it annoys me, like I said, and that I'm perhaps a bit frustrated and jealous of how Nate is able to get under your skin... but that is part of it. It fuels the fire, right?" Nolan said.

Grace didn't respond. She just stared at the ceiling, her mind swirling with thoughts.

"I actually have an idea surrounding all this, and I think you might like it," Nolan said. Grace raised herself up to look at her man, elbows resting on his chest, eyebrows raised. Sensing that the danger was perhaps just a mirage, she felt more comfortable. This whole kink was so confusing, but perhaps it brought them closer by being able to talk about these things, to experience it all together. "How about if you give Nate a helping hand the next time you're over there?"

"What?"

"Hear me out. You're touching him, and not the other way around, so you're technically not breaking any rules. And here's the kicker, which creates the ultimate tease: you'll only help him up to a certain point, but not over the finish line. So he'll get frustrated and needy. Imagine his frustration," Nolan said, sounding more eager about the idea as he spoke.

"It does sound fun," Grace mused. She never expected Nolan would come up with such an idea, though, and perhaps that spoke volumes of just how into this he was. Grace knew that she had to tread lightly and make sure he didn't feel left out. Perhaps she had crossed some lines, but she couldn't be blamed for giving in to temptation. After all, she had tried to resist, but it was hard. And maybe she had enjoyed pushing it a bit, knowing that it got her man hot and bothered certainly helped.

"I think it would be the ultimate tease, and Nate would be completely at your mercy. You'd be in control, and you'd know how much it drives you crazy. Think of the power trip you'd get from it," Nolan said.

"I like it," Grace said. "I'll do it."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Grace said. "And I'll be sure to tell you every detail afterwards. I promise."

"I can't wait," Nolan said, grinning. Grace smiled back at him and snuggled up close to him again, resting her head on his chest.

They lay there for a few moments, content and happy.

"Can I tell you something?" Grace asked, biting her bottom lip excitedly.

"What?" Nolan asked.

"One of the reasons, one of them I reiterate, that I didn't tell you... was because I worried you'd call it quits on our little thrilling adventure," Grace admitted, blushing hard, but kept both eye contact and her grin in place. Nolan's dirty smile told her that she needn't have worried.

"Why you little naughty—" Nolan began, rolling on top of her and silencing her with a deep kiss, letting Grace feel one of the perks of sex with Nolan; his ability to go again and again with her.

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While Nolan was torn on the fact that Grace had given Nate her hand, even for a brief stroke or two, it couldn't be denied that this was exactly what was meant to happen. To be a part of this sexual exploration of Grace, where she learned just how far she was willing to go, and to push boundaries and explore her own desires.

And the fact that she had been so turned on by touching him... It had made him realize just how much she was enjoying herself with Nate. She was pushing her boundaries, and it was turning her on in ways she hadn't expected. In ways Nolan hadn't expected. A warning by Hammer given to him months ago, and the images of Dora getting railed, crept into Nolan's mind, but he chose to shove those thoughts down. He trusted Grace, and he knew that she was just exploring her sexual side with Nate. And that was perfectly okay.

Oddly enough, what had been more discouraging was how Nate had consoled Grace. For some reason, that sort of softness and caring was not something Nolan could picture Nate being able to do. It just felt weird to see him being so gentle with Grace. But maybe he was just surprised at how easily Grace opened up to him. Maybe Nate really did have a softer side, after all. Was that something Nolan should worry about?

Nah, Nate was just being a friend, like he had been for months now. And this little arrangement they had was just adding some spice to their lives. What Hammer said was hearsay, and while the way he had handled Dora was an undeniable fact, it didn't mean Nate would do that to Grace. No, Grace was too smart, too strong. She could take care of herself, and she'd put him in his place if he tried anything. And honestly, if Nate did anything that would upset Grace, it wouldn't matter that he was Nolan's friend. Nolan would beat the shit out of him.

But that wasn't an issue. The issue, which really wasn't an issue at all, was that Grace was able to let go and enjoy herself. She was comfortable around Nate, and she was letting herself explore her sexual desires. She had been a minx lately and also been able to come out of her shell. Their talk about what Grace liked about sex a while back? That was a testament that she was getting comfortable exploring her needs and desires. And in her corner, she had Nolan.

"Here you go," Nate said, handing him his coffee. See? Nate was a nice guy. Buying beers, fetching coffee, having a somewhat humble attitude at work, helping with stuff that was above Nolan's head, and whatnot. "I'm going to grab a quick smoke."

"Thanks," Nolan said, taking a sip of his coffee as he watched Nate walk away. Nolan shook his head. He was being stupid. There was no reason to worry.

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Grace looked at the bikini she had bought for Nate, black with green trims, the strings riding high on her thighs, the back part even clinging into the cleft of her ass nicely, a mischievous grin spread across her face. She knew that he loved it, and that he'd love it even more when she was going to surprise him by giving him a nice handjob. Well, partial handjob. But she was sure that he'd love every moment of it. She couldn't help but get excited at the prospect of pushing Nate. She wondered what his limits were. Would he respond as Nolan did if she were asserting herself?

Nate was sitting on his balcony when Grace emerged from the bathroom, all ready to go. She had even done her hair and put on some makeup. She wanted to look good for him, and she wanted him to know that she was putting effort into this. It would just make the whole thing so much hotter.

"Hey," Grace said as she stepped onto the balcony, leaning against the railing. Nate looked up at her and grinned.

"Well, well," he said, giving her a once-over. "You look nice today."

"Thanks," Grace said, smiling at him. She felt her heart racing in her chest, and she couldn't deny that she was nervous. She couldn't believe she was about to do this. She couldn't believe how much she wanted it.

Her reaction to him also struck her as odd. It made her think back to Nolan and her, albeit playfully, referring to him as a dog due to his worship of her. Was she a dog trained to respond to certain triggers? Did Nate provoke immediate sexual tension in her like some kind of animal? Was it that easy to alter her perspective of him by having such erotic experiences around him?

"So," Nate said, taking a drag off his cigarette and blowing the smoke out of his nose. Grace eyed the tobacco-ridden smoke with disgust. "Nolan came around, then?"

"Could you please not smoke when I'm here?" Grace asked, suddenly feeling quite heated. Smoking was such a turn-off. Why the fuck would Nate ruin the mood like that? "I know it was cool back in the good ol' days, but there are very few things I find less attractive."

Nate looked stunned for a moment. He was clearly not used to people telling him what to do, least of all from a woman. But then he nodded and crushed his cigarette in the ashtray. "Sorry," he said. "I didn't know. That's part of why you're here. To teach me these things."

"It's okay," Grace said, feeling a little bad for snapping at him. She sat down on her sun lounger, facing him. "And yeah, Nolan and I had a talk. He was surprisingly chill about it."

"Good," Nate said, giving her a small smile. Grace knew that he wanted more information, but he didn't press her. It was almost as if he could sense that she needed some time to build up the courage to do what she had come here for.

"So, how's your week been?" Grace asked, trying to ease into it. She didn't want to rush things, but she also didn't want to drag it out too much. She'd expected to be hornier, but the smell of cigarettes, as a lover of the outdoors, just really put her off.

"It's been fine," Nate said. "Work is work, and I'm trying to keep my head down, so to speak. Don't wanna mess things up."

"That's good," Grace said, smiling at him, before leaning back on the lounge to do what she came for. "You've seemed like a changed man lately."

Nate chuckled. "I have my moments. But I'm trying, you know? I'm really trying to make this work. Your Nolan really stuck his neck out for me, and Mr. Calhoun seems like a decent fella, so I'm gonna try to stick around and be useful for a change."

"I understand," Grace said, nodding. "That's a lot of pressure."

"It is," Nate said. "But I'm handling it. I have some good friends to help me along the way. And great neighbors with even greater asses," he quipped. Grace rolled her eyes, but shot him a smile regardless. She knew she was supposed to correct his rough edges, to help him ease into a more cordial man or whatever, but she was getting used to his ways. In fact, sometimes him being forward was kinda nice. He wasn't beating around the bush. He was honest and to the point. She had always appreciated that in other matters, so why not this as well?

"How has your week been?" Nate asked.

Grace sighed and shook her head. "It's been... confusing," she said, not wanting to elaborate too much. "But it's okay. I'm figuring things out. I usually work it off with my plants and the parks, ballet, and whatever I'm doing, but sometimes, a girl just needs to unwind, you know?"

"I understand," Nate said, giving her a knowing look. He settled back on his chair, his legs spread wide, making the fabric of his shorts bulge out obscenely. Grace tried not to stare, but it was hard not to. She couldn't deny that she found his cock very... intriguing.

They sat in silence for a moment, both of them lost in their own thoughts. Grace's heart was racing in her chest, and she felt her palms start to sweat. She wanted to do it, she really did, but she was nervous. She didn't know why. Maybe because it was so unexpected. Maybe because it felt wrong. Maybe because she was scared that Nolan would have second thoughts. But she knew she couldn't tell Nate any of that. She had to play it cool, to keep him interested.

After a few minutes of silence, Nate finally spoke. "Do you ever think about it?" he asked, his tone an octave lower than it usually was.

"Think about what?" Grace asked, looking up at him.

"About what you saw last time you were here," Nate said. "I know you enjoyed the little show I gave you."

Grace felt her face flush and heat rise in her body. She could feel herself getting turned on, and she knew that Nate knew it, too.

"I have thought about it," Grace admitted, biting her bottom lip.

"I know it was," Nate said, smirking at her. "You were so turned on, weren't you? I bet you liked the little feel you managed to steal. How it felt to hold a real man's cock in your hand."

Grace felt her breath hitch in her throat as Nate spoke. She felt like she was on fire, and she knew that Nate could see it.

"I have," Grace said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I have thought about it."

"I can tell," Nate said, his eyes raking over her body, taking in her flushed face and her erect nipples. "And I bet you'd love to feel it again, wouldn't you? I bet you'd love to feel my cock in your hand. To feel it getting hard for you. To feel it pulsing with desire. To feel me cum all over your chest like last time. You want that, don't you, princess?"

"Fuck," Grace breathed. Her pussy was throbbing with need, and she could feel herself getting wetter by the second. She knew she was playing with fire, but she couldn't help herself. She wanted it so badly.

"Why are you here today, Grace?" Nate asked, his voice low and husky. "Is it because you want to feel my cock again? Is it because you want to make me cum?" He paused and stood from his chair. He walked over to her, stopping right in front of her. Grace looked up at him, her eyes wide. He was so close to her, his crotch right at eye level with only a foot between them. She could see the outline of his cock through his shorts, and it made her mouth water.

Without another word, he slowly unzipped his shorts and let them fall to the ground. He stepped out of them, his cock tenting his boxers. Grace could see the outline of his shaft and the shape of his head. She couldn't believe how big he was, and she could feel herself getting even more turned on.

"This is still allowed, right?" Nate said, reaching for the waistband of his boxers. Grace nodded, her heart pounding in her chest.

With that, Nate tugged his boxers down, his cock springing free. Grace gasped at the sight of it. It was huge and thick, and it made her mouth water. Nate reached down and took his

cock in his hand, stroking it slowly. Grace watched as he worked his shaft, feeling her pussy throb with need. Nate's cock was the biggest she had seen, and she couldn't believe how good it looked.

She couldn't help but stare, and she watched in fascination as Nate stroked his shaft. She watched his movements and tried to gauge how big he was. He had to be at least a solid nine inches, and he had the girth to match. She had never seen a cock so big, and she knew it would be a struggle to fit it inside her. Nolan had a pretty good size, at least that's what she thought, but Nate's cock was an entirely different animal.

As her thoughts trailed back to Nolan, his idea suddenly came back to mind, and her confidence resurged. Her unsure gaze turned to a smirk as she looked up at Nate with a devious glint in her eyes.

"You like what you see?" she asked. "Do you like standing over scared little blondes like this?"

"God," Nate grunted, caught by surprise by her sudden shift.

Without waiting for his answer, she grabs hold of the base of his cock with her slender, long fingers and squeezes, sending shock waves of pleasure through Nate's body. Her soft fingers were firm around his member, her palm rubbing against the sensitive skin, setting off all sorts of fireworks in the pit of his stomach.

"Shit," she heard Nate groan through gritted teeth, his breath coming out in short bursts, his muscles tightening under his clothes. She smirked, feeling like she was the one in control for a change.

"Come on," she teased, pulling on his cock again, watching as a bead of pre-cum formed on the tip of his shaft. She pumped him harder, making him moan, his eyes squeezed shut, his teeth clenched tightly together. "Be a good boy," Grace ordered, keeping her voice low and teasing.

"What do you think of when you're jacking it to this sexy body I work so hard to keep in shape?"

"You..." Nate groaned.

"And?" Grace cooed, slowing her hand and keeping the steady, teasing motions she had been using, making his orgasm linger on the edge for a while longer. Her teasing strokes were maddening and pure torture to their big dicked neighbor.

"Me... fucking... you," Nate managed, his breaths labored, his hips thrusting back against her strokes.

"Mmmmmm, yeah? You think of that?" Grace purred, pumping his cock faster. "Think of that thick, massive dick of yours pounding into my tight little pussy?"

"Yeah," Nate moaned, his muscles starting to spasm.

"Think of stuffing me full with your huge cock?"

"Yeah, yeah..." Nate panted.

Grace smirked and pumped him faster. She was loving every second of this. She was controlling his pleasure, and she was controlling his release. She loved watching him squirm.

"What, you think I'm some sort of slut who'll give it up just because she sees a big dick?" she asked teasingly, pulling on his cock a little harder. She pumped his cock faster, feeling his orgasm starting to build. "No, baby. You have to earn my pussy. You have to earn the pleasure of fucking me. It'll take a little work."

Grace felt her pussy pulsing at the thought. It was intoxicating, the power she had in the palm of her hand. She could stop anytime she wanted.

"Yes, yes!" Nate cried, his hips jerking uncontrollably. "I'd love that... to take you back here after our date and fuck your perfect body until we can't move. I'd take you up here and fuck you like you deserve, like you need."

"Ohhhh," Grace moaned, her own hips jerking in response. Nate's words were driving straight to her core, making her ache.

"I'd fuck you all night," Nate continued, sensing the tables turning

"Oh, I bet you'd want to fuck me until you'd finish in me," Grace said in a hushed voice. The pressure from Nate's cock increased at that, and his breathing turned shallow. "Oh, not yet," Grace teased. "Not yet."

Nate growled in frustration as Grace slowed her pace and teased him with light strokes. His cock was rock hard and throbbing, begging for release.

"You want to cum so badly, don't you?" Grace asked, smiling wickedly at him. Nate nodded, his face flushed with need. "Where were we? Right. Thank god for contraceptives, am I right?"

"Ugh, no. I'm not wearing a fucking, ugh, condom," Nate said. "Never have, never will."

"No condom? You'll wear a condom and you'll thank me for it," Grace said. "You don't get to fuck me bareback. And you definitely cannot cum in me."

Nate looked like he was going to protest, but Grace cut him off with a sharp tug on his cock.

"But that's okay," she cooed. "I'm sure you'll still enjoy the view."

With that, Grace resumed stroking Nate's cock, pumping him faster and faster. She watched as his face contorted in pleasure, his eyes rolling back into his head, his jaw clenching tightly. He was lost in the sensations, and she couldn't help but smile.

"That's it," she encouraged, keeping up her pace. "Cum for me, Nate. Cum for me."

Nate's body went rigid, his muscles tensing as he neared his release. His cock swelled in her hand, his hips thrusting forward.

Grace pumped his cock harder, her grip tightening. Then stopped completely.

"Fuck!" Nate shouted, his body shaking. "Why'd you stop?"

"Because you didn't earn it," Grace said simply, giving him a wicked smile. "Consider it as punishment for wanting to cum inside me bare."

"What about you, then? I can't be the only one here who's thinking we should fuck," Nate said, his eyes glazed over with lust.

Grace smiled sweetly at him, stroking his cock gently. It twitched in her hand, and she felt her pussy clench in response. "I'm afraid that's not part of the deal, Nate," she said.

"I bet you think about me too," Nate said. "I bet you think about how good my cock would feel inside you, stretching out your tight little pussy. I'd make you feel things Nolan couldn't even dream about."

Grace's breathing got shallower, her cheeks reddened. She tried to keep her cool, but Nate was making it very difficult. She could feel herself getting turned on by his words, and it was getting harder and harder to resist the urge to fuck him.

"What, you think I'm some sort of slut who'd give it up just because I see a big dick?" Grace asked.

"No, but I do think you want to give it up for me," Nate shot back. Grace felt her entire body heat up at Nate's words. "I think you're a tease who likes to play with men's emotions, but I'm not easily played. I know you want my cock, and I know you'll come around eventually."

Grace bit her lip and looked away from him. She was starting to get nervous now, and she didn't know what to do. She could feel herself getting wetter by the second, and it was taking everything she had not to fuck him right there and then.

"And why would I want your cock, Nate?" Grace asked. "You think you can handle me? You think you're the kind of man who can please a woman like me?"

"I know I am," Nate said confidently. "I'd make you feel things you never even imagined, Grace."

Grace looked up at him, her heart racing. She was starting to get desperate now.

"What, you think just because we go on a date that you'll get lucky?" Grace shot back, trying to regain ground. "You don't know me, Nate. You don't know what I like, or what I want."

"Oh, but I do," Nate said. "I know you want to be fucked by a real man. I know you want to feel my cock inside you, filling you up. I know you want to cum all over it and scream my name."

"Please... stop talking like this," Grace muttered.

"Then let me fucking cum!" Nate urged

"Right," Grace said, flustered. Him pushing her like that, talking so bluntly about his intentions, had made her quite nervous and bothered. Sure, she had asked, but she hadn't expected his honesty to be so forward, nor to have such an effect. She was in control, after all. Right? "You want me to make you cum, big boy? Well, let's see what you got, then."

Grace began to pump Nate's cock again, her hand moving fast along his shaft. He groaned in response, his hips thrusting forward, his cock throbbing in her hand. She watched as he neared his release, his body tense and shaking, his eyes squeezed shut. She felt his cock swell in her hand, and she knew he was close.

Then she stopped. Nate had a wild look on his face, clearly fed up with this nonsense.

"Get up and bend over the railing," Nate said through clenched teeth.

Grace stood up quickly, her heart racing. She was a little scared of him now, but she was also turned on beyond belief. She bent over the railing, her ass pressed out toward him.

Nervous with anticipation, Grace waited for Nate to take action. She could feel him step up behind her, his presence looming over her. She bit her lip and closed her eyes, bracing herself for what was coming.

She could hear Nate's breathing quicken as he moved closer to her, and she could feel his heat radiating off him. Slick rhythmic sounds muffled by her ears ringing as he stroked his cock. The air between them seemed to thicken as the tension rose. Grace could feel her heart racing as the moment drew closer.

However, Nate never touched her. She could hear him grunt as his cock twitched, but nothing came. Her ass was left bare and untouched, and she felt a wave of disappointment wash over her. She couldn't help but feel a little let down. She had expected him to take

action, to do something to her, but instead, he just stood there, stroking his cock to her ass. Even now, he was respecting their rules.

Then, without thinking, Grace reached back and slid her bikini bottoms down her thighs. They were soaked through with her arousal, and she could feel the cool air hit her heated pussy as they slipped down her legs. She felt her face flush with embarrassment as she stepped out of them. She was completely exposed to him now. Her ass, her pussy, everything. A reward for him for keeping his hands to himself.

"God damn," Nate muttered, his voice strained. Grace could hear the lust in his voice, and she couldn't help but feel a little proud of herself. She had this effect on men. Half a second later, something wet and warm landed on her ass, followed by more, then more. His cum shot out in streams, one after the other, painting her ass with his seed.

"Fuck," Nate groaned. "That's it, take it. Take my cum all over your sexy fucking ass."

Grace's heart was racing as she felt the hot cum land on her skin. It was such a dirty, naughty feeling, and it made her pussy throb with need. She loved it, and she wanted more of it.

"Mmmm," Grace moaned as Nate continued to pump his cock, shooting his cum all over her ass. "That's it, baby. Cum all over me. Make me yours. So much. So heavy..."

Nate grunted as he finished, his cock finally going soft in her hand. He stepped away from her, his breathing ragged. Grace stood up, her face flushed. She felt like a mess, but she also felt so incredibly turned on. She couldn't believe what she had just done. She had jerked off Nate, made him cum all over her ass, and she had loved it. And they had more or less admitted to each other that they wanted to fuck each other. It felt like they were delaying the inevitable at this point. This big, beautiful dick was dangling in front of her like a carrot for weeks, how else was she supposed to respond.

"About what we talked about... You know, during—" Grace began, suddenly getting a serious wave of second thoughts.

"Don't sweat it. It's just things we say to make each other hot. It's a thrill. Even talking about sex with you. I mean, you tease me with your handjob, and I'll tease you right back," Nate shot in, sounding more playful than the darker tone from before. While it sounded comforting, and his tone was kinder, Grace wasn't entirely convinced.

"That's not how it works," Grace countered, feeling herself blush. "This is a one-way street, and I'm the only one who can drive on it." She sounded like a pouting child while she wanted to come off as playful.

"We'll see about that," Nate said, smirking at her. "As for the date, I have no expectations, but don't pretend you haven't been curious about me, princess."

"Curious? Of course, you have huge cock. But it would hurt too much, and I'm not sure if Nolan is ready for that yet," Grace said. That was sort of a lie. Nolan had more or less said he was fine with it. She wasn't sure if she was ready for it yet, though. She was curious, but she wasn't sure if she could actually go through with it.

"If we'll ever get there, I'll take good care of you," Nate said. Grace bit her lip and blushed. "Is Nolan at home?"

Grace looked at him suspiciously. "Why?"

"I just meant, will you be able to take care of yourself? Or, do you need any help?" Nate tried.

"Nate, what did we just talk about? Thanks, but no thanks. I don't want to push any more boundaries or Nolan's mercy any further," Grace said.

Nate sighed and leaned back in his chair, stretching out his legs. "Fine. Suit yourself."

"Well, I'll be off then," Grace said. "I'll see you later, Nate."

"Later, princess," Nate said, giving her a lazy wave. Grace rolled her eyes and walked away from him. She could feel his eyes on her ass as she walked, and she couldn't help but smile to herself. His cum hadn't fully dried yet and he was already ogling her.

She couldn't deny that it felt good to be wanted like that, and it was a nice confidence boost after their little session. She couldn't wait to tell Nolan about it. He'd be so proud of her.

And maybe they could talk more about this date, and what might happen afterwards...

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Nolan felt the sweat beading on his forehead. He was struggling to keep himself quiet after what he had just heard. He endured so much secrecy from the last time they had hung out together; he simply needed to know what Grace was up to with Nate. He hoped to hear the sounds of Grace giving the guy a hand job, but never expected such... filth to come out of their mouths. How Grace had admitted that she was curious, how much she complimented Nate's size. Nolan wasn't jealous, but he couldn't deny that it stung a little.

Come to think of it, Nolan wasn't entirely sure if he had ever asked Grace about that. A man's penis was never something Nolan was intrigued by, but know that he was hung like a horse, he couldn't help but be curious. Nolan was no small man in the appendage department, but apparently, Nate caused awe, and enough awe to intrigue Grace into wanting to feel him. Was Grace secretly disappointed by Nolan? Had he not been able to please her like he thought he could?

For the first time in his life, he had doubts about himself. Maybe he wasn't as good as he thought he was, and maybe that was the reason why Grace was so keen on pushing her boundaries.

Nolan shook his head. He was being stupid. He knew Grace loved him, and he knew he was a good lover. He just needed to focus on what he was doing. Grace wasn't so superficial that a huge dick would make her stray. He had to trust her. While he loved the secrecy, trust was the key component here. Trust the other one's judgment.

Nolan wiped away his sweat, the summer heat hitting him harder than usual. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He needed to stay focused. He needed to stop worrying and just enjoy the experience. Grace was having fun, and he needed to relax and enjoy it, too. This feeling in his chest, and how it had affected his groin, was exactly why they were doing this. Perhaps, if Nolan thought of it differently, he could concede that nature's unfair biological distribution could be viewed as a good thing for Grace and himself.

Closing his eyes, he tried to imagine Grace's face and how she looked when she was touching Nate. He could picture her perfect face, flushed and eager. He could picture her eyes, wide and excited, her mouth, wet and open. He could picture her body, taut and ready.

And inevitably, he thought of Nate fucking Grace. His most prized possession getting ravaged by their neighbor, by someone who wasn't Nolan. The thoughts made him ache, and he couldn't help but want to touch himself. He wanted to feel that ache, that need. He wanted to feel the thrill, the excitement, the anticipation. He worshiped this woman; he loved her so much it hurt, and the very thought of someone taking her from him made him shiver with dread, but at the same time, it excited him. She was everything to him, and he was willing to share that with Nate. Willing, no. Excited? In many ways.

Grace had always had him wrapped around her finger, ever since they met. And maybe it was his own fault, he had created a perfect vision of what she was when they started going out. His dream woman, and not wanting to lose his chance with her, he tried his best to match her expectations. Even though those expectations didn't feel like they applied anymore. As they started dating, the things she valued, that the other girls in school and college held in high regard, seemed like less and less a part of who Grace was, as they morphed into more interesting things; her genuine kind nature, how much she cared, how she approached problems, even down to the way she grew her hair. Her attractiveness became more subtle, natural, as she began to distance herself from a standard which no longer applied to her.

They became perfect for each other because they shared similar dreams of life, shared the values, the desires and the hopes, despite coming from different social and economic backgrounds. Perhaps it was why she chose him; his growth seemed to mirror her own, their moral standards lined up and were often synonymous. The same hopes and desires for the future and what was to come. They were, at the time, perfect.

What Nolan did notice, especially lately, was her drive, her ambitions to get a life in order and out from under her father's roof and into her own future. And somehow, it made her that much more desirable. She was a mature version of herself, a person Nolan not only admired and respected, but craved and felt drawn to. He wanted to learn, to grow, and be more like her, in all ways, as her kindness, compassion, and genuineness had shaped him.

Despite the influence that men, especially the dominant one named Nate, had on Grace, she never deviated from that person; the sweet, kind, thoughtful person he had come to love. While his Grace did become a more sexual woman, someone with needs, desires, wants, and curiosities that seemed to become stronger and stronger every day, she was still very much the same Grace he had met all those years ago. Kind, considerate, funny, smart, passionate, adventurous, curious, and down to earth.

They had a good thing going on, and while Nolan was determined to continue to build on the love, commitment, and life they shared, it did him no good not to enjoy the extra bits and bobs of spice it brought to them. In some weird way, it also made them more mature; opening the curtains and showing them something new. Not just a test of commitment but perhaps also a lesson in learning how to accept and handle new emotions. A lesson on how to remain relaxed about the unknown and unpredictable, or a lesson on how to embrace your animalistic side.

"God damn," Nate muttered, his voice strained. Nolan heard Nate moan, dragging him from his own thoughts. Nate was panting now, his breaths coming in short bursts, and Nolan knew that he was cumming all over Grace. That same jolting shock came again, making his dick twitch, his stomach muscles tightening, his blood run hot.

One thing was to be told that it had happened, to experience it through Grace's masterful storytelling, but hearing it happen a few feet away, and being unable to see a damn thing, was almost unbearable. The struggle of arousal, frustration, and suspense. The knife in his gut.

Nolan had earlier said he was okay with a blow job and alluded to perhaps even them sleeping together, but now that he was hearing them talking about it, his cock throbbing at the idea, he wasn't so sure. Perhaps he had been too eager, too fast. The thought of sharing Grace with Nate made him crazy. He loved her, and he didn't want to share her with anyone, even if it was just a casual thing. He wasn't that kind of guy. He needed her to be his, to be completely and utterly his.

But at the same time, or perhaps that was precisely why, it excited him. The thought of her being with another man, the thought of her getting fucked by a guy with a huge dick, was a major turn on. And the fact that she would do it for him, that she would do it for their relationship, made him love her even more.

"Fuck," Nate groaned. "That's it, take it. Take my cum all over your sexy fucking ass."

"Mmmm," Grace moaned, "That's it, baby. Cum all over me. Make me yours. So much. So heavy..."

Hearing his Grace moan too, sent chills down his spine, his cock pulsating to her sexy noises. His dick was so hard it ached, but his heart raced for Grace. Knowing how happy it made her to go on this journey. He wasn't about to end it, regardless if it was on a painful note, knowing how important this was for Grace to feel wanted and confident, to stretch herself and explore these new sexual waters. To allow her that safety zone in him, a confidant for her feelings and experiences. She had begun to explore her feelings and her inner sexuality, and while a part of him feared he might lose her during this journey, a larger part of him needed her to go through with it. That's what lovers do. They push their boundaries together.

And what sort of man would he be if he backed down at the first sign of resistance? Grace was obviously having a great time, so Nolan, like so many times before, strived to be the best partner for her. They were on this road together, and hearing her enjoy herself, while it hurt, it also helped Nolan enjoy it a lot more. Knowing that Grace was happy meant the world to him, even if that meant being uncomfortable at times. This was his new moment to learn how to handle new emotions indeed, because they were whirling.

It was a strange dichotomy, to say the least. On one hand, he was turned on by the idea of Nate and Grace fucking. On the other hand, he was jealous as hell. It was like two parts of him were constantly at war with each other. On one hand, she would experience something unique and he'd be part of that journey with her, Dora's experience and indicator of what, but on the other, he wouldn't be the only one inside her. And he feared, with a woman like Grace, that once it had happened, he would never be enough again.

And that thought made him crazy. Trust, Nolan reminded himself. Grace was always the sensible one. This was a thrilling adventure, nothing more, and certainly nothing less.

Nolan crept away, sensing that their ordeal had commenced, and thus Grace would be madly horny. Well, there was one of the major perks of her exploring this hotwife lifestyle. She had been insatiable. She'd be home at any minute now and rip him to shreds.

He couldn't wait.

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As the rest of the week rolled by, Nolan tried to gauge if there truly was anything different about Grace. Not in a malicious way, but rather to see if she had changed in any way. If her experiences had brought a shift in her mood or behavior. But there was nothing. She was still the same old Grace, as if nothing had happened. Perhaps she was better at hiding it?

But Nolan was changed. He was always sort of possessive, but now, whenever Grace was home, he constantly tended to her needs, made sure she had the best life possible. A result, a happy result, as anticipated, was that they had grown this much closer. As a matter of fact, as Grace took care of him one morning, grinding in his lap, him mauling her fantastic ass cheeks in his hands, he felt so close to her, like never before. They weren't just fucking; they were making love. It was intense, and the sensation that followed was something else. Like a high. The sensation of being in love was always there, but this was

something different. He felt a stronger connection to her, and he wanted to hold on to her, never let go. And that made him happy.

"You still love me, right?" Nolan grunted in her air, feeling her sweaty skin slide against his as she rode him. "I know you've been through a lot these last couple of days, but—"

"I'm right here, baby," Grace cooed, running her fingers through his hair, pressing her forehead against his, slowing down her pace. "I'll always be here. I love you. Don't be jealous of Nate, okay? Life is more than sex. Nate isn't even sex right now. And you're life."

"God damn, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me," Nolan said, kissing her deeply, pulling her into him, feeling her heartbeat against his own. He could feel her pulse quicken, her body trembling as he held her close. She was so perfect. So beautiful.

"I want you to cum inside me," Grace whispered, nibbling on his earlobe. "I want you to fill me up, baby. Claim your girlfriend as yours."

Nolan's heart skipped a beat as she said those words. They were like music to his ears.

"Fuck yes," Nolan groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily, his cock throbbing inside her.

"Cum for me, Nolan," Grace cooed. "Claim that pussy, let loose deep inside of me. Let go."

Nolan felt himself getting closer and closer to the edge as Grace continued to ride him, her body moving in a perfect rhythm. She was so wet and tight, and he couldn't believe how lucky he was to have her.

"Fuck," he grunted, his cock throbbing inside her as he came. He could feel her walls clamp down around him as she came with him, her body tensing as she moaned.

"I love you so much," Grace said breathlessly, resting her head on his shoulder, her body pressed against his.

Nolan wrapped his arms around her and held her close, his heart still racing. "I love you, too. Always will."

They stayed like that for a moment, just holding each other, their bodies pressed together. Nolan couldn't imagine being anywhere else than right here, right now, with Grace in his arms.

"So you listened to me and Nate, then?" Grace asked after a while.

"How'd you know?" Nolan asked, suddenly weary.

"What else would have you so tense?" Grace said, rolling off of him to sit up and look at him. "You said you were okay with him sleeping with me, hypothetically, but now you're apprehensive. What's the matter?"

"Hearing you guys talking about it, and being so into it, well, it felt very real suddenly," Nolan said, looking away from her. "But I'm not mad. I mean, I'm a little jealous, but that's part of the deal, I guess."

Grace sighed. "Roll over on your belly," she said. Nolan raised an eyebrow. "Do as I say, Nolan."

"God, I love when you use your stern voice," Nolan chuckled, rolling over.

"You're tense, and you need to be tended to," Grace said, her strong thumbs finding a sweet spot between his spine and his lower shoulder blades. "I'm glad you brought this up. That's why I hesitated when you asked what I wanted. I want you to be happy, but I can't say I'm not curious. That's why I tried to go for the middle ground: a blow job."

"I understand," Nolan said, closing his eyes and enjoying Grace's touch. "And I'm sorry I put you in a tough spot. You know I don't like to control you, and I trust you completely."

"I know," Grace said, smiling. "I know you do."

Nolan took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He felt like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders. He was relieved that Grace had asked. Saying it out loud, admitting that he was a little jealous, had made him feel better. Like the burden had been lifted off his chest.

"And, I've come to terms with it," Nolan said. "I think, once it happens, I'll be able to relax more about it."

"Good," Grace said, her hands working wonders on his back. "Because I want to see where this takes us. But I don't want to lose you, Nolan."

"You won't lose me," Nolan said. "I love you. I'll always love you, Grace."

"And I'll always love you," Grace said, pressing a kiss to his shoulder blade. "Now, let's get you relaxed."

Nolan smiled and closed his eyes, letting himself melt into Grace's touch. She always knew how to take care of him, and he loved her for it. They were going to be just fine.

"And it doesn't bother you that I'm into this?" Grace asked. "I mean, the thrill of it all..."

"Not at all," Nolan said. "I love that you're into it. And I love that you're willing to explore it with me. It's not something I ever thought I'd be into, but it's growing on me."

"That's good," Grace said. "Because I want to keep doing it."

Nolan laughed. "Good. Because I want to keep doing it, too."

"I think it's been good for us," Grace said, running her fingers through Nolan's hair. "I think it's made us closer."

"I think so, too," Nolan said. "I never thought I'd actually experience and be into voyeurism and cuckolding, but here we are."

Grace chuckled. "Here we are indeed."

"I so long thought it was something that was in my head, that I never wanted it to manifest into reality, as I thought I would lose you, or that you would lose interest in me. I was terrified by it, if I'm honest, but it has been wonderful getting to know this new side of you," Nolan said, feeling completely relaxed. "And now I have to deal with the reality of you actually wanting to do it. And because of that, I think I want it to happen even more."

"Well, I'm not sure myself. Seeing how you've reacted, I might stop our little game. No, I'm not quitting, it's too much fun, but in respects to what's going to happen, y'know, after the date." Grace paused for a moment, before continuing. "But I am curious. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't. But I don't want to hurt you. I know how much you love me, and I don't want to hurt you. I don't want to do anything that could damage our relationship."

"I know. I don't either," Nolan said. "But I trust you. And I don't want to hold you back from exploring new things. I love you, and I want you to be happy. If that means exploring this with Nate, then I'll be on your corner, being my pervy old self."

Nolan had been scared, of course, but he was starting to realize that there was nothing to be scared of. Grace was still his girlfriend, and she still loved him. And he had no doubt that she was the one for him, that he'd marry her and make a family together with her.

"Thank you, baby," Grace said, pressing a kiss to his shoulder. "If anything, I think that doing this sort of exploration now that we're young and without the stresses of having kids and worries is good for us. It helps us grow as individuals and as a couple; it helps us find ourselves, who we are as individuals, and who we are together."

"You're right," Nolan said, smiling. "I never thought of it like that, but you're right."

"And besides, we get to have some great sex along the way," Grace said, her hands wandering over Nolan's body.

"Yes, we do," Nolan said, his body responding to Grace's touch.

"Why don't you roll over on your back again, stud?" Grace said huskily, knowing just the right tone and verbiage to use to drive him wild. Nolan did as she said, rolling over and looking up at her. She was so beautiful, her skin glowing in the morning light.

"Work," Nolan grunted as an half-assed excuse as she climbed on top of him. "I can't be late..."

Grace grinned and slid down his body, her lips trailing down his chest and abdomen. "I know you can't, baby. But that doesn't mean I can't appreciate my man before you go."

"Fuck," Nolan moaned as Grace took his cock into her mouth. She sucked him slowly, her tongue swirling around the head of his shaft. Her mouth felt so good. Her blow jobs were always exquisite. "God, that feels so good."

"Mmmm," Grace moaned, her head bobbing up and down, her lips sliding along his shaft.

To think Nate might experience this already next week. If he kept his hands to himself, that is.

Nolan could feel himself getting close, his cock throbbing in Grace's mouth. But he wanted to experience that thrill they had been playing with for months now as she did it. He wanted to receive what Nate would, while Grace talked about him.

"Talk to me," Nolan grunted.

"Mmmm," Grace moaned, her head bobbing up and down, her lips sliding along his shaft.

"You never said Nate was hung, didn't you?" Nolan said.

"Mmm-no," Grace said, looking up at him with those mountain blue eyes.

"Why?" Nolan grunted, gasping just as Grace flicked her tongue across the ridge of his glans.

"Cuz... I was worried it would scare you," Grace admitted, turning flush. "That you would put a stop to everything."

"Naughty," Nolan said. "But I understand. Now I know why you've been so enthusiastic."

"It's not like that," Grace said. "It's... it's..."

"No, no," Nolan said. "I get it."

Grace nodded, a sheepish smile on her face as she absentmindedly rubbed his cock on her cheek.

"So you're not mad?" she asked.

"Not at all," Nolan said. "And I want you to enjoy it when it happens. Don't feel guilty or anything."

"Okay," Grace said, smiling. She looked up at him with a devious smile. "You want me to talk about Nate's cock some more, or do you want to cum in my mouth?"

"Both," Nolan said, grinning.

"Mmmmm," Grace moaned, taking his cock back into her mouth. She sucked him slowly, her tongue swirling around the head of his shaft. "Oh fuck, Nate... that cock is so big. I never thought myself as a size queen, but damn, it's huge..."

Nolan groaned, his cock throbbing in Grace's mouth.

"Mmmm, I can't even fit all of it in my hand... It's so thick, and I can barely wrap my fingers around it," Grace moaned. "It makes me so wet just thinking about it... The heat and weight of it felt so good in my hand, so right."

"God, yes," Nolan moaned, his hips bucking involuntarily. He was so close.

"Mmmmm," Grace moaned, her head bobbing up and down, her lips sliding along his shaft.

It wasn't long until Nolan couldn't hold back anymore and he came hard, his cock pulsating as he shot his load into Grace's waiting mouth. She moaned and swallowed every last drop, licking her lips and smiling up at him.

"Fuck, that was amazing," Nolan said, panting.

"I know," Grace said, grinning.

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Grace was able to focus her attention on work more than before. Why? She figured that rekindling with Nolan, sort of to regroup, was absolutely necessary. The tension that had been built over almost two weeks had made them both stressed, and talking about it with each other, opening up about worries and desires, was essential. She always wanted to be able to talk to him, especially since they were exploring new things.

But with time flying by during the summer, the next week came ever more quickly. And thus, her weekly visit to Nate's. Friday. Somehow, that day had become the designated Nate day. She hadn't even been over at his place to check on his plants, because, honestly, she was over enough at his place. Why should Nate get so much time with her? Her visiting his place to sunbathe once a week was plenty. And perhaps plenty for her too.

"Hey princess," Nate said as he opened the door. Grace blushed as she looked at him. He was shirtless and sweaty, not an attractive sight for anyone, except for her. Her heart skipped a beat as she took him in, his sweaty body glistening in the sunlight. He looked... rough, if anything.

"Hey, Nate," she said, smiling. "How are you doing?"

"I'm great. How are you?" Nate asked, grinning.

"I'm good," Grace said, trying to keep her cool. "I heard you had a balcony in desperate need of a hot babe?"

Nate laughed. "Yeah, it could use one." He stepped aside and gestured for her to come in. "Make yourself at home."

"Thank you," Grace said, stepping into his apartment. "How are the plants?"

"I think they need more water," Nate said. "You should come on over more often and check on them."

Grace rolled her eyes. "I don't think so, Nate."

"Aww, come on," Nate said, grinning. "They miss you."

"Yeah, yeah," Grace said. "I'm sure they do." She walked over to the balcony and looked out over the woods. It was a beautiful view. At least to her it was. It needed some care, though.

"So," Nate said, leaning against the railing. "Wanna use the bathroom to get changed?"

Grace bit her lip. She had an idea. "Nah. I think I'll just change here."

"Really?" Nate said, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah," Grace said, smiling. "I mean, you can turn around while I do it."

"If you say so," Nate said, shrugging. He turned around and faced the woods. Grace smirked as she pulled off her shirt, revealing her breasts.

She then slid off her shorts and panties, letting them drop to the ground. She felt so naughty, standing there naked in Nate's apartment, his back turned to her. She could see his muscles tense up as he realized what she was doing. Suddenly a bit self-conscious, she turned a bit, so if he peeked, he'd only see her back and her ass. Which was still much, but yet a bit better.

She also tried to recall what Nolan had said about her being naked in front of Nate when she had stripped for him before. Come to think of it, Nolan hadn't said anything.

"Done yet?" Nate asked, his voice strained.

"Almost," Grace said, grabbing her green and black bikini from her bag. She quickly slid the pieces on, adjusting them and making sure they fit comfortably.

"All done," Grace said.

"You look good," Nate said, turning to her and checking her out.

"Thanks," Grace said, blushing.

A few minutes later, Grace was back on the sun lounger she had grown so accustomed to, basking in the sunlight. It was an especially warm day today, and she could feel her skin getting hotter and hotter as she lay there. Work had been brutal in this weather, so a well-earned rest like this was very much welcome.

She felt herself start to drift off into a lazy afternoon sleep when she felt something drip on her arm. She opened her eyes and looked up, surprised to see Nate standing over her, holding an opened beer bottle.

"Gimme," Grace said, holding out a hand. Nate chuckled and handed her the bottle.

"Thirsty," Nate said.

"The weather has gotten so much warmer," Grace said.

"It has," Nate said. Grace's eyes trailed to his obvious bulge.

"Every time, huh?"

"Every time. If you were a man, and in the same vicinity of a girl like you, you'd have the same issue," he said, his voice strained. "Your body, it's the fucking thing. A literal siren of sexuality. You're tempting and teasing, not really allowing a guy to calm down."

"Let me guess. My flirting isn't helping either?" Grace said, rolling onto her stomach to show off her ass, shiny with sweat. She tugged at her bikini, making it almost into a thong. "Poor you, have to endure this bratty blonde's presence. Such hardships."

"For fuck sake, don't turn over, you brat. Yeah, it's not helping," Nate hissed through clenched teeth. He moved his hand down and tried to readjust his pants without her looking at him.

"Have fun, then," Grace said, looking over her shoulder, knowing fully that this would spur him on further. "Or do you want me to help?"

"Yeah, that would be great," Nate muttered.

"Well, we can't make a habit of it. I'll just take a nap instead," Grace said. She couldn't let him build any sort of expectancy for her assistance. The thrill of teasing him was enough for her, and Nolan wanted her to enjoy it as much as she could, so she would. And right now, sun rays were on her mind, not Nate's cock. "Just try to relax and think of something else."

"You're evil," Nate grunted.

"And you're hard," Grace teased, rolling onto her back again so she could drink her beer. She never was much of a beer person, or alcohol in general, but it was cold and she was hot as fuck.

"You have no idea," Nate muttered, running a hand over his face.

"Don't be so dramatic," Grace said, chuckling. "It'll go away eventually."

"Easy for you to say," Nate said, shaking his head. "I'm the one with blue balls here."

"Do you have anything besides beer?" Grace asked.

"Probably," Nate said. "Do you want me to mix you a drink?"

"As long as it's not too strong. I'm a lightweight," Grace said.

"Just like Nolan," Nate joked, standing up. A pang of anger suddenly flared in Grace's chest. But she shoved it down. It was probably just a playful remark. Grace was incredibly protective of her future husband in that way. Oh, that sexy man.

"We're an item," Grace said instead.

Nate chuckled and headed inside. A few minutes later, he returned with two drinks in hand. He also had donned a tank top. Perhaps he had caught her looking at his large belly with a look that didn't exactly illuminate awe.

"Here you go," he said, handing one of the drinks to Grace.

"Thanks," Grace said, taking a sip. The drink was surprisingly good. She took another sip, enjoying the taste. "This is really good."

"Thanks," Nate said, grinning. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure," Grace said, raising an eyebrow.

"I just feel weird asking you stuff, because our relationship is so, erh, sexually charged. Not sex, of course, but yeah," Nate said.

"Shoot. As a matter of fact, I think it's nice that you want to get to know me. It means I'm more than just a sexy body. That's gonna earn you points should you date again. And I totally understand what you mean, by the way," Grace said. "What's the question?"

"You don't really drink, and I figure you don't really like getting drunk, Nolan getting drunk, and all that, and I just wondered why that is? If that's not too personal," Nate said.

Grace looked at him, considering her options. She wasn't much of an open book, but why not humor him? It was nice getting to know someone better and talking with them. Especially if they were to go on a date together. Perhaps, should this friendship deepen, a bond would form and it'd become easier to open up. So what's the harm?

"Well," Grace said, pausing and taking a deep breath, "I'm not opposed to drinking. I can gulp down a beer or two, and I can enjoy a well-mixed drink," she said, toasting the drink Nate had given her. He lifted his glass in response. "I just don't like how fucking stupid people get. Like gross caricatures of themselves, slurring their words, or acting overly friendly, and all that. It's all fake, and I like things that are real. People who are real. It's just... it's too much, you know? Like they're trying too hard. Trying to be someone they're not."

"Yeah, I get that," Nate said, nodding. "I never thought of it that way. We always say that alcohol makes you more honest, but the way you put it, I find myself understanding that point of view as well. You're more likely to do something stupid or embarrassing. Like Nolan, he's not a stupid person, nor is he embarrassing, but when he gets a few drinks in him, he's not that. But we both know that's not the true Nolan, which is why you get pissed at him getting drunk. I get it now."

"Exactly!" Grace exclaimed. "You get me! I'm so happy I have someone who gets me. Someone who understands my perspective on things. Nolan doesn't know his limits, then he gets drunk. And in return, I get mad at him for being so fucking dumb."

"I understand that frustration," Nate said, nodding. "And you don't like to see that go to waste."

"Exactly," Grace said again. "Thank you."

"No problem," Nate said, smiling. "And thanks for trusting me with your feelings. It means a lot."

"Thanks for listening," Grace said. She paused, considering her next words carefully. "And thanks for being so understanding about the whole cuckold thing. I know it's weird, and I appreciate you being cool about it."

"I get to have the hottest babe on both sides of the Mississippi on my balcony? And she shows off, enjoys talking to me, and to top it off, she may even give me a hand once in a while?" Nate laughed, causing Grace to blush. "I may be an old man and a bit of a creep, but I'm not a fucking retard."

"Thanks, I guess," Grace said, shaking her head. "You're not supposed to say that word anymore, by the way."

Nate shrugged, making Grace giggle.

"Man, that cute laugh you got," Nate said.

"Now you're pouring it on too heavy," Grace said, taking a sip and settling more on her lounge.

"Well, it's true," Nate said, smiling.

"Thanks," Grace said, blushing. "I appreciate it."

The two of them drank their drinks and relaxed, enjoying the sunshine. Grace felt herself starting to drift off again, the combination of the sun's heat and the alcohol making her feel sleepy and relaxed. She was just about to doze off when she heard Nate shift in his chair.

Looking over at him, she saw that he was adjusting himself. His pants were tented, and he was trying to discreetly readjust himself. It was obvious what he was doing, though, and Grace couldn't help but giggle.

"Sorry," he muttered, giving her a sheepish grin. "It's just hard to keep it down around you."

"I don't mind," Grace said, blushing. "You can have fun if you want to."

"Really?" Nate asked.

"Sure," Grace said. "I mean, we're both adults here. And I don't mind watching you jerk off. I think it's pretty hot. As long as you don't get any cum on me again."

"I'll be careful," Nate said, grinning. He unbuttoned his pants and pulled down his zipper, letting out a sigh of relief. Grace bit her lip as she watched him pull out his cock, his hand wrapping around the shaft. He started stroking himself slowly, his eyes locked on hers.

Grace couldn't help but feel herself getting turned on as she watched him touch himself. His eyes were so intense, and his grip was so tight. She could feel herself getting wet, her pussy aching for attention. She shifted in her seat, trying to relieve the pressure, but it didn't work.

She decided to give in to the urge and reached down between her legs, slipping a hand into her bikini bottoms. She started rubbing her clit, letting out a soft moan.

Nate's hand sped up, his eyes locked on hers. "You like this?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

"Yes," Grace moaned, her fingers moving faster. "It's so hot."

"You want to help me out with that?"

"No, I'm fine where I am," Grace whispered. She was barely able to focus with his display in front of her. Nate gave her a devilish smile and slowly moved over to her lounge, never breaking eye contact. As he sat down beside her, he slowly and deliberately removed his hand, showing his mammoth cock off in its naked glory.

She swallowed a nervous lump. It was so big and angry, certainly intimidating. Grace felt her mouth grow dry, and her body started to respond at the sight of Nate's thick cock and prominent veins. Grace couldn't help it and reached out, tracing the length of his cock. Nate moaned, and the sound was like music to Grace's ears. She had said she wouldn't, yet here she was.

"God, that feels good," Nate whispered, closing his eyes and leaning back. "You ever been with a guy this hung, princess?" he growled.

Grace shook her head, her eyes wide as she stared at his massive member.

"I thought so," he said, chuckling darkly. "C'mon, Grace. Your sexy body deserves nothing but the best, and this cock..."

Grace tightened her grip, feeling the flesh hard as steel, yet pliable. Warm. Vibrant. She started stroking slowly, earning her a throaty moan from Nate.

Nate looked at her, his eyes dark. "Good girl."

They didn't say much more, just moaned as Grace continued to stroke him, getting braver and braver by the second. It felt so big and powerful under her hand. She could feel him getting harder under her touch. Her heart was pounding, and her breathing was erratic. She was completely lost in the moment, and it felt so good.

"Just imagining how it must be inside you," Nate groaned, closing his eyes and focusing on the feeling of her fingers gently stroking his cock through his jeans. "Feeling your tight pussy clenching around my hard cock. How warm and wet and tight you are."

"You'd fill me up," Grace moaned, her words coming out in a breathless rush. Nate growled in agreement, and she found herself pushing harder against his hard cock.

"Yeah, I would," Nate grunted. He opened his eyes and locked his gaze with her again. "How about we forget the rule for a while?"

Grace shook her head in disbelief. It was insane, but the idea sounded so hot. Forgetting the rule for a second. "What do I tell Nolan?" she asked.

"Whatever you want," Nate whispered.

They kept their eyes locked as soon enough Grace found herself on her back, with Nate looming over her.

"This is insane," Grace moaned, arching her back as his lips attacked her neck.

Nate said something incomprehensible in response, sending vibrations along the skin of her neck. With a few simple flips of her skimpy green and black bikini bottoms, he was suddenly between her spread legs, the length of his large cock dragging teasingly along the inner folds of her wet and heated core.

"We're going straight to hell," Grace said. Suddenly, her legs parted as she pulled him to her. "We shouldn't be doing this," Grace breathed, though without conviction. She wasn't going to stop now, not after he had gotten her so riled up.

Without a word, Nate reached down between her legs and pushed the small fabric of her bikini aside and placed his tip at her entrance, making the small of her back arch. The tension was high as he slowly and agonizingly entered her. They locked eyes once again. Grace could see the lust burning in Nate's eyes. He had been wanting this for a long time, and she was happy to oblige.

Nate began moving in and out of Grace, his thrusts becoming deeper and faster. Her breathing became quicker and she gripped him tighter. She wanted to tell him that he shouldn't be doing this, that she was Nolan's girlfriend, but the pleasure she was getting from his thrusting hips, and the feeling of him inside her silenced those words. All she could manage was moans and gasps as he fucked her.

All coherent thought escaped her mind as their lovemaking intensified. All that mattered now was the passion between them, and she threw her arms and legs around him to deepen their connection.

In a haze, they moved from sun lounger onto the cool floor. She didn't care. Nate's hard and rapid thrusting was bringing her closer and closer to the edge of oblivion. With a loud groan, her body shuddered under him as he pounded her like a man possessed, his grip on her thighs like a vice. With every stroke and thrust, she felt another orgasm washing over her. He was taking everything she had to give him. She gasped as his lips descended on her nipple, licking and sucking on her tits, as his movements took her breath away. She cried out in ecstasy, her whole body trembling from the pleasure.

Finally, she felt him swell inside of her, and the feeling sent her over the edge, another powerful orgasm rocking her to the core.

Grace suddenly jolted up into a seated position, with no Nate between her thighs, thrusting away. Confused, she looked to her left and saw Nate sitting there, reading a newspaper and sipping his drink. What happened?

"Did we just-- did that-- was that real?" Grace began, feeling more flushed and flustered than she could ever remember.

"What?" Nate said, confused.

"Nothing," Grace said, suddenly feeling embarrassed. Did she just have a wet dream about Nate on the sun lounger, with Nate sitting next to her? Fuck.

Nate must have thought she had had an intense dream, and was confused about what had actually happened. Grace needed to get her act together, and quick. This was not the time to lose her shit over a wet dream about Nate.

"You okay there?" Nate said. "You're looking very flushed. Was it something I said?"

"No," Grace said, shaking her head. "I was just thinking about... stuff."

"Sure," Nate said, shrugging. "Anyway, do you want another drink?"

"No, I think that's enough for today," Grace said, downing the rest of her drink. "I may just head back to our apartment, if that's okay."

"So our date. I've managed four weeks without breaking any rules. So far so good," Nate said, sounding a bit impatient. "Later tonight?"

"Woah," Grace said. "Calm down, now. Tonight is a bit of a short notice. I haven't talked to Nolan yet. And who knows, maybe within the next 15 seconds you'll lose your shit and cop a feel."

"Pff, come on now. I've been good," Nate said. "Don't pull the rug, not now."

Grace felt a pang of guilt for him taking it that way. She was just a bit startled and made a series of excuses to stall. "I know. I'll talk to Nolan. Okay?"

"Awesome. I can't wait," Nate said. "Can't wait to fuck Grace, no doubt."

"Just so you know, not all girls put out on the first date," Grace said, smirking.

"But you're not just some girl," Nate said.

"I'm not," Grace agreed. "But I'll have to go slow to avoid Nolan going nuts, and that includes me being the one to set the pace. That's why I'm not giving you any definite answer on when we can go on our date. You'll have to be patient. But trust me, it's gonna be worth the wait."

Nate sighed. "The woman wears the pants, eh?"

"Do you have a problem with that?" Grace shot back. A snide remark like that was definitely meant to humiliate Nolan. She knew that part of the whole cuck world was to humiliate the boyfriend or husband, but Grace was absolutely not going to allow any of that on her watch. Nate better learn that quickly.

"No," Nate said, raising his hands in defeat. "Just trying to get my head around this whole thing."

Grace chuckled. "Good. Because if you're going to be in this relationship with us, then you're going to have to learn that women aren't just here for your pleasure. We have our own minds and our own desires. Especially me."

"Especially you, that's for sure," Nate said with a mix of admiration and awe, which surprised Grace. "But I'm fine with you being in charge, princess. More than fine, actually. And I'm not saying that because you're a woman. I'm saying it because you're fucking amazing."

"Thanks, Nate," Grace said. "I'll ask Nolan about tonight, but no promises. If he says it's too soon, then we'll wait. But you can be assured that it will happen. I'm a woman of my word."

"Just give me a day's notice so I can set shit up," Nate said.

"Will do," she replied, standing up and stretching. Her body was sore from her dream. That had been intense.

"I'll see you later, Nate," Grace said, smiling at him.

"See you, princess," he said, winking at her.

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"Tonight?" Nolan asked. Grace had just come back over and told him Nate wanted the date to happen tonight, that Nate was quite impatient. And Nolan figured with good reason, Grace had been teasing him for four fucking weeks. That's more than a man should have to endure, especially when it's a sexy tease like Grace. "That's very short notice, babe."

"I know," Grace said. "Do you think we can do it tonight?"

"No," Nolan said, before he was able to think. Why not? Well, for one, he didn't want Nate to be the one dictating this. It was one element that Nolan could control, and he would. Nate was given too much ground as it is. But he also wanted this to happen. And to his surprise, he saw a flash of disappointment across Grace's face. "It's just too short a notice. Maybe tomorrow? Then it's Saturday and we'll have the whole Sunday to ourselves. Sound good? I think, like we did last week, we need to talk a bit more about it before it happens."

"Okay," Grace said, smiling. "I'll let Nate know." She reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone.

"Instead of him taking you out, I think I will," Nolan added.

Grace smiled at him. "Is that so? What a great idea. I get taken out and pampered two days in a row? Woe is me," she giggled.

The truth was that Nolan was nervous. He knew that tonight would be the last time he'd have Grace all to himself before she'd go on a date with another man. He wanted to make sure that she knew how much he loved her, and that he trusted her completely.

He felt like he needed to reaffirm their connection, to make sure they were still on the same page. To remind her that he was the only man for her, that he was the man she loved. To make sure that she knew he trusted her, and that he wasn't threatened by Nate, that he didn't feel threatened by her going on a date with another man.

As the two later that night were getting ready, the eager smiles and giggles, her perfume, and the minimal amount of make-up, it all was out of a movie, almost. The perfect couple, looking to enjoy a romantic night together.

Grace had dressed up in a red summer dress, her hair cascading over her shoulders in waves, and her blue eyes sparkling with excitement. She looked incredible. It was actually a gift from his boss, a dress designed by the big man himself, apparently. And he could see that this dress was indeed designed to entice, and that his boss was a man of good taste. The way it hugged Grace's ass, but in a modest, elegant way, the way her cleavage was there, but not too vulgar. And the dress was light and soft, made out of the finest cotton.

"Where'd you get this dress?" Grace asked.

"The boss. He was giving out a few to the office, and I thought it would be perfect for you. And it is," Nolan said. "The cotton is local, too. Indiana is picking up old traditions in that regard. Mirella, my boss, actually orchestrated—"

And thus Nolan did what he always did. Blabbered about his work to Grace. And she listened to him. Nolan, being enthusiastic, seemed to spark interest in Grace, and she always listened to everything he said. Sure, Nolan didn't expect her to actually care about it, but it was nice having her listen to him.

The rest of the date, they didn't talk about Nate, hotwifing, or any of that. They were them old selves again. A great couple, making each other laugh, smiling lovingly, and generally enjoying their time together.

To think a different man would soon enjoy her.

When they got home, Grace immediately dragged Nolan to the bedroom, eager to show him just how much she loved him.

She was on top, riding him, her hair flowing down her back and her body glistening with sweat. He could see the pleasure on her face, the way her body moved, the way she moaned. It was intoxicating. She leaned forward, her breasts brushing against his chest, her lips close to his.

Nolan ran his hands over her, over the fabric of the dress that she hadn't even bothered to remove. He gripped her hips as she moved above him, the friction sending waves of pleasure through his body. He groaned, bucking his hips up to meet hers.

Grace smiled down at him, her eyes filled with lust and passion. "I love you so much," she whispered. "I'm so lucky to have you."

"I love you too," Nolan said. Nolan then flipped her over onto her back. Grace always preferred being on top, to have control, but tonight, Nolan wanted to assert his ownership of her. He thrust into her, his cock filling her completely. She gasped, her fingernails digging into his back as he fucked her hard and fast.

"God, yes," she moaned. "Harder. Fuck me harder."

Nolan obliged, his hips slamming against hers with each thrust. His balls slapped against her ass, the sound echoing through the room.

"Fuck me," she groaned, her body writhing underneath him. "Fuck me like you own me."

And that he did, pounding her into the mattress. Soon enough, her whole body shuddered beneath him, her pussy clenching around his cock. He grunted as he came, his cock pulsating inside her.

She was panting, sweaty and blissful. This was why she needed him, why she had to be with him. Because he could make her feel like this. Loved and pampered, and most definitely thoroughly fucked.

Nolan took her again, this time with the dress removed. He bent her over their bed, granting himself the amazing view of her ass as he pounded into her from behind.

"Fuck, Grace," he groaned. "Your body is so fucking incredible."

"You're not so bad yourself," she said, looking over her shoulder at him, a naughty grin on her face.

He reached out and grabbed her hair, pulling her head back. She moaned, arching her back and pushing her ass back against him.

"God, you feel so good," Nolan groaned, his other hand gripping her hip as he thrust into her.

"Yes," Grace moaned. "Fuck me. Fuck me hard."

Nolan spanked her ass, earning a gasp from her. "You like that?" he growled, spanking her again.

"Yes," she breathed. "I love it when you spank me."

Nolan smiled and kept spanking her as he fucked her, his cock sliding in and out of her tight pussy. He could feel her getting close to the edge, her body tensing up beneath him. With a final thrust, he sent them both over the edge, their bodies shuddering as they came together.

Nolan collapsed onto the bed, pulling Grace down next to him. They were both breathing heavily, their bodies slick with sweat.

"That was amazing," Grace panted. "You always know just how to fuck me."

"Well, you make it pretty easy," Nolan said, grinning. "And I guess I just have to make sure you don't forget about me tomorrow."

"Aw, I won't," Grace said. "But it is crazy that the date is happening tomorrow."

"Have you thought any more if you'll... have sex with him?" Nolan dared to ask.

"I have. I'll probably just stick to a blow job, if anything. I'm not putting out just to put out, however, so the mood has to be right," Grace said.

Nolan nodded. That sounded fair enough to him.

"Why, do you want me to have sex with him?" Grace asked.

"If you want to," Nolan said. "It's up to you."

"Well, I don't think I'll want to. Not yet, anyway. Maybe once we get more comfortable with the whole thing," Grace said.

"Yeah, maybe," Nolan agreed.

"It's just mad to think about. Another man would know what I feel like. I will know what another man feels like," Grace said, giggling. "It's a bit surreal. A bit exciting. But mostly surreal."

"You've had other boyfriends before me, right?"

"Yeah, but that's not the same, though. Not really," Grace said. "This is... I don't know. It's different. It just is."

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Nolan woke up early the next morning to take a shower. He wanted to make sure he was clean and fresh for the big day ahead. He was feeling a mixture of excitement and nerves, but he was ready. He had to be. This was something they had both built towards.

He took his time in the shower, washing his body thoroughly and shaving his face. When he was finished, he stepped out of the shower and toweled off, looking at himself in the mirror. He was a good-looking guy, with his brown eyes and brown hair, his strong jaw, and his well-toned body. He smiled at himself, feeling confident.

When he was dressed, he went into the kitchen to make breakfast for Grace. He knew she liked waffles, so he made a batch, along with some coffee. He set the table for two, making sure everything looked perfect. When it was ready, he went into the bedroom to wake Grace.

She was still asleep, her neon blonde hair spread out across the pillow. Nolan picked up a handful of locks and inhaled her scent, savoring the familiarity. Then he sat down on the bed and gently shook her awake.

"Good morning, beautiful," he said. "I made you breakfast."

Grace smiled up at him. "Thanks, babe. You're the best."

"You deserve the best," Nolan said, smiling back at her.

They ate breakfast together, talking about their plans for the day. Nate had booked a table at a decent restaurant. Not as good as the one they had been at last night, but still better than what they would've expected from a man like Nate. And there was a bar attached to the restaurant, so Grace figured she could grab a drink or two to help her nerves beforehand, as they would meet at the restaurant. Apparently, Nate thought it would be weird to pick her up right next door.

After breakfast, Grace got ready for her ballet, as it was Saturday, while Nolan tidied up the apartment and prepared for the evening.

He had a quick talk with Grace, just to check in and see how she was feeling. She seemed calm and collected, but he knew she was nervous inside. He gave her a kiss and wished her luck.

He then found himself pacing around the apartment, unable to focus on anything. He was so nervous, but also excited. He couldn't believe they were actually doing this. He kept replaying the conversation in his head, the one where he had asked Grace to do this, and she had agreed.

He had never imagined that they would get to this point. He had always thought that she would tell him to get lost. But here they were, about to embark on this crazy journey. He

was still scared, but he knew he had made the right decision. Soon, today, Grace would most likely have her mouth around another man's cock.

Nolan decided to go for a walk to clear his head. When he came back, Grace was home from her ballet.

"Hey babe," she said, giving him a kiss.

"Hey, how was ballet?" Nolan asked.

"It was good," Grace replied, smiling. "I'm a bit tired, though, so I'm going to take a nap before we go out tonight."

"Okay," Nolan said.

"I know you're excited about tonight, that you perhaps even hope something might happen, but just know that there is a good chance that it won't," Grace said, giving Nolan a reassuring smile. "Don't get your hopes up too much, okay? I love you, and I want to make sure you're not disappointed if nothing happens."

Nolan nodded. "I know. And I won't be disappointed if nothing happens. I just want you to have a good time."

"I will," Grace said, kissing him again. "I'm going to take a nap now. See you later."

"See you," Nolan said. He watched as she walked into the bedroom and closed the door. He felt a mixture of emotions. Excitement, nervousness, and even a little bit of fear. This was going to be a big night for all three of them. He just hoped it would go well.

Then it was time. After a quick shower, Grace got her makeup on, looking stunning as always, her hair flowing in neon blonde waves down her naked back. It was hard to not want to fuck her, standing there in just her panties. But Nolan held back.

"You look incredible," Nolan said.

Grace smiled at him. "I'm almost naked."

"And you look amazing," Nolan said, smiling back at her.

"Thanks," she said, turning back to the mirror and applying some more blush to her cheeks.

"What sort of dress are you going to wear?" Nolan asked, desperate to just talk to her, to keep her there a bit longer.

"I think I'm going to wear that pink tube dress," Grace said, smiling at him. "It's one of my favorites. Stretchy and light, and it hugs me pretty well."

"You look great in it," Nolan said.

"I know," Grace said, grinning at him. "Nate will go blind when he sees me from the back."

He laughed. She was so confident and sexy.

"What time is the reservation?" Nolan asked, stalling still. Grace shot him a look, as they both knew what he was doing. "Sorry, babe," Nolan said, sheepishly.

"Seven," Grace said. "Which means I should probably leave in about fifteen minutes."

"Right," Nolan said. He knew it was time. He had to let her go. He didn't want to, but he had to. He took a deep breath and then walked over to her, wrapping his arms around her from behind and pressing his body against hers. He leaned down and kissed her neck, inhaling her scent.

Nolan felt like one of those poor souls in the stories he used to read, where the boyfriend or husband would linger around while their girl was getting ready for a date with their bull. A sudden realization that was exactly what was happening now. From Nolan discovering his little fetish to Grace reacting with disgust and confusion, to now her going on a date with another man. It was insane, and yet here they were.

"Down, boy," Grace teased. "I'm another man's tonight."

"God," Nolan grunted.

"Too much?" Grace muttered.

"Just enough," Nolan said. He pressed his lips against her ear. "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you too, babe," she replied.

"Have fun tonight," he said.

"I will," she said, turning her head to give him a kiss.

"And remember," Nolan said. "If you change your mind, just say the word."

"I'll keep you posted... and thank you for being so understanding," Grace said, smiling at him.

They shared another kiss before she went to get dressed. Nolan watched as she slipped into the dress, which hugged her body perfectly. He felt his cock stir in his pants, and he had to fight the urge to take her right then and there.

"I know you won't be able to keep me updated all the time, but try to at least tell me where you're going and what you're up to," Nolan said.

"Nolan," Grace began. He knew the answer before he got it. "I will do as best I can, but I also want to experience this date as what it is: a date. I can't be chatting with another man then. For all intents and purposes, I'm a single girl tonight."

Nolan nodded, a strange lump forming in his throat.

"But don't worry," Grace added, looking over at him, "I'll always come home to you."

It was a sweet sentiment, but it didn't really help ease his nerves.

"I just hope you don't think any less of me after tonight," Grace said, looking a bit worried.

"I could never think less of you," Nolan said. "You're the most amazing woman I've ever met."

Grace smiled at him. "Thanks, babe. That means a lot."

She gave him a kiss, then grabbed her purse and headed for the door. "I'll see you later."

"Have fun," Nolan said, his heart pounding in his chest.

"I'll text you when I leave the restaurant," Grace shot in, clearly sensing his nervousness.

Nolan watched as she walked out of their apartment, closing the door behind her. He felt a mixture of emotions: excitement, nervousness, and even a little bit of fear. He knew this was a big night for all three of them, and he just hoped it would go well.

Little did he know, then, that he wouldn't see her until the next morning.

And he wouldn't hear from her for hours. It played right into his paranoia and his increasing anxiety. Not knowing was torture, but the kind of torture that Nolan couldn't help but feel addicted to. And when the texts finally came in, Nolan found himself reading them over and over again.

First one:

*'Made it to the restaurant a while ago. Having a great time, I think I'll enjoy tonight.'*

Second one:

*'Nate's being a gentleman so far, so no worries. We're at the bar having a drink.'*

Third one:

*'He's flirting with me a lot, and I'm enjoying it. A lot.'*

Fourth one and final one:

*'Leaving now.'*

And then nothing more. Nolan was left to imagine the rest. The car ride back to Nate's place. What they were doing there. What Nate would do to Grace.

And the not knowing made Nolan lose his mind.

\*

Grace left the apartment complex and made her way towards the restaurant. Normally, she'd drive her truck, but tonight was a special night. She wanted to walk, to feel the summer breeze on her skin. It was still light outside, but the sun was starting to set. The sky was painted in a myriad of colors, reds, oranges, and pinks.

As she walked down the street, she felt a rush of excitement and nervousness. She couldn't believe they were actually doing this. She was going on a date with another man, a man who wasn't Nolan. And he wasn't just any other man; he was Nate, the guy who had been eyeing her for months, the guy who had flirted with her relentlessly. He was older, and experienced, and confident. He knew what he wanted, and he wanted her.

She could feel her heart pounding in her chest as she thought about it. She knew she had to be careful, but she also knew that she wanted this. She wanted to have a good time, she wanted to live life to the fullest, and she wanted to experience new things. She was also thankful to her future husband that he had this fantasy and was willing to share it with her, and thus let her have such experiences. It was a thrill and a liberty that not many girls had.

And Grace was determined to enjoy it. She wanted to feel alive, she wanted to feel desired, she wanted to feel like a woman.

As she approached the restaurant, she felt her nerves growing, butterflies fluttering in her stomach. She couldn't help but feel like this night would be a turning point in her life, that it would change everything. It was a heady feeling.

She saw Nate standing outside the restaurant, dressed in a sharp suit, his dark, patchy hair slicked back, and his dark eyes sparkling in the dying light. He looked good. As good as that man ever could. He had at least put in a little bit of effort. She took a deep breath and steeled herself.

"Hey," Nate said, smiling at her as she approached. "You look amazing."

"Thanks," Grace said, smiling back at him. "You don't look so bad yourself."

Nate grinned at her. "I guess we both clean up nice."

Grace laughed. "Yeah, I guess we do."

Nate offered her his arm, and she took it, allowing him to lead her into the restaurant. As they walked inside, Grace noticed how cozy and intimate it was. She had half expected Nate to take her to a titty bar or something, but he had chosen a respectable place.

They were led to their table by a waiter, and Nate pulled out her chair for her. Grace sat down, feeling a bit awkward. This was all new to her, and she wasn't quite sure how to act.

"So," Nate said, sitting down across from her, "how are you?"

"Good," Grace said, smiling at him. "You?"

"Never better," Nate replied, grinning at her. "I'm glad we finally got to do this."

"Me too," Grace said, blushing a little.

Grace was nervous, but Nate's easygoing personality helped her relax. As much as she thought he'd take her to a titty bar, she also thought he'd rush the dinner, just having it as an excuse to take her home to his place and fuck the shit out of her. But he didn't. Instead, he actually took note.

"Wanna grab a drink before we eat? The bar here is pretty decent, even with non-alcoholic stuff," Nate suggested.

"Sure," Grace said, nodding. "That sounds great."

They walked over to the bar and ordered their drinks. Grace ordered a fruity drink while Nate ordered a beer. Grace took a sip of her drink and let the alcohol calm her nerves.

"This is a nice place," she said, looking around. "How did you find out about it?"

Nate smiled at her. "Oh, I've been here a few times before."

"Is it your go-to place, then?" Grace teased.

"I can't deny that," Nate chuckled. "Though never with anyone as good-looking as you. This is the first time I'm coming here with a woman of your caliber, princess."

Grace smiled and blushed a little. It was a simple compliment, but it made her heart flutter.

"So tell me, Nate," Grace began, feeling more comfortable now, "why are you still single? I'm surprised someone hasn't snatched you up."

Nate laughed. "Oh, there have been plenty of women who have tried."

"But none of them were good enough for you?" Grace asked, raising an eyebrow.

"None of them were as amazing as you," Nate said, grinning at her.

"I bet you say that to all the girls," Grace teased, smiling at him.

"Truth be told, like you have unfortunately learned, I can be a bit, erh, a bit of a creep. Like how I grabbed you way back when we first 'met', for lack of a better word. I hate that I did that," Nate said.

"You know what you want, and felt like having a feel," Grace said with a shrug. Was she really making excuses for him? He had totally violated her when he did that. But he, them, had come so long since then. "You're not like that now. Or am I wrong?"

"You're not wrong," Nate said, smiling at her. "And I appreciate that you and Nolan gave me a chance despite that. And I won't fuck it up this time. No creepy shit from me anymore. I promise."

"Good," Grace said, smiling back at him. "Because I really like you, Nate. And I want this to work out between us."

"Me too," Nate said. "And I'll do everything in my power to make sure it does."

They sat at the bar and talked for a while longer before finally going to their table to eat dinner. Grace made sure to update Nolan, too, but had a hard time finding space to be on her phone while keeping her date entertained. The food was good, but Grace barely noticed. She was too busy enjoying Nate's company. For a man who was older than her dad, he really knew how to make conversation, make her laugh, and feel relaxed. Perhaps the salesman in him had trained him well. It made her wonder why he couldn't rein it in himself, and why he sometimes slipped to creepiness.

"So you don't like cigarettes and too much alcohol, right? What about tattoos?" Nate asked.

Grace shrugged. "I'm not opposed to them. Why?"

"I just thought it would be real romantic with a cute little 'NB' tramp stamp, you know, for Nolan Bickle," Nate said, blindsiding her completely, killing a snicker.

Grace burst out laughing, slapping him on the arm. "Or how about Nate Bertsch?" she said, trying to kill her laughter. "I'm being too much, sorry!"

"No, no," Nate chuckled. "You're cute when you laugh. Seeing you like this, I can't imagine how Nolan hasn't put a ring on your finger, and with you chained to the bed, producing a family for him. A pretty wife, three kids, and you'd have it all, no?"

"Ah, this again?" Grace smirked, still chuckling at getting a tattoo of Nolan's initials on her lower back. "Nolan wants to wait."

"Do you?" Nate asked.

"What?"

"Want to wait, I mean?" Nate asked, growing a bit more intense.

"I definitely want to experience life. You gotta remember, I'm still only twenty-three. I have loads of time. Though I don't really want to wait too long. I don't want to be an old granny. Actually, I always hoped to get a daughter and that people would think we were sisters. But that's just silly," Grace said.

"Well, would you look at that. Time is flying by. Why don't we wrap this up, get back to my place, and start working on making that daughter?" Nate joked. Grace traced a small glint in her eyes, but she knew he was only fucking around.

"You wish," she shot back, smiling at him. "I'm not that easy."

"Oh, I know you're not," Nate said, grinning at her. "I know that."

They continued talking like that. Jokes and flirtation, asking a few things here and there, and generally just having a good time together.

"This has been really nice," Grace said as they were finishing up their dinner. "Thank you for taking me out."

"Of course," Nate said, smiling at her. "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"I did," Grace said, grinning at him.

Nate leaned in closer to her, his voice dropping to a whisper. "You know, we could make the night even better by continuing it at my place."

Grace felt a shiver of excitement run through her body. "Is that so?" Grace asked, trying to keep her composure.

"Mhm," Nate said, smirking at her. "I think it would be fun."

Grace bit her lip, considering it. Part of her wanted to say yes, but another part of her was nervous. She wasn't sure if she was ready for that yet. "Maybe another time," she said, smiling at him.

"I understand," Nate said, smiling back at her. "There's no rush. I can be patient."

"Good," Grace said, smiling at him. "Because I want this to last. I don't want to rush into things and ruin it."

"Me neither," Nate said. "And I know it might be a bit weird, but I really like you, Grace. And I want to make sure we do this right. I don't want to screw it up again."

"I appreciate that," Grace said, smiling at him.

After dinner, they decided to grab another drink at the bar before heading home. Grace knew she was playing a dangerous game, that she could call it quits while they were ahead, but she couldn't help herself. She wanted to see how far she could push Nate, what he'd do. She wanted to see how badly he wanted her, even if she had said no. So Nate led them to a secluded booth.

"I'm not sure if I said it before, but that dress really looks great on you. I mean, pink can be a bit childish, but you make it work," Nate said, moving a hand to feel the fabric covering her thigh.

"Thanks," Grace said, smiling at him. "It's one of my favorites."

"It shows," Nate said, smirking at her. When she didn't object to him touching her, his hand slowly squeezed her thigh. It made her skin tingle, and she could feel the heat rising between her thighs.

"You're a bad boy," Grace teased.

"You like it," Nate said, grinning at her.

Grace bit her lip. "Maybe I do."

Nate smiled at her and leaned in close. "I bet you do, princess," he whispered. "I bet you'd like it even more if I took you back to my place and showed you just how bad I can be."

Grace felt her heart racing, and her skin tingled. She wanted him. Badly. But she knew she couldn't give in that easily. "Maybe another time," she said, smiling at him.

Nate grinned at her and pulled back, even removing his hand. Grace was relieved that he was being respectful of her wishes, though she did want him to push it a little bit more. To buy a bit of space, she sent Nolan a third message, updating him on how it went.

Nate noticed, though. "How's Nolan?" he said, a bit annoyed.

"Sorry, I just promised to keep him updated once in a while," Grace replied.

"I get it. What you say?" Nate said, scooting a bit closer to her.

"That you're flirting with me, and I like it," Grace said, smiling at him.

"How much do you like it?" Nate said, his hand slowly moving back up her thigh.

Grace felt her breath catch in her throat as his hand continued to grope her.

"I said I like it a lot. Nate, you're coming on too strong," Grace said, her voice stern.

"What can I say? I'm just a man who knows what he wants," Nate said, grinning at her. He kept his hand on her thigh, but didn't move it any higher. She let it rest there, for now.

"I'm not some cheap fuck," Grace said, her tone serious. "And if you want to keep this going, then you have to respect that. I'm not some whore you can just take home and use for your pleasure. If you want something more with me, then you have to treat me with respect."

"I know," Nate said, his voice softening. "You're right. I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Grace said, smiling at him. "I know you're just excited."

"Yeah, I am," Nate said, smiling back at her. "But I'll try to control myself better."

"Good," Grace said, smiling more kindly at him. She moved her hand to cover his on her thigh, giving it a squeeze. "Now, why don't we get out of here?"

Nate smiled at her. "I like the sound of that."

Grace stood up, and Nate followed suit. He offered her his arm and she took it, letting him lead her out of the bar. As they walked, Grace could feel the tension between them, the anticipation building. She knew he wanted to take her home, but she was still on the fence about it. Sure, she had her little speech now about not being cheap and wanting respect, but him touching her, because it was Nate, had affected her regardless. He was getting to her.

And was it really cheap? Nate and she had been flirting and teasing each other for months, and even more so the last four weeks, in anticipation of this very date. She had used her hand on him for Christ's sake. And this was all going to culminate in her having sex with him sooner or later. It was inevitable, really. So why not give him a sample tonight? It was just a blowjob. It was just a blowjob. Just a blowjob.

So as Nate led her to his shitty old Volkswagen, Grace jumped in.

\*

Nolan was, by a happy miracle, out drawing a breath of fresh air when he saw Nate's car pulling up down in the parking lot. Nolan quickly retreated into the shadows, watching as it stopped next to his Equinox.

His heart was pounding in his chest as he intensely stared at the car doors, expecting them to open at any moment. But they didn't. They just sat there.

Nolan waited for what felt like an eternity. Then, he slowly realized what was going on...

Was this really happening? In public like that? No, this couldn't be...

But what else could it be? What else could keep a couple from opening the doors of their cars?

Nolan swallowed. He couldn't believe it. Grace was actually hooking up with Nate. And not just at home, no, they were right here, outside the apartment where he could see them.

Fuck, this was hot. This was really hot. Fuck.

It wasn't fair. Nolan's heart was pounding in his chest; blood was rushing through his veins. He was so turned on, it was ridiculous.

He kept staring at the car, waiting for them to emerge. But they didn't. They were too busy inside the car. Grace was too busy blowing another man. Nolan's mind was racing, trying to picture it. Had Grace climbed on top of Nate, kissing him, touching him? Was she taking his cock into her mouth right now, sucking him off?

Fuck. Nolan wanted to see it. He wanted to watch them together. Nate's grunts, Grace's moans, the car creaking from the velocity of Grace's treatment.

He had half a mind to go down there, but he kept locked in place. Partly because Grace had said she didn't want him to see her the first few times, and for some odd reason in his pervy brain, he respected that. But also because of that insane thrill of knowing what was going on, but being able to do fuck-all except watch and imagine. And what images came up when he imagined it.

Nolan remembered how rough Dora had been treated. A pang of worry shot through him, worried that Nate was mistreating Grace too, but Nolan quickly dismissed it. Grace wasn't Dora, and it was pretty obvious Nate wasn't going to fuck this up again.

Nolan was pacing the hallway outside their apartment. After what had to be twenty minutes, Nate's car door finally opened, and the two emerged. Nate had a satisfied smirk

on his face, while Grace looked like she'd been through the wringer. Her hair was messy, and even at this distance, Nolan could tell she was quite flustered. But she had a big smile on her face, and she was laughing at something Nate had said.

The two walked over to the elevator and disappeared inside.

Nolan stared at the spot where they had stood moments before, his mind racing. He couldn't believe what had just happened. He knew that Grace had said she might end up blowing Nate tonight, but he hadn't actually expected it to happen. Grace had been on the fence, but apparently, Nate was able to charm her into it. And now she had just blown him in his car, in front of their apartment complex. And there was nothing he could do about it, nothing could ever take that back.

Nolan was still processing everything when the elevator doors opened again, and Nate and Grace stepped out. Nolan bolted inside their apartment before they saw him, but let the door remain slightly ajar, hoping they wouldn't notice. Sure, perhaps he had some sort of right to see what was going on, but he liked to hear them interact without knowing he was there. It felt more devious, and it was so hot hearing how Grace talked with Nate sometimes.

Grace was still smiling, and Nate had a smug grin on his face. They stopped in front of Nate's door and exchanged a few words. Nolan strained to hear what they were saying, but they were talking too quietly. Nolan heard some shuffling of clothes, then the sound of lips smacking. His cock throbbed in his pants as he heard the sound of a door opening and closing.

One moment led to two. A full ten seconds. Where was Grace? Nolan expected her to walk through their door, finding him erect and ready, but no.

\*

Grace felt nervous the whole ride back home. She knew she was about to cross a major threshold, that she was about to hook up with Nate. It was exciting and scary all at the same time. But she knew she wanted it, so she was determined to push past her nerves and enjoy it.

When they got back to the apartment complex, Nate parked next to Nolan's Equinox and turned off the engine. Grace's heart was pounding in her chest.

"This is it, princess," Nate said, grinning at her. "Listen, sorry for ruining the mood and being forward, but I want you to know that tonight was beyond what I had hoped. I thought you'd be cold and would just do this and get it over with. But I guess I should've known you better than to think that by now."

"You're welcome," Grace said, smiling at him. "And don't worry, we still had fun, right?"

"We sure did," Nate said, leaning closer to her. His hand moved to her thigh again, squeezing it gently. "And I can't wait to have more fun with you."

Grace bit her lip, feeling her arousal building. "Neither can I," she said, smiling at him.

Nate smiled back at her and leaned in to kiss her. His lips pressed against hers, and she felt a jolt of excitement run through her body. She kissed him back, her hand moving up his chest to rest on his shoulder.

It took her by surprise when he suddenly kissed her. And how good he was. Nate deepened the kiss, his tongue snaking its way into her mouth. He tasted her, exploring her, tasting the sweetness and the slight bitterness of alcohol. He groaned into her mouth, squeezing her thigh harder. Grace's skin tingled, and the heat between her legs only grew.

This was it. She was actually going to go through with this.

After some minutes of making out, Grace moved her hand down to the bulge in his pants. Nate groaned as her palm caressed his crotch. Grace felt his cock pulsating beneath the fabric, and she couldn't wait to finally see it up close.

She rubbed him over his pants, teasing him. Nate was soon grinding against her hand, seeking more friction. It felt good knowing that he was getting worked up over her. Knowing that she was making him hard.

Nate moaned against her lips as Grace slowly started to undo his zipper. Her fingers grazed against his shaft as she reached inside and fished it out.

Nate pulled his lips away from hers, looking down at his lap as she held his cock in her hands. She felt how hot and hard he was, and she couldn't wait to wrap her lips around him.

"Fuck," Nate moaned as she began to slowly stroke him. "God, that feels good."

Grace leaned in and kissed his neck, working her way down to his chest. She kissed, sucked, and licked, feeling him twitch beneath her hand. She couldn't believe how hard he was as she worked his cock in her hand, watching precum oozing from his swollen crown. His head was already slick and shiny. She rubbed her thumb against the tip, feeling the sticky slickness beneath her fingertip.

She kept kissing her way down until finally, her lips brushed against the top of his pelvis area, just below his navel. Any kissing further, and his shaft would rub against her cheek, warm and heavy, radiating need. God, how good wouldn't it be to feel this piece of equipment against her face?

She looked up at him, meeting his gaze. His eyes were filled with lust and desire, his mouth parted as he watched her. He looked so hungry. Hungry for her. Grace felt her own arousal growing, her pussy throbbing with need.

She moved her head down, her lips kissing down towards the base of his shaft, working the base of his shaft, feeling her heart skip several beats as the warm meat rolled over her face. Fuck. She loved it. Loved feeling him against her. It was so hot, so dirty. She couldn't wait to taste him.

"Fuck, Grace," Nate groaned as her tongue flicked against the underside of his shaft. "God, that feels amazing."

Grace smirked up at him, then slowly worked her way from his base and towards his heavy balls. Nate groaned as she gently kissed and licked them, sucking them into her mouth. She felt the weight of them in her mouth, the saltiness of his sweat and musk. She gently massaged them with her tongue, feeling them tighten as she gave them the attention they deserved.

Nate moaned as she teased him, enjoying every moment of it. She could tell he was close to losing control. She wanted him to. She wanted him to come apart for her. To come apart in her mouth.

After a few more moments of teasing, Grace moved her mouth up to his cock. She kissed his crown, swirling her tongue around it. Nate hissed, his hips bucking up as her tongue lapped at the underside of his tip, tasting him.

Nate couldn't help but start pushing up and into her mouth, desperate for more contact. She let him, enjoying the feeling of his hardness against her tongue. She felt dizzy and drunk from the sensations of his pulsating meat sliding against her lips.

Finally, she wrapped her lips around his swollen cockhead and sucked him into her mouth. Nate groaned loudly, his head falling back against his seat. Grace sank her mouth down on him, slowly working his length deeper into her.

"Oh God," he panted, his hands moving to the back of her head. "Oh shit, that's good..."

She sucked on him, tasting him. It was delicious, but what she enjoyed even more was his reactions, how she made his toes curl, how his voice spiked, how the veins on his face and neck would stand out. That, combined with feeling his throbbing length glide across her tongue, was pure bliss.

"You got a nice big cock," Grace muttered, sliding him out of her mouth, rubbing the spit-rattled shaft against her flushed cheeks. She felt so hot, her face on fire from his warmth and texture. "I don't think I can deepthroat this big thing, though."

"Th-that's okay," Nate grunted, a hand in sheer desperation moving up to guide her back down again. Grace obliged him, sinking her mouth around him.

She let her mouth slide down, down until she could go no more. When she had to stop, her eyes watered at the feeling, and she pulled off to tease him, tickling his balls and

getting his balls in the mix. This went on, the wet, sucking sounds and Nate's grunts filling the small space of the Volkswagen.

She could see how much he enjoyed it, how he lost himself in the pleasure. It turned her on so much, knowing she was the one giving him this pleasure. She could feel her own arousal growing, her pussy aching for attention.

Nate bucked his hips, trying to push himself deeper inside her mouth. Grace did her best to take it, but she felt his thick meat bumping against the back of her throat. She gagged and tried to pull away, but Nate's hands were gripping her head, keeping her in place. She didn't struggle too much, loving how powerless she was compared to him, his powerful dick stuffed deep into her mouth.

"Oh fuck," Nate panted, his hands guiding her head. Grace sucked on him, taking him deeper each time. "Oh shit, Grace..."

His cock pulsed against her tongue, his cum boiling inside him. She could feel him getting close. She sucked him harder and faster, her tongue flicking against the underside of his shaft. Nate groaned, his hips thrusting up, his big blunt tip pushing against her gullet.

"Fuck... fuck! I'm gonna—FUCK!" he cried out, his body jerking as his orgasm washed over him.

Grace felt his cock throbbing, his hot load flooding into her mouth. She drank it down greedily, loving the taste of him, loving the feeling of him losing control for her. It was the hottest thing she had ever experienced, feeling him come apart in her mouth. Nate groaned and bucked his hips as he came, his body spasming, his grip on her hair tightening.

When his orgasm finally subsided, Grace released his cock and sat back, admiring his pulsating cock as it spat a few more droplets of semen. The sound of Nate's pants, almost a bit frightened at the intensity of what just happened, made her own panties damp. God, was she ever wet...

"That was fucking amazing," Nate panted as his softening dick slipped back inside his pants, which made Grace chuckle, but she quickly recovered her smile.

"I'm glad," Grace whispered huskily. She wiped her face; there was so much saliva covering the bottom half of it, along with copious amounts of Nate's pearly strands clinging to it. "I, well, enjoyed giving you what you wanted. So hopefully I was worth all this trouble."

"Worth the trouble? Are you kidding me? You're worth everything," Nate said, smiling at her. "That was the best head I've ever had."

Grace blushed, feeling a swell of pride inside her. "I'm glad," she said. "And I hope there will be more opportunities for us to be together. I actually love giving it too. It gives such a confidence boost."

Nate grinned at her. "Oh, I'm sure there will be plenty of opportunities," he said. "And I can't wait to give you what you need, too."

Grace felt a shiver run down her spine as she thought about what Nate might do to her. She couldn't wait.

"Well, thanks again for tonight," Grace said, smiling at him. "And for being respectful. It means a lot."

"Of course," Nate said, smiling back at her.

"And thanks for letting me give you the best head," Grace said, with a devious smile, reaching for the passenger door.

"Wait, I have some mouthwash and some wipes here. Let me help you," Nate said, turning towards the glove compartment, fishing out the small bottles and packets.

Grace took them and did her best to get rid of the evidence on her face and in her mouth. "Thanks," she said. "I'm going to head home now. You coming?"

"No, I think I'll stay here and recover from the best head I've ever gotten," Nate joked. Grace laughed as she climbed out of the car. Nate followed her, and they headed for their apartment building.

"So, that's it for tonight?" Nate asked as they entered the elevator.

"For tonight, yes," Grace replied, smiling at him. "But don't worry, I'll make sure we have another opportunity soon."

Nate grinned at her. "I can't wait."

They rode the elevator in silence, both lost in their thoughts. When they reached their floor, Nate stepped out first, opening the door for Grace.

"Thanks," she said, smiling at him as she walked past.

"Of course," Nate said.

"Maybe I can do it already next time I visit. You know, if we do another 4 weeks, or whatever," Grace said, hardly believing her own words. Feeling Nate throb on her face, in her mouth, had awakened something inside her. A need. A craving.

Nate gave her a smile. "Maybe."

"Well, have a good night, Nate," she said, grinning at him.

"You too, Grace," he said.

But neither went anywhere. They both stood outside Nate's door, looking at each other. The air between them was thick with tension, and Grace could feel her heart pounding in her chest. They seemed locked in a stalemate, neither willing to give in, both wanting the same thing.

"Well, uh," Grace finally broke the silence, feeling herself blush. "Goodnight, then."

She turned to walk away, but Nate's voice stopped her.

"Grace," he said, his voice low and husky. "Don't go just yet."

Grace turned around to look at him, her heart racing. "Why?" she asked, even though she knew exactly what he wanted.

"Does the night have to end here? I mean, we can just grab a glass of wine and talk some more. Or we can do more than that..."

He didn't finish the sentence, but the implication hung heavy in the air. Grace felt her stomach doing somersaults, and her pussy throbbed. She knew she should say no, that she should go home, but she couldn't bring herself to. She was nervous, but her mind was made up.

"Okay," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "Just one glass of wine. And then I'll go home."

Nate smiled at her. "Great," he said.

Grace followed him into his apartment, her heart pounding wildly in her chest. She knew it was a bad idea, but she didn't care. She wanted this. And she was determined to get what she wanted.

\*

Grace soon found herself in Nate's bathroom. She needed to freshen up a bit from their stint in his car. She had been here plenty of times by now, but this was the first time after she got truly intimate with him.

She looked at herself in the mirror. Her hair was a mess, her face was flushed, and her lips were red and swollen from Nate's cock. But she looked good. She looked sexy in a rough and dirty kind of way. Naughty.

Her mind trailed back to how Nate's meat had been all over her face and how hot it had made her. How it hot it still made her. The dampness of him, the weight against her features, the heat. It made her so wet. It had felt so right, so beautiful.

She couldn't help but smile at herself as she thought about it. She was so excited to be here, it was almost silly. Without another second thought, she grabbed her phone and shot Nolan the final text of the night.

*'are you sure you want it?'* she wrote.

*'What?'* Nolan replied. Grace bit her lip, seeing him typing something. Then it appeared on the screen. *'Yes'*

A smile crept over Grace's face as she read Nolan's text. She couldn't believe this was actually happening. Her heart was pounding in her chest, and she felt a thrill coursing through her body. She took a deep breath, and opened the bathroom door.

Nate was waiting for her in the kitchen, two glasses of wine poured and ready. Grace smiled at him and took a sip of her wine. He had no idea what was in store for him, but she couldn't wait to see his reaction.

"So," Grace began, leaning against the counter. "Where were we?"

Nate grinned at her. "I think we were right about here," he said, moving closer to her. He leaned in and kissed her, his hand moving to cup her ass. Grace felt her body tingling as his lips pressed against hers, his tongue exploring her mouth. She felt a rush of excitement as his fingers squeezed her flesh, his grip strong and firm.

Grace moaned against his lips, her hand moving down and right into his pants. She could feel his hardness beneath his boxers, his cock already throbbing with need. She stroked him slowly, loving how big and heavy he was.

Nate groaned as she teased him, his hips thrusting forward to meet her touch. Feeling his size, Grace started to wonder if it would at all fit inside her. His dick was definitely thicker and longer than Nolan's. And Nolan was above average. Fuck.

They kissed and groped each other until they found themselves on Nate's couch with Nate on top of Grace. Grace's pink dress was already bunched up around her waist, her panties on the floor somewhere, and his cock was out, exposed in all its glory.

"Look how hot this thing is," Grace hissed, wrapping both hands around it as best she could with it hovering over her belly. "It'll split me open!"

"And you'd like that, wouldn't you, princess?" Nate whispered in her ear, nibbling at her lobe as he did.

"Uh, yeah," Grace mewled as he suddenly slid back in between her legs, thrusting downwards, smacking his head against her clit. Grace felt a shudder running through her body, the shockwaves from Nate's size just igniting the horniness within her even more. God, was she horny. "God, I'm soaked and your head is just tapping me, teasing the shit out of me."

"Yeah. I'll try to push in gently first," Nate said. "Spread 'em nice and wide, princess. Don't think about what it will hurt, but only about how much you're going to love every inch of me."

Nate gripped her left knee with one of his big bear paws, and spread it wide while Grace herself did the same with her other knee. It was a bit awkward as the back of the couch limited how much they could spread out, but Grace felt her heart pounding in her chest as Nate positioned himself. The fat mushroom tip was pressing against her wet opening.

She could feel the pressure increasing as he started to push, his swollen glans stretching her tight pussy open. She was so nervous, and Nate so eager, so ready. She gasped as she felt him slowly entering her, his thickness stretching her open. It was a mixture of pain and pleasure, and it made her head spin, and it was as if the sound and air of the room was sucked out.

"Fuck," she groaned as he slid deeper inside her. She was really doing it. Grace had another man inside of her. This was actually happening!

"Oh shit," Nate grunted, his breath hot against her ear, stopping momentarily. "You're so fucking tight..."

Grace whimpered as he held still, yet still stretching her to her limits. She could feel her pussy being spread open, filled with his hardness. She had never felt so full before, so stretched. It was amazing. And he had only pushed his head and a couple of inches inside of her.

"F-fuck," she panted as he paused. "I can't believe it."

"Finally, eh?" Nate muttered, his voice strained. He pushed, causing her head to jolt back.

"W-wait. Stop. You're too big," Grace muttered, closing her eyes.

"You'll be fine," Nate said, drawing back, pushing in again, this time a bit deeper. Grace winced.

"Pull out, Nate," she moaned, opening her eyes to look at him apologetically. For a moment, she thought she saw him annoyed, but that faded quickly. "This is the best we can do. I don't want to be split open."

"Fine," Nate said, a little huffy. "Fine. I guess we'll have to find another way."

He pulled out and Grace closed her legs, sitting up.

"Sorry," she said, looking at him. "I didn't want to ruin this."

"It's fine," Nate said, giving her a smile. "We can still have fun. We just have to get creative."

Nate moved to sit down next to her, and Grace moved down on the floor before him.

"Why don't you sit back and let me take care of you?" she said, smiling at him.

"Sounds good to me," Nate said, grinning at her.

Grace reached out and wrapped her hands around his cock, stroking it slowly. She watched as it thickened and hardened beneath her touch, and she felt her own arousal growing. Slowly, she leaned in, but instead of taking him in her mouth, she started running the blunt tip of his cock across her cheeks.

She rubbed it against her skin, feeling its hardness, its heat. His skin was warm and smooth, hard beneath a soft layer of velvet like surface. She loved the feeling of it against her face, how it made her skin tingle. She teased him, kissing and licking along its length, her tongue flicking against the underside of his shaft. Nate groaned, his hips bucking as he sought more contact.

"You found yourself a new toy to play with, huh?" Nate said.

"You better believe it. I love rubbing fat cocks on my face. I'm weird, I know, I just feel so dirty doing it," Grace muttered as she stroked him.

Grace felt his cock throbbing against her face, his precum oozing from his tip, spilling onto her making her feel even dirtier. She loved how much he was enjoying this, and how much it was turning her on. She wanted him. She wanted to feel him inside her. Fuck it. If not full sex, she just needed to feel that big dick in her.

"Bedroom," she muttered while mushing her face against Nate's fat, dripping hog, letting it get all over her cheeks. She got up, almost dragging Nate with her by the cock, and guided him towards his room.

Once there, she pushed him onto the bed and climbed on top of him, straddling his waist, wanting to be in control when she took on a monster like Nate's cock. She could feel his hardness pressing against her ass, pressing hard to get between her butt cheeks. God, this thing was huge. And Nate looked up at her with an expression of pure need. It was so hot.

"You ready for this, princess?" Nate asked, his voice thick with desire.

"Fuck yeah," Grace said, grinning at him. She reached behind her and grabbed his cock, guiding it between her legs.

She gasped as she felt it pressing against her pussy. He groaned as her lips spread around his thick shaft, her wetness coating his skin. She paused, trying to ease into this.

And as she did, Nate ran his hands up her back, finding her lips with his own. She felt him kissing her passionately, his tongue working her over. Without realizing it, Nate rolled her onto her back and mounted her, spreading her legs wide.

Grace immediately got scared at feeling so pinned beneath Nate. "Hold on! It won't work, we—"

But this time, Nate didn't wait. Instead, he pressed his dick against her pussy with an urgency, forcing her back to arch. As Grace realized that Nate wasn't backing down, it was like organ music started playing an intense, angelic, but not too overwhelming tune in Grace's head as Nate pressed himself deeper inside her. As he did, Grace's pussy felt a wonderful mix of stretching, a hint of pain, a tinge of pleasure. Fuck, her heart was pounding so hard, yet the pressure in her pussy was nothing compared to that.

She felt him pressing deeper and deeper inside her. She gripped him hard, not able to do much, but simply brace and ride it out. And Nate knew what he was doing.

"Relax. Let me in, princess," he commanded her in a low, growly voice.

And Grace did as he said. And even if she knew it was coming, it took her by surprise when Nate started to move. Slowly, Nate pressed into her more, easing himself in, the fat meat just filling her out. He paused, holding himself inside her, then pulled back out. She gasped at the sudden sensation of his dick gliding back out of her, her walls tightening to hold him. He paused when the mushroom tip was snuggled inside, keeping him rooted, before pushing forward once more. He repeated that, this time going in a little deeper each time, pushing further and further inside her, stretching her wide open, a small burn that made Grace clench her teeth.

Even though Nate was being gentle, he was just so fucking big. Big and strong and, Grace would have never guessed until tonight, skilled at being rough but understanding. The music of ecstasy filled her mind, her whole body reacting to this foreign beast invading her cave. He stretched her, yet as her walls clung onto his stalk, the more it became a world of her own. Of his. Grace lost any thoughts and concerns. What mattered now was the pleasure that Nate was bringing her.

"Gosh," Grace moaned, wondering if this was more than she could handle. "Nate, it's big."

"You're telling me," he muttered, pushing all the way in, nestled up to the base of his dick, his balls pressing against her taint. The music in her ear exploded, and she saw stars. She bit her lip and shuddered from head to toe. "It feels amazing being inside you, princess."

"D-Don't talk," Grace mumbled, digging her fingers into his forearm. "J-just fuck me."

Nate smiled and kissed her once more. She moaned and kissed him back. Then he began. Nate started to rock his hips against her, slowly pumping her. Each thrust was gentle, careful. She could feel her pussy stretching to take him, yet she could tell he was holding back, instead fucking her with a softness she hadn't expected, and it was tender, not too rough or too violent, just exactly what a girl needed for her first time with a big cock. He pushed deep and ground against her. A brief light entered Grace's vision again.

Grace lost all track of time, just focused on the incredible pleasure that Nate was giving her. It felt so good, and each thrust washed away any doubt she had had. His cock was perfect, his movements were perfect. It was like they were made for each other, and this was what she had been missing in her life.

"Hah... Nnnng..." She couldn't make words, all she could do was moan and cry and take his perfect, delicious cock.

Nate pushed her legs further up and spread her wider, still moving with gentle thrusts. Grace threw her head back and arched her back. It was too much, it felt too good. His hard dick was sliding in and out of her tight pussy, making her quiver. She was going to come undone, and she was powerless to stop him. The music in her ears turned into a beautiful chorus, and her body flushed with heat as his fat cock pierced deeper than anyone had before. This was amazing. The intensity was calming. Grace felt herself getting lost in it as he pumped in and out of her.

And God did he go in and out. Nate was using powerful motions, but wasn't forceful. There was no brute strength to his thrusts; instead, he was gentle, soft even. She went from being fearful to being in a state of bliss, a faint smile on her lips as she felt him going so incredibly gently with her.

He could easily have been rough and aggressive. He could have grabbed her legs, thrown them up over his shoulders, and pummeled her relentlessly.

Instead, she found herself confused at how good the sex was. All so incredibly unexpected. Nate was slow and patient. She couldn't help but smile as he took her. His cock was massive inside her, and the contrast was stark; being so big, he was clearly capable of destroying her, but instead, she was continuously amazed at how he was treating her gently, being considerate, making it feel so damn awesome. It was hot, and it only made her want him more.

"That feels so good, Nate," Grace moaned as Nate pumped his hips in an exquisite, steady rhythm, pushing her body into the bed. Her pussy was stuffed full of cock, his throbbing meat grinding against her G-spot.

"You look so beautiful," Nate muttered, leaning in and kissing her. Grace kissed him back, her arms moving to his shoulders, her fingernails clawing against his flesh.

"Mmm," Grace whimpered, losing herself in his kisses. His body was pressed against hers, his hard cock thrusting deep inside her, taking care of her. Claiming her in the most honest

way. There was a certain brutality to his slow, methodic pace, the constant rhythm of it all, just laying claim to her insides, her tight passage.

God, it was fucking good, and Grace could feel her climax building, her pleasure mounting. "O-oh, God..." Grace whimpered against his lips.

Her hips bucked, grinding against him, seeking more friction. She kissed him hard, their bodies grinding and moving against one another. Nate groaned, his hips picking up the pace, fucking her a tiny bit faster, just a hint, but still keeping a very smooth rhythm to it. Grace clung to him, moaning against his lips, her legs wrapping around his waist. She was getting close, her climax building, her body craving its release. She panted into his cheek, mouth wide open, sweat making her shine as the pressure built.

"Oh, Nate! OH, NATE! GOD! O-OH!" She cried, his meat going up and down, in and out, her orgasm building. "NNNG!"

Then it happened. Her orgasm broke, washing over her in waves, and her toes curled as the pleasure rocked through her. Nate groaned, his lips moving down to her neck, sucking and kissing her skin as her body tightened around him, spasming against his hard cock.

Totally unescapable. Utterly divine. Pure bliss. It lasted for quite a few seconds before she felt her pussy milking his length, gripping him as if it never wanted to let him go.

He kept moving, drawing it out, fucking her through her orgasm. Grace clung to him, moaning incoherently, her eyes shut as she let the sensations overwhelm her. She loved the way his cock felt, his size inside her. She wanted more, needed more.

"Give me your cum, Nate," she moaned, her pussy clamping down around his thick shaft, his skin stretching hers tight as the bumps of him created indentations upon her velvety smoothness, showing her what this big dick could do to her.

Nate's body tensed up. Grace could feel his muscles clenching, the pressure mounting. And then he released his seed, flooding her. He was loud, groans and growls as his cock pulsed within her. She felt the heat of his hot sperm pouring into her, painting her walls in the sticky liquid, filling her to the brim.

The warmth of him inside her made her shudder with ecstasy, and the intensity of her orgasm intensified. It seemed like he just wouldn't stop, spurting ropes of hot cum deep within her pussy, covering every inch of her insides, claiming her as his. It felt so good. It felt right.

Grace loved the feeling of being filled, and it was an even more intense feeling Nate's thickness twitching as he came. She could feel every spurt, every shudder of his body as he came, filling her, claiming her.

"Shit, that's hot," she moaned, closing her eyes, letting herself get lost in the sensation.

Nate moaned softly, his body relaxed and loose after releasing his load inside her, his thick meat still nestled between her folds. Grace felt his cum pooling deep inside her, warming her, remaining inside her as Nate had folded her up so her lower back was slightly elevated from the mattress.

"God, Nate, that was incredible," she moaned, running her fingers through his hair, his cum sloshing around in her womb. She loved how it felt inside her, loved how good it made her feel.

"Glad you enjoyed it, princess," Nate said, smiling at her, pressing a few more kisses on her flushed face.

"I did, very much," she purred, closing her eyes. She felt sated, content.

They remained tangled together for a few minutes until she finally came to. Nate's cock had shrunk enough so he was no longer sealed inside, and now a steady stream of sticky, wetness was making a puddle beneath her ass.

"Let me use the bathroom to clean up a bit," she told him. Nate rolled off her, and she gently let herself come off, a waterfall of white cum dripping out of her ruined opening.

She got up and waddled to the bathroom, feeling dazed and satisfied. She cleaned herself up, then came back into the bedroom.

"You want to stay?" Nate asked, looking over at her.

"I think I should go home," Grace said, smiling at him. "Thanks for a great night, though."

Nate smiled back at her. "Of course. And thank you, too."

Grace hesitated. She didn't really want to leave, but she knew she should. But who knew if this would ever happen again? After all the months of them teasing and flirting, she didn't feel quite done yet. Besides, Nate had gone easy on her.

"Okay," she said finally, smiling at him. "Let's see how much I can take."

"Yeah?" Nate said.

"You think you can do that, big boy? Bend me over and show me what you've got? Show me what I've been missing out on?" Grace said with a smile.

Nate grinned at her. "Oh, I know I can."

She grinned at him, then went over and kissed him deeply. "Then do it," she whispered against his lips.

Nate grinned and flipped her over, so she was on her belly, her ass up in the air. She could feel his cock growing hard again, pressing against her ass. The anticipation of being fucked doggystyle by such a big cock sent a shiver down her spine.

"Fuck me hard, Nate," she breathed out.

"Oh, I will, princess."

"Mhmm," she said, squeezing the sheets, ready for him to pound the shit out of her.

She felt his hands grip her perfect ass cheeks, mauling them. Grace had completely forgotten, since they had their 'no touch' rule, Nate had never had a proper feel of her ass. This was the first chance he had to really grope and feel the firmness, the magnitude of her jiggly cheeks, so naturally, he took it. Grace grinned to herself, feeling how she gave the right person an early Christmas present.

His hands roamed freely on her ass and cheeks, utterly mesmerized by their texture and shape. The guy was going to town, leaving her ass cheeks red, handprints marked all over it. Her skin was quickly beginning to change color due to the sheer force with which Nate grabbed.

"You really like that ass, huh?" Grace said.

"I'm getting you some booty shorts as soon as possible to wear around my apartment. Fuck, this ass is almost too much."

"I look hot in booty shorts," Grace smirked over her shoulder.

"I bet you look incredible."

Grace grinned. She always felt amazing wearing those booty shorts, as she loved to be showered with compliments.

"Give it to me," Grace demanded, eager to feel him.

Nate growled and spanked her again before letting his cock slap against her cheeks a few times.

"Push it in. I'm done talking. Just shove that big dick inside me. Let's fuck," she continued, urging him on.

"You sure you can handle it?" Nate said.

But Nate didn't wait for an answer, already positioning himself behind her. Then, she felt the thick cockhead kiss her opening and his hands spreading her cheeks, putting them in

perfect alignment. Her wet pussy throbbed for the penetration that was about to arrive. And, without further words exchanged, he pushed it in.

"Nghahh!," Grace grunted, feeling her wet pussy stretching, straining around the intrusion, taking its punishment.

Even though she had already taken him once, Nate's size was still overwhelming. Her walls clung to him, gripping his hot length as he slid deep, filling her up.

"I bet you don't regret this date now," Nate said.

Grace chuckled through the haze of lust and pain. "Not a bit," Grace managed, any doubt long gone.

Nate's grip on her hips tightened slightly as he began to move, his hips finding a rhythm as he fucked her. His cock sank deep inside her with every thrust, stretching her to her limits. He was hitting her in all the right places, and she was already on the edge. She could feel another orgasm building, his huge size taking her closer and closer to the edge. She pushed her hips back, meeting his thrusts, taking him deeper inside her. Her juices sluiced down her thighs, dripping onto the sheets below them.

The smell of sex hung heavy in the room, mingling with their sweat. Their breathing was heavy, labored, their bodies moving together. Grace's skin tingled, her body growing warmer and warmer as he fucked her.

She cried out, feeling her climax mounting as his thick cock pistoned in and out of her. His breath was hot against her neck, his weight pressing her into the bed. Her body hummed, his thrusts driving her higher and higher. It was overwhelming, and she couldn't hold on any longer.

As her orgasm hit, her whole world exploded in a rush of heat and sensation, and she came undone. Nate grunted, thrusting deep into her as he was beating her pussy into submission, the room starting to feel like it was spinning.

"Ngh-fuck!" Grace yelled, feeling her walls clenching and unclenching around his thick length, his dick throbbing deep inside her.

Nate gave her a few more deep strokes until he finally felt her gushing all over, soaking his cock as the orgasm left her in a tidal wave, making her tremble with ecstasy.

"N-nate, baby, pull it out," Grace pleaded with her most vulnerable tone as he was starting to bottom out at her cervix. Nate ignored her, choosing instead to keep pushing even further into her, not ceasing his violent rutting. "It's so intense!" Grace complained, a glazed look on her face.

He thrust back inside her, grunting in pleasure as her body clenched around his cock again, cumming once more, back to back.

"I bet you love getting fucked by this cock. Listen to you," Nate grunted.

Grace could only nod in agreement, feeling another orgasm wash over her. "Nghh. Y-yes, baby..."

"I'll have you come over every week and fuck you," Nate offered.

"U-ugh, yes!" Grace yelped, his dick sending a powerful spark of pain to her.

His grip on her ass cheeks became almost bruising, and there was an almost manic look in his eyes. He wasn't holding anything back and was in full-blown beast mode.

"Y-yes!" Grace shrieked, barely coherent, only able to say that one word.

Her pussy clamped around him, her orgasm nearly sending her into a frenzy. She gripped the sheets, her vision swimming with pleasure.

"How would you like that, hmm? To come over every week and get fucked by this big cock?" Nate asked, leaning forward to whisper in her ear. His cock thick and unrelenting, taking her in ways she hadn't dreamed of.

"Y-yes," Grace panted, her body trembling from the intensity.

"You want me to keep fucking you? To keep filling your tight pussy with my cum?" he growled.

"Y-yes, please! Please fuck me, baby!" Grace cried out, her eyes rolling back into her head.

Nate groaned, his thrusts becoming more erratic. It was raw and filthy, and Grace couldn't get enough of it. She felt another orgasm building as he pounded her, her body writhing beneath him. He was so fucking deep, slamming into her with intensity, and to Grace's awe, she could take it. She needed it. His thick cock was giving her something no one else ever had before.

He was stretching her wide, filling her, claiming her. His hot, thick cock pulsed inside her, and she could feel him getting close. The thought of him pumping her full of his cum sent another wave of pleasure coursing through her.

"I-I'm close," he groaned, his thrusts becoming more frantic.

Grace cried out, her orgasm washing over her. Her body spasmed and tensed, her walls clenching around him, milking his cock. She felt him twitching, his heavy veins bulging and pulsating inside her, pressing against her walls.

Grace was obsessed, craving Nate's cock whipping her insides into an utter state of surrender. He could have his way with her like no one else ever had before. He fucked her

in a way that made her his, how it subjugated her, made her body powerless, unable to fight against this sensation. The sensation of a total claiming.

"Ahhh—yes! UHHHGAHHH!" Grace howled, shaking, panting, gasping, his relentless assault sending her spiraling into a heady state of ecstasy as his heavy cock slammed into her again and again.

Finally, Nate stopped thrusting, his thick cock swelling up inside her. His thick veins pulsed along her inner walls, his thickness twitching inside her. He grabbed the back of her neck and pressed her hard against the mattress.

"Are you close?" she mewled.

He nodded, biting his lip. "Fuck yes."

Grace smiled at him, knowing what was about to happen. "Then cum for me. Pump me full of cum. Make a mess of my insides," Grace begged.

Nate groaned, his hips pumping wildly as his cum started to pulse out of him, spraying her insides with intense velocity. "Fuck!" He hissed. His hands tightened their grip, his nails digging into her flesh as he pushed his entire length into her, his balls twitching, spurting ropes of hot seed. Grace couldn't help but moan, feeling her body tensing as her own climax came upon her, triggered by his cock and the load she felt pumped into her.

"Oh, fuck!" Nate grunted, thrusting harder, burying his cock to the hilt.

He was breathing heavily as his thick shaft throbbed deep within her, pumping her insides with his creamy mess. Grace moaned, her eyes closing as she felt him fill her like the way she deserved it. A month of flirting and teasing had built up to this moment, and she could honestly not ask for a better night than this.

Their orgasms slowly subsided and their breathing slowly returned to normal. They lay there in silence, Nate's cock buried deep in her. Grace felt his heartbeat on her back, and his hot breath on her neck.

"Holy shit," Nate eventually muttered, pulling out, letting a generous amount of his seed drip out of Grace.

"Did we just— did that— was that real?" Grace stammered. She had finally done it.

Grace rolled onto her back, her chest still heaving from her exertion. Her hair was a complete mess, her sweat had made a pool around her, and his cum was smeared all over her butt and thighs. She grinned, closing her eyes and enjoying the bliss that washed over her.

"Did that just happen?" she asked in amazement.

"Hell yeah, it did!" Nate exclaimed, looking over at her, his chest also heaving. "And it won't be the last time either, princess."

Grace blushed slightly, but smiled. "You think?" she asked.

Nate grinned and leaned over, kissing her lips. Grace kissed him back, her heart swelling. He tasted like a dream, his scent overwhelming, his body strong. He wrapped an arm around her, pulling her closer, and she melted into him.

The two of them lay there in a heap, completely spent. Grace grinned to herself as she thought about the last few weeks of her life. This wasn't how she saw the relationship playing out, but it was exciting nonetheless. She couldn't have imagined herself ever doing something so risky, so exhilarating, but here she was, having just been fucked by a cock a league of his own.

Grace lay there, naked in the afterglow, utterly content. It was one of the best feelings in the world, the endorphins, serotonin, and oxytocin pumping through her veins. Nate was running his fingers up and down her side, smiling at her.

His movements, however, ceased. His breathing grew heavy, and so did hers, both of them fading into a blissful, dreamless sleep.