

**BEST OF FRIENDS**

**BY MR JAKOBS**



## Chapter 1

“All Jack said was I look pretty. It was just a little comment, Noah.” Rachel inspected herself in her oversized vanity as she spoke, adjusting her black pushup with delicate fingers.

“Jack creeps me out,” Noah said as he scrolled through the endless reels on his phone. He sprawled across Rachel’s bed, feeling the warmth from the sun streaming through the bay windows.

“I think you’re being unfair. His jokes might not always land, but he’s not creepy.” Rachel ran her freshly done nails through her blonde wavy hair, assuring it had a perfectly natural look. She puckered her full pink lips as she looked over her makeup once more. Noah glanced at her reflection in the mirror, his heart skipping a beat as he caught her blue eyes.

God, she was beautiful.

“I swear, you are way too innocent. He’s a fuckboy Rachel, and those ‘little comments’ about your looks and body? They’re not just little comments. They’re weird, and he’s a creep,” Noah replied. Rachel had to laugh at that.

“Well, I think you’re being a little too suspicious of him. It’s really cute his friends have been so welcoming to us. It’s made freshmen year a lot easier.” Rachel walked over to the pile of clothes pouring out of her closet and began sorting through them. “God, it’s impossible to find anything in this small closet... Is my dress on the bed, babe?”

“I thought you said you were going to give away some clothes to make space?”

“I did! This is only about a fourth of what I had,” Rachel said.

“I guess you haven’t gotten used to living like us common folk yet,” Noah said as he looked around the bed briefly.

“Hush.” Rachel laughed softly as she tossed a shirt to the side, “Did you see the dress?”

“No dress, sorry,” Noah said. He watched Rachel rummage through her closet with a smile across his face. She only wore her bra and panties, moving with a gentle elegance despite being flustered. But that was Rachel. Too well-mannered to lose her graceful poise, and too sweet to show a hint of frustration.

“Did you actually look?” Rachel asked.

“I did. There’s nothing here babe.” Noah eyed Rachel hungrily as she dug deeper into her clothing piles, her perfectly round ass in plain view as she got on her knees to continue her search.

“You know, if you can't find it, we could always stay home. Jack will have another party. He's been having one almost every weekend since we got on campus,” Noah said.

“Oh, is that right? And what would we do exactly?” Rachel leaned forward into the pile, arching her back so her ass hung high in the air.

“I could think of a few things.” Noah did his best to sound seductive, but Rachel didn't seem to catch it. After all, being seductive never was Noah's strong suit. Rachel stood and turned to him, the fabric of her black plunging-neck dress clinging to her curves.

“Found it! I guess those ideas of yours are going to have to wait,” Rachel walked toward Noah slowly. She swayed her hips while pulling the dress close to her chest. Noah felt his cock throb as she turned around and stepped into it. She moved slowly, giving Noah a coy smile as the dress caught on her butt cheeks. Rachel might have been a sweet small-town girl, but when she wanted to be bad, she sure knew how.

“You sure you don't want to just stay home tonight?” Noah asked weakly, his eyes glued to Rachel as she slipped the dress over her shoulders and turned to him.

“Noah, we have officially escaped small-town life. We have four years. Four years to really be young and live our lives to the fullest. This is our time to have fun! Not sit at home and watch TV.”

“Well... we wouldn't be watching TV...” Noah sat up and grabbed at Rachel's waist. She let out a playful yelp as he pulled her onto his lap. Noah leaned in for a kiss, but Rachel promptly placed a finger on his chest and pushed him back.

“Ah ah, I just did my makeup.”

“Come on babe...” Noah groaned.

“After the party. Now, listen to me, mister,” Rachel dragged her finger across Noah's chest. “You need to learn to take life by the horns. I know there wasn't much to do in Herferd...”

“And no friends to do them with,” Noah said blandly.

“Yes, but that isn't the case anymore, is it? We're at an elite college right by the city. We could eat at a different restaurant every night and still not have tried everything this place has to offer. I don't want to be who we were in Herferd. We need to get out as much as possible and experience all we can!” Rachel's energy was intoxicating. She had always been this way. A bright star that could inspire even the most miserable of their peers. It was why she made valedictorian, it was why she was cheerleading captain.

“I mean, you're right. It'd be stupid not to try and live a little before we get tied down with jobs and life. But I wouldn't say Jake's party counts as ‘experiencing’ something. All they do is drink, smoke, and play beer pong. People just go there to flirt and hook up. It's literally the same

every time. Plus Jack and all those guys..." Noah stopped, looking to the ground as his chest tightened.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Rachel said, placing her hand on his shoulder.

"I guess... I guess a part of me wishes we hadn't befriended them?" Noah said. Rachel stared at him silently, he wondered if he'd said something wrong.

"You don't want to be friends with Jack?"

"I mean, maybe?"

"Noah, you can't keep pushing people out. Jack has been a saint. He's literally the only person who went out of his way for us since we got here."

"Yeah, I know..."

"He was there for you when you were having car trouble. He was there for me when I was having trouble finding my classes."

"I know I know," Noah closed his eyes and shook his head.

"So what is it?" Rachel wrapped her arms around Noah's neck. Her sweet perfume filled his nostrils.

"He reminds me of Brian." Noah felt goosebumps rise on his skin. He couldn't remember the last time he'd said that name out loud.

"Oh..."

"Yeah."

"Noah, I know what happened at prom was traumatic. How Allison cheated with Brian was—"

"Don't bring that up," Noah pushed Rachel off himself and stood, burying down his memories as fast as they appeared in his mind. His heart thumped in his chest, it felt like the walls were closing in around him. He wanted to run, to sprint as far as his legs could take him.

Noah focused on his breathing and clenched his fists tightly. He wasn't at prom. Allison wasn't here. That was in the past. Noah took several deep breaths.

That was the past. Allison wasn't here, Brian wasn't here...

"Are you alright?" Rachel asked gently. Noah nodded.

"Y-yeah, that wasn't as bad as some of the other times," he said.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have brought that up,” Rachel said gently.

“It’s fine.” Noah didn’t turn to look at Rachel. He didn’t want to appear any more vulnerable than he felt.

“I guess I’m just shocked,” Rachel said. “I really thought this group was helping you feel at home. Coming to Godfrey was a big step for both of us. It’s a totally different world compared to Herferd, and I’ll be honest, it’s been a hard transfer for me. Having Jack and his friends around has been really helpful. I didn’t realize you didn’t feel the same...”

“No, you’re right. They’ve been decent. It’s just... god how do I explain it?” Noah turned to Rachel. She looked nervous, eager to help Noah feel better in any way she could. He hated when she looked that way. Noah wanted Rachel to feel safe around him, she shouldn’t feel like she needed to take care of him. Allison felt like she needed to take care of Noah. He couldn’t let that happen again...

“It’s ok, take your time. I’ll listen when you’re ready,” Rachel said with a smile. Her voice was a warm invitation for Noah to relax. It made him feel like the luckiest man on earth.

“We had a chance to start over. To leave Herferd behind. You were getting a shot at some freedom, and I was getting a chance to be a completely different person. This was a chance to not be seen as the weak, nerdy kid... then they just showed up. Don’t get me wrong, they’ve been helpful and a lot of fun. But deep down, I can’t help but feel like something is off,” Noah said.

“Oh Noah.” Rachel stood and walked over to him. “What happened on prom night... was a nightmare. And those ‘friends’ of yours weren’t your friends. But this group is different. I feel like we can build a real friendship with them.”

“I guess. You don’t think all the name-calling and the jokes about me still being a virgin are a red flag?” Noah asked.

“Well, we both know you’re not a virgin.” Rachel stood on her toes and kissed Noah deeply. His anxiety floated away as her soft lips touched his. She tasted sweet. He felt his body shiver as Rachel’s fingers slid up and down his arms. She pulled away and gazed deeply into his eyes. “They’re just teasing you. That’s what boys do. You can’t run from making friends forever. At some point, you’re going to have to trust people again.”

Noah wrapped his arms around Rachel and let out a sigh. “I hate it when you’re right.”

“Mmmm. But I bet you’re feeling better, aren’t you?” Rachel pressed her nose against Noah’s.

“A lot better.” Noah let out a breath and placed his hands on Rachel’s hips, “Can I ask you something, though?”

“Of course.”

“What do you like about those guys, anyway?”

“Hmmm...” Rachel looked down. “I think they’re honestly really fun and really nice. I know they can be rough around the edges sometimes. But that roughness feels familiar. I guess in a way, they remind me of home. Plus... if I were being honest... I think the parties are a lot of fun!” Rachel shrunk away with an embarrassed grin.

“You’re serious? You actually like the parties?” Noah said with some surprise.

“Of course I do! Noah, you know how strict my dad was. I never got to party!”

“He didn’t seem all that bad to me.”

“That’s because my dad is the most personable man on the planet. He didn’t build a manufacturing business with his looks, that’s for sure.”

“You can say that again,” Noah said. Rachel immediately punched him in the chest, “What the hell?! I was just agreeing with you!”

“I can make fun of my dad’s ghoulish face. You cannot!”

Noah raised his hands, “Alright! Jesus. All I’m saying is you should be glad you got your mother’s supermodel looks.”

“Ew Noah! Now you’re saying my mom is hot?!” Rachel’s words were delightfully lighthearted. The two laughed as Noah covered his eyes in shame.

“Fuck, I think it’s best if I just stop talking.”

“Yes, please. Stop while you’re ahead,” Rachel was tearing up, her cheeks rosy from laughter. “Anyway, while my dad seems super nice. He was insanely strict with me. Probably because I was his only daughter...”

“And because you’re gorgeous,” Noah added. That was a minor fact Rachel always seemed to sidestep.

In Herferd, Rachel was the prettiest girl in town. There wasn’t a girl in their small high school that came close. She was too big for a place like Herferd. Between her looks, family wealth, and charm, it was only a matter of time before she found her way to a larger, better life. But despite all her wealth and beauty, Rachel was incredibly down to earth. That’s what made her one in a million, and Noah loved that about her.

“Don’t start. What I’m trying to say is I didn’t get to do anything in Herferd. My Dad never let me out of the house, and when he did, I had strict curfews. He installed a tracker on my phone and even made me text him every few hours! It was like a prison. But now...” Rachel let out a

little jump of excitement, “Dad isn’t around to say no to parties, and I am actually getting a chance to have some fun!”

The excitement in Rachel’s voice was contagious. She was right, this was her moment. No, it was their moment. Noah couldn’t let the past stop him from having a future. If he did, Allison and Brian would win, and Noah couldn’t let them win.

“Well, when you put it that way... I guess we better get going, huh?”

Rachel smiled, “That’s the spirit! Come on, we don’t want to be too fashionably late.” Rachel adjusted her tight dress over her curves and grabbed her small handbag. Noah took a deep breath as he followed Rachel out the door.

Rachel was right. It was time for a new beginning, everything would be fine.

## Chapter 2

Noah sat nervously in a circle of peers, hands clenched as a bottle spun in the middle of the dorm room. The bottle slowly stopped, landing on a girl named Mel. Noah let out a deep breath. If that bottle had moved a few more inches, it would have been Rachel.

"Fuck..." Jack said, looking at Rachel with hungry eyes.

"Don't look so sad Jack, you still get make out with me," Mel said, leaning forward into the center of the circle.

"Yeah yeah..." Jack stared at her a moment before glancing back over at Rachel. Then he leaned toward Mel, beer in hand, and promptly stuck his tongue down her throat. His eyes never left Rachel as his hand wrapped around Mel's neck. Mel hungrily kissed Jack back, nearly headbutting him in the process.

But why wouldn't she? After all, this was Jack. He was one of the hottest, wealthiest students at Godfrey. His only rivals also happened to be his best friends.

Ethan, Luke, and Mike.

All of whom now sat in the spin-the-bottle circle with Noah and Rachel. Noah often remarked that when the four were together, they looked like a boy band. Rachel found it just as funny as he did.

Jack was the traditionally handsome rich whiteboy, and he was a master at flaunting his wealth in humble ways. He was chiseled, lean, and dark-featured. Of all his friends, Jack was certainly the brightest. Even now, as he aggressively made out with Mel, Noah could tell the wheels were turning in his mind. It was a stark contrast to Mike, who sat next to Jack with a goofy grin slung across his face.

"Fuck Jack, how long are you going to take?" Mike's words were slurred, Noah was honestly surprised he was even coherent after the amount of shots he'd pounded back.

If Jack was the suave intelligent group leader, Mike was the simple-minded sidekick. Though Mike made up for it with his bulking muscles, faded haircut, and revealing clothing. Without a doubt, Mike was the most physically attractive of the four.

Jack pulled away from Mel, who leaned back in a stupor and giggled with her friend. "Am I detecting jealousy?" He asked.

Mike snorted. "The fuck would I be jealous for? Mel!" Mike leaned over to the overly-tanned brunette. Mel, who was equally tipsy, squinted at him.

"What?!"

"Fuckin... make out with me," Mike said. Strangely, his complete lack of candor worked well for him. Without hesitation, Mel shrugged and immediately locked lips with Mike. It took only a few seconds before his hands trailed up Mel's shirt and began fondling her C-Cup breasts. It seemed Mike made it a point to act purely on instinct, and strangely, Noah admired him for it.

"You're fucking disgusting Mike," Ethan, the group's all-star college athlete, said. Mike pulled himself away from Mel, a string of saliva trailing off their lips and falling into the circle's center.

"What?! Jack was just doin' it!" Mike shouted.

"At least have some tact. Fuck man, Rachel are you seeing this guy?!" Ethan asked. He leaned closer to her as his eyes drifted up and down her body.

Noah had seen it before. Any chance Ethan had to speak to Rachel, he would. Noah had found them alone on more than one occasion. While Noah could see it, Rachel seemed oblivious to what Ethan was trying to do. Even now, she simply let out a warm laugh while enjoying the moment.

"Oh I'm seeing, Mike... you are very very gross," Rachel said. Ethan leaned over and nudged her shoulder.

"We seriously can't take this guy anywhere," Ethan wrapped his arm around her, squeezing her tightly. He held her for a moment too long before letting Rachel go.

"Oh, he's not that bad," Rachel countered.

"He is, in fact, that bad," Jack said.

Luke, the quietest of the four let out a soft laugh. "You're one to talk Jack."

Ethan looked at him with surprise. "The hell you talking about man?"

Luke smirked. "I can't take you three anywhere."

"Shut the fuck up, you barely come out as it is," Jack said.

"Now you see why," Luke replied blandly. He looked at Noah and gave him a knowing smile.

Noah always wondered how Luke had found his way into Jack's crew. Sure, he was handsome, in fact often it seemed like Luke got the most attention when the four were in a room. But his moody demeanor, tattooed arms, and painted nails made him an odd fit.

"Luke, I think you need to get your friends in line. They are getting rowdy," Rachel said as she swooped underneath Ethan's attempt at another side hug and scooted closer to Noah.

"You're asking the impossible," Luke replied, taking a swig of his beer before leaning his head against the wall.

"Very funny Luke. So are you getting in on this next round or what?" Ethan asked. Luke shook his head.

"After seeing you and Mike kiss twice, I think I'm good. I'm surprised you have the willpower to keep going" Luke said.

"Don't listen to that guy, we have to keep playing," Jack insisted. "One more round, at least one more."

"Agreed. Mel, Kate, you two doin' this or..." Mike said. The pair of rose-cheeked girls looked at each other before collectively giggling.

"Sure..." Mel said.

While it was masked in an innocent game, Noah could see what was happening. The group had already spun the bottle six times, but the bottle hadn't landed on Rachel. It was clear the game wasn't going to stop until it did.

As Noah fixated on the green bottle in the center of the room, He felt Rachel squeeze his arm tightly.

"This is so exciting! I'm so happy I'm getting a chance to do this," Rachel whispered into Noah's ear. Noah could smell the alcohol on her breath, but her smile was innocent and genuine. She was having the time of her life.

"I'm so glad babe," Noah replied.

"Are you having a good time?" She asked. Noah smiled gently. It took everything inside him not to bolt out of that room with Rachel in hand.

"I am having a good time," Noah said softly. Rachel smiled and bit her lip.

"Good! I'm so we're stepping out of our comfort zone!" Rachel said.

"You two should be proud," Jack said. Noah and Rachel looked over and saw his hand resting on the bottle. "You two ready to play?"

Rachel looked up at Noah. As always, her eyes and her love gave him peace.

"Yeah," He said. "We're ready."

"Ok, round seven. My turn at the wheel!" Jack said.

“Fuck that! You just went loverboy,” Ethan shot back, nudging the bottle out of his hands while looking at Rachel. “Everyone’s still clear on the rules, right? Whatever the bottle spinner says goes, if I say kiss we kiss...” He paused a moment and looked at Rachel, “And if I say you have to take your shirt off...”

“No, come on,” Noah spoke before he thought, which made the group hollar in laughter.

“Someone's making Noah jealous! Afraid it'll land on Rachel and we'll get an eyeful of those tits huh?” Jack said. The group continued to laugh, save for Noah and Luke. Noah glanced at Rachel, surprised to find her blushing and laughing quietly with them.

“You can't fucking force people to do shit like that, it's fucked up...” Luke said plainly, giving Noah a nod.

“I never fucking said she'd be forced to do anything! If it lands on her, she can either do what I say or she can take a shot.” Ethan replied. Luke gave him a smirk as he bit one of his nails.

"What if she wants to do neither?" Luke countered. Mike let out a groan.

"Bro shut the FUCK up dude, fucking philosophizing or some... some shit..." Mike grabbed a handle of vodka, but Jack promptly stayed his hand.

"Let's slow it down, Mike."

Ethan rolled his eyes. "Bro, chill. Obviously, it's just a game. No one's going to do anything they don't want to do, right Rachel?"

Rachel adjusted into a cross-legged position as she bounced excitedly.

"Of course! And I know you guys would never bully me into anything, right?" She said. All three immediately erupted in a chorus together.

"No, never!"

"Bro what?! NO!"

"W-what the fuck is happening?"

“All the same,” Luke interjected, “Don't forget there are four guys in this circle. Better not ask for anything too crazy, or you might end up butt fucking your bro.” Luke’s words were cool and collected, the joke landed perfectly. Everyone, including Noah, began to laugh.

Luke was right, the odds weren't in their favor. Seven sat in the circle. Four guys and three girls. Noah's objective was simple, get Rachel out of the game before the bottle landed on her. It would be easier said than done, but if he could just...

"So.... are you in?" Ethan asked Rachel.

"I'll do it!" Rachel shot out, causing all eyes to turn on her.

"Do... what?" Ethan asked. Rachel smirked, dimples appearing on her rosy cheeks as she raised a wobbling finger.

"If it lands on me, I'll fucking take my shirt off. But you gotta promise that no matter who it lands on, you're taking your pants off." Rachel's words were slurred, Noah placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Hey, Rachel, maybe we should..." Noah was cut short by the sound of a bottle spinning.

"It's a fucking deal!" Ethan said. The circle went silent. Music bled through the bedroom door from the living room. It pulsed through Noah's body as he watched the bottle begin to slow.

It couldn't land on her, the odds weren't in their favor... it couldn't.

The bottle slowed, then stopped right in front of Rachel. Jack, Ethan, and Mike looked at Rachel with pleading disbelief.

"Jesus fuck bro..." Mike said, and while it might not have been the most graceful way of expressing the shock of the group, he was right.

Jesus fuck.

"Rachel?" Noah said weakly. She looked at him, then back at the group. Her bright smile never left her blushing face. Noah couldn't help but smile back. She was simply having fun. Drunk, innocent fun, and seeing her happy like this made him happy too. He had to let her live, they both had to live.

"So like, are you gonna do it?" Ethan asked. Rachel shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know, you gonna pull your pants down?" She replied, Mel and Kate snickered as they glanced at Ethan. He smirked and stood up slowly.

"Shit, if you wanted to see my dick, you could just say so." Ethan slid off his grey joggers and let them drop to the floor. Noah's went wide, Ethan wasn't wearing any underwear. His dick was on full display. Even flaccid, Ethan's cock was larger than anything Noah had ever seen. He immediately turned his eyes, blushing as he heard the other guys begin to laugh.

"Jesus... a little more warning next time," Luke said blandly.

"Ethan you're such... a fucking dumbass..." Mike shouted between laughs. Noah felt his heart racing, he looked over to Rachel out of instinct, his heart freezing in place when he saw her staring straight at Ethan's cock.

Her mouth hung open as her eyes went wide. She shook her head in disbelief before covering her mouth. Then, she looked at Noah with the widest smile he'd ever seen.

"I can't believe he fucking did it!" She shouted. Rachel turned back to Ethan and bit her lip. Noah heard Ethan laugh.

"You fucking like that, huh?" He asked.

"Holy shit, Ethan! Are you fucking getting hard?!" Mel shouted, screaming before erupting into high-pitched laughter with Kate.

"Come on man, we don't want to be part of your fucking performance kink," Luke said.

"She fucking wanted me to take my pants down!" Ethan replied.

"Congratulations, now put your pants back on," Luke said.

"No, not until she holds up her end of the fucking bargain." Ethan pointed at Rachel, who still stared at his growing cock with wide eyes.

"It gets bigger than that?!" She said, laughing as she looked at Jack with disbelief.

"Oh, it gets bigger." Ethan placed his hands on his hips and thrust forward proudly. The group recoiled in response.

"We don't need to see HOW big my dude!" Jack said through tears of laughter.

Rachel was shocked, Noah could see it on her face. Nothing in Herferd could have prepared her for guys like these. They were attractive, rich, confident, and most importantly, experienced.

"We're waiting," Mike said, "Don't be a pussy, Rachel."

"Oh my god, rude!" Rachel shot back. Luke nodded in agreement.

"Fuckin... sorry... uh... don't bitch out?" Mike said. Luke shook his head.

"Mike, just stop while you're ahead."

Noah didn't dare look in Ethan's direction, it was embarrassing enough knowing that Rachel was still staring at the largest cock she had probably ever seen, but having to sit next to her while it was happening was the pinnacle of shame.

A familiar feeling of powerlessness found him. Within it, a certain level of peace. Whether Noah liked it or not, he didn't hate what was happening. He wanted to run from it, he wanted it to be over, and yet it was right where he wanted to be.

“Fine, a deal's a deal, right?” Rachel slipped the straps of her dress off her shoulders and slowly pulled it down, revealing her perfectly shaped breasts in a black laced bra. The three looked at each other, then back at Rachel. Triumph spilled over their faces.

“Damn Rachel, you’ve got the best fucking rack I’ve seen,” Mike muttered. Noah grimaced at the comment, glancing at the three to see how much they were ogling his girlfriend.

They were getting a piece of her at that moment. It was just like Allison. Noah felt himself getting hard, heat and anguish flashed through his body as his dick throbbed.

“You need to go topless though!” Ethan said. His massive cock throbbing in excitement. Rachel laughed as she bashfully covered her chest with her arms.

“That wasn’t the deal! You just said I had to take my shirt off.”

“What the fuck? Are you serious? My dick is fucking out!” Ethan pointed at his cock, which made Rachel laugh even more.

“No one said you needed to show your dick Ethan! That’s on you. Who doesn't wear underwear?!” Rachel looked over at the other girls, who happily laughed with her. It was clear they were all thoroughly entertained. In fact, everyone in the room seemed entertained, even Luke.

Noah wasn't sure how to feel, the warmth and excitement of the group was fun. But the overwhelming tightness in his chest drug him down, the slowly growing bulge in his pants made him shake his head with shame.

Jack placed his hand on the bottle and looked at Rachel.

“Whoever the bottle lands on next has to go topless. Completely topless,” He said. Rachel leaned forward, her cleavage popping out of her bra. Noah felt his heart racing, things had already gone way farther than he was comfortable with. He reached out and placed a hand on Rachel’s shoulder.

“Rachel, maybe we should...”

“Fine, but regardless of who it lands on, you will have to go full nude!” Rachel shot back. Jesus, she was still treating it like a game. How could she not see what was happening? Noah looked helplessly around the room.

“That’s not good enough, these fuck faces love getting naked,” Luke said, catching Noah’s eye as he spoke. “Not only will you have to go full nude, you’ll need to compare dick sizes with Ethan.” Rachel let out a gleeful laugh.

“Yes! AND compare dick sizes with Ethan.” Rachel looked at Jack, who in turn looked at Ethan with a raised eyebrow.

“Come on man...” Ethan spoke under his breath, giving Jack a pleading look.

"I don't know man it's... it's kinda."

"Come ON bro..." Ethan begged.

It was clear their intentions were all the same. This entire spin-the-bottle game, their entire plot, was to see as much of Rachel as they could get. Noah had hoped that Luke's extra dare would stave off Jack. But it was a meager hope.

“Fuck, fine! We’ll compare dick sizes...” Jack said, putting his hand back on the bottle and looking up at Rachel. "Are you ready?"

"So ready," Rachel replied

The bottle spun. Twirling in the center of the room as Noah watched helplessly.

### Chapter 3

The bottle spun, grinding against the wooden floor as the group watched silently. Noah felt his heart racing.

It had already landed on Rachel once, what were the odds it could happen again? It wouldn't, it would land on someone else and this stupid game would end. Noah would laugh with Rachel, leaving before these three could come up with any more plans to see her naked.

The bottle slowed. Noah felt his heartbeat in his ears.

The bottle stopped right in front of Rachel.

“No fucking WAY bro! Let's go!!!” Mike shot up from the ground while Ethan and Jack fist-bumped each other. Their gambit had paid off. Noah looked at Rachel in disbelief. She stared at the bottle, appearing just as stunned as he was. Noah wanted to say something, but it felt as though his mouth was sewn shut.

There was no way she'd do it. Absolutely no way she was going to show these guys her tits. It would undo everything they had built together, it would completely change their friend group. Rachel had to see that, she just had to.

“Well... a deal's a deal...” Jack stood up and walked next to Ethan before promptly dropping his pants. The two glanced at each other awkwardly before Ethan took two steps away.

“You don't need to stand so close bro,”

“Do you want to see Rachel's tits or not man?” Jack stepped closer, causing Rachel to shake her head and look away in embarrassment. Her face was beat red, her smile never dimming. Noah glanced at the two naked men. Unlike Ethan, Jack was still soft. Even so, it was clear that Ethan was the larger of the two, despite Jack's noticeably above-average size. Noah felt a rush of anger wash over his body.

In every way, these two outclassed Noah, and both wanted as much of Rachel as they could get. What was worse, Rachel didn't seem to hate what was happening. Certainly, her curiosity was innocent, but she was interested all the same.

“So... are you going to do it?” Ethan asked. Rachel stared at them both with wide eyes as her fingers trailed over her lips. The room was quiet, and that quiet was slowly filling with the sexual tension between these three. Noah's hands shook as he cleared his throat.

“Rachel... seriously, you don't have to do this.” He spoke firmly, happy to see Rachel glance at him with a welcoming smile.

“Come on Rachel! I literally just compared dicks for you. A deal is a deal,” Jack said. Ethan nodded in agreement.

“It’s true, we’ve both put ourselves on the line here Rachel, don’t leave us hanging out to dry,” Ethan said, his cock pulsing as he shifted his weight. Rachel didn’t acknowledge them, she didn’t even look at them. Her eyes remained fixed on Noah.

“This is fucking crazy!” She said to him. She blinked slowly as she pushed a few loose strands of hair past her rosy cheeks.

“Yeah, I know. Which is why you don’t have to do this,” Noah replied.

“It’s not fucking crazy, it’s college life bro! We’re just having fun,” Mike chimed in. Noah gritted his teeth, these three were like vultures. But so far, it seemed like he was the only one being bothered by what was going on. Even Luke and the other girls watched in amusement.

Noah had to play it cool, the last thing he wanted was to drive Rachel away. It couldn’t end like it had with Allison, things had to be different.

“What do you think?” Rachel asked, leaning forward and letting her nose touch Noah’s. He could smell the alcohol on her breath. “You think I should show them?”

Noah stared into Rachel’s eyes. He was speechless. He didn’t know how to take the question. If Rachel was genuinely asking for his opinion, then the answer was obviously no.

At least, his gut reaction was no... but his throbbing cock seemed to be telling a different story.

“Yeah Noah,” Jack said. “You think she should show us her tits?”

“I think she should, it’s only fair after all,” Ethan added. Rachel glanced their way and bit her lip.

“I’ve never gotten to do something this crazy before, should I make them jealous?” Rachel spoke softly, her innocent tone seemingly out of place for such a taboo question. It was clear that this was just still fun and games for Rachel. She didn’t care about them, she only cared about Noah. That’s why she was asking, that’s why she was so entertained. She would never do anything without asking him. Noah let out a deep breath. Rachel wasn’t anything like Allison, because Rachel actually cared about him.

That was enough to put Noah’s mind at ease.

“Totally your call babe.” Noah felt his cock pulse at those words. This could actually happen, Rachel was on the verge of showing the group something only Noah could have, and it was a huge turn-on. Rachel stared at Noah a moment longer, tapping her fingers against her thigh before sighing and shrugging.

“You know what? Fuck it...” She stood up and unclasped her bra with one tug and let it fall to the floor.

The room went silent. Everyone was staring at Rachel, even Luke. Jack's once-soft cock quickly began to swell. Rachel stood, resting her weight on one leg, accentuating the curves of her hips and legs. Something about her being half undressed made her round, perky breasts pop more than normal. She flipped her hair, giving an embarrassed smile as the room took her in.

Noah knew that Rachel was attractive, he knew that she was more attractive than any other girl in their small town of Herferd. But this moment was teaching him a valuable lesson. Rachel wasn't just a pretty small-town girl. She was arguably one of the most attractive women at Godfrey.

And he was beginning to realize just how dangerous that was.

"Wow... she actually did it," Mel said blandly, glancing over at Jack's now throbbing member. "Even managed to get Jack hard... good for you." She and Kate glared at Rachel, who simply laughed as she squeezed her breasts gently.

"I did, didn't I? Does that mean you think I'm hot?" Rachel asked.

"Fuck, you are so fucking hot..." Jack said, his mouth wide open. Noah was getting nervous, no one was laughing or joking anymore.

They were eyeing Rachel hungrily. They wanted things to escalate. Mike cleared his throat and grabbed the bottle.

"So... next person the bottle lands on... has to touch my cock." Mike looked up at Rachel, as did everyone else in the room.

"Jesus..." Logan shook his head and slowly stood up, "Look, this is getting fucking weird. I think I'm done for the night." He stood and made his way to the bedroom door, glancing back at Rachel once more before opening it slightly and sliding out of the room. Luke had the right idea, Noah knew he had to get Rachel out of this situation. But he didn't, he watched as the guys waited for Rachel's response.

"Hmmm..." Rachel looked at Mike, biting her finger as she glanced over to Noah. She bounced with excitement, and Noah's eyes fixated on her breasts. "I don't know... what do you think babe?"

Noah scoffed as any sense of safety quickly evaporated into thin air. She couldn't be serious, she had to know that would be crossing a line.

"Noah?" Rachel asked again. He stared at her, taking in her beautifully sculpted body, becoming just as dumbfounded as every other male in that room. He cleared his throat.

"I mean, do you want to?" That wasn't what he wanted to ask. Truthfully, he didn't want to know the answer to that question either. Rachel let out a nervous laugh and shrugged.

“You only live once, right?” She said playfully.

“Y-yeah, you only live once,” Mike replied, seemingly shocked by the answer. In fact, the whole room seemed shocked. But none more than Mel and her friend, Kate, who made no effort to hide their contempt.

“Wait, Rachel, are you seriously thinking about touching Mike’s cock?” Mel asked. Her disgust almost as palpable as her disbelief.

“Only if it lands on me!” Rachel said, looking at the group. “There’s still seven of us in this circle! That means Mike is risking one of the guys touching it just as much as me.” The group was silent, murmuring in discomfort and sexual energy.

Rachel gave the group a confused look. “Why’s everyone getting so weird? This is just a game, right? We’re just having fun!”

“I mean... as fun as this is, I’m not touching anyone’s dick,” Jack said, pulling up his pants and stepping away from the circle. Mel nodded and fixed her hair.

“Yeah... I’m not up to touching Mikey’s crusty cock either, we have standards after all. Right Kate?” Mel glanced at her friend, who kept her eyes transfixed on the bottle in the center of the room.

“I mean... I’ve already touched it so...” Kate trailed off, remaining in the circle. Mel scoffed and shook her head.

“Jesus you two are sluts. Do what you want, but I think I’m all set.” She stood, adjusting her dress before walking over to the bedroom door. She threw it wide open, exposing Rachel’s half-naked body to the entire party. Rachel immediately wrapped her arms around her breasts as several guys stared with wide eyes.

“Yo!! What the fuck are yall doing in there?!” Countless eyes peered into the room as phones began recording Rachel.

Rachel’s smile vanished immediately, and as she scrambled to pull her dress over her chest, Mel watched with a devilish smile.

“Congratulations Rachel, you’ve got all of them wrapped around your finger now. You’ll be the talk of the school in no time. Especially after sucking them off like that.” Mel spoke loudly, making sure enough in the party heard before fading into the crowd.

“Mel what the fuck?!” Jack said, promptly chasing after her.

Noah felt his face redden as he scrambled for Rachel’s bra. Those few seconds felt like ages, and while he didn’t dare look at the crowd, Noah could hear them all the same.

“A fucking cuck session bro...”

“I knew she was a slut...”

“That didn’t take long...”

This couldn’t be happening. He was supposed to have left this kind of thing behind in Herferd. Noah glanced at Rachel, his heart sinking when he saw her glazed-over eyes. Everything began to form into a haze. He wrapped his arm around her and led her through the crowd.

“I think I want to go home...” Rachel said softly.

“Don’t worry Rachel, we’re going home.” He glanced over at Ethan, surprised to find he was still undressed.

His cock fully erect as he looked at Rachel hungrily.

“Don’t worry Rachel, you can finish sucking me off next time!” He shouted through, and the room roared with excitement.

Noah felt Rachel shrink into his arms, he grit his teeth and pushed through the countless phones pointed in their direction.

Jesus, it was just like prom night.

#### Chapter 4(Prom Night – Flashback)

Noah stood alone in the boy's bathroom. He fixed his hair while checking himself in the mirror. As usual, he hated what he saw. He wore a suit that was far too big for him, in a blue color that washed out his pale skin. His hair, cut by the town barber, looked like a mix between a bowl cut and perm despite his best efforts to show the old man a picture of what he wanted on his phone.

Noah was eighteen, tonight was supposed to be the highlight of his otherwise unremarkable high school years. More importantly, this was supposed to be the night he would sleep with Allison for the first time. Noah wanted to feel confident and excited. Instead, on one of the biggest nights of his life, he felt like a joke.

And while Noah tried to downplay prom night, the truth was it had consumed his mind ever since Allison had said those fateful words.

"If you play your cards right Noah, I might let you get lucky after prom."

The idea of losing his virginity with Allison made Noah's heart leap with excitement. Allison was finally ready, he couldn't screw tonight up.

Noah stepped into the school hallway. A few students came and went from the gymnasium, while others loitered in the hall with their friends. Noah could hear the DJ still playing loud music, which meant the slow dances hadn't started yet. That was good, he could still manage to turn this night around. He would make sure his dance with Allison was one she would never forget.

Noah walked past several couples taking amongst themselves, avoiding eye contact as he made his way back over to Allison. She waited for him near the gym's entrance, staring at her phone in disinterest.

She was dark-haired and olive-skinned, with an athletic build that caught the eyes of everyone around her. It was funny, only a year ago Allison was a lot like Noah. Skinny, timid, and a social outcast. Then, over last summer break, she had bloomed into a beautiful young woman. She joined the cheerleading team and became part of the popular social circles, all the while dragging Noah along with her.

And with that newfound beauty and status, came a new Allison. One that held Noah to a higher standard, that made it clear she was uncomfortable with his looks, attitude, and nervous disposition. Things had changed, Noah knew that. But tonight, that was going to change. He was finally going to convince her he was still worthy of being her boyfriend.

Noah walked up to Allison. She looked up from her phone and inspected him closely, grimacing as her eyes trailed down his suit.

"I thought I told you to get cleaned up," She said dryly. Noah let out an uncomfortable laugh.

"Sorry, I really did try," Noah replied. Allison shook her head and laughed before offering Noah her arm.

"God, you're hopeless. Come on. We're going to miss the big dance unless we get in there."

"R-right, lead the way." Noah took her arm. Allison sighed.

"I told you, don't stutter, it makes you look like a wimp."

"Sorry..."

The two walked into the gymnasium, and as usual, the eyes of countless boys trailed over Allison. She looked back at them, smiling as she led Noah over to a table with a few open seats. He was relieved to see his good friend Brian waving them over.

"Hey guys! Over here!" Brian said enthusiastically, loosening his tie as Allison and Noah approached. As soon as Allison saw Brian, her expression lit up with excitement. She released Noah's arm and rushed over to him.

"Brian! Oh my god, you look so cute!" She opened her arms and wrapped them around Brian's neck, and he in turn wrapped his giant arms around Allison's waist, lifting her into the air. She squealed in excitement as he twirled her around.

Brian was a football player, standing over six feet tall with a body chiseled out of stone. He moved Allison around like she was a toy, making her laugh in a way Noah hadn't heard in weeks. He did his best to smile through it. Noah had to remind himself time and time again that Brian and Allison were just good friends. They had known each other well before Noah had ever met Allison, so he had no right to be upset about how close they were.

"You look beautiful tonight." Brian dropped Allison onto the ground, his eyes immediately eyeing her ample cleavage.

"Brian stoop!" Allison slapped Brian's chest. They stood close, laughing as Noah approached the table and cleared his throat.

"Noah!" Brian said with a big smile. He walked over to him and greeted him with a burly hug before taking a step back to inspect Noah. "Jesus, what's up with the suit?"

"I told my mom it was too big..." Noah replied weakly. Brian shook his head before looking at Allison.

"You approved this?" He asked her.

"Believe me, I told him to try and fix it. But as usual, he is beyond repair," Allison said with a laugh. Brian sighed deeply.

"I guess some people got it and some don't... well, if you need someone to take his place for the night, let me know." Brian smiled at Allison, and she smiled back. Their eyes locked, Noah felt his stomach churn.

"Noted," Allison said.

"I'm... I'm still here guys," Noah said weakly. His quivering voice made Brian and Allison burst into laughter.

"Relax Noah, we're kidding!" Allison always gave the softest smile after teasing him, it put Noah at ease. At least, to some degree. Brian glanced at the two for a moment, his confident smirk never leaving his face.

"Well, I mean, I was half-kidding. There's no way you can go out on that dance floor like that Noah, they'll laugh you out of here in a heartbeat." Brian said.

The DJ's loud music stopped. Slow music began to play overhead. Couples made their way to the dance floor, wrapping their arms around each other as the lights dimmed.

"Right on time," Brian looked over at the dance floor.

This was it, this was Noah's moment. He glanced at Allison, only to find she was avoiding his eye contact.

"H-hey Allison," He said.

"Yeah?" She replied. Noah pretended he couldn't hear the discomfort in her voice.

"Do... do you want to dance?" He asked her. Allison looked to Brian, who shrugged.

"Oh Noah..." Pity poured out of Allison's mouth.

"I-I've been practicing and..."

"I told you not to stutter!" Allison turned from Noah.

"I-I... I'm..." Noah couldn't get the words out, he felt sweat forming over his body. He just wanted to do this right, he needed Allison to see how great of a boyfriend he could be.

"I think Brian might have a point, Noah. Maybe it would be better if we waited for a little bit. Like until more people are on the dance floor? That way you won't stand out as much," Allison said. Noah felt his heart sink in his chest.

"Oh... yeah that... that makes sense..." He didn't know what else to say.

"It's for your own good man," Brian assured.

"Right..." Noah replied. As he spoke, two lanky seniors appeared from the crowd, waving at Brian.

"Hey! Travis, Larry!" Brian waved the two over, greeting each of them with a big hug. They were also a part of the football team, two tall athletic individuals who bled into the canvas of Herferd High's backdrop.

"Brian! See you already managed to find Allison," Travis said, fist-bumping Brian before looking at Noah. "Oh, hey man. Didn't even notice you there, nice suite by the way."

"Isn't it lovely?" Allison chimed in, resulting in the group laughing.

"This is actually kind of perfect. Allison and I were about to go dance and catch up. You two mind keeping this guy company?" Brian asked.

"Yeah... we'll keep him company," Travis said. Noah could sense the venom in his words. Not willing to face the embarrassment of what was happening, Noah kept his eyes glued to the table.

He wanted to protest, he wanted to tell them that he was going to dance with Allison first, not Brian. But before he could even manage to muster up the words, Allison and Brian were walking away. Noah could hear Allison's laughter fade into the crowd as Travis and Larry pulled two chairs close to Noah.

"Long time no see loser," Travis said. Noah didn't reply.

"Can't believe you're letting Brian get the first dance man," Larry added. "Seems like a pussy move if you ask me."

Again, Noah didn't answer. Instead, he glanced over at the dance floor and saw Allison wrapping her arms around Brian once again. She pushed her body close to his as Brian's hands slipped down her waist. They swayed gracefully, their faces moving close together as they spoke to one another. Noah could only imagine what they were saying, he could only wonder what words Brian used to make Allison laugh so genuinely. She never took her eyes off him, and even laid her head on his chest at one point as Brian enveloped her in his embrace.

That was supposed to be Noah, this was supposed to be his moment. Instead, he watched the man he wished he was whisking Allison off her feet.

He heard Larry and Travis still speaking, but their words were muffled. Noah was completely fixated on the couple, the best friends, the memory he had longed to make his own.

The music shifted once again, the DJ threw on salsa. The dance floor erupted with excited couples. Brian and Allison kept up with the fast-paced tempo, swaying with one another as their hands explored each other. Allison turned around and rubbed her ass against Brian. She moved with a sensuality Noah had never seen before. In their entire two years of dating, Allison had

never touched Noah the way she was touching Brian. She thrust herself into him, and Brian happily grabbed her waist and swayed with her.

Their movements were in sync, a perfect rhythm. As if they had done this many times before. Noah felt jealously welling up in his chest. He took several breaths and tried to calm down.

They were just friends, this meant nothing. Allison said they would dance together too, she would be dancing with him soon. To his relief, a chaperone made their way over to Brian and Allison, parting them and redirecting the two to dance facing each other. Allison and Brian laughed, before promptly embracing one another and continuing to sway with the beat of the music, pulling each other close.

It was all Noah could stomach. He looked away from the dance floor, only to be met with the unpleasant smiles of Travis and Larry.

"Did you hear a word I said loser?" Travis asked.

"No," Noah said dully.

"He was too focused on his girl man," Larry said with a laugh.

"Oh yeah... look at her. She's all over Brian, huh?" Travis said.

"No she's not, they're dancing," Noah shot back.

"She dance with you like that?" Travis asked.

Noah didn't reply.

"Uh-huh, thought not."

The music stopped. The couples parted as the DJ switched over to a group dance track. Brian and Allison made their way back over to the table, Brian's arm hanging around Allison's shoulders. Noah spotted the glistening layer of sweat on Allison's forehead as she approached him.

"Hey Noah, Brian and I are going to go and get some air outside really quick. That last dance was crazy. Are you good to wait here?"

Noah felt his throat tighten as he tried to speak up.

"Well...I was kind of hoping you and I could dance?"

"Well..." Allison looked up at Brian. "I mean, that was the last big dance... so there's not anyone up there... it's just group dancing now..."

"I mean that's ok, it can just be us." Noah hated how weak he sounded, he hated even more the uncomfortable laugh Allison gave between Travis and Larry's snickers.

"Well, I don't know. I think that'd be kind of embarrassing," Allison said shortly. "Plus I'm so hot, I could use a chance to cool off."

"Y-yeah, ok." Noah slouched in his chair. "I guess... I guess I can go with you guys?"

"No, I don't want it to seem like a third-wheel thing, you know? It's better if you wait here." Allison spoke definitively, Noah knew that meant there was no room for negotiation.

"Oh... ok," Noah said quietly.

"It'll only be a second, don't pout."

"I'm not pouting, I'm totally fine."

"I'll make it up to you when I get back, ok?"

"Alright," Noah didn't bother to look at them.

"We'll be back in no time bud," Brian said. Noah didn't answer. He felt Allison place a hand on his shoulder before the two walked off, leaving Noah alone with Travis and Larry at the table. He could feel their gleeful gaze upon him, and it took everything he had to hold back the tears in his eyes.

"Bro, that was painful to watch," Travis said with a laugh.

"Ok," Noah said blandly.

"Why the fuck would you let Brian dance with her before you man? Aren't you her boyfriend?" Larry asked.

"They wanted to go first, it's no big deal," Noah said quickly, but even he didn't believe his own words. This was supposed to be their special night. This was supposed to be their time. Instead, Brian was getting Allison all to himself.

"Jesus, she's really got you simping doesn't she?" Travis asked.

"Looks like you've been fucking demoted bro... she's reserving boyfriend privileges for someone else," Larry added. Noah felt his hair stand on end.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Noah Asked. Travis and Larry glanced at each other before bursting out laughing.

"What's so funny?" Noah said. Travis pulled out a flask from his jacket and took a swig before handing it to Larry.

"You haven't picked up on it, have you?" Travis asked. Noah could feel his heart racing in his chest, he didn't want to ask the next question, but did so all the same.

"Pick up on what?"

"You know that Brian is fucking Allison, right?" Travis' words were flat, slamming into Noah like a sledgehammer. A spark of reality had just ignited a bomb Noah had been staring at for years, one he pretended was never there.

"No he's not," Noah barely managed to blurt out the words, he went numb. The smiles of the pair sunk into him like daggers.

"Yeah, he is," Travis insisted.

"He's my friend, he would never do that!" Noah felt like a child throwing a tantrum, it made him feel pathetic.

"What are you, twelve? Look, you have to know by now that Allison gets who she wants, and Brian is who she's wanted for years. The only reason Brian didn't want her was because she was too skinny and nerdy for him, but now..." Travis pretended to squeeze at a giant pair of breasts with a mocking smile. "She's grown, a lot. Allison's gotten hotter in pretty much every way. You didn't deserve her before. But now? Every guy in the school wants to fuck her. Including Brian. So, she's been fucking him behind your back the whole year." Travis said. Noah ran his fingers through his hair. He knew the words were true... but he couldn't bring himself to believe it. It had to be a bad dream.

"Dude stop, you're going to make him cry," Larry said between laughs.

"B-but... why would she do that? She could've just broken up with me..." Noah felt like he was arguing with himself rather than Travis. He could feel his world lifting around him.

"Because that's what makes it fun? Because you're too stupid to see what's going on? I don't know. Probably because Allison can do whatever she wants with you. You're a fucking pushover." Travis glanced over at Larry who had completely buried his face in his hands at this point, laughing softly at the sight of Noah's pain.

"I don't believe you," Noah replied.

"Yeah, sure you don't. You know where they are right now?" Travis asked.

"Dude..." Larry glanced through his fingers. "Stop, this is too painful."

"No, fuck this kid. It's time someone told him. Where is Allison right now, Noah?" Travis pressed the question. Noah cleared his throat.

"They had... they had to step out to get some air."

"Why didn't you go with?"

"Because... because Allison said she didn't want it to seem like a third wheel thing..." Noah felt stupid saying the words out loud. But his mind did its best to protect him, creating a shell around the truth being presented to him. He had to believe Allison, anything less would be devastating.

"Do you hear yourself right now?" Travis asked.

"I believe her, that's all that matters."

"Uh-huh, right. Well, if you're so sure, why don't you head down to the basement level and check out the boy's locker room." Travis leaned back in his chair. Noah stared at him in a complete daze.

"How... how would you know where they are?" Noah asked. Travis smirked.

"There's a lot you don't know about Allison man."

—

Noah walked down the basement steps. The sounds of the gymnasium faded into the background. It was quiet, only a few flickering lights illuminated the hallway as he silently walked toward the boys' locker room. Every step felt like he was sinking into the earth. He wanted to turn back, he wanted it not to be real. He wanted to stand in front of that bathroom door and see that no one was in there. That this was all just a big stupid trick.

But Noah's hope didn't still his heart when he saw that the locker room lights were on.

Noah heard moaning inside, followed by the dull slaps of flesh. Then he heard Allison's voice.

"Oh god, right there, oh fuck!"

Noah's vision tunneled, his body was moving on its own. He took several steps forward and peered into the bathroom.

Allison was pushed up against the blue lockers, her dress pulled up above her waist as Brian straddled her from behind, ramming himself into Allison with hard aggressive thrusts. His hands were wrapped around her waist, his pants resting at his ankles. Allison looked back at him, ecstasy pouring over her face as they locked eyes.

"Don't stop!" She said. It made Brian grit his teeth.

"Oh my god you are so fucking tight, this feels so good without a condom," Brian slammed his girthy cock deep into Allison's soaking pussy.

"Your special treat for prom baby," Allison replied, placing a hand on his chest.

"I can't believe Noah just let us walk off like that," Brian said. "The idiot didn't even try to stop us."

"Hush, he's good-natured, he means well," Allison pushed her ass into Brian, which resulted in him picking up his pace. His balls slapped into her thighs with each aggressive thrust.

"He's still a virgin right? He hasn't gotten a chance to fuck you?"

"He's still waiting for his turn, just like you asked," Allison said with a laugh.

"He still thinks you're a virgin too, right?" Brian pulled down Allison's dress, revealing her giant tits. He grabbed one with his hand and squeezed it before tugging at her nipple.

"He does, he thought tonight was going to be the night we lost our virginity together." Allison spoke through moans, rolling her head back as Brian took her without remorse.

"Too bad, I took care of that a long time ago. What a loser," Brian continued to laugh. "He won't even be the first to fuck you without a condom."

"No, I saved that for you," Allison said with a smile.

"Why do you stay with him? You should just dump his ass and be with me."

"Stooooop Brian," Allison moaned, Brian slammed her into the lockers and pushed his entire length into her pussy. Allison's legs quivered in response as her ass cheeks pressed against his stomach.

"Promise me he'll never get you fuck you like this," Brian said, pulling out his cock and slapping it against Allison's ass cheeks.

"Baby! Put it back in, please!"

"Promise me," Brian commanded. Allison bit her lip as she wiggled her ass.

"I promise. He'll never get to fuck me like this. If he's lucky, I'll let him do me missionary..."

Brian turned Allison around and slammed her back into the lockers. He lifted her leg up and slowly slid himself back into her. She kissed him deeply as he slowly pumped in and out of her.

"Say you belong to me," Brian said.

"I belong to you baby, only you get to fuck me," Allison said.

"That's what I like to hear," Brian wrapped his fingers around her neck, then continued to fuck her without mercy.

And through it all, Noah watched. This wasn't what was supposed to happen, this was supposed to be their night together. Noah couldn't even tell where he was anymore, he couldn't truly see what was in the locker room. This was the first time he had seen Allison naked, the first time he had heard the sounds of sex. The first time he'd heard a woman moan like that before.

Noah's body was moving before he could think. He stepped forward into the locker room.

"A-Allison?" He didn't know what else to say. Allison's eyes darted to Noah and widened.

"Noah! What are you doing here?!" She pushed Brian off of her, his giant cock slurping out of her pussy as she quickly began putting her dress back together.

"What... what are you..."

"This isn't what it looks like," Allison said quickly.

"B-but..."

"This isn't what it looks like!" Allison said again. Noah's whole body shook. He could feel his cock swell as he eyed the juices dripping down Allison's thighs.

"You said you were... you were going to get some air..."

"Noah, please, let's not make this more than what it is," Allison said. At those words, Brian let out a laugh.

"Noah..." He spoke with confidence, seemingly unphased by Noah's arrival. His charisma forced Noah to look at him. "How long were you watching?"

"I... what?" Noah was confused by the question. He saw Brian glance at his obvious bulge.

"How long were you watching me fuck your girlfriend?"

The question made Noah's face go beet red. Brian didn't wait for Noah to answer.

"You liked it, didn't you?" Brian asked.

"W-what?! I... I..." Noah couldn't get the words out, his hands shook at his sides. Brian stepped towards him.

"You know, I never got how a loser like you got with someone like Allison. It never made sense to me." He looked back at Allison. "I mean, don't get me wrong. As a friend, you're a great guy but... you do not have what it takes to be with someone like her. At least, that's what I thought, until just now."

"What... what's that supposed to mean?"

"You're perfect for each other, aren't you?" Brian stepped forward and stuck his hand into Noah's pocket.

"H-hey! What are you doing?!" Noah tried to push Brian's hand away, but Brian pulled out Noah's phone and pushed him into the lockers with a forceful shove.

"Relax, I'm doing you a favor. I know you're a virgin, and I know you wanted to fuck Allison tonight. But we both know that's not going to happen." Brian twirled the phone in his hand and stared at it for a moment. "Honestly, I felt kind of bad at first, you know? I mean... your girl is cheating on you. She's getting fucked by a way hotter guy... and that guy is your friend no less. But now, I genuinely think this is for the best."

Brian glanced up at Noah and smirked. "You don't actually want to fuck her. You want me to fuck her, and you want to watch, don't you?"

"T-that's not-" Noah stumbled over his words. Everything was happening so fast, he could barely make sense of what Brian was saying. "I walked in on you two, I didn't..."

"Just shut up man. Here" He shoved the phone back into Noah's hands. "You're going to film us, got it? That way, you can watch me fuck her as many times as you want."

Noah stared at his phone blankly.

"Why are you doing this?" Noah asked. Brian raised an eyebrow.

"Why? Because I can, and because she wants it... and because you're a little cuck who will let me do whatever I want to your girl."

"Brian!" Allison shouted. Brian rolled his eyes and looked at her.

"What?"

"That's enough." Allison's words wavered through the air.

"You want me to stop?" Brian asked. Allison rubbed her arm and looked to the floor. "See? This is what I'm talking about. You know what's the most fucked up thing about this Noah? I think she likes this more than you do, it's why she hasn't dumped your ass for an entire year." Brian turned away from Noah and walked over to Allison, who slowly backed into a row of lockers.

"Brian..." Allison glanced over at Noah, long enough for them to make eye contact.

"I'm going to fuck you in front of him, and then I'm going to cum inside you. Tonight was going to be the first time getting to creampie you, and Noah isn't going to screw that up."

"We can't do this," Allison shot back.

"Fine, then leave." He stepped back from Allison and looked at Noah. "Same goes for you, you don't wanna see it? You want to just imagine me fucking her? Then leave. But I know you don't want that, that's why you watched us for so long. You want to see me do what you can't." Brian's eyes darted back to Allison. "And you, if you don't want me to fuck you in front of your boyfriend, the exit is right there."

Neither of them moved.

Noah stared at the phone in his hands, still as a statue. His chest tightened as visions of Allison moaning swarmed his head.

"I'm not going to do this," Noah said softly. He heard Brian sigh.

"Look, even though you are a fucking loser, you're my friend. I'm trying to help you out. I'm going to fuck Allison regardless of what you do. I'm cumming in her tonight no matter what. So if you don't want to watch, just go. We'll wrap up here and meet you in the gym." Brian began slipping off Allison's dress.

"Brian..." Allison moaned. Her dress fell to the floor, leaving her only in her underwear.

"Leave whenever you want, I honestly don't care..." Brian shoved his hand between Allison's thighs, pushing his fingers into her slick pussy. She gasped in ecstasy, spreading her legs as Brian began to line up his throbbing shaft with her entrance.

"Good girl." Brian pushed himself back inside her, holding her leg up in the air as he began power fucking Allison with all his might. Noah couldn't stop his eyes from drifting upward, he couldn't stop himself from turning on his phone's camera. Allison looked past Brian and made eye contact with him.

Hunched over and shaking, Noah pressed the record button.

"Holy fuck!" Allison screamed. Her whole body began to shake, juices dripped onto the floor.

"That's right, just enjoy it," Brian said, grabbing Allison's other leg and hoisting her into the air. His hands slid onto her fat asscheeks, his fingers dug into her flesh as he pushed her against the lockers and fucked her without remorse.

"Oh god, Brian, oh fuck!" Allison began to quiver again, it made Brian grit his teeth and groan.

"Fuck, I'm about to cum. I'm about to fucking cum inside your girlfriend!"

Noah felt shame flood his body, the level of arousal made him sick. His cock pulsed as he held the camera steady, even zooming in to make sure he had a good angle of Brian's cock entering Allison's dripping pussy over and over. Allison watched Noah hungrily as she wrapped her legs around Brian.

"You fucking love my cock, don't you?" Brian said.

"Y-yes! Oh fuck, don't stop!" Allison's eyes remained fixed on Noah.

"Good girl, now tell him the truth. Tell him you never wanted to fuck him. Tell him you only ever wanted to me."

"I never wanted you, Noah! I always wanted Brian, oh my god!" Allison's body shook as Brian pushed his dick deep inside her. His balls began to pulse and Allison's juices poured onto the floor. Brian thrust slowly a few times, and Noah watched as his best friend filled his girlfriend.

Tears welled in his eyes. He didn't know what to think anymore, but he never stopped recording. He moved to get a better angle of Allison. She looked over at him and smiled weakly. Noah focused the camera on that face.

He let that smile sink into his mind and anchor deep into his psyche.

Then, he felt himself cum in his pants. But even as the hot sticky mess spread across his leg, he didn't stop recording.

That's when he heard an eruption of laughter behind him.

Noah turned, horrified to see Larry and Travis standing in the locker room, pulling out their phones as they stepped toward the three.

"Holy fucking shit I can't believe what I'm seeing!" Travis kept his camera steady on the couple. Brian dropped Allison to the floor and turned to them. Allison tried to stand, but her shaking legs made it impossible to do so.

"You even got Noah recording?! Jesus what a fucking loser," Larry said as he walked toward Allison. "Looking hot as always Allie."

"S-shut up..." Allison reached for her dress and slowly began to put it back on.

"You guys just missed the show, but don't worry, Noah got most of it. I'm sure he'll share the video if you ask nicely," Brian said.

"Are we going to get a turn this time?" Larry asked.

"You know the fucking rules, blow jobs only, that pussy is mine and mine alone." He turned back to Allison. "Isn't that right?"

"Y-yes Brian... I'm all yours." Allison said softly.

"And you're going to take care of my friends too, right?" Brian was calm, forceful, and completely in control. It was as if he had Allison under a spell.

"Of course I will. I'll do whatever you want me to do baby." Allison dropped her dress and got onto her knees.

"See what I mean Noah? Now, keep recording like a good little bitch, and watch this," Travis said, keeping his phone pointed at Allison as he walked up to her and pulled his small dick out.

Noah didn't say a word. He remained frozen, completely numb, still recording as Larry shoved his cock into Allison's willing mouth.

He kept filming as Brian and Travis laughed, as his mind drifted away, as the room went dark.

## Chapter 5

Noah sat in Rachel's living room as he watched his recording of Allison on silent, staring deep into her deep blue eyes while she was fucked relentlessly against the lockers. He had lost count of how many times he'd watched this video, and how many times he'd promised himself he'd delete it. But despite the immense amount of pain it brought him, Noah couldn't let it go.

Rachel walked through the kitchen into the living room, Noah minimized the video as he gave her a nervous wave. Rachel raised an eyebrow.

"Everything alright?" She asked him.

"Huh? Yeah! Everything is fine. Are you feeling any better today?" Noah asked. Rachel sighed and shrugged.

"I don't know, kind of? Mary texted me and said the girls have already started seeing the video pop up on their feeds." She plopped down on the couch next to Noah. He glanced nervously at his crotch, relieved to see his bulge wasn't noticeable.

"Did... did you watch the video?" He asked. Rachel nodded.

"The good news is everyone started recording after I had my dress back on, so no nudity thank god. Still, people are saying I blew Jack and his friends..."

"Because Mel couldn't keep her mouth shut," Noah tried to temper the frustration in his voice, Rachel shook her head and laughed.

"Honestly it's so childish! It reminds me of the girls back at Herferd."

"Yeah, I guess so. So you're not worried about it?" Noah watched as Rachel gazed at Godfrey's Victorian skyline through the living room window. She leaned her head on his shoulder and sighed.

"Honestly? Not really. Sure, I'm embarrassed. But nothing actually got out, this will all die down by the next time a party comes around." Rachel seemed sure in her words, Noah wished he shared her confidence.

"Yeah, you're probably right."

"But, there is something else that bothers me about all this..." Rachel said.

"Yeah?"

"I mean, I took my top off in front of four guys..."

"Yeah..."

"And you were right there."

"I know." Noah felt his stomach churning, he did his best to steady his breath and slow the trembling in his hands.

"You didn't try to stop me." Rachel paused, clearly waiting for Noah to give some kind of answer. But there was no answer to give.

"I'm not sure what to say," Noah replied softly. He felt Rachel wrap her fingers around his arm and squeeze it tightly.

"It's ok, I don't know what I'm trying to get at, so I guess we're even," Rachel said with a nervous laugh.

"Are you disappointed in me?" Noah asked. Rachel's head shot up.

"Disappointed? Why would I be disappointed? If anything, I thought you were disappointed in me." Noah could see tears welling in Rachel's eyes. "I thought once we walked out of that party, you were for sure going to break up with me."

"I would never break up with you over something like that, we both said it was ok," Noah replied. Rachel shook her head.

"No, we didn't, you tried to stop me several times. I was too drunk—"

"That's not true."

"It is though. After everything you've been through... I thought for sure—"

"Rachel." Noah moved his fingers underneath Rachel's chin and brought her eyes to his. He moved his hand gently across her soft cheeks, brushing away her tears. "You are nothing like Allison."

"You mean it?" Rachel asked softly.

"Absolutely. What happened at that party is something we both agreed to, you wanted to have some fun, and I went along with it."

"Does that mean you liked it?"

Noah paused, retracting his hand and slumping down into the couch.

"I shouldn't have, right?"

"I don't know," Rachel replied, slumping down with him. "Would... would it help to hear that I liked it? Or does that make it worse?"

Noah laughed uncomfortably.

"I think it makes it better? If I'm being honest, I liked it too."

"Oh thank god," Rachel said with a sigh of relief. "At least we are on the same page."

The two were silent for a moment, giving Noah enough time to build up the courage to ask the question most pressing in his mind.

"What did you like about it?"

Rachel adjusted a strand of her hair. "Oh god... I don't know. It was exhilarating. I never had a chance to do something like that before. I liked getting to explore myself, and... well... I liked how they looked at me..."

Noah felt the bulge in his pants begin to swell. Rachel glanced at him nervously.

"Was that bad to say? Should I stop?" She asked. Noah shook his head.

"No, keep going."

"Well, I mean, if I'm being completely honest. I liked seeing them too... I didn't really get to date around all that much in high school and..."

"And Jack's friends are built like Greek gods." Before Noah had a chance to slump into self-pity, he felt Rachel grab his hand.

"You know I love you, right? You know I love you more than anything else in the world, and I would never leave you for one of them." Rachel's words were so profoundly sincere that they passed over Noah like warm sunlight.

"I know Rachel," Noah said. "I know it with all my heart. But I also know that you're human and that what I said is true. Jack's friends are all liable to become models after college."

"I mean, you said it, not me," Rachel said.

"Jesus you are blushing so much right now," Noah laughed and tickled Rachel's side. She giggled and immediately curled into a ball.

"Oh my god stop! You're embarrassing me! Do you have any idea how shameful it is admitting this to your boyfriend?"

"Do you have any idea how embarrassing it is to admit I liked watching you stare at them?" As soon as Noah said it, he felt a tension pass over them both. Their eyes locked, and Rachel bit her lip.

"Did you really like seeing me like that with other men?"

"I did..." Noah's words were timid. Rachel's fingers trailed down his legs and over his throbbing cock.

"Did it turn you on?" She asked. Noah was terrified to answer, but his trust in Rachel outweighed his fear.

"A lot, actually." The words slipped out before he had time to think about them. Rachel's hand gripped his shaft through his pants, he moaned softly.

"Holy shit, you are rock hard right now."

"It's your fault."

"Well, if it's my fault, I guess I should take care of it then, huh?" Rachel slowly unzipped Noah's pants, and he happily laid back on the couch as his member popped out of his pants.

For a small-town girl with little dating experience, Rachel knew her way around Noah's cock like no one else. She puckered her lips and kissed it gently, never losing eye contact with Noah as she slowly trailed her way up to the tip of his throbbing member.

"I think it's only fair you get a reward for letting me have some fun," Rachel said before opening her mouth and swallowing Noah whole.

The warm sensation of her mouth wrapping around his shaft washed over him like a wave. As her tongue licked the base of his cock, he gently thrust himself upward. Noah grabbed the back of Rachel's head, pumping himself into her gently as she blew him with long, deliberate bobs.

The gag reflex on her was out of this world. Rachel seamlessly buried Noah's shaft deep into her throat with each head bob, smashing her soft lips into the base of his penis before twisting her mouth side to side. Her painted fingernails trailed up his arms before gently grabbing the sides of his biceps. Noah moved her hair out of the way, watching hungrily as she worked him over.

Rachel slowly moved up Noah's cock while grabbing the base of his shaft, smiling as it plopped out of her mouth and slapped against his belly. The sight of that beautiful face smiling up at him was nearly enough to make Noah explode.

"Does it feel good?" She asked him.

"Very, did you want to take this to the bedroom?" He asked. Rachel responded by kissing the side of his cock.

"I want to make you feel good today, just relax for me." Rachel licked Noah's tip before slowly engulfing him once more. Her pace quickened as one of her hands trailed up his chest. Noah couldn't help but moan in ecstasy as he watched this goddess work him over like a pro. He was

in absolute heaven. He still couldn't believe that someone like Rachel had decided to be with him.

He was the luckiest man alive.

Noah grit his teeth as he felt himself creeping closer to the edge, but before she was able to finish him off, there was a knock at the door. Rachel jumped off Noah, wiping her mouth as the two awkwardly stood at attention.

"Who is it?!" Rachel squeaked.

"It's Jack," Jack said from the other side of the door. Rachel stared blankly at Noah, who quickly motioned her to open the door while he folded his rock-hard dick back into his pants.

"Oh, uh... coming!" Rachel slowly made her way to the door, eyeing Noah to ensure he was fully put together before she opened it. "Just... hang on a moment. Just need to get some things in order in my house... but don't worry, the door will open very soon! I will be opening the door before you know it!" Rachel spoke far too loudly, nearly shouting by the time Noah had zipped his pants up.

"Uh... Alright," Jack replied from the other side, clearly confused. Noah gave Rachel the thumbs up, and she flung the door open wide.

"Jack!" She screamed.

"Rachel..." Jack replied smoothly, not able to hide his amused smirk. "Everything ok in here?" he asked.

"Everything is great! Just great, Noah and I were hanging out is all," Rachel said pointing to Noah, who had already made his way behind the kitchen island to hide his obvious erection.

"Hey Jack," He said meekly.

"Hanging out huh? Is that what they're calling it these days?" Jack asked. Rachel and Noah both laughed in loud, awkward unison.

"That's a good one!" Rachel screamed again, making Jack chuckle.

"Is it cool if I come in?" Jack asked.

"Of course," Rachel said, awkwardly bowing as she stepped aside for him. Jack strode into the living room, running a hand through his jet-black hair before adjusting his golden watch. He wore a linen button-down along with black dress pants, a look that complemented his dark features and chiseled jawline. Noah couldn't help but notice Rachel's eyes lingering on him, but she couldn't blame her. As always, Jack was nothing less than stunning.

"It's actually good both of you are here, I wanted to talk with you guys."

"You did?" Rachel and Noah said in unison. Jack nodded as he walked over to the couch and sat down, spreading his toned arms over its back.

"Yeap. I wanted to clear the air about what happened the other night."

"Oh, that?" Rachel scoffed before letting out a forced laugh. "That little party game? That wasn't... it was nothing... Just another day in college life right?!" Her attempts at sounding nonchalant made Noah instinctively clear his throat. Jack laughed softly.

"Well, as happy as I am to see you're unphased by it. I am not. What Ethan and Mel did was out of line, and I wanted to come and make amends," Jack said.

"Shouldn't Ethan and Mel be the ones making amends?" Noah shot back, surprised to hear himself say it. Jack sighed and nodded slowly.

"Well, you're right about that one. I tried to talk to Mel about it, but as usual, she's being difficult. Ethan on the other hand is really broken up about it. That's actually why I came by, the guys wanted to offer their apology and I'm their messenger."

"Really?" Rachel said, sounding more surprised than suspicious.

"Yeah, really. We like you guys, the last thing we wanted were videos and rumors passing around the campus because of us. So, as a peace offering, we wanted to invite you out to come out to dinner with us and hang."

"Dinner... and hang?" Noah asked, sounding more suspicious than surprised.

"Yeah, no parties, no assholes with phones. Just a group of close friends getting dinner in the city before heading back to my parent's loft. They've left it to me for the semester, so we were planning on chilling there. You're both welcome, of course."

Rachel and Noah looked at each other with surprise. Noah cleared his throat as he shifted in his chair uncomfortably.

"And who exactly would be there?" Noah asked cautiously.

"The usual suspects. Ethan, of course, and the rest of the guys. There'll be a few new faces you might not know, but they're all good people from campus." Jack said.

"When would this be happening?" Rachel asked. Jack gave her a gentle smile.

"Tonight, actually. Sorry for the late notice, but that's life at Godfrey. Everyone's moving a mile a minute. So, what do you two say?"

"Noah? What do you think?" Rachel turned to Noah. He couldn't tell if she was nervous, excited, or both. But he knew the last thing he wanted was to be around that group again.

Still, Jack's kindness was hard to turn away from, and Noah didn't want to be the person who kept Rachel caged. He did his best to breathe deeply and remind himself that this wasn't Herferd. He wanted to believe that people could be good, that there wasn't always someone trying to stab him in the back.

Just like Rachel, he wanted to be free from his past life too, and it started with trusting in something.

"I mean, we didn't have anything else going on. I guess I don't see why not?" Noah answered. Rachel's eyes brightened with excitement.

"Wait, really?! You want to go?"

"Yeah, we were talking about trying to get into the city, there really isn't a better time," Noah answered.

"Perfect!" Jack clapped his hands together and stood up from the couch. "We better get going then, I got a reservation at Dorsia and it's about an hour's drive from here so we don't have a ton of time. You two ready to get going?"

"Wait, right now?! I'm not even dressed, how long do we have?" Rachel sprung into action, rushing over to the bedroom and rifling through her clothing piles.

"Like, maybe twenty minutes before we're late and give up the table," Jack called out playfully.

"Ok hang on! I wasn't ready!" Rachel began rummaging through the clothes on her bed, pulling off her shirt and exposing her backside to Jack and Noah. It made Noah's cheeks burn when Jack didn't look away.

"I keep forgetting that I've seen you topless, Rachel," Jack said. Rachel glanced over her shoulder at him and blushed.

"Hey, that was a one-time deal! No peaking." Rachel scooted out of view as Jack chuckled to himself and looked at Noah.

"What about you my man, you want to change to?" He asked. Noah looked down at his very plain outfit, quickly putting together that they weren't going to be going to a small-town diner, and a hoodie wouldn't cut it.

"I... didn't bring a change of clothes," He said softly.

"Oh no worries, I always keep some spare things in the trunk of my car, we'll get you sorted. Might be a little baggy but better than nothing."

"Right..."

Rachel burst out of the bedroom wearing an expensive white halter dress along with her gold jewelry. Noah's eyes locked in on her, trailing down Rachel's neckline to her exposed cleavage as his heart leaped from his chest.

"I don't have any time to do my makeup, do you think I look alright?" She asked Noah, doing a spin for him.

"I can assure you, you are more than alright," Jack replied. Rachel gave him a stink eye before stepping toward Noah.

"I didn't ask you, I asked Noah," She said, making Noah's heart race even more.

God, he loved this woman.

"Jack is right, you look amazing," Noah said, walking over to her side. She smiled as she wrapped her arms around his waist.

"Then we are ready to go! We'll need to stop by Noah's place to get him some clothes though."

"No need, I already got that covered," Jack said quickly. "Come on love birds, we got places to be!"

The three exited the apartment, and while Noah was in an incredibly upbeat mood, it never occurred to him to ask why Jack had shown up to Rachel's place unannounced, or what he might have said differently if Noah hadn't been there.

## Chapter 6

Noah sat nervously in the back of Jack's car, drowning in the spare suite he had loaned him. Noah knew Jack was tall and built, but he had no idea of the size difference between them until now. Noah tugged at his baggy jacket, taking in the fine interior of Jack's car. Sleek cream leather lining decorated the car's seats, accented by black details along its sides. The car's roof was glass, allowing Noah a full view of the skyline above. It rode silent, the only sound being the jazz playlist Jack had turned on in the background.

Rachel sat in the front seat, her delicate form glowing in her white halter dress. Noah stared at her with a sense of admiration and respect. She looked right at home amongst the elegance surrounding her. It became clear to Noah that, unlike him, Rachel never belonged in a small town. She was always meant for something more.

None of that mattered to Rachel, however. She smiled in the same innocent manner she had since high school, looking back at Noah gleefully as they entered the heart of Delborn City. Jack's wealth and lifestyle seemed to have no effect on her, Rachel was just happy to be experiencing life with Noah.

But it wasn't due to Jack's lack of trying. It frustrated Noah that he had offered Rachel the front seat. But in her usual fashion, Rachel countered by saying.

"Only if Noah is ok with it."

And because of that, Noah was.

"So, what do you two think of the city so far?" Jack asked, turning off a ramp into the city's center. Glowing amber lights flowed overhead, illuminating the ornate architecture of old and new buildings. Young individuals and students sprawled the busy streets, and Jack drove through it all without struggle.

"It's amazing!" Rachel said energetically. She pressed her face against the car window like a child. "It's more beautiful than I realized!"

"Well, we are in the downtown district. Some parts are a lot rougher than this."

"Do you guys come here often?" She asked. Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes and no. Honestly, I wish Godfrey had a city campus, every time I come downtown it feels like I'm not here enough."

"Honestly, now seeing it? I totally get it. I thought Godfrey was big..."

"But it's nothing compared to the city," Jack stopped at a red light, looking over at Rachel. The two caught each other's gaze. Electricity flowed between them while Noah watched silently.

"And you fit the city perfectly," Jack said softly. Rachel blushed and fixed her hair.

"I definitely don't feel that way." She glanced back out her window. An awkward silence hung in the air before Rachel jumped in her seat. "Oh my god! Noah look!"

"Huh, what?" Noah said, looking out his window.

"It's that retro-tech store you were telling me about! Remember the one from your reels you shared with me?" Rachel pointed at a large storefront with a Neon sign with the glowing words 'Tech Noire.' Noah couldn't help but let out an excited laugh.

"Holy shit, there it is!"

"We have to go Noah! You've always wanted to go!" Rachel said.

"I'd stop off if I could, but we'll be late, unfortunately," Jack said between their banter.

"Oh don't worry about it, that's a Noah and me date. You'd be an awkward third wheel." Rachel said with a laugh. Jake smirked and shook his head.

"Noted." Jack cut between the streets, bringing the three to the front of an ornately sculpted building. A line of expensive cars rested in front of them, valets dressed in black tuxedos servicing each car with smooth efficiency.

"Oh, did we take a wrong turn? Rachel asked. Jack glanced over at her with a smile.

"Nope, this is it. Dorsia's." He said coolly.

"THIS is Dorsia's?" Rachel said in shock, she looked back at Noah, giving a him wide-eyed expression that caused him to laugh.

"It's a tough place to get into. Hopefully, they won't boot us out for being late." Jack replied.

"Uh, are you sure Noah and I are dressed enough for this?" Rachel asked as she began to quickly adjust her dress.

"She's right, I feel out of place in this baggy suite," Noah added. Jack glanced back at Noah through the rearview mirror.

"What the hell are you guys talking about? You look fine!"

"I don't feel fine." Rachel and Noah said in unison. A set of valets came to Jack and Rachel's door. As they opened them, Jack adjusted his suit and smiled at them both.

"Just follow my lead and you'll be fine."

The doors opened, Jack stepped out while the other valet offered his gloved hand to Rachel.

"Madam," He said. Rachel touched her chest with her fingers and laughed gently.

"Oh my, so fancy!" She took the valet's hand and stepped out of the car, grasping onto her gold clutch tightly as Jack walked over to her side. The valet on the driver's side entered the car, adjusting the back mirror and seeing Noah slumped in the back.

"Will you be exiting sir?" He asked.

"Huh oh uh... yeah just give me a second here..." Noah fumbled over his door, struggling against the lock several times, failing to open it.

"The door is locked, sir." The valet said.

"It... it is?" Noah asked.

"Yes sir."

"Right," Noah fumbled with the door a little while longer, failing to find a way to unlock it as his face flushed red. After a few more moments of struggle, the valet cleared his throat. Noah looked at him through the rearview mirror.

"Could you... could you open it for me?" Noah asked bashfully. The valet's eyes never left Noah as he clicked the unlock button. Noah gave him a polite nod.

"Thanks."

"Please exit sir," The valet replied. Noah nodded and promptly stepped out of the car.

As his heart raced, Noah saw Jack leading Rachel through the large double entry doors with his arm wrapped around hers. Noah tried to catch up with them, fumbling over his baggy dress pants with every awkward step. The doors closed in his face, Noah lost his footing, resulting in him slamming into the glass and leaving an imprint of his face. A service worker glared at Noah with disdain before opening the door for him.

"T-thanks," Noah said weakly.

He had never felt more out of place in his entire life.

Noah fumbled into Dorsia's. A dimly lit space with a high-end industrial aesthetic. Chandeliers hung over wooden tables and black leather chairs, and every dinner guest was more well-dressed than the last. Several couples passed Noah by, giving him a look of confusion as they did so.

God, he really didn't belong here, Noah began to feel his anxiety welling up in his chest. Rachel had left him for Jack. She had taken his arm and happily walked into a better life without a second thought. Noah clenched his hands as he aimlessly wandered the receiving lobby.

But before his thoughts took him to a dark place, he saw Rachel standing in front of the service desk, both hands resting on her clutch as she looked through the crowds...

For him.

And as soon as she spotted Noah, Rachel's eyes lit up as a smile stretched over her face. She waved at Noah with playful articulation of her fingers before walking over to him. Soft piano music played in the background. Rachel's body swayed gently under warm overhead lights. Her smile glowed as she reached for Noah and embraced him. His arms wrapped around her in return. He squeezed her tightly as her head buried into his chest.

"I found you," She said gently.

"You waited for me," Noah said.

"Of course I did," Rachel replied. She looked up into his eyes, leaning forward to kiss him on the lips gently. "I'm sorry I left you behind, I thought you were right behind us."

"Yeah well, Jack seemed more focused on you than me," Noah said, doing his best to mask his resentment.

"Oh, I'm sure he didn't mean anything by it." Rachel said gently. She stepped to his side and rubbed his back with her fingernails. "Remember, they're our friends."

"Right..." Noah looked around the dining area, taking in the countless high-class folks surrounding them. "God, I look like a clown."

"Oh Noah stop! You look very handsome!" Rachel said with a laugh.

"What are you talking about, I'm drowning in this thing!" Noah said, matching Rachel's upbeat attitude. She always had a way of calming him, it was as if the world melted away, and it was them. Only them.

"Well, what do you expect when you put something together last minute?" Rachel wrapped her arm under Noah's. "Next time we come here, we'll make sure to get you a suit that fits better. But for now, let's be grateful Jack had a suit you could borrow. We wouldn't have gotten in otherwise."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Noah admitted. Rachel squeezed his arm gently.

"We can feel out of place together, ok?" Rachel looked up at Noah, smiling as their eyes met.

"Deal. Now let's go find these guys." Noah said.

"They're this way, come on," Rachel took Noah's hand and led him to a long, very full dinner table.

Jack's interpretation of a few friends may have been slightly different to what Noah was accustomed to. He counted over a dozen dinner guests, all laughing and surrounding the four stars of Godfrey. Noah took a deep breath and tried to relax the tension in his shoulders.

Sure, there were a lot of guests. But Noah reminded himself it wouldn't be so bad if they sat at the end of the table. Hopefully, by keeping themselves hidden, they could get through this night without another incident.

"Hey, love birds!" Jack waved at Noah and Rachel, pointing to a pair of empty seats directly across from the four. "We saved you some seats!"

Noah gave Rachel a pleading glance. She squeezed his arm and leaned into his ear.

"It'll be fine." She whispered. Noah sighed and nodded, sitting alongside Rachel in the center of the table.

The four stared at them with gleeful smiles. For a moment, the conversations around the table died at the sight of Rachel. It was a response Noah had become accustomed to. As the silence began to creep over the table, Ethan spoke.

"You're looking good tonight Rachel, glad you could make it," He glanced at Noah, giving him a polite nod. "Oh, and nice suite bro. Swear I've seen it before."

"It's my spare, he didn't have time to head home to change," Jack interjected. Ethan snapped his fingers.

"Yes, now I see it! I knew I'd seen that one before. Gotta admit, it's a little big for you though."

"I'm well aware," Noah said dully. Mike, already three shots deep leaned over the table and laughed loudly at nothing in particular.

"This motherfucker looks like... uh... you know... like uh..." Mike tripped over his words while Jack and Luke looked at him in dismay.

"Mike, if you're going to open your mouth, make sure you've got something ready to say," Luke said coolly, he turned his attention to Noah.

"Despite it being a little large, the suite looks good on you man."

"T-thanks," Noah said, feeling a smile forming on his face.

"Luke's right, you pull it off bud. We'll have to get you into my tailor at some point and get you one of your own." Jack added with a smile.

"Yeah, that could be nice," Noah said, rubbing the back of his neck uncomfortably. His eyes scanned over the four. While Ethan's attention was glued to Rachel's cleavage, Jack gave him a hard kick from under the table, making Ethan jump in the air slightly.

"Fuck, dude what?!" Ethan said.

"Don't you have something you want to say?" Jack asked nodding toward Noah and Rachel.

"I do? Oh... right yeah..." Ethan looked back at the two and smirked. "Hey guys, I'm sorry for the way things went down the other night, it wasn't my intention to give people the wrong idea."

"You sure about that? Screaming I had sucked your dick across the party seemed pretty intentional," Rachel countered. Her words were sharp, making Ethan coil back and laugh uncomfortably.

"Seriously, I know the comment I made when you guys were leaving was... well it was bad."

"Telling everyone I'd finish blowing you is a little more than bad, some might call that sexual harassment," Rachel said curtly. Noah looked at her with some surprise.

"That's not what I said," Ethan countered quickly

"It is, in fact, what you said," Luke added, taking a slow drink from his beer.

"Well, it's not what I meant! It came out wrong, alright?" Ethan looked at Rachel, a genuine look of dismay rolling over his face. For once, he actually looked like he might be remorseful.

Might being the keyword. Rachel sighed and shook her head.

"I don't know... Noah, what do you think?" Rachel placed her hand on Noah's arm, making him blush instantly. He cleared his throat and shrugged.

"I... I mean he seems sorry. I think it's fine." Noah's words were tempered. Truthfully, a part of him wanted to tell this entire group to fuck off, to leave him and Rachel alone. But he didn't want to live in isolation anymore, and he certainly didn't want to drag Rachel down with him. He wanted friends, he wanted a change.

"See! He's cool with it, everyone is cool here!" Ethan said before looking at Rachel. "We're cool, right?"

Rachel stared at him playfully, their eyes locking as she drummed her fingers against the table.

"Fine, I accept your apology, for now. But you owe both Noah and me free drinks." Rachel demanded.

"Deal, I'll buy you guys a round."

"No, not a round. You will buy us drinks," Rachel said.

"Drinks?"

"Yes, drinks."

"How many?"

"Until I'm drunk," Rachel said. Ethan smirked.

"Till you're drunk, got it," Ethan offered his hand to Rachel, and she reached over the table and shook it. "Let's have some fun."

—

The night began to spin together for Noah. After several shots and a dinner that was way more expensive than Noah wanted to think about, the group broke off and headed to Jack's loft. Like everything else that night, Noah found himself in a world of wealth he'd seen on television screens. The lobby alone was breathtaking, lined with clean cuts of marble and antique furniture, Noah found himself doing double takes more than once.

Rachel appeared to share his astonishment, regularly looking at him with humorously wide eyes as the two made their way past the doormen and into the lobby's golden elevator with the rest of Jack's guests.

When the elevator doors opened to Jack's penthouse loft, the entire group gasped.

"Make yourselves comfortable. There's more drinks in the fridge," Jack said coolly. The group fanned out, many of which made their way over to the oversized white couches in the loft's massive living room. As Rachel and Noah sat at the corner of a couch, she leaned into his ear.

"I thought I knew what rich was, but this is something else!" She whispered. Noah nodded slowly.

"I seriously feel like I don't belong here," Noah whispered back.

"I know exactly what you mean, how long before they find us out do you think?" Rachel and Noah laughed in unison, but before he could answer her, a very drunk Ethan sat on the fur carpet in front of them with two beers in hand.

"And what are you two whispering about over here?" Ethan asked, handing Rachel one of the beers. Noah grimaced as she took it from him.

"Nothing that involves you," Rachel said shortly. Mike and Jack followed closely behind, wasting no time surrounding Rachel. Noah couldn't help but notice their eyes trail up and down her body, making it clear they were only interested in one thing.

Rachel.

Noah's incredibly beautiful, increasingly drunk girlfriend sitting next to him. Rachel's cleavage tastefully poured out of her dress, appearing ready to out at a moment's notice.

"So, I've got a question for you two." Ethan's words were slurred.

"Here we go..." Jack said under his breath, scooting in closer to hear.

Noah sighed.

"What's the question?" He asked.

"How the hell did you two meet?" Ethan said. Rachel lit up at the question, grabbing Noah's hand while smiling brightly.

"Awe! You guys are curious how we met?!" Rachel asked.

"I mean, yeah. How you two ended up becoming a thing has me very... very curious," Ethan said. Rachel might have not picked up on the back-handed comment, but Noah did. Though he couldn't blame Ethan for being confused. Rachel was a league in her own, even Jack's group of friends would've had a hard time finding someone like her.

"Well, it was prom night, and both Noah and I weren't at prom," Rachel's eyes never left Noah as she spoke.

"Damn, so you two snuck off, huh?" Ethan said with a smirk. Rachel laughed warmly and shook her head.

"No, we didn't sneak off! I actually wasn't allowed to go to prom, so I decided to go to a little ice cream shop instead. Looking back it was pretty pathetic, but it was the closest I could get to a celebration. And guess who I found sitting in that ice cream shop alone?" Rachel gently rubbed Noah's shoulder, causing his cheeks to flush red.

"It was pretty weird seeing you there, I honestly was shocked you didn't have a date that night," Noah said.

"I'm shocked too, Noah I could get, but you? How the hell didn't you have a date already?" Ethan asked.

"If you MUST know, I didn't have a date because I had recently broken up with my boyfriend. Plus, like I said, I wasn't allowed to go in the first place. So, I decided to do something by myself. Noah was the big surprise though, I couldn't believe he hadn't stayed at prom with his girlfriend."

Ethan and Jack both reeled back in shock.

"Wait wait, you're telling me that Noah had a girlfriend at the time, and you didn't?!" Ethan said.

"Why is that so shocking?" Rachel said with a laugh.

"Well, I mean... I guess it isn't..." Ethan gave Noah an apologetic look before continuing. "So wait, you had a date that night then Noah?"

Noah felt his heart race as memories of Allison being slammed against the lockers poured back into his mind.

"Yeah... I did," He said.

"So why wasn't she with you at the ice cream shop?"

"... we broke up that night," Noah answered softly. Rachel gave his hand a gentle squeeze.

"Fuck dude, sorry to hear that," Ethan said awkwardly.

"Yeah..." Noah's mind swam with the moans of Allison.

"But it brought us together," Rachel said gently. Noah smiled and nodded.

"Yeah, I guess that's true." He said.

"So what did you do to win her over? How did you approach her?" Ethan asked.

"I... I didn't do anything, she approached me." Noah replied. Ethan's mouth dropped, and the rest of the group seemed equally shocked.

"Wait, she made a move on you?" Ethan asked.

"Yeah," Noah replied.

"Jesus..." Ethan slumped back against the coffee table and took a swig of his beer. "So it was love at first sight then?"

"For me it was," Rachel said bashfully. "Though, I can't speak for Noah."

"Oh, it definitely was," Noah replied immediately. The group erupted in laughter.

"Yeah no shit," Jack said.

"Man, I got to be fucking honest, that is not how I expected that story to go, but then again, I don't know what I expected," Ethan admitted. He stared at the couple for a while before shaking his head. "You know, you two really are cute together. You're also a lot of fun, I'm seriously sorry I fucked up the other night. I took shit too far, let my dick get the better of me." Ethan sounded profoundly sincere, despite his inebriated state.

"It's alright. Water under the bridge at this point," Noah said. Ethan shook his head.

"No man, it's really not though! For real, I feel like shit. I honestly don't know what I was thinking."

"Ethan, we're good," Noah said, turning to Rachel. "Right?"

"Of course we are!" Rachel said, her cheeks rosy from the last few drinks she had. "Plus, if we're being honest. Before you shouted your bullshit across the party, we kind of liked what was happening."

At those words, the energy in the group shifted. Everyone went silent, as if a spell had been cast over them. Noah could feel the surge of desire swell up from the group as his heart dropped.

"Wait, what do you mean?" Ethan asked. Rachel bit her lip and looked at Noah apologetically.

"Well..." She said softly. "We talked about it and... I don't know... it was kind of hot?"

Noah couldn't believe what Rachel was saying. He knew she meant it in the most innocent way possible. But now, there was no going back.

"Really," Ethan looked back at Jack and Mike, the awkward smile on their faces signaling that there was a clear opportunity they wanted to pounce on.

"So let me get this straight," Jack chimed in. "You two enjoyed it when Rachel stripped in front of us."

Noah's face went beat red, he could feel his heart pounding in his chest. But he didn't correct them, and he didn't stop Rachel from answering.

"Yes, we did," Rachel said, immediately covering her face in embarrassment once she did. "Oh my god, I can't believe I'm saying this! Please don't judge us!" She leaned into Noah and laughed warmly. While he wanted to laugh with her, the best he could manage was a forced smile.

"No judgment here," Jack said quickly. He glanced at Ethan, then back at Rachel. "Well, if you guys liked it, would you want to play another game?"

"Another game?" Noah asked timidly.

"Yeah, something fun, something you both will like," Jack said with a smile.

Noah glanced over at Rachel.

"What do you think?" He asked her softly. Rachel bit her lip and squeezed his arm.

"I mean... it could be fun. Are you ok with it?" Rachel asked.

"What exactly is this game?" Noah asked, doing his best to hide his trembling voice.

"It's pretty straightforward, it's called pop the balloon. Each of us will have a balloon attached to us, and several competitors will have to pop all of them as fast as possible." Jack looked back to the rest of the party. "I know a few girls would also be open to playing. So it would be Rachel competing against them."

"That doesn't sound so bad!" Rachel said with a smile.

"Yeah, except the balloons are put right on our cocks, and the only way you can try to pop them is with that fat ass of yours," Mike shouted. Noah could feel the blood drain from his face.

"Wait... you guys will be naked?"

"What? No man! We'll have our pants on, it's a dry-humping game." Ethan corrected. "Don't listen to Mike, he's fucking drunk."

"So, what do you two think?" Jack asked. Noah took a deep breath and looked at Rachel. He already knew what his answer was, he already knew what he wanted to see.

"Rachel?" He asked. She leaned and kissed him on the cheek.

"I'm only going to do it if you want me to," she answered.

Rachel meant those words, and it made Noah want to do it all the more.

"I think it's worth trying," He answered.

Jack smiled. "Then let the games begin."

## Chapter 7

The four lined up in the living room, balloons attached expertly to the front of their pants while Rachel and two other girls prepared themselves for the competition. The rest of the partygoers had awkwardly circled around the group, some paying more attention than others.

Noah stood at the end of the lineup, cheeks beet red as he stared at the group of onlookers interested in the show. He glanced down at his oversized trousers, grimacing at the red balloon he'd placed to be popped. As much as he wanted to share in the group's enthusiasm, he couldn't help but have second thoughts.

He glanced over at Rachel, who caught his eyes for a moment before giving him an excited smile. She bit her lip nervously. Noah took it as a sign that she was just as nervous as he was.

It was going to be alright, everything was going to be fine. Noah took a deep breath, glancing over at Jack who stood directly next to him. Jack caught his gaze, and gave Noah a playful nudge.

"You ready for this?" He asked. Noah nodded slowly. Uncertain if Jack's question was coming from a place of genuine sincerity.

"Yeah, I think so," Noah said.

"You two ever done something like this before?" Jack asked. Noah shook his head.

"No, I mean... besides the spin the bottle game, no."

"I see..." Jack looked at Rachel, his eyes filling with lustful hunger. "you think she can win?"

"Does it really matter?" Noah asked, unsure how to answer the question. Jack raised his eyebrows in amusement.

"I guess in the greater scheme of things, no it doesn't." He let out a playful laugh and shook his head. "All the same, it is a competition. Rachel seems pretty determined."

"She's always like that," Noah admitted, pleased to feel the tension in his shoulders easing.

"I guess we'll see what she's made of then. Those other two are firecrackers. They know how to make a balloon pop if you catch my meaning."

Noah laughed nervously, only now observing just how attractive the other two women were.

"You're pretty lucky to have a girl who's ok with this kind of stuff," Jack added.

"What do you mean?" Noah asked. Jack glanced over at him.

"Not many women are ok with sharing their man, you know?"

"Oh... yeah."

"...You two did talk about that, right? Rachel's cool with those two touching you?" Jack asked.

Noah's heart began to race. It hadn't occurred to him that if they went through with the entire game, two other women would be touching him. He wondered if Rachel had put it together, and even tried to catch her eyes to see if there was any hesitation. But so far as he could tell, Rachel seemed fine. She laughed with the other two, showing the same levels of excitement she had the last time they played games with the four.

"I mean, she's going to grind up on you guys so..."

"Seems only fair, right?" Jack interjected.

"I think so?" Noah said with a nervous laugh.

"Well, if she breaks up with you in a few days, then I guess we'll have our answer." Jack gave Noah a playful nudge. Noah cleared his throat as he felt his stomach churn.

"Y-yeah, I guess we'll see," Noah answered.

"Well, enough talking, it's showtime," Jack said, stepping towards the three girls. "Alright! Let's go over the rules one more time! You three will be competing against one another to see who can pop the balloons on us the quickest, and you can only use your asses to do it. Remember, it is up to you and you alone to seal the deal and finish us off. However, depending on how exciting your... performance is, we may help you out by thrusting back."

The crowd erupted in laughter. Noah's palms began to sweat as his heart raced in his chest. This was really about to happen, he was about to witness Rachel grind up on the four hottest guys at their college campus. Noah stared at the three women standing opposite to him, each of them the definition of drop-dead gorgeous. But above all three, Rachel stood out like a sore thumb. Her white halter dress caught the elegant curves of her body as she swayed back and forth excitedly. She twirled a strand of her blonde hair around her finger as her gaze passed between the four before finally stopping on Noah. The noise of the crowd faded away as Noah became lost in her gaze. She smiled before blowing him a kiss.

God, he loved that woman.

"Are there any questions?" Jack asked. The girls shook their heads. "Good, so, have you decided who will go first?"

"I will!" Rachel said, stepping forward eagerly. As soon as she volunteered, Noah didn't need to look at the four to feel their excitement. They were finally getting another chance at Rachel, and the onlooking crowd seemed just as excited for the show. Without missing a beat, several guys

from the crowd pulled out their phones to begin recording. But before Noah had a chance to protest, Jack spoke up.

"Hey! There will be absolutely NO recording tonight. What happens at this party stays at this party! Mike, grab their phones." Jack said. Mike walked over to the crowd with his beefy arm outstretched, the balloon attached to his crotch comically bouncing back and forth as he snatched up phones quickly.

"That's right you fucks! Give 'em up!" Mike walked between the crowd, snatching every exposed phone before throwing them in a bag. Once he was satisfied, he gave Jack a thumbs up. "We're good my dude!"

"Good, and we'll keep it that way. Any phones pulled out during the game will be taken, and you'll be asked to leave. Got it?!"

The crowd nodded obediently as Mike made his way back into the line.

"Good. Alright Rachel, you ready to begin?" Jack asked.

"Oh my god, yes? I think? Which end do I start on?!" Rachel asked, walking towards the lineup of men cautiously. Her mixture of innocence and excitement was intoxicating. Noah watched as the four looked at her with primal hunger he had seen one too many times.

They wanted her, and they would take any form of her they could get.

"You can start with me if you want," Luke said coolly, running a hand through his long, dirty blonde hair.

"Fuck, that means Noah's going to be fucking last though!" Mike said with a snicker. Noah felt his hands begin to tremble.

"You good with that?" Jack asked him. Noah cleared his throat and nodded slowly.

"Y-yeah, that's totally fine," He said unconvincingly. Hearing his answer, Rachel walked over to him before placing a hand gently on his shoulder.

"Hey," She said softly.

"Hey," Noah answered.

"Are you sure you're ok with this?" She asked. Noah didn't make eye contact with her, he kept his face slumped to the ground as the weight of what he had to endure pressed in around him.

"Yeah, I'm sure." He answered. Rachel stood silently, her fingers trailing down his arm.

"Hey... look at me," Rachel said. Noah glanced up. "We don't have to do this if you don't want to."

Noah felt his anxiety melt away at those words. It felt like a weight lifted from his chest and he could breathe again.

"Really, Rachel, I'm ok. I want to explore this with you," he said. The two smiled at one another for a moment as they shared a nervous laugh.

"Then... let's get crazy," She said with a gleeful bounce.

"Is he good?" Jack asked.

"Yes, he's good! Just a little nervous," Rachel answered.

Noah grimaced. He felt like they were parents discussing what was best for their child. But despite that, he remained silent and awaited whatever might happen next.

"Then we're ready!" Jack said loudly. "Luke, you're up!"

Rachel let out a gleeful giggle as she half-skipped to the opposite end of the line, fixing her hair as she stood in front of Luke. For his part, Luke appeared indifferent to the situation, his eyes trailing over Rachel once before he gave her a polite smile.

"I hope you win," Luke said coolly.

"T-thanks," Rachel replied, biting her lip nervously as she looked at Jack.

"When do I start?" She asked.

"Hang on, let me get the timer ready," Jack said, pulling up his smart watch and setting a clock before pointing at Rachel.

"Ok... we're all set. The games start... now!"

"Oh my god no countdown?!" Rachel shouted.

"You better get going!" Jack shouted back.

Rachel immediately jumped into action, turning around and arching her back as she lined her ass up with Luke's balloon. The seductive flow of her movements made several men in the crowd holler. Rachel rammed her ass firmly against Luke, and it didn't take long for them to find a steady pace. At first, Rachel's thrusts were more playful than anything else, but once she heard Luke's soft moans the temperature quickly turned up. Rachel's hips began to sway, she tossed her hair to the side and looked back to see how Luke was doing.

Luke, in turn, took a passive approach as he watched Rachel's ass plow into him, the balloon flattening enough that her cheeks made contact with his crotch several times.

His eyes trailed up and down her body. His calm demeanor never changed, even as he grabbed Rachel's arms and widened his stance. With expert precision, he pulled Rachel into him, arching her back as he thrust forward, popping his balloon with one clean motion. The latex spattered from between them and Luke's groin slammed into Rachel. She let out a soft moan as Luke held her there for a moment, grinding himself against her as he released her arms and let his fingers trail down her back. Noah felt his heart sink and his cock throb as he watched Rachel let out another moan while she fixed her hair and allowed Luke to do with her as he pleased.

Luke looked over at Noah, giving him a nod before stepping out of line.

"That's one down!" Jack shouted, "Not bad timing either."

"Oh my god, I can't believe I'm doing this!" Rachel squealed as she rushed over to Mike. As soon as she turned and arched her ass toward him, Mike grabbed onto her hips and thrust into her aggressively. He was like an animal, completely focused on getting his dick as close to Rachel as humanly possible. His balloon flattened with every thrust he made, and Rachel began moaning as Mike's hands dug into her sides.

"Jesus Mike!" Rachel said, her breasts bouncing wildly as Mike's pace quickened.

"That's fucking right, fucking take it!" Mike shouted. Rachel's dress began to ride up her ass, eventually exposing her fat ass cheeks and black laced underwear. As soon as Mike saw Rachel's skin, he pushed her dress over her hips, digging his fingers into Rachel's sides.

"Fuck you feel fucking amazing," Mike said, moving Rachel over to the back of one of the couches and pushing her over it. Rachel moaned as Mike mounted her and squeezed one of her ass cheeks tightly.

"Jesus... Mike! Relax!" Rachel's voice wavered between Mike's hard thrusts.

"I want to fucking eat your ass so fucking bad," Mike said. He had devolved into pure id, completely disregarding the crowd and formal niceties.

And Rachel didn't try to stop him.

She closed her eyes, ass cheeks jiggling with every thrust Mike made. He pushed Rachel into the couch with this weight, the onlooking crowd stepping closer towards the two as they watched Rachel be dominated by Mike.

"I'm going to raw dog the fuck out of you I swear to fucking god!" Mike slapped Rachel's ass, causing her head to pop up in shock.

"Oh my god Mike!"

Before another word could be spoken, the balloon popped between them. At once, Rachel pushed herself off the couch and stepped away from Mike.

"Got it!" She said with a laugh.

"W-wait! We were just getting started!" Mike stepped toward Rachel but stopped as she raised her hand playfully.

"Ah ah! The balloon is popped Mike! Let me race!" Rachel said, rushing over to Ethan.

"Yeah Mike, let her race!" Ethan said, stepping forward happily as Rachel turned around and lined herself up with his balloon.

"Fuck man..." Mike mumbled several frustrated remarks as he walked over to the couch and sat defeated.

Rachel looked back at Ethan, "You ready?" She asked in a seductive tone. Noah knew it was meant to be playful, but it still made his skin crawl.

Ethan promptly lifted up Rachel's dress in response, exposing her round ass immediately.

"Ethan!!" Rachel shouted with embarrassment. Ethan grabbed a handful of Rachel's hair in response.

"Time for the ride of your life." At once, Ethan began to thrust into Rachel, pulling her head back as his grip tightened around her hair. Without much effort, the two began to enter into a perfect rhythm, Rachel matching Ethan's thrusts with her own counterthrusts. Her moans became loud, particularly when Ethan's balloon slipped upwards, making way for the giant swelling cock in his loose linen slacks. The balloon wasn't making contact with Rachel anymore. Instead, Ethan's dick now slid between Rachel's ass cheeks.

Rachel seemed aware of what was happening but didn't fight it. She pressed into him, pushing the balloon entirely out of the way as the two began to grind shamelessly against each other.

"Holy fucking shit!" Ethan said as his hands slipped down to Rachel's hips. He changed up his rhythm, grinding his cock against Rachel with upward thrusts. Noah watched helplessly as her playful moans began to sound increasingly more genuine. The room had gone silent, Noah didn't dare look at the crowd watching them at this point – it was humiliating enough seeing Ethan slide his bulge over Rachel's bare ass.

Ethan's hands slid up her waist, pushing Rachel's dress upwards, nearly exposing her breasts as his fingers stopped just below them. He slammed himself hard against Rachel, making her gasp as his hands continued to trail upwards.

"I think you are probably the hottest girl I'll ever get to fuck," Ethan's fingers grazed against her breasts as he pushed Rachel's dress higher.

"Don't forget... we need to pop the balloon," Rachel said breathlessly. Ethan laughed softly as his cock throbbed against her.

"We're going to be popping something tonight, that's for sure." Ethan's hands nearly cupped Rachel's breasts completely.

But before Ethan could continue, Luke walked up behind him and popped Ethan's balloon with his knife. The loud bang brought Rachel back to her senses. At once, she stepped away from Ethan and began fixing her dress.

"What the fuck bro?! We were still going!" Ethan shouted, standing awkwardly with a dick at full mast.

"This isn't fucking lapdance, you're supposed to be popping the balloon. You're done," Luke replied, expertly folding his butterfly knife as he calmly made his way over to the couches.

"I am nowhere close to done!" Ethan shouted, grabbing onto Rachel's curvy waist and pulling her close to him again. Rachel countered by placing a hand on his broad chest and pushing him away.

"No, Luke's right. You're done," Rachel said calmly.

"I... I'm done?"

"You moved your balloon out of the way! You're disqualified!" Rachel said with a playful laugh as she walked over to Jack.

"Fuck... fine!" Ethan said, sitting next to Mike on the couch, equally defeated as his friend.

"Not fucking fun, is it?" Mike asked.

"Shut up," Ethan grumbled.

Everyone's attention now turned to Rachel and Jack. They stared at one another for a moment before Jack smiled at her.

"You ready?" He asked her softly.

"I am," She replied as her cheeks blushed.

"Better hurry, Ethan burned up a lot of time," Jack said. Rachel slowly turned around, arching her back once more. This time, however, she pulled up her dress herself. Gently swaying her ass back and forth while Jack grabbed onto her hips.

"You better get going then," She said gently.

The two began to thrust into each other, only inches away from Noah. He felt himself trembling at the sight of Jack's veiny arms grabbing onto his girlfriend.

"Holy fuck dude! Right next to her boyfriend!" Someone shouted from the crowd.

Noah grit his teeth. He knew it wasn't like that. Rachel and Noah were doing this together. This was both their decision.

"Jesus look at them, they're like the perfect couple." Someone else said.

Rachel had chosen him, Noah knew this. Rachel wanted to be with him.

"What a loser..."

Rachel tossed her hair back, moaning softly as Jack's hand gently squeezed her ass before pausing. Rachel looked back at him, confused.

"Is everything alright?" She asked.

"Here," he said, "Let me help you out a little bit." Jack raised one of Rachel's legs, then readjusted himself so that the balloon rested between them better. Jack began thrusting into Rachel with powerful precision. The two locked eyes as Rachel wrapped her hand around Jack's neck. Her lips parted in ecstasy as his free hand trailed up her neck, gripping it firmly.

This was going beyond balloon-popping. These two had chemistry, real genuine chemistry. Noah had seen this once before.

Noah had felt this kind of pain already.

The room began to dim. Noah no longer saw Jack and Rachel, but Allison and Brian. The two locked eyes as passion poured moved between them. Noah watched Brian's giant cock thrust deep inside Allison as she became lost in his eyes. Allison moaned, throwing her head back as she took in all of Brian's massive length.

Allison had always wanted Brian, always. Noah was her second choice, and once Allison was able to get what she always wanted, Noah was simply in the way. He watched helplessly as Brian took her, as his cock stretched her pussy to limits she had never felt before.

"Oh Jack," Rachel said softly. Noah was snapped back to reality, his gaze returning to the man who was taking his girlfriend only inches away from him.

Noah couldn't breathe.

Noah sunk into himself.

"That's enough," He said weakly. But Rachel and Jack didn't hear him.

Jack's hand slid over Rachel's breast and squeezed it. Rachel threw her head back and moaned.

"Fuck, Jack!"

The balloon popped between the two. Rachel's dampened underwear slammed against Jack's bulge.

"That's enough!" Noah shouted. Storming off as the two quickly pulled away from each other.

"Wait, Noah!" Rachel chased after him while the rest of the party began to clamor with excitement.

"Guess the cuck couldn't take it," Someone said as a wave of laughter spread through the crowd.

"Party is over folks! Let's call it a night," Jack said loudly.

Noah could barely see straight, his body shook uncontrollably. He didn't hear anything beyond the moans of Allison and Rachel. The two voices began to bleed together in his mind. Before long, Noah found himself stumbling into a bedroom, dropping to the floor as his vision began to tunnel.

The image of Rachel staring deeply into Jack's eyes became the only thing he could see.

## Chapter 8

Rachel froze in place as she watched Noah rush down the hallway. It didn't feel like she was awake. She hoped that it was all a dream, one Rachel desperately wanted to wake up from. She looked back at the party guests, relieved to see they were beginning to exit the apartment. That took care of one problem at least, she could only handle so much embarrassment in one night.

God, the embarrassment. Why did she think it was a good idea to explore this in front of a crowd? Rachel wondered if she'd taken things too far and ruined the evening for everyone. They just wanted to have a good time. She didn't have to participate in the balloon game. No, in fact, she shouldn't have. She should have stayed by Noah's side and spent the evening laughing with him. Rachel shook her head in frustration, quickly following after Noah while the four began putting the apartment back in order.

Stupid. It was all so stupid. She should've been more attentive to Noah, she should have done a better job reading the room.

And she shouldn't have gotten so lost in Jack's eyes.

Rachel's heart fluttered as she recalled that moment, but it was a thought she stuffed down quickly. Jack meant nothing to Rachel. That moment meant nothing, it was just a game.

Rachel tried to focus, opening several bedroom doors until she finally found Noah in a barren guest room. He was huddled in a corner, arms wrapped around his legs with his head buried between them. It broke Rachel's heart to see him like that.

"Hey," Rachel said, walking over to Noah's side and sitting next to him. Noah didn't respond, and that didn't surprise her. She allowed silence to hang in the room for a while. After all, it wasn't like Rachel even had the words to say. This was all new territory for her. It was confusing, messy, and exciting. But at the end of the day, what Rachel wanted more than anything, was Noah.

She slowly wrapped her arm around his and to her relief, felt him interlock his fingers with hers. He raised his head and looked at her, but still didn't say anything. Rachel smiled before taking a deep breath.

"I'm sorry if it went too far," Rachel said.

"You... you don't need to be sorry. We both said it was ok. I..." Noah was struggling to put his words together. Rachel could feel his body trembling as he spoke.

"We don't need to talk about it right now. It's ok," She said, gently squeezing his hand tightly. "We don't even have to stay here, everyone is leaving. Do you want to get going?"

"I don't think I can right now... I... I think I need a little bit more time before..." Noah's words trailed off. His lip began to tremble. A few tears trickled down his cheeks as he turned his head away from her. Rachel felt absolutely gutted.

"I'm so sorry. We don't ever have to do this again, I promise." Rachel meant every word she said. Seeing Noah this way made her determined to ensure it never happened again. She would not be the reason for his sadness, that much she was absolutely sure of.

"That's not what I want..." Noah answered. Rachel's brow furrowed in confusion.

"But... look at how upset it made you. This isn't healthy if it makes you this miserable Noah," Rachel said. Noah's eyes closed in concentration.

"I know it's a lot... I know I'm being a lot right now, and I'm sorry. But I don't want to mess things up. I don't want to ruin things for us," Noah said.

"Noah, you're not ruining anything," Rachel replied. Noah instinctively turned and wrapped his arms around her. Their angling on the floor made it awkward, but Rachel happily returned his embrace. She buried her face into his neck, holding him as tightly as she could.

"I'm sorry..." Noah said.

"You have nothing to be sorry for," Rachel replied. They held each other for a long time, only breaking when they heard clattering dishes from the main room. Relieved to find that some of Noah's composure was coming back to him, Rachel rubbed his arm and smiled.

"You ready to go?" Rachel asked.

"I think I'm still going to need some time..." Noah replied.

"Of course, we can sit here for as long as you need."

"No, I think I need some time alone," Noah said. The answer made Rachel's heart race, but she did her best not to show it. With a leveled smile, Rachel stood.

"Of course, take all the time you need. I'll be in the living room when you're ready, ok?"

"Ok..." Noah said softly. He didn't look at her when he said it, and Rachel didn't push him any further. It was going to be alright, she knew that. The best thing she could do for Noah was to give him the space he needed.

At least. That's what she wanted to be true. But as she walked to the kitchen, she wondered if any of this was alright. Rachel turned the corner, surprised to find Jack alone, putting dishes away in his modern, white kitchen. He slung a towel over his shoulder and looked at her.

"How's he doing?" Jack asked.

"He's... alright," Rachel said. She peered out into the living room, surprised to find it completely empty. "Where is everyone?" She asked.

"The guys cleared them out, and then I let them know it was probably best if they cleared out too. Considering how everything went down, I figured you and Noah would appreciate it," Jack said. Rachel nodded, walking into the kitchen slowly. As she did, the shock of what happened began to hit her.

"T-that's good," Rachel struggled to keep her composure.

"You alright?" Jack asked. Rachel couldn't hold back the tears, as much as she wanted to. They streamed down her face as she let out a frustrated laugh.

"Fuck, I'm sorry... I'm fine it's just... I feel like I ruined everything."

"Hey, it's alright," Jack said softly. He stepped towards Rachel, opening his arms as he did. Rachel stepped into them, happy to feel his warm and caring embrace. She always knew Jack was a good man, despite what others had said, and this one moment of comfort was exactly what she needed.

"This is so embarrassing," Rachel said with a weak laugh, Jack squeezed her tightly. Rachel's face buried into his chest. She could smell the mixture of alcohol and cologne on this dress shirt.

"There's no need to be embarrassed. Shit happens."

"I'm just... I'm just afraid I'm going to lose him over something stupid," Rachel said. She felt Jack's hand trail up her back.

It felt... good. Her heart began to race, and instinctively, Rachel slowly pulled away from him. As she did, Jack's arms dropped to her hips.

They stared at one another. It felt strange to Rachel that, just moments ago, this man had been dry-humping her in front of her boyfriend. It was almost comedic, actually, how much those two versions of Jack contrasted each other.

"You're not going to lose him over something like this, I promise," Jack assured her. His hand began to slowly trail up the side of her waist. Despite Rachel knowing it was wrong, she let Jack explore her.

Jack's hand continued upward, coming dangerously close to her chest.

"What are you doing?" Rachel asked. Jack didn't answer. Instead, his hand slid over her breast and squeezed it tightly, causing Rachel to moan.

"Never thought they'd feel this good," Jack said. He began to lean in for a kiss. Rachel immediately turned her head.

"Stop!" Rachel whispered. She stepped away from Jack, leaning against the kitchen countertop. Rachel took a deep breath and tried to get her bearings. What the hell had just happened? She stared at the floor, not daring to look back at Jack. An uncomfortable silence hung in the air.

"Sorry, that was shitty of me," Jack said.

"It was," Rachel confirmed, fixing her hair and shaking her head. "I'm with Noah."

"I know."

"I love him."

"I know," Jack ran his fingers through his hair as he let out a long sigh. "I know you do."

The two fell silent once more, Rachel took the opportunity to try and calm her nerves. Before long, she heard footsteps coming from the hall. She glanced up, spotting Noah as he entered the kitchen. His hair was a disheveled mess, a look complimented by the oversized suit he still wore. Despite knowing how much Noah hated the suit, Rachel couldn't help but find it adorable on him.

"Hey," She said softly. Noah didn't respond. Instead, his eyes shifted to Jack, suspicion pouring over him as he assessed the situation for what seemed like ages.

"Did you kiss her?" He asked. Jack shook his head.

"No," He replied shortly. Rachel felt a wave of guilt in her chest. She wondered if she should speak up and clarify that he had touched her without him there. Did that matter? Would it make any difference one way or the other? Noah was already so upset, and it didn't mean anything. Noah spoke before Rachel could make a decision.

"Are you sure you didn't kiss her?" He asked again. Jack looked at Noah curiously.

"... Did you want me to?" he asked Noah. Rachel froze, terrified that one wrong word might send Noah spiraling once again. She stared at him, wondering what he wanted out of this moment.

It didn't have to be this way, Rachel knew that. Noah didn't have to put up with any of this, and neither did she.

"It's ok, Noah. I would never kiss him without you knowing," She said softly. Noah looked at her, eyes glossed over and expressionless. She smiled at him, hoping it might brighten his spirits, but he didn't smile back.

"Do... do you want to kiss him?" Noah asked her. Rachel felt her cheeks flush. She adjusted her hair as a weak laugh escaped her. Rachel glanced at Jack, who remained remarkably calm despite the situation.

"I don't know... I thought we were just having fun. I don't want to do anything that you aren't comfortable with." Rachel felt her heart racing. She didn't know what to say, she didn't know what the right answer was.

"It's ok, you can tell me the truth," Noah said weakly.

"That is the truth, this isn't about what I want, it's about what we want. We don't have to stay here, you know, we can leave right now if that would make you feel better." Rachel said.

"But you'd kiss him if I was cool with it," Noah said. Rachel frowned.

"That... doesn't seem like a fair question."

Noah's eyes slanted at those words. He shot a death stare at Jack.

"She isn't your girlfriend," He said coldly.

"Believe me, I know," Jack replied.

"She would never cheat on me, ever." Noah was doing his best to sound strong, and Rachel commended him for that. Still, his delivery was wavery, and far from believable. As much as Rachel hated to admit it, she found Noah's grandstanding as embarrassing as it was charming.

As confusing as it was direct.

As disrespectful as it was honoring.

"I know that, trust me, I'm not trying to get between you two. Believe it or not, I actually do like you guys," Jack said with a smile. It sounded authentic to Rachel, and she was relieved when she saw Noah's shoulders relax.

"Good, because moving forward, if you're going to kiss her, it has to be in front of me and only me." Noah's words dropped like a bomb. Rachel stared, dumbfounded. It was the last thing she had expected him to say. She looked over at Jack, who appeared just as surprised.

"W-wait, I just want to make sure I'm understanding you right. Are you... asking me to kiss her right now?" He asked.

Rachel watched Noah carefully, this was a side of him she had never seen before. A passion welled in his eyes, a mixture of excitement and anger that she couldn't quite understand. He had to know she wouldn't do it without his permission, that she was interested in him and only him. Despite the butterflies she felt in her stomach when she looked at Jack, she would never dream of—

"We're all here, you might as well do what you want," Noah said. His voice was trembling, Rachel couldn't understand why he wanted something that clearly bothered him so much.

"Noah, it's not just about what we want, it's about what you want too," Rachel said with as much temperance as she could muster. "What do you want?"

Noah paused, that was good, at least it meant he was thinking things through.

"I want this," He said. It was a soft response, but Rachel could tell it was an authentic answer. So that was it, Noah had confirmed it, he wanted to see Jack kiss her. She wasn't sure what she expected to hear, or even how Noah's answer would make her feel.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Jack turn to her and step forward.

"Are you sure?" Rachel asked. Noah nodded.

"I am," He answered. Rachel took a deep breath, then turned to face Jack. As soon as they locked eyes, she felt her heartbeat in her ears.

"You ok with this?" Jack asked her. She already knew the answer before Jack even asked it. She looked over at Noah, who finally smiled at her warmly. That was all she needed to know it would be alright.

"Yes," She said softly. Jack didn't hesitate to take his chance, his hand gently wrapped around her neck and pulled her in close. He kissed her deeply, Rachel felt her full lips press against his as Jack's free arm wrapped around her waist tightly. She let out a gasp as her breasts pushed against his chest. She shivered as Jack's hands trailed along her sides.

They slipped low, squeezing her plump ass as his tongue pushed into her mouth. Rachel had to admit, Jack kissed well. Very well. He smelled amazing also, he felt amazing. Her mind flooded with desire as she felt his bulge press against her. Jack lifted her onto the countertop, continuing to kiss her with eager passion. Rachel spread her legs, wrapping them around Jack's waist as his hands cradled the back of her head, and his lips trailed down her neck.

Rachel had a clear view of Noah, the two staring at one another as Jack explored her body. Noah appeared to be as transfixed as Jack was, and the large bulge in his pants seemed to indicate he was enjoying the show. Rachel smiled at him, trying her best to show Noah that they were in this together. That they were both participants in this experiment. Noah seemed to understand, smiling back as he watched Jack's hands slide up to Rachel's breasts and squeeze them tightly.

Rachel let out a soft moan, a moan cut off as Jack pressed his lips against hers once more. He played with her nipples through her thin dress, sending waves of pleasure through her as their pace began to quicken.

Rachel was beginning to lose herself in it. She wondered how far this was going to go.

She wondered if Jack was going to explore her further.

If Noah wanted Jack to—

Jack's hands trailed down to her thighs, slowly sliding underneath her dress as his tongue thrust into her mouth.

Rachel shivered in anticipation. Excitement and anxiety mixed with the carnal desire overtaking her mind. She wanted Jack, she wanted to feel him inside her. She wanted to know what it would be like to have sex with another man.

His fingers were only inches away from her pussy, they pulled at her lacy underwear. Rachel broke her kiss with Jack and leaned her head against his, digging her nails into his back as his fingers slid over her wet entrance, before finally plunging deep inside her.

Rachel instinctively thrust forward, moaning as she felt Jack's fingers begin to thrust in and out of her. Euphoria flooded her mind, she felt as though she was living in a dream. Her eyes opened as Jack's free hand gripped onto her hip. As he finger fucked her with increasing roughness.

And her gaze fell on Noah.

He watched them silently, seemingly lost in his own world as Jack began to pull Rachel's dress straps from her shoulders.

Rachel's dress fell, exposing her perky breasts. Jack leaned down and latched his lips around her nipple, licking it softly as his fingers continued their smooth tempo. Rachel's nails trailed up and down Jack's back, and as he began to find her G-spot, Rachel began to eagerly counterthrust against him.

Jack's fingers plunged deeper. Rachel's back arched as her legs began to quiver. Jack bit her nipple softly, and Rachel felt herself tip over the edge. She wrapped her legs around his waist as she threw her head back in ecstasy.

"Oh Jack!" Rachel shouted, feeling herself coming close to climaxing.

"That's enough!" Noah shouted in the background. Rachel and Jack didn't stop immediately, his fingers lingered while her legs slowly unwrapped from his waist. With a tremendous amount of effort, Rachel leaned away from Jack, her finger trailing down his chest as Jack reluctantly stepped away from her.

Without a doubt, that was one of the hottest things Rachel had ever done. She took a deep breath, looking at Noah while she did her best to collect herself. She wanted to say something, or at least, felt like she should. But Rachel had no idea what to say. Her eyes bounced between Jack and Noah. Both of them seemed just as lost as she was.

Jack slowly began fixing his shirt while he cleared his throat.

"That uh... that was pretty fun," He said calmly. He didn't look at either of them, and neither of them replied immediately.

"Yeah..." Noah said.

"We're... we're all good though, right? All three of us?" Jack asked.

"Yeah, we're good. I-I'm sorry about... well about before..." Noah shook his head. "This is all new for me. It's... weird."

"It's new for me, too." Rachel chimed in.

"Believe it or not, it's new for me also. I've never really done anything like this..." Jack laughed nervously, which Rachel found oddly comforting seeing a person under all that wealth and status.

"I... I think it's best if we head home," Noah said.

"I agree," Rachel said, sliding off the kitchen countertop and adjusting her dress. She walked over to Noah and grabbed his arm before glancing down at his giant bulge, surprised by how much it turned her on.

"So like... what happens next?" Jack asked.

"Let's leave that for another time," Noah replied shortly. Jack quickly nodded as he adjusted his shirt sleeves.

"Right, of course. Be sure to talk to the front desk when you head down. They will arrange a ride for you to get home," Jack said.

"Thanks," Noah led Rachel to the elevator door, and she happily followed behind him. Her senses were returning to her as they stepped through the metal doors.

As her mind replayed the ways Jack had touched her while Noah watched.

## Chapter 9

Noah opened the door to his dorm room and ushered Rachel inside, both sleepily walked towards his bed before collapsing in exhaustion. Noah glanced at his dorm mate's empty mattress, grateful they would have the place to themselves for tonight. The sounds of sporadic parties bled through the fifty-year-old window panes as Noah let out a long, exhausted sigh. As always, the room was far too hot. The ancient, always-running radiator was to thank for that. He felt Rachel curl up beside him as she too let out a sigh of relief.

No words were spoken; the two simply enjoyed each other's presence as Rachel gently rubbed Noah's chest.

In the silence, it didn't take long for Noah's memories to appear.

He heard Jack and Rachel's moans looping endlessly in his mind. Noah closed his eyes in an attempt to silence them, only to find Jack and Rachel there as well. He could see vivid images of Jack standing between Rachel's legs, fingering her aggressively as he slowly began to undo his pants.

He knew if he hadn't stopped them, Jack would have taken Rachel. He remembered Rachel's look of ecstasy, he remembered how she called out Jack's name.

She wanted him just as much as Jack wanted her.

If he hadn't stopped them... if he hadn't been there...

Noah felt the bulge in his pants swell. His mind flooded with a primal desire he had never felt before. He reached for Rachel, catching her smile as he pulled in her close for a kiss. She happily reciprocated, kissing him back deeply as she rolled on top of him.

Noah closed his eyes, he saw Jack on his bed with Rachel. Kissing her passionately as he watched from afar.

Rachel pushed her tongue gently into his mouth, and Noah sucked on it. He reached for her dress straps and slid them over her shoulders, exposing her perky breasts. Rachel shivered as she slowly undid Noah's pants. He eagerly assisted, pulling them down enough for his throbbing cock to spring out from under them.

Rachel slid her underwear to the side and placed the tip of his cock against her entrance. She was wet, Noah could feel her warmth as she easily sat down on him and, with a loud moan, began to ride him.

No, not riding him. She was riding Jack. Right in Noah's dorm bed, Jack was taking Rachel for himself.

He watched as Rachel arched her head backward and grinded on his cock with an even tempo.

Sweat glistened along her smooth skin. Noah felt her walls tighten around him, gripping his cock with overwhelming suction. Noah gasped at the sensation. No matter how many times they fucked, he was always blown away by how good Rachel felt. She placed both hands on his chest, then while looking him in the eyes, promptly began bouncing her ass on his cock. Steady, wet slaps filled the room as Rachel let out soft moans of pleasure. Noah felt the world shrink around him, it was absolute bliss. He closed his eyes in a desperate attempt to not cum early.

And in the darkness of his mind, Jack took his place. Gripping onto Rachel's hips, he pounded into her with all his might. Noah found himself in the corner of the room, watching helplessly as Rachel fucked the wealthiest, most attractive man in their school.

He couldn't get rid of him, he couldn't stop the images from flooding his mind. Jack was going to have Rachel whether or not Noah wanted it.

Rachel moaned, Noah felt her nails dig into his chest.

"Oh god, I'm getting close... oh my god!" She screamed.

Noah's body tightened as he felt himself nearing his climax. He grabbed onto Rachel's waist, and as his hands touched her, Jack once again took his place.

"I want to cum inside you," He said.

"Cum in me baby!" Rachel replied.

Noah watched Jack thrust upward, letting out a raspy moan as his seed poured inside Rachel. She, in turn, began to shake on top of him. Falling forward and resting on his chest while he continued to slowly thrust into her.

Heavy breaths followed. Noah felt himself coming back to his senses. Once again he was under Rachel.

Finally, they were alone.

He wrapped his arms around her and squeezed tightly.

"I love you," Noah said softly.

"I love you too," Rachel replied. She stayed in his embrace for a while, keeping Noah inside her as he went soft. "That felt amazing by the way."

"Yeah," Noah replied breathlessly. Flashes of Jack still swarmed his mind, though now, they were far less welcoming than before. Rachel gently kissed Noah's lips, then slowly stood to grab a tissue box from his small writing desk. Cum poured out of her, dripping over Noah's stomach as she covered her entrance with dainty fingers.

"Sorry," She said shyly.

"It's fine," Noah replied, still lost in a haze of shame and endorphins.

Rachel promptly cleaned herself before handing the box to Noah.

"Thanks," He said. Wiping his cum lazily from his stomach.

Except, in his mind, it wasn't his. It was Jack who had Rachel, not him. It was Jack who had flirted with her, who had taken her to a fine dinner, who had primed her.

It was always Jack.

"What are you thinking about?" Rachel asked. Noah didn't feel the need to lie, it was likely Rachel was thinking about the same thing.

"What happened tonight," Noah replied.

"Me too," Rachel answered. Noah felt his heart rate increase.

"What did you think of it?" He asked. Rachel let out a sigh.

"It was... intense. I don't know, I'm not sure what to think of it if I'm being honest."

"But you liked it?" Noah asked. Rachel snuggled up beside him and laid her hand on his chest.

"I liked it when you liked it. If that makes any sense. At the beginning, when we were both getting excited about it, and when I was with Jack..."

Those words stung, but Noah took a deep breath.

"I think I get what you're saying," He answered.

"I hope I'm making sense, I really do. I was only enjoying myself when it seemed like you enjoyed yourself. But when you stormed off into that room... that terrified me. Absolutely terrified me. If I'm being honest, it makes me wonder if we shouldn't explore this further." Rachel's fingers trailed up and down Noah's chest. Her words were gentle and sincere, and Noah knew she wasn't wrong.

A normal couple would have every reason to end things here and now, Noah knew that. Rachel glanced up at him.

"You don't seem too eager to end it though..." She spoke affectionately. Noah could tell she was trying to understand him as much as he was trying to understand himself.

"I'm honestly not, and I don't know why. Yes, things were difficult around the balloon popping session. I lost it for a minute."

"Was it something I did?" Rachel asked.

"Well, you didn't really do anything wrong. It's more something you said that... well... it triggered some things for me. I tried to get over it, but it brought back memories..."

"What was it?"

"You said his name," As Noah spoke the words, Jack once again flooded his mind. He could hear Rachel's voice echoing, saying Jack's name with ecstasy.

What would have happened if Jack had found Rachel alone in her apartment? Would he have still invited her to dinner?

Would he have invited her back to his apartment?

Would Rachel have ended up moaning his name without Noah there?

Noah's stomach churned as his cock swelled.

"I'm sorry," Rachel said gently.

"You don't need to be sorry, it's more my issue. I know that."

"I know, but I just feel bad. I get worried for you. I only want to explore these kinds of things if it makes us both happy. I never want it to hurt you."

Noah paused for a moment.

"Is... is it bad that a part of me likes the hurt? The embarrassment?"

Rachel didn't answer right away. Her finger stopped on the center of Noah's chest.

"I mean, I'm not a therapist or anything, but maybe?"

"I was afraid you'd say that," Noah said. The two laughed together as Noah wrapped his arms around Rachel tightly.

"So you're telling me you like it when you get hurt like that?" She asked.

"Kind of."

"Kind of?"

"Yeah, kind of."

"That is so strange to me." Rachel shook her head and sighed. "Well, you need to know I love you very much, and I will NOT participate in actively hurting you. I guess that's my boundary to this thing, if I catch something is hurting you we need to talk about it, and I'm going to try to avoid that thing."

"That's... fair. Does that mean you don't want to continue exploring this?" Noah asked.

"For now, I'm open to continuing. It is fun, BUT if you have another outburst like that we will talk about it, and we will work on making sure those don't happen. I don't care if you 'kind of like it,' I love you too much to do that to you. Ok?"

"Alright." Noah's heart warmed. Rachel truly was one of a kind. He had never met someone as compassionate and as loving as her. "Thank you," He said.

"Of course. We are in this together, ok?"

"Ok."

The two kissed one another deeply, before lulling off into sleep.

Strange dreams followed Noah into his slumber, a deep echoing haunt of visions bored into his mind. He was back in the blue locker room, slumped on the ground with camera in hand, watching Rachel being pinned against the cold tile wall. Jack raised her in the air, fucking her hard as she screamed his name.

Noah kept his camera steady as they moved to the floor, then into the showers, then onto his bed which rested in the middle of the bathroom. Rachel was a sweaty mess, she shivered under Jack with every powerful thrust of his cock. Noah made sure to zoom in every time she came.

Then he appeared. Brian came in through a dark entrance, smiling wickedly as he made his way over to the bedside. Jack flipped Rachel's head over the bed's edge, and Brian immediately shoved his fat cock down her mouth. He grabbed her breasts and squeezed them firmly as he began to slam his massive girth down her throat.

Noah could hear Rachel gagging, he tried to speak, but no words came out of his mouth. Instead, he held up his phone and made sure to keep all three in frame.

Rachel moaned as they double-penetrated her. As Jack slammed into her pussy so hard her ass and tits jiggled. As Brian let out a gasp and shoved his full length down her throat.

As they came inside her.

But this was a dream, and there was no end. The two continued to fuck Rachel mercilessly.

All the while, Noah never stopped recording.

## Chapter 10

The morning sunrise slowly lulled Noah awake. He drifted in and out of sleep, smiling when he felt Rachel slowly cuddle against him. Her arms wrapped around his waist as she buried her face in his chest, gripping him tightly. He brushed his hand gently through her hair, his heartwarming at the sound of her soft snores.

The room was uncomfortably hot, and the heat caused their skin to stick together. But Noah didn't mind. It brought them closer together, it made him feel safe.

He felt as though he could stay in this moment forever.

Then the door to his room burst open with a loud thud. Noah looked over to find his roommate, Frederick, standing in its frame.

"Sorry, hope I wasn't interrupting anything," Frederick said in an overly soft tone. The voice fit his soft body and disheveled appearance. He pushed up his thick-framed glasses as he watched Rachel slowly begin to wake up.

Noah instinctively sat up and covered Rachel's bare skin with his blanket, she took the blanket and pressed it around her chest as she also slowly came to.

"Hey Rachel," Frederick said with a smile.

"Hey Fred," Rachel said back, still half asleep as she began to search for her dress.

"Looks like you two had a fun night together," Frederick said.

"Don't make it weird," Noah grumbled. He knew Fred was harmless when it was just them. Fred was a shy, kind, and funny guy who loved computer science nearly as much as competitive gaming. It was easy to talk to him, and Noah genuinely saw him as a friend.

But when Rachel was around, it only took him seconds to devolve into a horny degenerate.

"Could you give us a minute?" Noah asked. Frederick's eyes slowly shifted over to him.

"Hmmm? Oh, yeah of course. Don't worry about me, do your thing." Frederick remained where he was and smiled. Noah frowned.

"Fred, can you leave the room so we can get dressed?"

Frederick let out a long and agitated sigh.

"Fine..." Frederick mumbled something under his breath that Noah couldn't hear, but he disregarded it as the door closed behind him. He looked over at Rachel who had just finished putting her dress on.

"What time is it?" She asked sleepily. Noah grabbed his phone from the nightstand.

"A little past nine," He said.

"Oh god, I'm late for class." Rachel fumbled out of bed, Noah couldn't help but smile as she wandered around the room aimlessly to collect her things.

"I don't know if showing up to class in that dress is the best idea," Noah said. Rachel looked down at herself before letting out a warm laugh.

"Good point. Do you think I could borrow a hoodie and some joggers?"

"Of course," Noah said with a smile. He slid out of bed and walked over to the small closet next to his desk, pulling out a hoodie along with a pair of grey joggers. "Here, these are my smallest pair."

"Thank you," Rachel leaned forward and kissed him gently on the cheek. "How's my hair?"

"Uh..." It looked like Rachel had been electrocuted. Noah failed miserably at containing his smile.

"Oh god, is it that bad?" She asked with a laugh.

"It could be worse," Noah said, laughing along with her. She quickly hopped out of her dress and into Noah's clothes, walking over to the small mirror he had hanging on the wall.

"Oh my god, it's a rat's nest. A ponytail will have to do I have absolutely no time. Do you think you could grab my books for me and drop them off when you get a chance? I'm already ten minutes late." Rachel tied her hair up as she spoke, Noah watched in complete awe as she did so.

The gentle motion of her wrists, the way her hips swayed playfully as she tried to hurry herself along. Every one of Rachel's actions made Noah fall in love with her even more.

"Of course," He replied gently. "Your class is in the science building, right?"

"Yes, modern anthropology in room 223. I'll be in the back like always." She walked over to him and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Thank you," She said softly before kissing him on the cheek once again. As she pulled away, Noah grabbed her and pulled her back in for another kiss. His heart fluttered as her soft lips pressed against his, and as they parted, Rachel placed her head on his chest.

"Wish I could stay with you all day," She said.

"You're too much of a rule follower to ditch class."

"Ugh, you're right. The guilt would crush me. Ok, I really should get going!" Rachel opened the entry door, finding Fredrick waiting patiently on the other side. She gave him a polite nod before turning back to Noah. "Thanks again, love you!"

"Love you too," Noah said.

"Love you three," Frederick added awkwardly. Rachel ignored him, giving Noah a final wave before heading down the hallway. Frederick laughed at his own joke as he shamelessly stared at Rachel's ass.

"Man oh man, she really is something..." Frederick said more to himself than to Noah. Fredrick sauntered into the room and sat on his bed. Noah didn't acknowledge him as he continued to get dressed and gather his things.

"Not even going to wash the sex off you, huh?"

"Jesus Fred, we talked about this," Noah said.

"What? I'm not saying it's a bad thing! I'd be doing the same if I had a sweet treat like that... I wouldn't leave her alone for a minute, and she'd be begging me to stay with her every night."

Noah looked at Fred, dumbfounded, and watched as his roommate placed both his hands over his head with a triumphant smirk.

"Why do you have to be so fucking weird around Rachel? You know that kind of stuff makes her uncomfortable."

"I didn't say it in front of her this time! I was good. I was good right?"

Noah didn't answer. Fred leaned forward.

"Wait, do you think she's mad at me?"

Noah shook his head and sighed. "I got to go, are we still on for that gaming session later with Cody?"

"Nah, Cody dropped out."

"He dropped out? Like of college?" Noah asked. Frederick pushed up his glasses and nodded slowly.

"Not everyone can handle the big leagues, champ. Cody headed back to his small town where things were more his speed."

"Right, well, I hope it's a better fit for him." Noah had to admit, he envied Cody somewhat. He had a love-hate relationship with his hometown. But there were definitely days he missed the slower life. Especially given all the events involving Jack and his friends.

"Yeah, I guess so. That does mean we're going to be down a player for a while. One less wolf in our pack," Frederick gave an all too serious salute. Noah cringed.

"We'll figure that out later. I got to go." Noah made for the door.

"Before you go, you might want to know that some rumors have been spreading," Frederick said, Noah froze at the door.

"What?" He asked.

Frederick closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the wall with a guilty smile.

"There's rumors spreading about you and Rachel. Big rumors," Frederick said. Noah felt his heart sink in his chest. There was no way people had heard about Jack and Rachel already. How could they?

He had to know the extent of the damage.

"What are the rumors?" He asked. Frederick smirked.

"You know... spicy stuff."

"Like?" Noah pressed.

"Didn't you just tell me to not get weird about Rachel? Let's just say that I might need to start attending more parties..."

Noah's mind flashed back to the previous night. Tracing over images of Rachel being manhandled by Jack and his friends. Remembering the moans she made as Jack fingerbanged her.

"I've got to go." Noah left the room quickly. He heard Frederick start to speak but was down the hall before he could catch what Frederick said.

This wasn't good. If word had gotten to Frederick's group of friends, then that meant a good part of the campus was talking about it as well.

Noah's mind raced, his pace quickening without him realizing it. He mindlessly walked to Rachel's dorm, gathering her belongings before delivering them a fog. Her smile was a welcome respite, but the rest of Noah's journey was filled with sweltering worry as he made his way into his class and sat down.

He glanced around the room. Were people looking at him more? No, it was just in his head. He needed to calm down. Surely things weren't as bad as Fred had made them out to be.

"This seat taken?"

Noah looked over, immediately frowning when he saw Mike staring back at him. His clothes were too tight, but Noah couldn't decide if that was because of his muscles or because Mike bought clothes two sizes down. Mike did look good though. Most of the women in the classroom also seemed to agree, glancing at him regularly.

"You're in this class?" Noah asked.

"Uh, yeah. Wait," Mike opened his phone and checked it. "Yeah, this is the basic math one right?"

"Yeah, basic mathematics."

"Cool cool, yeah this is me then." Mike smiled stupidly.

"It's just... well I've never seen you in class."

"Oh yeah, that's because I don't usually go. It's like... why bother you know?"

"Right..."

"So, can I sit here?" Mike asked again.

"Oh, yeah. Go for it." Noah said.

"Cool." Mike threw down his bag and slumped into the chair, his aftershave bleeding into Noah's nostrils. "No Rachel today?"

"She's never been in this class," Noah said.

"Huh... wait really? I thought for sure she was."

"Nope," Noah said flatly.

"Huh, weird." Mike appeared disappointed. Noah wondered if Rachel was the only reason why he had decided to show up to class today.

The lecture started. While Noah tried his best to keep focused, Mike's presence made it impossible to do so. Noah glanced over at him several times, not surprised to find that Mike hadn't bothered bringing a laptop or notebook. Boredom won over Mike, and Noah began to see him lean towards him.

"So uh... I guess you guys had a lot of fun last night, huh?" Mike tried to whisper, which really just translated to him speaking with a raspy voice at normal volume. Noah glared at him.

"Keep your voice down," He whispered.

"Sorry man," Mike replied, his voice still at the same volume, albeit raspier. "Just want to make sure things like that can fucking happen again, you know?"

So he knew, fuck, that meant all of Jack's crew knew what had happened. Noah felt his heart begin to race.

"Look, it was a one-time thing, alright? Jack and Rachel had their little session, but that doesn't mean it's going to be a regular occurrence."

"Wait, she did something with Jack?" Mike's voice grew louder. Several other students looked back at them in annoyance.

"Wait, you didn't know?"

"No! I was talking about the balloon-popping game man. Are you fucking telling me Jack got it first?!"

Shit, Mike really didn't know. Noah's face flashed beet red, he wanted to sink into himself.

"Forget I said anything," He said.

"Dude I can't you said it! Does that mean... holy shit... does that mean I can fuck her too? Is that a thing now?" Mike's voice carried across the room like a heavy blanket, Noah sunk into his chair with every passing word.

"Please Mike, let's just drop this alright?" Noah felt shame and excitement swirl in his chest. His mind returned to that evening, when Mike had thrown Rachel over the couch and dry humped her like an animal. He was ravenous, primal.

Noah couldn't help but wonder what he'd do if he got Rachel all to himself.

"I would fucking pay you for a chance with her dude. Wait no... not like that... I'm just saying like I really want to fuck her." Mike's voice boomed.

The professor stopped his lecture and cleared his throat, staring at Noah and Mike with disturbed annoyance. Noah looked back at him, his heart sinking further when he saw countless eyes staring back at him.

"Sorry!" Mike said, raising his hand. The professor let out a tired sigh.

"Just learn to keep it down, Michael. Some people are here to actually learn," The Professor said dully before continuing his lecture.

Noah went back to his writing, sweat forming on his brow as he tried to pretend like his conversation with Mike had never happened.

He just needed to focus. Focus on basic mathematics. It was a level 100 course, it was easy. Noah just needed to keep his pencil moving. He saw Mike shuffling through his bag out the corner of his eye, heard him tear a piece of paper from his notebook, and then saw his beefy hand slide a note across his desk.

Did they smash?

Noah stared at the note, then slowly looked up at Mike with a blank expression. Mike mouthed the question slowly to him. Noah glanced back down at the note and wrote a response.

No.

He slid the note back across the table. Mike scratched his head before frantically scribbling onto the paper.

Well, can I smash?

Noah wanted this to stop. He had drawn enough attention to himself and Rachel.

No.

Mike let out a audible grunt of disappointment.

What did they do??

I'm not entertaining this.

Come on, u can tell me

Work on your work.

Another audible grunt of disappointment. Mike finally relented, returning to tapping on his desk while the class lecture wrapped up. As soon as it did, Noah stood from his desk and made his way out of class. He wasn't surprised to find Mike following closely behind him.

"Hey Noah, wait up!"

Noah let out a long sigh, "Mike, I'm not going to tell you anything, alright?"

"Fine fine I won't push it. It's just... you know.. this is big fucking news."

"It's not that big," Noah corrected.

"Well, not as big as me, that's for sure," Mike laughed at his joke while Noah grimaced. It was like Rachel put a spell on people, no one was immune to turning into wild animals around her.

"I'm getting to my next class now Mike," Noah said flatly.

"For sure, we'll talk more later, cool?" Mike said.

"Yeah... sure." Noah walked out onto the campus plaza. His sense of worry flooded with every glance he received.

The reality was slowly setting in. Rachel was gaining a reputation, and it was only a matter of time before that came back to bite them. The part Noah didn't want to admit was somewhere deep inside, he knew this was what he wanted.

## Chapter 11

Noah enjoyed his light buzz in the corner of the bar while Rachel danced with some of her newly met friends. He wasn't sure how he felt going to another party, especially considering the rumors spreading around campus. It took more than one pep talk in the mirror to remind himself that he couldn't become a recluse. They needed to go out, they needed to experience life. Most importantly, he knew he couldn't keep Rachel in a cage. Love it or hate it, this was their new life, and it was one that Noah would need to learn to embrace.

And that included watching Rachel dance amongst the many leering eyes of men at a bar.

She wore a white crop top with baggy jeans. A trend that seemed to be popping up on campus. It did wonders for her figure, accentuating her hips and complimenting her cleavage. Noah couldn't blame everyone for staring, as always, Rachel looked like she was taken out of a modeling ad. That, coupled with her warm laughter and infectious personality, Rachel was a gravitational force that pulled both men and women alike. It would only be a matter of time before someone made a pass at her, and Noah secretly hoped it would happen.

It wasn't long until they did. As Rachel excused herself from her friend group to head over to the bar, a tall, burly man followed her there. Noah couldn't make out what they were saying, but it was clear by how close he stepped towards her that he was interested in one thing. He caressed her shoulder while leaning into her ear to whisper something. Rachel threw her head back and laughed before shaking her head and pointing towards Noah. The man looked at him, the smile on his face dimming when they made eye contact. Noah raised his empty glass, and without a second word, the man politely smiled at Rachel before walking off.

Noah and Rachel caught each other's eyes. She gave him a playful thumbs up as the bartender handed her two drinks, Noah couldn't help but laugh as she made her way over to him.

"Hey mister! Having a fun time over here?" She asked, placing a drink down in front of Noah before sliding into the booth next to him.

"You know me, I absolutely love a loud bar," Noah said jokingly. Rachel laughed as she rubbed Noah's back.

"Thank you for always being such a trooper with these things. I love having you here with me."

"I wouldn't want it any other way," Noah replied, Rachel looked at him longingly before leaning in for a kiss. Her lips were sweaty and slightly chilled from her drink.

"Did you see that guy at the bar?" Rachel asked.

"I did. What was that about?"

"He was asking if I was here alone and if I wanted to go with him somewhere more private," Rachel replied. "That's when I let him know you were over here."

Noah's heart raced as he pictured Rachel leaving with another man. He did his best to hide the bulge forming in his pants.

"I wonder what he would've wanted to do," Noah said passively, Rachel's eyes lit up as she smiled brightly.

"Noah!" She shouted, pushing on his arm playfully. They both laughed. "You wouldn't have been bothered by me leaving with a complete stranger?"

Noah shrugged.

"What about being left here completely alone while everyone watched another man take your girlfriend from you?"

"I don't hate the idea," He answered. Rachel raised an eyebrow.

"Something about our latest venture tells me otherwise," She said.

Noah raised his hands. "In theory, ok?" Rachel laughed as she adjusted one of Noah's loose hairs.

"Fair enough. I don't know how comfortable I am with it but maybe a future talking point for us," Rachel kissed Noah on the cheek. "I'm going to head back out to the dance floor, are you going to be ok here by yourself for a little while longer?" She asked.

"Oh yeah, I'll be alright, go have fun!"

Rachel gently squeezed his arm. "Kiss me before I go." Noah happily obliged.

"Have fun," He said.

"Don't worry, I will!" Rachel scooted out of the booth and headed to the dancefloor once again. Noah watched as she and her friends enjoyed the DJ's haphazard music set. Overall, the night was turning out to be fun and uneventful.

Until Mike came through the front door.

Being the biggest partier amongst his friend group, Noah wasn't surprised to see him turn up. He also wasn't surprised how quickly Rachel caught his eye. Without any hesitation, he beelined for her.

It didn't seem like Mike had noticed him yet. Noah wondered what Mike would do if he thought Rachel was here alone. The music blared overhead as Mike cut through her friend group and grabbed Rachel by her waist. At first, Rachel was caught off guard. But upon seeing it was Mike, she expertly changed Mike's sexual energy into a friendly greeting with a warm smile and a gentle hug. She placed a hand on Mike's shoulder as the two spoke, and Mike in return kept his hand on Rachel's hip.

Noah's heart raced, but he didn't move from his chair. A part of him wanted to see it, he wanted to know how far Mike would take things. Rachel glanced over at Noah, he knew the look well. She was gauging how he felt about the situation, she wanted to know if he was ok with what was happening.

Uncertain if she would understand, Noah gave her a thumbs up. Upon seeing it, Rachel winked back at him and turned her attention to Mike, placing a hand on his neck. Mike took it as a queue to make a move. His hands immediately wrapped around her waist, Rachel's friends, in somewhat of a shock, looked over at Noah in confusion.

Right, their friends. He hadn't thought through this part. But at this juncture, there wasn't much he could do except smile and let them know he saw it and that he was ok with it.

He was actively letting an entire bar know he was ok with Mike taking Rachel. Upon seeing that Noah was aware, Rachel's friends slowly went back to their own business, having fun and dancing while Mike wrapped his arm around Rachel's waist and guided her to a more open part of the dance floor.

They danced in each other's arms, their bodies touching as Mike's hands became more adventurous with where they explored. The music slowed. Rachel wrapped her arms around his neck, Mike in turn pulled her close and squeezed her ass tightly. Noah felt his stomach lurch, particularly when several confused spectators looked at them, and then back at him.

They pointed. They laughed. They carried on with the night. All the while Noah watched with a racing heart and uncomfortable bulge in his pants. Memories of prom night flashed in his mind. Images of finding out the truth, of walking into a basement and never really leaving it. Only this time, he was in control. This time, he was doing it with someone he really could trust.

It also helped that Mike was relatively harmless in Noah's eyes. There was an innocence to his carnal desire. Mike was existing in the moment, getting as much as Rachel would give, and nothing more. For that, at least, Noah was grateful.

Moments bled together, and as Noah finished his drink, he watched Rachel pull away from Mike's beefy arms, her fingers sliding down to his hands as she spoke a few more words to him and walked over to Noah. It was only then that Mike spotted Noah, and as soon as he did, he put a hand over his mouth, before promptly pulling out his phone. Noah felt his phone buzz and pulled it out.

Mike: Dude, I'm so sorry. She kinda came onto me and wuz hot so I touched her butt and shit. Not cool I know.

Noah chuckled under his breath and shook his head, at least he was honest.

Noah: It's cool.

Noah pressed send as Rachel approached.

"So... how was the show?" She asked. Noah smiled.

"It was pretty good, what did he say to you?" Noah asked, glancing at Mike who looked up from his phone and gave Noah a sloppy salute before stumbling into the crowd.

"He asked if he could fuck me several times. Then asked if we could at least make out if we asked you first," Rachel slid next to Noah and wrapped herself around his arm.

"Well that was nice of him to consider me," Noah said. The two laughed together as Rachel moved her fingers between his.

"I'm surprised he was so bold though, if I'm being honest it kind of grossed me out. Who comes onto their friend's girlfriend like that?"

Noah cleared his throat. "Well... you can't blame him too much." Rachel looked over at him curiously.

"And why's that?"

"I mean, for starters, we have done some more spicy things with his friends."

"That is no excuse to try and fuck your friend's girlfriend behind their back," Rachel countered.

"Yeah... but I might have let it slip what we did with Jack."

Rachel's eyes widened.

"Oh... he knows what we did?" She asked.

"Well, not all of the details but yeah, we talked about it. He might have asked me if he could do the same with you," Noah said. Rachel raised an eyebrow.

"And did you tell him he could do stuff with me?" Rachel said with a smile, Noah couldn't help but blush.

"Well no, not exactly..."

"But you wanted him to do stuff with me?" Rachel asked. Noah's silence gave Rachel his answer. She nodded slowly. "Well, I guess that makes things a little bit better. Still, he shouldn't have come on to me like that without talking to you first."

"He actually just texted me, and said you came on to him," Noah said. Rachel scoffed and looked out onto the dance floor.

"Did he now?! I don't know why I'm surprised," Rachel let out a warm laugh and shook her head. "No wonder that boy is still single."

"He is a character," Noah replied. He squeezed Rachel's hand as she leaned her head against his shoulder.

"Well, I'm going to go see what the girls are up to. Will you be ok here on your own?"

"Yeah, I'm fine, go have fun. I might grab another drink."

"Ok sweetheart," Rachel leaned over and placed a gentle kiss on Noah's cheek. "I'll circle back with you in a minute ok?"

"Ok."

The night went on. Rachel eventually grabbed Noah and the two followed along with her friends playing darts, chatting about nothing, and laughing as they took part in a few drinking games. It was fun, and despite some curious eyes ogling Rachel, the night continued without a problem. When the crowds began to slow, Rachel and Noah decided it was time to head home.

Like many weary and tired souls, they stumbled along cracked sidewalk paths back to Godfrey's campus, doing their best to support one another with wavering steps.

"I think... I think I might have had a little too much to drink," Rachel said with a snort.

"I don't know, maybe we should take one more shot to be sure," Alex said playfully. Rachel let out a wild laugh, and her laughter was matched by the familiar chuckles of Mike.

"That was a fucking good one bro." There, off in the bushes, Noah spotted the burly man resting on all fours, seemingly trying to stand. "Worlds... fucking spinning, need to wait for it to slow down a little bit." Mike's words were slurred. Rachel, just as drunk, stumbled over to him.

"M-mike?" She asked.

"Yeah... I'm Mike," Mike replied, slowly looking up. "Oh shit, Rachel! Fuck... you're hot. How's uh... how's life?"

"Are you drunk?" Rachel asked.

"Ohhhh yeah," Mike replied. Rachel spun back to Noah, stumbling slightly as she pointed at Mike.

"He's drunk!" She shouted. Noah let out a laugh, doing his best to stand on his own two feet.

"I can see that." He said.

"We should get him home in one piece," Rachel said, stumbling towards Mike and grabbing his arm.

"H-hey... go slow cause like... the world..."

"Is spinning, I know. Noah, grab his other arm, we can't leave him like this," Rachel said.

"Agreed," Noah said, walking over to Mike's side and grabbing onto his arm. Rachel and Noah hoisted him up, surprised at how heavy he was. With slow, deliberate steps, the three made their way back to Rachel's apartment.

"You... you guys are the best. You know that right?" Mike said.

"Uh huh," Noah said softly.

"No! I... I fucking mean it. You're chill as hell, fun as hell, do crazy shit I could never do with my girl." Mike looked over at Noah and smirked. "You know what that means, right?"

Noah braced for it. It wasn't the first time he had been mocked, and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

"What?" Noah asked dryly.

"It means that you two trust the fuck out of each other, which is like... super fucking special. I don't know how you did it... you guys are just lucky I guess," Mike hiccuped as they turned a corner.

"That's very sweet of you to say Mike," Rachel said cheerfully.

"Don't... don't mention it. If me saying nice things is the one thing I can do at this fucking college, I'll take it. Can't wait to... to be out of this dump..."

"I take it college isn't your thing?" Noah asked.

"Fuck no!" Mike said.

"News to me." Noah hoped the joke would land. He smiled as Mike let out a slow dull laugh.

"I get it, it doesn't take a fucking scientist to figure out I'm not like... cut out for this shit. I'm fucking dumb as fuck."

"You are not!" Rachel said quickly, tapping Mike's shoulder.

"You don't have to be fucking nice about it, I know what the fuck I am. It's why I wanted to just focus on being a barber or like, I don't know, only fans or some shit."

"Why didn't you?" Noah asked. The three neared the entry door of Rachel's apartment building. She fumbled for her key as Mike sighed.

"Because if I didn't fucking go here my dad would have made sure to fuck me over. He's a fucking... smart guy you know? Does lawyer shit. Always was embarrassed of me. There was no way in fuck he was going to let me be a dropout. So I gotta get a fucking degree or like... he'll tank my future shit."

"Damn, that's awful," Noah said, doing his best to hold onto Mike's weight as Rachel opened the door.

"Yeah, it is what it is. Can't fucking complain. If I do what he says he'll probably help me out later so like... you do what you got to do I guess. He knows I'm fucking dumb as a fucking brick."

"Mike, you need to stop talking about yourself like that. Just because school isn't your thing doesn't mean you're dumb..." Rachel grabbed ahold of Mike as she spoke. "God you're heavy."

"It's the fucking gains," Mike said with a slow chuckle. Noah and Rachel laughed as they hauled him up the stairs to her apartment. They got him inside and walked over to Rachel's couch. Mike dropped with a loud thud and let out a deep sigh.

"I'm going to grab him some water, do you want anything?" Rachel asked Noah. He shook his head and sat next to Mike.

"No, I'm alright for now, thanks." Noah turned his attention to Mike, who was completely transfixed on Rachel.

"She's... really hot," Mike said softly.

"Yeah, she really is," Noah confirmed.

"You're really lucky man, she's a keeper hands down."

"Trust me, I know." Noah was surprised at how comfortable he felt talking this openly with Mike. It was an experience he had never really encountered before. This exploration, this subtle taboo flirtation, felt... natural.

It felt safe.

Rachel returned with two overly filled glasses of water, spilling them as she wobbled towards the couch.

"One for you and one for me," Rachel said, handing Mike the glass as she sat on the opposite side of him. He took it, spilling some on himself as he attempted to take a drink of it. After taking a large gulp, Mike grimaced.

"Fuck this is disgusting, what is this?"

"Water," Rachel said.

"Oh... gross," Mike continued to drink it. The group fell silent for a moment, the fatigue of the evening seeming to catch up with all three of them.

"So... I got to fucking ask. What did you and Jack really do?" Mike asked. Noah smirked as he looked at Rachel.

"I'll let you share as much as you want," He said to her. Rachel bit her lip excitedly.

"Well, after everyone left, Jack and I did some... exploring," Rachel said bashfully. Noah watched as her eyes glanced down at Mike's immediately swelling bulge.

"Holy fuck, so you two did fuck then?" Mike asked. Rachel cleared her throat.

"Well, no... we didn't go that far. It was our first time doing something like that after all," Rachel replied. Mike looked over at Noah, eyes wide in awe.

"Fucking A, you two are more freaky than me man. No way in a million years I'd let someone fuck around with my girl. Never."

Noah's face went red as he cleared his throat and looked away. Mike immediately grabbed his shoulder, spilling a good amount of water on his pants in the process.

"Bro I'm not like shaming you! It's fucking cool man, next level shit right there. Plus I get how it could be hot, I get it. Does... does that mean you fuck other chicks too?" He asked. Noah and Rachel glanced at each other for a moment. They had never talked about it before. In fact, it had never even occurred to Noah to explore things with other women. Before he could answer, Mike continued.

"But I mean, with that said... could I like... you know... fuck her?" Mike said flatly.

Noah froze at the question, he knew it was only a matter of time before Mike asked, but to hear it out loud was something else. Noah glanced at Rachel.

"What do you think?" He asked her. Part of him hoped she would say yes, the other part hoped she would say no. If they uncorked this bottle again, it would only be a matter of time before others came around looking for their chance with Rachel.

And Noah still didn't know if that was what he wanted.

"Holy shit, I'm about to fuck your brains out!" Mike turned to Rachel excitedly, spilling even more of his water onto his lap. Rachel, to Noah's surprise, took the opportunity into her own hands.

"Oh Mike, you spilled all over your pants. Come on, let's take those off and put them in the dryer." Rachel slid off the couch, dropping to her knees as she began to unstrap Mike's belt. Noah leaned forward, his heart thumping in his chest as he watched Rachel's fingers slowly peel Mike's pants and underwear off his muscular thighs. Mike eagerly adjusted himself and helped her, staring in utter disbelief as he did so.

As Rachel pulled his pants over his groin, Mike's fully erect cock fell onto his stomach with a dull thud and eager twitch. Rachel and Noah both stared at the girthy member in shock.

"Fuck... Mike..." Rachel's hands slid up his veiny shaft as she looked directly at Noah. "I had no idea your cock would be so thick."

Mike let out a laugh as Rachel's fingers wrapped around the base of his dick.

"So are you finally going to let me fuck you?" Mike asked. His slurred words welled with excitement as Rachel slowly began to pump his cock.

"I guess we'll just have to see," Rachel replied playfully. She stared at Noah a moment longer, waiting to ensure that he was ok with her moving forward. Heart racing, Noah simply nodded as he slowly began to massage his own bulge. She smiled and looked back at Mike.

"Should I kiss it?" She asked him.

"Fuck yes you should!" Mike thrust his hips upwards, eagerly awaiting Rachel's soft lips. She leaned down slowly, drawing close and stopping just shy of touching him. She slowly jacked him off, letting out a soft moan as she rested her head on his thigh.

"It really is a nice cock," She said softly, kissing Mike's shaft. He let out a groan, his dick pulsing as Rachel moved upwards and slowly parted her lips as she pressed them against his tip. Then, with a smooth motion, she opened her mouth and let Mike enter her mouth.

Mike threw his head back as Rachel's head began to bob slowly. After several attempts to try and swallow his entire length, Rachel opted to work the base of his cock with her hand instead. She placed her opposite hand on Mike's meaty thigh, digging her painted nails into his flesh as she began to pick up her tempo. Mike grabbed her hair and eagerly began pumping his length into her mouth.

His forceful thrusts caused Rachel to gag, she opened her mouth wide as her hand left his cock and began to trail underneath his loose-fitting shirt. Noah took in the moment, watching two absolutely gorgeous people pleasure one another. Noah would have to have been a fool to think Rachel hadn't daydreamed about this moment once or twice, and now they were both getting what they wanted.

The energy between the two began to shift, and soon Rachel wasn't giving Mike a blowjob. Instead, Mike was facefucking Rachel. He grabbed the base of her head and pushed her down onto his cock. Causing her to gag with every aggressive thrust.

"Oh my fucking god your mouth feels so fucking good," Mike was beginning to sweat. He grabbed a handful of Rachel's hair and pulled her off his cock. Rachel gasped loudly as Mike stood on wobbly feet and grabbed ahold of her, throwing her onto the couch before removing his shirt.

Noah had never seen Mike undressed, and a part of him wished he never had. The man's bronzed body was perfectly chiseled, with tattoos running down his arms and chest. His meaty fingers went for Rachel's pants, she let out a breathless gasp as he tore them off her.

The button on her jeans flew into the air as fabric ripped away from her soft, thick legs.

"Mike!" She shouted playfully.

"I'll fucking buy you some new ones," Mike said half in a stupor. He was absolutely ravenous. A primal creature who was focused on only one thing. Noah watched, inches away from the action, just as lost in the moment as Mike. He eagerly fondled himself as Mike ripped Rachel's panties off and dropped to his knees, burying his tongue inside her pussy. Rachel grabbed onto Mike's head and squeezed her thighs tightly against him.

"H-holy fuck!" Rachel ran her fingers through Mike's hair as his meaty hands wrapped around her thighs and pulled her closer to his mouth. He ate her pussy like he was starving, enjoying Rachel's taste for as long as he could. The room fell silent, filled only with soft moans and the wet sounds of sex. Mike's hands slid onto Rachel's ass, he squeezed it tightly as he pulled her closer.

"Oh... oh fuck Mike... You're going to make me cum!" Rachel's back arched and her body shivered. Noah watched as another man's tongue made his girlfriend orgasm. Mike pulled away from Rachel, watching her for a moment as she panted. Their bodies glistened as they locked eyes with one another. Everyone already knew what Mike wanted, and he was a force of nature that couldn't be stopped. Mike pulled Rachel's legs upward and slapped his meaty cock against her soaked pussy.

"I want to fuck you," He said bluntly. Rachel, breathless, looked at Noah.

"I don't... I don't know Mike," She waited to see Noah's reaction. He was frozen in place, not sure what to say or think. It was all happening so fast. He hadn't had time to consider the implications of Mike actually making it this far. He opened his mouth, but no words came out.

"Fuck it," Mike said, guiding his fat cock into Rachel before shoving his entire length into her with one smooth motion. She moaned as he began to forcefully fuck her. Without a condom, without a second thought. Noah watched as Mike pounded his full length into Rachel, her legs quivering with every eager thrust.

Then he leaned over and picked her up off the couch, slightly adjusting her in his arms before continuing his onslaught. Noah had never managed to lift Rachel himself.

"Oh wow, wow! This is... oh fuck!" Rachel was losing herself, moaning as she wrapped her arms around Mike's neck. Dull slaps filled the room. Noah stared, dumbstruck as he watched Rachel's toes curl while Mike fucked her without remorse. But instead of horror, he felt safety.

And what jealously he did feel excited him.

Rachel's pulled her body close to Mike's. Her breasts flattened against his broad chest as Mike slammed her against a wall and continued to fuck her.

"Don't stop!" She said breathlessly, "Don't stop keep going!"

Mike pounded into her forcefully, putting every ounce of power he had into each thrust. Rachel clawed the back of Mike's head as he bit her neck.

It was one of the hottest things Noah had ever seen. He couldn't forget this moment.

Noah whipped out his phone and began to record. As he did, Rachel's legs began to quiver.

"Oh my god!" She threw her head back, shaking uncontrollably in Mike's arms as his pace slowed. He dropped her weight onto his cock, letting her sit on it as she came.

Mike didn't say a word, he didn't bother with clever remarks. All he cared about was fucking. He walked back over to the couch and threw Rachel over its backside. She fell over stomach first, her face dropping right next to Noah's as Mike shoved himself inside her again. Rachel's hair fell over her face, bobbing with Mike's aggressive thrusts. Noah felt the entire couch move as Mike dominated Rachel. She looked at Noah through her hair, their eyes locking as she moaned in ecstasy. She reached out and touched Noah's face, smiling as Mike's pace began to quicken.

Noah adjusted himself and moved the phone upwards, getting a better view of Mike taking Rachel. His veiny arms wrapped around her slim waist. He pulled her close as he let out a deep grunt of satisfaction. The entire sofa feeling like it would give way under his onslaught at any moment. Rachel screamed as her body began to shake again. Mike buried himself inside Rachel, letting out a deep moan of his own.

"Ohhh fuck I'm about to fucking bust in you," Mike's pace began to quicken, his eyes fixated on Rachel's ass as his breath became shallow. Rachel acted quickly, forcefully pushing Mike off her and dropping onto her knees. As his massive cock left her pussy, a spray of cum covered her face. Rachel responded by engulfing Mike's pulsing member, letting him finish inside her mouth. Her hands slid over his rippling abs as he let out a deep groan and shoved himself between Rachel's soft lips.

"Oh my fucking god! FUCK!" Mike grabbed onto Rachel's head and pushed as much of himself as he could into her, eventually slamming her into the back of the sofa as he thrust forward slowly. Noah sat up and adjusted his camera, catching trickles of cum falling off Rachel's chin. She swallowed most of Mike's load, keeping him inside her mouth until he grew soft.

Then, unceremoniously, Mike pulled out of Rachel and slapped his softening cock against her face.

"That was the best fuck of my life... can we go again later?" He asked. Rachel, still breathless laughed as she attempted to wipe cum and saliva off her face.

"Let's see where the night takes us," She said.

"Cool... I'm gonna pass out now," Mike wandered over to Rachel's bed and promptly collapsed.

The room went silent. Noah ended his recording as he caught Rachel's gaze. She was just as hungry as him. Without a word, Noah dropped to his knees and began aggressively making out with his Rachel on the floor. Noah could feel Mike's cum smearing across their faces, but he didn't care. He wanted Rachel now. She matched his energy, her fingers running through his hair as she pushed him onto his back and straddled him.

Noah frantically undid his pants, immediately sticking his throbbing cock into Rachel as soon as it was free. He slid in with ease, causing Rachel to moan softly as she rode him aggressively. Noah grabbed one of her bouncing tits and squeezed it tightly. Rachel in turn leaned in close and kissed him deeply as she twerked on his cock.

"I love you," Noah said between breathless kisses.

"I love you too," Rachel replied. Pressing her body against his.

Noah lost track of time as the two continued making passionate love on the floor.

Mike's loud snores and their soft moans making a gentle melody through the night.

## Chapter 12

Noah woke to the sound of Mike snoring. It made his chest tighten with dread. Rachel shifted in his arms, the two nestled closely on the couch. He didn't remember falling asleep, but he did remember what happened before. Part of him hoped it hadn't happened, that it was all simply a dream. Noah peered through Rachel's bedroom door and saw Mike sprawled out on her bed, fully nude.

There it was, cold reality.

Noah's hatred and arousal intertwined. Mike had gotten to fuck Rachel, and Noah had sat back and watched while it happened.

There was more confusion than hatred at first. It was only when Noah grew aroused by the idea that he began to hate himself. This wasn't how things were supposed to go, things were meant to be different with Rachel.

Thoughts bled into emotion before slowly dissolving away as images of Rachel being fucked overtook Noah's mind. He could hear Rachel's moans, he could see the ecstasy on her face as Mike pounded her mercilessly.

Noah had filmed it. He'd nearly forgotten that part. He could watch it again if he wanted to.

Rachel stirred beneath him, her eyes opening as she gripped Noah's forearm and pulled it closer to her chest.

"Morning," She said softly.

"Morning," Noah said back gently.

"What time is it?" Rachel twirled around, burying her face into Noah's chest.

"Not sure," Noah replied. Rachel nodded her head, her hair tickling Noah's face.

Mike snored once more. Rachel froze before shooting up from the couch.

"Oh god..."

"What? Do you have class?" Noah asked.

"What? No..." She peered into her bedroom and covered her mouth when she saw Mike there.

"Oh my god." She looked back at Noah with terror in her eyes. "Did we?"

"You did," Noah confirmed, doing his best to sound nonchalant about it.

"So that wasn't a dream," Rachel said.

"No, it wasn't."

Rachel stared at Mike as he scratched his bare ass before letting out another deep snore.

"Jesus Christ," Rachel shook her head. She turned to Noah cautiously, her haphazard bedhead doing wonders to cut the tension.

"Are you mad?" Rachel asked.

"Not at all," Noah said, surprised at how quickly he was able to answer the question.

"Are you sure? It's ok if you are." Rachel was timid. Noah knew she was afraid he might have another meltdown. He smiled and placed a hand on Rachel's back.

"Really, it's alright. Mike might be a fuck boy, but he is also a good guy. Everything we did last night was above board." Noah's fingers trailed across Rachel's back as he spoke, and she placed her hand on his thigh in response.

"I can't believe I actually did that," Rachel said. The statement was surprisingly helpful for Noah to hear.

"How are you feeling about it? You two were pretty drunk last night," Noah said. Rachel was silent for a moment.

"I guess we were. That was kind of stupid, wasn't it?"

"I mean, I was there and pretty sober. I don't know... maybe."

"I liked it. Is that bad to say?"

"Not at all. I'd be worried if you didn't."

"Ok."

The room went silent again. Rachel continued to stare at Mike, but it didn't seem to be out of desire.

"What are you thinking about?" Noah asked.

"What Mike said last night, about you getting to sleep with other women," Rachel replied. Noah felt goosebumps rise on his skin.

"What about it?" Noah asked. Rachel shrugged.

"Feels a little unfair that I get to explore myself with other men and you only sit on the sidelines. It doesn't feel right."

"Well, I don't know about all that I..."

"How many women have you slept with before me?" Rachel asked. Noah froze.

"Why are you asking me that?"

"I'm the only one, aren't I?"

Noah opened his mouth to speak but closed it quickly. That was all the response Rachel needed.

"Why do I get to spread my wings at college, but you only get to have me? It seems wrong... what Mike said makes sense."

"Is that something you actually want?" Noah asked. Rachel blew out a long breath and laughed uncomfortably.

"I don't know... I could get used to it." Rachel always smiled awkwardly when she was lying.

"Rachel..." Noah pressed.

"Fine, I don't want that. At all. It sounds like an absolute nightmare. Honestly, I don't know how you stomach it."

"It takes practice," Noah said, making Rachel laugh.

"Stop. That is exactly my point. You should have a chance to explore things just like me. Before we get older before we settle down. That's what college is meant for."

"Before we settle down?" Noah teased, it made Rachel blush.

"Yes, better to get it out of the way before we have kids don't you think?"

Noah's heart fluttered, Rachel had never brought up their future like this before.

"I guess you're right."

"So, now's the time to explore. I don't need you having a midlife crisis down the road." Rachel's tone was playful, but there was a very real edge to it.

"What if I don't want to?" Noah replied. Rachel raised an eyebrow.

"You're telling me you have no desire to be with other women whatsoever?"

Noah shifted uncomfortably.

"I don't know. I never really thought about it," He said quickly. Noah could feel his heart thumping in his chest. Discomfort, uncertainty, fear. All mixed together with one simple reality.

All he wanted was Rachel. It was all he ever wanted, and he didn't know if that was wrong.

"You should think about it," Rachel said.

"But what happens if it goes wrong?"

Rachel grabbed onto Noah's hand.

"For you, I would endure anything," Rachel said with a smile.

Mike shot up from Rachel's bed with a loud grunt. Noah and Rachel turned their attention to him.

"What the fuck?!" He shouted, scanning Rachel's bedroom in confusion. His eyes scanned across the floor towards Noah and Rachel, catching the pair's gaze.

"Hey," Noah said. Mike squinted his eyes.

"Where the fuck am I?" He asked.

"Rachel's place. You came home with us last night," Noah said. Rachel waved at him cautiously.

"Good morning, Mike," She said. Mike stared for a moment, his mouth hung open as his eyes slowly widened.

"Wait... did we fuck last night?" He asked.

"Well, you two did," Noah corrected. Mike smiled wildly as he let out a loud laugh.

"No fucking way!" Mike ran his fingers through his hair. Noah grimaced. Even in his disheveled state, Mike looked like a Greek statue. Noah glanced over at Rachel, her eyes were fixed on Mike as she bit her lip.

"I can't believe I actually did it. We actually fucked. Holy shit." Mike went silent for a moment before looking at Rachel. "Wait, does this mean we're fuck buddies now?"

Rachel and Noah looked at one another.

"We hadn't really thought that far ahead," Rachel said cautiously.

"Ok, but does it mean we can fuck again? Like right now?" Mike began stroking himself, Rachel scoffing and looking at Noah with disbelief, who in turn cleared his throat uncomfortably.

"I don't know, I'd have to think about it..." Noah said, but there was little time to think through the implications of the question.

Mike moved like a predator. Jumping off the bed and approaching Rachel hungrily.

"You guys think too fucking much. Live in the moment, let's fuck." Mike grabbed Rachel from the sofa and pulled her from Noah.

"I don't know Mike I..." Rachel looked down at Noah, as did Mike. He didn't seem vindictive. He simply wanted what he wanted, and right now that was Rachel.

"You cool with it?" Mike asked.

Noah tried to answer but only managed to give a thumbs up.

"I think he's cool with it, come on." Mike lifted Rachel over his shoulder before she could speak.

"Mike!" Rachel shouted with a playful laugh.

Mike carried her over to the kitchen table and laid her on it, spreading her legs wide before lining up his fat cock with her entrance.

"Oh my God, Mike wait, maybe we should..."

Mike thrust himself inside her. Noah watched as he slid in slowly, stretching Rachel with every inch. She moaned and arched her back. Mike grunted in response, thrusting forcefully a few times before burying his entire length inside her.

Then he began to lose himself.

Mike pummeled Rachel's pussy, plowing into her with enough force to make the table rock beneath them. Noah watched silently, his breath shallow as Mike manhandled Rachel right in front of him. It was different in the daylight and sober. It felt more real.

Mike grabbed onto Rachel's thighs and pulled her close to his hips, burying himself into her as he grabbed one of her bouncing breasts firmly. The table began to slide across the floor, each thrust causing Rachel's legs to quiver.

"Jesus fuck you are so fucking tight!" Mike said.

"Keep going, don't stop," Rachel grabbed Mike's forearms as he leaned over her. Mike's thighs slapped against Rachel, her wet pussy drenching his balls as the sounds of sex filled the apartment. Noah's hands dropped to his cock. He stroked it as Rachel's legs clenched and her body shook.

Mike's pace began to quicken, he grabbed Rachel's neck as he slammed into her pussy.

"I want to cum in you," He said, his thrusts becoming forceful and more deliberate. Rachel immediately put her hands on Mike's chest.

"Mike no! On the stomach!" Rachel said. Mike grunted, continuing to thrust into Rachel eagerly. "Mike!" Rachel shouted, pushing against him more forcefully.

"Fuck, fine!" He pulled out his cock, Rachel's pussy gripping onto his shaft tightly as he exited her. Cum was already erupting from his tip, Mike grabbed his cock and aimed it at Rachel's chest. Several large ropes of cum sprayed across her stomach and chest. Some managing to reach Rachel's chin.

"Fuck that was good!" Mike shouted, slapping his cock against Rachel's pussy before walking to the side of the table and grabbing her head.

"Clean it for me," He said dully, shoving his cock into her mouth forcefully. Rachel sucked him off obediently as Mike threw his head back and sighed. He looked over at Noah and smiled.

"She is really good at fucking bro. You're lucky."

Noah stared silently. His body felt empty. For the briefest of moments, Mike reminded him of Brian. The apartment faded away, and Noah saw the blue lockers once more. Rachel continued to suck with soft moans while Mike caressed the back of her head.

"Bro?" Mike asked. Noah snapped back to reality.

"W-what?"

"Sorry, are we not supposed to talk?" Mike asked.

"Huh? Oh uh... no I... I honestly don't know. This is all kind of new."

Mike nodded and pulled his flaccid cock out of Rachel's mouth, locking eyes with her as he slapped his dick across her face.

"Yeah, new for me too. I won't fucking lie, I'm super glad your girl is fair game though." Mike leaned over and kissed Rachel deeply. "Just wait, I am going to fuck your brains out."

"If I let you fuck me again." Rachel corrected, pushing Mike's face away before looking at Noah with a bashful smile. They stared at one another while Mike began gathering his clothes from the previous night.

"So now what?" Noah asked. The question was for Rachel, but it was Mike who answered.

"I'm never up this fucking early, and I'm starving. You guys want to grab breakfast?"

Rachel sat up on the kitchen table. Mike's cum dripped down her chest, pooling near her navel and legs. She bit her lip as Noah stared at her hungrily.

"I could eat." She said.

"Yeah, I'm pretty hungry myself," Noah said, his cock still rock hard. Rachel glanced down at it.

"Noah, you want to help me get cleaned up in the bedroom?" Rachel asked, standing and walking toward the bed. Noah didn't have to think twice.

As soon as they passed through the bedroom door, he grabbed Rachel and threw her onto the bed, climbing on top of her while they kissed passionately. Noah could feel Mike's cum rubbing on his chest as Rachel's nails dug into his back.

Noah barely thought as he removed his underwear and rubbed his cock against Rachel's entrance. She was more wet than Noah had ever felt. He didn't even notice himself slip inside her. Rachel moaned as their bodies intertwined.

"Fuck me Noah, fuck me." She said, wrapping her legs around him and pulling close to his ear. Noah plowed into Rachel, their fingers intertwining as he was overtaken with lust.

"That's right, fuck me. Cum in me Noah. I want you to cum." Rachel pulled Noah in for a deep kiss as he continued to pound into her eagerly.

"Damn, that's fucking hot," Mike said from the entryway. Noah looked up at him for a moment, but Rachel grabbed his chin and directed his attention back to her. That was all the direction Noah needed to continue fucking her.

Mike didn't seem to take offense. He walked into the room, making his way over to the side of the bed. Noah and Rachel slowed their pace, looking up at Mike in confusion.

"Mind if I jump in?" He said, his dick rock hard again. Noah stared in disbelief. He had never been this close to another naked man before.

Rachel looked at Noah and smiled.

"What do you think?" She asked.

"Uh, sure." Noah regretted the answer. He wished he had told Mike to go away, but in an attempt to maintain his indifference, he went back to fucking Rachel.

Mike shoved his cock into Rachel's mouth, pushing his entire length down her throat as Noah fucked with an uneven rhythm.

"Fuck she deep throats too!" Mike shouted, fondling one of Rachel's breasts while she gagged underneath him.

The three fell into a carnal trance. Rachel took gasps of breath when Mike would allow her to, moaning loudly as Noah shoved himself inside her forcefully. Noah felt sweat beginning to form on his and Rachel's skin, he found his cock pulsing as he watched Rachel's saliva drip down Mike's girthy cock. After a deep thrust, Mike pulled out of her mouth and began pushing Noah off Rachel. The move made Noah freeze, and his heart began to sink.

"Oh, you want a turn?" Noah asked.

"What? No man it's your fucking turn, but let's do it doggy style. Spit roasting is hot as fuck." Mike said. Relief swelled into Noah's chest. Rachel sat up and gave Noah a kiss on the cheek.

"You having fun?" She asked him. Noah smiled.

"Yeah, I am."

"Good, now fuck me until you cum." Rachel got on all fours, adjusting to meet Mike who stood at the end of the bed. Mike grabbed onto her head with a meaty hand while Noah pushed himself back into her tight pussy.

He began to thrust eagerly, Rachel's ass jiggled as it pounded into him. He looked up and saw Mike eagerly face fucking Rachel, her moans muffled by the massive cock being shoved down her throat. The three found their rhythm once again, and it didn't take long for Noah to begin losing control of himself. He grabbed onto Rachel's meaty ass and squeezed it tightly.

"Oh shit. I'm going to cum!" Noah shouted. Rachel eagerly thrust into him. Noah clenched his teeth as he buried his cock into Rachel. He felt himself erupt, euphoria drenching his body as he filled Rachel with load after load of his cum. In response, Rachel slowly rubbed her ass against him while Mike still forcefully face fucked her.

"Lucky piece of shit!" Mike pulled himself out of Rachel's mouth and began jerking off his cock, "Open up," He commanded. Rachel stuck her tongue out and opened her mouth wide with a smile. Mike came in close and exploded his load onto her face as he watched Rachel grind against Noah. His cum sprayed upward, falling into her hair and eyes.

"Mike you're getting it in my eyes!" Rachel shouted

"Huh? Oh yeah, sorry." Mike let his fat, pulsing cock slap against Rachel's full lips before dropping onto the bed next to Rachel and Noah with a sigh.

"Jesus," Rachel said, doing her best to wipe away Mike's cum while still grinding her ass against Noah.

Noah stayed in her a while longer, wrapping his arms around her waist and pulling her with him as he lay on the bed. His soft cock exited her, and the two embraced one another as he kissed Rachel's neck tenderly.

The three rested for a moment, Rachel turning to Noah and kissing him deeply while Mike stood from the bed and continued to get dressed. Noah could taste the salty cum on Rachel's lips, his mixture of shame and excitement almost as intoxicating as the sex itself.

"Did you have fun?" Rachel asked softly.

"I did, did you?" Noah asked. Rachel nodded as she still tried to wipe Mike's cum from her tearing eyes.

"Save for the cumshot, always." Rachel laughed with Noah, and Mike joined them.

"Yeah yeah, my bad. But can we get breakfast?" Mike asked.

### Chapter 13

Godfrey's cafeteria was a space of polished marble and privilege. Newly built, lavishly furnished, and serving gourmet meals to the academy's elite.

Noah often felt out of place sitting at the quartz countertop tables. This morning especially as he watched Mike work away at several plates of eggs, bacon, and hashbrowns.

Rachel sat closely beside him, taking a bite from her yogurt covered in granola as she watched the incoming crowd of students.

"Kind of slow today," Rachel said. Mike grunted, finishing off his second plate of eggs and letting out a loud burb.

"Yeah, probably because of the fucking game last night. Most people party after," Mike said.

"Oh! That's the one Ethan played in right?" Rachel asked.

"He starts every time," Mike said, digging into a pile of bacon as he spoke.

"Do you guys ever go to watch him?" Noah asked. Mike shrugged.

"I mean sometimes. Godfrey Stadium fills up pretty quick so good fucking luck getting a seat. Plus I'm like... fucking busy with shit so yeah."

"Weird, I thought you'd be big into basketball," Noah said. Mike stared, confused.

"Why?"

Noah shrugged. "I don't know, you seemed like the sports type to me." Mike shook his head.

"Nah. Shits boring. I did do wrestling for a little bit but I didn't want to do it in college."

"So what do you like to do for fun?" Rachel asked. Mike smirked.

"Party and fuck!" Mike said far too loudly. Rachel glared at him while others stared at their table.

"Mike! Volume," Rachel hissed.

"Oh right sorry," Mike looked over at their neighboring students and gave a polite smile. "I do like to fuck, but I'm not fucking her. Because that's his girlfriend so like... we don't... do that." Mike looked over to Rachel, seeking approval. She shook her head and let out a soft laugh.

"We're going to have to work on that." She squeezed Noah's arm as Mike laughed along with her, finishing off his pile of bacon before grabbing another plate of eggs.

"Speaking of fucking though, like... I remember bits of last night... I remember it feeling good and shit but like... I'm foggy," Mike said.

"That will happen when you're drunk," Noah said.

"I guess, I just need a reality check. It really did happen, right? Did we go fucking crazy? Like multiple times?"

"Yes Mike, it really did happen," Noah confirmed.

"That's so fucking sick man, holy shit." Mike stared at Rachel dumbfounded, his eyes wide open as he took her in. "I'm so fucking lucky. This morning was fucking awesome too."

"What was awesome about this morning?" Jack asked, approaching the three with a warm smile. Mike looked at Rachel and Noah bashfully.

"Uh... you know... some stuff." He spoke like an elementary child, Jack slid into the seat next to him and looked at Rachel curiously.

"Some stuff? Like, what?" He asked.

"Jack, maybe it's best we skip the subject? It's kind of sensitive," Rachel said. Noah looked at her with surprise.

"You don't want him to know?" Noah asked. Rachel laughed uncomfortably. Jack's eyebrow raised.

"Don't want me to know what?"

"Ooooh man, this is getting fucking good," Mike said. Jack's face shifted from curiosity to pain as the pieces fell into place.

"Wait... did you two..."

"We fucked!" Mike said, holding out his hand for a high five from Jack. Jack stared into Rachel's eyes as if stricken by a bolt. He raised his hand and weakly hit Mike's.

"You fucked," Jack said dully. Rachel blushed and fixed her hair.

"We did," She confirmed. Noah watched Jack closely, surprised to see him becoming disturbed by the news.

"Dude I fucking plowed the shit out of her, it was mind-blowing. Definitely in the like the top ten fucks I've had for sure." Mike said

"Top ten, you must be so proud Rachel," Jack said dryly as he took a swig of his coffee. Rachel's brow furrowed.

"What's that supposed to mean?" She asked. Jack shook his head.

"It doesn't mean anything," Jack shot back. Mike grabbed Jack's coffee and took a sip from it. Jack looked at him with annoyance.

"Thanks, bro, I'm fucking tired as fuck," Mike said, sliding the mug back over.

"You're welcome..."

"God I wish I could fucking see it again though man... I'm kind of bummed I was drunk for half of it."

Noah cleared his throat.

"I mean, I did record it," he said. Jack and Mike both looked at him with peaked interest.

"You recorded it?" Jack asked with confusion. "Why?"

Noah shrugged. "I don't know, it just seemed right at the time I guess I..."

"He enjoys it," Rachel interjected, "We both enjoy it. No harm in recording something that we both would like to remember."

"Yeah well, I don't know if I'd feel the same way about it," Jack replied.

"Then it's a good thing you're not Noah," Rachel countered. Tension filled the air as Jack slowly sipped his coffee, staring at Rachel with cold eyes.

"I guess so."

"Does it bother you?" Rachel asked.

"Who said anything about it bothering me?"

"You're the one acting strange about it," Rachel said. Jack shook his head and ran his fingers through his hair.

As the two continued to banter, Noah's gaze drifted beyond the table and landed on a figure he knew all too well. A silhouette from a past he had tried desperately to forget. A man he never wanted to see again.

Brian.

"Look, I'm not trying to start anything," Jack continued.

"Well you're doing a terrible job of it," Rachel said dully.

"I'm just trying to understand... so does this mean Mike is going to be fucking you regularly from now on?" Jack asked.

"I fucking hope so," Mike said, playfully punching Jack's shoulder. Rachel leaned back in her chair and crossed her arms.

"What if he is?" She asked. Jack let out a long sigh and shook his head.

"Look, I get it. You two are into this kind of thing. I just... wasn't expecting it, that's all." Jack leaned back in his seat, forcing a smile as his eyes drifted away from Rachel.

"Well, expecting it or not, there's no reason for you to get upset about it," Rachel replied.

"I just don't understand how you two don't get jealous..."

Their voices trailed off. Noah couldn't hear them anymore. His eyes were fixed on Brian. A thousand thoughts raced through his mind in the blink of an eye. Perhaps the greatest of all being how he would get Rachel out of the cafeteria without Brian noticing.

"Look Jack I don't need to explain to you why it works for us. It just does. So can we please drop it?" Rachel asked. Jack sighed as he nodded slowly.

"Yeah, we can drop it. I have to get going anyway. I'll talk to you two later, alright?" Jack stood from the table, Noah snapped back to attention and smiled.

"Oh, y-yeah. See you, Jack."

"Yeah..." Jack said, walking off into the ever-growing crowd of students. Rachel stared after him, letting out a frustrated sigh before turning her attention to Mike.

"What's his deal? Did he get his feelings hurt?" Rachel said. Mike shrugged.

"He's always been emotional. Just his thing I guess," Mike said.

"Noah, what do you think?" Rachel asked.

Noah didn't respond. Rachel gave him a gentle nudge.

"Noah?"

When Noah didn't respond again, Rachel leaned forward and caressed his arm. "Hey, is everything alright?"

"It's him," Noah said flatly. Rachel, perplexed, looked off into the crowd.

"Who?"

"Brian," Noah said. Saying the name out loud felt like taking a plunge in cold water.

"Wait, the Brian?" Rachel hissed.

"Yeah, the Brian," Noah confirmed.

"Who the hell is Brian?" Mike asked, looking over at the other table. "Is it the tall football-looking guy?"

"Mike don't look!" Noah said. Mike slowly chewed his food and shrugged.

"Yeah, alright whatever. So what's the deal with him?"

"It's not important; we just need to get out of here." Noah began frantically gathering his things, Rachel following his lead without question.

"I kinda want to finish my food though..." Mike said.

"For Christ's sake Mike you ate four plates of eggs I think you can skip on the extra hash browns," Rachel countered, throwing her backpack over her shoulder as Noah stood from the table.

"Man... all this for a football guy? If you need me to kick his ass I can."

"Mike, please, let's just go ok?" Rachel said softly. Mike sighed and stood slowly. As the three prepared to leave, Noah looked back over to Brian, his heart sinking when he saw him giving an overly friendly wave as he walked towards them.

"Shit..." Noah said. Rachel glanced up.

"Oh no, looks like he spotted us."

"Looks like it."

"Are you going to be ok?" Rachel asked. Noah breathed slowly and shook his head.

"Yeah, I think so... let's just get it over with," Noah said, waving weakly as Brian approached the table.

"Holy shit, so it is you! I thought I was seeing a ghost there for a second," Brian opened his arms for a hug, just like he used to in high school. Noah grit his teeth and hugged Brian weakly. Looking back at Rachel as he did so.

"Nice seeing you Brian," Noah said shortly. It was hard looking at him. Excluding the undercurrent of rage Noah felt, Brian had somehow managed to put on even more muscle since Noah had last seen him.

"I had no idea you went to this school," Brian said shortly.

"Yeah, well, they have a great IT program," Noah said flatly.

"Suprised you got in. No offense. I know you've always been nerdy, but I never thought you'd make it into Godfrey," Brian laughed to himself, Mike let out an annoyed grunt as he stepped over to Rachel and Noah.

The two monoliths stared at one another for a moment. Brian cleared his throat. " So what's your name?"

"Mike," Mike said flatly.

"You friends with Noah?" Brian asked.

"Yeah," Mike shot back. "You don't seem to be though."

Brian laughed uncomfortably. "We were once upon a time."

"Uh-huh, but not fucking now."

Brian shifted, it made Noah smile, at least until Brian's attention turned to Rachel.

"And what's your name?" Brian asked. His charisma an all too familiar venom for Noah.

"Rachel," Rachel said coldly.

Brian stepped towards her. Rachel stepped back.

"You Mike's girlfriend?" Brian asked.

"No, I'm Noah's," Rachel answered, grabbing onto Noah's arm tightly. Brian's smile dropped as a cold laugh left him.

"Noah's girlfriend, really?"

"Yes, really."

"Wow, happy for you two... really... did you guys meet on campus then?"

"High school, actually. Senior year." Rachel's answers were cold and calculated, a thick shield of armor that couldn't be breached.

"No way, you're from Herferd then?"

"One and the same," Rachel answered. Brian's eyes slowly began to widen.

"Wait, I do know you! You were cheerleading captain right?"

"I was," Rachel said with a polite smile. Brian stared in disbelief, scoffing as he shook his head.

"Wow, that's uh... that's crazy. So I guess Noah has a thing for cheerleaders then." Brian stared at Noah, his contempt piercing like a bullet.

"Or maybe they have a thing for him," Rachel shot back. Brian's eyes locked onto hers, his teeth clenched as he forced a smile.

"Oh? Well, I wouldn't say Allison had a thing for him, more of a phase, right bud?" It was a cold question. Noah squeezed Rachel's hand tightly and took a deep breath.

"How is Allison?" He asked. Rachel squeezed his hand back, giving him an encouraging smile as she stepped closer to him.

"Oh you know, she's fine. She's actually going here too. I'm sure she'd love to hear that you're around. You were such a good friend after all."

"Is she hot?" Mike asked, cutting the tension like a knife. Brian glared at him.

"She's my girlfriend," Brian said pointedly.

"Ok? Is she hot?" Mike asked again. Brian stared in disbelief.

"Yes, she's hot."

Mike chuckled, "Probably not as hot as Rachel though."

Brian scoffed and took a step back from the three.

"Look, I got to get to class. It was nice catching up, we'll see each other around," Brian said, slapping Noah's shoulder with enough force to knock him off balance. Upon seeing this, Mike stepped forward, but Rachel grabbed his forearm, stopping Mike midstep.

"Yes, we will. Nice to finally meet you, Brian," Rachel said with a smile.

Brian made no retort, turning away and skulking into the crowd with deliberate steps.

"Well, that wasn't so bad," Rachel said.

"At least for now..." Noah replied.

There was a rolling tide coming in, Noah knew that much. But at the very least, it was nice to know he had defeated Brian this time. The three left the cafeteria as Noah tried to slow his breathing.

## Chapter 14

“Ethan’s been blowing up my phone like fucking crazy. He keeps saying it’s not fair.” Mike’s voice cut through the low rumble of the old projector, Noah and Rachel both looked over at him with annoyance.

"You're talking over the movie Mike," Rachel said.

They sat crammed into Mike’s black Jeep Wrangler at a pull-in movie theater. The windows were cracked, and the outside air was warm. The sky smeared with the distant city’s faded glow. The giant outdoor screen flickered ahead, soft pops of static and worn reels leaving light bruises across the characters’ faces.

"Well, he keeps fucking bugging me so like... what should I tell him?" Mike asked.

Rachel sighed, curled into Noah’s side as they both squeezed into the passenger seat, her feet tucked beneath her. “Tell him to stop bugging you. Use your words,” she said, not looking at Mike.

“Yeah Mike, grow a backbone,” Noah added, flashing a grin. Mike rolled his eyes as they all burst into laughter.

The projector shuddered as another reel kicked in, washing the windshield in muted blues and yellows. The movie was grainy, an old romance from an era long ago. A perfect mess of art slowly fading away to time. Rachel slid her hand across Noah’s forearm and gave it a firm squeeze.

“You remember when we used to go to that drive-in by Sullivan’s?” She asked, glancing up at him.

“I do,” Noah said. “But we didn't go together. Those were school trips remember? We didn't even talk to each other.”

"Yeah, but I wanted to..." Rachel said softly. Noah raised an eyebrow.

"Really?" He asked. Rachel stared deeply into his eyes.

"Really," Rachel said gently.

"And look at us now.”

"The two luckiest people on the planet,” Rachel said, tilting her head slightly as the movie scene changed.

“Couldn't agree more.” Noah slipped his arm around her shoulders, pulling her close until her cheek found his chest. Her warmth, her scent, the way she sighed softly into him, it settled the tension that sat just beneath Noah's skin.

Mike shifted in the driver's seat, knuckles brushing against the steering wheel. Noah caught the movement in his periphery, then the quiet tug of fabric. When he looked over, Mike had pulled his shorts down past his thighs, exposing his thick half-hard cock. It dropped onto his stomach with a pulse.

Noah's throat tightened as Rachel turned toward the sound of movement. As soon as she caught a glimpse of Mike's shaft, she immediately averted her eyes and let out a short laugh. “God, Mike...”

"What?! It's not like you haven't seen it before." Mike smirked, already reclining his seat back.

"You are ridiculous!" Rachel's eyes darted to the cars surrounding them.

“Just a quick one. Come on, I'm horny as fuck.”

Rachel scanned the parking lot. A couple of cars dotted the row behind them, but fortunately, none were incredibly close. The screen lit up again — a romantic scene, two lovers slow dancing in the rain.

“What if someone sees?” Rachel asked quietly.

"You don't need to fucking whisper it's not like they can hear you," Mike said dully, his beefy hand stroking his cock to full mast. Rachel bit her lip at the sight, then leaned into Noah's ear.

"What do you think?" She asked him, rubbing her hand across his arm.

Noah didn't say anything. His heart raced in his chest as he felt Rachel begin to shift her weight off him. This was his moment. He could shake his head. He could lean in and kiss her, pull her back to him, remind her they hadn't even finished the movie. But instead, he gave her a nod. Just barely.

That was all she needed.

"Close the windows, Mike," Rachel said, swinging a leg over the console and climbing into Mike's lap. The seat creaked under her weight, and Mike let out a low grunt of satisfaction as her knees pressed into either side of him. She straddled him, her skirt riding up over her thighs as Mike's hands rubbed against them. Her lips found his neck first, then her fingers began to slowly tug away at his shirt, eyes hungry, hips already rocking.

Noah's pulse roared in his ears. The movie played on. The couple had run into an alleyway and began to kiss passionately under the lamplight.

Mike's hands ran up Rachel's legs, digging into her bare ass. "Fuck... you're not wearing panties?"

Rachel smiled and whispered something that made Mike groan. Noah shifted in his seat, leaning forward to try and hear a bit better.

Rachel's hands wrapped around Mike's cock, guiding it to her entrance. She danced above it for a moment, lowering herself onto it as it pushed her entrance apart. Then, with one smooth motion, she sank down onto him.

The moan she let out was muffled in his neck as she ground her hips against him. Mike's head dropped back against the seat. "Jesus fucking Christ!"

Noah shifted in his seat, legs tensed. He couldn't look away. Rachel's back arched beautifully, her shirt bunching up just above her breasts. Mike's hands gripped her ass, he began shoving her down onto his length aggressively, guiding her rhythm as she fucked him. Noah's jeans began to feel impossibly tight.

Rachel moved slowly at first, drawing circles with her hips, grinding herself deeper onto him. Every movement was fluid, confident, and so natural it made Noah's stomach turn. Their chemistry was unmistakable, and Mike's appetite, as always, was ravenous. The creak of the seat, the quiet wet slap of her thighs slamming against his, Mike's groans — it all filled the rocking Jeep like a heartbeat.

A set of headlights turned on in the row behind them.

Rachel paused, chest rising and falling as she looked up from Mike and stared directly into the car's headlights.

"Shit," she whispered. Mike didn't even bother to ask what was happening, he continued to thrust into her eagerly. Taking for as long as he could.

The other car kicked on its engine and slowly pulled up next to Mike's jeep. Noah's blood went cold when he saw it was another group of college guys, hollering and laughing as they took in the scene.

"Fuck yeah! Get it, bro!"

"Damn, ride that shit, girl!"

Rachel froze. Her hands pressed against Mike's chest, caught somewhere between laughter and alarm. She turned her face away from the Jeep, staring into Noah's eyes with a bashful embarrassment. Mike didn't stop. He grabbed her waist and kept pumping upward into her, the slap of his hips louder now, almost as if he was doing it on purpose.

"Mike," Rachel gasped, trying to pull back. "They're watching."

He held her waist firmly in place for another thrust. "Let 'em."

Rachel didn't fight for a moment, allowing Mike to continue to fuck her while the onlookers watched. It wasn't until one of them whipped out a phone that she finally snapped back to reality.

"Fuck!" She hissed, finally wriggling off Mike's fat cock. Rachel was breathless, her cheeks flushed. She collapsed into the passenger seat, her weight pushing Noah to the side as she tugged down her skirt with a nervous laugh. The car next to them honked once, hooted again, then rolled on down the row.

Mike gave them a thumbs-up.

"Jesus," Noah said under his breath.

"God," Rachel muttered, laughing as she pushed her hair out of her face. "You're absolutely crazy Mike."

Mike tucked himself away with no real urgency, still grinning widely. "Worth it."

Rachel leaned into Noah, chest rising, eyes still wild with lust. She didn't say anything for a moment, just stared at the screen like she was trying to remember what the movie had even been about.

Mike turned on the Jeep's ignition and threw it in reverse.

"Let's find somewhere more private," he said.

The Jeep rumbled to life, rolling out of the drive-in and back into the night.

Noah looked back at the screen one last time before they turned the corner. The lovers on screen were still dancing in the rain.

"Sorry we didn't get to finish the movie," Noah said quietly.

Rachel looked at him, then reached for his hand.

"Next time," she whispered.

And all Noah could think about was the way Rachel had moaned, the way she'd grinded on Mike like it was instinct, the way she stared at him while they fucked.

He adjusted himself in his seat and tried not to think about how hard he still was.

—

The car eased into the vast sprawl of the mall's parking lot. The place looked abandoned, hollowed out by time—just a few lampposts flickering overhead and a chain-link fence sagging under its own weight. There wasn't a soul around for blocks. The silence made the air feel heavier.

Mike killed the engine. Nobody said anything for a moment. Then Rachel unclicked her seatbelt and turned toward the backseat, a slow, deliberate pivot.

“Back there,” she said, already climbing over.

Mike didn't hesitate. Neither did Noah.

Noah pulled the front seats forward, then adjusted the rearview mirror until it caught Rachel's silhouette in the back. Mike was already pulling his shirt off before he even landed in the back.

Rachel straddled him, her knees pressing into the seat as she shifted her hips forward. Her skirt bunched around her waist as Mike's fingers trailed up her thighs as his cock pushed against her entrance. Her breath caught when Mike's cock pressed into her.

Noah watched from the rearview mirror, his hands trembling as Mike took Rachel once again.

Their kiss was ravenous this time. Louder, wetter, desperate. Rachel clutched Mike's shoulders, grinding herself down onto him, placing her lips onto his mouth, swallowing his low, guttural moan as he bottomed out inside her.

“Fuck,” Mike hissed, his hands clutching her hips. “You feel... shit... you feel so fucking good tonight.”

Rachel's back arched. Her hips moved with an aggressive pace. She was panting. The Jeep's windows began to steam. Rachel turned back to the rearview mirror and caught Noah's eyes.

“You like this, don't you?” she asked, slamming down on Mike's cock. “You like watching?”

Noah nodded, mouth dry.

Mike slammed his hips up to meet Rachel's. “Jesus fuck! You are the best fuck I've ever had holy shit!”

Rachel dug her nails into his shoulders. “I'm honored.” She spoke between short breaths, riding Mike in a lustful stupor.

The whole car rocked. The suspension creaked with the motion of her hips. Mike's moans were loud and unrestrained. Then, he wrapped his arms around her tightly and shoved himself deep inside her. Letting out a long and relieved sigh as he did so. Rachel's rhythm faltered as she looked down.

Then she stopped moving.

“What the fuck—?”

She pulled off Mike's pulsing cock in one clean motion. Mike's face twisted with guilty pleasure as his cock erupted between them, thick ropes streaking across her thighs.

“Fuck, shit... Sorry I didn't mean to its just—”

“Were you going to cum in me?” she asked, voice calm. Far too calm. Noah watched from the mirror, lost in his own trance as Rachel stared at the mess on her thighs.

Her tone sharpened. “Mike.”

“Hey, look, I got lost in it, ok?” he said with a shrug. “I really want to cum in you.”

Her hand came down hard across his cheek. The sound of the slap was loud enough to make Noah jump.

Mike brought a hand to his face. “Ow...”

“You have to ask,” Rachel said, voice cool but firm. She rolled off him and grabbed a loose towel resting in the back, wiping her legs with quick, angry motions. “I'm not a fuck doll.”

Mike raised his hands. “I get it. I'm sorry. I was just horny.”

“You always are.” She tossed the towel at his chest and looked toward the front. Her voice softened as she gave Noah a smile. 'Did you like that, babe?'

"Yeah..." He said bashfully. She leaned forward and whispered into his ear.

“You want a turn?”

Noah swallowed. “Y-yeah.”

Rachel climbed over the console, her bare thighs brushing his as she settled onto his lap. She undid his pants slowly and helped lower them. She grabbed the base of his cock and slid him inside her with one practiced stroke. She pressed her forehead against his as she sank down, moaning low and sweet.

“Fuck,” Noah gasped. She was soaking wet, and her pussy clenched onto his cock tight enough to make him dizzy. Rachel started to move, her hands braced against the sides of Noah's seat. Each bounce sent a ripple through her body. Her tits pressed into his chest. Her breath hitched with every thrust.

Mike watched, dick already swelling again.

“God,” Rachel moaned, “you feel so different from him.”

Noah didn't answer. He couldn't.

His hands gripped her waist, holding her tighter, guiding her movements. She rode him harder, faster. Her nails scratched at his shoulders. Her hips slapped down against his lap with wet, dull thuds.

“I'm close,” he whispered. Shame curled at the edges of his voice, but he couldn't stop it.

“Cum in me,” Rachel whispered back, her eyes locked on his. “I want it.”

He let go. Their hips jerked as his cock pulsed inside her. She held him close, moaning into his neck as he filled her.

Noah let out a long, ragged sigh. His head dropped back against the seat.

A silent connection passed between them as they locked lips. As they pressed their foreheads together. As Noah held her close.

“Yo, can I get a little help?”

Rachel turned her head. Mike's cock was fully hard again, twitching in his lap.

“Are you being serious?” She asked.

“The fuck does it look like?”

“You just came!” Rachel said in a humorous tone.

“I didn't get to cum in you,” Mike shot back. “Help me out while he finishes up.”

Rachel rolled her eyes. “You're a fucking animal.”

“What if I say please?” Mike added, not even trying to hide his grin.

Still straddling Noah, Rachel reached back between the seats. Mike moved forward as her fingers wrapped around his cock. She stroked him with mechanical rhythm, her other hand bracing herself against Noah's chest.

Noah groaned softly as her pussy clenched around him again.

“I'm still inside you,” he whispered.

“I know,” she said. Then she moaned—deep and low—just for him.

Mike bucked into her hand. "God, you're perfect."

Rachel ignored him, staring into Noah's eyes as he spilled the last of himself inside her.

—

They sat there afterward, tangled and panting. Rachel slowly pulled off Noah and adjusted her skirt over her hips. Mike zipped himself up and wiped himself off with the same towel Rachel had thrown at him earlier.

As Mike fumbled with his shirt in the back, Noah stared deeply into Rachel's eyes.

"How are you feeling?" Noah asked.

"Right here with you? I feel perfect," she said, laughing a little.

"I do too," Noah said.

"I also think I need a shower," Rachel added with a bashful grin.

"Me fucking too," Mike said. Noah chuckled softly as he felt Rachel's phone buzz.

She checked the screen and bit her lip.

"Oh god..."

"Who is it?" Noah asked.

"Ethan," Rachel sighed.

Mike groaned. "What does that fuck want now?"

"He's at a club in the city. Says he got a VIP room. He's asking if we wanted to come," Rachel said flatly.

Mike sat up. "Yeah, fuck that guy. He just wants to fuck you."

The words hung in the air. It was the first time Mike sounded remotely possessive.

Rachel raised an eyebrow. "Is that not what you're doing?"

Mike shrugged. "Yeah. But I'm chill about it."

Noah smirked, eyes flicking to Rachel. She was still staring at Mike, amused. Then she shook her head.

“I’m not in the mood for a club anyway,” she said, sitting back in the seat with a satisfied sigh. “Let’s just go home.”

The tension in Noah's chest eased.

Mike rolled back into the driver's seat, checking himself in the mirror before starting the car without protest. “Home it is. But can we get some ice cream or something along the way?”

—

Mike pulled up to Rachel's dorm, inhaling the last portion of his ice cream cone as she and Noah exited his Jeep.

"You two be good now! I'll catch ya later," Mike said.

"See you Mike!" Rachel said with a wave.

"Later Mike," Noah said with a smile. With a nod, Mike drove off into the night.

They walked side by side, holding onto each other's hands tightly as they neared her dorm's entrance.

“Thanks for tonight,” she said. Her voice was tender.

“Thanks for... well... everything,” he said.

Rachel laughed and leaned in, kissing him softly. The taste of her was still sweet. When she pulled away, she lingered there, forehead against his.

“You are the best thing that's ever happened to me,” she whispered.

The words wrapped around Noah's heart like a ribbon.

Then she slipped inside.

Noah stood there for a moment, watching the door close as his heart chased the warm evening winds.

## Chapter 15

The lock clicked behind Rachel, the faint echo of it swallowed by the rumbling bass down the hall. Sage already knew it was Mel. She had been throwing loud, wall-rattling parties since moving in.

And Mel made sure never to invite Rachel.

Rachel lingered near the door, her fingers grazing the deadbolt as she listened. It was strange that she still felt like an outsider at times. Despite all her efforts to fit in, girls still seemed to keep her an arm's length away. Perhaps her father was right, perhaps she would have been better off staying in her small town. Sheltered and safe, working towards the family business of law.

But Rachel was wild. Wilder than her parents would have liked, at least. While she had not yet found her place in the world, Rachel knew it wasn't back in Herferd.

She sighed slowly, feeling the weight leave her lungs as she walked to her living room.

Rachel kicked off her shoes and plummeted onto the couch. Closing her eyes as the booming bass vibrated through her body. Her phone buzzed.

Ethan: What are you doing?

Rachel stared at the screen, more excited than she'd like to admit. She checked the time.

1:03 a.m.

Her heart picked up. Fluttering, the way it sometimes did when a teacher called her name unexpectedly, or when she caught someone watching her from across the room. She slid her thumb across the screen and typed.

Rachel: Just got home.

She adjusted herself, wrapping her arms around her legs. Her head rested against the back cushion as her eyes fluttered shut. The bass down the hall boomed louder as if Mel knew she was falling asleep. Rachel opened her eyes and sighed.

Another buzz from her phone.

Ethan: Come out.

Rachel stared at it. Surprised she considered it even for a moment.

Rachel: Can't. Just got home for the night.

Rachel was surprised at how fast Ethan replied. She'd assumed he'd be the kind of guy to play it cool. But this felt desperate. Perhaps that was an idea that Rachel liked more than she wanted to admit.

She stared at the thread. The three little dots appeared, vanished, then came back.

Ethan: What were you doing?

Rachel hesitated, biting her thumb.

Rachel: went to see a movie.

She didn't know why she answered him. Especially after everything he did at the party. The dares. The way he looked at her when she took her top off. The way he called into the crowd after her. It was clear that her well-being wasn't his top priority. Rachel knew that. She wasn't dumb. Ethan would never be someone she could fully trust.

And yet...

There was an allure to him. Rachel hated that she was falling for the classic jock. Tall, athletic, and handsome...

Well hung.

A man every girl wanted, and it gave him the luxury of being an asshole. But there were moments of kindness to him. Plus, he was one of Jack's friends. That had to count for something. He wouldn't be in that group if there weren't some redeeming qualities. At least, that's what Rachel told herself.

Ethan: Who were you with?

Rachel's thumb hovered. Why did he care?

Mike's warnings ran through the back of her mind. Deep down, she knew he was right. Ethan wanted her body and would do anything to get it, like all men it seemed. That stung in a way. To be desired certainly was exciting under the right context, but to constantly be bombarded by it...

She typed slowly this time, her fingers lingering too long between each letter.

Rachel: Mike and Noah.

Ethan's fast replies ceased.

The dots didn't come. Nothing came.

The bass from Mel's party thumped louder, drowning the silence. Rachel yawned, her jaw cracking slightly as she leaned into the couch.

Then came the knock.

Rachel sat up, tense. Her eyes shot to the door. The knocks continued. Not frantic, but steady.

Rachel slowly walked to the entrance and peered through the peephole.

Mel stood on the other side. Eyes glazed in a stupor of alcohol and hedonism. Rachel pressed her head against the door for a moment, steeling herself as she unlocked the deadbolt and cracked the door open.

"Yeah?"

Mel stood there barefoot, wine bottle in hand, eyes rimmed with smudged mascara. Her top was slipping down one shoulder, and the glitter on her cheekbones caught the hall light like frost.

"What are you doing?" she asked, eyes flicking into Rachel's dorm.

"Getting ready for bed," Rachel said, a little too sharply.

Mel raised an eyebrow.

"I hear you 'getting ready for bed' a lot these days."

Rachel blinked. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Mel smiled flatly. "Nothing. You got any liquor? We ran out."

Rachel leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed.

"Sorry. Fresh out."

Mel rolled her eyes and rocked back on her heels.

"How long is the party going to last?" Rachel asked.

"Why does it matter?" Mel snapped.

"Because I have school tomorrow?" Rachel said.

Mel scoffed. "We all have school tomorrow, that doesn't make you special."

"Well some of us actually want to pass our classes, Mel," Rachel said coldly. Mel smirked, rolling her eyes as she shifted her weight.

“You can always sleep with a professor when you fail,” Mel shot back.

“That might work for you, but it's not for me. Just keep it down, ok?” Rachel kept her words tempered.

“Yeah, whatever. We'll try to keep it down. I'd invite you over but there aren't any guys to fuck, so I think you'll be bored.”

Rachel stared. “Goodnight, Mel.”

She slammed the door in Mel's face.

The music got louder. Rachel had anticipated that. A chorus of laughter spilled through the walls as Rachel turned and leaned her back against the door, eyes closed, lips pressed into a hard line. Her phone buzzed from the couch.

She didn't move.

Not yet.

Let him wait.

The phone buzzed again.

Rachel dragged herself back toward the couch, limbs heavy, eyes dull. She was done. Whatever the night had left to offer, she didn't want it. She just wanted quiet, a cool pillow, and her eyes to close.

But the phone buzzed again. With a defeated sigh she picked it up.

Ethan: what were you guys really doing?

Ethan: Were you fucking?

Ethan: Did Mike get to fuck you again?

Rachel didn't bother with formalities, she was too tired to care at this point.

Rachel: It's not your business.

Ethan: I fucking knew it. You're a slut lol

Rachel scoffed at her phone. Was she? No, she was getting into her head. Rachel just needed to sleep. She picked up her phone, planning to turn it off.

But another message came through from Ethan.

Ethan: You'll fucking love this.

It was a video.

Rachel hesitated. A part of her already knew what it was. Then she pressed play to make sure.

It started instantly, no lead-in. Harsh, artificial light bounced off Ethan's slick, erect cock. He was stroking it slowly. Methodically. Lube glistened over his thick length, catching in the shadows of his fingers wrapped tightly around his shaft. It was giant, veiny, swelling. The sound of his steady strokes, the way his giant balls hung, the lighting against Ethan's glistening abs...

Rachel's breath caught in her throat as her mouth fell open.

She couldn't look away.

His grip tightened as he slid upward, stopping just under the head. His thumb swirled the lube across the swollen tip, a bead of precum glinting like a jewel. Her thighs clenched.

Her clit throbbed.

She swallowed. Her breath shaking. Her hand hovered near her waistband, like gravity was pulling her towards it.

Then she shook her head and put her phone down. She needed to cool off and collect herself. It was just a video, and it was one she hadn't asked for. Once again, Ethan had crossed a line. Rachel steeled herself and typed.

Rachel: This is disgusting.

And it was.

Rachel thought less of him instantly. She could never respect a man who would so willingly cross boundaries to get into her pants. Ethan was gross. Arrogant. Probably drunk. Definitely a pervert.

...

Rachel replayed the video, turning up the sound.

She rewatched the last few seconds. The slow swirl of his thumb. The flex in his forearm. The deep, low moan he let out—barely audible, but enough to echo in her head.

Buzz.

Ethan: I know you fucking like it though. Because you're a slut. You just don't know it yet lol. Want another? ;)

Rachel stared at the message.

She hesitated. Far longer than she would have liked to admit.

For a moment, she wondered what it would be like to see him cum. From a different angle, with sound. She wanted to hear him moan while Ethan came for her. He would do it for her if she asked.

"No! No... absolutely not," Rachel said softly. She couldn't let him cross boundaries like that. It was disrespectful and wouldn't lead to anything positive.

Rachel: Don't ever send me videos like that without asking again.

Delivered. Read.

Buzz.

Ethan: Lol ok your Highness. You and I both know you want it.

Rachel: I don't.

Ethan: Suuure. Maybe next time I'll just ask you to come out and see it in person ;)

Rachel scoffed and tossed her phone to the side.

Fuck him.

She closed her eyes and sank deeper into the couch. Her pussy was pulsing now. She could feel the moisture between her thighs, her panties damp from carnal desire.

She dragged a hand down her stomach.

Noah.

She thought of his soft hands. The way he kissed her gently, his fingertips barely brushing her hips. He always asked before going further. He was sweet. Loving. Safe. She loved him more than anything.

More images flooded her mind as her fingers explored herself.

Mike.

She thought of his hands gripping her hips tightly while they fucked. The way he turned into an animal when he saw her. The way he pounded into her like she was a doll. Like he didn't need permission.

Rachel's lips parted, Ethan appeared in her mind.

His smirk. His cock. His arrogance. She couldn't help but wonder what a man like that would do to her.

She pictured him in her room. Shoving her against the wall.

His massive cock sliding between her thighs, slick from her dripping juices. Pushing into her without warning. Stretching her open slowly, painfully, until she gasped from the pressure. She imagined his tip slamming into her cervix.

She wanted to feel it. She wanted Ethan to fuck her till she was sore. The kind of pain that was felt right. Rachel closed her eyes, fingers drifting down to her clit. Ethan was behind her, slamming her into the wall with powerful thrusts. A tower of a man taking her, filling her, using her.

He'd lean down to her level and whisper into her ear.

"I know you fucking want it."

Rachel caved. She plunged her fingers into her pussy as Ethan squeezed her breasts. As he pulled at her nipples. Bit her neck. Rachel was moaning. Pleading.

He fucked her hard, holding her leg up as he drove into her. She imagined the wet slap of their sweating bodies. The smell of sex filling her dorm while they fucked passionately. The way it would feel to be so full, she thought she might split open.

She wanted him to cum inside her. To fill her completely. She wanted Ethan to try and get her pregnant. She could feel it. The rush of hot, thick cum flooding her womb. Spilling out between her thighs. Coating her thoroughly.

Rachel's hand moved faster. Her fingers worked in tight circles over her clit. Her breath caught in her throat.

The music outside pounded louder.

Rachel's back arched.

Her legs buckled.

She came.

Her body trembled, fingers soaked, thighs clenching.

The room spun for a moment. She gasped softly, then let her head fall back.

Euphoria overtook her. Followed by shame. It was just moments ago she had said goodnight to Noah. Now, she lay ravaged by the thought of another man.

But Noah would have liked it. She knew Noah probably wanted to see it happen as much as she did. Rachel didn't wipe the slick from her fingers. Didn't check her phone. She just lay there, flushed and still, the music still thumping through her apartment walls.

Sleep finally found her.

## Chapter 16

The coffee shop sat nestled between two boutique galleries, its windows spotless, its name etched in gold serif above a slate-gray awning...

The coffee shop sat nestled between two boutique galleries, its windows spotless, its name etched in gold serif above a slate-gray awning. Thorne & Vine. The kind of place with mismatched antique chairs that cost more than Rachel's tuition deposit, where tasteless music floated softly through invisible ceiling speakers and the baristas wore linen aprons like stage costumes.

Mary was already seated by the window when Rachel arrived, and she sat like she owned the place.

Back straight, ankles crossed, a beige coat draped neatly over the back of her velvet chair. Her blonde hair was swept into a soft chignon that accentuated her jawline, and her matte, berry red lipstick stuck perfectly to her full lips. A cashmere sweater hugged her shoulders, and she wore slacks tailored to the ankle with a sharp crease so clean it could cut glass.

Rachel swallowed the urge to smooth her hair as her mother's gaze fell upon her.

"You're late by five minutes," Mary said, folding the menu and handing it off to the waitress with a polite, razor-thin smile.

"I took the train," Rachel replied as she slid into the seat across from her.

Mary lifted one brow. "And wearing a denim jacket for Saturday coffee?"

Rachel didn't bother answering.

Their coffees arrived before the silence got uncomfortable. A cortado for Mary, no sugar. A flat white for Rachel, which she stirred to keep her hands busy.

"So," Mary began, plucking the tiny spoon from her saucer and setting it aside. "I hear your studies are going well."

"They are."

Rachel didn't offer more. Her mother's voice had that familiar tightness to it—the kind that made it clear each word was deliberate, if not practiced. Like much else in her life, Mary's conversation strived towards a particular intent.

"You know," Mary said, glancing briefly out the window, "While I celebrate your academic achievements. I'm still trying to understand why you didn't go into law. You have the mind for it. It's respectable. Secure. It would certainly pay off in dividends later in life."

“You know I’m not interested in law.”

“But you are interested in humanitarian work. Law isn't much different.”

"Law sucks your soul before you have a chance to make any kind of real change," Rachel countered. Mary smiled softly.

"Your desire to make an impact is truly admirable. But humanitarian work is hard darling, and it doesn't pay."

“Mom...”

“I’m just saying,” Mary raised her hand like she was absolving herself of sin. “It doesn’t hurt to think about the future. You won't want to be working the streets when you’re fifty, believe me. Especially once the kids start coming.”

Rachel blinked. “Who says I want kids?”

Mary's lips stretched into a humored smile. "Darling, you want kids," she said certainly, "a good career will help you get there."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "You’ve been a stay-at-home wife your whole life, I'm not sure you understand."

“Excuse me!” Mary slapped Rachel’s hand lightly. Playful, but precise. “That is a very hard job, I’ll have you know.”

“I’m not saying it isn’t. But I want something else. A career. Something fulfilling beyond raising a family. It’s going to be different from you, Mom.”

“Of course it will be. But when the children do come, how will you raise them on a pauper's salary?” Mary tilted her head, the movement delicate but loaded. Like she was speaking to a child who hadn’t yet grasped how the world worked. Rachel hated that look. It made her feel like she was sixteen again.

“We’ll figure it out.” She said softly.

Mary's cup froze in front of her lips. “We?”

“Yes. We.” Rachel didn’t flinch, but she could feel the edge creeping into her voice.

The waitress arrived with water. Mary took a sip from her tiny glass as if it were vintage wine, then placed it down softly, perfectly centered on its coaster.

“I take it then that things with you and Noah are still going well then?”

“They are.”

There was a pause. Just long enough for Rachel to feel her mother's disapproval.

“And how, pray tell, did he manage to get into Godfrey?”

Rachel's throat tightened.

“He got in through a scholarship,” she said. “He's one of the brightest students from Herferd.”

“I'm sure.” Mary sighed through her nose and nodded. “Still, I thought you two might've ended your high school romance by now.”

“What does that mean?”

Mary looked at her with practiced pity. “Rachel... my darling. My love. Noah is not good for you long-term. He doesn't come from a respectable family. And he certainly doesn't have the means to provide for a future.”

Rachel stiffened. “He's going into tech. He'll make money.”

“But will it be enough? A six-figure salary doesn't go far these days, dear. Especially if you decide to stay home...”

“I'm not staying home,” Rachel said, firmer now.

Mary arched a brow. “Fine. You don't stay home. Even so, two meager salaries won't be enough to start a family comfortably. You will struggle, you will suffer. You have to think about these things.”

“No, I don't. You're making it harder than it needs to be.”

Mary leaned forward just slightly. “Yes. You do. Especially since you decided to pursue your passion instead of a lucrative career. Like it or not, your husband will need to provide for you.”

Rachel rolled her eyes so hard her skull ached. “Oh my God, Mom, really?”

“Listen to me,” Mary said, reaching across the table for Rachel's hand.

Rachel withdrew it.

Mary pulled back, pressing her lips together. There was a flicker of something under the surface. Hurt, maybe, but it disappeared so fast Rachel wasn't sure she'd seen it.

The waitress returned promptly. "Is everything to your liking Mrs. Wicker?"

“Very much so, thank you,” Mary said, then turned back with unblinking calm. Rachel raised an eyebrow.

"They know you here?" Rachel asked.

"Of course darling, your father is an investor."

"Why am I not surprised..."

Mary grinned in amusement. “Listen, I’m not saying marry for money. Love matters, certainly. But with Noah, the issue isn’t just about money.”

Rachel clenched her jaw.

“You live in a different world than Noah does, sweetheart. You always have. And Godfrey has many suitors who would be a better fit for you.”

It took everything Rachel had not to leave the table. “Let’s drop it.” She said coldly.

Mary sighed, sitting back and observing Rachel with calculated eyes.

“You’re glowing, you know,” Mary said, sipping her cortado. “Something’s changed.”

Rachel blinked. “What?”

“You’re different. Radiant. Sexed, maybe.” She tilted her head. “Is that it?”

Rachel nearly choked on her coffee. “What does that even mean?”

“Come now, Rachel. Women know these things. We can sense them. There’s a... flush to you. A quiet confidence. I’d say it was love, but,” she smiled faintly, “I think it’s something else.”

Rachel felt her cheeks flush, and that annoyed her more than anything. She wasn’t blushing for her mother. She didn’t get flustered. Couldn’t get flustered. Not anymore.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” she said dismissively.

But Mary saw it.

She was too clever not to.

Rachel thought of Noah. Of the party. Of the group of men chasing her. Of Mike’s hands on her hips and Noah’s lingering eyes, helpless and burning. She felt the echo of the many nights she had shared with Mike. The feeling of fullness between her legs. The desire she felt to be taken. The way she'd whispered Noah’s name even as she came on someone else’s cock.

"You are quite beautiful," Mary said gently. Rachel smiled tightly.

"Thanks..."

Mary crossed her arms. "You do love him though, don't you?"

"I do."

"That's fine. Young love is beautiful. Enjoy it while it lasts. But beauty isn't always sustainable."

Rachel looked down into her coffee. The milk foam had started to collapse.

"He's good to me," she said, almost to herself.

Mary gave a patient nod. "Then keep him, if that's what you want. But don't confuse that for compatibility."

Rachel looked up.

Mary wasn't being cruel. She was certain. That made it worse.

"I'm not you," Rachel said finally.

Mary smiled faintly. "No. You're not."

Then Mary lifted her cup and finished the last sip.

"I suppose it doesn't matter what I say, does it?"

"No," Rachel replied, matching her calm. "It doesn't."

"Well then." Mary adjusted in her chair and crossed her legs. "I hope you prove me wrong."

"I plan to," Rachel said.

Mary leaned in. "Just don't mistake rebellion for identity."

"Noted..." Rachel replied dully

Mary lingered in the silence for a moment too long. She slid her cup out of the way gently.

Rachel watched her mother's perfectly manicured fingers toy with the handle. The ring on her right hand, a thin platinum band inset with diamonds, caught the light and gleamed with casual opulence.

Her father always had a taste for the overly lavish.

Mary pursed her lips. “Jack’s mother told me you two met.”

Rachel froze.

The name hit like a hot knife. Her breath caught in her chest before she could respond. She managed to keep her face still, but her spine straightened, her fingers curling around the base of her coffee cup like it might anchor her to the moment.

“You know Jack’s mother?” Rachel asked, voice neutral.

“Of course I know Jack’s mother,” Mary replied, her tone breezy but deliberate. “Your father golfs with his father. Every other Sunday at the country club. You know the routine.”

Rachel wished she didn't. She'd stopped attending those Sunday afternoons in high school.

“How did she know we met?” Rachel asked slowly.

Mary didn't look up from the foam at the bottom of her cortado. “Because Jack was talking about you.”

Rachel's chest tightened. Her heart punched upward against her ribs. Hard enough that it almost made her dizzy. She looked down at her untouched water, trying not to let it show.

“He did?” She asked softly.

Mary finally looked up. There was something too casual about the way she smiled. Like she already knew the weight her words carried.

“He did. Apparently, he was very excited to see you. Jack is a very intelligent boy, you know. A good head on his shoulders, very business-minded, and handsome as well. You should get to know him better.”

Rachel blinked. The night Jack held her close flashed in her mind. Her mother's words echoed with bitter irony.

“I'm with Noah,” she said.

Mary didn't miss a beat. She nodded graciously, her voice soft and saccharine.

“Of course, dear. I didn't mean anything untoward. But who said you can't make new friends?”

Rachel crossed her arms, leaned back, and took a small breath. The motion felt juvenile, but satisfying. A quiet rebellion reminiscent of her childhood.

Mary smiled again, this one more knowing than kind.

Rachel shook her head, not at her mother, but at the sheer absurdity of the moment. Her mother was pushing Jack without knowing how deeply he had already pressed himself into Rachel's life. How his lips had pressed against his, how his hands had explored her body...

How his fingers were only moments away from penetrating her.

How Noah had seen it happen.

Rachel tried to imagine it the way her mother clearly had. Jack coming home from work, tie loosened, smiling as their kids tore through a backyard bordered by trimmed hedges and solar-powered lanterns. Dinners with imported wine and monogrammed napkins. Vacations planned six months in advance. A husband who provided.

It wasn't a nightmare, not really. It was a happy life. A safe one. But it didn't stir anything inside her. Not the way Noah did. It felt empty next to their connection.

"I'll think about it," Rachel said, cautiously.

Mary took it as a victory. "Do. It'll be good for you to expand your horizons."

"So you're giving me permission to explore things?" A mischievous smile tugged at Rachel's lips.

"Exactly! Explore yourself," Mary gestured lightly, like she was talking about visiting museums. "Your father sheltered you so much. I feel bad about it."

Rachel tilted her head, her smile sharpening. "Don't worry, I will. It's not like he can shelter me now."

Mary cleared her throat.

Rachel recognized the sound.

"Oh God," she muttered. "What?"

"Your father was curious how you were getting on."

Rachel's blood cooled.

Mary continued, tone featherlight. "He's decided to visit."

The world shifted slightly beneath Rachel's chair.

Her voice dropped. "Here?"

Mary nodded. "He wants to see the campus. Take you to dinner. He's been terribly busy, but he's making time."

"Do you think you could try to make him busier?"

Mary let out a humored laugh. "Don't be so dramatic, darling."

Rachel gave her a tight smile. "I'm not. I'm thrilled, actually."

Mary glanced at her empty cup. "Just be patient with him. You know how he's... set in his ways."

Rachel stared at the window, her pulse kicking up again.

"He'd very much like to meet your new partner," Mary added, a distinct note of temperance in her voice.

Rachel turned her gaze sharply. "He wants to meet Noah?"

"Yes. Noah. After all, you two are in love."

Of course.

Rachel pushed a hand through her hair, suddenly too warm despite the air-conditioned chill. Her father had always been the final word. A man who didn't speak much, but when he did, his words were carved in stone. He hadn't said much about her coming to Godfrey. Just signed the checks, and reminded her to "be smart." Rachel preferred it that way.

Now he wanted to visit. He wanted to meet Noah. She already knew the undertone of what that meant.

"He's going to hate him," Rachel muttered.

Mary gave a half-shrug. "He hasn't met him yet, you never know."

"Don't patronize me."

"I'm not my dear, I assure you," Mary replied gently.

Rachel didn't say anything.

"I think he's more concerned about what direction your life is taking," Mary continued. "The relationship is part of that. But it's not everything."

"I'm not bringing Noah to dinner just so Dad can interrogate him."

“No one’s asking for an interrogation, darling. It’s a meeting. You know how he is, very old-fashioned. But he loves you. He only wants what’s best.”

Rachel snorted softly. “According to him.”

“According to both of us,” Mary said calmly.

Rachel met her eyes. She wanted to say something. Wanted to tell her mother everything she didn’t understand. About what love actually was. About a life truly filled with meaning. About a life not defined by her father's will.

But the words stuck in her throat.

Mary leaned forward just slightly. “It’ll be fine. He just wants to see that you’re stable. That you’ve made good choices.”

Stable. A word that Rachel wasn't sure she understood fully anymore.

Rachel thought of Noah again. Of the quiet, careful way he looked at her. She thought of his kindness, how nervous he would become, how uncertain he still was about life. For all his brilliance and goodness, she already knew what her father would think.

She could see what her father would see. Rough edges, lack of polish. He’d see Noah’s thrift-store jackets and fidgeting hands and cast him down like he was an obstacle in the way of his daughter's success.

But he wouldn’t see what Rachel saw. Wouldn’t know what it meant to be with someone who let her choose. Who didn’t try to shape her into something convenient or respectable. Who saw her for her, and was willing to walk with her every step of the way. That kind of love was rare, and it was foreign to her parents.

Rachel sat straighter, a clarity coming over her like a slow tide.

“When is he coming?”

“At the end of the month. He’ll stay at the club, and I will ensure he has other tasks at hand so he's not hounding you. Don’t worry.”

“I’m not worried.”

Mary looked surprised. “No?”

Rachel smiled faintly. “No.”

“Well. That’s good.”

Their drinks were finished, their chairs now slightly askew from tension and shifting bodies. The coffee shop had gotten louder around them. Soft laughter, clinking plates, a crescendo of jazz piano from overhead.

Mary glanced at her phone, tapping it delicately with her nail. "Ah, how time flies."

She stood. Rachel did also.

Mary reached for her coat, slipping into it with practiced ease. "You're strong, Rachel," she said as she buttoned the top clasp. "I don't always agree with your choices, but I know you'll land on your feet. You always do."

Rachel nodded. "I know. Thanks, mother."

They stood and faced each other, two versions of the same woman. One carved from steel, the other still shaping her edges.

Mary leaned forward and kissed her daughter's cheek. "Call me when he arrives. And try not to wear denim when you see your father. He's not as relaxed as I am."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Noted."

Mary squeezed Rachel's shoulders gently. "It was good seeing you, dear."

She turned and walked toward the exit, heels clicking in perfect tempo.

Rachel watched her go, then sank back into her seat.

She stared out the cafe window, trying to picture what it would look like to see Noah at that fateful dinner. What it would feel like to stand beside him when her father finally looked him in the eyes.

She smiled.

Whatever he said, whatever came next, they would face it together.

As they always had.

## Chapter 17

Rachel's day didn't fare much better after meeting with her mother. Classes dragged, homework never seemed to end, and Rachel's mind endlessly played the words her mother had said.

Noah wasn't for her. She came from a different life. It wouldn't last.

Eternity wrapped into a single breath as sunrise fell to sunset and Rachel made her way back to her apartment. Exhausted, Rachel latched the door behind her lazily and dropped onto her couch with a deep sigh.

The sigh had barely left her lips when a knock echoed through her apartment.

Rachel groaned. "Every time..."

The knocking continued with greater persistence.

"Yeah! Coming..." she called out, dragging herself off the couch. She shuffled barefoot to the door and opened it cautiously, peeking through the crack. Surprised to find Mike standing on the other side.

"Mike?" Rachel asked.

"Yo," he said with a nod. "What are you doing?"

He wore a cropped tee, high-cut gym shorts that barely concealed his thighs, and sunglasses perched on his head. A ridiculous outfit that invited Rachel's eyes to wander.

Rachel cleared her throat as she tore her gaze from Mike's exposed abs. "I'm uh... working on homework. Why?"

Mike smirked and stepped in without invitation. "Sounds boring as shit."

Rachel moved back instinctively, heart skipping a beat as Mike entered her space.

"Excuse me!" she said, watching as Mike aimlessly wandered into her living room.

"You really too busy for a little break?" He asked.

Rachel followed him slowly, arms folded across her chest. "What kind of break?"

Mike dropped onto the couch and began undoing his belt. "The kind where I fuck your brains out."

"Are you serious?" Rachel asked, more amused than offended.

Mike stared with a confused expression. "Uh... yeah?"

Rachel laughed softly as she rubbed her face. "Mike... you can't just come over whenever you want for that kind of stuff."

"...Why not?"

"It's not appropriate," Rachel said.

"But... we're fuck buddies?" Mike said as he continued to slowly unzip his pants.

"Yes, but..." Rachel paused, sighing hard as Mike exposed a giant bulge resting beneath red underwear. "Noah has to be here."

Mike scratched his head. "But why?"

Rachel finally broke into laughter. "Oh my god. Look, just sit for a second, ok? And zip your pants back up."

"Fine, whatever," Mike said as he lazily zipped his pants back up and made his way over to the fridge.

"You got any booze?" He asked.

"Why does everyone think I have booze? No, I don't." Rachel pulled out her phone, texting Noah quickly as she spoke.

Rachel: Heeey. So Mike just showed up at my door...

Noah's response was nearly instant.

Noah: What does he want?

Rachel: Well, he's raiding my fridge atm... but he wants you know what. Should I?

Rachel glanced up when she heard the rustling of a plastic bag, only to find Mike eating shredded cheese by the handful, shamelessly dropping clumps onto the floor as he inhaled the bag.

"Oh god, Mike, over the sink!"

Mike stopped mid-chew. "Huh?"

"Eat over the sink!" Rachel shouted

"Oh. Right. Sorry." Mike marched to the sink, making an overexaggerated effort to keep the bag over it.

Rachel's phone buzzed.

Noah: Can you film it?

Her breath hitched. Her fingers tried to keep up with her racing thoughts.

Rachel: I can. Are you sure you're okay with it? I can turn him away.

Rachel watched as Noah typed.

Noah: No, it's fine. Just film it, please. And thanks for asking :)

Rachel: Of course! Love you.

Noah: Love you too :0

Rachel stared, perhaps in partial disbelief that it had been so easy. She looked up from her phone, watching as Mike grabbed the final handful of cheese from the bag before tossing it onto the floor.

"Mike! Garbage!"

Mike stared like a deer in headlights. "Huh?"

"Put. the bag. In. the GARBAGE." Rachel said pointedly. Mike blinked.

"Oh... yeah sure..." Mike half-heartedly looked around the kitchen, never bothering to move his feet. "Where is it?"

"Oh my god, just let me do it," Rachel said shortly. She walked by Mike and grabbed the bag, bending down to open the cabinet where the garbage bin rested. As she did, Rachel felt Mike's hand clamp firmly around her ass.

"Mike!" Rachel promptly looked back at him, though she didn't make an attempt to step away from his grasp. She felt his thick fingers slide down to her groin as he pushed her into the counter.

"Let's fuck already." He said bluntly.

Rachel didn't answer right away, she pushed her ass into him, moaning softly as Mike's hands trailed up her waist and to her breasts.

Noah said yes, she was in the clear.

But Mike didn't know that. And something about that fact made it hotter.

"Ok..." Rachel whispered with trembling lips.

She felt Mike's hands descend to her pants, unbuttoning them and pulling them past her ankles with well-practiced motions. Then his hand reached around to her entrance as he pushed her over the counter, sliding into her with ease.

"You're so fucking wet," Mike said as his fingers slid out of her, replaced by the tip of his cock at her entrance. Rachel looked back at him, their gaze locking as he slowly pushed into her with one powerful thrust. Rachel braced herself against the kitchen island as Mike's thick cock slowly filled her.

Rachel moaned as the sounds of slapping flesh echoed through the apartment. Mike bent over her and grabbed both her breasts, squeezing them tightly as his thrusts hit hard against her cervix. The sensation an overwhelming, perfect kind of pain.

Mike was completely carnal, and those primal instincts made Rachel's body quiver.

He pulled out of her without warning and turned her around. Rachel gasped as he lifted her clean off the ground like she weighed nothing. He lined his cock up with her pussy, and slammed Rachel down onto it. He gripped her thighs tightly as he slammed into her with each powerful thrust. Rachel locked eyes with him, mouth open as she became drunk on euphoria. She watched as sweat formed on Mike's brow, and as she wrapped her legs around his waist, Rachel bit his thick neck, tasting the salty musk of his sweat.

Mike responded by thrusting faster. Rachel dug her nails into his back as she threw her head back and moaned.

"You're so fucking strong," she said between breaths.

"I know," Mike grunted, slamming into her one final time before carrying Rachel toward the bedroom.

She wrapped her arms around his neck tightly as she remained impaled on his giant, pulsing cock. Mike had dominated her, and Rachel relished being carried away like a caveman's trophy. He kicked the bedroom door open and tossed Rachel onto the bed.

Then he mounted her chest, slapping his slick cock against her soft breasts. The hunger in his eyes made Rachel's stomach flutter.

"Tit fuck me," he said with a gravelly voice.

Rachel licked her lips as Mike placed his fat cock between her cleavage, then cupped her breasts and pressed them together. His cock, still slick from her juices and a steady pulse of precum,

disappeared between them. She could feel him throbbing against her skin as he thrust lazily through the soft valley of her chest.

Mike groaned, eyes glued to the sight of himself moving between her tits. “Push them tighter,” he said.

She obeyed without thinking, fingers digging into her flesh to close the gap even more. It made his cock look massive. She watched as his swelling, flushed tip appeared from her pale breasts with each thrust.

Instinct overtook her, and Rachel caught the tip with her mouth.

She playfully licked him at first, circling her tongue around Mike's circumcised head. She tasted herself mixing with the salt of his precum and sweat. Then she sealed her lips around his shaft, sucking in rhythm with his thrusts. She pushed her tits together tightly, keeping Mike's cock pressed tightly against her chest as she swallowed what length she could. Soon, her tongue worked every inch that emerged from the grip of her chest.

“Fucking shit...” Mike grunted, planting his hands beside Rachel's shoulders for leverage. He fucked forward into her tits hard, his cockhead punching into her mouth with every push. The bed rocked beneath them. Rachel felt Mike's weight press into her with every eager thrust.

Then he pulled back, giving one of Rachel's breasts a playful squeeze as he scooted his cock closer to her mouth.

“Open up,” he said bluntly.

Rachel's mouth dropped open just in time for him to drive his cock straight between her full lips.

Her throat tightened on instinct, eyes watering as he bottomed out almost instantly. She felt Mike's slick, swollen cock fill her mouth, the tip jabbing and stretching her throat open. Rachel gagged, but didn't pull away. Her hands clutched his thighs, nails pressing into his flesh as he fucked her face with slow, hungry thrusts.

“Shit,” Mike muttered, hips rocking with dull precision. “You're a great fuck...”

His hands found her hair, fingers knotting at the roots, tugging lightly as his thrusts grew messier. Rachel relaxed her jaw and let her throat adjust as Mike continued to use her. Becoming fully entranced by the experience.

The sloppiness of it, the way his cock throbbed against her tongue, the taste of his precum, the desperate gasps of air.

How Mike didn't ask, but took what he wanted.

When he finally pulled out, a thick string of spit and precum connected her lips and his cock.

They didn't speak; they didn't need to.

Time blurred together. Rachel found herself on her back again, legs spread wide as Mike pounded her pussy mercilessly. Then on her side. Then her mouth was full of him again while his tongue swirled around her clit, flicking in long, wet strokes.

Mike devoured her. He growled when she came, clutched her thighs tightly as he groaned into her cunt, licking harder as she writhed. Rachel's moans were muffled by his cock, her hands gripping his ass as he buried himself deep into her throat. Her thighs trembled, her juices soaked into her bed, and her mind fogged over.

They flipped.

Rachel climbed on top of Mike and rode him with what strength she had. There was no rhythm, just wild, grinding circles of her hips and the sound of skin slapping skin. She bit her lip as she felt Mike's cock massage the inside of her aching, swollen pussy. She leaned forward, riding him harder, her tits bouncing in frantic waves. Mike groaned beneath her, grabbing onto her hips, his fingers digging deep into her sides.

"Fuck, you're tight," he muttered.

She moaned in reply, digging her nails into his chest as she rode his cock like a toy. The bed creaked beneath them. She felt the sharpness of his cock hitting her deeply. She was shaking, gasping, grinding. Her legs burned, but she didn't care.

Rachel rode him until she collapsed onto him breathless. Her slick chest pressed to his, her warm breath ebbing against his neck.

Then Mike grabbed her, rolled her, pushed her face into the mattress, and began to take her again.

She kept her ass high in the air as she bit the comforter beneath her. Her pussy raw and wet. Mike drove in from behind with commendable energy. His thrusts were deep and erratic as he slammed into her like a wild animal.

He spanked her jiggling ass, and the slickness of Rachel's sweat made the sting sharp. She pushed into him eagerly in response.

Mike grabbed a handful of her hair and tugged. Rachel moaned loudly, her head arching back, her throat exposed.

"Holy fuck," Mike grunted. "You're so fucking hot."

Her whole body rocked forward with every thrust. The wet slap of their flesh echoed off the apartment walls. Her arms gave out, but Mike kept going. She collapsed onto her chest, ass still high, letting him take what he wanted. Letting him use her until she couldn't think.

She came again.

And again.

Rachel didn't know how long they'd been fucking.

Her pussy was swollen, red, and overstimulated. Her skin glistened. Her hair was matted. Her body was exhausted.

Still, she didn't stop. She didn't want to stop.

No one had ever fucked her like this. It was an otherworldly experience, it brought her to a primal level she never thought existed.

Her legs were trembling, her core spasming with each shallow breath. She wasn't even sure she would be able to walk tomorrow.

But that didn't matter.

Because right now, all she wanted was more.

Mike positioned her on her side, one leg raised high as he drove himself into her. Her moans were hoarse, broken from overuse. She trembled under the force of his thrusts.

"Fuck, I want to cum in you," Mike groaned.

Rachel's body tensed. Her breath caught as a brief spasm of hesitation swam through her body.

She said nothing.

Mike's grip tightened on her leg as he slammed into her like an animal.

"FUCK!"

He groaned deep in his chest as he began to fill her.

Rachel felt it. The thick pulse of him erupting inside her. His cum spilling into her in hot, primal bursts. She gasped, overwhelmed by his sudden pulsing fullness.

Mike kept thrusting slowly until he softened. Then he pulled out. Rachel lay still as she felt his warm cum drip from her thighs and pool onto the sheets.

Her heart thundered in her chest. Her body trembled, drenched in sweat and cum.

Her legs were spread, one still slightly raised from where Mike had gripped it moments earlier. The air in the dorm was humid with sweat and sex. Her sheets, tangled beneath her, were damp beneath her lower back.

Across the room, Mike was hopping on one foot, trying to tug his pants back over his ass. His shirt was already half on, bunched around his neck like a noose.

“That was fun,” he said, wiping sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. “Thanks for the fuck.”

Rachel blinked. Her lips were parted, still slightly puffy, her chest rising in slow, uneven breaths. “You’re... leaving?”

Mike glanced at her with a raised eyebrow. “Well, yeah. I mean, we fucked. And you’ve got homework, right?”

“Oh. R-right.”

The breath caught in her throat before she could finish it. She nodded, watching as Mike shoved his feet into his shoes. There was no kiss. No aftercare. No glance backward. Just a casual stretch of his shoulders and a swipe of his phone off the nightstand.

Rachel looked away, pretending to search for something on the floor. She didn’t know what she expected. This was the arrangement, after all.

“Cool,” Mike said, adjusting his waistband as he began walking out of the bedroom. “Anyways, tell Noah I said hey. Also, tell him I need help with some homework if he’s cool with that.”

Rachel’s stomach dropped.

“Oh my god,” Rachel whispered. She sat up too fast, the soreness in her core flaring as she did. “Fuck... wait!”

Mike turned. “Yeah?”

“You think you can go again?” she asked, her voice tight, her brain suddenly moving through five thoughts at once. “I... I want to record it. For Noah.”

Mike blinked. Then smiled as he nodded his head eagerly.

“Fuck yeah!” He looked down at his dick. “Gotta wait a little while though. I’m kinda tapped.”

“That’s fine,” Rachel said quickly, brushing her hair back from her flushed face.

Mike scratched his stomach and walked back toward the bed, farting as he did so.

"Jesus, Mike!"

"Sorry, got some gas. Probably the cheese," Mike said, falling back onto the bed next to Rachel.

"Please, for the love of god, don't fart on my bed, and maybe next time don't eat a whole bag of cheese?"

"Haha, yeah... anyway, I'm fucking starving. Let's order some food."

Rachel let out a short laugh, shaking her head as she grabbed a pillow to cover her chest.

"You're unbelievable. Fine, but you're buying."

Mike gave her a thumbs up. "Deal. But only if you promise to stock some beer in this fucking place."

Rachel smirked, tossing the pillow at his chest. "You're such a frat boy."

Mike caught the pillow and playfully tossed it back as he opened his delivery app. "You know you love it."

Rachel didn't answer. She just watched him for a second, lips parted in a small, thoughtful smile.

## Chapter 18

A sliver of sunlight cut through the opening in Rachel's curtains, spilling across her cheek and waking her. She groaned softly, rolling toward the wall as she tried to cover her face with the bedsheets, only to find that when she pulled them, they remained stuck in place.

Her eyes opened wide in dreadful realization.

She turned quickly and found Mike sprawled on his back next to her. One arm over his head, mouth slack as he snored loudly. Rachel jolted upright.

So it wasn't a dream. He had stayed the night.

She scanned the room. There was a comical array of scattered clothes and takeout boxes. Her abs cramped as she reached for her phone to check the time.

10:43 AM

Rachel grimaced. She then checked her messages and found one from Noah.

Noah: Sleep tight, angel. Hope your day went well :) Talk tomorrow <3

Her heart beat a little faster as guilt slipped into her chest. She turned the screen off quickly and laid the phone on her nightstand. She tried to remind herself that there was no reason to feel guilty. Noah had given her his blessing, after all. But she still looked away from Mike as he let out a loud snort.

Agitated, Rachell kicked his leg under the blanket, causing him to jerk awake.

"Wha... what is it?" he muttered, eyes still closed as he furrowed his brow.

"You were snoring," Rachel said.

"Was not," Mike said.

"You were."

Mike let out a grunt as he flipped to his back and slowly opened his eyes.

"Fuck... what time is it?"

"Almost eleven," Rachel said.

She watched him longer than she meant to. His hair was a mess, and his jaw was covered in stubble. His tan skin glowed in the morning sun. Her eyes trailed across him. There was a mark on his shoulder she'd left, and another on his neck. Strangely, she liked that it was visible to

others. He scratched his ribs lazily, then yawned wide before covering his eyes with his beefy forearm.

Rachel sat back, turning while she tucked behind her ear.

Last night wasn't supposed to become this morning. Mike was supposed to fuck her and leave.

But instead, she had let Mike in. Let herself be taken, not even remembering to record until later. Rachel had given herself to something that only she and Mike would remember.

And the worst part was, she knew it had gone beyond sex.

Mike's shell had come undone. He wasn't smart. He didn't have clever things to say. But he was kind, warm, and funny. Rachel smirked as she remembered them lying in bed, watching cat videos he had saved from his feed, both of them laughing loudly together while eating takeout. He told her dumb story after dumb story while making fart jokes. All the while laughing playfully.

Mike's laugh was golden.

Then his hand trailed up her thigh.

And Rachel let him take her, again.

And again.

And again.

Then, when they had stopped recording. Mike took her once more, slowly. The room was dark, save for light bleeding in from the living room lamp. He kissed her gently while thrusting like an animal. He lifted her up, dropping her onto his cock with slow control.

He came in her like that and held her close.

Rachel held him back.

She had never experienced something like that with another man. Mike wasn't Noah, and he would never be.

But there was a real chemistry between her and Mike. Rachel hadn't planned for that.

Mike sat up next to her. "Where's your water bottle at?"

Rachel nodded toward the desk. "Somewhere over there."

Mike reached and grabbed the nearly empty pink bottle, downed it, and stood. He was completely naked and entirely untroubled by it. Rachel watched as he grabbed his pants and pulled them on.

Mike cleared his throat. "That was uh... really special."

He glanced at her quickly before laughing nervously.

"So thanks... I guess," he said.

Rachel rubbed her arm, but didn't say anything. Mike's back flexed. She looked away. He glanced at her again awkwardly.

"You uh... you good?" he asked.

Rachel nodded far too eagerly. "Oh, yeah. Are you?"

"Fuck yeah," he said with a grin. "Yesterday was..." He trailed off and rubbed the back of his head. "It was... fun."

"Yeah, it was," Rachel said.

There was a strange amount of caution to their words. Rachel slid out of bed, keeping the sheet wrapped around her as she looked for her tank top.

"Are things... weird?" Rachel kept her eyes focused on the floor, not daring to look in Mike's direction.

Mike scratched his jaw. "Uhhh... I mean, no? Why would they be?" He laughed again.

Rachel nervously laughed with him.

"Exactly! Why would they be weird? We just hung out between fuck sessions..."

"Right! Like fucking bros or something. Or like, not bros who fuck but like... just fucking bros. But I guess we did fuck, but uh..."

Mike turned, stalling as he caught Rachel's eyes.

"We were just hangin' between fuckin'," He said weakly.

Rachel rolled her eyes with a smile. It was meant to be nonchalant, but she certainly didn't feel that way. The two stepped for the bedroom door at the same time, and stopped when they nearly hit one another. Mike was so tall. And wide, too. Rachel liked how he nearly filled the entire frame behind him.

“So uh... I should probably bounce,” Mike muttered, pulling out his phone uncomfortably. “Supposed to meet up with Ethan for lifting.”

"Oh," Rachel said.

"Yeah..."

Rachel bit her lip. "Well, can I walk with you?"

Mike looked up. "You sure?"

"Yeah," Rachel said.

He shrugged. “Yeah, I’m cool with that. Are you sure you’re good with being seen together?”

“We’re just friends, right?” Rachel said. Mike’s lips tensed.

“Yeah... right, no totally. Just friends.”

They gathered their things in silence, trading a set of smiles as they stepped out of Rachel’s apartment.

Then froze in place when they spotted Mel across the hall.

She was just outside her own door, hand still resting on the knob. Staring straight at them.

Mel stared at Rachel before glancing over at Mike.

“No. Fucking. Way,” Mel said, walking towards the pair.

“Mel, it’s not what it looks like,” Rachel spoke before she thought.

“Not what it looks like, huh?” Mel crossed her arms. “So what is it then? She asked.

Rachel stammered. “We... we were just hanging out.”

“All morning?” Mel asked.

“For a little bit, yeah.”

“Doing what?”

“Homework,” Rachel blurted out. Mel stared blankly.

“Homework?”

“Yep. Right, Mike?” Rachel said. Mike perked up immediately.

“Uh, yeah, homework. Totally.”

“Mhmmm, and all that moaning and yelling I heard yesterday... aaalll day. Was that homework too?”

Rachel grasped for some excuse, but only managed a nervous laugh. Mel scoffed and shook her head.

“For the love of fucking god. Do not treat me like a fucking idiot. I know what Mike sounds like when he’s fucking.” There was heat to Mel's words. Rachel hated that it made her jealous.

Mike scratched his neck, doing his best to hide a bashful smile. Then he caught the look on Rachel’s face. His grin faded, and he cleared his throat.

“Look, Mel. Seriously, it's like... super chill. Like, don't worry. It's all fun and games and... like... fuck alright. Lemme explain it more clearly. So like—”

“Mike,” Rachel cut him off sharply, “Just go downstairs. I’ve got this.”

He looked away, embarrassed. He let out a sniff and shrugged his shoulders.

"Yeah, alright, whatever." He stepped past them. Mel's eyes stayed locked on Rachel as he disappeared down the hallway.

“Does Noah know you’re a cheating whore?” she asked flatly.

Rachel’s jaw dropped in shock.

“That’s not what this is,” She snapped.

“No? Because from here, it looks like you fucked the dumbest guy on campus behind your boyfriend's back.”

Rachel felt her face flush hot.

“It’s not like that,” she said, lower now. “And he's not fucking dumb.”

Mel scoffed. “Woow! Defending your new boyfriend, Rachel?!”

“I—” Rachel's lips trembled while she stuttered.

“Does Jack know?” Mel asked.

The question slammed into Rachel. She stared in disbelief.

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” She asked, crossing her arms.

“I just assumed you were fucking him too. Figured he'd probably want to know Mike's been added to the roster.”

“You don't know anything.”

“I know enough,” Mel sneered. “You're not special, Rachel. You just know how to get attention. You flash a smile, act all sweet and dumb, and suddenly every guy on campus forgets how to think. But I see you for EXACTLY what you are.”

Rachel stepped in close. “If you say anything to anyone, I swear—”

“What?! What the fuck are you going to do?!” Mel shot back, stepping so close that their foreheads nearly hit. Rachel's hands were shaking as she watched Mel smirk.

“Yeah... that's what I fucking thought,” Mel said. “You can threaten me all you fucking want. But you know god damn well that as soon as I let your little fucking secret out, you are absolutely fucked.”

Rachel's throat went dry. Her voice dropped. “Please, Mel. Just... don't say anything. Noah doesn't deserve this kind of drama. This doesn't need to turn into something bigger than it is.”

Mel shook her head.

"I cannot fucking believe you. But you're right, Noah doesn't deserve this. He deserves better."

Rachel clenched her fists.

“Please...” Rachel said. She hated how pathetic it sounded. Mel took a step back and examined her for a moment.

“Here's the deal. You keep doing your little slut thing, bury your claws in fuckboys, become a petri dish, I don't care. I won't say shit as long as you stay the fuck away from Jack. You so much as bat your lashes at him, and I'll fucking ruin you. Got it?”

“I haven't touched Jack,” Rachel said coldly.

“Awwwe, do you want a fucking medal for being a decent person? I see the way you look at him. I know how badly you want to ruin his fucking life for attention, but I won't let you.”

"I'm not—" Rachel exhaled. “Fine, you don't have to worry.”

"I'm sure..." Mel glared at her with disdain, then turned. “Enjoy your slut phase, Rachel. Hope it's worth it.”

Rachel didn't move until Mel's footsteps disappeared down the stairs.

Then the panic set in.

She closed her eyes and tried to steady her breath. She reached for her phone with shaking fingers.

Mel was wrong. She wasn't that kind of girl. She wasn't trying to hurt anyone.

She loved Noah, and she knew Noah loved her.

But right now, a reminder wouldn't hurt.

She scrolled through her camera roll and scanned the videos she and Mike had taken.

Her eyes stopped on the best clip.

She was fully naked, lit from above by the phone's flashlight. Her body was glistening, her mouth open, head tilted back in absolute ecstasy.

Yes, this was the one. This would make it better.

She fumbled with a flirty text. Then deleted it and hit send.

Rachel leaned against the wall, staring at her phone while she bit her nail nervously.

Waiting for it to tell her everything would be okay again.

## Chapter 19

The Commons at Godfrey were slower than normal, but Noah wasn't complaining. Once a private library built in the late 1800s, the building had been painstakingly restored rather than replaced. Sunlight cast against arching stained-glass windows, scattering soft jewels of color across marble flooring. Vaulted ceilings were gilded with flourishes of craftsmanship.

Mahogany bookshelves lined the walls, untouched for their aesthetic appeal rather than function, while sleek walnut study tables were arranged in the Commons center. The additional furniture acted as the only modern accent. Soft leather reading chairs and ergonomic desks with embedded outlets.

Noah sat beneath a chandelier at one of the far tables, modern jazz leaking from the headphones hanging around his neck. He stared at the code on his screen, still trying to work out the best solution for his app's most recent selection of bugs. It was a process he found himself easily lost in.

A process broken by a pair of heavy hands landing between his shoulder blades, jarring him forward.

“Long time no see, my man.”

The sound of Ethan’s voice was unmistakable.

“Hey, Ethan,” Noah said, glancing up as he rounded the table.

To his surprise, Luke was with him, walking with his usual air of friendly detachment. He wore a loose off-white tee and baggy jeans and tucked his long, dirty-blond hair behind a well-worn baseball hat. The look clashed with Godfrey’s curated polish, but that was Luke. And maybe that’s what Noah liked most about him.

“So...” Ethan dragged a chair out from the bench and dropped into it with legs spread wide. “I’ve been hearing some rumors.”

“Have you?” Noah pretended to be ignorant, hoping it’d deter Ethan from further questions. It did not.

“I’ve heard that you and Rachel have been busy,” He said, staring at Noah with tempered words. “Rachel especially.”

Noah kept typing. “Yeah, we’ve had our hands full.”

“Mike’s always a handful,” Ethan added.

Noah paused for a moment, then kept typing in silence.

Ethan smirked. "So it's true that they're fucking?"

Noah's phone buzzed on the table. He reached for it, ignoring Ethan. After thumbing through a spam email for a few minutes, Noah looked up and found Ethan still patiently waiting for a reply. Noah sighed as he set his phone back down.

"That's kind of between us," Noah replied shortly, trying to keep his tone even. Ethan's jaw dropped.

"No fucking way. Mike?! Mike got the first crack?!"

There was a tension beneath Ethan's words, an aggressive mix of jealousy and desire. Noah glared with contempt, and Ethan stared right back.

"Leave it, Ethan," Luke said, doing his best to break the tension.

"Nah, nah," Ethan said, brushing him off with a wave. "I need to know what the fuck that's about. Why Mike?"

It was obvious Ethan wasn't going to drop it until he got his answer. Noah debated leaving, but somehow that felt worse than simply answering the question.

Besides, it clearly bothered Ethan that Mike was getting what he couldn't. Noah didn't mind twisting the knife a little bit.

"It just happened," Noah said.

"Does this mean your girl's fair game?" Ethan countered.

Noah sighed. "It's an arrangement, and her name is Rachel."

Ethan's grin faltered. "I know what the fuck her name is."

"Good, so use it," Noah said.

Ethan and Noah locked eyes in contempt.

"I'd slap the shit out of you right now if you weren't my friend." Ethan finally said.

"Ethan," Luke said in a low tone. Ethan shook his head.

"So what the fuck? Does this mean Mike gets to fuck her whenever?" Ethan waited. Noah didn't answer. "How the fuck did he get that deal?"

Noah gave a short laugh before he could stop himself. It was strange seeing Ethan abandon his cool demeanor and throw a tantrum like this.

"I'm waiting for a fucking answer," Ethan said shortly.

Noah shook his head as his phone buzzed once more. It was a message from Rachel. He opened it passively.

The video thumbnail made Noah's heart stop. Rachel was fully naked, lit from above by a phone's flashlight. Her body glistened as she tilted her head back with parted lips. Her eyes caught the lens. Her tongue pressed to the roof of her mouth teasingly, and Mike's thick hand grasped her waist tightly.

Noah quickly turned the phone screen off and looked at Ethan, relieved to see he hadn't noticed the image.

"What do you want, Ethan?" He finally asked.

"I want to know why you're letting Mike, the fuckboy, have your girlfriend instead of me," Ethan asked coolly.

Luke rolled his eyes.

"I'm sorry man, he gets this way sometimes," Luke said.

Noah took a deep breath and shrugged.

"Let's drop it, alright?" Noah said. He did his best to sound calm, but his shaking voice betrayed him.

Ethan exhaled hard as he rubbed the back of his head.

"I fucking knew it, though!" Ethan looked at Luke in frustration. "Come on, bro. You get it, right? Mike? Mike got a free fucking pass on Rachel?"

Luke and Noah kept their silence in solidarity. Ethan shook his head and laughed coldly.

"Fucking bullshit man..."

Noah returned to his coding, knowing there was no point continuing the conversation. Ethan wanted only one thing, and he wouldn't stop complaining until he had it. All Noah had to do was wait for the inevitable question to follow.

"So what do I have to do to get a pass?" Ethan asked.

"Drop it, Ethan," Luke warned, more firmly this time.

Ethan raised his eyebrows and sat back, defeated. "I'm just saying..."

“You’re always just saying,” Luke muttered.

"He could have at least given her the best option!" Ethan snapped.

"And that's you?" Luke countered. He spoke with a leveled confidence that dampened Ethan's fire.

"Well, I mean..."

"I would've given that title to Jack," Luke said, inspecting his nails. Then he smirked. “Shit, even I’d be a better pick than you.”

"Oh fuck off," Ethan said, punching Luke's arm with a laugh. Luke looked up at Noah and winked.

The two continued bickering, and the tone lightened.

It gave Noah time to breathe. He tuned them out and went back to coding. Trying his best to put Rachel’s video out of his mind.

Ethan rose, slung his backpack over his shoulder, and walked around the table to Noah.

“Whatever. I gotta get to practice anyway.” He clapped Noah on the shoulder again. “Tell Rachel I said hi, alright?”

“Sure,” Noah said coldly. He didn't look up from his computer until Ethan had left. When he finally did glance up, he was surprised to find Luke still sitting across from him.

Noah gave him a sideways glance. “You’re still here?”

Luke laughed.

“Well, if you don’t want my company.”

“No, no... I just. Is something up?”

Luke leaned back in his chair and folded his arms. “Look, I never like sticking my nose in other people's business. But... you should be careful around Ethan.”

“I know,” Noah said quickly.

“I mean it,” Luke said, voice steady. “Mike is one thing. But Ethan is something else. He likes to push buttons, always has.”

"So why are you friends with him?" Noah asked. Luke smiled.

"He's not a bad guy. Ethan is probably one of the most loyal people I know. He's just... competitive," Luke said calmly.

"A little more than competitive."

Luke laughed. "A lot more than competitive."

Noah nodded and smiled. Luke was a good man. There was no doubt about it. The only man in Jack's friend group who didn't seem to be angling for Rachel in some way.

"Luke," Noah said.

"Yeah?"

"There's... something I want to ask you."

Luke studied him for a moment. "What's up?"

Noah paused.

"Is there... something wrong with me?"

Luke took his time with the question. He leaned back and pushed a few loose strands of hair behind his ears.

"Do you feel like there's something wrong with you?" he said eventually.

"I'm not sure," Noah admitted.

Luke nodded. "It's ok to not be sure, you know that, right?"

"I don't know, this feels like something you should be sure about," Noah said.

Luke shrugged. "I don't know about that. People aren't sure about relationships all the time. You might be in something that isn't typical, but it doesn't make it inherently wrong. I also don't think it's wrong if you're not certain this is you yet. That's the whole point of exploring a relationship, right?"

"Right," Noah said. He thought a moment, then continued. "Ever since this all started, ever since I realized I like... whatever this is. I thought it meant I was broken somehow. Everyone is always shocked that I'd let Rachel do these things. Floored that I haven't left, or that she hasn't left me..."

Luke nodded, but made no effort to interrupt. Noah Continued.

"I guess I keep thinking I need to 'fix' myself at some point." Noah shook his head and sighed. "I don't know, I guess sometimes I feel a little crazy."

Luke sat with the words for a moment while nodding slowly. "Well, you're definitely not crazy. Explore yourself without shame. I guess the only thing I would say is make sure you're both being safe along the way."

Noah chuckled quietly. "I'm not sure there is a way to explore this safely."

"I don't know about that," Luke said, glancing toward the door Ethan had walked out of. "For starters, definitely be picky about who you explore things with."

The warning was real, but its delivery was perfect. Luke cracked a smile, and they both laughed.

"Thanks," Noah said.

"No problem."

Noah returned to his work while Luke checked his phone.

"So how'd you meet Jack anyway?" Noah finally asked. Luke looked up.

"Childhood friends," he said. "Grew up in the same neighborhood, went to the same private school, and now we're here." He gestured at the surrounding walls.

"And Ethan?"

Luke smirked. "Showed up in high school. Caused a lot of trouble, but he was funny. And he always came through when it mattered."

"It's just funny to me," Noah said.

"What is?"

"Well... you don't really fit the whole Godfrey image," Noah replied.

Luke looked around, amused. "No, I guess I don't."

Noah nodded, then paused. Luke's calm demeanor made it hard to know where to go next.

"So... what do your parents do?" Noah asked.

Luke smirked. "My dad's in earthmoving. Big contracts, construction stuff. My mom stays home."

He looked at Noah with a playful smile. "For what it's worth, they also don't fit the Godfrey mold either."

"As in... they aren't rich?"

Luke fixed his hat. "They weren't rich. Once upon a time. My dad came from almost nothing. Then, suddenly, we had everything. So we never really fit. We've still got our little boat, go to diners, and fish most weekends." Luke rubbed his neck, suddenly bashful. Noah caught it.

"Something wrong?" Noah asked.

"Nah, it's nothing. You're just hitting a sore spot."

Noah's eyes widened. "Shit, I didn't mean to—"

"It's fine." Luke waved him off. "I know you mean well. It's just... funny. In a lot of ways, I probably relate more to you than I do to them. Wealth's weird. Changes people, even if they don't want it to."

He leaned back, looking out across the green sprawl of Godfrey's campus. "But... it got me here. So who am I to complain?"

"Yeah," Noah said quietly. "I feel that."

Then Luke leaned in. "But since we're asking questions..."

Noah raised an eyebrow. "Yeah?"

"Why do you like it?"

Noah looked, confused. "Like what?"

"Shit, gonna make me say it huh?" Luke laughed. "Why do you like seeing Rachel with other guys?"

"That's the real question, isn't it?" Noah said. Luke smiled.

"No pressure to answer, of course."

Noah sat back in his chair.

It wasn't the first time he'd thought about it. About Brian. About the anger and shame. About how weirdly turned on being helpless had made him feel. How his hatred for it perfectly counterbalanced his need to experience it again. How stunning Rachel looked when she let go.

And yet, through all those twisting thoughts, no clear answer ever found him.

“I don’t know,” Noah said.

Luke nodded.

“And Rachel? What does she get out of it?”

“The freedom, more than anything,” Noah replied, surprised he could find her answer better than his own. Noah smiled. “It’s honestly nice to see.”

Luke smiled too. “It does seem like you guys really love each other.”

“We really do,” Noah confirmed.

“I hope you guys go the distance.”

Noah’s brows arched in surprise. “Really?”

“Of course,” Luke answered. “I mean... assuming you want to go the distance.”

They both laughed.

“You know, of all Jack’s friends... I feel like I’d want you exploring things with Rachel the most.”

Luke looked like a deer in headlights. Noah regretted the words immediately.

“Damn.” Luke let out an awkward laugh. “That’s... flattering.”

“Sorry. I didn’t mean for that to be weird.”

“No, no,” Luke shook his head. “It’s fine. Honestly.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah! Again, I know you mean well, it's all good.” He stood, putting his phone in his pocket before fixing his shirt. “But on that note, I should probably head out.”

“R-right, sorry again,” Noah said.

“Seriously, it’s fine. But remember what I said. Be careful, alright?” Luke said.

Noah nodded. “Will do.”

—

Noah worked as the Commons slowly emptied, the sun setting as he lost track of time.

Then he remembered the video still waiting in his messages.

And he had resisted long enough.

Noah put on his headphones and played the video.

Rachel was in her bedroom, lit only by a single table lamp. Her hair was a tangled mess, spread across the pillow like golden rays of light.

Her body rocked as Mike thrust into her.

He was holding the phone. It rocked with every thrust. Noah could barely make out the way Rachel's breasts bounced. His eyes trailed to her stomach, watching it rise with every breath. Her legs were spread, knees bent toward her chest, calves hooked over Mike's shoulders. The sound of her moans filled Noah's headphones.

He swallowed and cautiously looked up from the video. A student sat at a nearby table, hunched over textbooks, half-asleep. A janitor pushed a cart through the far side of the room.

Satisfied, Noah looked back down and continued to watch.

Mike's thick, glistening cock plunged in and out of Rachel's tight pussy with steady, punishing control. Each time he bottomed out, a bulge formed in Rachel's stomach. She trembled beneath him. Noah could see the slick shine of cum on her chest, smeared over the slope of one breast.

They'd been at it for a while.

Mike's free hand came into view, gripping one of Rachel's tits hard. His fingers sank into the flesh.

Rachel gasped, arching at the contact.

She looked past the camera at Mike and smiled.

Noah's breath grew shallow.

She had never looked at him like that.

Not once.

Not even on their wildest nights. It was a look of full surrender.

And it was for Mike alone.

Why do you like it?

Noah's stomach twisted as the question echoed in his mind.

The camera shook slightly as Mike moved. Then, abruptly, Rachel was on her knees, ass high, face buried in the bedsheets. Mike pulled her hips toward him and slammed into her from behind. The slap of his thighs rang out in loud thuds as Rachel's moans pierced the speaker.

Loud enough to make Noah fumble for the volume.

Mike fucked her hard. Rachel's body rocked forward with every thrust as she gripped the sheets tightly. Her cries building as Mike's pace quickened. Mike held nothing back, and Rachel took his punishment with unquestioned obedience.

'Why do you like it?'

Mike was better. Bigger. Hotter. Funnier. All of them were.

That was the real truth, wasn't it?

As Mike fucked Rachel, Ethan's voice floated back to Noah's ear.

'Is she fair game?'

Noah gripped his phone tightly as his palms began to sweat.

She could have anyone. Any guy at Godfrey. And yet... for now, she came home to him.

Rachel made Noah feel chosen. No matter how many times she went with another man, Rachel always came back.

And nothing was more addictive than their game of catch-and-release.

The frame shifted. Rachel was now bent over the side of her bed with Mike behind her.

He groaned and slammed deep inside Rachel, holding himself there with a low, satisfied grunt. Then he pulled out, his thick cock pulsing as he came over Rachel's ass. Hot white streaks painted her curves, dripping onto her thighs.

Rachel looked back at the camera and gave a slow, teasing shake of her hips.

Hair stuck to her cheek. Mascara smudged around the corners of her eyes.

Rachel looked just past the lens.

And smiled.

The video froze on that warm, genuine smile.

A smile meant for the man in that room.

Noah stared at the frame, chest rising and falling.

He didn't move. Didn't breathe.

With an ache in his heart, he watched the video again.

## Chapter 20

Noah stepped out of the Commons, the cool air brushing his face as the warm kissed his face. His mind swirling with confusion and arousal as he processed Rachel's video.

His phone buzzed in his pocket, but he didn't bother to check it. He didn't want to.

Not after what he saw.

He could still see her face. The ecstasy on her lips. Her eyes locked on the camera lighting her from above. Sweat glistening off her skin, Mike's hand digging into her hip firmly. The moans she made while he pushed himself into her.

It was different this time. Their energy was raw, her cries of pleasure too real to ignore.

Noah swallowed hard, chest tightening. Nothing about this was simple anymore. He wanted it to stop. To end. To pull the plug before Rachel realized what he was slowly starting to understand — that they were never built to last. But his mind wouldn't let him. No matter how much it twisted his stomach, his mind always returned to it.

Rachel wanted him to see how much she liked it. How good it was with Mike. Like she was warning him.

And Mike... well, he didn't give a shit who saw. Noah wished he had half of his authenticity. And it made complete sense why Rachel would want him. He was gorgeous, rich, funny, and confident. Those were the qualities that mattered, not tech smarts.

Noah stuffed his hands into his jacket and walked faster.

Ethan's voice still rang in his head.

Does this mean your girl's fair game?

Noah clenched his jaw.

Maybe she was fair game. Or maybe it didn't really matter what he thought. Noah moved down the stone steps two at a time and cut across the quad.

There was a small park on the eastern side of the campus, tucked behind the old art museum. Hardly anyone went there, and it was just the kind of place he needed right now. Soon, the concrete path gave way to a gravel one. The rocks crunched underneath Noah's sneakers. Birds trilled from the high elms overhead. Somewhere, a fountain trickled, and Noah walked through all of it like a zombie.

His mind lost until a shoulder clipped hard against his chest. Noah let out a gasp of air as he fumbled back.

“Jesus!” a familiar feminine voice snapped. Noah looked down and saw Mel staring back up at him. She was smaller than he remembered; perhaps that had something to do with her attitude. She looked up from her phone, headphones slipping from her ears.

Her brown hair was tied up messily, a red hoodie hanging oversized on her thin frame. Her mascara was smudged, which Noah suspected was intentional.

Noah blinked. “Oh uh... hey Mel.”

“Oh,” she said, staring. “It’s you.” Her voice carried a surprising amount of melancholy.

“Yeah... sorry, I wasn’t watching where I was going,” Noah said.

Mel adjusted the wire from her headphones, phone still clutched in her hand. “You almost body-checked me into that tree.”

“I didn’t mean to...”

“I know. Relax.” She sighed, looking away like she regretted saying anything.

Noah stood awkwardly as Mel pulled a piece of gum from her purse and gently placed it in her mouth. He buried his hands in his jacket, standing awkwardly as Mel chewed, examining him.

“How have you been?” He asked nervously.

Mel let out a short laugh. “We’re pretending to be friends now?”

Noah flinched.

“I know your little girlfriend hates my guts,” Mel added with a dry smile.

“I wouldn’t say that,” Noah said, visibly confused. He knew Rachel; it wasn’t in her nature to hate anyone.

Mel rolled her eyes. “Uh-huh. Sure.”

“Well...” Noah scratched the back of his neck. “I don’t hate your guts.”

Mel’s face softened slightly. She turned, stepping toward a nearby bench and sitting down without a word.

Noah hesitated, unsure if Mel wanted him to follow. She glanced up at him, eyes widening in annoyance as she leaned forward expectantly. Noah took the hint, sitting a good distance from her on the bench. They both stared out into the park for a moment. Then, Noah glanced sideways.

“You... coming from class?”

Mel shook her head as she gazed out over the park. “Avoiding it, actually.”

“That's fair. Cafeteria then?”

“Ugh, no, that crap will take years off your lifespan.”

“Right, yeah... Mike had mentioned you like to eat healthy.”

Mel nodded with pursed lips. “I'm sure he did...”

The two stared at the trees in silence.

“What are you in school for again?” Noah asked.

Mel glanced at him with a raised eyebrow.

“What? I'm just curious,” He said.

“Business,” she said finally. “Technically. But I have no clue what I want to do with it. I'll probably just end up working for my dad's firm.”

“Mike said the same thing,” Noah said softly.

“What?”

“Nothing,” he said, then smiled faintly. “I'm just not convinced you don't have any clue what you want to do.”

“Oh yeah?” Mel replied, a hint of challenge in her voice. Noah nodded.

“You don't strike me as the ‘fall into whatever life hands me’ kind of person.”

Mel stared at him for a moment longer. “Promise you won't make fun of me?”

Noah held up a hand. “Promise.”

She rolled her eyes and exhaled.

“I kind of want to... be a health and wellness influencer,” she muttered.

Noah blinked. “Wait, seriously?”

Mel shook her head. “See? I knew you'd think it was stupid...”

“Hey, I didn't say it was stupid!” he said quickly, holding back a grin. “It’s just... that’s exactly what I expected you to say. It’s a good fit, too. I can definitely see it. Honestly, I was more surprised to hear you say you'd just work for your dad.”

Mel squinted at him, then laughed under her breath. “Sstop...” She pushed his shoulder playfully.

“No, really. It feels like a good fit for you. You’re opinionated, you’re passionate, you already don’t trust half the food in the cafeteria...”

“I have good reasons not to trust that crap,” she said, smirking.

“That could be your first video!” Noah said, laughing with Mel.

“I could make it into a series.”

“You could! Honestly, it’s kind of badass. You’d be fighting big pharma and big food... you’d be great at it.” As Noah spoke, Mel’s face lost the usual guard it wore.

“Are you always this nice?” She asked. Noah squinted in confusion.

“I’m... just talking to you?”

“Hmmm...”

A soft wind pushed leaves around their shoes as a bike clicked down the far path. Mel leaned in slightly, close enough that Noah could feel her breath. Noah’s eyes flicked down. Her neckline dipped as she drew close, a sliver of skin catching the light. He looked away instantly with flushed cheeks. Mel laughed.

“I mean, you don't even try to flirt with me,” she paused while looking at him intently. “It's weird.”

“Well, I’m with Rachel,” Noah said matter-of-factly.

Mel held his gaze. She nodded slowly and looked down at her phone. Then shook her head once and let out a deep sigh.

“I can't do this. Look... I have to tell you something.” Mel chose her words carefully, shifting on the bench while staring straight ahead.

“Alright?” Noah said.

“You seem really sweet, so it’s only fair that you know.”

“Know what?” Noah turned his head slightly. Her profile was unreadable.

“Rachel... she was fucking Mike in her apartment all day yesterday.”

Noah blinked. “All day?”

Mel nodded, biting her lower lip. “Yeah. God, I'm so sorry. This fucking sucks, and I really didn't want to tell you, but like... what kind of person would I be, you know?” She rubbed her forearm absently. “Look, I know I can be a bitch, but even I have boundaries. I just thought you should know.”

Noah watched her for a second. He didn't know what surprised him more. The information, or how earnestly she had shared it.

“Thanks, Mel,” Noah said with a genuine measure of gratitude. But his dread outweighed it. And while Mel's honesty was commendable, it would have been better if Rachel and Mike hadn't made honesty necessary in the first place.

“Are you sure? I feel like I'm starting up drama,” Mel said.

“No, really.” He said earnestly, doing his best to minimize the situation. “A lot of people wouldn't have told me. But you did, I genuinely appreciate it.”

Mel stared in disbelief. “You're... welcome.”

They sat in silence for a moment. The breeze rustled above them, high in the trees.

“You seem awfully calm about this,” Mel said, narrowing her eyes.

Noah cleared his throat. “Do I?”

“Yeah. Most people would be bawling their eyes out right about now.” Her nails tapped against the bench. “Do you not care?”

“No... I care.” Noah's voice stayed even. “Of course I care.”

“Then why aren't you losing your fucking mind? She's cheating on you, Noah.”

He scoffed. “Well, I wouldn't call it cheating.”

“How the fuck is it not cheating?” Mel raised her voice, turning toward him fully.

Noah hesitated. This wasn't going as well as he'd hoped.

“Look, I'm just saying it's ok...”

Mel stared. “It's ok?”

“Yes, it's okay, really." Noah wasn't sure who he was trying to convince at this point.

Mel blinked. “What the fuck does that mean? She can fuck other guys?”

Noah exhaled through his nose and shrugged lightly. If this was an attempt to calm Mel down, it was failing miserably.

“Some guys. If we agree to it,” he said.

Mel's eyes widened. Noah glanced at her uncomfortably. She let out one burst of laughter, turning and staring off into the distance with her mouth wide open.

Mel shook her head slowly and scoffed.

"This is so fucking typical," She muttered.

Noah frowned. “What do you mean?”

“Nothing," She said softly before leaning back on the bench and exhaling. "So what, she can fuck whoever she wants?”

“Not exactly. I mean, we talk about it..." Noah trailed off, then rubbed the back of his neck.

“Oh you talk about it, my mistake. That makes it better,” Mel said sarcastically.

Noah laughed uncomfortably. “Saying it out loud makes it sound worse than it is.”

“Does that mean you get to fuck whoever you want to?” she asked, lips curling at the edges. Noah froze.

“We haven't really talked about that,” he said.

Mel raised a brow. She scooted closer to him.

Noah scooted back.

She laughed in response, then she scooted towards him again. Noah, reaching the bench's end, tensed as Mel's smooth, tanned leg touched his. She drifted close and bit her lip, eyes locked on his.

“So you guys only talk when it's convenient for her, huh?" She said playfully.

Noah swallowed. “We just haven't gotten around to it yet.”

Mel pulled back, folding her arms.

“God, you're hopeless. Look, you should be allowed to do whatever you want — but doesn't this feel a little one-sided?”

“I don't know,” Noah said quietly. “Maybe.”

The silence that followed wasn't empty. Heavy with judgment, and he felt every ounce of it. He pulled out his phone, more reflex than reason, hoping the motion might anchor him. It didn't. If anything, it made the space between them feel even more awkward.

Mel noticed.

She sighed, gathered her bag from the bench, and stood. She looked down at him. Noah glanced up, their eyes locking in a strange swell of passion. The breeze lifted her scent again. Noah's eyes marveled at her tan skin, messy hair, high cheekbones, and that wolf-like sharpness to her gaze.

Why were they all so beautiful at Godfrey?

“Listen,” she said. “You're genuinely a sweet guy. Like... to a fault.”

Noah opened his mouth, but she continued.

“So, if you're ever interested in making things less one-sided...”

She bent down and tucked her hair behind her ear, angling her cleavage towards him deliberately. Noah instinctively glanced down, his cock twitching as Mel pushed her breasts together playfully. He promptly bounced his eyes back to hers, catching the triumphant smile forming on her face.

She gently took his phone, fingers quick and casual as she tapped in her number.

“Message me,” she said. Mel's face was close enough to make Noah's heart race.

“T-thanks,” he said, shifting on the bench uncomfortably. He wanted to stand and step away, but the uncomfortable bulge in his pants made that all impossible. He moved a hand to cover it, and Mel noticed.

Of course she did.

She let out a short laugh as she stood upright, amused more than flattered.

“You're fun. I can see why she likes you. I'll see you around, Noah,” She said, giving him a playful wave.

“Y-yeah. See you.”

She turned, walking away down the gravel path, steps light, hips swaying in rhythm. After a few moments, Noah called after her.

“Hey, Mel?” He said.

She stopped and glanced back.

“Yeah?”

“Please... don’t tell anyone. About... what I said.”

Mel looked at him for a moment, her gaze growing somber.

“You’re too fucking loyal to that girl, you know that, right?”

Noah didn’t respond. Mel sighed.

“Don’t worry. Your secret’s safe with me.”

She turned and took a few more steps before pausing again.

“It’s fucked up though, you deserve better,” she called over her shoulder. Mel turned her head just enough for him to see the smile on her face. “You’re also pretty cute. For the record.”

And then she was gone, hair bouncing as she vanished down the path.

Noah sat alone, staring at his phone. Her number was still open in the call field. She hadn’t saved it, as if it were a game of temptation.

All Noah had to do to end this drama was delete her number.

His thumb hovered over the delete button.

Rachel had plenty of men’s numbers, including Mike’s. She even let Mike in for an entire day, and apparently didn’t think that detail was worth mentioning to him.

So why couldn’t he have one number? He wasn’t going to sleep with Mel. It was just part of the college experience. He deserved that too... didn’t he?

Noah tapped Add New Contact and saved it.

Then he stared at the screen.

He didn’t know what he was supposed to feel.

His mind swam with a flurry of images. Of Rachel's full lips wrapped around a pulsing cock, Mike's grip on her waist, Mel's scent, her cleavage, her eyes...

Noah imagined her beneath him, moaning softly as he slowly slid into her.

Noah shook his head, closed his phone, and leaned against the bench.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

And for the first time since Rachel sent that video, he didn't feel good about it.

## Chapter 21

Rachel stepped out of the bedroom in her softest pair of athletic shorts and a cropped tank. She tugged at the hem, giving the illusion of adjusting something that didn't need fixing. She could feel Noah's eyes gravitate towards her as she walked into the living room. At least that meant the outfit was a success.

Sunlight streaked through the cracks of the patio doors' vertical blinds. Cutting across the floor in narrow blades. Noah sat on the couch, hunched forward, elbows on his knees, foot tapping in sharp, uneven bursts. He gave Rachel a polite smile when their gaze met, before looking back down to the floor.

Rachel crossed slowly to the full-length mirror near the window. Its brass edge caught the light, casting a shimmer across her bare thigh. She picked up her makeup brush and gave her reflection a once-over. Her hair was swept up, clean and soft around her cheeks. The gloss on her lips still fresh.

"You look beautiful," Noah said, not quite meeting her eyes in the mirror. Rachel looked at him in the reflection and smiled.

"Thanks," she said, watching him from the corner of her vision. The compliment didn't land right, however. His voice was too quiet, and his body language lacked his usual enthusiasm.

She tilted her head and applied a touch of blush beneath her cheekbones. Accenuating her already golden skin. She glanced back over to Noah, noticing he was still fidgeting nervously.

"Is there something wrong?" she asked carefully.

"Huh? Oh... no. It's nothing," Noah said.

Rachel stared at him through the mirror.

"Alright..." she said. She tried to sound relaxed, but her worry was poorly hidden.

Noah cleared his throat behind her.

"So... how did things go with Mike last night?"

Rachel's heart skipped as she set her brush down. The brush slipped from her fingers, rolling off the vanity and onto the floor, clattering quietly.

"It... went well," Rachel said, going to pick up the brush with a shaking hand.

But that was a lie. It had been more than well.

Mike had been the perfect experience. He had done things Rachel didn't even know were possible. He knew exactly how to take control. How to pull her hair. How to make her beg. How to press his thumb into her mouth mid-thrust and pound her until she was sore.

And he'd made her laugh in a way she never had before.

Rachel prayed the truth couldn't be seen on her face. Noah nodded, his gaze returning to the throw rug beneath his feet.

Rachel breathed through her nose, steady and slow. She leaned forward slightly, tracing a soft shimmer across her brow bone, but her mind was already drifting. Instinctively, she glanced into the bedroom and spotted the side of her bed through the doorframe.

In an instant, she was transported back to that night.

She watched as she leaned over, placing her hands on her sheets before looking back at Mike with a playful smile. She shivered as he slapped his cock against her entrance. Then bit her lip as his hands gripped her hips so tightly that his fingers buried into her skin. She closed her eyes and felt her cheek press into the mattress, her mouth open around a cry as Mike slammed into her with intense thrusts. The bed rocked beneath her elbows, her fingers twisted in the sheets.

She could still feel it.

The pressure. The lust.

A swirl of desire caused her breath to hitch. She shook her head and turned towards the living room, hoping that the memories would fade just as quickly as they came.

She looked at Noah sitting on the couch. The two shared a tense smile.

Then he began to fade away.

And Mike took his place.

She remembered him sprawled across that same couch. Shirtless, grinning, his laugh echoed through the apartment as the credits rolled. As the episode finished, she had climbed into his lap without a word, her knees framing his hips, her fingers drifting down the lines of his abs.

His hands found her waist, pulling her up with a force that left her breathless before guiding her down, slow and steady, onto his cock. Like she was nothing more than a warm, desperate toy.

She rode him hard, the couch creaking beneath them, the TV still playing as her moans bled into the background noise. Her hips slapped against his. Her chest bounced with every thrust he drove upward. She remembered how soaked she was. How tightly she clenched around him.

And when she cried out, Mike dragged her mouth to his and swallowed the sound with a kiss that melted everything else away.

And all of it happened right where Noah sat now.

“That’s good,” he said.

Silence fell between them.

Rachel felt her pulse throb behind her ears. She ran a hand through her hair, trying to gather herself.

Rachel’s lips parted, but no words came.

The silence this time was heavy.

It pressed between them like smoke, thick and slow and suffocating.

She turned slightly. Enough to see his reflection. His hands were clenched together now. Rachel swallowed.

She tried to find something else to fix on her face, some detail she could pretend to fuss over, but she knew it was pointless. Her heart was thudding too loudly for her to concentrate on anything else.

“So,” Noah said, eyes still low. “How long did he stay over?”

Rachel’s stomach tensed. The question struck her like a dart thrown into her chest, hitting her heart perfectly.

Her hands froze above the vanity.

“Oh, it was just a little while,” she said, trying to sound casual.

Noah’s foot resumed its tapping. “Can you define ‘a little while’?”

The air thinned around her. Rachel swallowed. She turned to face him, leaning against the wall in search of any form of comfort.

“He stayed most of the day,” she said carefully. “And... overnight.”

Noah stared blankly. It couldn’t have been more than a few seconds, but it felt like an eternity.

“Oh,” he said.

Rachel’s hands fidgeted with the hem of her shorts. “Is that... okay?”

He gave a shrug while looking back at the floor. "I mean... yeah. We never really talked about that sort of thing."

Rachel nodded as Noah shifted on the couch.

"Did you like hanging out with him?" He asked.

Rachel's hesitation spoke louder than any words could.

She remembered laughing with Mike over takeout and Netflix reruns. She watched him stretch on her sheets like he belonged there. What's more, she remembered how his desire had made her feel. It was unlike anything else she had experienced before. It was primal, playful, and full of passion.

Memories flashed in seconds.

They were half-dressed, eating lunch on the bed, when Mike suddenly grabbed her hips and pulled her down beside him, tickling her until she was breathless with laughter. He'd kissed the corner of her mouth, his palm still sliding under her waistband. She remembered how her giggles had turned into quiet moans as his fingers buried deep into her.

Then he climbed on top of her.

His playful laugh melted into a deep moan of satisfaction as he entered her.

That moan still echoed in her ears.

He drove into her slowly, her legs curled up and open, pinned back as he rocked deep. The mattress groaned beneath them as his chest pressed to hers, one hand groping her breast while his mouth worked her neck.

The way he held her afterward was also unforgettable. His giant arms wrapped around her tightly as heat radiated off his broad chest.

Rachel blinked, and was relieved to be looking at Noah once more.

"He was fun," she said flatly. "But it was really just about the fucking."

Noah nodded, but something behind his eyes flickered.

Rachel stepped forward slowly. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Noah said.

She bit her lip. "Hey... If this was crossing a line, I'm really sorry. I'll ask next time, ok?"

“Yeah, that’s fine, we could also just not have a next time too,” he said, his tone gentle but sharp.

"Oh yeah! I know that. I wasn't saying that I wanted there to be a next time or anything..."

Rachel waited. Noah didn't respond.

She continued to ramble. "I was just saying... that you know in the future... if something like this happens again... I'll be sure to ask about anything new."

Noah looked up at her, smiling gently. “Yeah... That would be great.”

Rachel exhaled. “Okay.”

A few seconds of silence passed.

"I'm really sorry..." Rachel said softly, her lip trembling as she fought to keep her voice steady.

The crack in her voice melted Noah's tension in an instant. He stood without a word, crossed the room in just a few strides, and pulled her into his arms.

"Hey," he said gently. "You don't have to apologize. These things happen."

"Are you sure?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Yeah. This is all new... we're both still figuring it out."

Rachel nodded against his chest. "Alright."

Noah held her a moment longer, his arms warm around her, grounding. She closed her eyes and breathed in his scent.

Silence settled between them again. But this time, it didn't sting quite so much.

Noah exhaled a small laugh, almost to himself.

“What?” Rachel said, a smile forming on her face.

“Nothing it’s just... when you said ‘are you sure’ just now, it reminded me of something.”

Rachel smiled, keeping her head pressed to his chest. “Tell me.”

Noah laughed again. “Alright, you remember that stupid frog puppet from freshman year?”

Rachel laughed. “Oh my god. The one with the googly eyes?”

“Yeah. Do you remember the voice you used to do for it?”

“You remember that?! I've done everything I can to repress it,” she said, already laughing as she stepped back from him.

“You did this weird little British accent—”

“Please, Govnah!” she said in that same awful accent, clasping her hands dramatically. “Are you sure I need to eat the crumpets?!”

Noah burst out laughing. “Jesus! That’s the one.”

Rachel grinned, watching the tension slip off his shoulders.

"And you used to do the nerd voice for the other worm puppet with the glasses, remember?!"

"Oh, come on, no one remembers that."

"Are you kidding? You made the entire class erupt in laughter. I remember," Rachel said. Noah smirked, pretending to push up an invisible pair of glasses.

"You remember me, m'lady?" He said. The two continued to laugh, speaking to one another in their funny voices as Noah's hands trailed down to Rachel's waist.

“I think,” Noah said, pulling Rachel close, “that someone’s in need of a tickle attack.”

Rachel's eyes widened. “Ahhh! Please, Gov'nah!” she shrieked, bolting from the couch while laughing.

Noah followed quickly behind, catching her waist, fingers playfully trailing her sides as her warm laughter filled the apartment.

Noah backed her toward the bed, collapsing with her in a tangle of limbs and laughter.

Rachel rolled on top of him, panting slowly.

For a moment, they just stared at each other.

His hair was a mess. Her cheeks flushed.

She felt the shape of him under her hips. The realness of him. The steadiness.

Then she caught a faint whiff of Mike's cologne still left on the bedsheets.

And suddenly she was staring at him once again.

She heard his laugh. It was deep, confident, and powerfully mischievous. She remembered how he'd tugged her into his chest and playfully buried his face in her hair. Tickling her neck with his

nose until she laughed loudly. She remembered his hand sliding down her back as he rolled on top of her, brushing loose hairs out of her eyes.

Their laughter slowed as he slowly entered her, giving way to soft moans. He leaned down by her ear, whispering something that made her shiver. She didn't dare remember the words. Their bodies moved together like waves, rhythmic, hot, and unhurried.

He could be slow and gentle when he wanted to be.

And he wanted to be with her.

His words flowed back.

“I’ve never felt this before,” He had said.

Then Mike kissed her so deeply she forgot what day it was.

The memory cracked Rachel wide open.

Her chest tightened. She looked down and saw Noah again, his soft brown eyes full of warmth. Of history. Of everything real.

And she knew.

Whatever this thing was with Mike, it didn’t live here.

Noah did.

She leaned down, wrapped her arms around him, and held him as tightly as she could.

“I love you,” she whispered, eyes shut tight.

Without hesitation, Noah wrapped his arms around her in return.

“I love you too,” He said.

They stayed there for a beat longer. No sound but the rise and fall of their breathing. Her head tucked beneath his chin, his hand stroking her back.

Whatever came next, whatever questions still haunted her, they could wait.

For now, Rachel lay on Noah's chest while the sun slowly set.