Chapter 1: Morgan and Me

Chapter Text

Prologue

I never had a girlfriend in high school, but I did have a few girls who were friends. Some of them became really close to me and talked candidly about their trials and tribulations in the world of boys. I'm not sure why the category "boys" didn't seem to include me, but that's how it was.

I entered college with my most sexually explicit memory of the opposite sex being an incidental brush of a breast against my torso, as I comforted my best friend about succumbing to some fuckboy's advances.

My *male* friends in high school all ridiculed me for my lack of success when it came to women. One of them pointed out that since I wanted to be having sex but wasn't getting any, that technically made me an "incel". This infuriated me to no end; the term was loaded with all sorts of connotation. It conjured in my mind a basement-dwelling virgin with poor hygiene in his late twenties or thirties, who spent his time venting his misogynistic views on women on anonymous online forums.

That wasn't how I saw myself at all, and I don't think any of the girls who were friends with me saw me in those terms either. I definitely wasn't disrespectful towards women the way "incel" culture implied. I just hadn't met the right girl... yet.

Although my friends were kind of dicks and liked to give me a hard time, I did have one good friend, Michael, who would reassure me about all this stuff. Mike's theory was that I was just too mature for high school girls. "College will be your time dude, trust me."

Mike turned out to be right! I used the anonymity of college as an opportunity to reinvent myself; nobody there knew me as a perpetually friendzoned virgin. And I *did* have a lot of experience talking to girls, at least; it just had never seemed to develop into a romantic or sexual scenario.

The experience paid off. College girls saw me as mature and experienced. I didn't flinch the way other guys did when they talked about getting their periods, or act weird and jealous if they discussed past sexual encounters they'd had. I was seen as a catch! I knew the tides had turned when I was chatting up a cute girl at a party, and *she* asked if she could kiss *me*.

Chapter 1 - Morgan and Me

By sophomore year, I'd formed real bonds with male friends for the first time: substantive relationships that could become lifelong friendships, in contrast to the assholes I had crewed around with in high school. I'd also made out with a half dozen of my classmates, and lost my virginity to one of them. It was all on the order of casual, no-strings-attached hookups; my younger self would scarcely have believed my fortune.

As great and paradigm-shifting as all this was, the real life-changing event was when I met Morgan.

Morgan, the love of my life.

There's no way a physical description of Morgan could do her justice. Just picture the most attractive girl you've ever met; that's what she is to me.

She was so alluring to me, so physically and emotionally attractive, that I almost reverted to my nervous high school mentality and the lack of self-confidence that came with it.

I suddenly had no interest in those random girls at parties. My crush on Morgan featured fantasies that I'd get to see her naked or hold her hand, naturally, but that was just the tip of the iceberg. I also found myself daydreaming about, say, a zombie apocalypse striking our campus, and how my heroic efforts to keep Morgan safe would lead her to realize how I was a cool person.

In other words, I was down bad.

My friend group shared some overlap with Morgan's, so I was treated to some incidental social contact with her that blossomed into a warm and natural friendship. I was overjoyed by the physical contact this led to during her frequent and totally unselfconscious hugs, and tried to convince myself that her friendliness might mean she was also interested in something more.

I probably would never have mustered the courage to take things to the next level had it not been for the encouragement of our shared friends Bobby and Andrew, whom I lived with in a suite-style dorm.

"So dude, you know Morgan totally has a crush on you, right?" Andrew suddenly told me during a gathering. "She basically has since you started hanging out with us all."

My soul immediately left my body. I heard myself respond, but the specific words I uttered went unrecorded in memory.

Bobby and Andrew exchanged dumbfounded looks at my cluelessness. Apparently, this was a known fact among our group.

"You need to do something about it," Bobby admonished. "Like, man up and ask her out, or just let her down already if you really just want to be friends."

The pressure was on. Nerves fortified with a bit of alcohol, I approached Morgan at that same gathering. She could tell something was up, and apparently my reserves of courage were already tapped because my tongue turned to mush in my mouth when I tried to speak up about our mutual crush.

"Hey Morgan, I..."

She waited, her eyes bright and discerning. I couldn't get it out; the words wouldn't come.

"Yeah?!" She cocked her hips to the side impatiently, arms crossed. It was mind-erasingly sexy. My body took over and I reached out and put a hand on each hip. She put her hands around my shoulders in response. It was happening! *Just say something, you fucking idiot,* I was telling myself.

"Aren't you going to kiss me or something, Tyler?"

It was the best kiss I'd ever had. An hour later, when we'd found somewhere more private to give each other our full attention, she'd apologize and say, "Don't worry. I'm usually a better kisser... I just can't stop smiling right now." It had been the same for me.

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As sophomores we had better options available to us for student housing. I had gotten particularly lucky and, as mentioned, lived in a suite-style dorm: four single rooms all sharing a living space,

including kitchen and bathroom. Morgan wasn't quite as fortunate and shared a dorm with a roommate; at least it was her close friend Emily and not some rando like we'd all been paired with freshman year.

But anyway, the fact that at least one of us had a single bedroom, with its own private locking door, meant lots of opportunity for sex between Morgan and I. Unlike the hazy, alcohol-tinged sex I'd had when I lost my virginity the previous year, we got to really dig in and get to know each other.

Sex with Morgan was *amazing*. Despite having a fantastic body, Morgan was shy about her appearance and dressed in a manner that played down her boobs and butt. But she mustered the courage to push through her shyness, letting me peel off her clothing and reveal her nudity to me, rendering my heart a puddle, my dick a leaking rod of adamantine.

It also proved exciting for Morgan to a degree that made it clear she was discovering something about herself she hadn't realized before. "Oh, god.." she gasped as the fabric slipped over her bare breasts, bringing them into view for the first time. Looking from my eyes, to her own chest to see what I was seeing, her breath ragged and labored. That her naked body was being seen turned her on severely.

After favoring her luscious tits with attention from my mouth and hands, I made to undress Morgan's lower half. First, her pants, loose and not too form-fitting. Morgan in her underwear for the first time, texture of a patch of pubic hair visible through the thin cotton fabric. "Tyler..." she pleaded when I began tugging them down her hips.

She covered herself with the blanket. Too modest for me to see her completely naked. Just showing me her breasts had been a serious adventure.

That first time going all the way together, I would only learn her bottom half by touch.

She felt better than I could have imagined. I had to pause frequently and conjure unsexy images to mind, to keep orgasm at bay. Seeing the effect she had on me delighted Morgan and boosted her confidence. She giggled and moaned hungrily every time I'd suddenly withdraw from her or seize her hips to hold her still to keep the stimulation from making me bust. Eyes shining, chewing on her lip. Her cumming was completely out of the question; I could barely get a steady rhythm going before I'd have to pause and calm myself down.

Comparing notes afterwards, though, we were both blown away by the experience.

Even better was working through our respective sexual barriers together over the subsequent weeks.

For Morgan, the hurdle she had to overcome was me seeing her naked. We had sex three times before I'd be graced by the sight of her pussy.

This was something we had become close and open enough to discuss outside of the bedroom. She *wanted* to be naked for me, wanted to be seen, but the thought terrified her as well. What if I thought her vagina looked ugly? What if I wanted to kiss her "down there", and I didn't like the way she smelled or tasted? She was beet-red as she confessed these fears to me.

With Morgan's hands in mine, I put all my reinvented college self's confidence behind my words. "I will *love* the way you smell," I told her, trying to keep hidden the panic I felt at speaking so directly about her anatomy. "I know I will, because every time we have sex you get so excited that your scent fills the entire room."

“Oh my *god* Tyler..” she protested in embarrassment.

I pushed on. “Morgan, just thinking about it right now is getting me so hot for you. I already know what you smell like. I want more of it so fucking bad.”

“O-okay??”

“So this is what we’re going to do. We’re going to go back to my room, and you’re going to get naked for me. Above the covers. And I’m going to get between your legs so I can get to know you up close.”

“Tyler!” she hissed. “I don’t know if I can. I’m scared.” But she offered no resistance as I led her by her hand.

The girl of my dreams was just letting me march her to my room, to do sex stuff. The entire notion of this was still novel enough to make the proceedings feel dreamlike.

“On a scale of one to ten, how turned on are you right now?” I asked her, pushing the moment, wallowing in it.

“Like, a thousand?!”

“It’s okay baby, we’re going to get through this together.”

Where was this confidence coming from?? It was like the more Morgan acted submissive towards me, the more I was able to assume the role of her commanding lover.

Morgan’s Pussy Reveal was a whole adventure for us both..

“I was already super embarrassed to show you,” she protested. “And that was before I… well, just look…” She was still in her underwear, but her excitement had soaked through and created a dark patch in the gusset of her panties. Hunched over in my bed, looking down at herself, her legs splayed apart.

“Fuck Morgan I *am*, I am looking,” I moaned, moving closer to her and tracing my hands along the patch of wetness as she shuddered. “You look so fucking hot. Can I *please* take these off and look at your.. At your pussy??”

Her eyes were huge at my utterance, my terminology. “Please do it,” she almost spat the words.

Lifting her butt so I could draw her panties down and off her body. Her legs pressed together. A tidy bush, a triangle that disappeared between her lovely thighs.

I traced my fingers through her pubes. “I’m so excited to see you, Morgan. I’m going to open your legs.”

She just nodded as I moved her limbs.

She was fucking soaked.

“Morgan, you’re fucking *soaked*,” I raved.

“Tyler, don't look!” she protested, covering her face in her hands. But even as she said it, her legs opened even wider for me, and her hips tilted to thrust her pussy towards me involuntarily. Her cute little asshole even winked into view.

There was no point in even trying to hold back, on my end. I dove in and began devouring her as I immediately began blowing ropes onto the bed, no contact with my penis having been required to prompt the eruption. It was the most sexually excited I'd ever been. And even post-orgasm, I lost none of my erection or sexual zeal. Amidst Morgan's alternating protests and encouragements, I worked myself up to yet another climax as she ground her cunt into my face and fed me her cream.

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We were pretty much off to the races. We learned a lot about each other and ourselves, sexually.

It turned out that I could actually last okay while we were having sex, provided I bust a load during foreplay. So I was sort of overcoming my barrier as well (my barrier being cumming too quickly when we had sex).

It turned out that Morgan's shyness about her body belied a hidden exhibitionism. She loved showing herself to me, and that it somewhat embarrassed her only enhanced the excitement.

I did everything I could think of to take advantage of it. I turned up all the lights in my bedroom and made her spread her pussy open for me with her hands while I hovered in close. I'd describe to her what I was seeing in graphic detail. As she'd begin writhing and flooding herself with excitement in response, I'd rebuke and admonish her for being so turned on by exhibiting herself.

Actually naming and articulating our sexual endeavors, as we were performing them, was practically as exciting as the acts themselves.

When I told Morgan I had taken notice of, and adored the incidental appearance of her asshole during these interactions, she just about died of shame. I would hear none of it. "I was kind of hoping you'd react like that," I said. "You know what this means, right?"

"Tyler, no!" she protested. But she did know, and her hips had started the involuntarily little thrusts that she does when she's beyond turned on by the thought of something.

"You have to turn over and show me."

"Oh my god."

"You have to spread your ass cheeks apart so I can look at your cute little butthole."

"Fuck. Fuck. Oh my *god*." But she was doing it. She rolled onto her belly and grasped a cheek in each hand. "Like this???"

I wasn't looking at her, yet; I was whispering in her ear. "You have to ask me to look."

"*Tyler?!*"

"You have to fucking beg me to look at you, Morgan."

A deep sigh; a moan that sounded equally like arousal and despair. "*Please fucking look at my asshole up close Tyler!!!!!*" she sobbed. And I was blasting ropes across her back and into her hair before I had even maneuvered down her body to fulfill the request.

We were obsessed. We spent all day looking forward to retreating into the privacy of my bedroom so that we could worship her body together. We were vocal and communicative about everything. I gushed to her about how exciting her sight, smell, and taste were to me. Not that she needed me to tell her, given the loads I was continuously blowing in her presence.

Our dirty talk also involved me shaming her for being a “bad girl”, as if being naked with her boyfriend was some morally decrepit act. Neither of us believed this to be the case, of course, but there was something extraordinarily taboo about roleplaying as if we did. So I’d offer reprimand and beratement over the fact that she was showing me her intimate parts, and for being the type of girl whose pussy got embarrassingly wet from having her boyfriend look at it, *and* for being so depraved as to be aroused by the very castigations I was in the process of uttering, and so on.

I was also sure to provide loving aftercare, always checking in to make sure our risque banter was within her comfort zone; to make sure she’d not felt her honor too sullied.

Of course, sex wasn’t everything between Morgan and I. We also were developing a deep and mature friendship. We had sophisticated conversations about politics, history, philosophy, and they all seemed to hold tremendous import and gravity. You know, the usual college thing where you’re certain the stoned debate in some kid’s dorm holds the key to unlocking the universe’s secrets. But that was how we experienced the world and each other.

This made our dirty talk in bed even kinkier, by contrast. In our public lives, Morgan and I would have identified as progressives, as feminists. We believed it was a woman’s choice to show or not show her body, and that women had a right to #FreeTheNipple and not be sexualized for doing so. That was pretty much the mainstream view on a liberal art school campus like ours, so it made it feel just a little spicier when we privately played up the idea that Morgan was a “bad girl” for owning ladyparts.

Chapter 2: A Kiss on the Cheek

Chapter Text

There was one mutual acquaintance of ours who definitely went against the grain when it came to the social and political norms at our school. That was my suitemate, Ollie.

As I mentioned there were four single rooms in our suite. Bobby, Andrew and I were close friends, but we'd needed a fourth person to claim the suite, and Ollie had been available. We thought he seemed like a decent enough guy.

We were wondering if we'd been wrong.

He was antisocial. He didn't really gel with the dynamic of the rest of the guys. We made some attempt to encourage him to do his share of the household chores, but eventually we just gave up; it was easier for the three of us to just pick up some extra slack rather than deal with his sullen confrontations.

He spent most of his time alone in his room with the door closed. When among us, he'd make untoward remarks about women. This was something we'd normally just ignore, but he particularly seemed to have it out for Morgan. Whenever she was around, he'd without fail find some cause to make a vaguely sexist gesture or remark. Just an eye-roll or sarcastic quip – never quite at the level where I felt the need to address it – until suddenly the line was crossed.

The tipping point came when Morgan overheard him making a rude comment *about her* . Morgan and I had arrived at the suite believing it to be empty; we'd locked ourselves in my room and had a particularly steamy sex session. Afterwards, Morgan ventured into the suite's common area to use the bathroom, donning a towel in case any of the guys returned home.

"What's going on?" I asked when she got back. Something was obviously wrong; an appalled expression on her face.

"So, uh, I guess Ollie is home?!"

"Oh, shit." We'd been louder than usual, thinking we had the suite to ourselves. "Did you run into him?"

"No, but I heard him talking in his room. He was talking *about me!* Tyler, he called me a slut!"

"…What the fuck?"

"I think the exact words were 'I can hear my roommate fucking his *slut girlfriend* again'." From anger or shame, her face reddening.

"What. The. *FUCK* ."

"Yep. I'm not a *slut* , Tyler! Ugh, who the fuck does he think he is?!"

I sighed. God dammit, Ollie. "I suppose I need to say something to him."

"Well, yeah! It's super fucking disrespectful."

"I'm so sorry, Morgan. I'll talk to him."

“He kind of creeps me out, Tyler. I mean can you imagine if he overheard the things we were saying to each other? I’d just die! He needs to stop acting like such a fucking incel and get out of his room and go have a social life.”

Her words stopped me short. Pronouncing him an “incel” awakened the old sting of the high school taunting I’d endured.

“I don’t know if Ollie is an incel, exactly,” I heard myself saying. Why the heck was I defending this guy? “Maybe he just hasn’t come out of his shell yet, ya know?”

But even as I was talking, I knew she was right. Ollie was practically the *definition* of an incel. He fulfilled the stereotype in terms of his appearance, his lifestyle, his views on women.

“Well regardless, he sure acts like one,” Morgan huffed. “But yeah, I’m basically saying the same thing. He needs to come out of his shell and start acting like a human being, and then maybe he’ll stop being so toxic towards us.”

I hadn’t realized she was so affected by the dynamic he brought about. I promised her I would talk to him.

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The talk with Ollie didn’t go well.

“Morgan was *eavesdropping* on me?!” was his response when I confronted him.

“…Of course not. She just happened to be walking by your room and heard you saying something disrespectful.”

“Well what the fuck am I supposed to do about that? I’m not allowed to have my own private thoughts? And discuss them with my friends from home?”

“Not if those private thoughts involve you calling Morgan a slut within her earshot.”

“Well maybe she shouldn’t *act like one* within *my* earshot.”

This was getting nowhere. I bit back a number of angry rebuttals that popped into my head. I decided to try another tack. “Okay, you’re right. I’m sorry we were being loud, that’s not respectful either. We didn’t know you were home.”

“It’s fine, dude.” He turned back to his laptop, cutting off any further conversation.

Morgan was not pleased when I recounted the interaction to her. In her view Ollie owed her an apology, but I’d ended up apologizing to him instead.

The atmosphere in the suite grew increasingly fraught, especially when Bobby and Andrew weren’t around to help dilute the tension.

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“I’m ashamed of how I acted about the whole Ollie thing,” Morgan surprised me by saying one day, while we were walking home from class.

“What do you mean? You didn’t do anything.”

“Well but, exactly! Instead of doing something about it myself like an adult, I made you go confront him on my behalf.”

This particularly stung because I know she hadn't been exactly impressed with the result of that confrontation.

"I'm always happy to stand up for us," I said, trying not to sound like I was arguing with her. "And, I'm also totally supportive if you want to talk to him directly instead. I don't, like, think it's emasculating or some stupid notion like that."

Morgan was nodding. "Good, I'm glad you said that. Because that's the sort of stupid thing Ollie probably believes in, you know? That's part of what I can't let go, the idea that we played into his, like, patriarchal notions of how it's the *man's* responsibility to say something when *I'm* the one who felt insulted."

I squeezed her hand assuringly and waited for her to continue.

Morgan's suggestion surprised me. Her premise was that Ollie was going to keep being difficult and obnoxious so long as he was the odd man out in our suite's micro-community. If we expected warmth and respect from him, we'd have to offer it in kind.

That was my Morgan. Generous to a fault. Lots of room in her heart for optimism towards others.

So we procured some alcohol and exhorted Ollie into joining us in a drinking game.

All of this was more of an ordeal than you might think. For one thing, we were college sophomores, which meant we were all just under the legal drinking age. We'd have to beg a favor from an older student; this took some asking around, but I was able to arrange it.

More difficult was convincing Ollie to hang out.

"Hey Ollie, we're going to play some cards and have some shots. Are you in?"

A snort as he half-turned from his computer to regard me. "What, like a drinking game? Nah."

"Come on, why not?"

"Uhhh, drinking games are stupid?"

"In general, I agree. But it won't be stupid if you play with us. We're fun people, you're going to have a fun time, I promise."

"Nah, I'm good, dude."

I looked helplessly at Morgan, who sprang into action. "Alright Ollie, on your feet young man," she said with a shocking amount of command in her voice. "Sorry, but hanging out with us is mandatory tonight. It just fucking is."

Bobby and Andrew had been following this little confrontation as it developed, and were howling with laughter from the suite's common area. Morgan had always been a big hit with those two from the moment I started bringing her around, but the vibe had gone a bit sour due to the tension between her and Ollie. I was earnestly hoping Morgan's idea would work because it would be good to get things back on track in our living space.

"Ugh, come on Morgan," Ollie protested. "I don't want to-"

"It's fucking mandatory, Ollie!" Andrew shouted from the other room, followed by more guffaws.

“Come on, Ollie,” Morgan persisted. “If it’s not fun you don’t have to keep playing with us. Just give it a chance.”

Peer pressure is a helluva drug; the five of us pulled up chairs around the suite’s dining table and dealt the cards.

The drinking game we played is a demonic invention known as “Asshole”. You are welcome to look up the rather complex system of rules if you’re curious, but the gist was that during every round, one player was designated as the President and another as the Asshole. Being the Asshole meant you were going to have to drink a lot, and being the President meant that you had broad discretion to induce everybody *else* to drink and perform other forfeits of your design, at your say-so.

For a while, it went well. We got into an ebullient mood that was sufficiently infectious, even Ollie was grinning broadly. We were getting very drunk, very quickly.

The problem with Asshole is that it’s a game designed to allow and encourage the infliction of casual cruelty, both by its rules and by the attendant inhibition-lessening lubricant of alcohol. In the ideal circumstance, this was all in good fun, but occasionally things went a little too far.

It was Ollie’s first time playing the game and he’d actually been doing quite well, but during this particular round Ollie was Asshole while Bobby was President. As we played the cards, Ollie let loose a zinger at Bobby’s expense. I don’t remember what exactly he said, but it had been quite well-timed and we all erupted in laughter.

“Oh yeah?? It’s funny?!” Bobby’s eyes lit up with performed outrage. “Fine. As President, I command you to pound the rest of that fuckin bottle.”

There were a good five or six shots left in the bottle we’d been using to pour. Drinking the rest of it was a tall order; far in excess of any drinking forfeit that had been required so far.

“You can’t make him do that!” Morgan protested. “He’ll, like, die!”

“Good!” Bobby thundered. “I hope he fuckin’ dies, after what he said to me.”

An even heartier eruption of laughter ensued at this statement, from everyone but Ollie. Ollie just shouted “ *FINE, ”* and began chugging the remainder of the whiskey.

“Ollie, be careful,” Morgan choked out while continuing to laugh hysterically.

Ollie didn’t complete the forfeit. He suddenly set the bottle down, his eyes wide, a horrible realization dawning in his mind.

“Oh n-” he tried to say, but instead of the vowel, what came out was his dinner. All over himself and the table.

“Oh shit, Ollie!” Morgan cried. She leapt to her feet and ran to the kitchen for paper towels. Bobby and Andrew just laughed even harder, punctuating their laughter with “Dude!” and “*Nasty! ”*

“*FUCK* you guys,” Ollie stormed off into the bathroom. A moment later we heard the shower running.

Morgan returned with the paper towels and, grabbing a wad for herself, thrust the roll at Bobby. “Great job, President. You better hope he doesn’t fall in the shower and break his neck.”

Bobby was apologetic, but wanted it noted that the night's events were surely destined to be the stuff of legend, just based on the sheer volume and distance of Ollie's projectile vomit if nothing else. None of us cared to argue.

Ollie finished his shower and marched straight into his bedroom, slamming the door behind him.

"Ugh, see, you idiots made the whole night backfire," Morgan said. She looked from Bobby to Andrew and I expectantly, but we all sort of gaped at her, not knowing what she was expecting.

"Fine," she said. "I'll go talk to him. I swear, you men and your emotional intelligence.."

"Fuck off!" cried Ollie when Morgan rapped at his door.

"Ollie, can I please just talk to you for a few seconds?"

I couldn't hear the subsequent exchange but Ollie shortly opened his door and Morgan slipped inside. I helped the other boys finish cleaning up.

"Hey Tyler, what do you think she's saying to him?" Andrew wisecracked after a bit. "Better go in there and make sure Ollie isn't seducing your girlfriend."

More giggling ensued, but I scolded them as I bit down my laughter. "Dude shut *up* , you're gonna get us in trouble," I whispered emphatically. "We can't keep clowning on Ollie like this." The idea of Ollie having any sort of seductive powers whatsoever was pretty funny, I had to admit.

All that said, I was pretty curious how their conversation was going. After enough time passed for it not to seem a reaction to Andrew's remark, I approached Ollie's door as well, and knocked. Immediately after knocking I felt embarrassed for having done so – why would Ollie and Morgan need privacy from me? – and opened the door.

Morgan was sitting with Ollie on his bed; he was wearing his characteristically sullen expression.

"You okay, dude?" I asked.

"I fucking told you drinkin games were stupid," he moaned.

I laughed. "Okay okay, you win. You went out like a legend though man. Maybe you'll get Bobby back next time."

"Yeah right, like I would ever play that with you idiots again."

"See? Why do you have to be so mean about everything?" Morgan protested. "First I'm a 'slut', now I'm an 'idiot'. Can't you say something nice about me instead?"

He shrugged, completely unphased by Morgan bringing up the whole 'slut' thing. "I didn't mean you. And who cares, anyway? You have Tyler to say nice stuff to you."

Morgan and I just gaped at each other. Where was he coming up with this shit?

"Ollie, just because I'm Tyler's girlfriend doesn't mean I don't want to have a nice and respectful relationship with you as well. You know guys and girls can be friends outside of just, like, *sex* , right? Now say something nice to me!"

Morgan's choice of words seemed a little strange to me, but perhaps I'd missed some conversational context. I was completely stunned by what Ollie said next.

"Okay," he said, a malicious grin suddenly lighting up his features. "You have a nice ass."

Time stood still for a moment.

“Dude, what the fuck!” I exclaimed while Morgan buried her face in her hands

“What?! She said to compliment her!”

“You can’t just tell my girlfriend she has a nice ass. It’s disrespectful!”

“Inapprope, bro,” called Bobby from the common area of, where he’d stretched out to watch TV. He could hear at least my side of this exchange.

“It’s inappropriate, Ollie,” Morgan admonished. But she didn’t seem angry with him, surprisingly. She still had some sort of bedside manner thing going on. “Can you say something nice that’s not about my body?”

Ollie considered it for a moment. The whole thing was kinda surreal, me standing there in the doorway waiting for his response. Of course, we were all pretty shithoused off the booze.

“Okay,” he finally said. “You have really pretty eyes.”

“Ollie!” she laughed. “My eyes are still part of my body, you know. But that’s very sweet, I’ll take it.”

And then she leaned over and kissed Ollie on the cheek.

I just stared, rather dumbfounded. Ollie blushed like mad as Morgan strode past me out of the room. “See Ollie, if you’re just nice to people, they’ll be nice to you back,” she said over her shoulder as she left.

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We were cuddled up in my bed later that same night; Morgan sleeping over was an increasingly frequent treat.

“So, uh, you kissed Ollie,” I said.

“I didn’t *kiss* Ollie,” she retorted. “I gave him a kiss on the cheek. Like how I greet my parents? You wouldn’t say I ‘kissed my dad,’ would you? Such a horndog, Tyler.”

I immediately felt sheepish. I wasn’t bringing it up out of horniness! But why was I bringing it up? Possessiveness?

“I mean whatever, if you want to slobber on Ollie’s greasy cheeks so badly be my guest!” I dug into her sides where she was most ticklish, provoking the desired reaction.

“That’s the thing, though,” she said a few moments later when her laughter had subsided. “He does think that about himself, you know? That he’s physically unappealing. And then on top of that, he threw up in front of all of us.”

I thought for a moment about what she was telling me between the lines. “So you’re, like, kissing him even though he’s gross to make him feel better about it?”

She didn’t bother to correct my phrasing this time. “He’s a human being, Tyler. You can’t just boil people down to, like, gross versus not-gross. You know, before you came into his room, he was telling me..”

“Telling you what?”

“I dunno. I guess personal stuff. Maybe I shouldn’t just be telling you, even though my instinct is of course to tell you everything.”

I felt a little sting at her saying this, but I mastered it. “No, I get it. Like, you don’t tell me everything that you and Emily discuss either.” A pause. “So, he opened up to you?”

“I mean mostly he was just being a sarcastic ass like always, but kinda, yeah. That was the whole point of tonight, right? To like, make friends with him?”

“It was. It was.”

“So you’re not going to make weird jealous remarks and try to sexualize it if I give Ollie hugs and kisses on the cheek like I do with my family and my other platonic friendships?” Zing.

“No Morgan, what would ever make you think I’d do anything like that?” And I moved in to tickle her once again.

I attempted a transition from tickling into foreplay, but when I tried to slip my hand into her panties, Morgan stopped me short, her firm grip on my wrist signifying the finality of her decision.

—

When I woke up the next morning, the bed was moving with a barely perceptible, repetitive rhythm.

I looked over at Morgan; she was on her back, eyes closed, asleep by all appearances. But was she? Wasn’t there just a small bit of movement visible between her legs, coinciding with the bed’s gentle shaking, and perhaps indicating that her fingers played across her clit?

I shifted my angle to try for a better view. Morgan froze the instant I stirred.

“Baby, are you touching yourself?” I whispered.

Eyes still closed, she grinned the immediate, involuntary grin of the accurately accused.

My hands went to her tits. “Keep going Morgan. I’m watching you.”

Time stood still for a few indeterminate moments.

Then she started again. Very quietly, almost imperceptibly. Her lips parting, breath quickening. Breasts swelling and growing ever so slightly firmer as I squeezed and she played. This was a first: Morgan masturbating in front of me.

This went on for a bit, then she stopped abruptly. “I don’t think I can finish with you watching.”

I held back a sigh. Usually, the fact of me looking at her was like a powerful aphrodisiac. It seemed to apply to everything except actually having an orgasm.

Morgan said she could achieve climax by herself, but thus far it had eluded her during our own lovemaking.

“I woke up feeling *really* turned on,” she said. With the little sharp inhalation of breath that meant she was gearing herself up to do something requiring courage, she took my hand and slid it into her underwear.

She was an absolute mess. I couldn’t even tell what I was feeling, her normally familiar anatomy completely oozed over.

“I want you inside me,” she went on.

“I’ll cum, like, *instantly* ,” I warned, marveling at the information my fingers relayed to my brain.

“I know,” she moaned. “I want it. Just put it in me and let yourself cum. I want to feel how much I excite you.”

Chapter 3: Morgan's Forfeit

Chapter Text

Things with Ollie around the suite improved considerably after that night. He still was given to off-color remarks and a general lack of social awareness, but he was actually socializing with the rest of the guys around the pad for a change.

Way more pronounced of a change was the way he treated Morgan. He'd obviously taken the lesson of being nice in exchange for niceness returned to heart: our normally sullen suitemate now favored her with an eager "Hi, Morgan!" whenever she arrived in our midst. He had compliments for her aplenty; they were *all* about her physical appearance, like, with such rigorous consistency that I had to chuckle at it.

"That's a really pretty dress, Morgan."

"Cute haircut, Morgan."

"Wow, Morgan, I can tell *you* don't skip leg day!"

She was always sure to show some appreciation. Not always a kiss on the cheek, but a hug, a hand placed on the shoulder, an uttered exclamation at how sweet it was for him to have said. Ollie obviously lapped it all up. I was pretty sure this was the most he had ever interacted with a real life human female.

I was trying to avoid sounding like I was thinking about it too much, lest I prove Morgan's accusations of jealousy correct. And I wasn't jealous, really. I mean, how could anybody be jealous of *Ollie* of all people?

In retrospect it goes to show how much my self-conception had shifted. I saw myself and Morgan as being out of Ollie's league to such a vast degree that it ameliorated any true jealousy I might feel over the (admittedly) minor and perfectly appropriate gestures of affection Morgan displayed towards him.

"I wonder if Ollie is ever going to figure out how to compliment somebody about something other than their looks," I said as casually as I could manage.

"I know, right?" Morgan returned. "I figure it's, like, baby steps. At least he's learning how to talk to a girl at all, you know?"

It became somewhat of a theme. Ollie was a project of sorts in Morgan's mind; we were helping him come out of his shell, learn the ropes of social grace. We used general terms like "somebody" and "a girl" but we both knew *she* was that somebody, *she* was that girl.

We also genuinely became friends with Ollie, as was bound to occur. This had benefits and drawbacks.

OIlie was a pretty funny guy, and when he wasn't acting sarcastic and sullen, he could actually be quite charming. And when he *was* being moody, we'd feel the instinctive concern that just naturally happens when a friend is feeling down, rather than simply treating it as an annoyance. And we'd have real conversations with him about his state of mind.

This is also where the drawbacks came in. In some ways, Ollie lived up to the conventions we associated with his type. He had a chip on his shoulder about women and about his perceived hierarchy in male/female relationships. I wasn't sure if this was the same information he'd related

to Morgan during their private conversation that first night, but it eventually came out that Ollie had never had a girlfriend, and that he was pretty sore about it.

I felt ashamed, but I'd shared Ollie's views when I'd been in high school. Tremendous resentment over the fact that even though I was such a nice person, it was the stereotypically hot guys who seemed to have all the luck, particularly with the girls who had "friendzoned" me.

I also knew, though, that this whole notion was completely backwards. Nice guys *did* get the girls in the long run; Morgan and I were proof of this. So I had some investment in the notion Ollie could undergo a similar evolution as I had.

In retrospect, it might have been a bit patronizing for Morgan and me to regard Ollie as someone we had the right or duty to "fix," but I wasn't so self-aware at the time.

Meanwhile, it did promote a healthier dynamic in our household. In the spirit of gradually acclimatizing Ollie into our socio-political worldview, we tried to take his more offensive remarks in stride, and have productive discussions with him instead of just argue or dispute.

—

We had, certainly, our limits of what we could take in stride.

Morgan, Ollie and I had the suite and much of campus to ourselves for a weekend. It was a minor holiday and many students, whose parents lived in proximity to campus, had gone home. Those for whom a plane flight or long car ride might have been required opted to stay at school.

Most campus facilities were closed, the weather sucked, and we were somewhere between bored and actively miserable over it. There was just nothing to do. Well, Morgan and I could have been holed up in one of our rooms having sex, but Ollie seemed to be hanging around us in a way that was almost clingy and I we couldn't figure out the angle to get rid of him. Plus, I suppose, it would have been pretty rude, considering we were all stuck in this dreary situation together.

"Let's play Asshole," Ollie suggested, not for the first time.

"There's nobody to buy us booze," I countered, also not for the first time.

"Ah, but I have a plan," Ollie said. "We just go to the liquor store, aaaaaaaaand.." he waved his hands in a magician's flourish "I'll *buy us a bottle* ."

"How? You don't have an ID."

(This was a euphemism for a *fake* ID; e.g. one which falsely asserted the bearer was of drinking age.)

"So? Maybe they won't check. I look like I'm over twenty-one."

Ah, so this was Ollie's brilliant plan. To simply not get ID'd at the point of purchase. "Man, we don't have a car, it's a long walk, it's raining, and then there's like a good chance you'll get turned away…"

"Oh I see, you'd rather be a little bitch than go on an epic booze quest with me."

Always with the gendered insults. Not that Morgan hadn't cracked a grin at the remark in spite of herself.

"Fine. You win. Let's go."

Forty-five minutes later, a beaming Ollie emerged from the liquor store clutching two handles of whiskey, victorious.

We were soaking wet by the time we got back to campus. The card game was a bit more awkward with only three players, and the torrential rain outside didn't help add any ambient cheer. However, the sheer force of booze eventually prevailed and we all got loopy and involved in our conversation.

We were sufficiently drunk that we had to nerf the game's drinking rules lest we all overdo it. The game already provided a mechanism for this, as the President had discretion to customize forfeits. It morphed into some sort of truth or dare / "never have I ever" scenario.

It actually got pretty racy.

There was some interrogation of one another's sexual history. Ollie was being quite forward. He asked if the two of us had been virgins before we got together. Neither of us had been. He questioned us about our body count. I'd had one previous sexual partner; Morgan had had two – she'd had a serious boyfriend in high school, and then a random party hookup freshman year of college similar to what I'd experienced.

It felt pretty strange finding this out about her at the same time as Ollie. The discussion of such personal details seemed to leave Morgan a bit abashed as well.

She tried turning the tides, asking Ollie about his sexual history. "You fucking know I don't have any," he scowled at her.

"Not even like, slow dancing at a high school dance?"

"Yeah right, like I went to any dances in high school."

His questions got raunchier, less guarded. He asked what Morgan's cup size was. He asked if the two of us had done anal. I was particularly shocked when he asked about the size of my penis.

"Tyler's penis is *beautiful* ," Morgan had gushed in response to the last one.

"Not what I asked," Ollie snorted.

"How big is *your* dick, asshole?" I countered.

"Bigger than yours, bro."

"Dare you to whip it out so we can compare, bro."

"Woah, woah, calm down dude! I know you want to see my dick real bad, but get your mind out of the gutter."

Morgan, for her part, was doubled over with laughter at our ridiculous machismo.

The night went on in this vein, the conversation becoming increasingly ribald until Ollie suddenly crossed the line following his victory in the latest round of cards.

"As President," he slurred, "I decree that Morgan's forfeit is to show her tits!"

I slumped in my chair, burying my face in my hands. "God dammit, Ollie," I moaned. Morgan was reacting in much the same manner. Of *course* he had to go and say something completely inappropriate and ruin a fun night.

“What?! It’s a dare. We’ve been doing truths and dares all night.”

“Ollie, why do you always have to act like such a porn-brained *incel* about everything?!” Morgan retorted with a ferocity that took me aback. “‘Oh, we’re doing dares so that means the girl has to flash her tits’ … can’t you just treat me like a *person* ?”

Ollie was livid, storming from the table. “I didn’t *mean* anything by it. I just thought we were having *fun*,” he spat. “You’re such a *bitch*, Morgan!” And he slammed his door behind him.

We sat in stunned silence.

“Fuck,” Morgan said.

“Morgan, I’m so sorry. I’ll go talk-”

“No. It was completely my fault. I need to go apologize to him.”

Woah. Morgan wanted to apologize to Ollie?? “Morgan, he called you a bitch..”

She sighed. “I *was* being a bitch. He’s right, we were all saying inappropriate things. I was the one who started in with the name-calling.”

I shook my head. “Telling you to show your boobs was out of line. Even in the context of whatever else was said tonight.”

She shrugged. “Well, it’s Ollie. He’s still getting the hang of all this. And you *did* tell him to show us his dick”

I had obviously not actually wanted Ollie to pull his dick out, but I could see her point. It made me feel less certain of the righteousness of our indignation at his remark.

She sighed. “I’ll take care of it.”

They were in his room talking for a while. I confess, I might have started to feel the slight prickle of jealousy. After all, we were all quite drunk, inhibitions lowered, and somehow my girlfriend was in this kids room apologizing to him for getting angry at having been asked to show him her tits!

Just as I was wondering if I should get up and check on them, and what pretext I should use for having done so, Ollie’s door opened and Morgan slipped out. “Seriously,” she was saying, “that’s really not how I think of you. How any of us do.”

“Whatever. I get it. I’m sorry I called you a bitch, too.”

“I know.”

It kind of rankled me how flippantly he referred to the ‘bitch’ remark, but it didn’t seem to bother Morgan.

Something was, in fact, going on in Morgan’s mind. She’d paused in his doorway, about to close it, some indecisiveness causing her to hesitate. She glanced over at me and broke out into a grin.

“Hey Ollie?” she said. “All that said… what do you think about *this?*” And then, in a blink of an eye, she whipped up her shirt to her neck, her braless bare tits bouncing mesmerizingly into view in the well-lit hallway.

It only lasted a tiny instant. But it was an instant in which time refused to advance.

"...What the fuck?!" exclaimed Ollie? It was already over, Morgan cackling with glee as she fled from his sight, pulling her clothes back into place, his door swinging shut behind her.

She regarded me with a look of triumph.

"What was *that?! "* I exclaimed. "You just flashed Ollie!"

"I know!! Can you believe it! You should have seen his face Tyler." She was still giggling to herself about it.

"But that's! He's! I'm!" I couldn't get the words out.

"I got him *good*," Morgan went on, enormously pleased with herself.

She gave me the breakdown of how their conversation had gone. As Morgan had suspected, being called an "incel" had cut Ollie deep, and she'd spent some time apologizing for the wound she'd inflicted. She had overreacted, she told him; the whole point of the game was to make racy suggestions, and while it was true that his had been beyond her comfort level, all that meant was that he had won the round; welching on a forfeit was perfectly within the rules.

"I guess in the end he didn't win the round, though."

"Exactly. In the end, I won. Also, can you believe I had the guts to do that? Remember how shy I was showing you my boobs the first time? And you're my *boyfriend!*"

I didn't really know how to respond, other than to reach up and start fondling her breasts, since we were talking about them.

Morgan groaned appreciatively. "Let's go to your room and have sex."

—

The thing was, Morgan flashing Ollie had definitely made me jealous.

I didn't feel like I had much basis to complain. What was I going to do, police Morgan about her body? I'd been encouraging her to open up since we met; with me in bed, obviously, but also in terms of emphasizing how she should have the confidence to dress in more revealing clothes and things of that nature. I mean, who doesn't want to see the girl they love showing a little skin?

Our school was a very sexually liberal environment in general. Women wore skimpy clothes around the mixed-gender dorms and at costume-themed parties, and even got naked for their fellow students's art projects with regularity. Morgan was one of the more reserved and conservative women on campus when it came to this sort of thing, so it would have been totally out of line for me to about-face and start giving her grief for an innocent little prank the moment she started acting more confident about her body.

And I *liked* that this was the case, culturally. I loved being in an environment where women could show their bodies and be sexually liberated without fear of slut-shaming.

Yet... *Morgan had showed Ollie her breasts* . The breasts Morgan had so intimately revealed to me just a few months back, overcoming her hesitancy and, in doing so, signifying the special, romantic connection we had.

I tried to tell myself that I wasn't the jealous type, I wasn't a prude about my girlfriend's boobs, and convince myself I felt casually about the whole thing, that it was no big deal. But the truth was my heart plopped into my stomach whenever I recalled the event itself.

Which I did, frequently. The thought was like a wound I couldn't stop picking at.

Against my better judgment, I brought this all up with Morgan.

"I keep thinking about how you flashed Ollie," I said.

"Really? That's funny, I keep thinking about it too."

This was unexpected; I'd been bracing for some sort of reprimand over not being able to let the event go. *Plop* , went my heart.

"...Well?" she prompted.

"No no, you go first!" I grinned at her, doing my best to perform a relaxed attitude quite at odds with the butterfly hurricane raging in my belly.

"Well, it's like, I know that it wasn't *actually* a big deal. I mean, girls flash their boobs all the time. And it was, like, a prank. Not anything sexual or anything." She was speaking quickly, the words pouring out of her. "But even so, something about it just seems so.. I dunno, naughty? Bad? Like even though I know I didn't do anything wrong, some part of me can't help thinking of it as like a *bad girl* thing to do."

This sounded disconcertingly similar to the sort of stuff Morgan and I would say to each other in bed, talking dirty. Admittedly, the frequency and intensity of those conversations had subsided somewhat; as Morgan became more accustomed to me seeing her naked, it became harder to play up the idea that her nudity in my presence was anything taboo.

"It wasn't a bad girl thing to do," I found myself reassuring her. "Like you said, it was just a prank."

"Oh, I know. But, like! It's kinda fun to think of it that way anyway??"

I gulped. "Kinda like how when we're playing together, and we talk about how you're a 'bad girl' for showing me your pussy and stuff, even though we both know it doesn't *really* make you bad?"

"Kinda!"

"But, I thought that stuff was exciting to you because it was with me. Like, with your boyfriend."

She squeezed my hand reassuringly and drew herself in closer to me as we walked together. "You *are* what makes it exciting. You think I couldn't see the look in your eyes when I did it? You were *appalled* . You looked like you wanted to devour me alive."

Plop . What the fuck was she saying?

"Ollie's not even a factor here, basically," she continued. "But my hot-as-fuck boyfriend, getting all jealous and possessive over me being a bad girl? *That's* what's sexy."

"I'm not jealous," I protested.

"Yeah? Cool, then you'll have no problem if I start showing him my boobs regularly then? Or I could *really* blow his mind and accidentally drop my towel on my way from the shower, let him see me *completely naked* .. That wouldn't make you jealous either, right?"

I know she was just trying to get a rise out of me, but damn if she wasn't doing a number on my head. My palms immediately grew sweaty. "Y-you're not really going to.." I choked.

She grinned impishly at me. “Don’t you want to go home with your bad girlfriend and punish her for being so naughty?”

—

Afterwards, we picked up our conversation where it had left off.

“So why did *you* bring up the thing with Ollie?” she asked.

I shrugged, feeling open and honest in our post-coital bliss. “Jealous,” I admitted.

She was tracing her fingers on my chest. “You don’t need to be, you know.” It was hard to argue in that moment; a moment in which it felt like we were each other’s, completely.

“I know.”

“Is it really bad? Is it something you’re preoccupied with?”

“Nah. I guess a little. Maybe not anymore, now that we’ve talked about it.”

The conversation lapsed for a bit while we cuddled.

“Do you *mind* if I make you a little jealous?”

“…What do you mean?”

“Well,” she squeaked shyly, “like I said it’s a little exciting, seeing that look in your eyes.”

“What look?”

“The look that says you can’t believe the things I’m telling you, that I’m blowing your mind.”

“Oh. That.”

“So, I can?”

“Can *what* Morgan?” The words came out more forcefully than I’d intended. “What are you suggesting exactly?”

“I dunno,” she said, wounded, like I’d made her feel stupid. “Do things to make you jealous.”

“…”

“…”

“… Such as?”

“I dunno tease Ollie sometimes or something,” she murmured rapidly, clearly embarrassed by the suggestion and forcing out the words before her scruples got the better of her.

“So you DID mean all that stuff! Dropping your towel and all that.” My tone continued to get away from me, becoming accusatory.

She shrank back. “But you said it wasn’t *really* bad,” she protested. “I’m not really a ‘bad girl’ just because, like, I have a body. It’s just, like, a game that we..”

I couldn’t keep up my stern posture, not when she was on the defensive. I reassured and comforted her. “You’re right baby, you’re right. You don’t have anything to feel bad about. You’re just trying to have fun and be kinky with your boyfriend.”

“…Yeah?”

“Yeah. My sexy, kinky fucking girlfriend,” I said, as we began round two of our lovemaking. But internally, my mind was reeling.

Chapter 4: Teasing Ollie

Chapter Text

Our sex life had shifted from exploratory to more well-defined and settled. What could have been written off as initial fumbling was now solidifying into established fact.

Looking back, we had a pretty strange dynamic.

After a few shy and hesitant attempts at oral, Morgan pretty much stopped taking any initiative that resulted with my dick in her mouth. I didn't really have a problem with this because I drastically preferred going down on her. Receiving oral sex from Morgan caused me to retreat into a self-conscious mental state. It was something like stage fright: suddenly every strand of her hair that tickled my pelvis was an urgent reminder to hurry up and express the proper enjoyment to Morgan for what she was doing, so that she could finish and we could move on to the next thing.

During these experiences, before we dropped them from our sexual repetoire, I'd moan and tell her how good her mouth felt on my dick. But, we could both tell these were premeditated comments rather than utterances brought about by the heat of the moment. By contrast, when I had my face buried in Morgan's vagina, I was apt to lose control completely and prematurely ejaculate while cursing / praising her body and its lewdness.

Morgan really had tried to pamper me with the oral sex. She'd made an effort to play it up the same way I had, complimenting my dick's appearance and taste and scent. I was self conscious about both, of course. I put effort into making sure I was always presentable for her, keeping my pubes closely trimmed and my penis clean and fresh. And she seemed to appreciate it. But, it was obvious that she wasn't getting as excited over it in the same primal fashion as I. After all, I was having hands-free orgasms just from tasting her cunt.

So I was going down on Morgan more and more, and cumming while doing so. She stopped going down on me completely and she had still not had an orgasm in my presence.

Morgan insisted that her failure to bust was not that big of a deal. She could have orgasms via masturbation, but only in total privacy and only by the most subtle manipulations of her clit. She tried to teach me, but it was obvious from her patient smile that I wasn't quite getting the spot and rhythm correct. "It's really hard even for me to do it," she assured me.

She explained that the difference between a high state of arousal and actual orgasm were not too pronounced for her, and she was more than satisfied with the degree of excitement she experienced during our lovemaking.

—

I finally got to see what she meant a few weeks after our conversation about teasing Ollie.

Nothing immediately came of the conversation. In fact, in the aftermath of being flashed by Morgan, Ollie retreated into his more incel-like behaviors. It wasn't that he resumed making inappropriate comments around Morgan; in fact, he'd begun making himself rather scarce in her presence. When she wasn't around, he'd lay it on thick, voicing his disgust about the female "options" available on campus and deeming our peers to be "vapid sluts". A true sour grapes mentality.

I couldn't figure out the guy. A kiss on the cheek brings him out of his shell, a glimpse of a woman's chest sends him back into it.

The weather stayed gloomy; our schoolwork intensified and became daunting.

Morgan's roommate and close friend, Emily, had gotten serious with a guy named Kevin. Kevin was now constantly in Morgan and Emily's room, which meant Morgan was more frequently at the suite.

"It's a lot," she confessed, a bit uneasy over betraying her sisterly bond with Emily and complaining about her to me. "He, like, comes back from the shower in his towel and it's just expected that I'll step out of *my* room and give him privacy to get dressed. And, like, she is just totally cool with this new status quo."

"It's her first serious boyfriend. She's too excited to think about boundaries," I offered. "Means I get more of you to myself!"

Indeed, Morgan was sleeping over more often and showering at the suite instead of in her own dorm building's communal shower. Her increased presence made Ollie's behavior pronounced and undeniable; the dude was in some sort of cold war with my girlfriend. He simply would not be caught in the same room with her. When subtlety failed to provoke a reaction, he began ramping it up, all but throwing up his hands and storming out of the common area whenever she'd enter it.

That was about how things stood when one day I returned from an evening class to find Ollie relaxing in the living room. "Hey man," he said by way of salutation.

A bit taken aback by the uncharacteristic warmth, I exchanged greetings with him and made my way to my room, wondering why Morgan hadn't been returning my texts. Surprisingly, she was there in my bed, Ollie's rare presence in the common area normally a reliable indicator she wasn't around. But there she was, fresh out of the shower, a towel wrapped around her hair, the sheets pulled up to her shoulders. Which were bare, promising nudity.

"Finally," she said. "Will you please get in bed with me so we can play?"

My mouth immediately went dry; she was downright thirsty for me in a way she hadn't been in some time.

"I want to show you something," she said with urgency once I'd joined her, guiding my hand between her legs to where she was already soaked.

A few minutes later, I'd already cum myself, and was thrusting my semi-hard dick into warmth, trying my best to extend the encounter for her. It was, at this point, the sort of sex where the energy was winding down instead of building to another climax for me, and eventually I slid off her and to her side, relodging the head of my dick inside her while I stroked her tummy and boobs.

With an impish glance, Morgan reached down between her legs. The second time she played with herself in my presence, but this time we were above the sheets and I could see everything.

"So," she said. "I finally got to tease Ollie again."

My heart stopped beating for a moment; or maybe time itself had slowed. "Oh yeah?" some calmer and more collected person said with my voice. "Did.. something happen??"

"Uh, yeah!"

Thump, Thump went my heart.

She continued, "So, you know how he's been acting like all…"

“Yep. The Cold War.”

“Well so I came over, and I knew you wouldn’t be home but I needed to take a shower and, you know. Emily and Kevin,” with a roll of the eyes.

“Yeah.”

“So I knock and finally Ollie answers, and of course he just mutters at me and flees into his room. So I grab my stuff from your room and go to take a shower. And like, not two minutes later Ollie starts pounding on the shower door.”

“What the fuck?”

“I know! So I was like, can I *help* you? And then he *opens the door!* ”

“Oh, wow. You didn’t have it locked?”

“I mean, I guess not. I don’t really pay attention to that because it’s so obvious when somebody is using the bathroom. Light’s on, shower’s running… Nobody’s ever so much as tried the handle before while I was in there.”

“So what did he do?? Did he try to come in and get a peek, or..”

Morgan was still rubbing herself while we conversed, and I swear she ground against me a little harder at the suggestion. As well, my dick betrayed me, swelling at the thought.

“No, he just cracked the door and started whining at me from the hall.”

“About..?”

Dropping her voice to do her hilarious Ollie impression: “‘Morgan you’re always here showering and stuff, when are you going to be done, I have to pee.’ I told him I just got in here and to wait! But then it occurred to me that this was finally an opportunity to mess with him, you know? So then I said ‘….Or, you could just go pee. Unless you’re too shy.’”

“You told him he could pee while you were showering??”

“I didn’t think he actually would! And I mean it’s not like he could see anything either way.”

The shower curtain was, indeed, completely opaque; not even a silhouette would have been visible. Nonetheless, Morgan had invited Ollie into the suite’s tiny bathroom with her, where she’d be stark naked mere feet from him. While he pulled out his gross incel penis and urinated. Anxiety coursed through my veins. My dick throbbed back to life in spite of itself, which Morgan noted and ground against appreciatively.

“But he did come in,” I prompted.

“No! He was way too much of a coward.” Relief and, strangely, disappointment at this. “I don’t know if he even did have to pee or if he just wanted to harass me.”

“So what did he do?”

“He just stood there at the doorway, not saying anything. I was like, come in and pee or close the door so the cold air stops getting in.”

“And..?”

“You’re not going to fucking believe the next thing he said.”

“???”

“He goes, ‘So I guess Tyler is mad at you since you flash other guys.’”

“… You’re joking.”

“I’m completely serious. Like, he semi-barges into the bathroom while I’m showering, and then he starts launching into all this!”

I was astonished. “How did you react?!”

“I mean, you know how it is with Ollie and his whole mentality. I had to resist taking the bait and arguing about it, which can quickly lead to me saying things I’ll regret. Like, ‘no, my wonderful boyfriend doesn’t view my breasts as his *property* because he’s not an *incel* like you.’”

“Yeah,” I considered her words. “Well, in all fairness I did get kinda jealous when you flashed him, though..”

“Mmm!” she moaned. “Yeah but it’s just, like,a knee jerk emotional response. And we both talked about it and we’re being mature adults about how it’s a natural emotion to feel, but it’s not based on anything *real* right?”

“…”

“Like, even if I *was* the sort of girl who is open with her body, which I don’t really think one isolated event proves that I am necessarily but whatever, that wouldn’t actually be something that you should be mad at, right?”

“… No, of course not.”

“And like, maybe if Ollie has more interactions with girls that are positive for him, he’ll stop being, well, the way he is. And plus, I mean, we even talked about how it could maybe be exciting, for us? Like… sexually?”

“I… yeah.”

“Good. Because you might be a little jealous when you hear what all happened.”

Plop.

“Okay… keep talking?!” I said.

“See? You’re getting really hard again,” Morgan pointed out, accurately. “So anyway, I decided to tease him instead. I said, why would Tyler be mad that you saw my boobs for literally half a second? He gets to see them *and* touch them and do other things with them, and you probably can’t even remember what they look like.”

“You didn’t fucking say that.”

“I swear to god I did. And he immediately was like, ‘Shut *up* Morgan!’ so I knew I struck a nerve. I felt *powerful*. So I was all, ‘I think *you’re* the one who’s mad. You know that every day Tyler gets to play with the nicest boobs you’ve ever seen, and all you got was that one tiny glimpse.’”

“Oh my god.”

“And he, like, lost his shit Tyler.”

“What… what happened?!”

“He just started unloading all this stuff on me. He said YES he was mad, that it was fucking driving him nuts. That they weren’t just the nicest boobs he’d ever seen, they were the *only* boobs he’d ever seen. How it’s so unfair that other guys get to have girlfriends and all he gets is to be tortured with a glimpse of what he’ll never have. On and on. He was really wallowing in it.”

“And? How did you respond??”

“I was being a *bitch* Tyler. I don’t know what it was but I was just, like, high on my power over him. I straight up *laughed* while he was telling me all this.”

“Holy shit, Morgan.”

“Yeah, it was crazy. Like, I told him I was *glad* he felt this way, because his behavior ever since I flashed him proved that he wasn’t worthy of getting to see my boobs after all.”

“…”

“I was like, ‘nothing you’ve done since then has made me even *slightly* inclined to let you see them again.’ And, fuck! Tyler! He started *begging me to tell him what he could do to change my mind!*”

“This is fucking crazy.”

“It was so crazy. I was, like, possessed. I started dictating terms.”

“Morgan. Wow. Fuck…” I was properly, openly fucking her now, hanging on her every word.

“I told him, you know, the usual stuff. To stop hiding in his room whenever I’m around, to try and make an effort to be more social, to stop making comments that show how he thinks of women as objects. He, like, vehemently agreed to everything I said. He was practically blubbering.”

“What did you… what..?”

“I told him *good* and that I would think about it, and to please close the fucking door already. But he was, like, totally gone at this point. Just begging me. *‘Please* let me see them again Morgan, *please*, I *swear* I’ll do all that stuff.’ It was honestly so fucking undignified but, like, wow. So I just said ‘ugh, *fine*’ with as much contempt and disgust as I could and ..”

“…”

“.. and I opened the shower curtain!”

“You…?!”

“Like, I was *completely* naked in front of him. He was only like two feet away from me in the doorway. He could see everything, my tits, my .. *pussy* …”

“How did he… What did he..”

“He was *flabbergasted*. He just gawked at me for like two or three seconds, and then muttered ‘thanks’ and literally, like, tried to flee in terror. And Tyler, I stopped him. I fucking told him to wait.”

“*What?!*”

“I said, you better not expect this to happen again any time soon, so make sure you get a good enough look so you can remember this time!”

“*Morgan!*”

“Yeah, Tyler. Fuck!”

“Did he… how were you, like, positioned??”

“Mmmph!” she moaned appreciatively at my desire for this detail, her fingers moving more urgently across her clit. “I wasn’t even, like, posing sexy or anything. Fuck! I should have been! I just had my hands on my hips all matter-of-factly. Ugh I probably looked so silly, just standing there showing him my pussy!”

And that’s when it happened. Her vagina clamped down hard on my penis, her whole body seizing and remaining still for what seemed a small eternity, until finally she opened her eyes again with a powerful exhale.

“I just came,” she announced proudly, her eyes shining.

—

Morgan lied there contentedly, basking in the afterglow of her first orgasm in my presence.

It didn’t seem like more details were forthcoming. I tried to talk myself out of asking, but I couldn't help it. “Can you…” I asked timidly, “Can you keep talking about what happened?”

“Mmm, it’s fucking hot that you want me to.” There was a pause and a look of uncertainty that flitted across her face, and for a moment I braced myself for what else she had in store to confess to me.

“But there’s nothing more to tell,” she murmured sweetly at last. “The sight of your nude girlfriend was more than he could handle, like, he just stared for a few seconds and then made a beeline for his room.”

“You know what he did once he got there…”

“You think he *fapped* to me?” Morgan teased, using a term she’d ridiculed me over when I’d first introduced her to it.

“Guaranteed.”

“Gross, Tyler!” she said, but she writhed against me excitedly.

“But he *was* hanging out in the living room when I got home. Even was nice to me.”

“Well, duh. He’ll do anything if it means he gets to see me naked again.”

“So now it’s not just your boobs. He’s gonna get to see you naked from now on…”

My statement hung in the air between us.

“Would that be okay?” she finally uttered, hoarse with excitement. “I’d really like that.”

I wasn’t courageous enough to vocalize the permission she sought. Or to push back against it, if that's indeed what I wanted to do – I wasn’t sure. My only response was to squeeze her hand

reassuringly as I cuddled her from behind. She was in such a state, her body practically quivered in my arms.

Chapter 5: Kissing Lessons

Chapter Text

I felt the undercurrent of panic threaten to tug at me, unsure of what exactly we had agreed to the previous night.

To get a grip on my emotions, I tried to think through the situation rationally. Morgan was practically living in a suite and sharing a bathroom with four college-aged men; it was inevitable that somebody was eventually going to catch a glimpse of her in a state of undress. Regardless of whatever psychological hijinks surrounded the event, nothing too wildly indecent or inappropriate had technically occurred.

On the other hand, I couldn't deny that the three of us were involved in some sort of bizarre and kink-oriented scenario. Despite whatever excuses about "fixing" Ollie we concocted, there was legitimate sexual tension between Morgan, myself, and our physically and socially unappealing incel housemate. Morgan had shared her first orgasm with me while relating an encounter in which she'd intentionally displayed her nude body to Ollie. Displayed it and taunted him with it.

So it was with a degree of trepidation that I faced the next day. Bracing myself for what interacting with Ollie would be like, wondering what excuses Morgan would contrive to make good on her promise to allow him to ogle her further.

At first, I was relieved when my fears turned out to be purely theoretical. It wasn't like Morgan just started walking around the suite naked, or barging into Ollie's room to undress for him. Instead, things just went back to normal. Or whatever "normal" meant in the always-weird social atmosphere of the suite.

Despite whatever discussion he'd had with Morgan about being more social in exchange for certain incentives, Ollie kept to his room, perhaps even moreso than usual. The only indication that the nude interaction had taken place at all was the fact that when we did encounter Ollie, he was a lot more civil towards us. The "cold war" between him and Morgan had ostensibly ended.

As Morgan flashing Ollie and the associated anxiety and excitement receded in memory over the coming days, some part of me yearned for at least part of those feelings to return.

I finally brought it up with Morgan while we were walking across campus together. It should be talked about, I told myself; it's what a mature couple would do.

"Can we, uh, discuss the whole thing with you flashing Ollie?"

"You wanna talk about it *now?*" She grinned devilishly. "You don't want to, like, get in bed together and then talk about it?"

"Oh, I didn't exactly mean.. Why, did something happen?" The question just came out as suddenly as it occurred to me to ask it.

"No, nothing else happened since the shower incident. Why, do you want something to have happened?"

Plop, went my heart. "N-no! I don't want you, you know, doing things behind my back!"

"That's not what I meant!" she protested. "Sorry. You just seemed, like, I dunno."

"Like what?"

She shrugged. “Like, excited that maybe something might have happened.”

I was pretty sure the look she’d seen was more along the lines of panic than eagerness, but I didn’t want to admit to being so neurotic and jealous over all this. I was supposed to be supporting Morgan as we discovered each other and ourselves sexually. We had discussed the fact that she had somewhat of an exhibitionist streak to her and it would be totally unfair for me to about-face and shame her over it so suddenly.

“I didn’t mean to put it so accusingly,” I said, in damage control mode. “I just meant, like, if something *had* happened, I hope you would feel comfortable telling me, is all.” I dropped my voice. “*I love that you’re my kinky girlfriend*.”

She beamed at this and squeezed my hand.

A few moments later, she said with a pout, “But no, nothing’s happened!” Her open frustration surprised me and immediately increased my already quickened pulse.

“Yeah, I don’t see what opportunity you’ve had to tease him,” I said, feeling brave to have uttered the words aloud. “He’s still hiding in his room all the time.”

“Oh, he’s asked me about it a bunch of times already,” she said.

He had? When?? What had he said?! A million questions assaulted my brain.

“He… He…” I stammered.

“Oh my god, Tyler, you should see your face right now! Of *course* he’s bringing it up. He wants to see me naked again so badly.” Her eyes sparkled with mischief. “I mean, he wasn’t super direct about it or anything. But every time I’ve been in the common area and you’ve, like, gone to the bathroom or something, he suddenly appears out of thin air and just starts saying, you know..”

“Saying what??” I was emphatically failing to maintain my cool.

“Just how I’m right about how he needs to be more social, how he hopes I notice that he’s been putting in an effort, all that. You know, he wants to make sure he gets the points he thinks he’s earned!”

“And your response to this is?”

“I very nicely and politely respond that yes, I have noticed and I hope he keeps it up!” she chirped happily.

A somewhat pregnant silence hung between us.

“Well, are you going to ask?” she prompted.

“Ask what??”

“You obviously want to know when I’m going to flash him again.”

“…”

“You’re, like, dying for me to show Ollie my tits again!”

“*Morgan!*” I looked around frantically, but nobody was around to overhear.

“Oh come *on* Tyler, you have to give me something here. I feel like I’m doing this all on my own and you’re not, like, communicating about what you want and if we’re on the same page.”

“…”

“…”

“*Fuck*. Okay, yes. I want you to flash him,” I whispered to her, practically forcing the words out.

“Flash whom?”

“Ollie.”

“What about Ollie?”

“I want you to flash Ollie again, Morgan. God dammit! I want him to see your tits and pussy again. Please do it. When are you going to do it??”

Her eyes blazed. “See, we really shouldn’t have started this conversation in public. You need to take me to bed *now*.”

—

So, it turns out Morgan could reliably orgasm while we discussed the idea of Ollie seeing her naked.

Her orgasms were sweet little treasures to me, moments where Morgan went into a state of pure and total bliss. Her body would seize up everywhere, eyes either shut tight or locked open in apparent disbelief. Several seconds of total silence before she’d abruptly and forcefully exhale, the release achieved.

Starting from when I brought it up on our walk through campus, this would happen while we were having sex, and talking about Ollie. How he had seen her completely naked. How he was going to see her naked again in the future. How we both wanted it to happen. The fact that we were the sort of people who did this sort of thing and got off to the thought of it.

“We’re *kinky*, Tyler!” Morgan beamed.

When pressed on the issue, Morgan was non-committal on the exact trajectory of this thing with Ollie, and couldn’t say exactly when another chance to be naked in front of him might occur. Or whether it even necessarily *would* ever occur. Despite our recent bedroom obsession with her exhibitionism, Morgan was still Morgan: a shy and reserved and largely innocent young woman. That these two instances of her flaunting her body for Ollie had even transpired in the first place represented a wild departure from what either Morgan or I expected from her, and that was half of what made it so tantalizing to contemplate.

“Plus,” she pointed out, “maybe he’ll actually succeed at the whole coming-out-of-his-shell thing and get a girlfriend. Then I won’t be able to flash him anymore.”

I’m not proud to say we both giggled at the notion of Ollie having a girlfriend, but that’s how it was. Latent cruelty leftover from the social tendencies of high school, I suppose. In our defense, Ollie was aggressively, well, the type of person he was.

Either way, normal relationship rules would presumably cause any theoretical girlfriend of Ollie’s to look askance at casual nudity between him and Morgan. But it went without saying by now that these weren’t the rules that applied to Morgan and I.

—

"I guess I do find it kind of shady that he waits until I'm not around to bring stuff up with you," I mentioned during a rare moment of non-sexual lucidity.

"How so?"

"Well, it's like he's trying to get away with something behind my back."

"I mean, he totally is. You know Ollie, he's shy and socially awkward. It probably takes everything he's got to approach me and talk to me about it at all. Let alone in front of my *boyfriend!*"

"Yeah, I get it. But also I feel like Ollie was genuinely hanging out with us more before this all started. Now it's like he's avoiding me."

Morgan agreed that this was rather contrary to the whole "project" of guiding Ollie towards becoming a socially acceptable individual.

"I know how to handle it," she told me, tapping at her phone. "No more boobs for Ollie until he makes more of an effort to hang out with us both."

My phone vibrated a couple moments later. Morgan had sent out a group message to Ollie and myself.

M: hey Ollie, just wanted to lyk that i appreciate how civil you've been towards Tyler and me. i rate it 6 out of 10.

"Holy shit, Morgan," I said to her. The "…" appeared immediately as Ollie began typing his reply.

O: why only 6 out of 10 wtf?

O: oh and hey Morgan it's nice to hear from you 🙄

M: well the three of us used to hang out a bunch

M: why don't u invite me n Tyler to do something one of these days

Ollie typed away at his reply for a while; when it came, it was a fully formed and rather well thought-out invitation for the three of us to hang out that weekend. The weather was forecasted to be unseasonably warm, and he suggested we take advantage of it and have a night of outdoor drinking around a fire. There was a known firepit that could be reached by hiking a short distance through the woods that surrounded our campus, and his suggestion was for us to take advantage of it.

"Damn," I said. "That actually sounds like a great idea."

—

It was a little strange to not invite Bobby and Andrew along with us, but since Ollie was providing the booze it was his prerogative to extend the invitation, and he didn't.

For someone who was rarely seen outside of his room, Ollie was apparently somewhat of an outdoorsman. He came well prepared for our little hike: lanterns, a few blankets, even some bug spray that went unused since there weren't any bugs in evidence.

We passed around a flask as we made the brief hike to the spot, the old rapport between Ollie and I quickly re-establishing itself as we caught a buzz. He really could be a fun conversation partner when he wasn't being an antisocial weirdo, and it made me wonder why he didn't take the initiative more often.

Morgan walked up ahead of us. Her ass looked more than slightly delicious in her leggings and I figured Ollie was probably stealing glances at it; this thought, along with the booze, prompted a warmth to spread through my belly. Lurking in the back of my mind was the fact that the three of us would be alone together, inhibitions lowered.

The fire spot was unclaimed. The sun had set by this point and we used lanterns to gather up some of the abundant wood and kindling from the surrounding area. Morgan spread the blankets across the benches of the spot's picnic table while Ollie and I debated over the optimal arrangement of wood. Soon the fire was roaring and we were officially drunk and having a great time.

"I even brought cards," Ollie boasted.

"We're not playing Asshole," Morgan immediately put in. "I need to not be *too* hungover tomorrow."

"Yeah, I told you guys drinking games are stupid anyway," Ollie said. "Actually I thought we could play a *real* game tonight. Texas hold'em!"

I snorted. "I see where this is going."

He produced a box from his pack that contained an array of poker chips. "Get your mind out of the gutter, you degenerate," he said. "I know how badly you want to play strip poker so you can see my dick, but we're playing for *money*." Embarrassment pulsed through me for a moment, but the booze allowed me to master it.

We agreed to some low-stakes gambling: twenty chips apiece, each representing a dollar. Nobody had cash on them, but Ollie was quite keen on playing with "real money" so we agreed to settle up after the fact.

It immediately and increasingly became apparent that Ollie was a shrewd poker player, and that Morgan and I were comparatively clueless. "I thought this was, like, a game of chance," I whined as he relieved me of my last chips, several hands into the game.

"Whoever told you that misled you, my friend," Ollie intoned. He was having the time of his life, pleased as punch to be in his element and holding court.

"So I guess I'm out of the game now."

"Nonsense!" He thundered. "We can just start doing forfeits."

"Forfeits," I said ruefully. "Knew it was coming." I felt the lurch of anticipation in my gut. *Was Morgan finally going to flash Ollie?* We had been fantasizing relentlessly about something happening again, but now as the real possibility presented itself I was losing my nerve.

"We have to set some ground rules," Morgan protested as my pulse quickened. She sounded as panicked as I felt. "Otherwise you guys will just try and get me to take off my clothes!"

"Clothes stay on," I blurted out, immediately regretting doing so. I must have sounded like I was panicking or something. Plus, there was the part of me that wanted her clothes to come *off*.

"Yeah yeah, don't worry," Ollie said with an ostentatious eye roll. "I know better after last time."

I felt both relief and disappointment as the game proceeded, with Ollie continuing to dominate and win money from Morgan and forfeits from myself. The forfeits came in the form of embarrassing truth-or-dare questions or IOUs. After losing a particularly egregious hand, for example, I was on the hook for doing Ollie's laundry, redeemable one time only.

He also, just like last time, displayed a keen interest in Morgan and my sex life. He asked what our record was for the most times we'd had sex in a day; Morgan said she had no idea, but I claimed it was six or seven – it was probably really more like three – and Ollie snorted in response.

He asked if Morgan had climaxes when we had sex; I proudly boasted that she did (now that it was true!) while Morgan sat quietly grinning ear to ear.

He asked, rather pointedly, if I got jealous of other guys seeing Morgan's body. I felt my face burning and saw from Morgan's blush that she was reacting much the same way.

After a pregnant pause, I shrugged. "I guess a little," I said carefully, "But ultimately it's her choice to do what she wants with her body. And, like, I try to keep in mind that jealousy is a stupid reaction to have."

"I guess, dude," said Ollie. "I think I would be possessive as fuck if I had a girlfriend like Morgan."

"Awww!" cried Morgan. "You're both so sweet."

The game continued, but the direct reference to Morgan's flashing had my mind racing. By the way he'd asked it, did Ollie just assume Morgan was showing guys her boobs left and right? If so, should I correct him on this point? But then he'd know he was the only guy who was ... *entitled* to this new side of Morgan. And was the idea that I had to defend Morgan's honor or something? That would imply there would be something wrong if Morgan *was* the type to to be more open with her body, which was certainly not an attitude I was going to put forth in front of Ollie with his incel attitudes.

Though admittedly, yeah, the thought of Morgan flashing more guys than just Ollie? Gaining a reputation for being a girl who was likely to get her tits out at parties? It *did* make me feel jealous and possessive and, of course, desperately excited over the supposed naughtiness of it.

Somehow my reverie allowed me to blunder into the rare win, and the hand resolved with me restoring some chips into my possession.. While also depriving Morgan of the remainder of her funds.

So it was not yet a definitive victory – we all assumed Ollie would eventually clean Morgan and I out of our chips completely, thus ending the game – but, instead, occasion for Morgan to perform some sort of forfeit in place of her wager, as I'd been doing in the previous rounds.

My throat was dry with anticipation.

"I have an idea of what the forfeit should be," Ollie said, his every word causing the suspense to build in my heart. "But I don't want you guys to get mad again."

"You want to see my boobs again," Morgan chirped. She sounded downright eager, though I tried to tell myself it could have also been interpreted as teasing or mocking.

"Well I mean, yeah, but we already agreed about that," he said.

"Just spit it out, Ollie!" I cried, my heart threatening to burst out of my chest. "What's Morgan's forfeit?"

“Alright, but you both have to promise that you won’t get ma-”

“*Ollie!!*” we both demanded in unison.

He shrugged, and relented. “Morgan gets a spanking by whoever wins the hand.”

There was a long silence as Morgan and I processed this.

“‘A’ spanking? Just one slap on the butt?” Morgan finally asked, her voice strangely calm.

Ollie considered it for a moment. “One per dollar. Tyler’s got three dollars left, so three slaps.”

Morgan just nodded, concentrating fiercely as Ollie dealt the cards. The three of us played with trembling hands, and moments later it was over. No point in trying to milk it for suspense: Ollie, of course, won expediently.

“Holy shit,” I whispered.

“I… I guess I have to pay the forfeit now,” Morgan said again in the same distant, calm voice.

“You don’t have to sound so miserable about it,” Ollie said with a scowl. But his eyes were wide and blazing with anticipation.

“I’m not!” squeaked Morgan, seeming to snap out of her trance. “I’m just nervous, is all. You have to be gentle.”

And just like that, it was happening. Morgan stood beside where Ollie sat, bending slightly and placing her hands on her knees, pushing her ass out for him to spank.

Pushing her ass out, for him.

It was the sexiest thing I’d ever seen. My stomach was doing somersaults

“Okay… Uh, one?” Ollie brought his hand down on her right ass cheek. The fabric dampened the sound of any impact.

“Uhhh…” stammered Morgan, shooting me a sheepish glance. “These are supposed to be spankings, right? You don’t have to be that gentle.”

Oh my god, Morgan.

“Okay??” said Ollie, sounding annoyed. *You just got to touch my girlfriend’s ass and you have the nerve to be annoyed, asshole?* “Two!”

Whap. This time the impact made a soft noise as he put some force into the swing, favoring her left cheek with the blow this time around. My dick was inching down my thigh as blood pumped into it.

“And, thr-”

“Wait, Ollie?” Morgan said, her voice suddenly tense.

He waited.

She was still slightly bent over, pointing her ass at him while he stared at it.

Finally she uttered, “Uhhh, for the third one, we should….” She hooked her thumbs into her leggings, glancing at me with a terrified, deer-in-headlights expression.

Whatever she saw in my eyes caused her to swoon slightly. She peeled down her leggings.

“Oh my god,” Ollie said. Morgan’s ass cheeks were threaded with a lacy thong, almost completely exposed to him.

“Okay,” Morgan murmured. “You can spank me now.”

There was a long silence as Ollie stared at her nearly bare ass, gobsmacked. His first time beholding my beloved Morgan’s backside.

“Are-” my words came out choked. “Are you going to spank her, dude?” It sounded like my voice was coming from somewhere far away.

When Ollie looked at me, the fire was literally reflected in his eyes and it fit his facial expression quite well. “Yeah,” he said. “Yeah, I’m going to. But Morgan, you should be bent over my lap.”

“Okay,” she said instantly as my heart skipped several beats. She shuffled awkwardly, her knees trapped together by her half-pulled-down leggings.

Morgan gingerly arranged herself over Ollie’s lap, her knees and arms supported by the picnic table bench on either side of him. Even in the firelight, I could tell they were both crimson red from blushing. I was certain I was as well.

“Holy shit,” Ollie intoned, staring down at Morgan’s ass. He gingerly placed his hands on her thigh and lower back, respectively. *Touching my Morgan*.

Morgan buried her face in her hands. “I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

“I know,” Ollie agreed.

“Are you going to spank her already?” I said again. Why couldn’t I shut the fuck up? I was humiliating myself, sounding downright eager for it. I rationalized that to Ollie, maybe it sounded like I just wanted it to be over with.

“Yeah,” he said. “In a second.”

“You’re like, drawing this out on purpose,” I accused.

“One hundred percent I am,” he said. “Dude, your girlfriend has such a nice ass, holy fuck.”

“I know.”

“I can’t believe I’m getting to see it again.”

“*Again?!*”

He stared at me blankly. “Yeah dude. She didn’t tell you about how she flashed me in the shower?”

But that was only from the front. We’d been over every detail of that encounter over and over. Had Morgan lied to me about what happened?

Morgan peeked at me from between her fingers, and the guilt on her face told me she had.

“Yeah, she told me,” I said. Although, I guess she hadn’t, apparently.

“Hurry up and spank me, Ollie,” my girlfriend moaned. I guess her guilt was overridden by the excitement of the situation. She actually arched her back and pushed her naked ass up for him

expectantly. I wondered if he was getting glimpses of anything more explicit as she did so; were her vulva and asshole winking into view?

“Okay,” Ollie said. “… Okay. Three!”

Whap!

He failed to remove his hand from her bare ass. The two of us stared at his hand on my girlfriend’s ass. The ass she had apparently flashed him previously, a fact which she had for some reason felt compelled to hide from me. Even though we’d both reveled time and again in our mutual arousal at his having seen her naked.

Again, the person who was apparently in control of my voice spoke up. “It should count as just one,” I said.

“Huh?” said Ollie.

“The first two didn’t count,” I said, feeling myself turn even redder.

Morgan moaned again.

Ollie chuckled and my ears burned.

“You’re like, into this shit bro?” he said. I couldn’t respond, but I didn’t need to; Morgan’s vocalizations were confirming it.

He moved his hand to Morgan’s other ass cheek and squeezed it. She arched her back again, pushing herself into his touch.

“You don’t care that I’m touching Morgan’s ass?” he pressed.

“It’s the forfeit,” I mumbled.

Whap! He brought his hand down again. *Whap!* He resumed his fondling, moving his hand from cheek to cheek.

“Okay, that’s three now. It’s not the forfeit anymore. Should I stop?” He flashed me a shit-eating grin, his eyes defiant.

“Jesus, Ollie,” I said.

“Actually, I think those three didn’t count either. I should have made Morgan *thank* me for each spanking.”

“What the fuck, dude?” I demanded, while Morgan groaned and writhed in response to his words.

“I’m not going to do that, Ollie,” she said. But her voice was dripping with sex.

“Fine,” Ollie said. And I saw the flash of anger in his eyes before his hand came down with far more force than before. *WHAP!*

And just like that, the mood was broken. “What the *hell* , Ollie?!” Morgan demanded, immediately rolling off his lap and rubbing her ass gingerly. “That really hurt!”

“… It was supposed to be a spanking!” Ollie protested.

“You’re not supposed to actually hurt her, man,” I scolded, feeling myself go into protective boyfriend mode.

“Oh, fuck this,” Ollie said. “You guys keep involving me in your freaky shit and then yelling at me when I do it wrong. How the fuck am I supposed to know? I’ve literally never touched a girl’s ass before.”

I had half a mind to stride over and strike him across the face, but Morgan used a different tact. She’d pulled up her pants and sat beside him. “*This* is how you know,” she said patiently, placing a hand on his shoulder. “From us giving you feedback.” No objection over his assessment about our “shit” being “freaky”, I noted.

“You don’t have to be such dicks about it.”

“Bro,” I said.

“I let you feel my *ass*, Ollie!” my girlfriend chirped. “How are we being dicks?”

No snappy retort was forthcoming from Ollie, and the three of us spent a moment ruminating on Morgan’s words.

“It’s just,” he said after a bit. “It’s like, I really like hanging out with you guys. I feel like you’re the best friends I’ve made here.”

“We like hanging out with you too, Ollie,” I said, somewhat truthfully.

“But it also kinda sucks!” he went on. “Like, you guys are so close and have such an amazing and confident relationship. And it just kinda rubs in how I don’t have a girlfriend and I’ve never had a girlfriend. And then it just shows how I’m never *gonna* have a girlfriend and even if I did, I’d obviously piss her off like, *immediately* because I don’t know how to treat a girl *at all*, and like, FUCK.”

“Come on man, it’s not like that,” I said. Although honestly, I did think he had a point.

“Yeah Ollie,” Morgan said. “You just push things a little too far sometimes. It’s not like you’re a bad guy or anything.”

“I’m *fat* and *ugly* and if I ever do find a girl that looks at me as like, worthy, she’s going to *immediately* figure out I’m just a kissless, hugless virgin who’s terrified of women.”

Morgan was rubbing her hand around on his shoulder comfortingly as she spoke. “But that’s not necessarily all bad. I bet there are lots of girls at our school who don’t have a lot of experience, and would be more comfortable being with a guy who was similar.”

Ollie just snorted. Morgan looked at me helplessly, questioningly. I just shrugged, at a loss. Ollie muttered something under his breath, but I couldn’t hear him.

“What was that?” I asked.

His head snapped up at me. “I said there’s no *way* there’s anybody else at our school who hasn’t even gotten *kissed* before!” he thundered.

Ah, so there it was. Ollie’s game, this whole sad bastard routine he was pulling, was suddenly, entirely clear to me.

“Ah shit man,” I muttered, mostly to myself, putting my hands on my head and walking in a circle around the bonfire,

“Is that what’s bothering you?” I heard Morgan saying. “You’ve never kissed a girl?”

“And even if I did get the chance,” he moaned, “I’d probably be so bad at it, just like with the spanking.”

Here we fucking go, I said to myself. I felt myself becoming angry; I mean, shouldn’t I be angry about this fucker angling to kiss my girlfriend? Surely Morgan wasn’t buying this. But glancing over, she was still hanging on his shoulder with concern.

And, I realized, the notion that Morgan was in any way entertaining this was *way more titillating to me* than if she had reacted like I assumed she would. A dark excitement stole into me as she uttered her next words.

”Well,” Morgan said, shifting uneasily and glancing in my direction. “If it’s okay with me and Tyler…”

Thump. Thump.

”… Yeah?” prompted Ollie.

”Idunnoyoucouldpracticekissingwithme,” Morgan exhaled in a tiny voice.

I could barely understand what she’d said, but it hadn’t been necessary. All three of us knew what was being communicated.

”… Yeah?” Ollie repeated, like an NPC caught in a loop.

”Y-yeah!” She squeaked. “Right Tyler??”

I felt my chest tighten at being brought into this. *Just fucking do it if you’re going to do it*, I thought. It felt somehow more humiliating to voice my consent.

On the other hand, there was no way in fuck Ollie was kissing my girlfriend *without* my permission.

“Sure,” I made myself say, my voice sounding flat and distant.

Ollie and Morgan immediately turned towards each other on the bench, now faced with the task of kissing. They looked at each other and cracked shit-eating grins of embarrassment.

”Fuck,” said Ollie.

“What?!”

”I’m all nervous now!” he protested.

“So am I.”

”My breath smells bad.”

”We’ve all been drinking, so does mine!”

”I’m going to be bad at it!”

”That’s the whole point, Ollie! To help you improve!” And with her eyes blazing, Morgan swooped in and planted a quick peck on the side of Ollie’s mouth before he could react.

A long silence hung.

“Can you, uh, do that again?” Ollie murmured.

She did. This time on the other side. She was catching mostly cheek but some lip as well. “Okay Ollie, your turn now.”

None of his body moved except his head. He craned his neck out and kissed my girlfriend as she'd done for him, not fully on the mouth but partially.

"See," Morgan chirped encouragingly. "This isn't so bad, right?"

He just stared at her. Intensely. Then he swooped in for another. Morgan giggled.

"Okay now this time, try putting your hands…" Morgan scooted closer to Ollie, placing one hand on her waist and the other behind her head.

This kiss *was* directly on the mouth. I was frozen in place beside the fire, watching my girlfriend tenderly press her lips against our chubby incel housemate's.

I was holding the flask, I realized. I unscrewed the lid and took a draught.

I heard the smack of their lips pulling apart, but they immediately refastened into another kiss. "Mmmph," Ollie noted in appreciation.

"Are you guys," I breathed, liquid courage in my blood. "Are you guys going to stop fucking around and kiss for real already?"

"*Mmmmm!*" Morgan moaned emphatically. Their mouths were still pressed together, and now they opened; she gripped his shoulders and they both groaned into their open-mouthed kiss.

Why am I all the way the fuck over here? I suddenly wondered, dick throbbing. *I should be enjoying a front row seat to this debauchery.* But walking towards them to achieve this seemed unimaginably humiliating.

"Alright, lesson one," Morgan said, pulling back after what seemed like minutes. "That's way too much tongue, Ollie."

"… Okay?" he huffed, immediately defensive. *Shut the fuck up and let her teach you, moron,* I fumed.

"Here, let me show you." She cocked her head to the other side; even at the distance, I could see her tongue teasingly dart into his mouth as they kissed again. "Just a little tongue," she said, and demonstrated for him once more. "Like, tease me with it. Okay, you try."

Whatever technique Ollie brought to bear, he must have done well, for it caused Morgan to groan appreciatively. Her words confirmed it when the kiss broke a few moments later.

"That was *hot*, Ollie," she gushed. I felt as though I might pass out hearing this.

Ollie didn't miss a beat but, capitalizing on my girlfriend's arousal, seized her face to administer further teasings with his tongue into her open mouth. Morgan moaned again, more forcefully, placing her hands around him and pushing herself into him.

This was no longer kissing lessons; they were using each other for their sexual gratification.

I just stared, dumbfounded. My dick was achingly hard in my pants. It was the most debauched thing I could have imagined.

"You learn *fast*," she raved breathlessly when they finally came up for air.

"You're a good teacher," he murmured. They were gazing into each other's eyes; what the fuck was happening?

She moaned at his praise and they instinctively tore into each other again, no longer hesitantly teasing with their tongues but just slobbering into one another's mouths, her fingers in his hair.

"Fuck," I said. I didn't have any point to make, I just didn't want to feel as left-out as I was feeling at that moment.

I could have sworn Morgan sighed in mild exasperation at my intrusion. Ollie didn't give a shit, though.

"So sometimes a lot of tongue is okay?" he wanted to know.

Morgan was panting, out of breath. "Yeah, once you get a girl kinda worked up you can just go with it and do what comes natural."

His hand shot to her breast. She looked down at it, then up at him, grinning ear to ear. "Yeah, like that." He was squeezing her tit ever-so-gently. "Can I teach you something else? Stick out your tongue for me."

He complied, and I watched my sweet, shy, innocent girlfriend tilt her head and move her lips back and forth over his protruding tongue. Sucking it like a cock, Ollie growling from the sensation, his fingers digging harder into her breastflesh. She did this for only a few seconds and then pulled back, looking at him sheepishly. "There's so much stuff you can do to make kissing hot," she explained. "You're actually really good at this, Ollie!"

Of course, he huffed indignantly. "Yeah, '*actually,*'" he mocked.

But Morgan didn't care. She wanted more of Ollie's "really good" kissing, and she practically swooned as she melted into his touch for more of it.

I took another swig of booze and gave my aching dick a squeeze over my pants. I resolved to keep my mouth shut and see how this unprecedented scenario might develop.

Ollie broke away from their make-out session suddenly. "Have I been social enough with you guys to earn another flash, Morgan?" His expression was deadly serious.

Morgan grinned bashfully and shot me an embarrassed look, the first she'd acknowledged me in some time. My hand was on my dick, eyes blazing with lust. Whether my intention or not, I helped steel her resolve to push this depravity even further.

She didn't respond verbally. She raised her arms above her head submissively.

Bless his heart, it took Ollie a few beats to understand what she was offering. Then he was tugging her shirt over her head, her tits spilling out of her favorite bra as fabric peeled over them.

Apparently this was too long for Morgan to go without Ollie's tongue in her face and they kissed for a few moments as Ollie hopelessly fumbled with her clasp. "What the *fuck*," he brayed in frustration.

Morgan giggled. "You'll get good at it soon, I promise."

Another tutorial ensued as Morgan turned her back to Ollie, walking him through the procedure of removing a girl's undergarment. She turned back around, arms crossed over her chest with an impish and embarrassed smile on her face.

"*Fuck,* Morgan," Ollie spat, grabbing for her wrists and forcing her arms apart. Her perky breasts bounced into our view, the firelight dancing on her stiff nipples.

“Oh my!” she cried at his forcefulness, clearly basking in the state she'd put him in.

Time stood still as Ollie stared at Morgan’s bare breasts, inches from his face.

“I love them so much,” he admitted.

“It’s so hot the way you react to them,” she confessed in return.

He reached his hands out, cupping them both from beneath. “Wow,” he muttered. “…. Wow.”

“Wanna kiss me while you feel my tits?”

“In a minute,” he said. The fucking audacity of this guy. *I’m watching my incel roommate fondle my girlfriend’s naked tits,* I reminded myself, causing my stomach to do somersaults.

Kissing Morgan while keeping both hands on her tits was a bit awkward, but they managed. He was steadfast about maintaining his grip on them.

“I think I’ll die if I don’t get to see them more,” he protested.

“Mmmmmm,” she sighed appreciatively. “You’ll get to see them a lot from now on.”

“What do you mean? How much?”

Morgan looked at me pleadingly. “Every time I’m over at the suite, I’ll make sure you get to see them at least once.” Ollie moaned in excitement. “It can be, like, a rule.”

“What if Bobby and Andrew are home?”

She shrugged, her bare shoulders somehow emphasizing both her innocence and exhibitionism. “It will just have to be a quick flash if they’re home.”

“What about kissing?”

“Hmmph! I think you don’t need any more kissing lessons!”

“Morgannnnn,” he wailed. “Kissing you is *so fucking hot* though.”

She giggled and looked at me while he squeezed her tits and bounced them up and down, palming them from beneath. “What do you think, Tyler? Should Ollie get to keep kissing me?”

I groaned, cursing the fact that I was thinking entirely with my dick in this moment. “It can be another rule,” I stammered.

“What should the rule be?”

“He gets to see your boobs,” I exhaled, “and kiss you. You have to find a way to kiss him and flash him every time you visit.”

They beamed at one another in delight at receiving this decree.

—

Co-conspiring with Ollie to encourage Morgan along the path of debauchery felt less humiliating than standing idly by. At our behest, Morgan agreed to remain topless during our hike back towards civilization, gently ridiculing us for our obsession with her breasts as we made our way. The going was slow, as either Ollie or I constantly had a hand on her chest, the image of her titties bouncing

with every step making them irresistible, drawing us towards them over and over like moths to a flame.

Sometimes we'd stop her so we could each seize a breast, Morgan grinning ear to ear while we tested their give and pulled at her nipples. My hand would collide with Ollie's as we felt across her chest, and we'd mumble apologies to one another.

I apologized to my incel suitemate for interfering with his fondling of Morgan's tits time and again as we descended the trail. Several times, I stopped and waited patiently while he insisted on "just one more" quick make-out, his hands thrust roughly down her leggings so he could kneed her asscheeks while they tongued each other's mouths.

I braced myself for him to request contact with her pussy, both dreading the moment and also darkly hoping he'd work up the courage to ask. But he didn't have it in him, apparently.

The mood inevitably shifted when we were back on campus. Morgan, now clothed, found herself compelled back to propriety. Her hand seized mine tightly, and our interlaced fingers meant the world to me, assuring me that whatever tumult had ensued over the course of the night, Morgan was still mine.

"Are you staying over?" I asked as our path took us by her dorm before we arrived at the suite.

"Oh my god, Tyler," she blurted. "Yes? I, like, *need* you inside me."

Ollie snorted. He was, apparently, still Ollie.

It was quite late and our other suitemates had retired. Ollie mumbled some words of appreciation for the "crazy" night we'd had, and made a beeline for his room; I imagined he had some needs to tend to after spending an evening sucking on Morgan's pretty face and glorying in her full, round tits and ass.

Morgan was the wettest she'd ever been when I dove into her. The need to discuss the night's events, the boundaries that we'd crossed, and Morgan's deception regarding the prior ass-flashing would have to wait; it was all she could do to keep her sex voice to a suite-appropriate level while she fucked me.

It was the first time she came without us needing to dirty talk about teasing Ollie, but I couldn't help but wonder if he was foremost on her mind as she rode me, eyes shut tight.

Chapter 6: New Rules

Chapter Text

A feeling of panic as I awoke and the reality of the previous night set in on me. How could all that have really happened?! How was I supposed to face Ollie now that he'd made out with my girlfriend and played with her body in front of me?

As my surroundings came into focus, I saw that Morgan was already awake, playing with herself beside me, her hand moving vigorously across her clit under the covers. The jealousy surged to greater heights, as did my arousal. *She's so radiantly beautiful*. How could a creep like Ollie have gotten to enjoy such a creature? I felt as if on the verge of panic.

"Why did you lie to me about flashing him in the shower?" I rushed out the words before fear of confrontation could dissuade me.

Morgan froze, her eyes popping open with a deer-in-headlights expression. "Tyler, I'm really sorry.."

"It's okay," I immediately soothed, running a hand across her naked belly. "I just don't understand. Like, you know I would have been turned on to hear."

Time seemed to hang while she considered her response. "It's just, the way it happened was kind of embarrassing," she finally said. "And once I fibbed and told you he had only seen me from the front, it was hard to admit that it hadn't been the truth."

We sat in silence for a moment before I plunged ahead with the obvious question. "Can you… can you tell me what happened now, though? I promise I won't be mad or anything." A part of me felt foolish for putting the question in such a timid and pleading fashion, but I reminded myself that I wasn't the sort of guy who tried to be controlling of his partner's autonomy.

The movement of her fingers resumed ever-so-subtley. "Well, the way I told it to you, I really played up how confident I'd been, how I'd had him at my mercy and all that," she explained. "And that was mostly true. At first. But then once I was standing there completely naked in front of him, the tides just kinda turned…"

My dick throbbed to life as we dove back into one of our favorite topics to climax over, the promise of new details as tantalizing as the sting her dishonesty had instilled.

"How so?" I prompted.

"I mean, after the rush of flinging open the curtain, the reality just set in. He could see my *vagina*, Tyler. You know how embarrassed I was for you to see me down there at first. And I'd just trimmed earlier, so my … lips .. were fully on display. And his eyes were locked on them. I felt so vulnerable and suddenly, like, at his mercy."

"Oh, wow."

"Yeah. And then he told me to turn around so he could see me from behind. And like, I don't know what it was but my body just automatically moved to obey him."

"Oh, *wow.*" Even in light of last night's escalations, the thought of Morgan behaving submissively to Ollie like this felt so impossibly wrong and inappropriate, yet so unbelievably erotic. We spent a few moments masturbating together contemplating it.

“I just waited there while he drank in the sight of my ass,” she admitted. “Like, I wanted him to – *mmm* — be able to look as long as he wanted. I even made sure to not look over my shoulder at him, so he could feel less inhibited gawking as he pleased.”

“That’s so fucking hot,” I muttered, squeezing her tits to augment her self-pleasure.

She glared at me, hunger in her eyes. “So… I’m not in trouble for lying?”

How could this angel ever be in trouble? I still couldn’t believe that a girl this sweet and lovely was willing to call herself my girlfriend.

“No.” The devil on my shoulder whispered to me, urging me to further admit the truth of how this all made me feel. “It’s actually… hot that there was more of the story I finally got to hear. It’s not like I haven’t nutted over and over to what I already knew.”

Her movements increased rapidly as I confessed my lust for her indiscretion, her orgasm quickly approaching.

A wild thought occurred to me and I acted upon it before wisdom prevailed.

“Stop,” I commanded.

“Tyler, I’m so close…”

“*Stop,”* I said again, grabbing her wrist. “You’re not allowed to cum yet.”

“*Please*,” she begged. “Why can’t I cum? I’m so fucking turned on right now..”

“You’re forgetting the new rules.”

My pronouncement hung heavy between us as her eyes bulged at me.

“You mean… you’re saying…?”

“You didn’t kiss him or flash him when we got back to the suite last night,” I plunged ahead. “You already broke the new rules.”

“I’d just spent, like, an hour showing him my tits and making out with him though!”

My heart pounded at the mere acknowledgement of what had transpired. We hadn’t even had the chance to discuss last night’s events, and here I was sending her back for more. “I know.. I think we were all maxed out on the naughtiness by the time we got back here last night. But the rules technically say once per *visit* …”

“Are you saying… you want me to…”

We both faltered. Directly stating what we were proposing she do was almost too humiliating to put to voice.

“… then you can come back here and cum while you tell me about it?” I ventured, wishing I didn’t sound so meek. Like I was begging my girlfriend to go kiss our asshole friend again.

“O-okay,” she stammered, unsteadily rising from the bed. She’d stored some nightwear in my dresser due to the frequency of our sleepovers; the pajama pants she pulled on emphasized her plump backside. The thin tank top left little to the imagination, the shape and color her excited nipples visible through the fabric.

She paused at the door. “Tyler…”

“Hurry,” I said, stroking my dick. I needed her to do this before we came to our senses. “I … I want to hear about what happens so fucking bad…”

—

I expected Morgan to be gone for just a minute or two. A kiss, a glimpse of her breasts, and then a return to my bed so we could fondle each other or have sex while discussing our relationship’s new normal.

It was fully fifteen minutes before she returned, her face flush.

“*Morgan ..*”

She scrambled back into bed with me, our four hands scrambling to undress her with urgency.

“*You were gone so long, ”* I hissed.

Her eyes bulged at me. “Tyler, I… he…”

I shut her up with a kiss, putting all my passion into it. Feeling territorial over the lips I was now sharing with our suitemate.

“Talk,” I ordered. “Did Andrew or Bobby see you go in there?”

She shook her head. “They were still asleep.”

She’d received a grumpy “who is it” in response to her soft knock on Ollie’s door, she explained.

“Just saying ‘it’s me’ was, like, so embarrassing Tyler. Like it made the reality of what I was doing set in.”

There had been a long pause while Ollie presumably processed it as well, but sure enough he’d invited my Morgan in. To make good on her promise of regular access to her body.

“His room was a mess,” she continued. “Like, there was a whole pile of crumpled up tissues all over his bed and floor.”

“From fapping to you.”

“Yeah…”

“He probably blew, like, load after load over what happened last night once he was alone in his room.”

“Yeah, he told me so,” she said, unable to meet my gaze. “He seemed a little embarrassed but not as much as I would have expected, you know?”

“What did he say?”

“He like, apologized for the mess but said he couldn’t help himself, that I’d gotten him really worked up last night.”

“Fuck.”

“It was a little awkward,” she said. “Like, in the cold light of day it suddenly seemed hard to make the first move and do what I was there to do. It’s a good thing I was already insanely turned on or I might have chickened out.”

“Was it, like, a turnoff?” I asked. “Seeing his messy room, being faced with kissing our chubby housemate?”

She shrugged. “I don’t really mind the way he looks, Tyler. It kind of makes it feel more naughty, to have… chemistry with someone even though they’re not, you know, conventionally attractive.”

My heart pounded at this admission. *Morgan thinks she and Ollie have chemistry*. It was, I had to admit, undeniable from the way they’d attacked each other during last night’s kissing lesson.

“So what happened??”

“Will.. will you have sex with me while I tell you? This is going to be hard to say, I want to feel connected with you while we talk about it.”

Terrified but desperate to hear what she might have in store for me, I spooned my naughty girlfriend and pushed myself into her; she was soaked.

“Anyway, I tried to be flirtatious and make it less awkward. I said, ‘All that just for me?’ and sat down on his bed, trying to let him know it was flattering that he had needed to.. to masturbate to me.”

“Mmph.”

“It kinda broke the ice. He grinned all lecherously at me. I think we both knew what I was there to do at that point, but he made me say it anyway. He was like, ‘So what do you need, Morgan?’”

“Jesus. And?” I pushed my length into her and held myself there.

“Ughh, so I told him. I said, ‘Well, you remember the new rules.’ He just sat there waiting expectantly. It was so fucking embarrassing. I had to actually ask him, ‘is it okay if I give you your kiss now?’”

“Oh fuck. And I’m guessing it was okay…”

“I think he really liked the power I was giving him. To offer myself to him like that.”

“I fucking bet!”

“He like, smirked at me and waited a long time before he answered. I was just dying of shame.”

“What the fuuuuck,” I moaned.

“Finally he goes, ‘I’d like to see your tits first.’ It was so crazy to hear him say that, Tyler. He gets to just order me to show my boobs now.”

I had to stop thrusting into her to keep from climaxing too soon.

“So did you show him??”

She shut her eyes tight and nodded. “My hands were shaking so bad, I swear. It was so much easier last night with you there, and being buzzed from the alcohol? But now I felt like such a… such a *slut*, Tyler.”

She spat the word out almost disgustedly, but she ground herself against me all the while.

“So I just made myself do it. I said ‘okay, here’ and pulled my shirt up so he could see them.”

“Nngh.” Jealousy raged but it was so fucking hot to hear her confirm that he’d seen her breasts again, that she’d exposed herself for his pleasure.

“I held it up for a few moments and then started lowering my hands, but he sort of snapped at me, ‘that’s it??’ In that, like, entitled way he has. And I don’t know why I just.. I just did what he said. ‘I’d like to get a good look at them,’ he told me. ‘It was kinda dark last night and I didn’t get to really appreciate them.’”

“This fucker…”

“I know, he’s such a creep but my tummy was just flopping over itself letting him ogle me. And then I saw his covers, like, moving..”

“….No.”

“Yes!”

“He wouldn’t.”

“He did! Just started touching himself to the sight of my tits, right there in front of me.”

“Did you tell him to stop??”

Her body froze up at this question.

“Morgan..”

Her voice was small as she answered. “It was exciting,” she said. “It was like, seeing my breasts is so powerful that he can’t help but just start *jacking off* even with me right there.”

“So what happened??”

“Well, I was staring at the tent he was making in his sheets and he saw me looking. And he like, mumbled an apology but was just like, ‘They’re too pretty, I’m sorry but I can’t help it.’”

“What did you say?!”

“Ugh. I told him I knew he was going to fap to me after I left so he might as well just do it.”

“*What the fuck!*”

“I’m sorry Tyler, it honestly felt so naughty I could barely think straight. And plus I kinda thought you would, you know… you would like it?”

I seized her breasts kinda roughly as I fucked her in response. “You’re such a *bad girl*, Morgan. Keep talking!”

“So he got real blatant, really pumping himself. And then he was like, ‘It’s kinda hard to manage under the covers like this…’”

“…”

“So I just shrugged at him and said, ‘Do what you need to do.’ I’m still holding my shirt up so that he can see my tits this whole time, mind you.”

“Hnnnngh.”

“So he didn’t even hesitate. He just like, flung the covers down. He was wearing a white undershirt and.. Nothing else.”

“You saw… you saw his..”

She blushed furiously but couldn’t answer me.

“Was it… what did it …”

“It was, like, such an *Ollie* dick,” she groaned. “Like he had so much pubic hair, I don’t think he’s ever groomed himself down there. And he’s not, not … circumcised.”

“Gross.”

“It was kinda gross but that just made it kinda special, that he was opening up to me and letting me see his fat ugly penis.”

Fat?! As humiliating as my next question was going to be, as a man I just had to know. “Was he… compared to me..?”

She grinned, embarrassed to answer. “He’s about the same length as you, I think…”

“The same length.”

“Ughh, he has a *really* thick penis, Tyler,” she moaned. “Like, I didn’t even know they could *get* that thick.”

“What the *fuck!* ”

“I’m so relieved yours isn’t like that!” she immediately assured me. “It looks like it would, like, *hurt*.”

That she had even contemplated how it might feel inside her was a punch to the gut.

I fucked her slowly for a few moments as we both processed her utterances.

“So he was stroking it,” she finally went on. “Hmmph. And then he, like, told me..”

“What??”

“He was like ‘it’s okay, you can stare at it if you want.’”

“Oh, Morgan,” I moaned.

“I was *so* busted,” she cried. “And he kept going. ‘It would help me finish quicker if you let me touch you.’”

“And you let him,” I despaired, barely keeping my orgasm at bay.

She nodded. “It didn’t seem like there was any point in saying no. He’s already felt them so much and I had told him he could jack off to them..”

“Did he ask for anything else?!”

She nodded immediately. “It was like the floodgates were open. He made me.. Fuck Tyler, he made me rub them on his face.”

“Your tits,” I wailed softly.

“Yeah, he made me rub my tits on his face while he stroked his fat dick to them. Fuck!” she hung onto my hand on her breast where I was still gripping her roughly, as if for dear life.

She continued. “And to finish, he… he…”

“*What, Morgan?!*”

“He made me suck his tongue again like I did last night,” she moaned, and her body seized up as she began bucking against me. I had never seen her cum so hard.

—

Coming down from our orgasms, we had a Serious Conversation about what all this meant for our relationship and our friendship with Ollie.

From Morgan’s perspective, we had been basically using Ollie repeatedly for our private sexual gratification, having climax after climax over the supposed “naughtiness” of Morgan giving him glimpses of her body. So not only would last night’s and this morning’s episodes provide us with even better fodder for our kink, it was also a bit of karmic justice that Ollie was finally getting to benefit from it as well.

That Ollie had not just seen Morgan naked and kissed her, but actually climaxed in her presence, was such a mind-boggling development that we sort of danced around it in our talk.

We agreed that it all had to be having a positive effect on his socialization. He’d said we were his best friends on campus; to have this couple he admired demonstrate such confidence in their relationship’s stability, operating without possessiveness or jealousy, had to be a positive influence on his view of gender roles.

“It’s not that I don’t feel jealous, though,” I reminded her.

She nodded. “I know. But like we’ve discussed, there really isn’t any reason for you to be. It’s not like you think of me as your *property* or something.”

“I think of you as my extremely naughty girlfriend,” I teased, slipping a hand between her legs in the hopes of starting up another round of love making.

—

Morgan rebuffed this advance, having school projects that needed tending to. Which I did as well, but found I could concentrate on nothing other than the angst and arousal that was now constantly running on a background level in my head.

I puttered around the suite tidying up and doing other chores (which Ollie still wasn’t contributing to at all), bracing myself to act like everything was normal when Bobby and Andrew eventually appeared from their rooms. To my relief, they had agendas of their own and barely paid me more than a perfunctory greeting before vacating the premises.

“Hey, man.”

I froze up for a moment, startled by Ollie’s voice behind me. I was so used him staying sequestered in his room, it hadn’t occurred to me I’d have to be interacting with him one on one so soon.

“..Hey,” I managed. I zeroed in on my current task, washing several days’ accumulation of dirty dishes. I could feel Ollie shifting nervously behind me and a glance over my shoulder confirmed it.

“So, uh…” he began. Sensing that he wanted to address things with me, I shut off the water and turned to face him.

“You good, man?” I prompted. *I’m still the one with the hot girlfriend,* I told myself. *There’s no reason to feel intimidated by goddamn Ollie of all people.*

His face lit up with a self-satisfied grin. “Yeah, like, really good! Last night was, like, really awesome.”

“Yeah,” I acknowledged. “It was pretty wild.”

“Dude, your girlfriend is so amazing.”

So it appeared that we were going to have this conversation. My tongue felt huge in my mouth, like it was blocking any words from coming out. “I know,” I forced myself to say. “She really is.”

“I guess she told you about what happened this morning?” he continued.

Gulp . “Y-yeah man, she told me.” Although now the notion occurred to me that perhaps certain details had been omitted, like she’d done with shower incident. I felt heat spreading across my face and prayed it wasn’t too obvious.

“Cool,” he nodded. Then, after a pregnant silence, “So, uh, do you think Morgan is coming over again later?”

A rueful grin seized my features in spite of the awkwardness of this exchange. This horny bastard couldn’t wait to get his hands on her again. “I dunno, she might be. I think she’s got work to do.”

He nodded, not quite meeting my eye. “Cool. Well, uh, let me know.”

The conversation hadn’t been that bad, all things considered. A little awkward, but wasn’t part of our stated objective enticing Ollie to be more sociable with all of us, myself included?

Morgan didn’t make it around that evening, or for the next couple days; her classwork proved to be of greater magnitude and difficulty than she’d anticipated. She and I met up for meals in the campus dining center, carefully tiptoeing around the topic that was no doubt foremost on our minds.

Finally, on the third day, I could no longer contain my nervous anticipation. “Ollie’s been wondering when you’re going to come over again,” I blurted while walking her back to her dorm.

I snuck a glance to assess her reaction; she was staring forward as if in concentration. “I see,” she murmured. She thought for a few moments. “Well, I could stop by, but I can’t spend the night tonight. I still have to finish this project.”

I nodded. “That’s, uh, fine I guess.”

“So it would just be for Ollie, really,” she went on. “And then I’d have to leave.” My insides turned themselves into knots at this acknowledgement. “Is that… is that okay?”

“Is it okay with *you?*” I returned. “I mean, you don’t have to if you don’t want-”

“No, I want to,” she said immediately. I looked for a hint of playfulness but saw only determination upon her features.

We changed direction to make our way to the suite instead of her room, a heavy silence between us. My mouth was dry with an anxiety I could barely distinguish from sexual appetite.

“Bobby and Andrew are probably home,” I pointed out as we approached the building’s entrance. “How can… how should we…”

We paused to contemplate our strategy, rather stumped. “You have to think of *something*, Tyler!” she prompted after a few false starts.

“We could, I mean, you could…” I wracked my brain. “The money! The money you owe him from the poker game.”

Morgan was shaking her head. “But will that be enough time? For him to, you know..”

I gaped at her. “Does he *have* to do that every time, now?!”

She was blushing furiously. “I kinda told him he could, yeah,” she deadpanned.

So there *had* been more to their interaction than she’d let on. I stared at her in disbelief for a few moments, but if the agony on my face gave her any pause, she kept it to herself.

My Morgan had apparently promised to make her body available for Ollie to fap over every time she visits, I told myself, wallowing in the jealousy the revelation instilled. *And her mouth and tongue.* My dick swelled.

“It’s fine,” I said finally.

She looked up at me sharply. “Are you sure?!”

“Yes,” I said, trying to control my tone and not sound angry. I’m not sure that I *was* angry. “Even if you’re in his room for a few minutes, Ollie’s like, our friend now. The *last* thing the guys will assume is that, you know..”

She was nodding. “Okay, let’s do it. Oh god Tyler, I’m nervous but I’m *so* glad I’m doing this…”

—

If Andrew and Bobby detected anything amiss with Morgan’s mood, or thought it weird that she spent a good ten minutes behind closed doors with Ollie, they gave no indication.

I stewed in my bedroom, door ajar. Caught between annoyance that our walls weren’t thin enough to permit me to hear the details of what might be transpiring between Ollie and Morgan, and relief that it meant they had sufficient privacy from our other suitemates. Trying to figure out why this was a far more agonizing experience than everything we’d been through previously.

The angst subsided only partially when, at last, Morgan slipped into my room and closed the door behind her. I gawked at her, willing myself to give voice to my desire to learn the play by play of her and Ollie’s latest session.

Morgan’s cheeks were red, her brow slightly furrowed as if in concentration. Not quite looking me in the eye. I crumpled, my face in my hands. “I dunno why,” I moaned, “but this is so much more intense and stressful than the stuff that happened before.”

She was at my side instantly, her arms around me, cradling my head against her chest. “Babe,” she soothed. “I know. It was for me too, kinda.”

There was a sense of relief hearing her say this; not because I wanted to inflict stress on my Morgan, but just because it emphasized that it was something we were going through together. As a couple.

“But why?” I sounded whiny and tried to reign in my tone. “It’s the same stuff that happened before. I mean… isn’t it?”

Morgan might have tensed up ever so slightly at this last question, rhetorical though I’d attempted to make it sound.

“Well, we were all drunk the first time,” she murmured. “And then the next morning, we were, like, wildly turned on. But I didn’t get the impression you were exactly thinking with your dick this time around, Tyler. It was more, I dunno, premeditated.”

I nodded into the fullness of her breasts. “Less heat-of-the-moment.”

“Mmhmm.”

“But it seemed like you were really determined to go through with it anyway,” I said, pulling her into my lap and folding her up in my arms. “You said how excited you were..”

She nodded. “Are you… okay to talk about it? I don’t want to make you, well, *too* jealous.” I felt her smile into my neck where her head was buried.

“I want to know what you’re feeling, what’s going through your mind.” I traced a hand along the curve of her backside, feeling the pulse as my penis began to swell against her in spite of everything.

“I mean, you remember how nervous I was to get naked with you for the first time? When you got between my legs and looked at me up close?” She’d noticed my expanding dick and shifted against it appreciatively. “It was like, so scary for me to do that for you, I almost wanted the floor to open and swallow me up. But like, the very fact of how embarrassing it was made me feel *so* fucking excited.”

I murmured my agreement, reminding myself how unbelievably fortunate I was to have met Morgan, that she’d undertaken the journey of discovering her sexuality with me.

“But I also knew that it wasn’t something I *should* feel ashamed over. Like, I’m a woman, I have a body, of course I should be sharing it with the boy I love. And, like, I still love it when you look at me down there and how excited it makes you, but it’s not like it was going to keep being as scary for me to do it every time, you know?”

I continued to run my hands along her body, enjoying her touch as she rocked against me more emphatically.

“With Ollie,” she went on, “it’s like it’s *actually* something naughty. Something I *actually* shouldn’t be doing. Like, Ollie is still so disrespectful and even, like, misogynistic! And meanwhile I have the sweetest boyfriend in the world, with the prettiest green eyes and a beautiful penis that feels so good inside me.. And meanwhile I’m letting this… this *incel* crank his ugly dick to me while I… while I…”

“But it’s not like you’re, you know, cheating on me,” I told her, voicing what I intellectually believed to be true. “There is such a thing as ethical nonmonogamy. And I mean, isn’t the whole idea that I’m supposed to have control over what you do with your body just, like, an idea the patriarchy puts in our heads?” But I couldn’t deny the way my stomach lurched at the notions she was describing, that it also made my hands tremble with forbidden excitement like it did hers.

“Well, yeah,” Morgan said. “But I don’t think Ollie thinks of it that way, you know? Which makes it even easier to get into the idea that I’m being a… a *slut!*”

“Babe,” I comforted. “You’re not a slut, you’re really not.”

Morgan responded with a shrug.

“Babe..” I began. “You’re not… Are you, like, doing stuff with him that I don’t know about?”

She kept her face buried in my neck and shrugged again.

I felt the world fade out around me for a moment. For an instant, it was as if I was looking at my body from far away, looking at the room around me through a tunnel.

“*Morgan, ”* I pleaded. “Babe, please.. Please tell me. I have to know.”

“It’s nothing that bad, Tyler, I swear!” she blurted.

I pushed her shoulders back and squared up to look at her. “Did you.. You didn’t have.. Have sex-”

As soon as the words were uttered, I wished I could recall them. She looked so wounded, so aghast at the suggestion. “Oh Tyler, of *course* not.”

“Then what? Why are you keeping secrets!”

She threw her arms back around me; I couldn’t stand that my accusation had hurt her, and resolved to hold my tongue until she was ready to speak.

“It was.. With the shower?” she finally began.

“Tell me, babe.”

“I.. I did feel guilty for not being honest with you about that. I really did.”

“I know sweetie, and I swear I’m not mad about it.”

“But it was also.. Oh god Tyler, it was also really hot when I came clean to you. The way you reacted? You got *so* turned on and you looked at me with this, this hunger..”

I absorbed what she was telling me. The truth was, it *had* turned me on to hear the additional details. And I’d been nothing but forgiving of her for the indiscretion.

“But so,” I protested. “Don’t you want me to react like that again? Come on Morgan, I want to know what you’ve been doing with him!” I knew I sounded somewhat pathetic but maybe it was okay, I reasoned; this was Morgan and my kink that we shared.

She looked at me and her smile finally returned, shifting her bottom back and forth against my groin as my arousal swelled back into being.

“Well, don’t you want to save it for when we can, you know..”

“??”

“I could tell you about it while we have sex,” she cooed. “About the naughty things your girlfriend has been getting up to..”

“Oh god, please Morgan. I want to have sex with you so bad.”

“While you find out about what a bad girl I am? How I did things with Ollie and kept them secret?”

“Oh. My. Godddd...”

“But I can’t, Tyler!” she chirped, pushing herself off from my lap. “I have to go home and do my homework!”

“Let me.. Let me take care of myself while you tell me, then,” I begged. “Fuck, Morgan, *please* .. I’m, I’m.. I need to...”

She stared at me, practically basking in my ravenous glare.

“I’ll tell you... one thing,” she finally said.

“*One?!* How, how many things could there possibly-” I reached for my zipper as I spoke, but Morgan stopped me. I looked up at her in confusion. “What? Why can’t I-”

“It’s Ollie’s idea,” she whispered.

“It’s Ollie’s... *what?!*”

She slid down beside me, squatting on her haunches. Even through the the loose clothes she was wearing, the sway of her lower back and twin bubbles of her ass cheeks were nearly intolerably sexy.

Morgan’s hand gingerly traced the outline of my rock hard dick where it throbbed needfully in my jeans. “He has all sorts of ideas,” she went on. “Stuff he thinks we should do to, like, add to the new Rules. Help him learn more about how to be with girls.”

I could only stare down at her, my mouth hanging open idiotically.

“He’s kind of a perv, Tyler.”

“Fuck, Morgan.”

“But I mean, some of the stuff he’s suggested.. I think it’s kinda tempting...”

“Oh my god Morgan you *have* to tell me..”

“Well, so, tonight I told him how we had to be quick because I had to leave soon.”

“Yeah..”

“So he asked if, like, you and I were going to fool around first, before I left.”

“Yeah??”

“And I sort of shrugged and was like ‘maybe, is it any of your business?’”

“Of course it’s fucking not!”

“So he goes, ‘oh man wouldn’t that be fucked up if you came in here to help me cum, and then left without even kissing your actual boyfriend?’”

“…”

“…”

“Did you tell him to go fuck himself?!”

Morgan just smiled at me, her eyebrows travelling up her forehead. “I dunno, did I?”

Her fingers continued walking up and down the length of my fully engorged member. I’d never been able to finish from Morgan using her hands or the few times she’d used her mouth – that damn “stage fright” – but now I actually felt like I might flood my pants from her light touch.

Almost as if she could sense this, she backed away. I shot her the most appalled look I could muster.

“You’re not even gonna fucking *kiss* me because fucking *Ollie* told you not to?” I said with all the intensity I could manage at a whisper.

“Oh sweetie,” she said quickly. “Of course I’ll kiss you!”

“Well, thank fucking god!”

“But…”

“!!!”

“Don’t you think it would be .. kinda hot if I didn’t?”

My hand automatically closed over my dick so I could rub myself in earnest; hers closed over mine a moment later, stopping me.

“Like, we can forget all this if it’s not turning you on or if it’s making you genuinely upset,” she went on. “But aren’t you, like, tempted? I could *really* blow your mind, Tyler.”

“What are you saying baby?” I moaned.

“It will probably take the rest of the week to for me to finish my project,” she said. “So it will be another few days before I can spend the night and have sex with you again. Can you wait that long for me to tell you about.. the stuff I’ve been doing with Ollie?”

“Oh fuck.”

“And if you waaant,” she semi-sang, her hand ever so gently resuming its caresses, “I could even visit the suite a few more times. But just for Ollie.”

“Oh *fuck*.”

“I could do some .. I could do some even worse things with him baby. Some of the other ideas he’s had? So that when I finally do tell you..”

“S-stop!” I gasped, tearing her hand from my pants.

“Babe???”

“I want it,” I moaned. “Oh *god*, I want it. I’ve never wanted anything this badly in my fucking *life*, Morgan.”

She was taken aback by my vehemence in spite of everything. She nodded at me, her eyes wide, almost as if she was wondering what she’d gotten herself into. “O-okay baby…”

“You’ll keep coming by? Just to f..fool around with Ollie?”

She nodded slowly.

“And it’s going to be even more than I already know about? More than feeling up, french kissing you..”

She nodded. The smile was gone from her expression; her eyes were deadly serious, almost fearful. “Jacking off and cumming to me,” she murmured.

“Oh god … he’s probably already sucked on your tits…”

She just shrugged, her eyes glued to mine. A hint of a smile maybe tugging at the corner of her mouth.

“He’s probably already… already..”

“No more guessing!” she chirped softly, rising to her feet and shrugging on her coat. “And baby..” she glanced down at the starkly visible outline of my dick where it throbbed down my pantleg. “If you can.. You should try to resist, you know.. Until we can have..”

“??”

“Until we can fuck.”

It was not a term she’d used for our sex before. I couldn’t find any words to respond. I felt like I was seeing through walls, like gravity was barely holding me in place.

“I promise baby, it’s going to really blow your mind..”.

Chapter 7: Ollie's Ideas

Chapter Text

It was like Morgan and I had flipped a switch in our heads. Prior to that conversation, the notion that she and Ollie might be engaged in sexual play beyond what I'd known and consented to felt like a betrayal; now, it was the explicitly stated *goal*. Instead of torturing myself with worry over whether or not she might be meeting up with him without my knowledge, whether she was going further with him than our discussed comfort zone allowed, I *knew* this to be the case.

I knew, because Morgan repeatedly promised and assured me that it was so; that she was making good on her word and ramping up the naughtiness between her and our incel friend. I begged her for details, knowing full well she'd demur. Her denial was a reward in and of itself.

I'd watched her endeavor to visit the suite every single day, to obey The Rules and continue my torment, wondering if this was even the full extent of their contact. Had she been secreting herself over during the night? Had he been absconding to engage in further dalliances elsewhere? I caught snippets of phone conversations before she'd excuse herself due to my presence, convincing myself she was scheming further with Ollie, that they couldn't tear themselves away from one another. Or, when she clarified that she'd in fact been talking to her roommate Emily (and brandished her call history at me as proof), I anguished over the notion that she had opened up to her friend about what we'd been up to.

These thoughts all excited and terrified me in equal measure.

It was like I was becoming hooked on the reminders of my sweet Morgan's infidelity. The contradiction between the characteristic emotional openness and intimacy we shared, and our current project of establishing her as Ollie's plaything, never failed to make my heart pound in my chest. The jolts of adrenaline her rejections of my pleas for information provoked were addictive.

It was, in a sense, freeing. From the moment Morgan and I had met, at odds with my natural inclination towards jealousy, I'd endeavored to resist being the type of guy to control his partner and rebuke her for independence of thought and spirit. Now that we'd established it was mutually irresistible, I'd been given leave to seethe pathetically to her about my insecurities, the choice of what to share or withhold from me left entirely to her discretion.

She trickled me certain details which, rather than clarify any of my fears, intensified them to an even greater degree.

She assured me that while they hadn't had sex, they had "done other things" that were sure to drive me absolutely insane, and which made her feel the sluttiest she'd ever felt in her life. "Slutty" was now a regular term in her self-applied vocabulary.

While we spoke over the phone, she confessed that she had *filled Ollie in on this scheme of ours*, this perverse plot to withhold both sex and knowledge from me while they explored each other.

"It might have been a mistake, Tyler," she groaned. "He's using it against me. To talk me into stuff, saying how we wouldn't want to disappoint you and all that.."

"Jesus, Morgan!"

"I'm *soooo* glad I told him, though," she whimpered.

"Are you *touching yourself* to this?!"

“Yes!” she cried. “Fuck Tyler, like, so many times a day now.”

“…In front of Ollie?” I murmured, fearing the answer but also somehow hoping she’d validate my fears.

Her silence all but confirmed it was so.

“I’m wet and turned on twenty four seven,” she went on. “He’s turning me into a girl who thinks with her pussy.”

“Twenty four seven..” I repeated. “Like, how often have you even met up with him, though? You’ve only been over once each day..”

“It’s been more than that,” she admitted softly. “I’ve come over a few times when you weren’t even there.”

“*Seriously?!*”

“Mmhmm. And he visited me in my dorm a couple times, too.”

My fears were proving correct, and yet I did nothing to discourage these escalations. In fact, in a subsequent talk when she attempted to get serious and check in with me again for reassurance I was okay with the path we were heading down, I asked her to forego such check-ins going forward. The guardrails were making it less real, less blisteringly intense.

She stared deeply into my eyes, assessing the sincerity of my commitment. Whatever she saw made her swoon. “I fucking *love* you, Tyler,” she gushed. “Don’t you ever forget it.”

—

Knowing the inner workings of Morgan and my shameful kink had been exposed to him, facing Ollie around our shared home felt all the more humiliating. It was somewhat of a blessing that, rather shockingly, the warmth and cordiality which had recently arisen between us seem to once again vanish as the pendulum swung back towards his moody, reclusive affect. It meant, at least, that our confrontations were few.

I speculated that my mind was perhaps playing tricks on me. Given the near hallucinatory nature my life in general had suddenly evolved, could I perhaps be inaccurately assessing his behavior? But my diagnosis was confirmed when, in a moment of lucidity during which I was finally able to catch up on some schoolwork, I overheard Andrew and Bobby complaining about it in the common room.

“I thought he was being more normal,” noted Bobby. “But now it’s, like, the worst it’s ever been.”

“He’s such a fucking dick, man,” Andrew returned. “And after Morgan and Tyler have gone so far out of their way to include him socially.”

“Well, maybe that’s why. Maybe he feels like they’re rubbing their relationship in his face or something. Who knows how that kid’s mind works.”

Could this possibly be the case, I wondered? Was Ollie somehow finding cause to resent Morgan and I, even as my girlfriend was lavishing sexual attention upon him that was completely unprecedented in his life’s experience?

Andrew and Bobby were able to speak frankly on the matter because Ollie was, for once, not in his room to possibly overhear. I had a good suspicion of what had drawn him outdoors. It took vulcan-like discipline of the psyche to put it from mind and resume my studies.

I knew Friday to be the deadline for Morgan's project. As the day approached, my anxiety rose to a point just below panic, both dreading and desperately craving the revelations she might have in store for me. If indeed she was even able to meet the deadline; despite her claim that we needed to wait until she completed it for the promised tell-all sex session, she clearly was putting aside time for numerous trysts with my antisocial housemate.

—

I awoke after a fitful sleep, the day finally having arrived. It was too early to begin pestering Morgan for a timeframe of when we might get down to the business at hand, so I let my mind dance along the tightrope, teetering between paranoia and desire.

It took no time at all until I was edging on the verge of orgasm. I'd followed Morgan's suggestion and somehow managed to refrain from masturbating to completion since this latest adventure began several days before, and I was at the point where I was leaking copious amount of precum over my fingers within moments of reaching for my dick. My mental walls were blasted completely open; there wasn't a depraved thought I could conjure that failed to make me tremble with lust.

I allowed my imagination to run free with speculation on Morgan's misdeeds that would so soon be revealed to me. *Ugh, what if she's already here?* I cried to myself. *In Ollie's bed with him, having spent the night*… I had to unhand myself lest I careen over the edge.

A moment later, I bolted upright in panic. There was no way such a thing could be true, I knew, but nonetheless a terrible need within me propelled me to my feet and had me marching across our hall a moment later, like a Lovecraftian protagonist seeking the very knowledge that was sure to doom him to madness. Ollie's door was closed; could my Morgan possibly be within?

"You're out of control," I muttered to myself. I dialed Morgan's number, bracing myself for her ringtone to sound from within his chamber.

I felt my bearings return when it did not. She picked up after several rings. "Babe, it's so early," she moaned in a just-awoken voice.

I exhaled a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding. "Sorry, just… impatient I guess."

"Mmmmm," she groaned pleasantly. "Good, that's how I want you."

Fuck, that's hot . "Did you finish your project!"

"Yep!"

"So we… can we…?"

"You should try to get some more sleep," she said quietly, her voice thick with implication. "I have quite the night planned for you!"

Gulp. My treacherous penis ached despite the hollowness in the pit of my stomach.

Sleep was out of the question, but pacing relentlessly seemed appealing. I got dressed and made use of our scenic campus to this end, earbuds equipped, trying to distract myself with motion and music. With little success; every lyric seemed an oblique reference to my situation.

An hour later, Morgan called me to meet her for breakfast. We sat side by side, not saying much. There was an unbelievable magnetism between us; without needing to coordinate verbally, we kept our bodies in constant contact with one another, knees angled toward each other, shoulder to shoulder, hands stealing into one another's lap under the table.

Morgan glanced at her phone, having received a notification. I felt her tense up slightly. "That's Ollie letting me know Andrew and Bobby left," she explained softly. "Let's go back to the suite."

My pulse rate immediately skyrocketed. "Already?!" I squeaked. "I thought you said, uh, it was going to be tonight?"

She nodded, brow furrowed. "Yeah, but I want to discuss something first with you both."

"???"

"Don't *worry*, Tyler! Everything is going to be good, I promise."

Holding hands was insufficient for the degree of proximity we both craved, and we somewhat awkwardly made our way back to the suite with my arm around her waist, hers around my shoulder. Delving under her shirt to feel her bare waist, her skin like electricity to me; I hoped my erection wasn't too obvious to any unfortunate bystanders.

I was experiencing near-tunnel vision when we arrived. "Morgan, Morgan," I breathed, trying to perform a confident playfulness that was entirely postured. "What could you possibly have up your sleeve?"

"It's just about our plans for tonight!" she squeaked, obviously as nervous as I. "Come on!"

The suite was indeed empty save for Ollie, whose presence was evidenced by the music playing from behind his closed door.

"Should we knock?" I asked.

Morgan nodded, her cheeks flush with anticipation. "But Tyler, wait!"

She faced me square on, glaring. Took my hand and fed it down the front of her sweatpants.

She was so wet I could scarcely believe it hadn't soaked through her garments.

"Oh fuck, Morgan," I moaned, but she wasn't done. She brought my hand to her mouth and fastidiously cleaned herself off of my fingers, beginning to pant slightly as she did so, cheeks blazing.

I almost doubled over and ejaculated in my pants. A few short days ago, Morgan had not been the type of girl to *taste* herself. What in heaven's name was I in for? While my mind reeled, she strode a few paces away to knock on Ollie's door.

Ollie emerged, seeming a bit put out that he was faced with whatever conversation Morgan had in mind.

"Hey, dude," he muttered, not meeting my eye.

"Hey," I returned.

"Okay boys," Morgan said, seizing our hands. "Come and let's sit."

Once she'd arranged us on either side of her on the sofa, she launched into it.

“Sooooo,” she said. “There’s that party tonight.”

My eyebrow raised. There was, indeed, a kegger planned on campus. I hadn’t expected it to figure into whatever plans had been made.

“God dammit,” moaned Ollie.

“And all three of us are going to go!” she went on. Ollie rolled his eyes ostentatiously before burying his face in his palms.

“I mean, I’m down,” I said. “But… does this have to do with..?”

“I *really* don’t want to go,” Ollie protested, ignoring me.

“The three of us are going to go,” Morgan repeated. She took a breath. “So Tyler, as you know, Ollie and I have been.. Fooling around.”

Thump, thump. Ollie kept his face in his hands.

“And,” she blushed, charging ahead, “I think it won’t be … giving too much away to point out that it’s been really exciting. I mean Tyler, you saw how it went when we were, uh, kissing by the fire?”

“Yeah,” I forced out. Thank goodness I hadn’t climaxed in days, or the awkwardness of this exchange would have been the end of me.

“And Ollie, I hope you don’t mind me saying that I think you’ve been getting a lot more confident, like, with my body.”

My heart continued pounding while Ollie finally peeked out from between his hands and managed a slight grin.

“That’s… good,” I found myself saying, the humiliation for having uttered it slamming into me like a truck.

Morgan squeezed my hand. “So *anyway* , what I want is to get this all out in the open between us. So it’s something that we can just talk about, while we all hang out together, without it being so tense and awkward. Now, Ollie…” She took a deep breath, steeling herself. “You know that tonight I’m going to have sex with my boyfriend and tell him all about the stuff I’ve been doing with you…”

The smile left his face, his expression turning sour. “I guess?” he said bitterly.

“Come on man,” I spoke up. “It’s a problem for my girlfriend and I to have sex?”

“Whatever, dude,” he scowled.

“See, this is what I mean,” Morgan said. “Ollie, I think it’s perfectly understandable that you’re… jealous of me and Tyler after you and I have been spending all this time being .. intimate together.”

Jesus, Morgan.

“I’m not fucking *jealous* ,” Ollie whined.

“… but so, this is why I want us to all go to this party together.”

Her words hung in the air for a bit.

“What do you mean, exactly?” I ventured.

“Weellllll,” she said, curling a lock of hair nervously around her finger. “Two reasons. For one thing, like I said I’d hate to think the .. stuff we’ve been getting into is getting in the way of the three of us being friends. So it’s important to me that we all hang out together.”

Ollie looked pretty miserable at the prospect.

“It’s like, a requirement if you want to keep doing sexual things with me, Ollie,” Morgan said in a honeyed voice. “It’s fucking mandatory.”

“What’s the other reason?” I prompted, trying to grapple with how casually Morgan now referred to her and Ollie being sexual with one another.

“Well, I think Ollie needs to be more social and show what an eligible bachelor he is!”

“That’s so fucking patronizing,” he complained.

“I’m sorry if it’s patronizing,” she continued insistently. “I don’t mean it to be. But I think if you come out with us, and hang out around a group of people, it will make other women more likely to look at you as, like, an option!”

“How so?” he challenged.

“It’s how our minds work,” she said. “When we see that other girls are comfortable with a guy, it’s a signal that he’s, like, okay. Trustworthy.”

“Hmmph. But you’re not *with* me. Everybody knows you’re with Tyler.”

“But I don’t even mean like, boyfriend and girlfriend. Just hanging out in a friend group even. And dancing, especially.”

There was a lengthy silence during which Ollie did his best to appear unhappy and unconvinced. “I don’t wanna go,” he finally said.

“Pleeeaaase, Ollie? It’s really important to me. I want you and Tyler to take turns dancing with me at this party. We can all get more comfortable with each other, and all the other cute girls will see how comfortable and confident you’re getting with a lady.”

“I don’t *care* about those girls,” Ollie said. “None of them are as cute as you anyway.”

She’s taken, asshole, I fumed. But Morgan had hummed her appreciation at the remark; I kept silent and let her continue the negotiation.

She twisted her body away from me and towards him. “If you’re subtle about it,” she murmured seductively, putting her arms around his neck. “You can touch my butt a little while we’re dancing.”

Ollie’s eyebrows danced up his forehead. “Tyler’s not going to be mad if I’m touching you like that in public?”

Morgan shrugged. “It should be okay if you’re not too obvious about it,” she suggested. “Right, Tyler?”

Ollie and Morgan, dancing in public. I considered the notion. *His fingers grazing her buttocks*.

The honest truth was that it made me feel incredibly jealous; humiliated, even. But I reasoned that compared to everything I’d consented to privately, this would be a strange place to suddenly draw the line.

Plus, I really didn't want to think of myself as the sort of possessive dickhead who tried to control their girlfriend to the point where he tried to prohibit something as innocent as dancing, and the incidental bodily contact that went along with it. If Morgan wasn't embarrassed to be seen dancing with Ollie in public and even get mildly felt up, why should I be embarrassed on her behalf, or my own?

"She's right, Ollie," I said, trying to believe my words as I uttered them. "This will be a positive experience. And regardless, it's what Morgan wants. Part of being involved with a girl is you gotta make some compromises for them, you know?"

"FUCK. Fine, guys. Jesus christ. But don't get mad if, like, I don't fondle your ass exactly the way I'm supposed to or something."

"Weeellllll," Morgan moaned, "you know the rules…" She leaned forward and suddenly before my eyes, she'd engaged Ollie in a wet, longing open-mouthed kiss. "Can we go to your room and you can try and get the ass fondling out of your system?"

I watched him walk her into his bedroom, guiding her with his hand on the small of her back. A moment after the door shut, the volume of the music increased, obscuring any detail of what might be transpiring.

—

Like each previous time she'd visited him over the week, my insides refused to stop doing cartwheels for the duration – a full *thirty minutes*, in this instance.

"It looks *so fucking cute,* Morgan," I'd heard Ollie raving at one point, loudly enough to be heard over the music. "The way it peeks out the bottom of your skimpy little panties? *Fuck*." I think I knew exactly which panties she was modeling for him and it killed me to think he'd gotten to see.

Not that she probably kept them on for long, I considered, palms sweating.

She had barely paused to check in on me on her way out, looking tickled but abashed as she did so. Smiling knowingly and apologetically at me, shaking her head and pushing a finger to my lips when I spoke up to pester her for any shard of insight into what she had just gotten up to with him.

I was a wreck. Though I restrained myself, I desperately wanted to masturbate to completion to the sparse revelations she'd given me. Or even better, to do so while witnessing Ollie indulging in the groping of Morgan's asscheeks – her *bare* asscheeks, it was likely – as she'd invited him to do while they shut themselves in his room. Along with who knows what else.

Seeing them kiss again had also been revelatory. The eagerness and lust Morgan had expressed as she leaned forward to make out with him, the obvious practiced familiarity they'd developed with one another. The way their tongues instantly stole into each other's mouths, their mutual need for it perfectly synchronized. Considering it made me short of breath.

What was the matter with me, that I was so *incredibly* turned on by just the thought of such a thing? Seeing it up close, sober, in the light of day was nearly enough to make me blow ropes without the need to touch myself.

And, insanely, there was more. Kissing was promised to be just the tip of the iceberg; Morgan had done things with Ollie I didn't even know about yet, and as anxious as I was, I also had to admit that I *could not fucking wait for her to tell me*. There was no way I was going to last for any

substantial amount of time buried in Morgan's now perpetually drenched cunt while she filled me in on whatever details she had in store.

—

Despite my self-coaching, my face burned with shame as I watched Morgan and Ollie dance.

She'd taken his hands from her ass and moved them to her lower back a number of times, but by this point it seemed she'd given up and was just resigned to the fact that he was going to be clutching each of her cheeks.

I'd almost been saved by the anonymity of the party's crowd, flashing lights, blasting music. Almost.

"I'll fucking kill him for you, if you want," Bobby intoned venomously.

I shrugged helplessly. "Morgan's a big girl, she can handle herself."

"She's tried to get him to stop so many times, it's like at the point where she either has to make a huge scene or just let him."

I felt a deep gratitude that Bobby was taking such a charitable interpretation of Morgan's behavior. And mine, since I clearly wasn't intervening to stop the public groping.

"I don't think he's ever gotten to dance with a girl before," I speculated. "Not surprised he's taking as much advantage as he can."

"It's so fucking disrespectful, man. I'm sorry."

"We'll be okay," I assured. "Man, can you do me a favor and not mention this shit to Andrew?" A small blessing, Andrew wasn't in evidence at tonight's festivities.

"Of course, dude. Unless you change your mind, in which case I'll enlist his help murdering the shithead for you."

Morgan had her back to Ollie now, swaying to the beat. She was clutching his hands at her exposed belly. If she hadn't been, I wonder if he'd be straight up seizing handfuls of her luscious tits right in front of everybody. Her outfit was scandalously hot, for Morgan. A midriff-baring halter top, a skirt short enough that her ass cheeks threatened to peek out from the bottom. She'd said earlier she needed a bit of time to get ready for the party, and the makeup and attire attested to time well spent. I hadn't even known such clothes were in her possession. My dick pulsed in appreciation, despite the angst.

"You empty, man?" Bobby asked, gesturing with his beerless cup.

"Yeah. Can you fill me up? I feel like I shouldn't, like, abandon her.."

"Of course, bro." He ruffled my hair affectionately and left to queue up for the keg.

Whatever Ollie whispered in Morgan's ear caused her eyes to snap open wide, followed by a beaming smile. She whispered something back and Ollie scowled.

Another girl had ended up winning Bobby's favor over the course of the night, and he made a point of checking in with me before he left the party to accompany her to her room. The difference in etiquette and sensitivity between my suitemates couldn't have been more pronounced.

I got to dance with Morgan as well, of course, while Ollie glowered from the sidelines. She was getting quite drunk, and in my opinion getting taken advantage of as Bobby had observed; nonetheless I restrained myself from questioning her well-being in an overly-protective manner.

“Are you enjoying your night, my love?” I asked instead.

She answered with a passionate kiss. “I know it’s just dancing,” she gushed, “but it feels so naughty how I’m getting passed around by you two. And with everybody watching!”

I supposed Ollie’s forwardness with the ass fondling contributed to the naughtiness she seemed so enthusiastic over, so I resisted commenting about it lest I come off like a wet blanket.

Instead I decided to enjoy a feel of her myself. More respectfully, of course, as was my style. Just letting my fingertips graze the top of her butt where it began to slope away from her lower back.

“Mmmm, at least *one* of my men knows how to treat a lady,” she moaned into my ear. I ached at her phrasing, how it put Ollie and I on the same level. *Her men*.

I, too, was pretty drunk by the time we left. Morgan was bubbly and ecstatic, marching Ollie and I back to the suite, arm linked with each of us. Prancing, more like.

“I’m *soooo* worked up!” she announced. “Getting shared back and forth at the party by two men. What’s a lady to do!”

It’s almost time, my brain screamed at me. *Morgan’s gonna have sex with me and tell me… tell me…*

“Sooooo,” sang Morgan, leaning away from me and into Ollie. “Do you want to tell Tyler the plan, or should I?”

What the fuck?!

“You tell him,” Ollie muttered. “You’re lucky I’m even agreeing to this shit in the first place.”

“So Tyler,” Morgan said leaning over to kiss me on the cheek. “We thought maybe it would even more exciting if-”

“*You* thought it would be,” corrected Ollie. “I think it’s fucking embarrassing.”

“If we just *showed* you instead.”

I stopped dead in my tracks, effectively halting the two of them since we were all linked together by Morgan.

“Sh… show me..?”

“All the naughty things I’ve been doing with Ollie,” her voice lilted.

“You guys are fuckin’ freaks,” Ollie disparaged. “Just like, absolutely sick in the head.”

“Oh shush, you *love* it Ollie.” Morgan favored his cheek with a kiss as well.

This prompted Ollie to turn towards her and kiss her back; before I knew it Morgan had slipped her hand from mine to spin into Ollie’s embrace, moaning emphatically as the two began french kissing right there in the open, where anybody could see.

“What the *fuck* guys?” I hissed. “Somebody’s gonna see you!”

Morgan mercifully broke away from him. The two of them looked at each other sheepishly for a few tense moments.

“Bad Ollie!” she finally giggled.

“It’s not my fault you can’t keep your hands off me,” he boasted haughtily.

I was, it seemed, in deep shit.

We thankfully made it inside without further incident. Andrew was also gone; perhaps, like Bobby, he and some lucky lady were making one another’s dreams come true.

“So you guys,” I sputtered, “you guys are gonna..” What about Morgan and I having sex? Why had the plan changed? What the fuck was happening?

Morgan advanced on me, a predatory look in her eyes. “Kiss me, baby,” she commanded.

I did, my arms around her waist to pull her against me tight. She was far more aggressive with her tongue than I was accustomed.

“Feel me down there…” she whispered, her eyes big and almost fearful-like. I reached under her skirt and my fingers instantly got soaked even through her panties. “Make me taste myself…” she moaned, bringing my hand to her mouth as she’d done earlier in the day.

“Nasty, guys,” Ollie complained. “I don’t need to see this shit.”

“Your turn next,” Morgan replied, turning from me and flinging her arms around him.

He’s been fingering her??

“Can we at least to go one of the rooms?!” I protested. “What if the other guys come home?”

Morgan legitimately moaned as if I’d proposed something irresistibly erotic, but Ollie was thankfully on my side here. “Jesus, Morgan, come on. It’s bad enough I have to do this in front of Tyler.”

“Okay, okay! But you need to be touching me already.”

Morgan strode before Ollie towards his room, him close behind, both hands attached to her ass. I trotted after them, my body on autopilot.

“You .. can .. sit .. mmph! … in Ollie’s chair,” Morgan groaned in between slurping on Ollie’s tongue extravagantly.

As usual, his room was a pigsty. I’d caught glimpses but hadn’t taken in the details: the trashcan full to the brim with crumpled up tissue, the nearly-empty soda and beer cans claiming all the free real-estate at his desk.

I did as instructed and watched as they dove back into their makeout session, trying to understand what it was about sharing her body with Ollie that was so exciting to Morgan and (I had to acknowledge at this point) myself.

“It’s so awkward that he’s, like, sitting right there,” protested Ollie, pulling back from Morgan’s lips.

Morgan shrugged guiltily. “But I promised all week he could find about… you know. And plus it really turns me on that my boyfriend is watching you have your way with me.”

“I thought messing around with *me* turned you on on its *own*,” he whined to her.

She made her eyes go wide and nodded her emphatic agreement, her face inches from him. “It does, Ollie. It really does. But I’m also really excited to show Tyler. Should we start with my top?”

This is happening, this is actually happening, I admitted to myself as Ollie helped her shimmy out of the tight-fitting halter top. He now needed only one hand to deftly unclasp her bra, the same one she’d worn on the night of the bonfire. That she’d worn for us, for him.

He tore it off of her and flung it over his shoulder, leaving my Morgan topless before him, looking shockingly vulnerable, her body on offer for him.

Now that her breasts were exposed, Ollie immediately seemed far less concerned about my proximity. He moaned hungrily and dove in, pawing at her tits, slurping noisily at her nipples. Biting them, I noted with disbelief and some concern. But Morgan was moaning delightedly in response. Panting, even.

“You guessed right, Tyler,” she cried. “He *loves* sucking my tits. He did it the first time I visited him in his room. He does it every time I play with him.”

“Shut up,” he muttered, grabbing her face and sticking his tongue down her throat once again.

She scrambled onto his lap, straddling him, lost to his kisses. “Please,” she moaned. “I need your hands on my ass, Ollie.” He had her skirt hiked up to her waist in no time, her ass functionally bare in her tiny thong. Kneading her cheeks greedily as she rocked against him. Humping him.

“What the fuck, guys,” I muttered in disbelief. Seemingly provoked by my utterance, Ollie dug in even more aggressively, yanking her thong to the side. Morgan’s asshole and vagina suddenly visible and present in the room with us, Ollie’s fingers barely missing her holes as he indulged. Then, incidentally grazing them, his fingers passing over the delicately wrinkled flesh around her butthole. Passing over her labia, moisture visibly splashing from her pussy as he did so.

Was she even aware of these transgressions, or was she so lost to her excitement that it was all a blur of stimulation to her? She jerked her head over her shoulder to look at me guiltily, apologetically. “I’ve been getting naked for him, Tyler,” she confessed. “Just like we fantasized about?”

I’m not sure why Ollie needed to know that I had fantasized about this as well, but it seemed petty to quibble while he had her butthole exposed obscenely before my eyes, his fingers gripping its edges from both sides, stretching it into a tiny winking oval.

“Ollie!” Morgan finally protested. “I told you not to be so rough back there!”

My eyes bulged uncomprehendingly. Although I’d admired Morgan’s backdoor, I’d never had the courage to interact with it by touch. It hadn’t even occurred to me such a thing might be allowed. “He’s been… You’ve been letting him..?”

Morgan nodded into Ollie’s shoulder, not meeting my gaze. “The second time I visited his room for The Rules, I got completely naked,” she muttered abashedly while Ollie continued pawing at her ass with one hand, his other squeezing her tits and bringing them to his mouth one at a time. “He wanted to look at me everywhere up close..”

“Fuck, Morgan,” I whimpered.

“And he just started touching me all over .. ” The thought excited her for him anew, and, fingers in Ollie’s hair, she pulled his face up to meet hers. Her eyes stayed open while she kissed him, like she craved the visual reminder of just who she was kissing. “So greedy, Ollie,” she breathed, almost with admiration.

She looked back at me. “Wanna see what we did?”

When I couldn’t move or respond for a few beats, Ollie looked expectantly towards me as well. *Fuck*. There was nowhere to hide; I needed to see, and Ollie would know my need.

“Please show me,” I breathed, my face burning even hotter.

Morgan moaned deeply at my request, shuffling on her knees to turn herself in a circle and face me. Ollie grabbed her tits from behind and pulled her back into him, pinching at her nipples. Twisting them. Morgan gasped and panted at his touch.

“Come onnnn,” she pleaded. “Down there…”

Ollie spared one hand to yank at her panties, tugging them down her hips. She’d trimmed her pussy nearly bare, leaving only a small landing strip of pubic hair. I had never seen her nether region presented like so; even earlier that day, when she’d put my hand down her pants, she’d had her characteristic bush.

She’s more naked down there at this moment for Ollie than she’s ever been for me . Had she done it at his behest?!

My view of her shockingly naked pussy was blocked a moment later by Ollie’s hand as he gripped her between her legs, basically seizing her cunt, causing her to cry out at the suddenness and forcefulness of his movement. “*Ollie!*” she protested. “Please be gentle! Let me get them.. Get them off..”

She finished what he’d started, pushing her thong down to her knees, then raising them one at a time to rid herself of her last scrap of clothing. Freeing her to part her thighs, which she did while giving me a look that nearly broke me. It was a look that recalled her profound bashfulness the first time she’d ever undressed for me, only now it was because she was opening her legs so that Ollie could better access her pussy and resume his assault.

Ollie is shoving fingers into Morgan. Into my beloved Morgan’s vagina. The vagina she had so sweetly and innocently bared for me, conjuring her reserves of courage to do so. And here Ollie was just pumping his fingers into her without any regard for her comfort, her recent plea for gentleness apparently ignored. Abusing my Morgan’s delicate, sensitive pussy before my eyes.

“Morgan..” I began, just needing some acknowledgment to pass between us, to be reminded she was connected to me despite how far we’d let things with Ollie develop. But her eyes fluttered shut as Ollie brought his hand to her mouth, pushing his fingers between her lips and rubbing her cream around her face as she ground her bare ass into his crotch.

To my absolute disbelief, her hips began to buck in orgasm when Ollie spoke, unconcerned with her climax. “He has to leave for the rest of it,” he said. “There’s zero chance I’m getting my dick out in front of him.”

There was equally little chance, I thought, that I’d let this chubby incel *fuck* banish me from seeing what he’d turned my sweet Morgan into. “Quit being a pussy,” I retorted, more timidly than I’d intended, “and-”

“Tyler, please,” she interrupted urgently, lapping at herself with abandon off Ollie’s fingers. “I- ..we just need a minute.”

“*Morgan*,” I breathed, trying to make her hear the need in my voice.

“I’ll come to you soon baby.” Her tone was flat and free of reassurance or apology. She spared no look to gauge the distress I wore on my face.

“Soon,” I repeated, not sure if she heard me. She was moving Ollie’s free hand down to the river between her legs while she rubbed her face and tongue into what remained of her on his palm, lost to me for the moment.

—

My cheeks burned as I shut the door behind me, my motions unacknowledged. I immediately regretted shutting it; why hadn’t I left it open a crack? I instantly wished I could be back in there, anonymously, a fly on the wall to witness what was about to transpire.

I had expected and braced myself for her total nudity, for the petting to be more involved and brazen than it had been by the bonfire a week prior. But Ollie bringing Morgan to orgasm was a punch to the gut. It had taken me months for her and I to figure out how to make her cum.

Of course, we had been talking about Ollie when she’d had her first climax with me. *Why does he turn her on so much?!* I gulped.

I couldn’t hear what Ollie muttered, but Morgan responded, “I told you Ollie, no sex.”

More muttering. I pressed my ear to the door as stealthily as I could, praying our other suitemates remained absent.

“Oral sex counts as sex! Plus, don’t you think it’s hot when I..” the rest of her utterance was muffled, as if she had something in her mouth.

So she does have some boundaries , I thought ruefully. But what the fuck *were* they doing? My imagination ran wild as I decided to throw caution to the wind and unzip; fondling myself through my pants was no longer cutting it. I couldn’t make out any words for a few minutes as I stroked to the thought of how Ollie might be further enjoying Morgan’s eagerness.

More muttering from Ollie; words of protest. I heard “too close.”

“Come on, you have to finish,” my girlfriend moaned. “Tyler’s waiting for me!”

Ollie said something about “a few more minutes” and I could just make out Morgan suggesting something in a low, sultry tone.

“Not on your tits,” Ollie negotiated. “On your face.”

The ask was obvious despite the fragmented exchange. I held my breath, dying to hear Morgan’s disposition on this request.

“O-okay,” she uttered in a murmur I could barely hear.

“And you have to keep your mouth open this time,” he emphasized.

Silence from Morgan. But in my mind’s eye she was submissively doing as he commanded. I had to stop stroking myself abruptly, to keep from blowing ropes all over Ollie’s door.

The agonizing silence continued until I heard Ollie begin cursing, signaling his release. I took this as my cue to abandon my station at their door, not wanting to be caught perving on them so pathetically, dick in hand. However, it was several long anxiety-ridden minutes before Morgan slipped into my room, still completely naked, clutching her clothes in a bundle at her belly.

It was mostly dark; on its lowest setting, my desklamp illuminated her expression, cast down towards the ground and unwilling to meet my eye.

“Tyler…”

“Did you taste his cum?” I blurted.

She hesitated, then nodded, wringing her clothes nervously in her hands.

“He gave you an orgasm,” I noted as well.

She affirmed this too, still unable to make eye contact.

The moment grew tense.

“Will you please have sex with me, Morgan?” I finally forced out, terrified beyond measure that she might reject me.

“Yes.. of *course*, Tyler,” she sighed in relief, sliding into bed with me. “I thought maybe you hated me.”

“Never,” I assured. “I love you no matter what.”

“Even though I’m a fucking whore?” she intoned sorrowfully as she slipped into my arms, face to face with me in my bed. I ran a finger along her cheek under the guise of reassuring her but also looking for evidence of Ollie’s load; it seemed she’d cleaned herself up, though.

As always, the desire to reassure melted away any reprimands I might have voiced. “Baby, you’re not,” I soothed, kissing her.

“Ollie sure thinks I am,” she murmured.

“Morgan, you’ve had sex with three guys in your entire life,” I reminded her. “And been touched some by a fourth. If anything, you’re kind of a prude.”

She playfully smacked my arm. “‘Touched some.’ That’s rather generous of you after you saw him smearing my.. myself all over me. And all that in front of my loyal boyfriend.”

The articulation of it made my dick throb dangerously. “Morgan, I’m not gonna lie, it was a lot,” I said. “But I’m so fucking turned on right now I’m practically seeing through walls. If I don’t get my dick in you in the next few minutes, I don’t think we’ll have a chance.”

We were silent for a few moments as she settled on top of me, guiding me into her. She needed no effort to acclimate to the penetration, such was the extent of her body’s arousal.

Upon reflecting how it had been Ollie who caused her to become this wet and open for sex, I immediately had to seize her hips and hold her still to keep orgasm at bay.

“Tyler!” she marveled. “Already?”

“I haven’t touched myself all week, like you said.”

“Mmmmm. Good boy.”

“Plus what I just saw… *fuck*. It was so fucking hot, Morgan.”

“It didn’t make you too jealous?”

“It made me the most jealous I’ve ever been in my life,” I fumed. “I don’t know what the fuck is wrong with me.”

“There’s something wrong with me too,” she gushed, leaning forward and bringing us face to face. “Your oafish housemate turns me on so fucking much, Tyler.”

I moaned in response to this acknowledgement and slipped my tongue into her mouth. There was an unfamiliar taste, unmistakable, and the sheer depravity of knowing what it was I tasted almost sent me over the edge once again.

“Is that why,” I gasped. “Is that why you’re letting him do things to you that you’ve never done with me?”

She shrugged.

“Is it?!”

“ *Yes, baby* ,” she hissed. “But.. but also..”

“Tell me Morgan, *please* ,” I begged.

“He just.. makes me? Like, it doesn’t occur to him to be respectful, he just – ah! – just grabs me so rough and does what he wants.”

Slowing down once again. “You could tell him ‘no’,” I murmured. “You don’t have to cave in to his every demand.”

She nodded, shutting her eyes. “I don’t know why it’s so hard to, though. Like even though I know I should, it’s like that makes it even more tempting for me not to.”

“I heard you turn him down for oral,” I pointed out.

She nodded. “But I still put my mouth on him.”

“??!??!”

“Like, over his clothes? I’ve been doing it for the last three days. Massaging his .. his fat dick with my mouth. He gets so excited Tyler, it makes him go crazy for me.”

“Fuck.”

“He loves cumming on me,” she went on. “He’s obsessed with it.”

“Jesus, Morgan.”

“On my tits, on my belly, on my feet, on my ass…”

“Unnnnfh.”

“I spread myself open back there so he could cum, like, *specifically on my asshole,* Tyler!”

“Oh … my … fucking … god…”

“He keeps asking me to spread my pussy open so he can cum into it.”

“!!!!”

“I *really* want to let him…”

It was either pull out of her or lose my nut, so I pulled out and hopped off the bed. Pacing back and forth, my wet dick bobbing in front of me, droplets of Morgan’s cream sprinkling off it.

“I think you’re probably going to,” I told her. She flopped onto her back and started fingering herself, not disputing my statement. She wasn’t engaged in the usual circular motions on her clit; instead, it was a squelching sound of her plunging a couple fingers into herself.

“What else did he make you do?” I asked, keeping my voice surprisingly even despite the fireworks going off in my loins. I was on a mission. “You’re not allowed to cum until you finish telling me.”

“Other than drink his cum just now?” she grinned impishly at me.

“Fuck! Was that the first time?”

She nodded.

“Was it nasty?”

She nodded.

“Are you going to do it again??”

She made her eyes bulge playfully and nodded, slowing down her movements. Edging herself.

“What else? What fucking *else* Morgan?!”

“He has so many ideas for things he wants me to do, Tyler,” she said. “He must watch a lot more porn than you or something. I don’t know where he gets all this stuff.”

“Yeah, I mean obviously!”

“I’ve touched his dick..”

“I fucking knew it.”

“He gets himself to the point where he’s about to cum and then he makes me hold it and angle it towards my body. So I’m the one *making* him cum on my tits or in my mouth.”

“That’s so… so *slutty* Morgan,” I dared to point out. “What else? What else, what else?!”

She thought for a moment and then broke eye contact with me. “I finished my project on Wednesday…”

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

“I kept betraying you with Ollie for two more days because we thought it would be hot as fuck..”

“Jesus. Fuck.”

“He convinced me to keep it a secret from you. That we could build up more material for you fap to?”

“Holy *shit*… ”

“Are you glad I did?”

“Yes??”

“He wants me to deny you this pussy. Not let you see me naked. All sorts of twisted shit.”

“I’ll fucking kill him, Morgan!” I raved.

She laughed. “I know! I’m just trying to paint the full picture of all the sorts of things he comes up with.”

“Morgan you had better not-”

“*Come back on top of me and fuck me more Tyler,”* she hissed.

I did as she asked and fucked her real slow. Agonizing strokes where I savored every inch of her creamy folds.

“Do you forgive your girlfriend for being a slut?” she mewled into my ear.

“I should.. I should be *thanking* you…”

“May I keep being one? It’s… it’s going to help teach Ollie how to treat girls..” She broke into a grin. I snorted at how absurd the notion was becoming. We were teaching him *something*, alright.

“You *have* to keep being one,” I commanded. My penis was utterly in charge of me at this point.

She bit her lips and nodded in acquiescence. “Okay Tyler.” She spoke as if it were a matter of life and death. “I promise I will.”

“Morgan, I can’t hold it back anymore.”

“Me neither, I’m so close…”

“You gonna cum on this dick like you came on Ollie’s fingers earlier?” I taunted.

Her head jerked around as she nodded frantically. “Tell me, Tyler!” she implored. “What slutty things should I do?!”

Did she even need me to tell her? It was so fucking obvious. I began pounding her as fiercely as I could, sending myself over the point of no control.

“His dick,” I decreed. Maybe I would come to regret giving voice to the demon in my head but nothing on earth was going to stop me in this moment. “You *have* to suck his dick, Morgan. You’re lucky I don’t send you back in there right now-”

It was the first time we had managed to orgasm together, the climax slamming into us simultaneously. Her hips bucked against me savagely as she howled her agreement.

Chapter 8: The Girlfriend Experience

Chapter Text

“I can’t believe I’m actually going to put Ollie’s dick in my mouth,” deadpanned Morgan for what seemed like the hundredth time.

It was later that same night; she was prone on her belly while I slid into her. Prior to this it had been rare for us to go more than once in a row, but this was the fourth time we were having sex in so many hours.

“But you *are* going to,” I insisted. “It’s what a slutty girl like you would do.”

“I don’t even really suck my boyfriend’s dick…”

“Your boyfriend actually respects you as more than just a sexual object,” I pointed out.

Now that I’d dumped three loads into her, I finally had the capacity to stroke in and out at a steady rhythm without fear of losing it. We were both quite sore where our bodies connected, but the filthy thoughts we were sharing compelled us to continue.

Plus, Morgan’s pussy was a complete mess of both of our fluids, which helped.

“Should it really be a Rule? That blowjobs are exclusively for Ollie?”

I groaned in torment. “Should it even be up to me? Maybe we should let Ollie decide.”

“You know what he’ll decide.”

“It’s your body, Morgan. You can choose who has say over it, if that’s what turns you on.”

“It turns me on *a lot*.”

It was nearly four in the morning; our conversation had wandered from the erotic to the pragmatic and back again several times.

Though the previous week of denial had been rough for me, it was hard to see the negative sides of it while Morgan was allowing me such decadent use of her pussy. In the midst of what was by far the hottest sex session of my life so far. As a consequence, the decisions we were making might not have been entirely well thought-out.

The Ollie-only blowjob rule was just our latest concoction. We’d also decided that going forward, neither of us were allowed to climax unless we were thinking about ways to enhance Morgan’s newfound sluttiness. And that it was Ollie’s right to no longer rely on his hand for masturbation; getting him off should be Morgan’s responsibility from now on.

Despite the extreme mental zone we were in, there was still one point of discussion that caused me serious concern. It was around Ollie’s annoyance, which he had apparently voiced to Morgan a number of times, over her being so secretive about hooking up with him. It bothered him, apparently, that she treated it like something she should be ashamed about.

“*He* acts like it’s something we should be ashamed about,” I argued. “He keeps calling us disgusting freaks for allowing this to happen.”

Regardless, Morgan was sympathetic to his perspective, given the baggage he had when it came to his relationship with women. Plus, it did seem inevitable that her frequent visits to his room

would attract the notice of Bobby and Andrew sooner or later. Maybe it would be less humiliating in the long run to just own what we were doing rather than let it be discovered by happenstance.

I considered the fairly nonjudgmental way Bobby had reacted to the two of them dancing and groping at the party, and tried to convince myself that perhaps him and Andrew knowing wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. It certainly would free Morgan and Ollie to be far more indulgent in all the sordid activities she and I (and he) were currently plotting. Which, at the moment, appealed to me enormously.

"He'd take *so* much advantage of it," I speculated.

She nodded. "Can you imagine? Especially once he figures out he gets to use my mouth whenever he wants?"

"*Whenever he wants*. Fuck."

"Just like, grabbing me by the hand and pulling me into his room. Everybody knowing why."

"He'd go out of his way to make it obvious, probably. 'Okay Morgan, I'm ready for my morning blowjob.'"

"*Ugghh*, that would make me feel like such a slut." Which was a positive for her, we had both come to understand.

"It could be so embarrassing for me though, Morgan," I said, trying to be earnest for a moment. "What if they want an explanation for why I'm okay with you doing all this?"

She rocked her ass back into me as we continued fucking. "Could you see yourself just being honest with them? Like, who are they to judge us for what we choose to do with our sex lives? For what turns us on?"

"What if they want to take advantage of our… openness, and demand a turn themselves?"

She pondered it. "Me, with Andrew and Bobby?" she mused. "Well, it would be up to Ollie, remember? He's the one who decides whose dick goes in my mouth."

"*Fuuuuuuck*… "

Our conversation had gone on and on in this vein. All our attempts to take a considered approach to this new mode of behavior we'd embraced led us back to the obscene.

This last utterance of Morgan's had sent me once more over the edge. I surged into her to deposit my fourth load of the night, amidst her verbal encouragements.

I collapsed next to her, thinking that I was perhaps truly spent at this point. But my mind was still fixated on our new obsession.

"But seriously, Morgan," I asked yet again. "You're *really* really going to start giving Ollie blowjobs? You're not just saying it because it's kinky to say?"

She propped herself up on her elbows and looked at me completely straight-faced. "Tyler, please believe me when I tell you the only thing stopping me from marching into his room *right now* and wrapping my lips around his thick penis is the fact that he just came for me earlier tonight."

"…."

“I want him to be *really* excited for me when we do it.”

—

A growingly familiar sense of panic blossoming as I awoke to an empty bed. The certainty of why: she would be across the hall, making good on her promise to submit to Ollie’s oral advances. Then, relief blended with disappointment at the sound of the toilet flushing and my door creaking open as she returned to me.

She’d donned a shirt, but not pants. Moving through my suite with her thong-clad ass on display. Smiling at me, slightly embarrassed. “Hey,” she offered.

My eyes bore into her as if in an effort to read her thoughts. “Hey. Been gone long?” Her partial nudity hardly seemed worth quibbling over or even mentioning, all else considered.

She rolled her eyes as she crawled back into bed with me. “No, I just went to the bathroom.”

“Ah.”

“Are you, like, disappointed?” She turned away, offering my crotch the swell of her ass, which I pressed myself into. “Or is the reality of all this hitting you in the cold light of day like it is for me?”

“Both,” I admitted. “Last night was insane, Morgan.”

She forced out a mirthless chuckle. “Which part?”

I considered it. “All of our dirty talk afterwards was wild, but a lot of fun. But actually seeing you two together.. Fuck. I had psyched myself up for it to be intense, but I really didn’t expect it to go like that.”

She took my hand and pushed it up her shirt, holding it between her bare breasts. Between the hangover and last night’s marathon, my dick barely stirred. “So, let’s talk it through,” she said. “We can put a stop to all this if we need. Ollie will obviously be upset, but fuck him, I’m *yours*, Tyler.”

I kissed her neck. “I love you baby,” I breathed. “But I don’t own you. I don’t want to be that guy.”

Her head was turned away but I could see her cheeks tighten into a smile. “Even if I want you to be?”

More kisses. “Fiiiine. Twist my arm, I guess. You’re mine.”

After a brief cuddle she continued. “But so, I do think we should talk more about how we’re feeling about all this. Like *seriously* talk, not just fantasize about me being Ollie’s… you know.”

In spite of everything my dick began to betray me once again. “His slut,” I murmured.

“Come *on* though, Tyler,” she insisted, pushing at my hip to stop me from humping her. “We can’t just keep, like, wallowing in debauchery. Our relationship comes first.”

“I know, I know,” I disengaged from her body (which wasn’t helping to keep me from impure thoughts) and flopped flat on my back. “Okay, what can I say? There’s no point in pretending I don’t find it ridiculously hot that you’re being.. how you are with him.”

She spun towards me and traced her fingers along my shoulder and bicep supportively, waiting for me to continue.

“There are elements of it that bother me,” I said carefully. “But it’s hard to tell what they are, exactly. Like, the way my heart starts racing out of jealousy … it’s pretty much the same as sexual excitement at this point, you know? Like, indistinguishable.”

“Mmm,” she considered. “It does turn me on to drive you crazy, babe. But I also don’t want any of this to be genuinely upsetting for you. This should be fun for all of us. Otherwise what’s the point?”

I thought about it. “Okay,” I said. “The stuff that you’re doing, like, for *Ollie’s* pleasure? Letting him see you and grope you, even letting him cum on you.. Maybe it’s a weird way to put it, but that all seems like good wholesome fun to me.”

“Yeah, totally wholesome,” she quipped.

“I mean, it is, though! It’s like, there’s a power dynamic where we’re the experienced, worldly couple, blowing this kid’s mind by opening his eyes to a world of sex he thought he wouldn’t be able to experience.”

“He’d hate to hear you say that,” she noted, bemused.

“Yeah but like you said, fuck him. It’s honestly hilarious that he’s still managing to be such a bitter little shit about everything even though he’s getting to blow ropes on another guy’s girlfriend.”

“A girlfriend who *really* loves her boyfriend, too,” she emphasized. “… But Tyler, I do get why he’s like that. Yes, he’s never done any of this stuff with a girl before and he’s *definitely* thrilled that he’s getting to. But it’s also making him even more jealous of us, and what we have, you know?”

“Yeah… yeah, I guess that makes sense. I don’t really see any solution though. Like, do you see Ollie actually branching out and getting a girlfriend? He was so resistant to going to the party with us, and then he didn’t exactly behave himself like a gentleman when he did.”

We pondered in silence for a few moments.

“But back to us,” Morgan said. “I feel like the whole ‘good wholesome fun’ thing was a preamble…”

“Yeah. Yeah, there’s also parts of it that are a *lot* harder to dealt with.”

“Such as.”

“Well like I said, I’m pretty much completely into the idea of you making Ollie’s brain explode with your body. It doesn’t even make me that jealous, by this point. It’s like, an ego boost even. ‘Look at how incredibly hot my girlfriend is’.”

“Buuuut….”

“But Morgan, I watched you … you know…” Deep breath, Tyler. “…I watched you orgasm on his fingers.”

She tensed up a bit at this.

“Which is something I’ve literally never been able to do for you. And then like, you both sent me out of the room. I know we both leaned into the whole ‘keeping secrets’ thing but last night was supposed to be when you told me everything and have there be nothing else hidden between us.”

“Tyler..”

I charged ahead. “And I know I grilled you at length about everything when you came back to my room, but in all honesty I was kinda thinking with my dick the whole time and I still don’t *really* understand how you got from teaching Ollie how to kiss to, like, him … working you over like that. And like, yeah I guess I’m a bit freaked out about it.”

I shut up at this point, figuring I’d made my point and didn’t need to browbeat her.

“Well,” she murmured after a heavy pause. “I definitely don’t love that I’ve made you feel this way, baby.”

I shrugged. “I mean, it’s not the end of the world or anything. I’m not saying it to guilt-trip you or make you feel bad. And I’m pretty sure I’m way too addicted to the sexual thrill of all this to call a stop to it. But since we’re putting our cards on the table… yeah, this is the part that’s hard for me to deal with.”

“Well… what would make it better?”

I thought for a moment, trying to find the truthful answer. “Security camera footage,” I wisecracked, realizing that what I wanted was impossible. “Of every single moment that happened between you two over the week, so I can scrutinize how the fuck he got so confident with your body. With subtitles explaining every thought that was going through your head the entire time.”

I thought this was quite clever, but instead of laughing at my wit, Morgan considered my words thoughtfully.

“I think I can do that for you.”

“???”

“No dirty talk,” she went on. “Morgan’s full account of everything that happened, and everything that went through my head. In as much detail as I can remember.”

Fuck . That sounded pretty hot. Scary, but hot.

“I’m listening…”

—

“Well, for starters I was pretty much a ball of nerves every single time it happened. Visiting him, I mean. Even though I had your permission, it still really felt like actual cheating? Like, this lurching feeling in my stomach that we could get caught or something. That I was getting away with something really bad.

“It was always that initial moment of knocking on his door that was the hardest. Of proving to him over and over again that yes, I am really going to keep being fodder for him to kiss, feel up, and masturbate to. It was embarrassing for me every single time. And, kinda like how you described the jealousy thing… after a certain point I felt like I was almost looking forward to that feeling of shame as much as any other part of it.

“But so, okay. It was also extremely satisfying to just watch his eyes pop out of his head every single time I pulled my shirt up. I swear he basically starts, like, hyperventilating over my tits. Like every time he acts as though it’s still the first time he’s seeing boobs.

“And so the second time I went to his room for him to cum to me, after you and I had made our agreement about making you wait all week to find out? That’s when I took off all my clothes for him. And, like, thinking how if just breasts are so exciting to him, how will he react to seeing me completely naked? And not just a flash like in the shower but really getting to enjoy my nudity and masturbate to it?

“God Tyler, it must have been so obvious to him how eager I was to be naked for him.

“Like, he didn’t even have to really ask. I had taken off my shirt and bra for him and then he was like, ‘Uh, Morgan, do you think you could…’ and he didn’t even have to finish the fucking sentence, I literally was just all, ‘Oh, you want my pants off too?’ and he nodded with that desperate look in his eyes.

“We didn’t even get to really kiss that time. I mean, I insisted on kissing him because it’s the Rules, but he came so quickly the second I’d stripped down. He was on his bed, with his dick out, and I was standing in front of him. I pulled my jeans off first and then hooked my thumbs into my panties and asked if he was ready, and, like… my pubic hair had barely come into view when he just came all over himself.

“I guess it kind of made him mad? I had to actually *ask* him for a kiss after that. As in, ‘can I at least get my kiss, though?’ It was so fucking embarrassing, Tyler. But yeah he said how he wished he hadn’t cum so quickly, and wanted more time to look at me naked.

“So I promised him next time I’d get naked for him again. Which, of course he then said should be one of the Rules: not just flashing my boobs, but me getting completely naked for him every time I come by the suite.

“That’s also when he came up with the idea of how I could leave without *you* also getting off, Tyler. Which I did agree to, but I didn’t have any intention of actually following through unless you were also into the idea. But yeah, he was in this sort of mean-spirited post-orgasm mood and that was his way of getting revenge or something.

“Okay, then the third visit. He had me strip for him. He, like, directed me this time; he wanted me to face away from him and arch my back and peel down my panties with my ass thrust towards him. I was blushing like crazy. But yeah, he obviously had put some thought into it and was determined to take full advantage.

“And then I embarrassed myself real bad by asking why he wasn’t touching himself while I did it. And he laughs and goes, ‘Don’t worry, I’ll get my dick out for you soon enough.’ Ugh!

“So I’m standing there, naked, with my ass in his face waiting for him to tell me what to do. He was just staring at my butt for like, I dunno. Minutes, it felt like.

“And the whole time I’m holding this humiliating pose, with like, my back arched and it sticking out for him. Just him breathing all heavy while he stares at my naked backside. Finally he tells me to turn around.

“It was like he didn’t know where to look. His eyes kept bouncing from my tits to my vagina and back. And yeah, it was making me *extremely* turned on to be having this effect on him. It reminded me of how you first reacted to seeing me totally naked, but you were honestly way more collected and, like, suave compared to him.

“So my naughty side sort of took over and I found myself asking him if he wanted to, like… to kiss a naked girl…

“Tyler, he made me fucking straddle him and make out with him. I could feel his huge boner pressing into me. I was scared I was going to get his pants wet and I would have basically had to kill myself out of shame if he noticed and said something about it.

“And he was like, going to town on me… he had one hand on my chest and the other on my butt, like, squeezing pretty hard to where I thought I might bruise. And of course my body just acted on its own and I sort of might have started grinding against him a little..

“Well, he put a stop to that right away. I guess because he didn’t want to repeat the mistake from before of finishing too soon? So he, like, uses his grip on my tits and ass to literally hold me still and goes ‘Hold *on* , Morgan.’ Again, super incredibly embarrassing. Like I’m this brainless slut getting chastised for acting out of turn or something.

“And to make it worse without even thinking about it I tell him I’m sorry?? It just, like, came out automatically.

“But so anyway he’s sitting there, hands on my body, me on top of him, not kissing me anymore and trying to keep himself from popping off. And he’s like, not looking me in the eye, but looking down between my legs where my pussy is against his bulge. Trying to get a peek, it seemed like, although the angle wasn’t very good.

“And, again, naughty side in control… I notice him looking and ask him if he wants to get a better look at it. I think the exact words I used were ‘Do you want to get a better look at me down there?’

“And fuck, Tyler, you should have seen the look on his face. Like, he couldn’t speak at all. He could barely even *nod* . So I slide off him onto his bed and am sort of sitting like *this* , propped up with my arms and both of my knees together over to one side. And I had to like, coach myself. *Don’t think about it, Morgan, just fucking do it.* And just moved my knees apart and spread my legs for him like, right in front of his face. Like this.

“I swear to god I finally understood the whole cartoon trope of when steam comes out of someone’s ears. Like his face was so bright red I could practically feel the heat coming off it. His eyes were just locked onto my vagina.

“And baby, my pussy was like… well, I was in a really excited state. So, yeah. Visibly wet and kind of open? *Ugh*…

“And like, my brain is just a puddle at this point. I mean his face was like three feet from my pussy and I still decided to ask him if the way I was positioned was okay, if he had a good enough view of me. Like, who says something like that?? And he just nods, totally dumbfounded.

“Tyler, I was getting *so* fucking turned on at this point it felt like my chest was going to cave in. I wanted it to be even worse, even lewder. Like, I wanted to ask him to get his face down between my legs so he could look at me up close. I wanted *so badly* to reach down and pull my lips apart as far as I could and just show him what a naughty slut’s spread-open hole looks like…”

—

“Tyler, you’re not supposed to fucking masturbate to this!”

I thought I’d been subtle. Now that I was caught red handed, I tried for indignation instead.

“Are you fucking kidding me Morgan? Do you hear the shit that’s coming out of your mouth?!”

“Well, but this is supposed to be, like, us clearing the air though?”

“It is. It’s working. We’re clearing the air. *Please* keep going…”

—

“Well, we never got to the point of me doing that. Spreading myself, I mean. Not that time, I mean. I was straight up trying to work up the courage to make myself say the words and offer to do it for him when he finally unzips his pants and pulls out his dick…

“And it’s like, basically *angry* looking he’s so hard over what we’re doing. Like an angry purple erection, with the ridge of his dickhead all extra defined and stuff from how hard he is.

“And it just hits me that we both have our… *sex* organs out, like, right next to each other, in a state of extreme arousal, and meanwhile I have every intention of keeping it a *secret* from you all week… ugh, Tyler, it felt so unbelievably inappropriate and, like, borderline criminal.

“But anyway I don’t really have time to think about it because it takes him only two or three strokes to start shooting his cum. And once again, he’s like, upset that it’s happening? Or something? There’s this steady stream of ‘god dammit, oh fuck, oh fuck’ coming out of his mouth while he orgasms.

“And I don’t even think this was intentional on his part, but he splattered it all over me. Like I suddenly felt all these warm globs of cum splattering on my knees and thighs.

“He didn’t say anything about it at the time. About getting his load on me. He just seemed annoyed that he’d climaxed, I guess because he hadn’t wanted the whole experience to be over so soon.

“So I just helped myself to some tissues from the box he has at his computer, like, knowing full well it’s the same box of tissues he’s using for his constant masturbation.

“Boy did *that* make me feel like the lowest woman on earth. Reduced to cleaning up Ollie’s cum in his jerk-off den with him.

“The next day, it was hard for us to meet up because Bobby and Andrew were home and you weren’t, and it would have been kinda sus for me to just show up and disappear into his room when you weren’t around. And mind you, I know who’s home and who isn’t because at this point Ollie and I are texting each other directly…

“It felt SUPER shady and, like, conspiratorial. And we were being kinda indirect in the texts too, not mentioning anything explicitly sexual or anything. It really rubbed in the fact that we were basically sneaking around.

“But anyway, he figures out that I’m not comfortable coming by while the other guys are home without you there too, but he’s being super pushy because… well. For obvious reasons, I guess. Like, he’s suggesting all these ways we could make it work, not wanting to take ‘no’ for an answer.

“So then when he suggested he could come meet with me at *my* place instead, my immediate instinct was *hell* no, I am not risking Emily walking in on me cheating on you with Ollie and having to explain all of this to her or, even worse, her boyfriend.

“So Ollie’s solution is that we literally lock ourselves in one of the bathrooms of my dorm building. I cannot tell you how trashy it made me feel to agree to that. What kind of girl am I, that I’m so

determined to let this guy – who obviously doesn't really respect me or why else would he be suggesting such a thing – so determined to let him get his hands on me that I'm willing to lock myself in a *public bathroom* with him.

"And, yes. I got completely naked for him in the bathroom. Ugh. And sat on the toilet and spread my legs open for him again so he could look at my pussy, again. And he was much bolder about it this time. Like, he told me how he really liked how I showed it to him last time and would I do it again.

"And that helped me work up the courage to offer to do what I'd wanted to do last time, which was reach down with both hands and pull my labia apart while he got, like, inches away with his face. My heart was fucking *pounding*.

"And Tyler, he started like, pointing things out about it. About my obscenely spread-open vagina. It turned into a fucking anatomy lesson. He was like, is this part the clit? Yes Ollie, you know what a clit is, huge surprise given how much porn you probably watch, give yourself a pat on the back.

"But I didn't say that. I didn't make fun of him or anything. I just used my finger to pull back the hood so it would be displayed better and told him yes, that's my clit.

"He asked if it was normal for a pussy to be so wet. Which forced me to admit how it was so wet because I was very sexually aroused. Yes, Ollie, from getting naked for you and from you looking at it.

"And, *fuck*... He asked if I realized he could also see my butthole in this position, and wasn't that embarrassing for me. So I also had to tell him, yes, I know I'm just completely on display for him like this, and yes it's *very* embarrassing.

"And just like that I'm fucking confessing to Ollie how I have an exhibitionism slash shame kink and part of the reason he can see my pussy pouring out so much fluid that it's dripping down into my asshole is because I *love* how embarrassed it makes me feel for him to be scrutinizing my holes like this.

"Well, that obviously made him pleased as punch...

"He just started getting much more confident and assertive at this point overall. He asked about how he'd gotten his cum on my legs last time, and did I think that was a big deal. I told him it no, I was fine with it.

"So he tells me that one of *his* kinks is for a guy to cum on different parts of a girl's body, and can we make him doing that one of the Rules? Which I was in no state to disagree with. I mean, I've never minded it when your cum gets on me but it's always been something that just happens incidentally, not in like a fetishy way.

"But even if I *was* the type of girl to find it objectionable I doubt I would have turned him down in that moment...

"So then we stand up together and make out while he jerks himself off and fondles me with his other hand, with the idea being that at the last moment I'm going to get down on my knees in front of him so he can unload all over my tits.

"Tyler, I fucking got down on my knees in a dirty public bathroom so that Ollie could act out his pornographic fantasy on me and paint my breasts with his sperm."

—

“It just kept escalating from there. The individual meetups just kind of start to blur together for me after that.

“Now that the topic of kink had been broached, he wanted to know more about what turns me on, what other sorts of things I like sexually, that sort of thing. It’s what led to me telling him about our whole game of keeping things secret from you.

“I swear, I didn’t bring it up to like, humiliate you or anything. If anything I was trying to just put it in the context of this was something we were intentionally doing, because we wanted to be, not because I was in any way actually betraying you or anything. But of course he snickered at it and made rude remarks about how we’re freaks.

“He also got much braver when it came to my pussy. Not surprising considering he’d watched me flood myself from showing it to him and explain in no uncertain terms that showing him was what was getting me in that state.

“So that’s how the pussy-touching started, baby. He sort of approached it like he had with kissing lessons, the whole woe-is-me act about how he was definitely going to embarrass himself with other girls when he tries to touch them.

“Though he did manage to get in the zinger that he probably can’t rely on them practically cumming themselves just from having him look at them down there, like he can with me.

“Which… you can’t imagine how humiliating it was for him to put it like that, but I mean… he kind of had a point.

“But anyway, the gist is that he asked if I could give him some pointers on how a girl likes to have her pussy touched.

“At first it was just me showing him. Tyler, I tried to be a good teacher and explain how vaginas are delicate and should be treated carefully and gently. I showed him how I like to very gently rub myself by just touching the hood of my clit, how touching it directly was too intense for me unless I was *very* aroused.

“And of course he immediately wanted to try himself. This seemed like, wildly out of bounds to me and I was sort of like, ‘I dunnooooo…’ but this is when he started using our own game against us. Talking about how wasn’t the whole point that I was supposed to do racy stuff, things that would surprise you and all that.

“Well, spoiler alert, he obviously talked me into it.

“It wasn’t too difficult if I’m being honest. I already felt *so* slutty sneaking around with him and basically not having any decency. So I might not have put up too much of a fight.

“He kinda listened to my instructions at first. The first time he touched me down there, it was another meet up in my dorm’s bathroom with me standing there totally naked, him completely clothed, french kissing each other. And his hand just sort of hesitantly starts tracing through my pubic hair and like, feeling around for the good bits.

“As soon as his fingers found their way to my wetness, though, it was like a switch flipped in his head. All my lessons were completely out the window. He was *not* gentle, like, at all. He just starts ‘oh my god’ing and ‘what the fuck’ing and spreading my juices around everywhere down there.

“He’d asked before about fingering and I’d told him how you have to get a girl really excited first and *then* , once you’ve rubbed around her clit and gotten her super worked up, then *maybe* you can gently put *a* finger inside her. Carefully, the way I’ve always liked to have it done.

“Well, fat chance of that. It was like he *needed* to push his chubby fingers into me as far as he could get them.

“I protested at first. I was like ‘wait, Ollie, that’s too much, it hurts.’ If it had been you, I know you would have immediately respected my boundaries and stopped. But it was like he didn’t even hear me! If anything he just, like, ramped it up.

“And baby, the awful thing is that it was actually kind of exciting? Like, to have my objection just completely ignored. Like he was just totally possessed because of my pussy and I couldn’t stop him from treating it how he wanted.

“No, that’s not really true. It’s hard to be honest about this, especially after you said how it’s the part that most upset you. But it wasn’t ‘kind of exciting…’ It was one of the hottest things that’s ever happened to me.

“Like, I *loved* that he ignored me telling him to stop and kept doing it anyway… I know that’s really bad.

“And I could immediately feel my body start rushing towards orgasm. Which *completely* shocked me… I mean, you know how hard it is for me to climax.

“So within, like, *seconds* I go from telling him to stop, to grabbing my t-shirt and stuffing it into my mouth to muffle my screams while I cum *hard* on his fingers.”

—

Morgan was endlessly patient in her detailed account and, in my estimation, completely honest with me. I could tell it was hard for her to come clean about certain aspects of what had transpired.

Ollie was Ollie, so it was no surprise for him to act in a boorish manner; that was on him, not on Morgan.

But the truth of the matter was that she’d (they’d) unlocked a part of herself that enjoyed his uncouth treatment of her. That she admitted this to me cut both ways. On the one hand, I appreciated her vulnerability for telling me so; I’d made it clear how difficult it was for me to hear about this aspect, and how could I not be touched by her obvious consternation at causing me distress? There was no doubt in my mind that Morgan truly loved and cared for me.

Yet, there was no getting around the fact that the jealousy it inspired in me genuinely stung. She knew it would, and viewed it as her responsibility to resist sparing my feelings. To get everything out in the open between us. So her dismay at confessing how erotic she found Ollie’s approach to her body only intensified my anxiety.

The fact of her hesitation to share the full extent of her feelings told me that I *should* be jealous. My insides were in knots over it.

And that was, in a way, not even the worst part. What really shocked me was that Morgan didn’t just find Ollie’s behavior titillating in the sense that it being so wrong made it hot to her in a taboo, transgressive sense. She also seemed to believe he was justified in acting in such a manner.

In fact, each time I lamented Ollie's inability to feel the gratitude towards her (and me, for sharing her) I felt was warranted, I noticed she seemed to get almost defensive on his behalf.

Towards the end of Morgan's grand recap of the week's events, it turned into something like a proper argument.

It started with us discussing Ollie's frequent complaint that he and Morgan shouldn't need to be hiding the fact of their sexual affair; how the need for discretion was somehow unfair to him.

"Maybe if we felt like we could rely on him acting *remotely* like a gentleman, we would be more inclined to be open about this weird poly situation we're in with him," I suggested.

"But Tyler, we're partly to blame for him not being a gentleman, you know? Like, we haven't exactly discouraged him from indulging in all his most salacious desires throughout all this. In fact you might say we've strongly *encouraged* him.."

"I dunno that *I've* been encouraging him.." I regretted the words as soon as they'd left my mouth.

"Really, Tyler?" Her tone was wounded. "I mean maybe you haven't been *directly* , but it's not like you didn't have four orgasms last night while we plotted on how I could be as slutty for him as possible."

"..."

"While you fantasized about him passing me around the suite like a freeuse oral whore."

"..."

"I mean come on, that was kind of unfair, Tyler."

I sighed. "You're right, it wasn't fair. I have been an eager accomplice throughout the whole thing. I'm sorry."

An awkward silence. Despite my apology, I could still sense a tension from Morgan.

"I do have.. an idea about how to maybe address it," she finally said, her obvious nervousness a clear signal that I should probably be panicking over whatever she was about to suggest.

"Okay..?"

"It's honestly probably not a big deal at all, considering what all we've *actually* gotten up to."

"Okay, I'm listening."

"And it would be a way of like, testing the waters with Bobby and Andrew to see how they might react to actually finding about about... stuff..."

"Oh my *god,* Morgan, are you going to quit filibustering and tell me what you're scheming on?"

She giggled; my tone had been light-hearted.

"Okay. Ugh, fuck it. I want Ollie to take me out on a date."

"..."

"..."

"...A date."

“Yeah! I mean, think about it. It’s like, teaching him the etiquette of how to treat a girl and all that. Bobby and Andrew already have picked up on our, like, ‘project’ of getting him to be more social. And a date isn’t even necessarily anything sexual, you know?”

“You want to, like, *date* Ollie?!”

“ *A* date, Tyler. Come on, it’s like you said, he’s never going to become boyfriend material if all we’re teaching him is how to treat women like sexual objects. This will sort of be a trial for him to get some experience pretending like he actually has a girlfriend!”

To my dismay, I had to admit she had a point. “I mean, I get where you’re coming from here, I think. But Morgan, a date might not necessarily be anything sexual. But it’s potentially something way worse!”

“Which is?”

“Uh… romantic??”

Morgan snorted at this. “If Ollie manages to be *romantic* on a date with me, I think we should consider it an immense victory in us helping him become an eligible bachelor who might actually be able to approach a girl on his own.”

“Yeah but… I don’t necessarily want some other guy being *romantic* with my girlfriend!”

She was somewhat taken aback by this and took a few moments to regain her composure. “Well, shit. I didn’t think you would react like this, I guess. I mean considering everything else Ollie and I have done…”

“ *Fuck*. ” I really couldn’t stand it when something I said made her feel ashamed of herself. “You’re right. I can’t just be okay with you being slutty for him, and then get all jealous and possessive when you want to do something that’s at least in the same universe as normal, by comparison.”

She grinned at me. “I do kinda like it when you’re possessive of me though.”

We held each other for a moment, the tension seeming to evaporate as our mutual affection burned it away.

I did still feel *incredibly* nervous about this whole suggestion. It appeared it was going to have to be one of those “fake it until you make it” dilemmas.

And there were specific elements of this whole plan that gave me serious pause. “Bobby and Andrew…” I began.

“We could, like, make them a part of it,” she said. “They could, like, coach Ollie on how to conduct himself. Give him tips while he’s getting ready to wine and dine me. And they’ll think I’m, like, this cool, relaxed girl who is willing to go on an innocent date to help a guy out.”

“An innocent date.”

“Mmhmm.”

“A non-sexual date.”

“Yup!”

“Somehow I feel like Ollie is going to be majorly resistant to all of this.”

“Well, as far as *Bobby and Andrew* know it will be non-sexual. They don’t need to know I’m actually going to put out if Ollie treats me good..”

“Put out! Do you mean, like... sex?”

She shrugged. “Oral sex, maybe. Yes. I mean last night we were both hell bent on it.”

“‘Oral sex is sex’,” I said, echoing her words. “Yep, I think if he knows that’s on the table, he’ll agree to anything.”

—

As it turned out, no promise of oral sex had been required to bribe Ollie into taking Morgan out on a date. In fact, he agreed instantly, and with an enthusiasm and eagerness that I might have had the capacity to find specifically worrisome – if I wasn’t already in knots over the whole thing.

I tried – with little success – to talk myself down from the anxiety. Although Ollie seemed to really push Morgan’s buttons sexually, and even in ways I did not, surely a *date* was an area the sullen little shit couldn’t possibly compete with me, right?

But this just made it sting all the more acutely when I pictured him somehow successfully romancing my girlfriend despite the odds.

There was also the notion of being open with Bobby and Andrew about the date, which I could tell Morgan was more than a little keen on doing. Whether this was to humor Ollie or scratch some itch of her own, I wasn’t sure.

Again, while pragmatically this didn’t seem like it should be all that awkward, the fact was *I* knew it might lead to Morgan and Ollie taking their sexual intimacy to the next level. My paranoid side felt like our other housemates would surely be able to detect something in the air that clued them into what was *really* going on.

Well , I told myself, *fuck it*. Instead of spending my time fretting about my feelings of shame and attempting to reign them in, maybe I should just embrace the jealousy and the adrenaline-pumping arousal it produced. It was like Morgan said: if all of this wasn’t enjoyable for me, what was the point?

Ever since Morgan had first favored Ollie with a simple kiss on the cheek, some sort of ember had been lit within my chest. Every course of action we’d taken since, no matter how appalling, had stoked this inner flame.

You should root *for Ollie to seduce Morgan* , I told myself, trying the thought on for size. My face went flush at the notion of embracing such a goal. Of submitting to it. *You should* want *Bobby and Andrew to find out, and then thank your slutty girlfriend for allowing it to happen* . Do it *, you fucking pussy* .

This train of thought left me short of breath. It was like I was psyching myself up to jump out of an airplane. Was I intentionally rewiring my brain to not only accept, but to crave the unspeakable?

My dick ached in my pants at full mast. I was in serious trouble.

—

“A date?! Attaboy, Ollie!” Bobby bellowed in characteristic ebullience. Ollie seemed to be taking the ribbing in good spirits for once, unable to wipe the smirking grin off his face he’d been wearing since Morgan had proposed the date idea to him.

“And why aren’t you going, Tyler?” he continued. “Aren’t you guys, like, a throuple?”

I rolled my eyes, unable resist cracking a grin as well. “I’ve got to catch up on homework,” I fibbed. “Plus, I think Ollie needs the practice more than I do.”

“Fuck *off* , Tyler,” Ollie whined. “And we’re *not* a fucking ‘throuple’.”

Despite his performed outrage, we could all tell Ollie was in as good a mood as ever. I wondered if Morgan had clued him into the impending blowjob she intended to bestow after all.

He’d actually shuffled out into the living room to shyly ask our opinion on his outfit. Which, not being his usual hoodie and baggie shorts, did make it seem as though he was putting some genuine effort into this.

“I’m sure Morgan will just fall all over herself when she sees it,” teased Bobby.

“Shut *up* dude. It’s just because it’s a nice restaurant and I don’t want to look like an idiot.”

For his part, Andrew seemed a bit more reserved than normal. Almost as if he understood that this was all a bit strange and didn’t have the heart to say so. I tried to convince myself the humiliation factor at play here was something I actually craved, and not something that made me want to flee the premises and never interact with my housemates again.

These feelings intensified when Morgan showed up to claim her date, in one of the sexiest getups she’d ever been spied wearing. Her legs and behind were particularly scrumptious in the form-fitting skirt she’d donned, but what kicked it up to the next level was the thin cardigan she wore on top, the bottom buttons undone to reveal a hint of her tummy. We’d all seen her wearing it plenty of times, but never without a bra or shirt underneath.

This outfit was all about the breasts; their form and movement showcased in detail and with blatant intent. Bobby and Andrew now knew the shape of Morgan’s nipples, a fact which was perhaps in part responsible for the self-satisfied smile that played on her lips.

“Hey, guys!” she sang out, her voice an angelic melody. “What’s up?!”

Of the four gobsmacked male faces that beheld this creature, Bobby recovered first.

“Well hello, beautiful,” he said in his easy-going Bobby way. “Here to pick up your Date?”

Though Bobby had always been affectionate with Morgan in a perfectly appropriate manner, I did note the mild escalation in familiarity the pet name implied. The boundaries were already shifting, ever so slightly.

I braced myself for her to fawn exaggeratedly over Ollie’s punched-up appearance, either in a way that embarrassed him or that made clear her sexual attraction. She was, however, utterly relaxed, offering him her arm and swooping him out the door.

“Have fun, babe,” I managed as she left, earning me a dazzling flash of the eyes that reminded that we were still partners in crime, and which would sustain me over the subsequent hours.

—

The hours were long and difficult.

I'd locked myself in my room to avoid confronting whatever curiosity and scrutiny my suitemates might cast my way, on the pretext of doing schoolwork I'd no hope of actually addressing.

Masturbating while fantasizing about my girlfriend on her date with another guy was tempting, but perhaps ill-advised given the looming abyss of post-nut clarity that awaited down that path.

I plagued myself with what-ifs and should-haves. It had been a few days since we'd hatched this plan, and Morgan had avoided any further encounters with Ollie (that I knew of) for the duration. We'd discussed it some, with her making a few attempts at teasing me with the hints at how the two might conduct themselves on their date.

I could tell her heart wasn't fully in it, though. My girl was nervous for her date, and I was nervous both on her behalf and my own.

So we hadn't talked a few things through that I was now desperately wishing we had. I needed to know what might be transpiring between them! I should have requested she commit to periodic check-ins or something of that nature.

Well, maybe it wasn't too late to arrange it. I pulled out my phone and struggled through several drafts of a text message before settling on a tone I felt was neither too assertive nor simpering.

T: hey babe, hope you're having a nice time. check in with me every now and then if you can?

It was twenty excruciating and fidgety minutes before I dove for my vibrating phone to read her reply.

M: i dunnooooooo my date might get jealous 😇

M: he's a big spender haha

M: priciest bottle of wine on the menu now i'm definitely gonna have to put out...

An immediate gutpunch. I had never even attempted to treat Morgan to fine wine over dinner, given that we were underage and might get carded.

Was the bastard actually gonna pull this off? Should I be worried or excited?

T: oh wow so I guess he does know how to treat a lady after all. looks like your job is done, guess it's time for me to come pick you up so he doesn't steal you from me for real

...Fuck. That might not have come off how I wanted it. Although it's not like I had any car to speak of for the purposes of retrieving her; I'd have to book an uber into town like she had...

T: jk

T: have fun! looking forward to more updates 😈

It was another ten minutes before my phone vibrated again.

M: oh god tyler not remotely lol he's soooo awkward and all he'll talk about is my tits

M: like he's literally lecturing me about my outfit being too slutty can you fucking believe this guy?

M: so yeah lots more work to do. luckily im up to the task 💪

I felt guilty for feeling relieved that my girlfriend was being treated poorly, but given the strange reality we'd crafted for ourselves I rationalized it didn't speak *too* ill of my character.

M: now hes telling me that bc im the type of girl to fool around when we're not even dating i'm probly going to go all the way on our first date

M: hahaha im playing coy and acting like there's a chance it might actually happen lmaoooo you should have seen his face tyler, he thinks he might actually get laid tonight

M: oops now hes mad at me for texting too much for real, sit tight i'll tty when i can

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. *Was* there a chance it might actually happen? Suddenly Ubering into town and putting a halt to the whole affair seemed a lot more reasonable.

Deep breaths, Tyler. This is what you want. Embrace the suspense. You like this .

A nigh-intolerable 45 minutes followed. My phone finally began vibrating again, indicating not a text but an incoming call.

I pounced immediately.

"Morgan," I said.

"Hiiiiiiiiiii," floated her voice. "I snuck off to the bathroom to call you!"

Fuck . She was clearly drunk.

Keep it together, Tyler.

"Hey, my love."

She gasped exaggeratedly at this. "Oh *my!* What would my ' *boyfriend'* think of another man saying such things to me?!"

"Your *boyfriend?!?! "*

She laughed uproariously. "He's being *hilarious* , Tyler. He says he should get the whole 'girfriend experience' so he can get the most out of our date. Like, *educationally* ."

I forced myself to laugh along with her, while I felt heat spread across my neck and ears. "Well… are you being a good 'girlfriend'?"

"Mmmm! I *am* , Tyler! Even though my ' *boyfriend '* is kind of a shithead!"

"… Yeah?"

"But that doesn't mean I'm not doing my girlfriend duties."

"… Such as?" Without having made the conscious decision, I'd unzipped my pants and begun stroking myself to her words.

"Tyler.." her voice had dropped and gotten serious. Conspiratorial. "Emily's gonna be with her boyfriend tonight.. His roommate is on some sort of trip this week."

".. I see."

"So I have my room to myself.."

"…"

“I think… Ollie’s gonna come over and spend the night with me?”

My heart leapt into my throat. “Morgan-” I choked out. “Did.. did you know this was going to be the case all along? Emily being gone…?”

“Uh, yeah…” she stammered. “ *Surpriii-iiiiise*… ?” And then she forced out a guilt-laden chuckle.

“Holy shit.” My vision was swimming.

“Baby,” she soothed. “You knew this was coming, right?”

“Yes. No. I dunno. *Spending the night? ”*

“Babe.. I *really* want to suck his dick.”

“…”

“Like, I *need* to…”

“But, but,” I sputtered. “You said he was, like, being an asshole.. ”

She snorted. “Well, yeah. It’s Ollie.”

Of course. Why would that stop her?

“You don’t even *like* giving blowjobs!”

“ *Ugh* . I know. I don’t know what’s wrong with me baby but that part makes it even hotter to me.”

“Oh my god..”

“Are you okay with this, Tyler?”

“Morgan, I.. I…”

She waited.

“Are you gonna fuck him,” I deadpanned.

I had expected an immediate “No” or “of course not.” Instead she… paused.

“I mean,” she finally said. “Not tonight, no.”

“‘Not tonight’.”

“But… eventually? Probably? Isn’t that where all this is heading?”

A million thoughts rushed through my head. Reasons why she shouldn’t. Why she *couldn’t* .

It looks like it would hurt , she’d said of his dick.

“I just.. I just thought…” I stammered. But I didn’t know *what* I’d been thinking. *Had* I been thinking? This was all such a whirlwind. All my internal pep talks about embracing this madness all seemed to have abandoned me in the moment.

“What is it, baby?” she said after it was clear I’d lost the power of speech.

“I dunno,” I moaned, hating how pathetic I sounded. “I thought that we’d, like, talk about it first?”

“Okay…” she said, speaking carefully. “We can talk about it.”

“Please, Morgan,” I begged, “Like, in person and stuff.”

“Okay baby,” she said, concern in her voice. “I promise.”

“You won’t fuck him tonight?”

“I promise I won’t fuck him tonight.”

“Th-thank you Morgan,” I said. “I’m sorry I’m being.. Such a pussy about this.”

So long, dignity .

“You’re not baby,” she said. “I know this is all a lot.”

I gave a hollow laugh. “Yeah. It’s a lot.”

“But…”

“Wh-what Morgan??”

“I.. I really hope you’ll let me fuck him eventually.”

I couldn’t speak. I could barely breathe.

“And, like, the more I keep… playing with him.. the worse it’s getting.”

“Fuck.”

“And that’s part of why I wasn’t going to go all the way with him tonight, even before you asked me not to,” she went on. “I.. kinda want to keep teasing myself like this.”

“Holy shit…” My hand was pumping up and down my stiff dick.

“Actually, I was going to ask Ollie not to let me cum tonight…”

“Oh fuck, Morgan…”

“And I’ve stopped playing with myself, too. So that it makes me want him so bad I can’t help it?”

“ *Oh my god…”*

“I want him to turn me into a girl that just thinks with her pussy,” she breathed heavily.

“ *Fuck… fuck…”*

“ *Fuck* , Tyler. Will you do it with me? Not cum until…?”

“Wha-.. Why…?”

“Let’s fucking *torture* ourselves with this,” she gasped. “Let’s make it so you’re so worked up you *beg* me to fuck him??”

“ *!!!!!!* ”

“And so that I want it so badly that I *beg* Ollie to let me take his virginity..”

“Holy shit, holy shit..”

“Your fucking *slut* girlfriend, on her knees worshipping Ollie’s fat dick, *begging* him to ruin her pussy with it..”

I'd stopped touching myself, but it was too late. My dick spasmed and jerked as rope after rope of semen blasted all over my stomach and chest as I gasped and groaned.

" *Tyler!* You weren't supposed to finish!"

"I'm sorry.." I babbled, my head spinning. "I couldn't ... couldn't help it.."

We sat in silence for a few moments.

I played back the filth she'd whispered in my ear. All the chaos swirling in my head suddenly coalesced into a point of perfect clarity.

"Tyler, I have to get back-"

"Do it," I said.

"Baby..."

" *Fuck* , Morgan. I just came and I'm still *so* fucking turned on. I am probably going to regret this but right now I *need* it to happen."

" *Mmm* , that's so *fucking* hot, Tyler.. Will you.. Will you beg me?"

I didn't hesitate. " *Please* suck his dick baby. *Please* make him deny you orgasms."

"Oh *fuck*... "

"So that it makes you so fucking desperate for his dick you can't help but fuck him. *Ugghh* I just wish I could watch," I confessed. "I wish I could watch you suck his dick tonight. I want it so fucking bad, Morgan."

"He won't let us..."

"Ha. Yeah, he make the Rules I guess."

"Yeah," she agreed simply. "But.. Tyler?"

"Yes? Morgan?"

"Keep your phone handy," she said. "I might have an idea."

—

I'd lost virtually none of my lunatic appetite post-orgasm. I paced my room, phone in hand, dying for whatever it was Morgan had in store for me to manifest on the device.

Then, a thought dropped on me like an anvil. *Bobby and Andrew* . If Ollie never came home tonight, what could they possibly conclude other than that he and Morgan had spent the night together?

"Oh, don't worry guys," I imagined myself saying. "They didn't *have sex* . Well, unless you count oral."

Fuck fuck fuck.

I thought about calling Morgan back and telling her she had to cancel, that she couldn't go through with it because it would expose us to the guys. But would that even dissuade her? Asking her to call it off and getting overruled was not something I was prepared to experience.

Then, the solution dawned on me, terrible and unspeakable though it was.

Oh, Tyler, I admonished myself. *Surely you're not going to…*

—

"Where you off to?" asked Bobby. "Finished with your homework?"

"Yeah," I said, my voice sounding distant to me. "Morgan and Ollie are done with their thing, I'm gonna meet up with them."

"Hey," Andrew spoke up. "You okay man? You seem a little shook up."

I heaved a sigh. "Yeah," I said. "Yeah, I'm okay." I looked from Bobby to Andrew, their expressions concerned and expectant. "Alright, yeah, tonight was kinda weird."

Bobby chuckled. "Ollie taking Morgan out on a date?"

I shrugged, the relief at coming clean to them in this small way a surprising weight off my shoulders.

"Yeah, I guess it's a little weird," Bobby said. "But just think of it like… I dunno. Like you're the mob boss in Pulp Fiction asking John Travolta to 'take care of' his wife while he's out of town."

"Morgan loves you so much, dude," Andrew put in. "If you're, like, worried that she's… I'm sure everything's cool, you know?"

"And if you guys *are* in a throuple," Bobby grinned, "we won't judge!"

"Bro, come on," Andrew admonished.

My grin was unforced, "We're not a throuple," I said. "Seriously. But I do appreciate it, even though I suspect you're just being a massive dickhead,"

"We're here for you no matter what, dude," Andrew said.

"Thanks, guys. Anyway. We might be out super late."

"Have fun!!" Bobby commanded.

—

Eyes glued to my phone, I made my way across campus to Morgan's dorm. Once in the region, I silenced the phone's ringer and shifted my attention to my surroundings, watchful for Morgan and Ollie's presence.

I assessed the immediate vicinity of her dorm with new eyes: the eyes of a creeping boyfriend, hoping to spy upon his unfaithful girlfriend. Her room's light was off. A fact which, while not conclusive, suggested they probably weren't home yet. He'd want enough light to observe his dick disappear into her face, after all.

Her room was on the first floor, with a section of bushes providing a buffer several yards thick between her window and the footpath. This I inspected closely for the first time, and determined I could indeed move through it and then stay concealed against the side of her building.

You're insane , I told myself. But there was no talking myself out of it; I was desperate to see what I might see. *Plus, she put you in this position, didn't she?*

I glanced about; there were a few students walking down the path, away from my current position. I'd have to wait for the path to clear. There also might be unseen eyes watching from within the dorm, but I'd selected dark clothing – black jeans and black hoodie – specifically with the goal of making me harder to detect and, failing that, obscuring my identity.

I saw the opportunity and seized it. Despite my efforts at stealth, shuffling throught the underbrush produced a disconcerting racket. Yet an idiot will propelled me forward. *Maybe campus security will be summoned to investigate* , I thought ruefully, *and I'll have to lie here cowering, hoping they don't find me* .

I turned my phone's brightness down as far as it would go and monitored it for communication from Morgan. I waited and agonized, the seconds advancing at a tectonic pace that seemed to mock me for the ridiculous position I'd maneuvered myself into.

Finally, a text from my beloved, informing me they'd arrived back on campus and advising that I should "stay tuned."

You bet I will, babe . I was disgusted with myself, but this was outweighed by my thrill at the voyeuristic opportunity I'd created.

An impossible amount of time seemed to elapse: where the fuck *were* they? But then I heard the telltale song of Morgan's laugh: joyful, suggestive, heedless of the late hour in her intoxicated state.

I couldn't see much; the hedge obscured my view of the footpath as much as it provided for my secrecy. I began to consider the ill-advised move of poking my head up when, suddenly, their murmured voices resolved into clarity as they drew near.

" *Ollieee* , somebody's gonna *see!* "

"So?? Why should you be ashamed to be seen kissing *your boyfriend?* "

"Ugh, *fine* , but enough with the ass fondling for a sec? We're almost there!"

A symphony of their kisses followed, wetter than usual and accompanied by ravenous subvocal utterances from them both.

"You literally *never* listen to anything I tell you," she admonished, her voice honeyed with lustful affection.

"You love it," he informed her. Accurately in my estimation. Followed by more kissing sounds.

"Fuck Morgan, your ass is *so* nice." A pause while they kissed some more, Morgan whimpering her delight at his praise. "And these fucking tits, *ugh* . I can't believe my first time getting my dick sucked is going to be with the hottest girl in school."

"Yeah?" she teased in the sexiest voice I'd ever heard. "You don't think your girlfriend is a cheap whore, letting you feel her tits in public? Giving you oral on our first date?"

"Morgan you *know* you're a fucking whore," Ollie pronounced, nary a hint of playfulness in his tone. "But I guess I'll take what I can get."

"Come *on* , Ollie," she giggled. "My room's right here.."

Their voices receded while I reeled, my dick leaking in my pants. I wondered if it would be too risky to take it out and touch myself, kneeling in the bushes like the unspeakable pervert I apparently was.

Though I'd been immediately treated to some first class debauchery upon the two arriving at the dorm, it appeared as though that was to be the extent of my luck. Morgan's room light flickered on, several feet higher than would grant me any inkling of the proceedings within by line of sight.

Worse, her closed windows dampened all sound from within; not even a hint of a moan nor a muffled utterance could be detected.

Though it felt like hours, my phone's clock told me that twenty minutes had elapsed. I was on the verge of abandoning my post when my phone illuminated with an incoming text from Morgan.

It contained a video clip. Moving as stealthily as I could with shaky fingers, I inserted one of my earbuds and hit play.

Morgan was naked, on her knees before Ollie, apparently sitting at the edge of her bed and wielding her phone. I was treated to a first-person view of an impossibly thick and brutish looking penis. Veiny, hairy, as thick as Morgan's wrist, and affording both her hands plenty of real estate to wander up and down its length, a task at which they were engaged.

It appeared she had spared my feelings upon first describing it; he had to be a few inches *longer* than me as well as twice as thick.

"You better not show this to Tyler," Ollie breathed.

Morgan fluttered her eyelids at him. "Maybe I just want the video for myself," she said, "so I can touch myself to it later?"

With that, she began peppering the head and shaft with wet kisses, strands of saliva connecting it with her mouth upon each release.

"Are you ready to try again?" he prompted.

"Okay," she said, steeling herself and drawing in a deep breath before forcing her lips over the bulbous head.

This was, visually, completely different than watching her go down on me had been. Her face was stretched into a lewd expression I had never seen, nor imagined. It was like I was beholding a completely different person, physically, from the Morgan I loved.

"Nnnnnnnnnn.." she cried in frustration as she attempted to reach her lips down the shaft. She only made it perhaps a third of the way down its length, her brow furrowed with effort. Then, she began moving her face back and forth over the length she'd managed to envelop, her lips flattening into a distended circle around him. "Ngh!... Ngh!... Ngh!" she cried with each attempt.

"Oh my godddd," Ollie moaned. "You're trying so hard Morgan, it's so fucking sexy..."

"I *swear* I'll learn to do it good," she wailed, pulling away from him to rush out the words before resuming her obscene efforts.

"I know," he agreed smugly. "We're going to do this from now on."

She nodded vehemently, wagging his dick up and down with the motion of her head.

“ *Fuuuuuck,* Morgan,” he said, reaching his free hand for the back of her head.

The video ended here.

Oh. My. Fucking. God.

I played it again. And again. Midway through my fourth playback, a creaking sound jolted me from my hypnosis and nearly provoked a shriek.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Ollie complained from above.

“It’s so *stuffy* in here,” returned Morgan.

She had opened the window.

“I didn’t give you permission to stop,” he observed. *Are you fucking kidding me?*

“I’m sorry!” *Gluk, gluk, gluk, gluk…*

“God damn. I can’t believe my first girlfriend is such a nasty bitch.”

Unable to stop myself, I unzipped and began stroking my bare erection, crouched in the bushes beneath her window.

“Ow!”

“Fuuuuuck,” Ollie said. “That was close, that time.”

“You pulled my hair *really hard!* ”

“It was to stop you from making me nut,” he explained mildly, like someone convinced of the self-evidently reasonable nature of their position.

“Y-you don’t want to cum for me? We’ve been going for like half an hour..”

More like twenty-three minutes , I thought, *depending on how quickly you two got started*.

“Not yet. This is the best night of my *life* , Morgan…”

“Mmmm. I’m glad, ‘boyfriend’.”

A different sort of wet, repetitive sound began emanating a moment later.

“Ollie…”

“Just a little,” he said. “Don’t worry, I won’t let you cum.”

“Th-thank you..” It seems she’d apprised him of our latest scheme.

I listened to him finger my girlfriend – *his* girlfriend, for the moment – a few minutes longer while she panted and gasped, pausing every now and then when her breathing got too intense.

“Remember when you got all mad at me for calling you a slut?” Ollie cackled. “When you spied on me talking to my friends from home?”

“ *I’m sorryyyyyyy* ,” she cried. I could picture her bucking her hips back against him to meet his touch. I wished I could see for myself.

“Turns out I was right,” he went on. “You *are* a fucking slut!”

“I am!” she cried, “Oh god, I am!”

“What are you?” he taunted.

“I’m a fucking *slut!* ” she spat.

“Let’s do this all night.”

“O-okay…”

“You can handle that?”

“My jaw hurts, a lot,” she said. “… I’ll try.”

He laughed scornfully. “Actually, maybe I should cum right now and make you start building up another load.”

“Ahh.. ahhh..” she panted.

“Cuz I can’t decide where I want to cum more, your mouth or your pussy. That way I can do both.”

“Oh *god* Ollieeeeee…”

“You’re gonna let me cum in your pussy finally?”

“Whatever you want!”

“Then can I put it in when I cum? Not actual sex, just to be inside you while I cum in that pussy?”

“ *Noooooo* , Ollie I told you we can’t…”

“Here, taste yourself,” he ordered. Slurping sounds, accompanied by Morgan’s grateful mewling.

“…At least just the tip,” he bargained. “Otherwise it will just get all over you.”

“ *Fuck,* ” despaired Morgan. “Ollie you *can’t* fuck me, though. Just tease me with it?”

“Don’t worry, slut. You’ll be begging for it soon enough.”

“Oh *godddd* I know. I will, I will!”

His rough fingerblasting increased in pace.

“Ahh!! Stop, I’m too close..”

“Does it turn you on that I’m about to cum in your pussy?”

“It does,” she said, her voice small, almost mournful. Like he’d driven her even lower to admit such a thing.

“Then you should thank me?”

“Oh.. thank you?” she uttered, as if unable to believe she was saying it. Then, more convincingly, as the noise of her pussy suctioning his fingers accelerated once more, “Oh god, *thank you* … Yes, Ollie, I can’t wait…”

“You need to get *me* close again with your mouth, though. Prove how bad you want it.”

She must have instantly scrambled down into dick-sucking position because the *gluk-gluks* resumed barely a second later.

Is he going to fuck her? I wondered, carefully tugging on my dick, teetering on the edge of orgasm. *What if she disregards her promise and lets him?*

She surely knew I'd forgive her without much of a quarrel. Stroke myself to numerous orgasms over her betrayal, even.

"Fuck, Morgan! Okay, quick, quick.."

"Gah!"

"Spread it open, quick.."

I stopped breathing. I stared down at the frozen image of Ollie's dick on my phone.

" *Ollie* ... what the fuck! Careful!"

His barbaric looking penis. Surely she wasn't letting him.. But I knew she was. Her words left me no escape, no ambiguity in which to take refuge. Their subsequent utterances pounded the stake of this truth further into my heart.

"Look, it's just the tip.."

" *What the fuck* Ollie oh my goddd it feels like so much....."

I felt dizzy. My mind couldn't accept the the reality of what I was hearing. Ollie's dick seemed to leap from my phone to expand in my field of view, the rest of the world receding.

It was impossible to reconcile what I was hearing with what I attempted to imagine in my mind's eye. His shapeless mass connected to her delicate form by his beastly appendage. It *couldn't* be inside her, she *couldn't* be allowing him to penetrate her, even in part.

But it was, she was.

"I swear, look."

"Oh, wow... wow... *fuck*... "

"Oh my *god* Morgan this feels fucking *amazing*.. "

Morgan's pussy , I said, pouring lemon juice on my wound. *He knows what Morgan's pussy feels like. He's been inside my girlfriend* .

" *Please* cum Ollie," she gasped. "This pussy is yours to cum in whenever you want.."

"I can't *wait* to fuck you Morgan!"

"You will! Oh fuck Ollie you're going to fuck me..."

"Oh shit, I'm cumming-"

Ollie's roar was almost comical as he climaxed, with – hopefully? – just the head of his dick pulsing in my sweet Morgan's pussy. But he'd already been inside her, and they'd raved about their mutual desire to have sex, vowing to take the plunge. It was delusional to pretend it would be much longer now.

—

"Fuck," Ollie complained, his tone defeated. "I hate how dumb it feels after I bust."

“Ollie, I am fucking *drenched,* my *god*… ”

“I was, like, so excited for a second round to cum in your mouth and now I… fuck.”

“You filled me with *so much cum* , Ollie.” She sounded awed.

“I might, uh.. Go back to the suite..”

“Stayyyyyyy,” she pleaded. A shuffling noise, followed by a wet *smack, smack* . “I’ll make sure you get excited again for me soon. Don’t you want to see a naked girl lick her cream off your big penis?”

A brief pause in conversation while she softly lapped at him.

“It’s bigger than Tyler’s?” he asked, his voice low and haughty.

“Ugh, shush Ollie. I *told* you already it was.”

“I bet you I make you scream when we finally fuck.”

“Probably… You’ll probably think of other things to make me do as well..”

“Fuck. It’s too sensitive Morgan. You have to wait a while before we can go again.”

This was, officially, Too Much. I was not about to subject myself to their post-orgasm pillow talk. With agonizing stealth, I abandoned my position, praying the course of action I had suddenly decided upon wouldn’t blow up in my face.

A few long minutes later, having apparently extricated myself from the bushes without alerting anybody to my presence, I found myself walking along Morgan’s hall towards her room, forcing one foot in front of the other.

I paused outside, listening, trying to discern what I might be about to interrupt. No sounds from within were forthcoming.

I sighed, steeling myself. *You’re her fucking boyfriend, Tyler* , I reminded myself. I rapped softly at her door.

Chapter 9: Going Too Far

Chapter Text

The instant of awakening. Initial jagged shards of awareness, free of context and memory for those fleeting few moments.

Some basic geometry of my world was off. Abnormal, disorienting. I first noticed the discomfort of being fully clothed, but more vivid was the scent, intimate and female.

“Shut *up!* You’ll wake him!” someone whispered near me in the darkness.

It wasn’t the familiar smell of Morgan’s body that flooded my senses, though neither were the individual notes of feminine body odor totally foreign.

Emily. Morgan’s roommate. I had a passing olfactory familiarity from the polite hugs of greeting she and I often exchanged.

And here I was, face half-sunk into Emily’s pillow.

My free fall through the abyss of dawning awareness abruptly resolved as the night’s events slammed into focus.

Morgan and Ollie, across the room from me. They must have been awake for some time given the furtive movements and whispers already in progress, transmitting through the room’s atmosphere despite their apparent efforts to withhold.

How had I ended up here? What had I missed? I replayed the preceding events in an effort to reorient my partially operational consciousness.

—

After knocking on Morgan’s door: intolerable suspense as I awaited some sort of reply from within. How would they react to me showing up unannounced like this? I dreaded the possibility of Morgan’s annoyance, let alone a scenario where she refused me entry.

Some shuffling within, and then I heard her voice.

“…Emily?” Breathless and anxious.

“It’s Tyler.”

Another long silence. Then the door cracked open. Morgan had situated her body behind it, bare shoulders teasing the fact of her nudity. Brow furrowed, expression nonplussed.

“H-hey?” she stammered out. “Tyler, what.. What’s..?”

“What are you *doing* here, dude?” Ollie groused from within.

Her body was interposed against my entry. “Can I come in and talk?” I asked.

She looked over her shoulder into the room, at Ollie. For his permission? For his cue on what she should do?

I decided to head off any developing negotiation and push my way through the door. Another gambit that might have blown up in my face: would she actually try and physically prevent me from entering? I braced myself for her to do just this and crush my spirit utterly.

And perhaps she would have, had I given her more time to think and confer with Ollie, but fortune favored me, and a moment later I was in the room with them.

Ollie, reclining in her bed, wearing a scowl on his face and Morgan's blanket over his lower half. Morgan, standing behind the door, still naked for Ollie's pleasure. The chamber reeking of both their secretions.

It smelled like Morgan's pussy, which was familiar to me. There was another scent, a pervasive and borderline-rank musk that must have originated from Ollie.

Of all these details, what nearly ruined me was Morgan's body language. She wasn't exactly covering up, but it was almost like she was shy to be nude in front of me. For me to see her in this circumstance. Naked in a room thick with Ollie's dicksmell.

"Tyler…" she began again.

(Later in the night, as I awoke in Emily's bed, these odors had coalesced into a bouquet the individual components of which I could scarcely differentiate. Repeatedly inhaled lungfuls of their sweat and cum were now the background setting for ambiguous whispers and the sounds of bodies at play, which my ears strained to clarify.)

"Look, sorry to, like, barge in here," I said, feeling my ears begin to burn at this utterance. *Off to a great start, Mr. Dignity* .

"What the *fuck* , dude?" Ollie's voice was quiet, angry. "It's supposed to be *my* date with Morgan tonight."

Hadn't this greedy fuck gotten enough? But I didn't think immediately getting into a pissing match with Ollie was going to serve me well here. Plus, I was already a bit humbled from what I'd heard from outside their window, and not feeling at my most confident or assertive.

"I know," I said. "And.." I stopped myself from apologizing *to Ollie* ; no way I would stoop that low. "Look, I didn't know what I should do. I told Bobby and Andrew I was coming to hang out with you guys.. so that it wouldn't seem weird when neither of you came home to the suite?"

Morgan sat down daintily on the edge of her bed beside where Ollie was still in territorial repose. She had her knees together and her shoulders arched forward slightly, palms pressed into the mattress at her sides, pensive.

"…Ah," she said, not meeting my eye.

"So, that's why I'm here. I was just pacing around campus but … I dunno. I wasn't going to do that all night." Obviously I'd no intention of fessing up to my true deeds. At least, not to Ollie.

An agonizing silence. Morgan still locked in a staring contest with a point on the floor in front of her. However else she felt about me showing up like this, the vibe was dripping with her discomfort at the situation's awkwardness.

The fact of her nudity was doing a number on me. Without any sexual activity to give it the usual context, it made it feel like she was naked in front of Ollie in yet a new way. More casual, more the default of how she was now expected to exist in his presence.

"Can you do it for a little longer?" Ollie suggested irritably at long last. "The pacing around campus, I mean." He applied his hands to his eyes, rubbing them in a display of put-upon weariness over my intrusion.

Morgan immediately cracked a grin at the suggestion. “Stooooop!” she admonished, pushing his shoulder flirtatiously. Her breasts swaying with the movement, hypnotic.

I didn’t love that Ollie had been able to pull Morgan into a better temper while I stood by, tongue-tied and ineffective.

“Seriously, it sucks *so* much that you had to come and interrupt,” Ollie went on, casually tracing his fingers up and down along the curve of Morgan’s hip and naked ass like he’d been doing it his whole life. Like all this was perfectly normal. His vocal cadence made vivid to me his mental state in that way of a sober man tasked with observing one saturated with alcohol.

“Well, sorry,” I said. So much for not apologizing. At least it had come out sounding sarcastic rather than repentant.

“Can you *actually* maybe just come back after we-”

“Come on, Ollie,” Morgan interrupted. “We’re not going to make him leave.”

This was going swimmingly. Morgan and Ollie were a faction, apparently. The verdict on whether I’d be allowed to stay, a matter of their prerogative.

Of course this would be the case, I realized. They were a de facto couple tonight, as had been agreed upon by all three of us.

“But I thought we were going to..” he trailed off, miserable that I had apparently foiled their designs.

...Which hadn’t been my intention, really. My goal had basically been to get myself into the room while they were between oral sessions. Beyond that, I’d barely considered any further consequences.

Or, hadn’t I? A part of me surely realized my interference would inhibit further sex play between Ollie and my girlfriend, and on a night during which Morgan seemed on the verge of offering up her pussy to him completely. Had this indeed been my design? And why was there that demonic part of me that was disappointed there was now zero chance they’d have full-on sex with each other as a result of my choices?

The stalemate lingered as the three of us failed to conceive of a path forward in our predicament.

“Sooooo....” Ollie had prompted at last, resuming negotiations.

“You guys can keep, like, doing what you were doing,” I blurted out. “I just didn’t know where else I should go...”

Congratulations, Tyler. You are officially the most pathetic man who has ever lived.

“You’re such a fucking perv, dude,” Ollie quipped, compounding my humiliation. “Sorry, but I’m just not comfortable with you watching us.”

After another long and painful silence, Morgan lit up with a smile; a blush spread across her naked chest.

“What if..” she uttered softly. “What if he gives us... a little privacy?”

“What do you mean?” Ollie asked.

She stood and took the single step required to stand face to face with me in the room. Ollie's eyes glued to her round behind, of course. Undeterred from his core disposition regarding her body. Eye-fucking her.

"Babe," she said, her voice sweet and seductive. "Is it okay if I give Ollie more attention tonight?"

My mouth was hanging open but I nodded. "Y-yeah," I choked out. "I wasn't trying to, like, stop you guys from, uh…"

"Can you maybe keep to this side of the room, then?" she went on. "Like, stay in Emily's bed tonight?"

"…"

"And, like, maybe… face away from us? To give us some, uh, privacy?"

"Fuck, Morgan…" My brain could barely process what she suggested, but my head was nodding.

She leaned in, bringing her naked breasts into contact with me. I could smell the wine on her breath; pungent, not unpleasant. "Tyler, I've been a *really bad girl* tonight…" she murmured.

"*Fuck*, Morgan.." I whispered again.

"Don't worry, we didn't *have sex* . But I have some really naughty things to tell you about…"

"What the fuck are you *saying* to him?!" Ollie demanded. "You're my girlfriend tonight, you don't get to have secrets."

Morgan flashed me an impish grin before turning to him, shrugging with exaggerated innocence.

"I was telling him how I've been a *good girlfriend* for you tonight." Her words were a dark incantation, a spell that wove an enchantment over the room's atmosphere. "And that he should give us some privacy so I can keep being one?"

Now it was Ollie's turn to be gobsmacked. His mouth open and shut a few times but no sound came out.

"Would that be okay, Ollie? He'll stay in the other bed. I told him no peeping allowed. Please?"

He could do little but wave his hands inarticulately in response.

She flashed me another grin, conspiratorial. "Come on, you!" she ordered, placing her hand on my chest and pushing me gently towards Emily's bed. I wondered if the brief contact afforded her the sensation of my pounding heart.

In spite of myself, I smiled back at her. " *Thank you* ," I actually mouthed as I allowed myself to be quarantined to Emily's side of the room.

It had been the most shame-inducing few minutes of my life so far, but with Morgan's help I had maneuvered myself into the closest imaginable proximity to her promised indiscretions.

Which would, I assumed, be many. *The night is young* , I thought, not without a sickening sense of glee. *Ollie's right, you* are *a fucking perv*.

And plus, there was no way Morgan would cave in and actually fuck Ollie with me literally in the room with them, right? So I had at least reintroduced some measure of restraint and sanity into the equation.

I arranged myself on Emily's bed atop her sheets, fully clothed. Breathing in her unique bodily scents. It felt a bit overly familiar, to be in a girl's own private bed without her permission or knowledge, but this was hardly my biggest concern at the moment.

Per their instructions, I situated myself with my head facing towards the wall, away from the horny couple across the room from me. I hadn't uttered a word; what was I supposed to say? Good night? *Have fun?!*

"Goodnight, Tyler," Mindreader Morgan's voice sang out, notes of cheer and ironic humor evident in her tone.

"Goodnight, Morgan," I deadpanned, still facing away. Eliciting giggles from Morgan and Ollie in response.

"Goodnight, Tyler," Ollie sneered.

You motherfucker. I raised my head and turned so I could glare at him. "Good *night* , Ollie." I noted that Morgan had slid under the blankets with him, her naked body cuddled up against his bulk.

"No looking, dude!" he admonished.

"I'm *not* ," I protested. "I was just… *ugh.* Good *night.* " I turned back away amidst their continuing giggles, my cheeks and ears singed.

Shuffling noises from their side of the room as the pair moved around slightly, perhaps rearranging themselves. I willed my heart to stop banging in my ears, so I could focus on the auditory details of what transpired in the room with me.

The seconds trickled by stubbornly, pooling only with the greatest reluctance into minutes. I strained to hear the evidence of Morgan and Ollie fooling around, but their mood was slow to recover from the blow dealt by my intrusion. There was an occasional giggle, a reproachful hiss uttered by Morgan; nothing to indicate sustained sexual contact.

After an eternity of this, the energy and anxiety faded an, despite my struggle to remain present and bear witness, I drifted off…

—

What the fuck did I miss? Cursing the fact that I'd allowed myself to fade out at such a crucial juncture, I resolved to remain conscious at all costs for the remainder of the night's adventure.

The faint music of lips and tongues making and breaking contact pumped adrenaline through my veins. My chest was seized in a vise-like grip. Being in the room with them felt *far* more vivid and intense than eavesdropping from outside.

Their kissing was restrained and reserved, unlike the desperate face sucking I'd heard from them earlier while crouching in the bushes. Less pornographic, more *affectionate.*

Ollie and Morgan are making out . I'd listened to her facefuck herself on his dick earlier this night, but somehow the simple intimacy of them being kissing partners still knocked the wind out of me.

The soft vocalizations of appreciation they moaned to one another. The fact that they both craved this contact regardless of the racier activities on offer.

A pause, and then whispers. They were murmuring into each other's ears, secretively; yet I could make out the words with near-perfect clarity given our proximity.

"... *so* fucking awkward with him in the room, Morgan."

"I kinda like it."

"Ugh. You would."

"Being naked in a room with two boys..."

"Can you stop being a fucking slut for like, two seconds?"

"See, you like it too! I can tell you like calling me 'slut' in front of my boyfriend. You're doing it even more than usual."

" *I'm* your boyfriend tonight, you nasty little whore."

" *Mmmph!* Sorry, *boyfriend* ..."

The kissing resumed, then stopped, replaced by other moist, sloppy sounds I took to be Ollie interfacing with Morgan's pussy. Punctuated with occasional gasps and slurping sounds from Morgan.

This sex noise registered at a noticeably higher volume than their exchanged whispers. It was as if they were more concerned with hiding their verbal exchange from me than the auditory evidence of them kissing and fondling. My jealousy skyrocketed, as well as my excitement at being able to hear what they intended to keep hidden.

What were they *doing* , exactly? I silently urged them to talk dirty to one another, to verbally articulate the nature of their activity so that I could at least imagine the specific debauchery occurring just a few feet from me, but hidden from my sight.

"No. Gross," Ollie admonished after a few minutes of this.

"Come on, I want you to tease me with your tongue the way you do it so good.."

"Not with all my jizz in your mouth. That's fucking disgusting."

"So you're saying I'm disgusting for wanting to taste and swallow your ... 'jizz'?"

"Like, yes! You're a fucking disgusting cumdump, Morgan."

" *Cumdump!* Where do you even come up with these terms, Ollie?"

The sloshing sound of him roughly fingering her became more pronounced, threatening to mask their whispers.

My instinct to jump up and defend Morgan from his verbal denigration was muted to near zero by this point. He was clearly allowed to talk to her like this. She clearly wanted him to continue doing so. I silently seethed, trying to come to grips with this impossible reality.

"I'm a worldly guy," he said by way of explanation.

"I thought you were a virgin."

"Not anymore, I'm not."

"Ssshh! That did *not* count, Ollie."

"Well anyway. I do have the internet, you know."

“God, it literally made my heart skip a beat when you called me that…”

“It’s what you are. A cumdumpster.”

“ *Fuck* . Keep going…”

Whatever filth Ollie trickled into Morgan’s ear was drowned out at this point by the sounds his fingers were making inside her, as well as her low cries of appreciation for his verbal abuse.

It went on for an incredibly long time. Deprived of the ability to watch them or relieve myself with my palm, I ground myself into Emily’s mattress as subtly as I could manage. The stimulation on my painfully hard dick enough to keep me maximally aroused, while fear of getting caught pleasuring myself in this pathetic manner left climax out of reach.

It was torture. But Morgan knew I was there in the room with them, and I felt connected to her, as though I were a participant in the proceedings, ignoble though my role may have been.

I found myself growing impatient for each new development between them, for their play to escalate for my voyeuristic exhilaration.

Whether due to his manual dexterity or his gift for talking to her disrespectfully, I was treated to Morgan seizing up in orgasm so many times I lost count. Each peak from her was a blow to my ego, a breath of oxygen to augment the jealous fire that burned inside me.

Yet I found myself becoming impatient for her to climax yet again, craving the proof of their confounding sexual chemistry.

Occasional snippets of the language he used cut through: “slut” and “cunt” and “whore” receiving just enough vocal emphasis to reach my ears. Morgan expressing her pleasure and gratitude at being so treated.

Yes, I silently urged. *Show him how right he is, Morgan*. *Show him what a fucking slut you are*. It was my place to term her such within my hidden thoughts, Ollie’s to speak it aloud, and with impunity, for her sexual delight.

I heard Morgan offer use of her mouth and even her throat to him many times over the course of what must have been at least an hour. That it was so important to Morgan to be subjugated in this manner agitated me to such a degree, I could almost *hear* the gray matter sounding off between my ears, my brain a whistling kettle.

He kept begging off. He was having too grand of a time watching her humiliate herself over and over on his fingers, he told her.

He offered his goo-coated hand as evidence of her shamefully cum-addled mental state, and they discussed their agreement on how appropriate and enjoyable it was for him to be denigrating her in this manner as she lapped at her cunt honey for the umpteenth time, marveling between passes of her tongue and lips at the degree to which his verbal abuse made her pussy tremble.

I knew from Morgan’s recap of their escalating sex play over the previous week that her vagina had been a focal point of their efforts; now I was hearing my girlfriend actually say the words “my pussy” to him repeatedly, mere feet away with me in guarded whispers. They were perfectly comfortable discussing her cunt in frank terms; it was just a normal part of their relationship now.

Her appreciation was voiced calmly, articulately. Not heat-of-the-moment stuff. She *really* meant what she was saying to him and conveyed an almost scholarly fascination with the extent of her

predilection. The rhythm of her suckling was also methodical and insistent; it was of unfeigned importance to her to earn the "cumdump" title Ollie had bestowed.

He sounded genuinely disgusted as he noted that her whole body was sticky at this point, since he'd been smearing their combined fluids across her face, tits, belly and thighs. Which explained, for me, other previously ambiguous noises I'd been treated to over the last hour. And why the atmosphere was so thoroughly saturated with sex smells.

What sort of girl permitted such disrespect, he wanted to know? She suggested that he explain to her precisely what sort, and began panting on her way to yet another orgasm as he obliged. It was acutely frustrating that her hyperventilating obscured the particular language he selected, likely more appalling than what my imagination could conjure, from reaching my ears.

Her offers of oral attention took on urgency until she was flat out begging him to let her suck his dick again. This inspired further castigations from Ollie, making a show of his distaste that a girl would be so eager to sully herself and admit her desire to taste his sex organ.

The more she tried to persuade him, the more he dug in his heels. He was tired, he noted, and probably would just pass out soon anyway…

Although, he further observed, this would at least give Morgan the chance to prove she wasn't the contemptible throatslut he feared his "new girlfriend" might be, since surely she'd be able to resist slobbering on his junk while he was asleep and not even able to appreciate her efforts. When sucking him off would unambiguously be for her own sordid pleasure, rather than for his benefit.

She giggled at this appalling reverse-psychological gambit and agreed to play along.

I agonized over what might be occurring while another lengthy silence followed. The call of slumber beckoned once again, but I steeled myself against it.

After a spell, a flash of opportunity seized me; could I reasonably have shifted around during my sleep and reoriented myself to face them?

I immediately resolved to turn my head in their direction. What's the worst that could happen? If met with any reprimand, I would just pretend to be asleep.

Keeping my breathing steady, I shifted my head. I received no feedback for my disobedience; it seemed they were too absorbed in one another to notice.

Ollie was lying back, his hands folded ostentatiously behind his head in a decadent posture. Morgan, still nude of course, was situated obscenely above the covers, her face buried in Ollie's crotch, her back arched, knees apart, twin globes of her ass thrust into the air.

My angle offered an exquisite view of her body, there being ample enough hallway light emanating from beneath the door to make out even the fluids steadily trickling down her legs. She was, however, oriented such that I couldn't make out the specifics of what sort of blowjob she was administering. Her head didn't seem to be moving too much and there was a lack of *gluk-gluks* she had been producing earlier.

I was trying to figure out whether or not Ollie had indeed drifted off himself (as he'd threatened) or if he was awake for Morgan's cock worship, when she sounded a sharp and protracted inhalation of her nostrils, provoking him to respond.

"Could you, like, not?" he complained, a bit louder than a whisper.

“ *Ssshhh!* Not so loud!”

“Yeah but could you, like, not smell my balls?”

She answered with another loud sniff.

“Morgan, what the fuuuuuck….”

“ *Let me* , Ollie…”

“You’re *nasty* though, Morgan! And your tongue tickles.”

“Your balls are, like, *intoxicating* .”

He allowed her to lick and sniff at his nuts for a minute or two before berating her further.

“So I guess I’m, like, just a dick and a pair of balls to you…”

That got her attention. And mine; it was not the conversational direction I’d anticipated Ollie would pursue.

“Well.. I mean, you’re not,” she said. “But I thought you were enjoying how.. sexual I am? With you?”

Now that she’d lifted her head from his groin, I could see that she was casually fondling his huge dick while she waited for his response.

“Yeah, I’m enjoying it,” he said. “But it just sucks that like, all this ‘boyfriend’/’girlfriend’ stuff is just fake roleplay. You would never *actually* date a guy like me.”

Morgan gave his dick and balls a few parting kisses before shimmying up his body, extending a naked thigh across his waist while she nuzzled into his neck and shoulder.

“That’s really not true, Ollie,” Morgan said. “Look, I know this isn’t what you want to hear, but I really love Tyler..”

That’s right, motherfucker.

“Yeah, I *know* -”

She lowered her voice to an even quieter whisper, emphasizing that she meant these words for Ollie’s ears alone.

“Let me finish! It’s, like, hard for me to think objectively about it, because I have a boyfriend who I love.. and also you and I have been fooling around, so I *do* have a very strong sexual attraction towards you, as a result of that.”

“Yeah. We’ve already established that you’re a total fucking sl-”

“But if I try to imagine me just, like, knowing about you from afar, without a boyfriend or my lustful thoughts towards you being part of the equation… then *yeah* , I think I would *totally* consider you, like, an option!”

I felt the the bed, floor, and planet drop out from under me. Ollie? My fat, misogynistic incel housemate? An *option?!*

“…Bullshit,” said Ollie.

“I mean it! You’re cute! You have warm eyes, and full lips that are fun to kiss. You’re cuddly-”

“That’s just another way of saying I’m fat.”

“I *really* like your body, Ollie! You’re not fat in, like, a gross way. You’re just a big guy. Some girls like that.”

Gulp .

“…Go on…”

She giggled softly, sweetly. “You’re funny, you have a good sense of humor when you’re not going out of your way to be an asshole. You’re talented at stuff, like when we went on that hike and you were all prepared. You can be really confident, like when you bought alcohol for us during that storm.”

“Holy *shit* , Morgan! I mean, I feel the same way!”

“Mr. Modesty, huh?”

“No, I mean, about *you!* I would totally date you, too!”

What the actual fuck was taking place across the room from me? I silently boiled while listening to the interaction unfold.

After a pause, Morgan forced out a laugh. “Even though I’m a slut?”

“You wouldn’t *be* a slut if we were together,” he raved. “I would totally, like, keep you all to myself and not share you with anybody.”

“Aww, how sweet!” I wondered if he could detect her gentle sarcasm. “But Ollie, maybe I *like* being shared?”

“Well, you wouldn’t *need* to be if we were together. I’d work twenty four seven to keep you satisfied.”

“Oh, *my!* ”

“Shut up, Morgan. I’m serious!”

“Well, you really are very sweet, Ollie. But you need to take all this passion and direct it towards a girl who’s not already spoken for!”

Ollie deflated almost visibly. “… I guess.”

“Oh, don’t pout. I’m still your girlfriend tonight, remember?”

“Whatever.”

“Wanna make out with your naked girlfriend?”

He did, and they did.

“Since this is the one night I get to have you as my girlfriend,” he said a bit later, “can we do more, like, boyfriend/girlfriend stuff?”

“Ollie… I’ve already sucked your dick *three times* …”

Three?! I must have nodded off longer than I'd realized.

"Of *course* that's where your slut mind immediately goes," he chastised. "I meant, can we be, like, I dunno. Romantic?"

"Hmmmmmmm," she hummed, thoughtful. "I suppose so. I mean, what do you mean exactly?"

"Well, you could, I dunno. Call me pet names like you do with Tyler."

She grinned. "I can do that, *babe* ."

"Ugh, see, that's really nice Morgan. Kiss me and then do it again."

They kissed for a bit.

"You're such a good kisser, 'sweetie'," she said when they were done.

" *Fuuuuuuck*. This is like, really exciting to me Morgan."

"... But you know we're just doing, like, role-play right?"

"Yeah, yeah," he said testily. "You don't need to keep reminding me."

"Sorry, *baby* ."

"Can we... can we keep talking this way while I feel.. Your pussy?"

"Of course!" she chirped, opening up her legs for him without a hint of hesitation.

"I mean... like earlier.

"..."

"With, like, my dick.."

"Ollie, we can't..."

"But you said you wanted to have sex with me!"

"I do! And we will! Don't you want to tease each other more first, though? Like we were talking about?"

"Morgan I, like, *need* to feel your pussy again."

"Ollie.."

"I've never felt anything even *close* to that good."

"Are my blowjobs that bad?"

"Compared to your pussy?? Yes!"

She giggled. "There's no way you want to lose your virginity with Tyler asleep right across the room.."

"We literally don't even have to have sex, though. Come on, just let me feel it a little, like earlier.."

"I dunno, Ollie.."

Fuck.

“It’s.. it can be part of the teasing! Like, how much more will it make us both want it if I’m actually *inside you* and we still can’t have sex?”

“…Fuck. Ollie, we seriously can’t, though…”

Fuck, fuck, fuck… even relegated to the opposite side of the room and forbidden from watching, my psychic link with Morgan was strong enough that I could practically experience her resolve crumbling as though it were my own.

But she’d fended him off successfully, it seemed. He hauled his bulk over onto his side, completely obscuring her from my vision. His shoulder’s contractions implying vigorous hand movements, followed by the sloppy suctioning noises of her sopping cunt.

I heard a deep-voiced grunting from Morgan she’d never uttered for me, a repeated *uh, uh, uh* at full speaking volume which was soon muffled as Ollie brought his other hand into play.

I wondered if he’d merely sealed her mouth with his palm, but the image that came into my head was three or four fingers forced into her mouth, to grope her tongue and let her express her newfound oral fixation.

It was dizzying to contemplate and I hated how badly I longed for it to be the case. Hated the imp on my shoulder for suggesting I should thank Ollie for helping her discover how much rough use her pussy could withstand, since I was too damned respectful to have ever done it myself.

My so-recently climax-impaired girlfriend began cursing and gasping her way towards yet another orgasm when Ollie grabbed her face with both hands and began energetically making out with her, not even stopping to speak, blubbering with their mouths full of each other’s tongues. “ *Please* , Morgan. And then we can pretend to be boyfriend and girlfriend while my dick’s in you..”

“Ugghh, Ollie! I was so *close* just now!”

“You’re so *fucking* wet, I just *need*- ”

“Okay but *please* stop talking so loud!” She shot a look in my direction; my lidded eyes apparently satisfied her as to my state of supposed slumber.

My brain was sufficiently fried that her acquiescence to his demand thrilled me just ever so slightly more than it made me want to leap across the room and physically drag her away from him and his interloping penis.

She’s drunk , I argued, feeling the compulsion to excuse her infidelity. *She wouldn’t do this unless she was inebriated*.

A scandalous visual contrast between their bodies as Morgan arranged herself on top of him. Her superb naked body in profile, an angle I’d never be treated to during our own lovemaking unless we invested in mirrors. The silhouette of Ollie’s ridiculous cock as she reached between her legs to angle him for penetration.

She hesitated again.

“Morgan, come *on* ..”

“ *Sshhhhhhh…* ” She looked over at me again. Her paranoia over the possibility of me waking up was the most difficult part of this. “I’m gonna, but *you have to be quiet*. ”

She took one of her pillows and propped it carefully at their side, blocking my view of what was about to transpire.

The jealousy I had experienced up to this point, in all our adventures with Ollie, was absolutely nothing compared to this. Nausea seized my belly. I had to let my mouth hang open and steady my breathing.

How was it possible for my dick to be this hard while Morgan's betrayal shattered my heart?

"Wait," she reconsidered. "First, I need to..." Spinning around awkwardly so she could use her mouth to nurture his dick into a more suitable state, she directed her arched-up behind at Ollie, who immediately seized a cheek in each palm and spread her open, gawking slack-jawed into her splayed holes.

"You're, like, insanely wet.. This is going to feel so fucking good.."

A traitorous voice echoed in my brain: *Oh god Morgan please* please *let him fuck you*.. I forced the thought from my head, too dangerous to even contemplate within the privacy of my mind.

"I ... *mwah*.. can't believe you ... *slurrrp* ... talked me into this... you're such an *asshole* Ollie..."

Back into cowgirl pose. Her brow furrowed in concentration for a few moments, presumably feeling around for her opening with his head, followed by an expression of sheer astonishment.

"Woahhh..." she breathed, clearly awed by the sensation. Her brow furrowed as she gathered her wits. "You are *not* to move while you're in me, Ollie.."

I suppose the very pretense that what they were doing wasn't full-on sex soothed my conflicted heart to a small degree. Some part of her cared about keeping her promise to me, even as she was so inarguably violating it.

Her lack of consent being fairly immaterial to him, Ollie responded by seizing her by the hips and yanking her downwards, knocking the pillow at their side off the bed in the process.

"What the *fuck* , Ollie?!"

"Fuuuuck.... So amazing..."

"You're *all the way in* .. it's like, fucking *huge*... "

A cruel chuckle. "Am not."

"Way bigger than *I'm* used to at least.."

"But I'm not all the way in, is what I meant. It's like, barely halfway."

"?!??!?!!"

"Here.." His hands went back to her love handles.

" *Okayokayokay..ohfuckohfuckohfuckohFUCK*... "

"There."

"This is .. how is this... what the *fuck* ..."

"See?"

Another string of curses from Morgan, bordering on incoherence.

“Uh, language?” Ollie cracked. How was he so fucking composed with his dick buried inside my girlfriend’s incredible pussy?

His girlfriend’s , the imp on my shoulder corrected.

“That’s not how a girlfriend should talk to her boyfriend.”

“Baby.. babe… your dick… inside me…”

“This was a good idea, right?”

She hesitated.

“Wasn’t it?” he urged.

Her head hung shamefully. “… Yes.”

“I lied, actually. There’s a little bit left..” He used her asscheeks to push her down even further.

“ *Fuuuuuuuuuck-* ”

“Pet names, slut!”

“ *Baaabe*…. ”

A wide and evil smirk on his features. “Thank me for letting you feel this dick?”

She hesitated again. Glanced over at me again. Then, in a shy voice: “Thank you sweetie… it’s *so* fucking good..”

I nearly threw up. How was this happening? How was this real?

“You like it?”

“Baby I *love* the way this feels..”

“It’s pretty tempting to ‘actually have sex’ at this point. I mean for you to start moving up and down my shaft.”

“Oh *fuck* it’s so fucking tempting Ollie, but that’s seriously going too far… *Ugggh,* it’s not *fair*… ”

“Yeah, too bad.”

“…”

“Too bad we’re just supposed to tease each other.”

“…”

“…”

“Can we… oh god. Ollie, just like, a tiny bit….”

His grin widened in triumph. “You’ll let me?”

She cast her eyes downward, avoiding looking at him. “We can’t… We shouldn’t…”

Whap! Her ass cheek rippled under a glancing blow from his palm, the crack singing out across the room. “You’re probably right,” he whispered. “Like you said, I don’t want to lose my virginity in front of *him* .” *Whap!!*

I was supposed to be asleep through this cacophony? She was offering no rebuke to thwart the volume of his spanking.

Beg him , I pleaded internally, the thought coming as a shock. *Talk him into it*.

What had gotten into me? I remembered lying in my bed as a child, cowering under my covers after having watched some horror film at too young an age. I’d mastered my fear in such moments by forcing my rational side to conquer my imagination, talking myself out of the extremities of my emotions with logic and reason. Maybe such a technique could serve me here.

They’re going to have sex eventually, right? And what were the chances I’d actually get to be present when it inevitably transpired? That I was in the room with them now was a freak occurrence.

So maybe it was better to rip the bandaid off and hope they actually fucked right here and now, in front of my eyes. Even though it meant Morgan would be breaking her promise that she wouldn’t.

Or maybe this was all bullshit rationalization on my part and I was simply a deviant pervert who found the idea of watching my girlfriend fucking another guy – of being cheated on – titillating beyond comprehension.

Letting this potential truth of play across my thoughts made my insides lurch, sickly sweet.

Whap!!

“Can I kiss you?” Morgan was whispering. “While you’re inside me?” Still trying to stay quiet, even though the blows Ollie dealt her backside were anything but.

Ollie took a hand from her asscheek and roughly seized a fistful of her hair. She gasped as he pulled her down to his face. I could see his tongue arrogantly extended for her to fellate; she moaned her deep satisfaction as she complied.

She stopped abruptly, her expression wracked with guilt. “Ollie *please* … I just need…”

“Yeah?”

Do it, Morgan, I pleaded against my heart’s anguish. *Fuck his brains out…*

“Ugh. I just need to feel you push back into me, like, one more time..”

He chuckled. “Suuuuure, Morgan. Just one more time and you’ll be satisfied, right?”

“I’ll… I’ll..”

“???”

“I’ll… Fuck. I’ll be slutty for you from now on,” she uttered, burying her face in his chest, ashamed.

“You’re already my slut,” he pointed out.

“God *dammit.* You’re right, I am, I am.”

“I want to have full on sex with you, Morgan. None of this teasing bullshit”

“Ollie…”

“…?”

“You know we can’t…”

“Fine, then you don’t get to.”

She stared down at him, eyes wide. Aghast that he was resisting her offer to slide in and out of her once more? Trying to talk herself into – or out of – giving in to his demand of unrestricted sex?

I was about to watch Morgan give in and offer her body to Ollie completely, I was certain of it. If I could have beamed my permission to her telepathically, I would have. I throbbed against Emily’s mattress, permitting my hips what I hoped was an unnoticeable movement to better grind myself downward.

“ *Ughhhhh* ,” she despaired. “I *really* want it, Ollie. Can we please wake Tyler up and ask him?”

This was my breaking point. I opened my mouth, fully prepared to reveal my awareness, to announce my permission… but Ollie spoke first.

“There’s no *way* I’m gonna do it in front of him, Morgan.”

“ *Ollieeeeee* ..”

“We can wake him up,” he negotiated, “but then he has to leave so we can have sex.”

Time stood still for a moment. She wanted to, she wanted it. I was breathing in her very desire, so strong it was a physical substance that hung thick in the air.

She slid off of him.

“No?!” It was Ollie’s turn to be aghast.

She offered him a quick, sassy peck on the cheek. “Nope!”

“F-fine! We can just do the thing where I slide into you and we stay still a little more!”

“Nope!”

“Just the fucking *tip* , Morgan!!!”

You overplayed your hand, fucker. I rejoiced, admonishing the half of me that was flummoxed with disappointment to leave me the fuck alone.

“It’s too tempting, Ollie. I already fucked up by letting you put it in me at all.”

“But what about all the shit you were saying about how good it felt? About how you’re *attracted* to me?!”

“That’s what makes it tempting, dumbass!”

“ *Fuck.* ”

“Wanna fuck me in front of my boyfriend? While he watches?”

Oh god oh god PLEASE say yes…

“…”

"…"

"… That's not *fair* , Morgan. Did you lose your virginity in front of another person?"

She took his face in her hands and planted a passionate, wet smooch on his lips. "Sorry for being unfair," she said. "I was *super* tempted to just let you do it anyway. But I can't do that to Tyler."

" *Fucking Tyler."*

"Plus, it will be even hotter this way. When we finally *do* do it. We'll get to tease each other more. And you won't have already cum multiple times the same night."

"But that's also why I'll be able to do it really good right now, I think. Like, I'll actually *last* …"

"Ollie, it's not happening. *Babe* ."

That's right, babe . My heart swelled with triumph. Somehow, in this moment, Morgan was the most loyal and dedicated girlfriend I could possibly imagine. The abyss of temptation had threatened to swallow her up, but she'd persevered.

It appeared Ollie had resigned himself that he wasn't going to have the sex with Morgan he so desperately craved. "Can I at least nut down your throat one more time?"

Morgan giggled. "Well, *okayyyyy…* "

—

I managed to bust as well, listening to him use my girlfriend's mouth with abandon.

He vented his frustration at being denied, employing a fistful of her hair to continually force his dick farther than her physical capacity allowed.

I dry-humped Emily's bed, pleasuring myself to Morgan being roughly used, assuaging my guilt at doing so with the knowledge that she'd kinda-sorta had sex with Ollie and thus broken her promise that she wouldn't.

But, this was more or less bullshit, and I knew it. Two wrongs did not alchemize to a right, and regardless, in my heart I believed there was nothing to forgive.

In fact, I once again yearned for a psychic link to Morgan by which I could grant her the permission she'd have asked, so she could claim Ollie's virginity without him knowing I was awake to witness.

I was aroused *beyond reason* and had made a series of ridiculous decisions because of it. Creeping in the bushes and spying upon them, forcing myself into her bedroom to interrupt their date and continue playing voyeur. It wasn't that my wrongdoing *justified* Morgan's; I simply understood that her decision-making had been dictated entirely by lust, and there was not a molecule in my body that harbored ill-will towards her for it.

It was the entire goal of this foolish undertaking of ours: to cultivate this lust to the degree that it enabled and drove us to experience things we never would have otherwise imagined possible.

Even in the wake of my orgasm, I felt my heart ready to burst with affection for this creature of pure sex that had, not one, but two men in her thrall. A creature which had not existed independently of Morgan and my union; a being that *I'd a hand* in creating. Morgan and I had seized the paintbrush of the gods and piloted it according to our will.

I fucking love this girl, I marvelled as Ollie carelessly choked her on his comically huge dick. I couldn't wait to tell her so, the next time we were alone. She'd have some residual guilt, no doubt, for the night's transgressions; I'd have the opportunity to alleviate this as well as exorcise my own, confessing the shame of my voyeurism. I knew we'd walk away from the conversation stronger, more in love than ever.

In fact, I mused, *had I even known what love was* before this moment? We'd breathlessly intoned the phrase, revelling in our whirlwind romance, but perhaps this had been the moment I truly fell in love with Morgan. While spying on her as she barely resisted the ultimate betrayal of our bond.

Well, fuck these inane boundaries . How much hotter could tonight have been if Morgan had known she had the freedom to do what I – what all three of us – yearned for her to do? The glee surged through me and I repressed the urge to laugh out loud. I couldn't *wait* to share this revelation with her.

—

"Ollie, what the fuck are you doing?" I croaked.

Morgan was on her belly, mouth hanging open. The pooled drool leaking out of her mouth's corner, shining in the morning light. Ollie was on top of her, thrusting against her as she slept.

It was the first thing I became aware of upon waking up. Seeing Ollie's apparent violation of my slumbering girlfriend, I acted without thought, springing instantly and automatically to my feet.

Ollie turned toward me, a slack-jawed and vacant expression on his face, dark circles underlining his sleep-deprived eyes. He wasn't stopping. I took a step forward to advance, and that's when Morgan woke up.

She glanced about in confusion. Then, fixing on my aghast and concerned face, slightly swooned. Her face broke into a sheepish grin. "It's okay, Tyler!" she chirped. "He's not … *ah!* … inside me or anything."

My jaw dropped. "But you were… You were asleep…."

"She told me it's okay, bro," he scowled, turning from me to edit my presence from his field of view. Not stopping, I noted; suddenly comfortable exhibiting his sexuality before me.

I wasn't about to take his word for it. "Morgan??"

She closed her eyes, her smile radiant despite the drool and dishevelment. "Good morning, babe," she grunted out, starting to meet Ollie's thrusts with subtle motions of her hips. "It's okay, I did tell him he could, ya know – *mmph!* – touch me while I.. while I was asleep as long as he-"

I'd have to wait to discover what boundaries Morgan had stipulated; the surreal conversation was interrupted by the sound of a key jiggling in her door's lock. Morgan, Ollie, and I all froze as we swung our heads and watched the deadbolt, and then the handle turn with the practiced dexterity of one who'd done so countless times before.

There was no scrambling to correct the situation and preserve our dignity. All oxygen left as Emily strode into the room – her room – an instant later.

"Hi, Emily," I heard myself say. My mind was somewhere far from my body in the moment and could only observe, dumbfounded.

Emily glanced at Morgan and Ollie in the bed, and then at me, her pale skin flooding crimson. Her expression frozen and unchanging, flitting gaze capturing the tableau. I saw us through her eyes: Ollie on top of Morgan; me, hovering over my prone and mounted girlfriend.

It could not have been more incriminating.

Emily blinked, then backed out and closed the door once again without having uttered a word.

My urge was to burst out in idiot laughter, and thank goodness for that; the despair on Morgan's face shone strongly enough to radiate between her fingers, which she'd clasped over her eyes and cheeks.

The impact Emily's intrusion and discovery had on Ollie appeared nonexistent, for after a brief pause he attempted to resume grinding into my girlfriend.

"Ollie, get off of me," she deadpanned.

"But I was just-"

" *Now* , Ollie," I commanded, advancing towards them once more.

I wondered if the surging adrenaline would enable me to yank him off the bed and onto the floor by a fistful of his hair, as I fully intended to do. I didn't get to find out; he shrank away, rolling off my girlfriend.

I kneeled down beside the bed, tracing my knuckles and fingers back and forth across her bare shoulder delicately. "Sweetie, are you okay?"

Her head snapped towards me, eyes widened to anime-like degree. Immense relief coursed through me at the sheepish smile that tugged at the corners of her mouth.

The smile dissipated before it could fully form, washed away by the sigh she heaved. "Yeah. I dunno. But.. yeah. We'll figure it out. I need to talk to her, and you two need to leave..."

I kissed on the eyebrow as tenderly and lengthily as I felt was justifiable given the understandable urgency of her command, and stood. "You heard her, Ollie. On your feet."

"Dude, I'm *naked* under here!" he protested.

The sigh I mustered was even more dramatic than Morgan's; I put my whole back into it. I couldn't believe Ollie was still being such a precious little shit about his body when we were up to our elbows in this freaky arrangement.

But, it wasn't the time to force the issue. "I'll be outside," I said. The sting at leaving them alone together was surprisingly mild.

—

I found Emily pacing in the hallway, typing on her phone.

"Emily.." I began.

She looked up, startled. "S-sorry about that, Tyler. I didn't mean-"

Her awkwardness was completely disarming. I held up my hands to stave her off. "No, no, I'm obviously the one who should be apologizing. That was probably a super awkward thing for you to walk in on."

Her eyes bulged slightly, presumably in contemplation of just what exactly she'd walked in on, breaking eye contact with me and gazing off to the side. She opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out.

"Well, Ollie should be out shortly," I continued, "and I imagine Morgan wants to talk to you… Sorry again."

I waited outside until Ollie emerged. He almost managed to hide the scowl that briefly seized his face. And yeah, this was bound to be an awkward conversation, but I was somehow feeling a complete lack of inhibition and wanted to revel in it.

The bandaid had been ripped off; an outside party had discovered us in the midst of conducting our strange arrangement, and in undeniable fashion. And it hadn't been the end of the world; in fact, Emily was clearly thousands of times more embarrassed by the situation than I'd been.

It's only humiliating if you decide it is , I coached myself.

"You're going back to the suite?" Ollie asked.

"Yeah."

"Actually, I think I'm gonna head to the cafeteria for some breakfast…"

"Oh, good idea. I'll come with you."

His jaw hung open. "Come on, bro… Don't you think it's kinda awkward?"

I shrugged. "It's only weird if you make it weird, dude." Trying to believe it myself. I started walking and he fell in line beside me, the air practically humid with his aura of reluctance.

"So we're just going to, like, hang out like everything's normal?"

I grinned at him. "Everything's definitely *not* normal. But come on man, we live across the hall from each other and you're having sex with my girlfriend. I think we need to figure out how to coexist."

He muttered something inaudible.

"Huh?"

"I said, I haven't. You know, had sex with her."

I snorted. "What was all that shit about putting it inside her, then?"

"…"

"She was like, raving about it, dude." Okay, *that* was kind of embarrassing, but there was no rewinding time and unsaying it. And no stopping the dickward surge of blood that accompanied the small stab of shame.

"That's, like, *all* we did though," he protested after a fairly excruciating few moments. "We didn't know you were awake…"

I summoned up my powers of open-mindedness and tried to see things from his perspective. Plus, it was kinda satisfying to make him squirm a bit. "So, like, do you legitimately still consider yourself to be a virgin? Even though you've, you know, had your penis inside a vagina?"

An eye roll. "It's so gross when you just *say* it like that, man."

“It’s literally what those body parts are called.” It wasn’t just the petty vengeance of causing him discomfort I was enjoying; awkwardness aside, it was titillating as fuck to be talking to Ollie about him penetrating my girlfriend. “But seriously, do you? Consider yourself..”

Enough time passed to make me wonder if he was considering or simply pretending the question hadn’t been asked. “I honestly don’t know,” he said at last. “I guess technically, in a way, I’m not a virgin anymore. But honestly, like, it *really* pisses me off to think of it like that.”

“...Ah.”

“Like, that’s *not* how I envisioned my first time going, you know?”

“No, no, I get it.” I recalled him blubbering around the campfire about how he was *never* gonna get to have sex, but it would have been shitty to point this out when he was actually being vulnerable and open with me. “Well, it’s just, like, a societal construct anyway, right? And it’s not like you aren’t going to have sex with her again. Or for the ‘first time’ if you want to call it that.”

“Yeah..” He managed to somehow look utterly pleased with himself while maintaining his scowl.

We made it to the campus cafeteria and let the topic drop while we procured breakfast. It was crowded and there was basically nowhere to sit and talk without being situated within earshot of others, but Ollie carried on anyway.

“I’m hoping it will happen later today, actually,” he said between forkfuls.

“Oh yeah? And how are you gonna manage that?”

He shrugged. “I mean, I have my own room in the suite. Provided she doesn’t want to keep, like, torturing me with the anticipation, or whatever bullshit.”

“Come on dude, the anticipation is hot as fuck.” I glanced around, wondering who might be picking up fragments of the conversation and whether the heat on my face was obvious to those nearby. “But, like, Bobby and Andrew.. You gotta be discreet, dude!”

He snorted. “ *You* rarely are.”

“It’s different when she’s *my* ... you know...”

He stared up at me and for a second I was scared he’d finish the sentence for me. But he just shrugged. “They’re gonna find out eventually,” he argued. “I mean, Emily knows, now.”

I wondered how *that* ordeal was going and checked my phone for messages, but Morgan had yet to provide an update.

Ollie was staring at me like he expected me to render a verdict. “Look, I’m not, like, opposed to you guys having sex in the suite..”

He smiled down at his plate, pushing the food back and forth. “Yeah, dude. You’re like, totally into this shit, right?” At least he’d dropped his voice to say it.

Fuck it . “Yes, I’m obviously into it.”

His head bobbed from side to side slightly, as if to shake loose such an appalling notion.

“How are you *possibly* going to give me shit for this?” I lowered my voice to nearly a whisper. “You should be, like, *thanking*... ”

“???”

“Nah, nevermind. I didn’t mean it.”

“I’m *not* going to *thank* you, dude.”

“Yeah, well, you shouldn’t. She’s not, like, my property to lend out or something.”

“See, I don’t get you at all. If she were *my* girlfriend I would one hundred percent not be letting other guys-”

“Dude, not in public? Please?”

He grunted irritably but did as I asked.

We finished our meal in silence and then began making our way back to the suite. Morgan still hadn’t texted me; I considered sending a message to check in on her, but trusted that she’d reach out when it was opportune.

“If anything, you should be thanking *me,* ” Ollie declared when we were out of earshot of any innocent bystanders.

I snorted at him. “How do you figure?”

“Because *you’re* the one who has a whole, like, fetish over this stuff, dude.”

“Actually, it’s a *kink* , not a fetish.”

“Same shit.”

“They’re actually different. A fetish…”

“Yeah?”

“Nevermind, man.. just fucking look it up if you’re interested. The point is, why would I be *thanking* you?”

“Because I’m helping you explore your nasty, uh, ‘kink’.”

This was a surprisingly bold gambit from Ollie and I paused to consider the response.

“I feel like it’s only with the utmost reluctance on your part that I’m getting to be involved with you and Morgan fooling around at all,” I told him, the words a pleasant liquid heat on my tongue. “So I don’t really feel a tremendous amount of gratitude for the way you’ve been handling all this so far.”

He humphed a dismayed acknowledgement. “Okay. But, what exactly do you *want* from me? I’m not going to, like, get naked and have sex in front of you while you watch and jack off or something.”

I could tell he was choking out the words, deeply uncomfortable to be articulating the specifics of our negotiation.

“Well, I appreciate that we’re at least getting this stuff out in the open,” I said. “And it’s obviously fine for you to have, like, specific limits and things you’re uncomfortable with.”

He nodded. “Looking over and having some dude watching me with his dick in his hand is *definitely* one of my ‘specific limits’.”

“But also, like, I feel like things have gotten *more* awkward than they were at first, and I don’t like it. Like, that night we all went on the hike, we were basically passing Morgan back and forth and feeling her up together, and you were completely into it.”

He shrugged, a shade of pink spreading across his cheeks. “That was a pretty crazy night. I just sort of got swept up in it all. It’s different when it’s, like…”

“Pre-meditated?”

“Exactly.”

He’d also been humping her in front of me this morning, but I decided not to nitpick.

“Okay. Well, it’s not just for me. I know this isn’t what you want to hear, but me being involved is a big part of what *Morgan* wants out of all this, too.”

“I guess? What about the whole week where she was, like, literally telling me that everything we did was a secret from you?”

Zing. “… Right, but that was just so she could tell me later.”

“Okay..”

“Like, I fucked Morgan’s brains out for *hours* while she went over every last detail about what you and her did together.”

“ *Jesus* , dude…”

It wasn’t exactly how it had gone down, but I was too thrilled by the fact that I was getting to say this type of shit to Ollie’s face (and watch him react with various levels of discomfort) to moderate my rhetoric.

That said, another part of me immediately regretted the utterance. Perhaps Morgan wouldn’t be entirely pleased with me pulling back the curtain on our sex lives for Ollie in this manner. Yet another matter we’d have to get on the same page about in what was becoming an increasingly overdue conversation between us.

“But, it’s a fair point. You and Morgan having private time together is a part of this arrangement, for sure. I just don’t want you to get it in your head that we’re both, like, on equal footing when it comes to her.”

“Oh, I *know* we’re not on equal footing,” he shot back. But his tone was one of smug satisfaction rather than self-deprecation.

“Well… I’m glad you accept that-”

“Maybe not in the way you’re thinking.”

It took me a couple beats to figure it out. “Oh. You mean you having a bigger dick.”

I got the flummoxed reaction I’d been angling for. “She *told* you??”

“We tell each other everything, man. And like, that’s awesome that you’re packing, I’m happy for you.”

“Uh. Thanks-”

“Morgan and I love each other a lot, is what I was getting at.”

“I’m, uh, happy for you too?”

“Hey, *thanks* , man!” I said with exaggerated cheer, throwing my arm over his shoulder like we were the best of friends. “I’m glad we’re all on the same page.”

He shook his head in disbelief at what I was putting him through. I gave him his precious personal space after a few paces.

“Anyway,” I said. “We did discuss the possibility.. well, the inevitability of Bobby and Andrew finding out. And I seem to be in a completely fucking uninhibited mood right now, so I’m inclined to, like, give you my blessing.”

He eyed me warily. “Yeah?”

“To have sex with my girlfriend, while our other roommates are home in the suite,” I added, in case it was unclear, and also just so that I could say it. “Of course, it’s ultimately Morgan’s consent that is the determining factor here, and like you said, she might want to keep torturing you…”

—

Morgan called a few minutes later. I told Ollie to go on ahead without me, and waved my phone’s screen at him so he’d know why.

“So how’d things go with Emily?”

“Babe,” she said breathlessly. “First, I need to tell you something..”

“Sure, you can tell me anything.”

She exhaled “I let him fuck me. Or, put his dick in me, at least. I’m not sure if it counts, or-”

“I know. I was awake the whole time.”

She faltered. I could practically visualize her consternation in the brief absence of her voice.

“Oh,” she murmured. “I see…”

“Plus, Ollie and I sort of had a heart-to-heart and discussed it as well.”

“You’re fucking *kidding* me…”

“And I spied on you guys.” The relief at getting all this out in the open was immense. “Like, before I was in the room.”

“ *Babe*.. ”

“I fucking crouched outside your window, in the bushes, like a disgusting lecherous pervert. I don't know what the fuck is wrong with me, Morgan…”

She was laughing. “Oh my *god* , Tyler, that’s fucking *awesome!* ”

“You’re not, like, revolted by me? I fucking spied on you like an absolute creep!”

“Of *course* not, Tyler! Duhhhhh!”

“Oh thank fucking god..”

“But babe. I had sex with Ollie. Like, totally broke my sacred promise and cheated on you. You’re not upset with *me??? ”*

“… Of course not!!”

We had to take a few moments to laugh together before we could continue.

“It wasn’t even sex,” I continued. “Ollie is, like, adamant that he’s still a virgin.”

“Sure!” she choked out, hysterical. “We’ll go with that!”

“Baby, I love you *so fucking much* . I was, like, trying to beam permission into your head. I wanted to watch you guys have sex so fucking bad!”

“Hahaha, that’s totally why I did it. I actually heard you. This is all your fault!”

A minute later we’d caught our breath enough to continue speaking.

“And I love you too, Tyler. I can’t believe you’re not *furious* with me.”

“Never. Fuck that. I’m positively giddy over all this right now.”

“But I, like, betrayed you!”

“I shouldn’t have made you promise not to fuck him in the first place. I would, like, do *anything* to go back in time and tell you it was okay. Now I’m not gonna get to watch, when it does happen.”

“Jeeze. Because you *know* it’s going to happen. I’m totally gonna fuck Ollie, aren’t I?”

“You definitely are, sweetie.”

“And you’re, like, a total *freak* who’s gonna get off on it.”

“ *One hundred percent! ”*

“But babe, there’s so much we need to talk about. You really heard *everything?? ”*

For a brief moment, I thought about the strategic advantage I held; if there *was* anything she was reluctant to share with me, believing that I already knew might loosen her lips.

Fuck that . We were taking off the seatbelts. And the brakes, and the steering wheel…

“Well, I did fall asleep for a bit.”

“Yeah, I was gonna say, you were *snoring* at one point!”

“But I heard all sorts of crazy shit. What’s this about you thinking Ollie is *attractive? ”*

“…”

“…”

“… Don’t shame me for who I am, Tyler!” she squeaked. My heart almost burst out of my chest as mirth overtook us once more and we laughed together.

“That shit made me, like, the most jealous I’ve ever been in my *life,* Morgan.”

“Oh, sweetie. But in a good way? Was your dick super hard, listening to Ollie and I talk all romantic-like to each other?”

“I fucking came in my pants, in Emily’s bed. *OH FUCK,* speaking of which!”

“Yeah, *that*. ”

“What *happened?* Did you guys talk? Is she, like, traumatized?”

“A little, I think. But we’re okay. It was … an interesting conversation.”

“Oh??? Interesting how?!”

“That’s between me and Emily!”

“Yeah? Did she get so turned on by the fact that you’re a poly slut with two boyfriends that you guys ended up going down on each other?”

“ *TYLER!!* ”

“…. Too far?”

“Maybe a little!”

There was a serious edge to her voice. I needed to calm down.

“Sorry, Morgan. I don’t really think you’re a slut.”

“Oh, I think that ship has sailed,” she chuckled wryly. “But I dunno if I’m okay with you joking about Emily that way. The poor thing just had her innocence, like, *destroyed* because of what we exposed her to.”

“My bad, my bad. Seriously, as long as you two are okay. I talked to her on the way out and told her I was sorry, but she barely spoke to me.”

“Yeah, I think we’re going to be okay. She had a surprising amount of questions… which is better than if she’d just, like, shut down and avoided the topic entirely, right?”

“I think so. Yeah, definitely.”

There was a comfortable silence. I could feel her affection practically radiating through the digital airwaves, warming my face.

“Sooooo,” Morgan said, her voice suddenly thickly erotic. “Can I come over to the suite and have sex with you while we go over *every fucking detail* from last night?”

Of course she could. Why was she even asking?

Except…

“Are you sure that’s what you want?” I asked. “I dunnooooo…”

“…”

“…”

“ *What the fuck are you implying, Tyler?* ”

“I’m just saying. Maybe it would be even hotter if…”

“If *what??* ”

“I mean, I wouldn’t want to relieve all this sexual tension that you and Ollie have been building up..”

Her breathing became audibly heavy over the phone. “I shouldn’t..” she choked out. “I shouldn’t get to have sex or cum again until Ollie fucks me??”

“Yessss, Morgan, *fuck* .”

“Wh-when??”

“Jesus, you’re insatiable. Like, today? Right now??”

“ *Ugh,* I told Emily we’d go out and eat together. I feel like I need to, to make sure things are normal.”

“That’s good. Do that. The anticipation will be even better.”

“Won’t the other guys be home though, later? This isn’t going to be some quick visit to his room we can just play off…”

“I mean, honestly, I’m inclined to just say ‘fuck it’ at this point.”

“Oh *wow* , Tyler…”

“Look, go out with Emily. Then, later, you can come over, and you and I can talk in my room. There’s lots more we need to discuss about last night.”

Her breaths were still labored, uneven.

I continued, “We can even talk, like, naked.”

“Will you eat me out while we talk?”

“Yes. But no orgasms allowed.”

“Duh!”

“Those are for Ollie, later.”

“Oh *fuck* . I know…”

“Are you fucking masturbating right now?!”

“…No…?”

She was obviously lying.

“Well, stop. Go take care of your roommate. And then we can get together and… yeah.”

“Tyler?”

“Yes, my love?”

“I can’t fucking *wait*… ”

Chapter 10: Our Little Secret

Chapter Text

“But, what about jealousy? Surely you’re subject to these basic human emotions, Tyler.”

Emily peered at me through her thick glasses as if I were a strange species of insect under scientific scrutiny.

I shrugged. “I totally am! I get *insanely* jealous.”

Morgan fondled my thigh under the table while Emily fussed with the abstract origami contraption she’d made of her napkin.

I wanted to elaborate for Emily, and add that my jealousy had at this point become a distinct goal Morgan and I actively pursued, but I was still feeling out how sexually transparent the conversation would be permitted to become.

So I waited for Emily to continue her interrogation. It turned out I hadn’t needed to say anything at all.

“So you mean to tell me: you’ve come to view jealousy as a reward in and of itself.”

Morgan and I favored each other with a wide-eyed look of disbelief at her perceptiveness.

Emily had, apparently, grown ever more inquisitive about our arrangement with Ollie during her and Morgan’s lunch date, to the point where I’d been summoned to join them. So that Emily could pick my brain, as well.

I’d been ecstatic over the opportunity.

“When you walked into the room and saw this bizarre situation underway,” I said by way of answer, “I bet you felt a number of, like, instinctive.. *primal* emotions and reactions.”

Absent the “like”, I’d slipped somewhat into emulating Emily’s precise manner of speech. It always happened to anybody who spent a bit of time with the young woman; her guarded nerdiness concealed an infectious degree of charisma.

I’d always enjoyed the company of Morgan’s mousy roommate, but never found her particularly attractive. I had to admit: her sudden interest in these prurient matters lent her an unexpected allure.

She considered my observation with scientific detachment.

“Yes. I mean, it was quite awkward, obviously. Awkwardness is a basic emotional experience.”

“You’re *so* full of shit, Emily!” Morgan guffawed.

“I’m not!” Rather than shrinking away from her roommate’s forceful accusation, Emily’s eyes lit up with amusement at the outburst.

“Are so! With this, like, scientific detachment. You haven’t been able to talk about anything *but* this since you caught us in the act. So don’t pretend like you’re not …” She trailed off.

“Aroused?” I suggested.

They both shot me a coordinated glare so withering it made me wonder if I'd ever speak in their presence again. I showed them my palms in surrender.

"I was going to say: hugely entertained. Scandalized." Morgan finished.

Emily's expression softened. "I guess that's right, though, Tyler. There's something like an erotic edge to it."

"…That, too," Morgan said quietly, eyebrow ever-so-slightly lifted.

"And this erotic-tinged jealousy is worth pursuing even if it puts your relationship at risk?"

"Why do you think it puts our relationship at risk?" Morgan asked.

Emily rotated her empty coffee mug for several turns as she contemplated it.

"I'm trying to picture myself in Tyler's position…"

"Why mine and not Morgan's?" I asked.

"Because you're the one tolerating your partner's, er, promiscuity. So, I'm trying to imagine myself giving Kevin permission to sleep with another woman, and, you know, examining my emotional response."

We watched her while she developed her train of thought.

"Jealousy is kinda bullshit, though," I suggested. "I mean, Morgan had sex with people before she and I were together. Most people can accept that their partners had some sort of sexual past, right? So why is it so different for her – or Kevin – to do it *now?* "

Emily sighed. "It obviously is different. Now it invites a direct comparison. What if Kevin were to kiss another girl, and he enjoyed it more than he enjoys kissing me? That seems unacceptable."

"Well, we've had to deal with quite a bit of that," I said. "Ollie and Morgan have, like, a weird degree of sexual chemistry."

"Tyler…" Morgan objected.

"I mean, it's okay though, is my point. Also, sorry, Emily, if this is more graphic than you want to hear, but… his dick-"

"O- *kay!!* " Emily interrupted, color flooding her cheeks. Morgan was shaking her head at me in disapproval.

"Well," I went on. "The point is that the comparisons do come up. But so far it hasn't been the end of the world."

The conversation lapsed for a few moments while Emily recovered from the embarrassment I'd inflicted on her.

"I think the whole idea that it's a comparison is wrong," Morgan said. "Ollie and Tyler are just different. I'm not, like, ranking them against each other on a number line."

"Okay, that's another factor that you simply must explain to me. Why *Ollie??* Isn't he a bit…?"

Morgan and I flashed each other a conspiratorial grin. A rather surreal conversation unfolded in which Morgan and I took turns defending Ollie, listing his positive qualities and sharing anecdotes about the various (non-sexual) adventures we'd shared with him.

"And, Emily, don't you *dare* judge me for this," Morgan said as I squeezed her hand reassuringly. "But I really do find him quite attractive. I think someday, if he grows up a bit and gets over the baggage he has towards women, he'll be quite a catch for some lucky girl…"

I didn't say it out loud, but Ollie's "baggage" gave me some reassurance that, despite Morgan's animalistic attraction to the guy, he was a safe person for us to be conducting our experiment with. Despite Morgan unexpectedly confessing her borderline romantic interest in the guy last night, there was no universe in which this kid could actually compete with me on the level of boyfriend material.

"This is all quite fascinating," Emily said with a carefully even tone. "As Morgan and I were discussing earlier, it's the sort of thing you read about … ENM and polyamory and all that. You don't expect to walk into your dorm room and see your roommate and her boyfriend…. Well."

"Again, Emily, I'm *really* sorry about that," I said. "It honestly made it look worse than what was actually going on. Morgan and Ollie don't usually, uh, *interact* in front of me.. We were actually just in the process of getting out of bed, really."

Emily nodded. "So Morgan told me. But…" She paused, gearing herself up to finish the thought. "Well, it surprises me that you're not usually involved. I would have thought that was half of the appeal?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. I think I knew what she meant, but it was unimaginable to me that Emily might go there, and I wanted to hear her say it.

She blinked, her eyes slightly enlarged behind her frames as she examined me. "Males are supposedly more visually inclined when it comes to their sexual arousal."

"Oh, Tyler would *love* to watch," Morgan beamed. "Ollie's, like, shy though.."

This, somehow, prompted a giggling fit from both girls while Emily blushed deeply.

Our lunch date eventually wrapped up. Emily thanked us for the candor and vulnerability we'd displayed by allowing her to pick our brains on the topic. The parting hug she and I exchanged might have felt ever so slightly more awkward, more fraught than usual, but it might have been my imagination.

—

Holding Morgan's hand as we waltzed across campus to the suite that evening was better than sex. It was like the intimacy between us had been supercharged. Our palms and interlaced fingers were erogenous zones.

We'd forced ourselves apart for a few hours to address the real world; homework and all that. Of course, I'd been able to accomplish nothing.

We'd been quiet for some time. It wasn't an awkward silence, just the warm glow of one another's company. But I was somewhat impatient to address the topic that was doubtless on our minds.

"Do you wanna, like, talk about stuff?"

She nodded and nuzzled into my shoulder, slowing our gait. If it were physiologically possible for her, I swear she would have purred. “And kiss you, yeah,” she murmured. “And have sex with you.”

I figured this was my cue to start in with the dirty talk, but before I could conjure up the right words, she continued.

“Would you be super disappointed if we did that? I know we’ve been swept up in all this Ollie stuff, but I don’t know if I’ve ever wanted you as badly as I do right now.”

Yet a new dimension of warmth spread throughout my body. “Oh, Morgan, I will *never* turn down the opportunity to be intimate together, if that’s what you want.”

She nibbled on my earlobe. My heart fluttered, dick swelled. “I just kinda feel like we really need to *reconnect* since… since we took things so far, last night.”

We’d stopped moving and I turned her to face me, pulling our pelvises together with my hands just on the top of her ass. I put all the passion I could into our kiss, moving my index finger beneath her chin so I could look into her eyes.

“You mean since you turned into a cheating slut last night,” I said, making my eyes wicked so she’d know I was saying it flirtatiously.

“Unnh, Tyler…” she returned swooningly, burying her face in my chest. “But even though we’re getting all carried away with how this stuff turns us on, I really *did* cheat on you. It’s, like, not okay…”

I held her, considering the words I needed to use. I decided to think aloud instead. “I’m so torn, Morgan. I want to reassure you and tell you what you did was perfectly okay, and I *genuinely* believe that’s the case. Like, we’ve been on the same page about everything that’s happened so far. You definitely had every reason to believe I’d forgive you, and even be excited by it, if you had let him just completely have his way with you.”

“But, Tyler-”

“But on the other hand, how am I supposed to tell my beautiful, loving girlfriend that she’s wrong for telling me she wants to be faithful to me? I don’t want you to feel bad for, like, breaking your promise, if that’s what we’re calling it. But of course it makes me happy that you think it’s important to keep our promises, ya know?”

She nodded into my sternum. “Well, maybe as a compromise you can let me *fuck your brains out* in your room. You can reclaim my.. *oh fuck* … my naughty pussy?” Her hips were pressing into me emphatically, the nonexistent distance between us intolerably vast. “And I can be super loud and make Ollie jealous…”

I cut off any further scheming with another deep and wet kiss. When we broke apart, I observed a few passersby studiously pretending we didn’t exist out of politeness or embarrassment.

We entered the suite still holding hands. Bobby was standing over the kitchen sink, managing the foam from a freshly uncapped beer.

“How was the threesome?” he cracked without missing a beat.

Andrew rolled his eyes from his seat on the couch, not looking up from his book. “It’s, like, the fourth time he’s made that same joke today.”

Morgan let go of my hand and strode up to Bobby, taking his head in her hands and planting an exaggerated smooch on the corner of his mouth.

“It was great! You should have been there.”

She kissed him again and then was off, swinging her hips triumphantly, offering him a torturous view of her ass as she cut her way down the hall into my room.

Andrew was doubled over in laughter at Bobby’s bewildered expression. After also stealing a glance at my girlfriend’s backside, of course. He offered his fist to bump as I made my way past him and I met it knuckle to knuckle.

She was already in the process of undressing when I opened the door to my room, shimmying off her yoga pants, her ass facing me, grinning at me over her shoulder. No panties; a strand of perfectly translucent syrup connected to the garment as it pulled away from her pussy.

It was like my first time seeing a woman’s naughty parts. The vision before my eyes was simply impossible; I thought my chest was going to explode.

In a moment I had her pitched over the side of my bed, on my knees with my face buried in her ass and pussy from behind. The elasticity of her ass cheeks in my palms, exhilarating to an intolerable degree, coordinated with the sight and scent of her spread-apart holes to melt my brain.

I paused to take in the vision, then dove back in. My shyness about touching her asshole was suddenly a distant memory and I lapped at her wrinkles before pushing my tongue as far inside as I could manage. *Probably should have discussed that with her first* , said a part of me that was a mere bystander at the moment.

But Morgan was squealing her delight, grinding herself into my face. I wondered if I was the first person to do this to her. I used the possibility that I wasn’t to keep myself teetering on the brink of orgasm.

“You’re fucking *eating my ass* with the fucking *door* open, Tyler?!??!” she hissed at me.

Bobby and Andrew verified Morgan’s observation with a snort and series of guffaws from the common area as I tore myself from her to correct my oversight, shedding my clothes as I did so. The music coming from behind Ollie’s closed door, and the possibilities his presence threatened, infused a further jolt of adrenaline.

She was spread-eagle on her bed when I got back to her, knees rocked back so both her holes were exposed, both hands brazenly working her cunt. “Tyler, I’m about to fucking cum-”

“ *Nope!* ” I yanked her hands from her crotch by her wrists, pinning one to the bed behind her head as I mounted her. I positioned the other between our mouths so that we could make out through her fingers and share her juices while we kissed.

I was suddenly a sexual genius, it seemed; she rewarded me with noises I’d previously only heard Ollie provoke.

I hadn’t intended to penetrate her, but she’d never been anywhere close to this wet and open before and my dick basically got tractor-beamed into her body. I withdrew it immediately and slid to her side.

“ *Tylerrrrr!!!* ” she howled her frustration.

I panted for a few moments, trying to master the ejaculation I'd been on the verge of achieving, before pulling her towards me. Hands on her ass and tits and everywhere, sucking on her tongue and every other facial feature.

She hadn't yet removed her camisole; I was already at maximum levels of erotic sensory input and in no hurry to add her naked breasts to the equation.

"Baby I *need* you to fuck me!!" she protested again, not bothering to modulate her volume.

"I know," I said, kissing down her body and diving back into her pussy. She was generating enough cream to live off of.

"Baby *PLEASE!!!* "

When I kept eating her out, she decided she'd try to climax on my face and began bucking against it. I waited until I thought she was about to burst and then stopped, holding her still by the hips and glaring at her as haughtily as I could manage.

She glanced at my eyes, read my thoughts and slammed her head back against the mattress in frustration.

" *FUCK!!!* "

I teased her outer labia and mons, kissing her softly, avoiding the clit.

"I can't fucking *believe* you're doing this to me, Tyler!!!"

I shrugged. "I haven't decided yet."

"Decided *what?!I* "

"If I'm going to fuck you, or-"

"Tyler you fucking *promised-* "

"Or if I'm going to send you next door and make you fuck Ollie instead," I finished, directing my attention back to her clit in an effort to confound her ability to respond.

It wasn't until I paused, leaving her on the immediate precipice of orgasm once again, that she could articulate her thoughts. After rapidly pounding alternating fists into the mattress at either side of her, crying out her frustration at top volume.

" *Make* me, Tyler?!" She was both appalled ... and, I hoped, delighted? "You think I'm, like, your fucking *whore* that you can order to fuck whoever you want???"

"No." I intermittently applied a brief, teasing suction to her vulva and clit between every other word, to continue torturing her. "It's – a decision – we'll make – together."

"What are you *doing* to me Tyler??"

"I swear to fucking god Morgan, I have never been anywhere *close* to this excited in my entire life."

"M-me too oh GOOODDDD Tyler *fuck*... "

I crawled back up her body and caressed her face while she thrust her hips towards me, attempting to capture my dick in her folds. Just the thought of sinking back into her almost sent me over the edge.

“This was your plan, right?” I murmured to her, kissing her eyebrows. “Drive ourselves completely out of our minds with desire?”

She shut her eyes tightly and nodded. Her eyes were watering sufficiently that the motion squeezed a tear out of the corner of one, which I kissed away. “But Tyler…”

“Morgan, I am fully prepared to beg you *on my fucking knees* to go over there and have sex with him.”

“But B-Bobby…. And…”

“I will march you out there stark naked and beg you *in front of* them. Hell, I’ll beg *Ollie* if you want me to.”

“ *Uggghhhh!* ”

She gripped my sides with her thighs and rolled us over, her sudden flash of domineering strength an unexpected pleasure.

I wasn’t inside her, but she slid her dripping cunt up and down my shaft as she leaned in close, her tone and expression completely serious. “Tyler. If you send me to Ollie right now, I will fucking *scream* for him.”

“Oh *fuck* , Morgan..”

“Bobby and Andrew will hear me make noises for him I have *never made for you* …”

“Oh. My. God. Because his dick is bigger?”

She nodded. “It feels *incredible* inside me, Tyler. But it’s not just that..”

“ *Tell me, Morgan*…. ”

“Tyler, he’s fucking so good at sex stuff. Touching him turns me on like *crazy* .”

“B-better…”

She raised an eyebrow.

“Better than me??” I gasped.

“…”

“???”

“… It’s just different.”

But the brief hesitation had laid the truth bare for me.

“Holy *shit* , Morgan.”

“Tyler, I…”

“I… I can’t believe I’m saying this but that’s so *fuuucking* hot..”

She moved in for a kiss and our tongues danced briefly.

“You’re, like, more sexually attracted to fuckin’ Ollie than you are to your *boyfriend* who you *love* .”

Saying it aloud sent my heart aflutter. How the *fuck* was this failing to send me into a jealous rage? How was it not only turning me on, but doing so to a greater degree than I had ever known?

She could only wail in response, her voice a cocktail of shame and lust.

“Do you realize how fucking *slutty* this makes you??” I demanded. “You’re like, the most sexual human being imaginable.”

I kissed my unfaithful girlfriend, moaning my passion into her mouth. I considered slipping inside her and holding still, torturing myself further with the sensation of her vagina without allowing myself to fuck her in earnest. Like she and Ollie had done last night. But I knew I would instantly cum the moment I was engulfed by her wetness.

We situated ourselves side by side, staring into each other’s eyes, Morgan blushing furiously, me trying my utmost to project awe and devotion. I couldn’t resist rubbing my hands across her impossible body, hungry for the feel of her breasts and belly and behind.

“It really is just different, though..” she tried to argue. “Like, the way he disrespects me is just… *fuck* , I don’t know why it gets me so hot..”

“I could disrespect you too, if you want..”

But she was shaking her head. “I don’t want you to treat me like that, Tyler. It would really bother me if you did.”

I had more or less already realized that this was the case, but hearing it baldly articulated like this nearly knocked the wind from me.

“Wow,” I said.

“I’m sorry, baby…”

“Don’t be sorry. I don’t even *want* to treat you like that. I want to be your loving boyfriend.”

“That’s what I want, too..”

I began fondling her pussy, marveling at how creamed over she was. Handling her delicately, as was my place. She rocked against my fingers appreciatively.

“But,” I went on, “it just proves that it would be ten times hotter if you went next door and let him use you the way only he’s allowed to..”

She huffed and pressed her forehead against mine. “Baby, I know this is what we’ve been building towards,” she said. “And I’m still really excited to have sex with Ollie. I am. And to admit to you how badly I want to, and see how much it drives you crazy.. I *love* this thing that we’re doing, and I don’t think either of us want to stop.”

“I really, really love it too, Morgan. It’s so unbelievably exciting to hear you say these things to me. To hear you tell me that your sexual chemistry with him is more intense than it is with me?”

“But babe..”

“Like even just *saying* that, just now, I could feel my heart jump into my throat. Like I’m almost gonna make myself cum just saying this stuff. I don’t know what the fuck is wrong with me..”

“There’s nothing wrong baby. You shouldn’t feel ashamed of what turns you on.”

“I’m feeling less and less ashamed. Although, the humiliation is itself kind of a turn on.”

“I know, but-”

“Like, earlier I was having to bite my tongue to stop myself from telling Em how much it turns me on to see *or even think* about you and Ollie going at it.”

Morgan sighed. “Well okay, if you can slow down for *one fucking second* and let me talk..”

“Sorry, baby. I’m listening.”

“The thing with Emily… I’m really glad that it all turned out okay.”

“Me too. I-”

“Tyler, shut *up!* ”

I scooted to sit upright, taking each of her nipples into my mouth in turn, showing her my mouth was otherwise occupied.

“Mmmmm,” she hummed appreciatively. “But baby, it could easily have *not* gone like it did. It might have really made things awkward between me and my roommate, you know?”

I had a few rebuttals to offer here, but I kept silent and continued chewing on her tits instead.

“What we’re planning here… it’s basically for me to make my debut as a public slut. We have no idea how Bobby and Andrew will react, how it’s gonna change the way they see us.”

Fuck . It was unbelievably exciting to hear refer to herself as a “public slut.” But, though I wasn’t keen on her throwing cold water on this supremely erotic moment we had been in the process of cultivating, she did have a point.

“So far,” she continued, cradling my head against her chest, “we’ve basically kept it between you, me, and Ollie. And we have this whole idea that even though he seems to have his judgments about us and our willingness to open up our relationship to include him, he’s not going to go blabbing to the rest of the school about it.”

“Who would he blab to?” I said in agreement.

“Mmhmm. That’s how it feels, anyway, fair or not. I’m just saying, I feel like this is such a big step…”

“I know sweetie.” I slipped my palms over her ass cheeks and began guiding her labia back and forth along my shaft again. “Our suitemates are going to know that you’re a promiscuous girl who has sex outside her relationship.”

“Mmhmm. A ‘slut’,” she agreed, grinding against me harder.

“ *Fuck* . And they’ll know that I’m the sort of guy who ‘permits’ his girlfriend to fuck other guys…”

She nodded, eyes shut tight. “They’ll know, Tyler. From now on they’ll always know that we’re a kinky couple. That we’re sexual freaks.”

“Does it embarrass you? Are you ashamed for them to know you spread your legs for Ollie?”

She shook her head. “Not really, no. I told you, think Ollie is attractive and .. oh fuck, Tyler.. I’m proud that I get to spread my legs for him and his big dick.”

“Fuck, Morgan. Wow.”

“And are *you* embarrassed? To be sharing your girlfriend?”

I nodded. “I am. I know it’s just because of, like, societal norms and all that, but … it’s one thing to believe that intellectually. When I think of what it’s gonna be like to interact with them, knowing they’ve heard Ollie make you pant and scream… fuck, it seems *really* humiliating.”

“…But you want it anyway.”

“Yes. No… I almost want it *because* of that. Every single aspect of this is so fucking hot to me right now.”

“Even though your girlfriend is *sopping wet* for you and wants you to fuck her *so fucking bad?* Is that not enough for you? Am I not?”

I considered the question with all seriousness.

“…Tyler?” she prompted.

I took a breath. “Morgan, if we had sex right now, it would be the most incredibly pleasurable thing imaginable. It would be so overwhelmingly hot to me that I would almost certainly cum immediately.”

“But that doesn’t bother me, Tyler. I can finish myself off with my fingers. Masturbate with your cum in me, rubbing it all over my clit and getting it in my pubes? While you put your face all close to my pussy and watch..”

“ *Fuck,* that’s hot.”

“I *know* ..”

She made a very compelling case, but my stubborn dick failed to relent. “Baby, please don’t be mad…”

Her hand was on my cheek, reassuring me. “It’s okay baby,” she murmured. “You can tell me anything you need. We’re safe with each other.”

“The fucking idea that my incredible, incomparable girlfriend is trying her damnedest to seduce me… to tempt me with your magic pussy, with your fierce dedication to our love for each other.. and I *still* just want to send you next door to get dicked down by our porn-brained asshole roommate? That *in itself* is the hottest thing I can imagine. Like, I shouldn’t even be uttering this to you out loud-”

“Tyler, you are *fucking incorrigible,* you know that?”

I nodded. “It’s so bad, baby. I’m thinking with my dick, and my dick is a fucking deviant pervert.”

Her expression was, momentarily, blank and unreadable. In a moment of dawning panic, I wondered if I’d pushed it all too far, and geared myself up to issue a retraction and make the most passionate love to Morgan I could muster.

But she spoke before I could act.

“Okay, how about this,” she said, poker face still in effect. “I’ll do it. I’ll fulfill these sick fucking fantasies of yours. Of ours…”

“… But?”

“You have to convince me, Tyler. You have to seduce me into it. Manipulate me.”

“ *Manipulate* you?!”

“Yes. You have my consent to use your words and our bodies to manipulate me into wanting him more than I want you. And if you do, I’ll fucking do it. I’ll go knock on his door and… and…”

I thought that was precisely what I’d been doing, but I had a few more tricks up my sleeve.

One of these was my penis. I was still rock hard, but as a result of Morgan displaying some genuine consternation and reluctance I was no longer a hair trigger away from climax. So I got on top and eased myself into her, slow as possible, savoring her anatomy one divine millimeter at a time.

Once she had all of me, I began to whisper filth into her ear. How, due to the fact of her being a cheating slut, Ollie also knew the feel of her just as I did. Moreso: his greater proportion meant that she’d been wrapped even more tightly around him, that he’d felt at least an inch further into her depths than would ever be physically possible for me.

As I beseeched her to attempt speculation with me on what that final inch of her divine pussy might feel like, so that I could wallow in the irresistible acidity of my jealousy, I felt my efforts come to fruition. She began bucking her hips up against me, repeating my name as she started to fuck me.

It wasn’t out of any grand strategy that I stopped her. I just didn’t want it to be over, which it would have been a moment or two later; at least, for me.

“I didn’t consent,” I snarled into her ear, “for you to fuck me.” I’d kept my orgasm at bay, but only just.

Her belly was palpitating against me. Her entire body aghast and horrified that I’d derailed us from the path of orgasm.

My head was yanked backward with unaccustomed violence, two fistfuls of my hair in Morgan’s whitened knuckles.

“I didn’t consent to *not* fuck you!!” Her volume was such that everyone must have heard.

“That’s not how consent works!” I returned immediately with a cruel chuckle.

The derisive laughter was instantly bitter in my mouth and I knew I’d gone astray. Morgan was half out of her mind with sexual arousal, as was our goal, and I’d mocked her, pedantically, in response.

My embarrassment quickly spread downstairs and I withdrew from her at half mast, an apology on my lips.

“Morgan-”

Her palm pressed against my mouth stifled further speech. Her eyes blazed with a look I’d never seen before. I reckoned for the first time with the notion that there might be a side of Morgan that was not my ally, whose unconditional love and forgiveness I couldn’t rely upon indefinitely.

Her eyes softened for an instant before hardening again. “You are *such* an asshole, Tyler.”

“Babe, I didn’t mean-”

“I don’t give a *shit* what you meant. And I don’t give a shit what I agreed to. Do you know how badly I want you right now? How much agony I’m in? But I know that’s not what you’re interested in right now.”

“ *Morgan!* ”

“Well, congratulations babe. You’re gonna get everything you wanted.”

Then she leaned in to kiss me, and for a second I thought maybe I was panicking for no reason, that I just needed to catch up to her level of dirty talk.

The kiss told me I was wrong.

I’d kissed Morgan in all the ways I knew two people could kiss one another, but now I realized I had been wildly ignorant. Every time we’d kissed before, I now knew, she’d allowed me to lead. She’d allowed me to explore her mouth according to my fantasy of how I wanted to kiss the prettiest girl I’d ever met. Accommodating my desires, transforming herself in every tiny gesture of the tongue and lips into the kissing partner of my dreams.

But this kiss? I might as well have been mouth to mouth with an entirely different person.

This kiss told me there were Morgans that I didn’t know at all.

A few moments later, I felt I’d been drained by a vampire. I could only stare up at her, dazed, as she uttered her next words to me.

“That’s the last time you’ll be kissed by a *remotely* faithful girlfriend,” she breathed to me. She was smiling again, and joy danced in her eyes, but it was beyond my faculties to ascertain whether I was being playfully teased or offered my last rites.

She sat up. I grasped her hand, daring to feel relief when she didn’t recoil.

There’s no turning back now. If I flip-flopped at this point, talking her into exploring our kinks in the future would be the least of my worries.

Then she was on her feet beside the bed. *It was happening.* I flailed for words, and wasn’t proud of what came out.

“A-are you going to walk across the hall .. like *that?!* ”

Jesus, Tyler. I had the sense Morgan was genuinely angry with me, and I knew it didn’t bode well for us to take this irrevocable step in such a context. But I was already thinking with my dick again.

She stretched her camisole from where it had been bunched above her tits, as far as it would go, looking down at her half-exposed pussy.

“They’ll probably see my ass,” she said matter-of-factly, rotating her behind to face me. “I just can’t bring myself to really care at this point, considering…”

Predictably, her round backside was far more exposed than her vagina; there was no world in which the garment would stretch enough to cover it.

The sight of it washed the remaining traces of anxiety from my brain. “Fuck. I..”

I hope Bobby and Andrew get a glimpse, I’d almost uttered. But I’d pushed my luck far enough as it was.

Nonetheless, the hunger must have been obvious in my gaze, and it prompted her to roll her eyes at me. I tried to convince myself there was mirth in the gesture, but I couldn't be sure.

—

Bobby announced his presence at my semi-open door with a rap of his knuckles.

"Bro, did I seriously just see Morgan walk, uh, naked? Into Ollie's room?"

There were not yet any scandalous noises emitting from said room; in fact, few enough seconds had passed since Morgan had *actually opened our door and walked across the hall to fuck Ollie* that the world around me still seemed illusory and surreal.

".. I mean, she was only half naked," I deadpanned, without much thought or strategy behind the utterance.

Bobby's immediate arrival answered one question at the fringes of my consciousness: would he and Andrew politely ignore this latest development? Apparently not.

"But... but... *dude!!* " He was glaring at me in that Bobby way, when something transpired that obviously demanded explanation from all parties.

But I could only shrug helplessly. I searched myself for the titillation that often accompanied self-consciousness, but there was a barrier of panic standing in my way, blocking me.

Bobby's head snapped around at Morgan's throaty giggle which, though muffled, reached our ears. Theatrically, he made his eyes even wider, even more appalled.

"Are you guys, like *fighting?* Did you break up?! My dude, what is *happening?!* "

"Come on man, leave him be," Andrew spoke softly, from beside Bobby in the hall.

It was time to put on my big-boy pants and address this, it seemed. "It's fine, man," I said. "Come on, let's discuss this out in the living room. Please tell me there's more beer."

A few moments later, I paced back and forth in front of the couch. Andrew had re-situated himself seated on said couch with his laptop, at which he directed his attention; I knew him well enough to read it as his attempt to ease the pressure from my forthcoming explanation.

Bobby was too agitated for such courtesies. He was seated at the table, his heel metronomically thumping at an allegro pace.

I wished he would make less of a racket, so I could better make out any noises that might emanate from Ollie's chamber.

I was considering one conversational approach after another, but couldn't find the proper contextualizing words to bring to bear. The uninhibited eagerness that had inoculated me against terror-inducing levels of self consciousness seemed like a distant memory. In what *universe* had I thought I'd be able to handle Morgan and Ollie having sex under the full awareness and scrutiny of my friends?

For that matter, *Morgan and Ollie were having sex* . Or were about to. How had I talked myself into thinking this was something I was okay with, let alone something I craved? My stomach twisted itself into a sickening tangle as the reality set in.

As I pondered this, my reticence to come forward with an explanation proved more than Bobby could withstand. “I’ve offered before, but I’ll fucking kill him for you, if you want,” he blurted.

“Dude,” I sighed. “It’s not like that. This is consensual among all parties involved.”

“So you guys *are* a throuple for real, then,” he said, sounding more appalled than I appreciated.

Andrew’s head whipped around sharply at this as well. “Come on, man..”

“Not that I have a problem if you are!” he course-corrected. “But, like… man, help me understand!”

“He doesn’t owe you an explanation,” Andrew observed. Ever the diplomat, his tone was completely free of judgment; he was just stating the facts. “But, Tyler, you *are* more than welcome to talk about this with us, if that’s what you feel like doing. But there’s no pressure, regardless of how Bobby is acting.”

“I appreciate that. And Bobby, I get that this must be, like, a lot to take in, or whatever.” I steeled myself, galvanized by Andrew’s reassurances. “So, like, yeah. Basically: Morgan and Ollie lowkey have a mildly sexual relationship at this point.”

The deafening silence that followed allowed a barely-audible, but undeniable and rhythmic creaking noise to reach our ears.

It’s fucking happening. Ollie was fucking Morgan, and the three of us could hear.

“Maybe ‘mildly’ isn’t accurate at this point,” I admitted.

“Holy shit, bro,” Bobby groaned, shaking his head.

Or maybe Ollie was just warming Morgan up with a good ol’ facefucking. Just going to town on my girlfriend’s mouth and throat while she lay on her back, her head hanging off the side of the bed. My insides twisted at the thought, and a part of me was grateful for the sensation.

“We’re not a ‘throuple,’ though,” I insisted. “This is just, like… I dunno, experimentation?”

“Is he, like, *blackmailing* you guys?”

I stalled my nervous pacing to put a hand to my face, pinching my nose between my thumb and forefinger. I didn’t know whether to feel amused or exasperated by Bobby’s inability to come to terms with the reality of the situation, even if I was at a similar loss in my current state of mind.

“Bobby, he’s already told us that it’s consensual,” Andrew said, still managing to keep his voice even and patient.

“But that’s what he’d *have* to say if they’re being blackmailed. Tyler, blink twice if.. if…”

“Bobby,” I said, more sharply than I intended. “You gotta ease off, man.”

“You really do need to,” Andrew agreed.

Bobby cursed and drained the rest of his beer before retrieving another from the fridge.

“Tyler,” Andrew said, choosing his words, “you do seem pretty wound up and anxious. And you have been for a few weeks now. Whatever arrangement you all have is none of our business, but it’s understandable that you might need to discuss it with someone.”

I nodded. “I really appreciate that, man. And I do want to discuss it…”

He looked over at Bobby, who was staring catatonically at the air in front of his face. The rhythmic creaking had crescendoed at this point, and added to it was the occasional feminine gasp of a woman giving voice to her pleasure. *My* woman…

“If Bobby’s being too much of a baby,” he continued, provoking a snort from Bobby, “you and I can, like, go on a walk or something..”

There was not a force on earth that could have driven me from my proximity to what was happening in Ollie’s bedroom, especially not if it meant leaving Bobby as the sole witness. But I wasn’t sure how to articulate this to the room without implicating myself and confessing to levels of perversion I wasn’t prepared for.

“ *Oh my GOD, Ollie! Careful!* ”

…Fuck.

“.. We could, I dunno, put on some music or something,” Andrew quietly suggested.

I nodded. I wanted to press my ear to Ollie’s door and listen to every detail that transpired within, but the situation was not playing out the way my pornographic imagination had envisioned it; something needed to be done to ease the pressure and awkwardness.

Bobby set about connecting to the bluetooth speaker we used for these purposes while I galvanized myself to continue the discussion. Ever the musical hipster, he selected some decades-old proto techno song of which he was fond. A river of pulsing bass flooded my senses and I almost immediately felt a touch of psychic relief as I was buoyed along by its current.

“So, I mean, you guys know Ollie has been a somewhat problematic roommate. And that Morgan and I have been making an effort to be more sociable with him and, like, draw him out of his shell or whatever.”

“For sure,” Andrew agreed. Bobby was pacing and nodding, either at me or in rhythm with his music.

I proceeded to explain how, given his issues with women, our strategy had included some effort to acclimate him on how to behave towards members of Morgan’s gender.

“At first it was just friendly stuff, like coaching him on how to talk to her more politely and stop being such a sourpuss,” I told them. “And then it kinda escalated one night when we went on a hike together. She kinda sorta might have, I dunno, taught him about techniques for kissing a girl?”

“… Wow,” proclaimed Bobby.

“It got pretty hot and heavy,” I admitted. “Like, full on making out, getting her boobs out for him and all that.” My mouth was getting ahead of my brain but, gods help me, it felt good to be speaking on all this openly. And was there perhaps a hint of arousal as well? I desperately wished for it to be the case. For my dick to take over the thinking once again, since my brain was currently fucking it up entirely.

“Holy shit, man,” said Bobby. “And, like, how did that not make you furious? Like, did Morgan check with you to see if it was okay?!”

“Well, yeah. I mean we had already discussed the possibility. Quite a bit, in fact. And no, it didn’t make me furious at all. I mean, it actually…”

They stared at me expectantly.

“Okay so, before that happened, Morgan had already flashed Ollie, like, as a prank. I mean, she has that side to her, you know? At least, she’s been starting to. Become more adventurous with her sexuality, and all that, I mean. Like how she kissed you when we got home a bit ago.”

“That wasn’t anything sexual or anything,” Bobby deadpanned. “It was just, like, a joke.”

I nodded. “Yeah, same thing with when she flashed him. It was mostly to catch him off guard and stuff. But I mean, fuck. This is really hard to admit…” I trailed off.

A singer was crooning over the music’s pulsing rhythm: *Don’t you cry, don’t you cry, don’t you cry, don’t you cry…*

“You liked it,” Andrew speculated. “It was a turn-on.”

I nodded, feeling the color flood into my cheeks.

“Wow,” Bobby pointed out once more.

“I don’t think there’s anything weird about it,” Andrew argued. “Lots of people like to show off their partners.”

I nodded again, immensely grateful for Andrew’s understanding. “I’ve always felt proud to be with someone as attractive as Morgan. And, like, she was super shy when we first got together… I guess, watching her get bolder about showing off her body, to me and… now, to others… it’s definitely a turn-on for me.”

“I get *that* ,” Bobby said. “And yeah, Morgan is super hot. I mean that respectfully, of course.”

I rolled my eyes. “You can obviously admit that you think she’s hot,” I said. “I’m not going to get upset about that, of all things.”

“Well, that’s what I’m *saying* , though! Like, isn’t she in there…” he lowered his voice to a stage whisper “ *having sex* with him right now?!”

I shrugged.

“That’s a lot more than just showing off!”

Underlining Bobby’s point, a series of cries from Ollie’s room pierced through the music. I held out my palms in surrender, not knowing what to say.

“It seems like it could be a natural extension of the same thing, though,” Andrew said thoughtfully. “Like, it gives you a thrill for others to see what her body looks like. So if you *really* like that sort of thing, maybe you don’t want it to, like, stop with just looking..?”

Why the fuck was I out here explaining my kink to my friends instead of edging myself in my room to Morgan’s cheating sex noises? “Yeah.. I mean, it’s true, yes…”

She was straight-up wailling and cursing at this point, a fact the music did little to obscure.

“… Um,” I stammered. “I’m sorry, guys…”

Andrew shrugged. “We hear you and Morgan having sex all the time,” he said. “It’s part of college life.”

“Bro, why the fuck are you pretending to be so cool about this?” Bobby demanded. “This is *not* the same thing. Tyler is out here talking to us while his girlfriend is getting dicked down in the other room! By fucking *Ollie! ”*

I just stared at him, trying to find the words to explain myself. Andrew studiously ignored the outburst, eyes flickering back to this laptop screen.

“Alright, sorry Tyler, but this is too fuckin’ intense, man. I’ll see you guys in a bit.” He shrugged on the puffy jacket he favored, collecting and pocketing two more unopened beers before absconding with the one he’d been drinking. The door slammed shut behind him.

Into the blood, into the blood, into the blood, into the bl- …

The singing on the bluetooth speaker sputtered and ceased as his phone was transported beyond its range, leaving Andrew and I with the now-crystal clear theater of Morgan and Ollie’s fucksession.

Andrew blinked. “Tyler, he was being an asshole…” He turned towards the sex noises. “This *is* pretty intense, though.”

“This is the first time they’re actually having sex,” I informed him.

He nodded. “It must be super intense for you, too.”

“Yes. Incredibly so.”

“Look, this sort of thing is not unheard of. I’ve been looking some things up while we talked, and, yeah. You are not the first guy to get off on sharing his girlfriend.”

“ *Holy FUCK, Ollie, how are you DOING this to me?!?! ”* came Morgan’s voice. She sounded like she was sobbing.

“… I think I need to sit down,” he said. He hadn’t moved from his seat on the couch throughout the conversation.

“Me too.” I plopped myself down on the living room floor, gulping down the remainder of my beer.

This wasn’t going at all like I’d envisioned. I hadn’t anticipated Bobby’s discomfort, and now I was second-guessing the public unmasking of my kink. And worse, I wasn’t doing what I wished I was: stroking off to the sounds of Morgan getting defiled from the privacy of my room.

“Can I tell you something,” Andrew ventured, “that might make you feel less self-conscious?”

I was grateful for his effort to maintain conversation while Morgan howled and raved a few feet away.

“Of course, man,” I said.

“Or maybe it’ll make it worse,” he chuckled. “Anyway… well, like I mentioned, this is far from the first time I’ve heard Morgan having sex. And… shit, man. I hope it’s not inappropriate to say that it’s never been something I’ve minded.”

I tried to suppress the grin that attempted to seize my expression. “For real?”

He shrugged. “Yeah. I mean, you guys are hot. Morgan’s… *incredibly* attractive, and she says some wild stuff when you guys are getting down.”

“Shit,” I said. “I hadn’t considered that, like, you’d be able to hear us on that level of specificity.”

“Only, like, bits and pieces. But it’s obvious that Morgan’s an extremely sexual person.”

I nodded. “She’s incredible. And, like, I don’t find it inappropriate in the slightest that you’re sharing this with me. Especially in light of…” I gestured towards the hallway.

A natural pause in the conversation ensued, during which it was somehow normal for us to both take in the sounds of Morgan and Ollie fucking. No eye contact or dialogue was exchanged between Andrew and I during these few minutes, but I dared hope that the discomfort had been burned away. After all, we’d both admitted to one another that we *liked* what we were hearing.

Morgan cried out her pleasure for anyone who might be within earshot; I wondered if she was lost in the sensations Ollie was making her feel, or if she was aware of her audience and playing it up for us.

I realized I finally had somewhat of a co-conspirator with whom I could reflect on just such a quandary, and I forced the words out of my mouth, voicing my curiosity aloud to Andrew.

He grinned at me. “You would know better than me,” he said, blushing slightly. “It does sound like she’s really enjoying herself, though.”

“Mmhmm…”

“You hanging in there? It’s not, like, making you too anxious or anything?”

I shook my head. “No. I mean, yeah, it makes me anxious. And jealous. But I like that she’s enjoying it. It wouldn’t be as hot if she wasn’t.”

“Yeah…”

“Like, I hope she *isn’t* playing it up for us. I hope she’s genuinely as turned on as it sounds like she is.”

Andrew’s ever-neutral expression slipped for a moment as his eyeballs bulged in their sockets. “Fuck. That’s… pretty hot, man.”

“It really is,” I went on, fueled by some manic internal alchemy. “And… yeah… not to be awkward or anything but I’m getting pretty turned on at this point.”

“It doesn’t have to be awkward.” His forehead reddened slightly. His glare was pointedly fixed on the laptop screen in front of him. “I’m, uh, getting that way, too. That’s the idea, right?”

Yes. Listening to Morgan get fucked *obviously* was sexy. And I wasn’t a total freak for thinking so; Andrew at least somewhat got it. Perhaps this *wasn’t* the most embarrassing day of my life?

It seemed like Andrew was content to sit in silence and take in the ambience of Morgan’s sex noises with our no-longer-an-incel roommate, but I felt the strong impulse to keep up our banter.

“Yeah. I was feeling pretty weird when Bobby was, like, freaking out about it… but this is more how I envisioned it would go, now.”

He nodded. “Don’t worry about Bobby. He’ll be fine.”

“I hope so. We really didn’t want to, like, fuck up the vibe in the suite or anything like that.”

He chuckled mildly. “Tyler, we’re all adults, and we’re all good friends. I mean, sexually, this is far from the freakiest thing going on *at this school* let alone across different cultures..”

I sensed the forthcoming paraphrase of a lecture from one of Andrew’s venerated anthro professors, and turned up a pre-emptive palm to fend him off.

“Wait, what are you saying, bro? There are other couples *at our school* involved with something like this?”

He nodded. “I mean, not *exactly* like this, but ...”

Andrew found himself interrupted by a particularly intense utterance from Morgan piercing through our conversation.

“Ollie, *PLEASE?! ”* my girlfriend shrieked.

“Holy shit...” I muttered. Andrew’s jaw hung open for a few moments before he deliberately shut it, drawing a deep breath.

She continued to blubber, though her words were now unintelligible; obscured as if by some physical barrier at her lips.

It felt like my chest was about to cave in. *Why couldn’t this have happened while I was* in *the room with them?* Instead I was trying to process and unravel the ambiguity of their electric sex noises while maintaining my composure in front of Andrew.

“Tyler, if this is getting too intense...”

I shrugged helplessly at him. It *was* too intense, but what did that matter? There was no universe in which I was going to attempt to interrupt their session and put a stop to it. “I mean, I’m not going to-”

“Like, we don’t have to sit here and listen to this *together* . If it’s too uncomfortable, I mean.”

“Ah. Are *you* uncomfortable?” I actually wanted for nothing more than the privacy of my own room, so that I could stroke and edge myself to my inner eye’s imagined vision of Morgan and Ollie’s sex, but my mouth wouldn’t shut the fuck up for some reason.

Andrew nodded. “I’m okay. I guess it’s a little awkward, but I’m not trying to abandon you in a moment of need or anything, if you need to talk.”

No, he was right. I stood up. “I’ll be okay. I think I just need to retreat into my room and, like, process this.”

Hopefully that wasn’t too obvious of a euphemism for my actual intent. Or maybe Andrew understood my desire perfectly and I needed to get over the idea I could still maintain any privacy or dignity when it came to this kink.

“I appreciate you, like, being understanding about this,” I muttered to him. “It’s a relief to be able to talk about it, finally.”

He nodded. “Anytime.” He folded up his laptop. “I think I’m going to, um, retreat as well.”

I might have detected just a hint of bashfulness on Andrew's part as he uttered this. Was he implying the intent to use the privacy of his room to pleasure himself as well, to the sex sounds my girlfriend was making?

There was no question I hoped that this was the case; I nearly had to bite my tongue to stop myself from voicing my approval on the matter. The situation was sufficiently awkward without such a blunder.

Andrew's room shared a wall with Ollie's; the lucky bastard would likely be treated to a level of clarity and detail that would be unavailable to me, listening from across the hall.

He'd get to hear Morgan and Ollie say things to each other, potentially, that I had never heard them utter. He would know about aspects of my girlfriend's sexuality before I did. Which I might never find out about, given Morgan's occasional willingness to omit details of her sexual indiscretions.

I felt myself swoon at the notion; I had my dick out and was leaking precum over my knuckles.

Maybe, after our arrangement had become more normalized among the roommates, Andrew would host me in his room for listening parties. Since it would be ungentlemanly to refuse me the more advantageous position for eavesdropping on Morgan getting fucked. I had an image of Andrew and I on his bed, stroking off side by side as we listened to Morgan and Ollie invent new forms of debauchery.

Free of my roommates' scrutiny, I'd immediately descended into my most prurient mindset, wallowing in my jealousy, in the humiliation of Morgan and my exposure.

My door was cracked open; I'd done it as soon as I'd heard Andrew's click shut, so that I could better hear my girlfriend's sex talk.

The two had quieted down considerably, but I could just make out the repeated affirmations Morgan was softly and repeatedly crying out. Mostly just the word "yes," but Ollie must have been talking as well, because she was responding with "okay"s and "I will"s.

This probably only lasted for three or four minutes, but it was time enough for my imagination to run rampant with speculation on what all she was agreeing to. By the time I saw Ollie's doorhandle turning, I was convinced she'd been ordered to march across the hall and inform me that she was no longer my girlfriend, but Ollie's, from now on.

My throat caught as his door opened and revealed a glimpse of Morgan's naked hip and thigh; I retreated from my guardpost and scooted into my desk chair. It's not that Morgan didn't know I was a hopeless perv who'd have his ear pressed to their door if he could have, but regardless I didn't feel like drawing more attention to that fact than was necessary in this impending moment.

She slipped into my room, eyes darting immediately to my dick, which I'd failed to put away. *Fuck*
.

"Morgan…" I started, without much of a plan of what I wanted to say. I wanted to tell her I loved her, but I didn't want it to sound like I was saying that either *because* of what she'd just done, or *in spite* of it. So I faltered.

She looked surprisingly fresh for someone who'd just had their brains fucked out. Her cheeks were quite red, but no moreso than if she'd been jogging in the cold winter air.

“Tyler…” she began, casting her eyes down at her feet. Hesitant. The dark premonition that she was about to deliver news of some devastating arrangement at Ollie’s behest tightened around my throat. “Are… are Bobby and Andrew still here?”

I blinked at her in confusion. “Uh… Bobby left, but Andrew-”

“Can you please go get him?”

I gaped at her. She was attired as she had been when sent across the hall earlier; bottomless, her top half covered only by a transparently thin camisole.

“Get him? Do you want to, like…” I glanced down at her exposed crotch. “Baby, can we, like, *talk* first?”

She shook her head. “Later, baby. Ollie’s… he’s not done with me, yet.”

I could only stare at her.

“ *Please* , Tyler. We need to do this before I lose my nerve.”

I reeled internally. Morgan had just had sex with Ollie and, somehow, her and I discussing this was not her priority; in fact, it wasn’t even on the table. What could she possibly have to say that Andrew and Bobby should be equally privy to as myself?

There was little I could say to force the issue; Morgan had her arms crossed over her chest defensively, her gaze cast intentionally to the side and avoiding mine.

So I forced one foot in front of the other down the hall, and knocked. Andrew took long enough to answer that it cemented my notion he’d been stroking it as well.

“Hey man-” he began.

“Can you come to my room real quick?” I asked. “Morgan wants to talk to you.”

His eyebrows raced up his forehead. “Oh! Uh, sure…?”

I turned to lead the way. “And, like, just to warn you…” I gulped. “She’s, um, kind of naked.”

He nodded, his expression one of hilariously serious concentration.

Morgan was sitting on my desk chair, knees together and shoulders pitched forward, her ladyparts neatly tucked away between her thighs and belly. Twin curves of the sides of her nude ass cheeks displayed, her nipples perfectly defined beneath the thin fabric of her top; I imagined Andrew’s eyes dancing over these details.

“Hi,” she said to us.

“Hi, Morgan,” Andrew and I both said in unison. *What the fuck was this about?*

She *harumphed* an exasperated sigh and I realized my Morgan was just about dying of embarrassment. I felt my protective instincts kick into gear, but was paralyzed against taking action.

“Ugh, this is so fucking stupid and humiliating,” she said.

“Baby, it doesn’t need to be. Andrew and I had a mature and respectful conversation about it, and-
”

“Tyler, *hush* . Please just let me do what I need to do… *Fuck* .”

She took a few deep breaths and then looked up at us. “Wait. What are you saying, you had a conversation? You mean.. about me and Ollie?”

“Yeah,” I said. “I, like, explained the situation to them.”

She was nodding in a distracted manner. “And how did they react? Are we okay?”

Andrew spoke up. “We’re definitely okay, Morgan. We’re all adults, and what you do with your relationship is your business.”

“Mm, thanks,” she said. “But, like, are you okay with us *involving* you in … in what we’re doing?”

“How are we involving them?” I asked. “Morgan, what’s *happening* right now?!”

She shook her head, still avoiding eye contact with us. “I mean, just us conducting ourselves all blatantly like this, for starters. But also… Ollie wants me to…”

What the fuck does Ollie want? If it had just been the two of us, I’d be begging her to explain herself, but all I could manage was a softly uttered “Babe….”

Which she ignored. A few moments of her visibly working up courage, and then she locked eyes with our roommate.

“Uh, Andrew… is it okay if I, um. Show myself to you?”

A few endless seconds while Andrew’s brain uncooked itself and allowed him to respond.

“Uh…s-sure?” he breathed.

Morgan heaved another agonized sigh before scooting her butt forward in my chair.

“But, like, do you *want* me to? Like, flash you, down there?”

We need to do this before I lose my nerve , she’d told me moments ago. She *needed* to flash Andrew? At Ollie’s behest? Again: what the fuck was happening?!

Andrew glanced at me, helpless. I could only shrug back at him.

“O-okay,” he managed. “Yes, I do.”

Her knees were parting; her hands went to her inner thighs, pressing them outwards. Drawing our gaze between her legs.

“Can… can you guys.. Can you see?” she whispered.

We could. We couldn’t answer verbally, but we could see her well-displayed pussy. Her reddened labia glazed over with cum, whether hers or Ollie’s or a combination of the two. She was slightly dilated, as well.

Morgan looked down at herself to see what she was showing us, her breaths slightly ragged, her blush vivid on her face and the expanse of cleavage displayed by her top.

“This… this *pussy* ,” she choked out. “I am supposed to tell you that this is… this is… *FUCK*. ”

My paralysis broke and I was at her side, taking her hand in mine.

“I can’t say it, Tyler…” Her voice was laden with despair.

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to,” I told her.

“He said that it’s his pussy, now,” she murmured to me, though not so quietly Andrew would have any trouble hearing. “He made me tell him so over and over.” Her legs were still splayed apart, her well-fucked hole still out for us to see.

“Jesus, Morgan…”

“He doesn’t want us to act like me, uh, sleeping with him is something that we’re ashamed about or that we’re trying to keep secret,” she went on. “So he told me I had to prove it by… by showing you guys what he’d done to me.”

“You’re beautiful, Morgan,” I told her. “Every part of you is amazing.”

“He wants me to stay, like, bottomless after he’s, like, had me?” She looked back down at her obviously-used vagina. “And if you guys ask to see, I’m supposed to show you my… his…. he used some stupid porn term…”

“Like, cunt?”

“No. Meaning that he’d cummed in it.”

“C-creampie,” I sputtered.

“Yeah. Creampie. And he wanted me to mention how, you guys get to look but not touch, because it’s.. it’s…”

“It’s Ollie’s pussy,” I breathed.

She nodded, eyes shut tight.

Andrew gulped audibly.

“And you’re in agreement with this?” I asked. I blinked back the hot tears that threatened to form.

“Uh, *no?!* ” she snorted. “You’re obviously still my boyfriend and, like, he doesn’t get to make rules like that for us!”

Immense relief flooded through me, as well as that infernal twinge of disappointment each time she pulled back from the edge of the abyss once more instead of plunging us into it.

Nonetheless, what was currently happening, in my room, was insane. So recently, just the notion that Ollie had gotten a glimpse of her breasts was taboo enough for us to sexually obsess over; now she was spreading her legs to give Andrew a view of her most intimate parts. At Ollie's instruction. As a mere side effect of her increasing sexual devotion to him. And while making utterances I never could have imagined in our roommate's presence.

I wanted to ask her about it, so I did. "But he told you you had to, like, flash Andrew and Bobby?"

She nodded. "I *wanted* to. It seemed like it would be exciting." She gave Andrew a sheepish grin. "Sorry, Andrew. I hope it's not too embarrassing to see me like this."

Some tremendous feat of will allowed him to draw his gaze from between her legs to meet her eyes.

"I think you're incredible, Morgan," he said softly. "I'm going to remember this for the rest of my life.”

"Andrew," I said. "Can you please give Morgan and I some privacy? I mean..." I turned towards her. "If you're finished, I mean."

"Mmhmm. Uh, thanks for letting me, um, show you my vagina?" She immediately clapped her hands over her face as her legs swung shut, utterly humiliated.

The show was over, at least for the moment. He mumbled something about it being his pleasure as he took his leave.

"Morgan, baby.." I started as soon as the door was shut.

"You are in *so* much trouble, Tyler," she semi-growled at me, pulling her hand from mine.

Fuck . "Did you... did you not enjoy yourself?"

She laughed ruefully. "It was amazing. But that's besides the point. I can't believe you just *made* me do it, even when I was telling you..."

"Made you?? But, baby, I thought you agreed.. I thought you wanted it too!"

"You definitely pressured me, at the very least. And yes, I wanted it, but I wanted it to be on *our* terms. And now I feel like we're rushing into all this. I mean, I just showed *Andrew* my pussy!"

It had been one hundred percent her choice, and not mine, to bring Andrew into the scenario, but I didn't think arguing would do me any favors.

"Sweetie, I'm sorry..." I tried for a hand on her knee and thanked my lucky stars she didn't pull away. "I was just excited, is all."

She put her hand on top of mine and gave it a squeeze.

"We can just stay here and, like, just be a normal couple for a minute?" I continued. "I definitely don't want to *keep* pressuring you. Fuck Ollie, he can wait..."

"Oh, Ollie won't have to wait."

I felt my blood run cold as the element of danger took hold in her voice.

"But, baby..."

"I didn't want to say it in front of Andrew," she went on, "but I am one hundred percent on board with restricting you from having me."

"... Holy fuck."

"At least for tonight." She squeezed my hand and then stood up. "In fact, I think maybe you don't even get to hear all the details about what Ollie and I did together yet."

"Are you fucking *kidding* me?!"

She shook her head, the most evil of grins playing across her features. "We did a lot, too. Stuff that you and I never have, at any rate."

Thump, thump.

We held each other in a staring contest for a few moments before I decided to test her sincerity.

"So, you're saying if I try to seduce you into *my* bed right now..." I reached out to caress her between her legs, telegraphing my intent and giving her the chance to respond.

An opportunity she seized; I found my wrist thwarted by her grip. "The answer is 'no', Tyler."

"Oh my god."

Her eyes blazed. "You don't get to touch his... *his pussy!* "

Ollie's pussy . Fuck!

"Actually," she went on, sliding her other hand between her legs and scooping up some of the discharge with which she was saturated. "I might spend the night with him. Really give us the chance to tear into each other. And have some privacy from any perv voyeur boyfriends, unlike last night.."

"Morgan, *please* ..."

She ignored me. Her eyes rolled back in unfeigned pleasure as she sampled her and Ollie's cum from her hand.

It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen. And, since I had no dignity to speak of anyway, I did what I'd been longing to, and unzipped my pants so I could stroke myself to my Morgan.

"For fuck's sake, Tyler," she said, fixing my dick with a contemptuous glare.

This newly discovered cruel aspect of Morgan stung, and a sickly, tantalizing warmth flooded through me.

"Morgan," I gasped. "What are you guys... Are you going to, like.. *oh fuck* ..."

"What makes you think you're entitled to the details of Ollie's and my sex life?"

"Are you going to be his girlfriend again tonight?" I moaned pitiably.

Her eyes sparkled at this. Lips trembled in the suppression of a wicked grin.

"Is that what you want, baby?" she asked, her voice even more dangerous now that it was honeyed by a deceptive sweetness. She was tugging at the bottom of her cami, coyly bringing her lovely bellybutton into view for brief moments.

Her pussy was still fully on display, but just getting to see her bellybutton was a privilege beyond anything I could have expected from this life or the next.

I nodded at her, submissive arousal overpowering my shame.

"Well," she said, "I think you should beg me to do it."

I didn't hesitate. "Oh, Morgan," I gushed, hearing my voice as if from far away. "You should give yourself to him completely..."

"Jesus, Tyler..."

"I fucking *adored* hearing you say lovey dovey things to him last night... calling him pet names..."

"You won't get to hear any of that tonight, though," she pointed out with a smirk.

" *I knoooooow* . You should..." I gasped, stroking my cock faster. "Oh god, you should take advantage of that! Say things to him you would never say in front of me.."

"... Wow."

" *Please* Morgan!" I actually fell to my fucking knees before her, hugging her thighs and kissing the sides of her legs. "Oh god baby I want you to cheat on me *so fucking badly* ..."

She was taken aback, as evidenced by the sudden stiffness in her body. But then I felt her fingers tracing through my hair, caressing my scalp. "I will, baby.." she murmured.

"And," I seethed in between kisses, "will you please, like, push boundaries with him? Whether you tell me about it afterwards or not..."

I'd kissed my way towards her pussy and was about to dive in, regardless of whose cum it might be plastered with. But she seized a fistful of my hair and yanked me away from it.

"Don't you *dare* touch Ollie's pussy, Tyler," she said, her voice low and frighteningly calm. "And yes, I fucking promise you that whatever happens between me and Ollie tonight, you will *never* know the details."

It was all I could take. My orgasm was already in effect by the time I returned my hand to my dick, my hips bucking frantically as I peppered her shins and feet and the floor between us with my sperm.

"Oh, what the *fuck* , Tyler?!" she exclaimed, appalled and amused. "I can't believe you fucking did that, especially after you had the audacity to not let *me* finish earlier..."

I braced myself for post-nut clarity to fill me with regret, reveal to me how terrified I was of everything that had been said in the past few minutes. But playing it back in my head just made my heart flip over itself in anxious delight.

—

It wasn't the sounds of Morgan and Ollie having yet another round of impossibly fevered, animalistic sex that woke me yet again; I'd lost track of how many times I'd drifted off, been roused by the sounds my girlfriend was making across the hall, stroked myself to a near-instantaneous orgasm and fallen back asleep.

My phone had chimed with a notification. I didn't want to look; it couldn't have been Morgan, as she was busy with some sort of life-altering sexual adventure, the specifics of which she'd vowed to withhold from me forever. The most likely possibility was Bobby, griefing me further over the part I'd played in turning our suite into a degenerate sex den, and I hadn't an iota of emotional bandwidth to spare for the kid.

And regardless of who might be texting me, I wasn't sure I could handle seeing what time it was. Confirming just how long they'd been going at it, just how endless their appetite for one another's bodies truly was.

My utterly spent penis began to struggle back to life at just this torturous thought. For the thousandth time in the last several hours, I cursed the gods that Morgan and Ollie hadn't undertaken their long-awaited union last night, under my watchful eye.

My phone chimed again.

After climaxing at her feet, I'd pleaded with Morgan for a kiss before she'd taken her final leave of me for the night. I now replayed the memory of the slight look of pity she'd been unable to completely hide as she acquiesced.

I stroked myself to the humiliating image, an ear towards the door to listen in anticipation of my girlfriend announcing her disbelief at being brought to *another* orgasm for my suitemates and I to hear.

I seized my phone in exasperation on the third chime.

It was almost six in the morning, as the phone's clock revealed with cold indifference. There was no way they'd actually been having sex for twelve hours, right? Surely they'd taken breaks?

I had three messages from Ollie. *What the fuck?* Was he texting me *while* he was balls deep in my girlfriend?

O: Hey homie, I feel bad that you got left out to dry so hard tonight
O: Our little secret, okay?
O: [link]

Ollie's third message was a link to a cloud drive. I reflexively tapped on it, a nauseating awareness of what it must contain dawning on me even as it loaded.

It was, of course, a series of video clips. Several of the thumbnails were too abstract to be meaningful; a shot of the ceiling, maybe, or of half the blurry image filled with what could have just as easily been a thumb or a shin or an asscheek.

But the third was Morgan's face, up close and free of any and all self-consciousness. Her mouth hung open, eyes shut tight. A streak of mostly translucent fluid across her lip and cheek.

I barely hesitated; I tapped back over to the chat thread with Ollie.

T: Thanks

My heart was in my throat as I crept across the room and eased my door open a crack, causing the volume of Morgan and Ollie's now-hushed conversation to jump several decibels. She was still cooing and moaning intermittently; I had little doubt they'd work themselves up for another proper round sooner or later.

It's a good thing you're fucked in the head, Tyler. Maybe Emily was right, and we were putting our relationship at risk by undertaking unspeakably taboo adventure. Had Morgan truly been angry with me, or was it all in the spirit of the game?

I told myself Morgan and I could have a heart-to-heart in the morning, that we'd work through this and come through even stronger, just like always. I pretended that an alternative outcome wasn't treacherously exciting to contemplate.

But this was all far from the forefront of my mind. Ollie had seemingly provided me with a gift beyond my wildest dreams, and I was moments away from being a fly on the wall to witness untold forbidden delights.

With my brain a soup of memories and anticipations, Morgan's live whimpers in one ear and an earbud in the other, I tapped *play* on Ollie's first video.

—

The framing shifted wildly for a few moments as the phone was wielded haphazardly, finally settling on a tight shot of Ollie and Morgan's faces, nose to nose. Glimpses of bare shoulder indicated their mutual nudity.

Ollie was peering down at the camera, so he must have been the one photographing this, checking to make sure his angle was correct.

Morgan, on the other hand, only had eyes for Ollie. I knew she was powerfully attracted to the guy, but her face beamed with a delight and devotion that completely exceeded what I might have expected to see.

She closed her eyes and attempted to go in for a kiss, but Ollie deflected, turning his face slightly and transforming the gesture into a shared nose-nuzzling. Her eyes fluttered before closing again, her cheeks tugging her face into a smile of unalloyed affection.

Her hand floated to his cheek, guiding his lips towards hers, but now she was on board with them teasing one another. Their drifted towards each other. Yearning for contact, but restraining themselves, torturous though it must have been for them to do so. It was intense to the degree that an object held between their lips would have probably been vaporized.

When their willpower eroded, they both sighed in unison as their lips found contact. The kiss was so fucking slow and sensual. Their mouths were even mostly shut; just the sensation of being lip to lip was all but causing a solar system of animated hearts to constellate about them. No tongue play necessary for the kiss to reach levels of intimacy and mutual hunger I was certain Morgan and I had never shared. And the camera's vantage point meant I was inches away from the action.

My heart was threatening to shatter and, of course, I knew I'd be able to easily climax to this footage. It was difficult to resist already doing so, in fact, but I had lots more clips to get through.. I backed out of the video and proceeded to the next.

—

"Come on, I want to see your face and everything."

Morgan was seated naked on Ollie's bed, hands clasped over her visage.

"Ollie, I'm *completely naked* … what if this gets around?"

"It won't. I know what I'm doing with that sort of thing, I'm not going to get hacked or some shit."

" *Ugh*. " She removed her trembling hands and set them down at her sides, directing a half-grin of embarrassment Ollie's way. "You *have* to promise to be careful, Ollie."

Ollie snorted. "I will, but look at how fucking turned on you are. You're practically shaking you're so excited."

"Okay, but you can't, like, use that against me…"

"Oh, I *fully* intend to take advantage of the sort of girl you are, Morgan." I'd never heard him so pleased with himself. "Okay, now, for the camera: please tell us your name."

"… It's Morgan."

"Morgan…"

"Ollie you've got to be kidding me!"

“Come on, it’s exciting. Say your full name or you don’t get any more of this dick.”

“You’re such an *idiot* , Ollie.” But she complied, uttering her first and last name while he recorded her.

“Nice. And what are you?”

“A slut.”

“… Nice.”

“…”

“… Okay, now say what we agreed on.”

She turned an even darker shade of red. “Um. Can you please zoom in on my … er, between my legs, and film me up close?”

“Morgan, a slut shouldn’t be shy about the sort of words she uses.”

“ *Fine* . Please *zoom in on my pussy.”*

He angled the camera downward and waited expectantly. After a moment, Morgan heaved a sigh and scooted her butt to the edge of the bed, spreading her legs apart.

It must have been from later in the night; her vagina was even more enflamed, dilated and cum-plastered than it had been during the show-and-tell with Andrew and I.

She giggled as it filled the screen. “Oh my god Ollie… this has got to look so pornographic.”

“It looks hot as fuck. Use your hands, though…”

She reached down and tugged at her labia, spreading herself obscenely.

“Okay, and who’s pussy is this?”

Her hips began a subtle rocking motion. “It’s… a slut’s pussy?”

“Right. But who *owns* it?”

“It’s your pussy,” she gushed. “Fuck, Ollie… this pussy is yours whenever you want.”

The camera shook violently, the clip ending abruptly as Ollie was midway through an excited grunt in response to Morgan’s promise.

—

The closeup of Morgan’s fluid-streaked, ecstasy-stricken face receded, revealing her naked tits shaking violently as Ollie, off screen, thrust into her. The only sound for a few moments was his labored breath until Morgan cried out sharply; she’d been holding her breath, mid-orgasm.

The release was torrential and I was pretty sure I remembered the same moment of her crying out in pleasure when it had carried throughout our living quarters a few hours prior.

Ollie chuckled. “You get *so* worked up when you cum…” He roughly seized one of her breasts and began laying into her with abandon. Camera shaking, their hips clapping together audibly with each thrust.

His comment went ignored; her mind was elsewhere. Her eyes snapped open. She stared far off into space as she began shaking her head in disbelief.

“Oh, what the fuck…” she gasped. “ *Again?!* ” And sure enough she began to spasm in another orgasm, mere seconds after the previous had abated.

“Wow,” Ollie muttered.

I gulped as his hand slid up Morgan’s chest and closed around her throat. Both her hands clutched at his wrist and her whole body began thrashing in an effort to fuck herself back against him as wildly as she could manage.

“You love it,” Ollie choked out, strained by the effort he was putting into fucking my girlfriend’s brains out as he manhandled her.

“ *YESSSSSSS* ,” she agreed. She was sobbing but she loved it.

Never in a million years would I have considered acting in such a manner while making love with sweet Morgan.

This went on for some time until Ollie was sucking in huge gasps to catch his breath. Morgan looking utterly satisfied, her breasts tenderly cradled in her hands, thumbing over her nipples.

“Open your mouth?” he suggested.

“Why…”

“…”

“…”

“So I can spit into it,” he murmured, sounding mildly abashed.

She giggled. “You’re such a perv.”

But she happily obeyed, shutting her eyes and opening up as wide as she could go, as if for a tonsil inspection.

Ollie groaned his excitement and the phone was tossed aside, forgotten. It landed in such a way that the image went dark, but I could still hear them moaning and groaning for each other as they resumed fucking.

I tapped the screen to pull up the video controls; the clip went on for another twenty minutes. Twenty audio-only minutes of unfiltered orgasmic delight and dirty talk that I already knew to be scaldingly hot from having listened to some of it – live – earlier that night, but now rendered in exquisite detail, their whispered secrets exposed for me to torture myself with over and over.

I decided to save this one for later as well and moved on.

—

“Push your ass out more?”

Morgan on her knees before Ollie, looking up at him with a lascivious smirk. Not fully naked, but all the good parts in view since the baggy shirt of his she was wearing had been gathered up so that her breasts were exposed.

There were a number of mundane reasons why she might be thusly clad – maybe she'd had to dash down the hall to use the bathroom at some point – but seeing her in his clothing sent a wholly new bolt of jealousy down my spine.

"God, that's so fucking hot," Ollie praised as she obeyed his direction, putting an arch into his spine to make her body even more lewdly appealing.

She needed no instruction to begin worshipping his dick, which she did with gusto. She rubbed the appendage across her face, swooning visibly at the contact. She favored it up and down the shaft with reverent kisses, leaving visible marks of glistening moisture. She dipped down low to flick her tongue out and tease his nutsack, provoking curses from behind the camera. She buried her face in his crotch and inhaled sharply through her nose, eyes rolling backward in pleasure as she did so.

It went on in this manner for some time; Ollie became impatient.

"Are you going to, like, actually suck it?"

She playfully slapped his thigh in admonishment. "Will you let me *enjoy* it?"

He sighed as she continued.

I didn't know what the fuck his problem was; she was clearly beyond worked up over the visceral sensations his dick was offering her, rocking her behind back and forth on her heels with such fervor it was as if she was riding cock. I would have let her conduct herself in such away forever.

It was basically unthinkable to me that Morgan would be so turned on by having a dick in her face. I cursed my stage fright when it came to receiving oral, but then again maybe the problem wasn't with my attitude. The fact was she simply hadn't ever gotten as worked up pleasuring me as the Morgan on screen was, doting on Ollie's dick.

"Oh, *fuck* …" she groaned as her hand gripped his shaft, squeezing a bead of precum from his peehole.

She looked up at him, rocking her hips even more emphatically. Literally chewing her lip.

Her eyes shut as she extended her tongue in an unbelievably pornographic, exaggerated display, her facial features distorting with the effort. Wielding his dick, she smeared his droplet across her tongue. Her body jerked as she did so, subtle convulsions seizing her.

"Holy shit," Ollie said with somewhat of a sneer. "Did you just fucking *cum* from tasting my dick?!"

She shrugged, blushing with embarrassment. "Just a little…"

"Oh. My. God. You absolute fucking *whore* …"

"Shut *up* , Ollie!"

Ollie's hand reached for the back of her head, and I gasped in anticipation of watching Morgan get face fucked in post-orgasmic bliss. But the clip ended there.

—

After being jostled about some, the camera came to rest. The vantage point suggested it had been propped up on Ollie's desk.

By Morgan. She peered into the lens, her green eyes dazzling, breasts swaying prettily as she leaned down to check the angle.

Satisfied, she pounced on Ollie. His position on the bed wasn't the most flattering; I was treated to my first view of the hairy belly he'd kept studiously under wraps up to this point, rising up and making his angrily swollen dick ever so slightly less impressive by virtue of the comparison.

It was kinda touching, actually. Ollie letting me see this. I mused that Morgan and my original plan was somewhat of a success; the bastard had somewhat come out of his shell after all.

The reverie was cut short as my naked girlfriend climbed aboard his body, positioning herself to be impaled by a dick that suddenly looked much more threatening now that it was contrasted with my Morgan's ass.

She handled it tenderly, lovingly as she angled it towards her already-stretched open pussy, dipping her hips so that just the head entered her.

"Oh, jeeze… I don't think I'll *ever* get used to how big you feel inside me.."

She was gyrating her ass such that the bell end was plunging in and out of her. The sounds that went with this were unbelievably obscene.

Ollie, apparently believing Morgan shouldn't be afforded the luxury of such a gradual approach, seized an ass cheek in each hand and pushed her all the way down, impaling her completely. She howled and brayed in response, but offered no objection.

"I bet your dick looks amazing going in and out of me…" she murmured to him after a few minutes of this, barely audible.

"I'm, like, shocked that you wanted footage of us having sex."

" *Mmmmmm*. It's your pussy… you should be able to look at it whenever you want. Even when I'm not here."

Ollie really liked hearing this, and he moved his hands to her head to hold her face still and kiss her deeply while she continued pleasuring herself on his meatpole.

"You're gonna watch it too?" he asked. "Like, will you touch yourself while you watch me fucking you?"

Morgan paused to kiss him a bit more before answering. "… I'd like to. Will you send it to me?"

"Yeah, of course."

They continued kissing and having sex. *Having sex*. Ollie, having sex with my Morgan…

"You can't show Tyler though, okay?"

She sighed. "Ollie, I told you, I don't want to talk about him right now."

This was, perhaps, not my favorite thing to hear her say.

"I know, I know," he said. "… I really didn't like that you told me about him… you know. With your butthole?"

She snorted, but if she was annoyed it didn't stop her from sliding herself up and down his erect length, nor pressing her lips against his for a wet and tender smooch before she responded.

“It was a new experience for me, and I wanted to tell you about it?” she said. “I thought maybe you’d want to do it to me too…”

“Hmmph.”

“You haven’t, like, even gone down on me…”

They kissed a bit more. Though they were having a bit of a mild confrontation, they took their time to affirm their mutual affection and intimacy.

It was as though I was legitimately spying on a couple’s private moment and I felt as though I might throw up. My dick, though, was as hard as it had ever been, and I continued to watch and touch myself, barely daring to breathe lest I miss a single detail.

“I know, and I want to…” Ollie said. “This is all so intense, for me.”

I bet. He seemed perfectly in his element subjecting her to all sorts of raunchy sex play, including asphyxiation, but apparently cunnilingus was a bridge too far.

“Do you want to, like, touch it at least?” she offered sweetly.

“You mean…”

She took his hand and placed it on her backside, his fingers near her asshole.

He giggled, somewhat comically. “Morgan, I’ve touched you back there before.”

“I know, but you’re always kinda shy about it.”

“… I mean. It’s your *butthole* ….”

“I *know!* It’s kinda embarrassing for me too.”

“…”

“Will you be embarrassed with me, a little? We can do something neither of us have done before..”

As they continued kissing, Ollie bravely sent a finger towards the wrinkled skin of her anus, fondling her in a circular motion.

“ *Mmmm* , Olliiiieeeee…” she cooed.

“Fuck.”

“It’s not gross for you, is it?”

“No. It’s just, like, warm, and… It’s *crazy* to think I’m touching you there.”

She groaned her pleasurable agreement.

“What’s it feel like for you?” he asked.

“Like, it’s hard to explain,” she said. “It’s so sensitive back there… it’s, like, giving me a funny feeling in my tummy.”

“Wow.”

“Yeah…”

“Can I…?”

“Mmhmm.. try pushing inside just a little?”

I pinch-zoomed the image to bring myself in closer, Morgan’s fondled butthole filling the screen. With surprising delicacy, Ollie slowly inserted the tip of his index finger, eliciting a gasp from my girlfriend.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Yeah. Wow, Ollie… I think I might *love* this…”

“Yeah, it’s really fucking hot,” he agreed. “Like I already feel like I’m close to cumming again.”

“Fuck, me too…”

Using her fingered asshole as leverage, he began pushing her up and down with greater fervor. She began issuing repeated lustful cries as he did so.

“Oh god, Morgan…” he moaned. “Can I … fuck. Can I go a little…”

“ *Yesssss* ,” she hissed as he plunged his finger in to the second knuckle. “Go deeper..”

“Holy shit…” he uttered.

“This is *amazing* , Ollie.”

“Yeah.”

“What does … what does my asshole feel like?”

“Like, so fucking warm and snug. You’re wrapped around me so tight… and with my dick in you too? Oh god…”

I was in absolute despair. I’d been prepared for Ollie to demolish Morgan with rough, unrefined sex, as befitted a recent virgin with a porn fixation and a big dick. Instead he was sensitively and tenderly broadening her sexual horizons, helping the two of them discover their mutual love of anal play.

It was completely intolerable to me. This was supposed to be *my* lane. Not the assplay specifically, but the whole tender / sensitive thing.

“Like, there’s no *way* a dick would fit in here..” he observed.

“Correct. And there’s no way a dick ever *will* . Oh fuck…”

“Morgan, don’t cum yet..”

“But I’m so close,” she gasped, her hip movements growing more urgent.

“I wanna make a rule,” he said, using his inserted finger to slow her back down. “About your butt.”

“Oh god. Tell me…”

“I mean, you already know the rule. It’s for me, only.”

“Ollie, I already gave you my pussy…”

“Yeah but I *really* mean it, with this,” he said. “Seriously, please promise me that you won’t let Tyler anywhere near your butthole?”

“Fuck, Ollie…”

“ *Please!* ”

“Okay okay, will you please make me cum?”

“Yeah, cum for me baby.”

“Oh *god* baby make me cum while you finger my ass….”

It wasn’t a particularly noisy orgasm for either of them, but they both climaxed together. He kept his finger lodged in her behind as they came down, hungrily sucking one another’s tongues.

“What do you actually mean, about you ‘giving me’ your pussy?” he asked after a while.

She giggled. “Uhhhh, *you’re* the one who told me to say it.”

“I know, but it obviously turns you on, too. I just wanna know why.”

“Mmmm,” she hummed thoughtfully. “It’s just, like. I mean, you know…”

“No, I *don’t* know, Morgan,” he huffed. “Hold on…”

He guided carefully withdrew his finger and, less carefully, pushed her off his dick, dumping her on his mattress to the side. She clasped her hand over her pussy, exploring her folds with her fingers and playing with their cum.

I wouldn’t get to hear Morgan’s reflections on what exactly giving Ollie her pussy had meant to her. He grunted as he lifted himself from the bed and made his way back to his desk, ending the clip.

—

The next clip began with Morgan favoring the camera with her most mischievous countenance. It quickly became apparent that she was holding the phone, training it on herself.

The lighting was poor relative to the other videos, and her camerawork haphazard, so it took me a moment to piece together the fact that she was positioned beneath Ollie’s desk, between his legs.

What the fuck..

She was holding his dick and positioning against her face at various angles, staring into the camera the entire time, clearly enchanted with how she looked in portrait with a penis.

I was inclined to agree with her.

“Morgan, I’ve already busted three times tonight. I’m gonna get soft again if you don’t-”

He didn’t need to finish the thought; she eagerly began sliding her lips vigorously up and down his shaft, still staring at herself, it would seem, on the phone’s screen. Vividly sexual noises created by the suctioning force her mouth applied. Drool spilling out from her lips, adding to an accumulation that was already in progress.

“God *damn* ,” she said, interrupting herself to continue fellating him every few words. “I still can’t get it down my throat, like, at all.”

He grunted but otherwise ignored her. She must have already been at it for some time; her eyes were bloodshot and watering, the streaks of tears drying on her face.

“That sounds *so* raunchy,” she said after going down on him a bit longer.

“Nahh. It’s normal,” he asserted. I figured they were talking about her blowjob noises but a moment later I heard a female voice cry out from somewhere offscreen.

“Are there *two* girls?”

He muttered in the affirmative. Morgan was, apparently, talking too much; Ollie reached for the back of her head and calmly but insistently guided her mouth back onto his erect length.

She giggled at being treated like this and forced her face forward, gagging herself on his numerous inches. Sputtering and coughing as a result, then leaning forward for more.

The distant moaning became more vivid, more porn-like.

“Is this the sort of thing you get off to, babe?” she asked.

“… Sometimes.”

Slurp, slurp.

“Is it … something you want us to do?” she wanted to know

“How do you mean?”

“Ya know, group sex ’n stuff. I already have two boys fucking me-”

“Not anymore, now that I own your pussy.”

“I could suck Tyler off while you fuck me from behind?”

Hearing my name mentioned caused my heart to do a little dance.

Ollie snorted. “Not a chance.”

“Or Andrew or Bobby, if you’re too jealous of Tyler.”

“I’m not jealous…”

“You could command me like a bitch to suck them off and I’d obey you in front of them. Show them how much I’m your slut…”

Holy shit, Morgan. She returned to the task of choking herself with his dick before he had a chance to respond.

“Jesus, Morgan. The shit that comes out of your mouth is even nastier than porn.”

“Good,” she murmured smugly.

“Well, I like the idea of showing you off as my slut, but I’m not going to have sex with a guy.”

“You would both be having sex with *me* …”

“I don’t think so, baby.”

I couldn’t decide what made me more jealous: Morgan’s offer to fuck our roommates on Ollie’s behalf, or their completely unselfconscious habit of referring to each other with petnames. Regardless of the fact that the latter had been my sex-addled mind’s suggestion.

I decided the fact that Morgan was letting Ollie pleasure himself with her mouth while he watched porn made me more jealous than either of these other details, anyway.

“But you and another girl, I could do,” he added.

“Mmph. Let me know when you find one,” she said around his penis.

It wasn’t exactly a “no.” I wondered how she’d have reacted to such a request if I’d been the one to make it.

As she continued to service him, Ollie took the opportunity to lend my girlfriend some aid in her efforts to get that fat dick of his down her throat. Tears streamed down her face and snot issued from her nose as he used twin fistfuls of her hair to yank her down repeatedly. It went on for nearly a minute before she frantically tapped at his thighs, at which point he abated.

“Holy *fuck* , Ollie!” she complained, giving the camera an appalled glare that couldn’t mask the pride she obviously felt at having withstood such an onslaught.

“That was awesome,” he noted.

“I think maybe it’s literally just too big to go down my throat,” she whispered, sounding more awed than annoyed. “Like, it just hits the back of my mouth and then stops.”

“Your roommate is kinda cute..”

“Ex *cuse* me?”

“Emily? We can do group stuff with *her* , if you want.”

“Uh, not a *chance,* asshole.”

“Or if she isn’t into me I could just watch you two sixty-nine or something.”

“Ollie…”

“I’m kidding, I’m kidding. I mean, I think you should at least feel it out with her, though.”

“…”

“Like, in exchange for giving you the best sex of your life, and training you how to properly suck dick…”

“Yeah. Fine. I’ll ‘feel it out’.”

Not a chance, she mouthed into the camera, shaking her head. She turned back to continue her oral ministrations as she ended the recording.

—

My hands had balled into fists at this last exchange. The absolute audacity of this fucker thinking he could corrupt innocent Emily into their world of debauchery.

I wasn’t sure why, but I felt tremendously defensive on the poor girl’s behalf. I suppose I still had some residual guilt over what we’d subjected her to by virtue of fooling around in Morgan’s bed all those months ago (ie, the previous morning) when she was liable to walk in and catch us.

Morgan had, at least, indicated that involving Emily sexually was not in the cards. But it hadn’t been as forceful of a rejection as I might have hoped for.

Not that I had much cause to consider myself particularly chivalrous where all this was concerned. After all, I'd found it titillating to discuss our kink with Emily, even giving voice to a few items that I'd perhaps known she and Morgan would find inappropriate. And I'd even joked with Morgan about the two of them performing oral sex with each other.

And I was sitting here, watching footage of my girlfriend having sex despite being forbidden from doing so. Secretly pleasuring myself to my sweet Morgan literally getting face fucked by the scumbag across the hall.

So maybe I shouldn't hold it against Ollie that he was shooting his shot where Emily was concerned.

Outside my window, the sky had shifted into a pre-dawn countenance and there was always the hope that Morgan would return to my bed and reconnect with me at some point. Reaffirm that she was in fact still my girlfriend. So while there were additional videos I was eager to digest, I decided it was time to return to that first video of them kissing, and orgasm to the footage.

It was a short clip, and I watched it again from the beginning. It was even more scintillating in contrast with the previous under-the-desk video, their degree of lust and affection for each other far more acute before they'd spent the next subsequent hours fucking one other senseless.

Because I had a screw loose in my brain, the way the two of them were looking at each other had me immediately on the verge of climax.

I had watched Morgan encourage Ollie to finger her ass while she rode him, allow him to facefuck her, and orgasm hands-free from tasting his cum. But this profoundly intimate kiss was the hottest thing I'd seen all night. Or in my life, for that matter.

"Ollie, I lo-"

She began to say something and then cut herself off.

"Huh?"

"Nothing."

"What were you gonna say?" he murmured, caressing her face sweetly.

"Seriously nothing. I … love kissing you, is all."

"Mmm," he moaned softly in agreement. "I love kissing you, too."

Ollie flung the phone to the side as he leaned in so he and Morgan could kiss, as they both loved to do. As my heart was squeezed by a phantom vise, I listened to the sweet sounds of their lips and tongues touching and parting, and I came, and came.

Chapter 11: Falling in Love

Chapter Text

Eager to get back to the suite, I was anxious and giddy as I plowed through the sullied remnants of the winter's snow, which couldn't melt fast enough for my taste.

I hadn't been able to pay much attention in class, as usual these days. In addition to all of the other crazy shit happening in my life, there was now a constant low-level background panic over my grades and educational career; it was, at this point, a quantifiable emergency. As in, I had mandatory meetings with my counselor and might be placed on academic probation, pending the results of this quarter's classes.

Of course, it was easy to propel these matters from my mind as I cleaned my boots and pushed the suite's door open, knowing what might be waiting for me. "Tyler!!!!" Morgan cried in delight as the suite's unreasonable warmth blasted my face. We'd been keeping the thermostat cranked up recently, for Morgan's sake.

She was, of course, naked, her clothes neatly bundled beside the door where she'd placed them upon entry, as the rules decreed. She and my suitemates were gathered around the living room table, cards and poker chips arrayed before them.

Ollie was reclined, pasha-like. His share of chips was the largest by far, whereas Morgan's had dwindled to almost nothing. "You guys just have to do a poker face," she'd complained before. "I have to do a whole poker body!"

"Tyler," Ollie said easily. I remembered when he'd subtly flinch at my entry, but it had been a while since he'd expressed even a hint of jealousy towards me. Which made sense, given all the recent developments. "Great timing; I'll deal you in."

I took my seat between Bobby and Andrew; Andrew had made room by scooting into the space between him and Morgan, which I didn't hold against him. Morgan was among the most radiant creatures who had ever existed; of course he'd take every opportunity to be near her nude body.

Morgan asked how my class had went and I gave a noncommital answer. She wasn't fully aware of my academic troubles; I wasn't exactly trying to be deceptive about them, but I just didn't feel as comfortable admitting my fuckups to her these days.

Bobby relieved Morgan of the remainder of her chips in the subsequent round; she'd gone all-in, though she'd been dealt a nothing hand.

"Fuck!" she cried. "I seriously thought that was some stone-cold bluffing.""It's because you're naked," Ollie said. "You always get all red in the chest when you're bullshitting."

"Well, god dammit!" she squeaked. Heavens, she was adorable.

".. Which means Mr. Prude over here was checking out your tits," Ollie teased.

"Bitch, I'm not a prude," Bobby said mildly. It had been some time since he'd risen to the bait of Ollie's constant teasing. "Yes, I was looking at the beautiful nude woman in our presence."

"Thank you, Bobby." She fluttered her eyelids at him and jostled her shoulders so that her breasts jiggled to and fro.

"Plus, I kinda have to in order to stay in the game," he defended.

“Well anyway, now the real fun can start,” Ollie said, shuffling the next hand with his characteristic flourish. “I was thinking instead of just having Morgan be eye candy, now that she’s out of the game, we could do something a little more … controversial.”

“Oh, my!” Morgan beamed, delighted for whatever Ollie had in store for her.

“Oh, brother,” muttered Bobby.

“Okay,” Ollie thundered. “So the rules are: from now on, you can wager money, or you can wager Morgan.”

His words hung in the air for a beat.

“What the fuck,” said Bobby in the same tone.

“How would that even work?” asked Andrew. “There’s one of her and four of us.”

Ollie explained his scheme. We’d operate on a first-come-first-serve basis; instead of wagering ten dollars worth of chips, a player could wager Morgan. The winner of the hand would enjoy the privilege of Morgan sitting on their lap for the next hand.

“The catch, though,” Ollie said, “is that you can’t be a fucking prude about it. Like, you have to at least feel her titties while you have her.”

My heart plopped into my stomach at this utterance. It was completely unprecedented for the possessive Ollie to offer up Morgan in this fashion; though, I admitted, he’d been growing more and more comfortable with the notion that she was his slut to deploy at will, at least for the purposes of exhibitionism and nudity.

“So that’s what you think my tits are worth?” Morgan protested. “Ten measly bucks?!”

“You’re right, probably a bit high for a tramp like you,” he quipped.

“Awwwww!” Her voice was dripping with sarcasm, but she leaned over to kiss him anyway. I noted the way her bare breasts pressed up against him as she did so and wondered why this shit never stopped being unbelievably titillating to me.

“And who knows,” he continued. “You might actually get to touch her for once, Tyler.”

I snorted, but didn’t bother to argue. I did still get to touch Morgan with regularity. She was, after all, still my girlfriend, despite everything else.

Andrew was the first to place a bet during the next hand, and he immediately wagered Morgan alongside his money.

“Really, bro?” Bobby admonished.

Andrew shrugged. “I’m low on chips! Plus, it’s the only sensible play.”

Bobby ended up winning the hand and claiming the pot, which meant he was now faced with touching my naked girlfriend. Or, Ollie’s naked slut, depending on one’s perspective.

Ollie chortled. “You should see your face, dude,” he said, addressing Bobby. “It’s just a naked girl…”

“Right, no big deal at all to a stud like you,” Bobby returned, without feeling the need to express his sarcasm via vocal tone or facial expression. “Alright, Morgan, let’s do this.”

He was putting on a brave face about it, but his rosy cheeks hinted at his true disposition. Morgan, of course, picked up on this. Sashaying over to him, she took his head in her hands and placed it against her chest, shaking her torso side to side and battering his face with her breasts.

Everybody laughed, but Ollie's seemed a bit forced. I noted a vein was bulging at his neck.

"You still have to touch her boobs, homie," I pointed out midway through the next hand.

"Yeah!" chirped Morgan. "Come on Bobby, a girl likes to feel appreciated, you know?"

I didn't look at Ollie, but I fantasized that the exchange might have caused him to glower at Morgan and my easy flirtatious repartee.

"Man alive," said Bobby. "How will I ever tell my grandkids about my college days?" But he rose to the occasion, bringing his free, non-card-holding hand to her breasts and squeezing one and then the other.

Bobby was obviously the most reticent of us when it came to embracing the new normal where Morgan was concerned, but even he had his limits of what he could resist. I'd come to realize Bobby simply knew himself well enough that he realized he couldn't play off the way his emotions manifested through body language.

So when he fondled Morgan, for the first time as far as I knew, it was surprisingly emotional. He didn't exactly grope her breasts; there was a gravity communicated in the way he placed his hand against her bare skin which let us know there was no middle ground for Bobby. Two humans touching meant a lot to him, and he'd now done that with Morgan.

The atmosphere was heavy, given the intensity of the situation, and I could see Ollie was in no position to intervene.

"Come on, Bobby," I spoke up. "What's happening? Tell us what they feel like?"

Bobby glared at me. "'They'?"

"My breasts," Morgan clarified, her face turned towards his. It could have been a silly moment wherein college kids were goofing around with adult concepts of nudity and sexuality without actually realizing them, but Morgan's face was turned towards his, her lips so close to him; it was undeniably heated. "How are they?"
He cast his eyes about the table. "They're … fuck."

He didn't fumble for words and attempt to draw out the situation, as I would have. He shifted his grasp to her armpits and lifted her off of him and set her to the side. It wasn't rude or forceful, but neither was it particularly flirtatious.

His next utterance drove the point home further.

"Is it Tyler or Ollie's turn to spend the night with you, tonight?"

We all gaped. It was an outrageously rude statement, even for Bobby.

".. I just want to know if I should put in my earplugs, you know?" he clarified, digging in further. After another agonizing moment of tension, Morgan snorted, perhaps sanctioning the remark by deeming it humorous, or perhaps condemning it.

The humiliation the occasional jab from Bobby instilled in me had gone full circle from awkward to erotic, and I secretly savored the implication. Ollie fucked Morgan better than I did, and made her scream louder, and it was just an open fact that all five of us knew.

I only wished Bobby would lean into these sort of remarks and make them more frequently. That Andrew would stop being such a nice guy and join in.

Morgan leaned into Bobby and whispered something into his ear. Whatever it was, it made his eyes bulge. It was followed by a flick of the tongue against his earlobe.

Which was hot as fuck, and added to the warmth beaming inside my chest and belly. Because, humiliation aside, it was my night with Morgan, as I well knew.

—

“Sssh… Tyler, listen!”

“??”

“Listen to what Andrew is saying..”

We were cuddling, in bed, myself still clothed. One unpredicted side effect of all this was that every time I got her to myself, it had that new relationship excitement. We’d be naked together at some point and it would be as if it were the first time.

It was difficult to make out the conversation going on in the common area, but it seemed like the gist was that Andrew was offering some manner of advice to Ollie.

“What are they saying?” I asked, thinking she might have caught more details.

“He’s, like, telling Ollie not to be jealous,” she smiled warmly. “Or something along those lines.”

“My god…” I rolled my eyes, but I was dancing internally with joy at the thought that I still could make the fucker feel that way.

“Ugh, it’s so adorable that he’s jealous,” she said. “I love that he feels that way about me.”

Gulp.

We kissed for a bit.

“Let’s make sure to be quiet, okay?” she whispered.

We were, normally. The whole “Ollie’s pussy” thing was a pretense, but it was more exciting for everyone involved to keep up said pretense.
For example, as we’d adjourned from the living room to go to bed together, Ollie had reminded us of “the rules” and we’d acknowledged his request. He loved reminding everyone that I wasn’t allowed to fuck my own girlfriend, even though Morgan insisted he understood we were still often having sex on the nights she spent in my room.

“He just doesn’t like hearing about it,” she’d explained.

It always made me nervous, too. Maybe tonight she’d actually decide it was hotter to really deny me and play up the idea that she belonged to him. But the fact that she hadn’t immediately hidden her nudity from me under the covers was a good sign this wouldn’t be such a night.

“Tyler…” she murmured. I felt my stomach tighten as I braced myself for what might be coming.

"... I am beyond excited for us to have sex tonight," she finished.

I melted completely but still managed to kiss her. And pretty damn well, in my opinion.

I forgot about Ollie for a spell as we made love. We were keeping quiet, but it didn't feel like something that was done to feed into the kink so much as that what we were doing was private, and special, and just for us.

I was lost in her body, the fact that two people could become so close via the act of sex sending beams of light through my chest. Every point of contact of her body against mine became magnified in my head until it was my entire world.

Sex with Morgan was always special, but this felt like something unprecedented. It was like I could sense every ridge of her vaginal canal down to the molecular level.

It was almost like I could infer, in the zone displaced by my dick, what she was experiencing by virtue of me thrusting into her. I was feeling her, but I was also feeling myself from her perspective. It was as if I was swapping bodies with her.
It was some sort of sexual nirvana.

I whispered this revelation into her ear, inarticulately, but somehow she got what I was trying to say. I don't know if she could experience the same thing, but it didn't matter.

Everything was going to be okay. Morgan was still my girlfriend, and we still could have transcendent, mind-erasing sex that was just for us.
Although, it occured to me, who was to say they hadn't experienced something like this in the hundreds of times they'd been together? From the frequent screams coming out of his room, it was clear that his usual mode was to fuck her brains out rather than to make tender love with her, but it wasn't like I was getting to see everything that went on between them.

"Babe," Morgan cooed at me.

And furthermore, wouldn't the greater magnitude of Ollie's dick make just such a sensation more likely between them? She'd be wrapped so much more snuggly around him, and feel him so much more intensely inside her.

I gulped. Every now and then the full magnitude of the fact that Ollie and Morgan were lovers would hit home, and this was perhaps the most potent such moment I'd experienced since we'd began the whole undertaking. The depth of connection I had just gone through with her was so deeply personal and emotional, and she was also having sex with Ollie. Usually multiple times a day.

After the first time they'd done it, the sounds of Ollie and Morgan fucking had become such a pervasive feature of the suite's ambiance that all our lives had adjusted accordingly. Bobby shelled out for a pair of gigantic noise-cancelling headphones, and made sure to let us know that he was having to again re-up on the earplugs he now wore to bed. The dark circles Andrew regularly sported under his eyes told me he was as attentive to the proceedings as I.

Morgan obviously loved the fact of her live-in audience and teased us all, inside the bedroom and out. She had no shame whatsoever when announcing her orgasms, begging for cum, voicing her awe at Ollie's cocksmanship, and generally treating us all to the theatrics of their sex life from behind Ollie's closed door.
She was becoming a sexual goddess and constantly beamed with pride at the confidence and

arrogance it instilled in her new lover, the obvious arousal it caused me and Andrew, and even the discomfort it inflicted on poor Bobby.

The images raced through my mind. The look of devilish triumph on her face when she first joined us all in the living room, bottomless. She'd been carrying a towel; not for modesty, but to spread out on her seat and absorb Ollie's load while it leaked out of her. Immensely pleased with herself and daring us to comment.
It was off to the races from there. I was masturbating to the whole scenario with such frequency I started to wonder if carpal tunnel syndrome was a concern.
Morgan's post-fuck reporting had developed into a fine art; she swore she looked forward to torturing and pleasuring me with the latest updates of his conquest of her body as much as she enjoyed the sex with Ollie itself.

But I knew that wasn't true…

"Babe!"

I blinked, coming out of my reverie. "Hey…."

"You're, like, all distant."

"I'm sorry," I kissed her. "I got lost in thought."

She asked what about, so I told her. About my feelings of jealousy our body-swapping sex had led me down.

"It's just kinda intense, right now," I said. "Especially since you kinda sorta have feelings for the guy."

Gulp. I hadn't intended to say such a thing, about her developing "feelings," but the words had just slipped out. But either way, it was something I couldn't stop thinking about, and perhaps addressing it was the best option.

"Well, babe.." Morgan said, caressing my shoulder and upper arm. "Of course I'm gonna have some feelings for him. He's one of my two sexual partners."

"…"

"…"

".. Are you, like in love with him?" I forced out the words.

"Oh, sweetie," she said. "I wouldn't say I'm in love with him…"

I braced myself for her to continue.

"I have a lot of affection for him, you know? We've been so intimate together so much recently. Obviously that's going to affect the way I feel about him."

"… I see."

"You don't need to, like, be worried though!" she chirped. "I mean, you see how he treats me. I'm like, his whore, not his girlfriend."

"…."

“Like, half the time when I’m in his room we’re not even having sex. He loves making me suck him off while he looks at porn, and stuff like that.”

“.....”

“Oh, somebody’s excited by the thought of me being Ollie’s slut,” she teased, rocking against my admittedly reinvigorated dick.

She had no idea.

It was true that Ollie had become much more flippant when it came to sporting my girlfriend about in just such a manner. As his fucktoy, rather than as any sort of romantic partner. Always another idea up his sleeve about how to further emphasize her status as the resident slut. Tonight’s shenanigans with the lap sitting and boob fondling had been just the latest escalation.

But I’d also seen it seemed naive to imagine that the genuine affection I’d seen Ollie display towards her, and had reciprocated from her, wouldn’t have blossomed during all the constant sex the two of them had been having. Even beyond the evidence I’d seen firsthand to support it. A dark excitement stole into me at these thoughts, and my body responded in kind, imbuing each stroke I took into her body with a possessive edge. It was my pussy, too, at least while I was inside her.

“Oh god Tyler, you’re fucking me pretty good…” she hissed. “It’s hard to stay quiet…”

“Fuck, Morgan…”

“And I have to stay quiet, right? So Ollie doesn’t know I’m cheating on him…”

“Oh god.....”

“Is it okay? Should I keep going?”

Oh, thank god. Even though I had the creeping concern over the extent to which we were letting this kink stuff completely take over our relationship, at this moment I was a junkie being offered a fix.

“Yes, Morgan, please tease me more…”

“Yeah, baby?? You want me to tell you things to make you jealous??”

“Ah shit, I really do Morgan…”

“Okay…” Her pupils sparkled with mischief. “Get off for a second…”

She swung her leg and turned over so that I could take her from behind. Her face and chest were down on the mattress, back arched to a wicked degree. I seized an ass cheek in each hand and sunk back into her.

“Oh fuck Tyler, that feels good.”

“You feel amazing, baby.”

This was not a position in which I’d be able to get any sort of rhythm going without losing my load, given all the sensory inputs that came along with it. So I slowly eased myself in and out of her, pausing frequently so I could last.

“Do you know why I wanted you to fuck me like this, baby?” she asked.

“Tell me.”

“… Do you have a nice view of my butthole?” she asked more quietly.

I did, and I told her so. With the intensity of her back’s arch and the manner in which I was squeezing her cheeks, her backdoor was exquisitely positioned at the center of my vision. As if the whole purpose of this position was specifically to display this part of her body to me and emphasize it to the greatest possible degree.

“Can I tell you,” she moaned, “about how Ollie touches me there?”

Holy shit. I rejoiced about what a sexual genius my girlfriend had become: providing me with the most exquisite visual input and physical sensation imaginable, and then multiplying it by filthy, sweet utterances about the fact that her holes belonged to Ollie.

“Y-yes,” I said, feeling lightheaded.

“Well, it’s sort of both of our favorite thing? Like, every time we have sex we both know he’s going to finger my ass while we fuck?”

I did know a bit more about this than she realized, but I egged her on. “Fuck, Morgan. Every time?”

She nodded, eyes shut tight, her face turned sideways on the mattress. “It’s, like, one of the things I specifically most look forward to when we’re together.”

“Having your… your…”

“My asshole fingered, yeah.”

“…”

“Ugh.. I’m, like, honestly kind of obsessed with it, Tyler..”

“…”

“We even talk about it when we’re, like, out together. Like when it’s one of our date nights?”

“Like, you talk about him fingering you there, while you’re out in public?”

“Mmhmm. Like instead of me just saying ‘I can’t wait to get back to the suite and have sex with you’ I’ll say ‘I can’t wait for you to fuck me and finger my butt.’”
“….Fuck, Morgan.”

“And like, I’ve even been dressing so that it’s easier for him to touch me there even when we’re not alone together. Like wearing my shorts with the elastic waist, so he can just slip his hand back there and put a finger into me. And, like, just hold me like that, you know?”

“Like… when??”

“You know, like if we’re going to our classes together and we end up in the elevator with just the two of us. Or when we were all watching the movie together the other day, and I was under the blanket with him?”

“Ollie was fingering your ass during that??”

She nodded emphatically. “Oh god, for like, half of the movie, Tyler!”

“What the fuck…”

“Like, it wasn’t even that sexual in a way? I mean, I had that really sexy knot in my chest from it the entire time, and was extremely wet. But it’s not like I could have cum from just having his finger there, or anything.”

“…”

“Okay, I mean, it was totally sexual. But it’s more about like, just having this secret thing that he’s doing to me in front of everybody, and how it’s part of me that’s just for him, special…”

“Just for him….”

“Yes, Tyler. Like, right now, your dick feels so good in me…”

“…. But??”

“But, like, oh god… our sex would feel even better if you just slipped your thumb up my ass while you were fucking me…”

What the absolute fuck?! “I-I will, Morgan! I would fucking love to touch you there…”

“Mmmm, fuck, it’s so hot to hear you say that…”

“!!!”

“And baby…” She hesitated. “If you really want to, you can. But, like, as badly as I want to be touched there right now… fuck, Tyler, I’m sorry but it really turns me on for it to be just for Ollie.”

“…”

“…”

“… So if I ask,” I gulped. “If I really want to, you’ll let me.. finger you? Like that?”

She nodded. “I’ll let you. But I’ll try and talk you out of it, like I’m doing now.”

“Because you’d prefer it was only for Ollie.”

“Yes, Tyler..” she said matter of factly. “Fuck, I’m such a bad girlfriend..”

“…”

“I’m a nasty girlfriend whose asshole is for another guy….”

I had to push her off of me or I’d have gone over the edge.

She had been close, as well, but she didn’t mind sharing an extended session where we edged one another. Building up to one big orgasm was more our style, as opposed to the near constant cumming she did with her other partner.

She pointed this out to me, while I tried to recover some sexual stamina. How often she came with him; how easy it was for him to make her cum, especially now that he’d discovered her fixation with assplay.

She teased me about how I’d actually helped push them down this path, because I’d briefly eaten her ass on the evening when she and Ollie first had sex. How amazing it had felt, and how much she yearned to experience it again, Ollie still being reluctant to perform any sort of oral sex on her.

How even though she knew I was more than willing to help fulfill this fantasy, it still turned her on more to deny herself the sensation in order to remain sexually faithful to Ollie where her anus was concerned.

She described the different ways she'd begged and bargained with him to bestow the rimjob she so badly craved. The verbal self-degradation she'd engaged in. That she'd offered to return the favor and perform the same act upon Ollie, though this had turned out to be even farther afield of his comfort zone.

Since I was no longer inside her, Morgan requested that I situate myself so that my face rested on the back of her thighs while she held her ass open for me to continue inspecting her spread-open holes. As such, she was able to more severely tease me, with the constant visual reminder of what Ollie was allowed to touch, but I wasn't.

She had me vibrating with excitement, my whole body taught. Playing off one another's energy, pushing everything further, as we always did.
"Fuck, Tyler… I could… I could show you…"

I stopped breathing. She couldn't possibly mean…

"… It's really tempting…" she went on.

I held my tongue. I didn't trust myself to maintain any degree of restraint.

"Maybe," she peered over her shoulder at me, conspiratorial twinkle in her eyes, "I will show you, Tyler. Would you like that?"

My eyes bulged as I managed a nod. I was strictly forbidden from viewing the FanHub page she and Ollie recently started posting anonymized videos to; I wasn't even supposed to know the name she went by.

Of course, I had been too weak to resist seeking it out, but now I could put the pretense behind me and openly revel in it.

"We can finish with it, okay? I'll show you one of the things Ollie posted recently that is really butthole-focused, so you can see how crazy I get.."

"O-okay…" I breathed.

"I think it will pretty much make you cum no matter what," she said.

"I.. tend to agree."

"You have to earn it, to. You have to make it through the next thing I'm going to tell you about without cumming, while I ride you."

"What the fuck, Morgan! You know I won't be able to make it.."

She shrugged. "You'll just have to try."

She straddled me, and we got into a nice rhythm as she rode me, taking a few moments to kiss and relax into the sensations before she resumed her dirty talk.

"So…" she began, smirking forebodingly.

"???"

“How jealous are you gonna be when Ollie and Emily and I have a threeway?”

“Oh, god… Is that real, at this point?”

“No, it’s still just fantasy talk. But the talk has gotten pretty intense…”

“… I see.”

“That’s definitely something I’d never let you watch, though, you know?”

“.. I guess?”

“Uh, there’s no way you’re allowed to see Emily naked!”

“…But Ollie would be??”

“You should be happy about that, dummy! It means I’m more jealous of you than of him. Since you’re still my real boyfriend?”

“I am happy, then,” I told her with a kiss.

“But anyway, there’s no way anything’s ever gonna happen with her. But Ollie’s been making me talk about it constantly regardless.”

“Like how?”

“Like, I’ve narrated graphic descriptions to him of me and Emily having fantasy sex?”

“… Wow.”

“Like, while he’s fucking me, or sometimes while I’m giving him head.”

“Fuck…”

“I think I’ve gotten really good at it,” she mused. “Like, it even honestly turns me on.”

“You.. and Emily…”

“Yeah Tyler, I get turned on talking about me and my cute roommate having sex…”

“Can you… can you, like, give me an example of something you’ve narrated for him??”

“…”

“Like, do you guys go down on each other?”

She considered it. “I don’t think that’s for you to know, Tyler.”

“Fuck, Morgan..”

“I don’t want you to be thinking about Emily like that. Like, it genuinely makes me jealous.”

“…”

“I know that’s totally unfair, considering…”

“It’s… so fucking hot, Morgan..”

She nodded. “I know. And like, the stuff Ollie and I have fantasized about, I mean, about Em? Some of it is really hot…”

“Fuck.. Morgan, I’m gonna cum…”

“You can’t, Tyler!”

“Well, if you keep moving I’m gonna… fuck!”

It was too late. She fucked me through my orgasm, cradling my head against her breasts.

I’d failed to pass her test. I was heartbroken.

—

“You’re lucky I’m so horny…” she said.

“Oh?”

“Yeah, I need you to fuck me more, and I know if I show you how your girlfriend is an online slut, it will get you going again, so….”

“Oh, fuck, Morgan… Really?”

She smiled and nodded.

“Like, really really?”

“Oh god… I feel like I’m going to regret this, but yes, let’s do it.”

“Holy shit…”

“I want to show you, baby. How strange boys are commenting on my body? Here, let’s pull it up on your computer…”

One of those “strange boys” was secretly me, of course.

My desk was within reach of the bed, if you stretched for it, and doing so made Morgan’s backside quite the luscious display. I took the opportunity to reach for it and fondle her, bringing my lips to her lower back and leaving a trail of kisses.

“Uh, Tyler…”

I had, of course, been studious about only logging into her page via incognito browser windows. I’d double checked that everything was properly situated when Morgan had been using the bathroom as we got ready for bed.

… Hadn’t I?

“Nevermind, I got it.”

She’d managed to recall the password to circumvent my laptop’s lock screen and had the browser open a moment later, signing into her account. Phew…
“‘Dormroomslut’… really, Morgan?”

“Shut up!” she squeaked. “It gets the point across, doesn’t it?”

“I dunnooooo,” I teased. “You’ll have to show me what all you have on there.”

It felt gross to be lying like this – pretending I hadn’t already familiarized myself with her account – but I justified it with the fact that she’d kept some secrets from me as well.

The first night Ollie and Morgan had fucked, I'd been shocked that she allowed him to take such scandalous video footage of them. I'd never mentioned to Morgan how Ollie had sent me the clips – nor had he and I ever broached the topic directly between the two of us – but she had boasted to me about how they'd recorded themselves. Teased me about the fact that she was Ollie's personal porn star, the details of her body and their sex immortalized for him to enjoy whenever he wanted.

I'd brought up privacy concerns, and she assured me Ollie had sworn to maintain discretion where the footage was concerned.

"Although," she'd admitted, "the thought of him just going back on his word and letting other people see them... fuck, Tyler, is it bad that it really turns me on?"
So of course they'd eventually talked themselves into posting some of the clips for others to see. There were no names or faces in the videos, and they weren't going out of their way to advertise the account and draw traffic to her page or anything.

But Morgan got a wicked thrill just knowing that her tits, ass, and pussy were on the internet. That at least a handful of folks had seen them.

"So, like.... wh-what are you in the mood for, baby??" she asked, scrolling through still images and clips. She was incredibly nervous, and it exacerbated my guilt over violating her privacy. "More butt stuff? Maybe him roughing me up a little bit?"

"It all sounds so fucking hot," I murmured.

"Yeah? Are you excited to see Ollie fuck your girlfriend?"

"Gosh, Morgan... you know I am.."

"Fuck his pussy??"

"Oh god..."

I eased myself into her while she queued up the first clip. She'd opted for a clip of her getting fucked doggy-style, just as she and I were currently engaged.
Of course, this just intensified the contrast between Ollie and I. Not just the size of his dick and the degree to which her labia parted to accept his girth, but the character of the sex itself.

Her ass cheeks in the video were flaming red; Ollie was in the process of reigning open-palm blows down upon them, spanking her roughly and drawing yelps and cries of approval from Morgan.

She had the volume quite low, which meant only the loudest verbal ejaculations were audible. But I already knew this clip well and had memorized her utterances during the numerous loads I'd spilled while watching it.

"Morgan, this is so fucking intense..."

"Do you like it, sweetie??"

"I love it. Holy shit, he's really working you over.."

"Baby, he fucks me really good..."

I was already well on my way to another orgasm and had to slow it down somewhat.

"Like, he really does, though.." I said. "I mean, I don't get how he's so much better at it than I am."

“Babe…”

“Please don’t sugercoat it, Morgan. Like, I’m watching him fuck you in the exact same position we’re in right now and there’s just no comparison.”

“…”

“I want you to tell me, Morgan…”

“…”

“Who’s dick is bigger, mine or Ollie’s?”

“Obviously Ollie’s…”

“And who makes you have more orgasms when you have sex?”

“He does…”

“Is it, like, close, though?”

“Like, it’s not even close, Tyler. Fuck.”

“So you must prefer sex with him over sex with me…”

“…”

“Fuck. You obviously do, or you’d deny it. But you can’t even deny it..”

“…”

“Come on Morgan, I want you to say it. I need you to.”

She thrust her ass back against me for a few moments, without answering.

“My… my fans can even tell how good he fucks me,” she finally said.

“Oh yeah??”

“Yeah, look at this comment … ‘incredible seeing a college slut take dick so well.’”

“….Nice.”

“‘You two have such amazing sexual chemistry, please post more!’ Fuck, I can’t believe strangers have actually seen me having sex, Tyler!!”
In this case the stranger was specifically me; it was my comment, which I had posted on her video.

“Ugh… would it be hot if I teased this person?”

“Uh… yes?!”

“I’m gonna tell him how the person fucking me isn’t even my boyfriend.”

“Oh, wow.”

“How he fucks me better than my boyfriend..”

“Oh fuck, Morgan.. yes, please tell him that…”

She reached for the keyboard. Typed out a response, hit send. A few seconds later my phone chirped with a notification.

That in and of itself probably wouldn't have given me away, but I'd immediately tensed up as my entire body was gripped in panic.

"... Tyler?"

"..."

"Uh, is there something you want to tell me?"

"... Um?"

She turned to face me, my quickly shrinking dick falling away from her ignominiously.

"Did your phone just make a noise because I replied to that comment?" she asked.

I could only shrug. "Probably," I said miserably.

"... Holy shit, Tyler, you are so fucking busted..."

"Morgan..."

"How did you even find my account?"

My ears and cheeks were burning. "I.... might have... looked through your phone..."

The first truly awkward moments of Morgan and my relationship ensued as she sat facing me in the bed. Looking down and blushing ferociously, fidgeting, making several false starts in attempting to speak.

"Morgan-"

"Like, I know I maybe don't have a right to be mad.."

I sighed. "You told me you didn't want me looking at it, and I did anyway. Of course you have a right."

"Well, I'm more hurt than mad. Like, I know that Ollie and I like to keep some things private from you, and that it drives you crazy, but I thought it was in a good way. Not that you didn't trust me."

"It's not about trust," I said. "I just wanted to see, Morgan. Like, so badly that I was willing to snoop on your phone in order to make it happen. I'm the one who can't be trusted, not you."

"..."

"Like, I need to see you two together. Almost every day I get to listen to you two have sex, and it sounds so mind-meltingly hot but ... fuck."

"We make out, and stuff, in front of you guys," she pointed out quietly. "Like, I sit on his lap naked and he kisses me in front of everybody."

I couldn't help but roll my eyes. "I know, and I love it when you do that," I emphasized. "I... love how Bobby and Andrew get to see him just kiss my naked girlfriend. It should be the most humiliating thing imaginable but I find myself just craving more and more."

"Oh, Tyler..."

“Baby, I’m really sorry. I fucked up and violated your trust. I’m, like, completely addicted to seeing you two together and I should have just been honest with you and told you that there was no way I was going to be able to resist doing everything in my power to find those videos, and watch them, and masturbate to them over and over…”

I had started to crack a bit, losing control of my voice, unable to keep the water from welling up in my eyes.

Morgan was soothing me, kissing away my tears before they could fully form. Gently squeezing my dick, which was back at full mast almost instantly. Especially since Ollie had just casually slid his thumb into Morgan’s asshole in the video, which was still playing.

Video Morgan started going nuts at this, the sudden emphatic howls and curses from her recorded self causing real life Morgan to glance over.

“Ugh, do you see how fucking hot it is?” I asked.

She began stroking me with purpose and intent. “I know. I’ve probably cum to this one the most of all our clips.”

“It’s super embarrassing, but I also like all the ones of him cumming on random parts of your body.”

She snorted. “Those are so stupid, though.”

It felt good that I’d said something she found amusing. “I know, but for some reason they’re so fucking hot. Like the one where you’re completely ignoring him, reading your book.. and he, like, jacks off onto you and cums in your hair?”

“It was really annoying!” she laughed. “But like, apparently it was one of his biggest fantasies.”

“Because he likes behaving disrespectfully towards women and degrading them,” I said.

She nodded. “He really does have a sweet side, but yeah. His brain has been totally cooked by all the porn he watches. You should hear some of the things that get said in the movies he likes…”

“You presumably hear all this while you’re obediently sucking him off.”

“Yep! So yeah, I’m probably going to be just as bad as him pretty soon…”

Because it turns you on too.

We stared at each other for a few moments, reaching some sort of non-verbal understanding. She gingerly moved forward, rocking back and forth on her knees, straddling me and allowing me to penetrate her.

“You’re not too mad?” I asked.

She shook her head. “Just embarrassed, I guess. I mean I had been planning on showing you anyway, but knowing that you were watching all the nasty stuff he does to me in those videos…”

“I love how excited it makes you. Like I said, I’m addicted.”

“I love exciting you, Tyler.”

“Like, even the fact that… that..”

“???”

“That you… obviously have feelings for him, even if it’s only mild.”

“…”

“…”

“Tyler…”

“I’m sorry, Morgan. Your boyfriend is a total freak.”

“No, you’re not. This has all been so crazy, and there are a lot of intense emotions involved on all sides.”

“…Yeah.”

She hesitated again, her body moving automatically against me as we continued to have sex.

Finally, she spoke. “There’s… something we could….”

“Yeah??”

“… Nevermind.”

“Uh, excuse me?? You HAVE to tell me…”

“No, it’s stupid, Tyler. It’s like, Ollie’s latest idea that he’s fixated on, but it’s way too fucked up for us to actually consider it.”

This was, of course, the most enticing thing she could have possibly said to me. A surge of adrenaline allowed me to take hold of her frame, lift her from where she was attached to me by our groins, and slam her backwards onto our mattress. I provoked a delighted “Oh!” and then a further series of them as I resumed fucking her missionary-style.

“Morgan,” I seethed into her ear. “You are going to tell me this idea.”

She moaned for a bit, either lost in our sex or intentionally ignoring me.

“Morgan..”

“I can’t tell you!” she squeaked. “You’re not to be trusted, Tyler..”

“I promise I won’t be mad..”

“I’m worried you’ll agree to it, you idiot!”

Of course there was no possible way Morgan was getting off the hook for this. I may not have been Ollie, but I did have some power of sexual persuasion. I pulled out all the tricks. Teasing and withholding, whispering entreatments in her ear. Telling her it was just me, that we were safe with each other, that we could tell each other anything.

She relented. Turned her head to the side to speak, avoiding eye contact while she dropped the atomic bomb.

“Ollie wants to, like, date me for real,” Morgan said.

Thump. Thump.

“Like, just temporarily… he wants me to ‘actually’, um… break up… with you, and see if he has what it takes to actually be, you know, boyfriend material.”

“Oh… I see….” My voice was talking but I wasn’t the one in charge of it. It felt like all the oxygen had left my brain.

“You might be right Morgan… that might be way too crazy for us to consider.”

“The three of us would know it’s only just a temporary arrangement,” she went on. “But for everyone else it would be real. Andrew, Bobby, everybody else.. I’d, like, publicly be Ollie’s girlfriend, for real.”

“Like, for how long? When do I get to have my Morgan back?”

She shrugged. “We could, like, play it by ear? We could do it until it stops being exciting for us.”

Reality swam in my head. My senses seemed to drift in and out of clarity.

Morgan, and Ollie. Dating. Publicly. Actually dating.

“That would be, like, the ultimate humiliation?” I gasped, the gravity of Morgan’s suggestion just beginning to dawn on me. “Everybody would think I lost my girlfriend to fucking Ollie…”

“For me too, kinda,” she said. I could tell she was lost in thought over the prospect as well, letting scenarios play out in her mind. “I doubt he would suddenly start acting like a gentleman, or anything. Everybody would know I left one of the sweetest, kindest, and most attractive men on campus for this, like, scoundrel.”
“And… you’re okay with that?”

She continued meeting my thrusts, actively pleasuring herself while she thought.

We were actually fucking considering this insanity.

“There are, like, justifications,” Morgan argued. “It goes back to why we got into all this in the first place. How he wants practice ‘actually’ dating a girl, how it will make other girls on campus maybe see him as more of an option. All that stuff.”

I couldn’t believe we were still discussing this in those terms.

“And… do you agree with all that?” I asked, conveying my skepticism.

“…. Tyler, I can’t really tell at this point. Like, you and I have been using the notion of me being Ollie’s girlfriend to tease each other for months now. And now that he’s put the thought in my head of doing it ‘for real’?? At this point the idea just…. it gives me butterflies, Tyler.”

I let her words wash over me. She was right; this was exactly the idea we’d been circling around. The natural conclusion of this warped fantasy we’d gradually allowed to take over our lives. But now that I was poised at the precipice, the fear began to take hold.

I had to be a voice of reason. One of us needed to be.

“I’ll admit, Morgan, my instinct is to say ‘fuck this.’ I mean, I do not like to think of myself as a restrictive type of boyfriend who tells his partner what she can or can’t do. But if you’re asking for me to weigh in on this decision? Then no, I don’t want us to ‘break up’, even if it’s not ‘real’.”

“… Right. No, you’re right, of course we can’t do this, even for pretend.”

"..."

"..."

"... Morgan, it's kinda scary to me that you look absolutely crestfallen right now.."

"Baby, I'm sorry! But you can't just keep pushing me further and further into Ollie's arms without me developing some genuine affection for him."

"I'm fine with that! I even, like, find it erotic, as I've said! That doesn't mean I want us to BREAK UP!"

"But babe, my emotions can't just be, like, fodder for you to get off on..."

I tried pivoting. "Morgan, you said yourself just a few minutes ago that he's not boyfriend material. How he treats you like a masturbation aid and all."

"So I guess both my boyfriends treat me like that? Like, how are you even in a position to criticize him at this point?"

"But that's not, like, our entire relationship or anything!"

"Neither is it ours!"

"..."

"Like, me and Ollie's."

"Oh don't worry, I got it." It came out super venomous, but I didn't regret it in the moment.

"I mean, don't get me wrong, Ollie and I have a very sexual relationship and are pretty much constantly having sex or talking about it."

"...."

"But even we can't do that all of the time, you know? And you've said yourself, he can be really funny and charming!"

"Jesus christ, Morgan.."

"Is it making you jealous?" She didn't say it mockingly, but nor did she say it out of what felt like concern.

The look on her face was difficult to process, but I knew it well, because it was how I felt much of the time when we were discussing this stuff. She was hungry. She was looking at me for my reaction like she was a teenage boy seeing porn for the first time.

"Morgan, it's really making me jealous," I said, unable to resist giving her what she wanted.

"And... that turns you on, right?"

"... You fucking know it does."

"Yeah, cuz you're still fucking me through all of this..."

"You can't hold that against me!"

"So.... just imagine it...."

“Ah, shit, Morgan…”

“Me and Ollie actually dating…”

“….”

“Holding hands in public?”

“Oh, wow.”

“Like, the energy of a new couple, all giddy with their joy at being together.”

“Fuck.”

“Falling for each other..”

“Morgan-”

“Falling in love…”

“Y-you’re…” I choked. “You’re fucking manipulating me right now.”

She made her eyes go wide and nodded slowly, emphatically. “Is it working? Is it making it hard for you to resist?”

“… Yes.”

“Good.”

I fucked her as hard as I could for a few moments. I was unbelievably turned on, but at the same time the things she was saying were legitimately troublesome to the point where I was too anxious to orgasm.

Horny brain won out over my aching heart, however, and I plunged deeper.

“… You know what would really turn me on?” I asked her.

“Tell me, baby…”

“I mean, I can tell you really want this.”

“I do, oh fuck Tyler, I’m sorry but I really do….”

“I wonder how badly you want it..”

“…”

“Please tell me, Morgan. Please be brutally honest.”

“Like, I want it bad, baby. Do you hate me for that?”

“I will never hate you, my love.”

“I fucking love you, Tyler…”

She loves me. No matter what, Morgan loves me.

Maybe that made it okay? Maybe that meant we could actually do this?

Fuck. FUCK.

“…Do you want it badly enough to beg?” I asked her, leaping off the cliff before I could stop myself.

“…”

Don’t do it, Tyler.

But I kept going.

“I’ll agree to it if you beg me.”

“….”

“You have to fucking beg me,” I told her, while the world went blurry around me. “You have to beg me to break up with you so that you can be Ollie’s girlfriend. And you have to really convince me you mean it.”

“Oh my god, Tyler…”

“Morgan, you have to convince me you want to leave me for Ollie from the bottom of your fucking heart."

“!!!”

“And then, I’ll do it. I’ll agree to break up with you and let you be his. Not just his slut, but his real actual girlfriend.”

Chapter 12: Safeword

Chapter Text

A few weeks later, I found myself in the library, utterly failing to focus on the schoolwork I desperately needed to deliver. I'd already missed several deadlines but could at least earn partial credit if I finished it *tonight* .

But instead I was thinking about Morgan and Ollie, who were now officially a couple.

Did I regret this latest, utterly twisted path we'd embarked upon? I did. The consequences had certainly been beyond my reckoning. Bobby and Andrew could barely talk to me. Everywhere I went, I felt the real or imagined glances of my fellow students. Pitying me, no doubt. Wondering how I'd fumbled the most exquisite woman on campus.

What had seemed spectacularly erotic while balls deep inside Morgan had not translated accordingly into reality.

Yet, this wasn't what occupied my mind at the present. Completely deprived of any sexual or romantic contact with her, I found myself cursing the fact that I still had been denied the fulfillment of my greatest fantasies. Which was, let's be frank, to be a spectator in Morgan and Ollie's sex life.

The fact that up until recenty, I'd only *once* been present while Ollie had been inside Morgan, pretending to sleep in Emily's and her room, was increasingly intolerable. Before we'd "broken up" I had tried to resist badgering Morgan about it, and failed. She patiently fielded my solicitations; there was just no way Ollie was on board with me spectating.

And now it wasn't even something she and I were discussing. We had barely spoken in weeks.

Which is why I immediately slipped back into full ninja-voyeur mode when another opportunity finally arose. There was a particular stretch of time on Monday afternoons when every single one of us had a scheduled class... only mine had been cancelled.

Morgan and Ollie had skipped their classes to return to the suite. So that they could fuck.

I was in my room at the time and froze in my desk chair, deer-in-headlights style, as soon as I heard Morgan's flirtatious giggling upon the suite's front door swinging open. It took no time whatsoever for my scheming brain to immediately begin hoping they would fail to ascertain my presence, and I refrained from the slightest movement lest I give myself away.

Please please PLEASE be here to have sex ...

Ollie complained that it was irresponsible of them to miss class, but Morgan ignored him. "Do you like touching my butt?" she asked.

"I still can't believe how perfect your body is."

Moist sounds of lips smacking, Morgan humming her pleasure.

"You know what would be exciting?" she asked.

"Huh."

"Can we, like, do it with the door open?"

I am ashamed to confess my heart soared at this suggestion with a delight akin to when Morgan had agreed to be my girlfriend in the first place.

"What the fuuuuuuck… Somebody might come home.."

"We'll hear them. *Please,* Ollie? That way I can at least fantasize that we're doing it in front of them, kinda."

They made it to his bedroom and further negotiations ensued; Ollie wanted to put his dick in Morgan's pussy directly, but she wanted to give him oral first.

"I'm already completely hard, though."

"I know, but I love doing it for you. It really turns me on."

"And you're already sopping wet. *And* you're not even that good at it."

How did he know she was sopping wet? Was he already fingering her on their way to his room? They couldn't keep their fucking hands off each other, so it was likely.

"Jerk! How am I supposed to learn?"

Ollie sighed ostentatiously. "Fiiiiiiiine…"

Tensing my whole body for greater motor control, I rose cautiously. Quietly enough that I wasn't heard over Morgan's soft moans of appreciation.

I peeked around my door; they had barely made it into his room. Morgan was on her knees, I could tell, but just her clothed ass resting on her heels was visible. I could tell her pants were undone by the way looseness of the waistband.

"Go sit on the bed?" she suggested. "Come on, I know you're impatient but this is really nice for me."

"I don't get it, though," he said merrily. "You're not even touching yourself or anything while you do it."

"I like feeling like I'm your oral whore. And worshipping your dick. Come on, let me really pamper you, baby…"

I thought back to the first date night they'd had together, and how each time she'd called him some affectionate pet name there had been an exaggerated quality to it. Intentionally drawing attention to it, playing up the novelty. Such a posture was now completely absent; it was just how she thought of him.

I heard movement from behind the door; he must have moved away, because she leaned forward to crawl towards him. I took advantage of the cover the noise of their motion provided to slip out into the hall and approach; it was darker in the hall and the view through the gap on the hinge side provided me a perfect view of them.

I remember being overwhelmed with joy to see that she was still completely clothed, as it meant I'd get to watch her undress for him.

The oral attention she administered wasn't all forceful and energetic like I'd seen before. It was almost like his penis was communicating physical pleasure to her through her mouth, and she wanted to savor it. Observing them in profile, I could see that her eyes were closed as she slid her

lips luxuriantly up and down, occasionally humming a deep satisfaction. Ollie, for his part, leaned back and watched her with a look of appreciation and affection that caused threads of panic to tug at my soul.

“What do you think?” she paused to ask.

“You’re amazing, Morgan.”

She slapped his thigh ever so gently. “I mean it, though. I want you to teach me to basically be your dream cocksucker. Watch.”

She resumed, this time pausing each time she reached her limit, sweet little throat noises signifying her effort. Her head even vibrated slightly as she attempted to push him past some barrier.

“It, like, just won’t go into your throat…” He didn’t sound critical. Just observing a fact.

“You can try and push my head down if you like.”

He reached forward. Tenderly pushed aside a lock of hair that had lain across her forehead. Caressing her while she continued her effort to take him past the threshold. I gulped. Why hadn’t I thought to take my dick out before venturing so close? Did I dare risk the sound of my zipper?

“Are you gonna?” she asked after nursing him a bit longer.

“You’re *so* fucking pretty, Morgan. Like, angelic. I feel bad.”

She snorted. “Since when.”

“I dunno. Since now.”

“ *Awwww.* ” She planted kisses up and down his shaft. A gleam of mischief flashed in her eyes before she buried her face in his nutsack and inhaled deeply.

Ollie immediately began cackling, all but kicking her to the side as he writhed. “Morgan you fucking *skaaaaaaaaank* .”

“Sorry!” she cried, laughing with him. “Is blowjob time over?”

“I think so. You gave me the tickles, you bitch!”

They continued to giggle together as she crawled up his body. They kissed each other through their laughter before it got lusty and turned into a passionate make-out. They were both moaning, but not ostentatiously.

There was a background process in my brain sounding an alarm that I should be freaking the fuck out at the degree and depth of affection on display here, but I was preoccupied with the fact that I’d hit the fucking jackpot. I was not only getting to watch them, but their belief that they were home alone meant none of it was being played up for any listening audience. This was the *real* Morgan and Ollie, I reckoned, engaged in a completely authentic sexual interaction.

They kissed for a surprisingly long time. I felt as though I was conducting them with my brain. I longed to see Ollie’s hands travel across her chest and cup her breast, and then it did. I yearned for the sight of her grinding her crotch into him as he gripped the flesh of her ass cheek, and then it happened.

“Hold on,” she said. “I want to show you something.”

She hopped off of the bed and I panicked for a moment, thinking she might head out into the hallway and catch me or, worse, close the door. But she just wanted to undress. Neither Ollie nor I were treated to any seductive striptease; she was just whipping off her clothes to become naked as expediently as possible. Ollie watched with an appreciative interest, but it’s not like his eyes were bugging out of their sockets or anything; he probably was more used to seeing her nude than I was at this point.

Standing before him fully naked, she pushed her hips, and more importantly her vagina towards him. The way it dimpled her buttcheeks was the cutest fucking thing I’d ever seen. She reached between her legs to touch herself, and then withdrew a finger slowly. “See?”

“Huh?” Ollie asked.

“Ugh, hold on.” She hopped to the side, into a beam of sunlight shining in through Ollie’s window. “Do you fucking *see* this, Ollie?”

There was a thick strand of syrup glistening in the suns rays, connecting her pussy to her finger. Which she raised aloft towards him, proudly.

“Jesus *christ*.. ” he pronounced.

“No, *seriously* , dude.” She swung her hand from side to side and her cum was sufficiently viscous that it remained intact. “Like??” She dipped back in and brought her fingers from her lips to one thigh and then the other, the strand staying connected at each point of contact, describing two sides of a triangle as she began giggling at the absurdity of her body’s arousal. At the fucking polygon of her cum she had just constructed. The two segments remained stubbornly attached, vibrating with her movement.

“What is *wrong* with you, Morgan?!” But he was beaming at her with pride at what he’d provoked in her body.

She pouted. “You shame me for my whorish ways, sir??”

He answered by frantically scrambling to get his pants off. “I need to feel it *immediately* ..”

She gasped, scandalized. “Aren’t you going to give me a little foreplay? Get me in the mood?”

“You’re hilarious,” he deadpanned.

“Okay, but I do have one more request.”

“Eww. Come on, Morgan…”

“Okay like, you don’t have to actually go down on me but can I feed it to you from my pussy?”

“…”

“Look, it’s not so bad…” She scooped what might have been a tablespoon or two of her fluids, jostling free another few weighty gushes which cascaded to the floor between her legs. Her eyes fluttered and rolled back as she daintily lapped at it from her palm.

“Mm!” was her verdict at the flavor.

“That’s… insanely fucking hot,” he admitted. “Come here.”

She waddled over, finally shaking her cum triangle free, placing her hands upon her outer labia to spread them. I loved, and hated, that she was making no attempt to move in any sort of seductive manner for the guy, so secure was she in their sexual dynamic. Ollie reached in to retrieve his prize for himself, cursing in disbelief. He glared at her triumphantly as he gulped it down.

Morgan's mirthful countenance had deserted her. She was looking at him with an animalistic concentration, a singe of color suddenly lighting up her cheeks.

"Holy *shit* , that's hot, Ollie."

"Yeah?"

"Like, my heart is racing all of a sudden…"

"It wasn't bad. I mean I've obviously tasted you tons of times…"

"One more, okay?"

She didn't wait for him to respond but this time she fed it to him herself, lifting her hand from his mouth after she'd brought it forward so that she could watch her fuckhoney drip down. Glaring bug-eyed at the image.

"I think I'm gonna have a fucking heart attack this is so hot…" she murmured. She almost sounded horrified she was so stunned by her arousal at their undertaking.

"Cum kisses while we fuck?" he suggested.

Her eyebrows tilted pleadingly and she nodded gravely, desperate for it.

God yes PLEASE fucking do it.

Ollie had always turned Morgan on tremendously, but it was clear that they'd just begun to discover their potential as lovers. I was thrilled to be able to observe them digging into their mutual arousal, but even more grateful for the mere fact that it was happening at all. With or without me there to see it.

How could I want to deprive her of this? How could I not yearn for this, for her? She was already naked, and had him naked as well a few moments later. She took time to appreciate his body, looking up at him and maintaining eye contact while she kissed his stomach and then his chest, making her way up to his mouth.

Making sure he understood the import of her gestures. That his body, unconventional in its attractiveness though it may have been, was *wildly* erotic to her. She wanted Ollie to see how much every inch of him excited her.

He was desperate to penetrate her; had been, from the moment they'd walked through the door, but it was important to her that they savor every step along the way: his dick in her mouth; the smell of his balls; her comically wet pussy; her mouth on one of his nipples, and then the other.

Her opening automatically capturing the head of his impressive endowment without either of them having to reach down and position it accordingly. But she hadn't immediately sunk down onto him.

"Morgan, if you try to fucking tease me…"

"Then what, you'll get impatient and fuck my brains out?"

"…"

"God, I want that…"

So tease him she did. She didn't even move her hips; just left him there, poised at her entrance, just a hint of his glans pushing at her while they made out and noted to one another how hot it was that they could both taste her pussy so vividly while they kissed. While he cursed her for withholding and not letting him inside her.

She agreed that it was a cruel and sweet torture, and asked him if she was an evil bitch for her misdeeds. He was happy to let her know this was the case. Hearing it set her hips in motion, allowing him to dip into her ever so slightly.

Then she wanted to know if it also meant she was a naughty and disobedient fucktoy, and he understood that she was in the mood for a proper name-calling session and obliged her. And since there was no sleeping Tyler nearby to wake up, they spoke at full volume, and I heard every filthy word he uttered and every little gasp of appreciation she made in response.

Her pussy was red and open and threatening to swallow him up and it was only by mutual self-denial that she didn't sink down onto him, that he didn't propel her down by taking hold and manhandling her. It was like what I'd gotten to see and hear in her and Emily's room, only now the sunlight was shining in through the window, and this time it was going to actually lead to them having sex for me. Except it wasn't for me at all; I was just lucky enough to be there.

"Are you ready to put it in?" she asked, and he nodded earnestly rather than making any quip about how obvious it was. I realized how advanced their communication had become; her teasing, and his protests against it, were what they both wanted, and they both knew it was what the other wanted without having to speak it aloud.

"Wait, though-" he said, reaching down to scoop up more of her wetness so they could both taste her together.

I reached for my zipper.

"All at once or a little at a time?" he wanted to know.

She answered by slamming her hips down, engulfing him completely in a single motion. They both cried out their disbelief and she held herself there for several long moments.

"Unreal," he remarked.

"It literally is so fucking crazy every time."

"Like, your body seriously cannot exist. There's just no way."

"Your *dick* can't exist. It's just unbelievable to me."

"It's not even that big…"

"You're fucking *huge* , Ollie! But it's not just that."

"Yeah?"

"I love that it's *your* dick…"

"I'm going to start fucking you, okay?"

“ *You can do anything you want to me* .”

He took ahold of her by her ass and began moving her up and down while he thrust into her from below. They weren’t making a tremendous amount of noise or anything, just breathing heavily from their exertion. It was like all their attention was occupied by the physical sensations at hand, and they couldn’t even spare any brainpower to subvocalize about it.

They were staring at each other. Into one another’s eyes. Then, Morgan realized she wanted to be kissing him and her eyes fluttered shut as she leaned in to make it happen. I saw their tongues flicker out and expertly tease each other’s. I remembered that Morgan had been his first kiss; she’d taught him his tongue technique, and been delighted by what an astonishingly quick study he’d proved.

I couldn’t get unzipped fast enough, but there was no way I was going to fuck this up and get caught.

They were so fucking hot together. I couldn’t imagine them *not* doing this. I wished I could watch them together all the time.

“It’s fucked up,” Ollie said eventually. “Like, I want to do you from behind so bad, it’s like the most exciting thing I can think of.”

“I agree. Let’s do that.”

“But also what we’re doing *now* is the most exciting thing I can think of.”

“Yeah…”

“It’s like, we’re trapped.”

“We’re trapped,” she agreed.

“Okay,” he bargained. “Before we do doggie, I’ll play with your ass in this position first.”

“ *Yesssss…* ”

“And then we’ll switch and I’ll keep fingering your ass while I fuck you from behind.”

“Oh god, I love it baby…”

Morgan’s bubble butt prevented me from seeing the actual point of penetration where his finger slid into her anus, but her abrupt gasp and subsequent panting told me it was happening. I was enjoying the sublime privilege of seeing Morgan get her asshole fondled and fingered *in person* . I had my dick in my hand, finally, and I’d have to exercise some serious discipline to keep from cumming sooner than I’d like.

“Tell me what we’re doing, Morgan,” he prompted.

“You’re fingerfucking my ass while we fuck?”

“Does that turn you on?”

“.. so fucking much…”

“Yeah, you’re my little buttslut, aren’t you?”

“I *love* being your buttslut, babe…”

“Why do you like it so much?”

She paused, seeming to weight the question in earnest. “It’s just… it’s such a naughty thing to do.”

“Yeah, it’s so fucking nasty.”

“And like when your tongue is in my mouth and your dick is stretching me and also you have your finger deep in my ass… it’s just a lot of *you* , ya know?”

He pulled her in to kiss her. He murmured how it was the same for him, how he loved feeling her everywhere and how intense and fulfilling it was for him.

“I’m gonna cum, okay?”

It was the first of several climaxes Morgan had over the next few minutes, and it ripped me apart to hear them communicate and coordinate on how to best take advantage of her multiorgasmic nature.

He wanted to feel her cumming while he was buried inside her to the hilt, and so that’s what she did.

He wanted to feel her orgasm with just the head of his dick inside her, and she protested that it would feel intense almost to the point of discomfort for her vagina. To be desperately climaxing while not being filled by him.

But they talked about it and decided they wanted to do it anyway, so that’s what they did. Howling and raving to one another in disbelief over how insane and intense it felt as it happened, while I tried not to melt into the floor.

I’d severely underestimated just how talented they were at fucking each other. I thought I’d gotten pretty good at making sure Morgan climaxed when we had sex, but they were operating on a completely different level. Where I had to strive for that one single O, they were constantly holding themselves back, bringing her off at will and with the luxury to get creative around how they did it.

And even worse, the one advantage I thought I had over Ollie – that I could communicate with her lovingly, like she was a human being and not just a sex puppet – was being demolished before my eyes. When it came to sex, they were each other’s best friends. He had become close to her in ways I never could, and learned things about her that I would never know.

“Morgan, I’m sorry but I *need* to be inside you back there for real.”

“ *Ugh* . In my ass?”

“Yes.”

“You want to fuck me in the ass, Ollie??”

“ *Yes, Morgan* . Fuck. I want to do anal with you so fucking bad.”

“…”

“Does that turn you on?”

“… It does,” she said, her voice small and burning with aroused shame.

Fuck yes .

“You could give me your anal virginity…”

She ground down onto him, her hips emphatic, savoring his inches. “I want it,” she murmured.

“Yeah?”

“I want it, Ollie.”

Fuck yeah you do.

“Tell me, Morgan!”

“I want to give you my ass.”

Please give him your ass .

“Fuck. *Fuck.* ”

“I want you to fuck my ass, baby!”

“Please tell me. Louder.”

“I want you to fuck my ass, Ollie!!” She was wasn’t screaming, just speaking assertively. At full and unashamed volume. With clarity and finality.

“It turns you on to think about me buttfucking you.”

“It turns me on *so fucking much* to think about you buttfucking me and making me your anal whore.”

“I taught you that this is something you like.”

“Oh *godddddd* you did, you did.”

“You love that I taught you about what a slut you are.”

“I fucking love it so much. Thank you for teaching me, baby.”

“We’ll have to, like, work our way up to my dick.”

“ *Yessss.* I’ll have to train my ass so that I can take your big dick.”

“We’ll have to, like, plan it.”

“ *We’ll have to plan it* .”

“One day soon you’ll wake up knowing that it’s the day when you get assfucked for the first time.”

“Oh. My. God.”

“You can – *fuck!* – you can tease Tyler about how it’s gonna happen.”

What the fuck?!??!! I felt the kneejerk panic over the mention of my name, and the displeasure in Ollie it was sure to provoke – only he’d been the one to bring me up!

“Oh god baby *yesssssss!* ” Morgan cried, delighted by his suggestion.

“Tell him day after day how excited you are that you get to have my dick in your ass soon…”

“Holy shit it will drive him fucking *crazy* Ollie that’s so fucking hot…” The words were pouring out of her, and her whole body was starting to thrash as she fucked him harder, pushing herself towards another climax.

To say this was the hottest thing I’d experienced didn’t really do it justice. It was beyond anything to do with arousal or jealousy or any of that. It was just right. They belonged together. They needed to experience this journey together. And I needed them to. I needed it like I needed oxygen.

“Fuck, you’re gonna cum again baby??”

“I’m so close…”

“Are you going to cum while thinking about getting assfucked Morgan??”

“ *Fuck* , Ollie!”

“Do it, Morgan.”

“Push your finger in deeper while I cum!”

“Oh my fucking god I can feel you clenching down on my finger..”

“Holyshitholyshitholyshit…”

“The inside of your ass feels fucking *insane* Morgan.. I can’t wait to feel your tight fucking asshole around my dick…”

“Ollie-”

“I’m gonna cum, Morgan.”

“I’m cumming, baby.”

“Cum for me, baby.”

“Ollie I’m cummingggggg-”

“I’m gonna cum in you baby-”

—

My trance was interrupted by a staff member who politely got my attention to let me know I needed to pack up and vacate; the library was closing for the day.

I made my way outside along with a few other students. We were a sorry looking bunch, every one of strung out on academic deadlines we might not be making, or which we had already overshot.

Bobby and Andrew were waiting for me at the library’s entrance. This was not customary; I stopped short once I saw them.

“Uh… hey, guys.”

“Hey man,” said Bobby, producing a can of beer from his backpack and handing it to me.

I took it and cracked it open. “Um. What the fuck is this about?”

“It’s an intervention,” he said.

I gaped at him. Turned towards Andrew, who shrugged and nodded his confirmation.

“O….kayyyyy??”

“Come on,” Andrew said. “Let’s talk as we walk.”

It was a high-traffic area of campus and it took a minute for us to be in a state of relative privacy.

“I guess this is about Morgan and Ollie,” I said.

“Yeah,” said Andrew.

I sighed. “It’s *really* none of your fuckin’ business..”

“Nah, fuck that,” said Bobby. “You’re our friend. You’re our *brother* , Tyler.”

“And Morgan is, like, our sister,” added Andrew.

“It shouldn’t be like this. You have *got* to intervene on whatever is going on between them, and get her back.”

“What’s… what’s going on between them is… is…” I stammered before trailing off.

“There’s definitely something *not right* about them as a couple,” Bobby said. “And like, it’s not as if you guys had some insurmountable problem between you that should have led you to break up. Other than just going completely nuts with this, uh, ‘hotwifing’ fetish that really should be reserved for, like, old married people or something.”

“It’s not a fetish, it’s a kink,” I mumbled.

“Huh?”

“Nevermind.”

Andrew spoke up. “I’m with Bobby on this one. The whole thing just feels strange. If you feel like your relationship with Morgan is worth fighting for, then you should *do* that, man. Regardless of what your horny side is telling you.”

“And plus,” Bobby said. “Even if you weren’t part of the equation, it’s just not right for *Morgan* .”

“Also agreed,” Andrew said.

“Like, if you are genuinely not going to do anything about this, *I’ll* fucking talk to her. Because she’s my friend and friends don’t let friends-”

“Like…. on what basis are you going to give Morgan a hard time about her choices?!” I said with more force than I’d intended. “You guys were all fine with her basically being Ollie’s as long as she was constantly wandering around our place naked, and now that he’s hoarding her to himself you suddenly feel the need to intervene??”

“Friends don’t let friends *date assholes* ,” Bobby finished, spiking his now-empty beer into a passing trashcan to punctuate his decree.

“…”

“Tyler,” Andrew said quietly. “Do you know that he’s posting videos of her online?”

I stopped short. How could they possibly know about that? Ollie hadn’t even told me about the FanHub account; I’d only found out about it through Morgan.

“I’m… aware of that,” I said carefully. “And Morgan obviously is, too. I’m surprised that you guys know about it, though?”

“Morgan told me,” Andrew admitted.

“Oh, wow, dude.” This was a fucking gut punch. She was barely including me in her and Ollie’s sex life at all by this point. I heaved an aggrieved sigh and tried to reign myself in. “But like, that aside, they do a pretty good job of keeping everything anonymous. She’s only got like a dozen followers..”

“A dozen?” Bobby snorted. “Not fuckin’ likely, bro.”

I had no way of actually checking; Morgan had left me logged into her account for a few days, but had ended up changing her password and locking me out. When I’d asked her about it, she mentioned that *her boyfriend* wasn’t comfortable with me having access.

I’d rubbed myself raw over the evil smirk she’d had as she told me this.

Furthermore, though I was still subscribed to her page, I hadn’t visited it myself in over a week. There were a couple reasons. First of all, my academic prospects had continued to deteriorate, and it was at the point where I had to legitimately consider how I was going to be spending each and every hour of the day as certain deadlines approached. So gooning to videos of my “ex”-girlfriend getting fucked by the guy who’d stolen her from me was just not logistically feasible whether or not I had the stomach for it.

…Which I wasn’t sure I even did. The longer it had gone on, this latest development of them being an official couple had seemed to finally dance on the threshold of what I could handle where it came to jealousy and humiliation. A live show witnessed from the hallway was, of course, irresistible, but observing them via their posted videos somehow emphasized her distance from me.

“Andrew, show him.”

“Right.” Andrew began interfacing with his phone.

I snorted. “So despite all the protest about how I need to win Morgan back, you’re still subscribed to her page and masturbating to Ollie fucking her. Do I have that right?”

“ *I’m* not subscribed to her,” Bobby pointed out.

“You’re right,” Andrew said. “I’m not proud of it, and you have every right to give me shit for it if that’s what you feel is necessary. But honestly Tyler, I think it’s possible people on campus know about this. Look at these comments…”

He’d already scrolled past whatever post they were in regards to, but there were dozens and dozens of comments. It was completely different than the two or three remarks she’d usually receive on one of her posts. Her account had clearly blown up, or gone viral, or something.

“Look, this one right here,” he said.

The commenter claimed to recognize the “slut” and boasted that they went to the same school as her.

“… Or this one.”

There were a number of comments in the same vein. Nobody actually proved their claim by naming our school, let alogi Morgan, so it might have been idle boasting. But still.

"... Well, shit," I said.

"Are you *sure* she knows about this?" Andrew asked earnestly. "Will you please at least discuss it with her?"

"Even if she does, it's that fucker's influence on her," spat Bobby. "Like, she could be really jeopardizing her future if this account gets connected to her. Her reputation, her career..."

"I'm not sure I agree with that!" I protested. "Andrew, you told me yourself that what she and I have going on isn't even, like, the sluttiest thing students *in our school* get up to."

He'd brought it up the first night Ollie and Morgan had revealed the true nature of their relationship and she'd openly fucked him with our roommate's full nowledge. Later, I'd pressed him for elaboration on this point.

Our school was, of course, known for its extremely liberal sexual atmosphere. Naked students in each other's art projects. Sex- and nudity-themed parties where people got up to some extremely risque behavior. There was a particular young lady, a classic hippie type, who was colloquially known as "Naked Julie" because of her completely unashamed habit of sunbathing topless in the quad while her clothed classmates milled around.

But Andrew had shared even racier information with me. A friend of his, Allison, lived in a house off campus with three other guys; they all considered themselves pansexual and, apparently, all regularly had sex with one another in every imaginable configuration of pairings, threesomes and foursomes. I knew of Allison; she seemed like a perfectly normal person and I couldn't imagine her being capable of such debauchery. Andrew had merely shrugged; it was up to me whether or not to believe him, and his nonchalant attitude convinced me of the truth of it.

I had no sexual interest in my male roommates, but the thought of Morgan being similarly available and open with her body made my stomach flip flop.

"What do you mean, *what you and her have going on?* " Bobby demanded. "How is there even a 'you and her' at this point? She's famously with Ollie, now..."

I didn't have a response. It was extremely tempting to come clean; to explain to them that it was all simply an elaborate and wildly unorthodox experiment the three of us were conducting, and that Morgan and I could call it off at the time of our choosing. Especially since they were coming forward with such earnest concern.

But regardless of any hesitation I might have had to reveal this secret that Morgan and I had gone to such lengths to maintain in service of our perverse urges, and which I knew Ollie had been clinging to so dearly, I couldn't imagine what combination of words I could string together that would fail to make us look utterly ridiculous.

Because, honestly, what the fuck had we been thinking?

"So what exactly do you guys propose I do?" I asked my roommates. "Challenge Ollie to a duel? Throw Morgan across the back of my horse and gallop with her into the sunset?"

"We actually do have a plan," Bobby said.

I snorted.

"Hear us out!" he insisted.

"…"

"I think you guys went down this whole path because you and Morgan are extremely sexual and kinky people, and you wanted to explore that," Andrew said, choosing his words carefully.

"Sure," I said.

"And, like, I just want to acknowledge that that sort of thing is good, and healthy, and positive."

" *To an extent,* " put in Bobby.

"… Right. And even though it kinda shocking to find out you were doing this poly thing with Ollie, it was obvious that all three of you were totally into it."

"I, too, admit and accept this," Bobby added. Which did surprise me, but was gratifying to hear.

"But dude, it's so obvious that you're not happy, Tyler. You just radiate tension and stress these days."

"Seriously, you do, dude."

"We hate seeing you like this, man."

"And like, even though Morgan prancing around the suite naked all the time and making constant sexual innuendos was way outside my comfort zone," Bobby said, "there's no denying that she was having the time of her life."

"I thought it was pretty awesome…" Andrew confessed.

"Now? Not so much."

"This isn't, like, about me wanting to see Morgan naked," Andrew said. "I just feel like the whole friend group is falling apart at this point."

I sighed. All of this was true, I had to admit. As titillating as it had been to contemplate in theory, the practical reality was that we just didn't see much of Morgan anymore.

I missed having her as my girlfriend, desperately. But I hadn't considered how devastated I felt to be deprived of her friendship entirely until they'd put it in this context.

I had, of course, completely underestimated how the reality of this latest adventure would manifest when I agreed to it, drunk on pussy and jealous arousal.

Like all our other undertakings, I'd assumed that it wouldn't actually be "real". That I'd still have the constant safety net of Morgan's affection to fall back into if things got too intense. After all, I couldn't conceive of Morgan as anything other than my girlfriend. So she'd be more public about her relationship with Ollie – so what? I'd still get to steal kisses and occasionally even make love with her and so on.

I'd been wrong. Morgan was *all in* on the arrangement.

I had, in fact, gotten to kiss her only once. *Once.* I'd been elated when it had happened, at least at first.

It was a walk home from different classes that ended at similar times; a rare opportunity when we had a few unaccounted for minutes together. Neither the stretch of time nor circumstantial convenience necessary to give Ollie cause for suspicion.

As we walked and chatted, I brought up that I really missed kissing her, and she'd unhesitantly responded that the feeling was mutual. Just hearing that offered relief beyond measure.

Of course, a million other adjacent thoughts immediately got triggered. How long it had been since I'd last kissed her (whereas she and Ollie were making out constantly). What people seeing us kissing might think, and the further confusion around our relationship status such an event might provoke around campus.

I also wondered what sort of mental balance Morgan was undertaking. Was she hesitating to kiss me because of Ollie and her concern for the sort of jealous reaction it would engender were he to find out? Was there a part of her that *wanted* to remain faithful to him, and felt guilty kissing me despite her desire to do so? I'd noticed her glancing about nervously, checking for witnesses.

But the kiss had been very hot; almost like one of the first kisses we'd shared before we were an official couple. Furtive. Learning each other's rhythm anew, wondering if hers had altered slightly after being exclusively Ollie's, which didn't fail to enhance the eroticism for me.

And that had been my only opportunity to have *any* sort of physical intimacy with Morgan. I had, obviously, proposed that we sneak a few more kisses. I told her how not being able to see her breasts had been torture, and couldn't she at least give me a brief flash if a more involved suck and fondle was off the table? I'd even gone for a squeeze of her ass cheeks during a hug, not bothering to ask permission first.

She turned me down on all fronts. Teased me about how her boyfriend would be upset if she was kissing and flashing other boys. Took my hand from her ass and gently but firmly repositioned it at her lower back.

She still had a gleam in her eye as we conducted ourselves along these lines; that mischievous twinkle that let me know we still had a secret game we were playing and that it was all in service of that excitement. That my heart wasn't actually being broken or anything; we were just doing an extended roleplay that appeared real to everybody we knew.

But she wasn't discussing it with me; I wasn't getting to dirty-talk with her about how fucked up (but hot) it was that she was actually dating another guy just because we were sick freaks who were turned on by such a notion. (Not *just* for that reason, of course; she genuinely had feelings for Ollie and that was part of what made the whole thing so potently irresistible).

Even moreso than getting to kiss her and feel her up, I wanted desperately to be allowed to bring myself to orgasm in her presence, or even over the phone, while she tortured me with descriptions of her and Ollie's burgeoning romance. But it wasn't appropriate, she said; what would her boyfriend think of such a thing?

Even the talk I'd overheard while spying on them – about how she could tease me with her goal of giving up her anal virginity to Ollie – was something she'd never brought up to me. It was, apparently, just part of their private fantasy world. And it's not like I could have mentioned it myself, even though a part of me wanted to come clean to her about having observed them; the last thing I wanted was to put Morgan on alert and reduce the chance I'd get to play voyeur again in the future.

"Thanks for being open about all this stuff, I guess," I told Bobby and Andrew. "But like, I'm not hearing any sort of plan, though?"

"We're getting there," Bobby said. "There's a party tonight, and we're all going to go together."

"... I mean, I can't, though? You guys know I'm down to the wire with my classes."

"You'll make it work," Bobby said in a tone that let me know it was pointless to argue.

"This party," Andrew said, "Is, like, a pajama-themed party. It's an opportunity for everybody to show more skin than usual and, like, celebrate the end of winter. That sort of shit."

"This is how I know we're right," Bobby said. "Bro, you would not *believe* the way Morgan's eyes lit up when we suggested the possibility of her hanging out and getting any amount of naked around somebody *other than fuckin' Ollie* ."

"Ollie wasn't into it," Andrew chuckled.

"Ollie was *so* not into it, and we know how much Morgan likes to play up how submissive she is towards him."

"But she was not to be denied," Andrew continued. "She put her foot down hard on this one."

"She'll be *devastated* if you don't go," Bobby insisted. "It was so obvious how excited she was to hang out with us, but especially with you. And bro, I bet you'll be real excited to see what all she plans on wearing to this thing..."

I was speechless. They were right, there was no universe in which I could skip out on an event like this.

"This is why we were obligated to intervene," Andrew explained. "One: I think you need to check in with her about this FanHub thing and make sure it's all on the up and up. And two: I just think it's obvious she still loves you, man. You guys had this great relationship that got reconfigured into the situation you're in now, and you can reconfigure yourselves into a different one."

They fell silent, letting their closing pitch hang in the air, but I'd already been thoroughly convinced.

—

The party was in full swing and I was drinking faster than advisable. It had started pragmatically; a jot of liquid courage to loosen me up and give me full access to my reserves of charm. I was determined to outcompete Ollie tonight in terms of charisma and cheer, and clamming out of nervousness or angst was simply not an option.

I was also absolutely ecstatic with the possibility that, depending on how the evening went, things would be put right again between Morgan and I. We had discussed a minimum timeframe before we would start having discussions around pulling the plug on this arrangements, and still had a few weeks left before the earliest possible instance when she and Ollie might be due to "break up" ... but fuck that. She would finally be mine again *tonight* if things went my way.

And so far, things were going well. She'd been engaged in animated conversation with me and the others, and it really felt like catching up with an old friend. She was laughing with me.

She was *flirting* with me, the fact of which had me throbbing in my pants, especially considering her attire.

Our classmates had indeed been keen for an opportunity to shed the layers of winter, and there was sexiness aplenty for everybody to feast our eyes upon and enjoy. Even the ever-modest Emily, though showing even less skin than usual in her long-sleeved silk pajamas, was treating us to the unprecedented sight of her apparently striking nipples, poking at the thin fabric. She and Kevin,

her absolute hunk of a boyfriend, adhered slightly less to the wallpaper than was typical for them and joined in the cheer as much as could be expected.

Other women were pushing the envelope much more severely, going so far as to don unbelievably sexy lingerie I suspected they'd purchased just for this event. There was lace and see-thru mesh; areolas and landing strips of pubic hair on offer for visual consumption. Dicks and nutsacks hanging heavy in boxer briefs and less were also available to be observed by those whose preferences were so inclined. All this was another reason I'd opted to get a bit drunk; so that I could actually talk to any of these people without immediately becoming tongue-tied.

Morgan had opted for something more subtle, but it knocked me dead. She was genuinely wearing what she often did while asleep: a little wisp of a thin, white tank top that left nothing of her chest to the imagination, and which came to about halfway down her backside.

And just a thong. That was it. From behind, she looked to be completely bottomless; she'd have to bend forward for her cheeks to spread apart and reveal the tiny strip of fabric between them.

My Morgan, clad in such a matter in public… I reached down and adjusted my crotch before considering that I should probably take more care to be discreet about doing so in front of everyone.

"It's so fucking good to be hanging out with you," I told her, having to shout a bit over the music.

"I know! You keep saying so!" she beamed back at me.

"Fuck!" I cursed, lightheartedly. I was making a bit of an idiot of myself, I knew, but I didn't really care.

She grinned at me, and I could almost convince myself there was the same magnetism between us there had been before we'd gotten together. The sense of mutual attraction that had made me feel empowered to pursue her and ask her to be my girlfriend in the first place.

There was only one way to find out. I steeled myself.

"Morgan, there's something I wanna talk to you about…"

"Oh??" Her eyebrows climbed her forehead. "Is it something bad, that my boyfriend shouldn't know about?"

"Mmm, yes and no-"

"What is UP?!?!?!" Ollie bellowed, suddenly appearing before us and thrusting another beer upon me. He was going even harder than I was, and his sullen attitude at Morgan's attire had finally been nullified, it seemed, by the drink.

I clapped a hand on his back. It must have appeared unfathomably strange to anybody familiar with our situation: two roommates who had consecutively dated the same girl, and all three of whom seemed to be part of the same close-knit friend group.

But the honest truth was I bore absolutely no ill will towards the guy. I was terrified that Morgan had fallen for him and would potentially reject my suggestion that we end the experiment and get back together, but I couldn't find it in me to hold it against him.

"Can you believe this party?" I asked him, gesturing at the sea of semi-naked people arrayed before us.

His eyes bulged and he leaned in close. “ *Sluts!* ” he pronounced, a bit too loud in my ear, causing a bit of physical discomfort. He shrugged. “Don’t worry though dude, I won't let Morgan do anything too crazy.”

I grinned broadly at him, letting him know I found the remark funny. Which I did, a little, as well as a bit disrespectful. But Ollie was Ollie.

“Speaking of which…” he said, looking about for Morgan, who had disappeared from my side. I glanced around as well, my eyes at ass-level; the strategy proved sound as I almost immediately recognized her sublime and naked backside halfway across the room, wagging from back and forth unselfconsciously as she leaned in towards Emily to share something with her. Emily had the nearly deadpan facial expression – with the single raised eyebrow – that meant she was finding something hilarious, while Kevin glanced about stoicly.

I indicated her whereabouts to Ollie, who didn’t just roll his eyes but his entire head, describing a large circle that made my neck’s vertebrae tingle in sympathetic agony.

I got the sense Ollie didn’t care much for Emily; sour grapes, perhaps, since to my knowledge the fabled threesome he wanted had never seemed to materialize.

“Did you guys, ever…. You know?” I found myself asking him. I *really* needed to slow down on the drinking.

“Huh?”

“You and Morgan,” I said. “And… *you know.* Her roommate.”

He rolled his eyes before throwing an arm around me as if we were best friends. “Let me tell you something about women, my guy…”

I couldn’t tell you with a gun to my head what it was he blathered about. It was clear he’d never persuaded Morgan to lure Emily into their bed, and also that he was enormously pleased I needed his help in establishing that fact, but beyond that I lost focus and began casting my eyes about for Morgan. I needed to focus on my mission and not get distracted by Ollie trying to explain women to me.

Things got a bit fuzzy for a spell. I switched from beer to water. By the time I got my bearings and found her again, something about the vibe had shifted; she wasn’t in a bad mood, exactly, but she wasn’t all bubbly and effusive like before. I got the sense that I had missed the golden window of opportunity to win her back, or whatever it was I was supposed to be doing. And indeed, she put it about that she’d had her fill of the party and wanted to return to the suite.

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“It’s fucking *cold!!!* ” she complained as she, Andrew, Ollie and I made our way back. The temperature had indeed dropped and being half-naked was doing her no favors.

“Maybe you should have actually worn something,” Ollie quipped, though not sounding as miserable over it as I would have expected.

“Well, why don’t you *warm me up* , boyfriend?” She hip-checked him, thrusting her waist (and therefore, her bare butt cheek) into him as we briskly made our way.

This pleased Ollie, and he tried following her with both hands gripping her bare ass, but it was awkward and slow going.

“You should have somebody team up with you, Ollie,” I suggested, the words spilling out before I’d have much time to consider them. “Take one side of her butt and let somebody else cover the other.”

He scowled at me, but then broke into a grin. “Great idea, Tyler. *Andrew* , wanna help keep my girlfriend warm?”

I suppose I’d opened myself up to that one, but it wasn’t nearly the twist of the knife Ollie imagined because now I got to trail behind the three of them and watch my (ex?) girlfriend get felt up by two guys. Andrew was quite game, slurring out something about “m’lady” and earning guffaws from all present. We were all pretty smashed.

Of course, he’d touched Morgan’s butt here and there during her naked girl era, but never with this sort of prolonged contact, as far as I knew. Well, he was making up for it now; he had a firm grip on her left cheek and her ass flesh spilled out between his fingers, giving away his enthusiasm.

But I was exactly where I wanted to be. Sure, I desperately wanted to feel up the most beautiful girl I’d ever met. And I felt confident that I would, soon.

In the meantime, as far as I was concerned the night was, so far, a success. I’d gotten to reconnect a bit with Morgan and had reason to believe our romance might be alive and well. And even better, I was getting to experience my favorite thing in the world: seeing her get touched up by Ollie, and as an extra bonus, Andrew!

Shortly after we’d come out to our suitemates as kinksters, Andrew had suggested I do some actual studying up on ethical nonmonogamy and avail myself of the wisdom that more experienced folk had accumulated on the topic.

Compersion was a term that was now familiar to me: the experience of deriving satisfaction from your loved one’s happiness. It didn’t refer specifically to sexual arousal but I suppose it covered that as well.

I knew Morgan had a thing for being a little slutty, and gosh did it make my heart sing to see her getting to fulfill this urge. But let’s be real; this wasn’t some selfless act on my part. I enjoyed it just as much as she did, if not more. I’d egged her on every step of the way, even getting quite pushy with her at times.

Even more electrifying was watching her and Ollie’s relationship take flight. I never would have expected tonight would end up with me getting to see something as comparatively minor as his hand on her ass, and my pajama bottoms were doing a poor job of hiding my reaction to it. I reached into my pocket to grab ahold of my erections length and pull myself to the side so I wasn’t wagging a stiff dick about campus – not that anybody would have spared it a second glance, given the spectacle of the half-nude girl getting double up on right in front of me.

Now that I had a hold of my penis, I started moving my fingers in a little circle against the frenulum, eyes glued to Morgan’s fondled ass, chuckling to myself at the idiocy of basically jacking off in public. *You must really be drunk, you fucking idiot.*

Why the fuck had I ever agreed to this stupid experiment of her being Ollie’s girlfriend? My wildest dreams had already been fulfilled. For whatever reason, the gods had sculpted me to be someone who found sharing their girlfriend irresistibly erotic, and then given me the dream girl to fulfill the fantasy, gift wrapped and served on a silver platter. And then I’d decided to fuck the whole thing up.

But I knew why I'd done it. It went back to that one glorious time I'd gotten to observe their entire lovemaking process from start to finish, and how perfect and *right* their coupling had been. I'd gone back to the memory time and again, in an attempt to convince myself that I wasn't the dumbest motherfucker who'd ever lived.

"Earth to Tyler?"

I blinked as Morgan's voice pulled me back to reality. I had started to slip into fantasy world, ready to dive into my mental fap reel of the molten hot sex between them I'd observed.

"I'm, like, getting felt up right now and you're, like, totally zoned out."

Why didn't my heart immediately leap in joy at her investment in my attention to her getting fondled? I realized that she sounded genuinely irritated, rather than flirtatious. Which was certainly not like her. Had I missed something?

The accursed booze had my mind scattered. Half of my thought process was still in the gutter. Thinking about Morgan and Ollie fucking. How she literally had a FanHub account I could have been obsessing over, and how I'd been too busy – and too cowardly – to be checking in on her latest posts. Which, in my current state of mind, seemed idiotic. What unimaginably hot content had I been missing?

"Too bad," Ollie said. "We're basically back at the suite. That's enough ass touching, Andrew.."

Andrew complied. I felt as though it should have prompted some sort of remark from Morgan – an exaggerated cry of disappointment at being deprived of Andrew's hand on her ass, for example – but she was silent. I was really starting to get the impression something was amiss.

The thought also occurred to me that there was something else regarding her FanHub that was a point of concern, but my drink-addled brain couldn't quite place it in the moment.

Once we were inside, Ollie wanted to play videogames and he exhorted us to join him. A moment later he and Andrew were engaged in some cartoony platforming game. Morgan had slipped into Ollie's room to get her pants back on; the fact that she hadn't tried to remain exposed for us as long as possible made me even more certain that some sort of unfavorable mood had befallen her.

She continued acting a bit distant as we all sat in the living room, zombie-like, watching Ollie and Andrew play.

Finally, Ollie paused the game and turned towards her. "What's going on?" he asked. "You're being weird."

I cursed the fact that he'd gotten there before I had.

She shrugged. An awkward silence followed.

"Hey," I spoke up. "You can talk to us, you know?"

She sighed, blinking and shaking her head.

"Morgan-" Ollie prompted.

Finally, she spoke. "Um.... something happened? At the party."

"What do you mean?" Ollie said agitatedly. "What happened?? Something bad?"

She glanced from face to expectant face around the room. I was debating whether or not to speak up again and suggest that she and I could talk about whatever was on her mind privately, when she preempted me.

“Um, maybe we can talk about this, like, alone?” she said to Ollie. The knot was forming in my throat when she turned to me as well. “And you too, Tyler.”

Ollie seemed extra methodical as he delicately placed his game controller down beside him. “Okay,” he said quietly, glaring at me. “Let’s go to my room and chat.”

Morgan immediately made a beeline for his quarters, with Ollie rising to follow. I pattered after them, avoiding making any eye contact with Andrew.

“Baby, is everything-” I began as I entered.

“I literally just showed my tits to a stranger at the party,” Morgan deadpanned, “and let him feel me up.”

My dick twiched.

The dirty look Ollie had been shooting my way crumbled and turned to one of astonished disbelief. “What the *fuck?!* ”

“Ollie, calm down,” I said, keeping my voice even. Which I knew would annoy him even more, but I didn’t give a shit. “Morgan, *are you okay?* ”

She took a few deep breaths as she steadied herself. “Yeah. Yes, I think I’m okay. I’m just …. pretty freaked out right now.”

“What, uh, *exactly* happened??” Ollie demanded.

“Like, I had dipped out to use the bathroom,” she said. “And on my way back, in the hallway, this guy was just sort of standing in my way, ya know?”

“Okay??” Ollie was not maintaining any chill.

“He was obviously nervous and wanted to say something to me, so I asked him what was going on? And he just sort of stammered and, like, asked if I could flash him.”

“Woah…” I said.

“So you told him ‘no’, of course,” Ollie prompted.

“Nope!” she squeaked.

“What the *fuck* , Morgan?! Why not?!”

“I don’t know!”

Ollie bit down any further response and fumed in silence.

“Like, everything suddenly felt all surreal,” she went on. “It was like I wasn’t even aware of what I was doing, but I guess I sort of shrugged and said, like, ‘sure?’”

“…”

“It just came out, like, automatically. And then, next thing I know he has his hand on my lower back and is guiding me further down the hall where there are less people.”

“Oh my god,” said Ollie.

“The whole thing was happening like it was a dream, or something. He goes, ‘Okay, we can do it right here.’ And I’m just suddenly pulling up my shirt, where anybody might have walked by, so that he can see my tits.”

“Jesus *christ* .”

“And so when I got my shirt up, there’s, like, this long silence where he just is staring at me. And then it gets even worse. He actually kinda smirked and said ‘So you’re actually going to just leave them out for me until I say.’”

“Ah, jeeze,” I put in.

“Like, he was totally right. I was fully prepared to just sit there with my boobs on display, semi in public until this boy had gotten his fill? I guess?”

“But *why* , Morgan?” Ollie growled.

She ignored him. “So then he, like, went behind me.”

“Ah, shit.”

“So he puts his hands on, like, my ribcage? And says ‘so I guess you’re cool with me copping a feel, then.’”

“Of course,” Ollie lamented, dripping with misery.

“And, like, now that I’m talking to you both, I can totally see how easy it would have been for me to say ‘uh of course not’ and just walk away.”

“But you didn’t…” I prompted.

Morgan shook her head. “It didn’t even *occur* to me. Like, a part of me knew this was weird, but another part was all… ‘flashing a stranger and getting felt up him is weird, that’s just part of it all? right?’”

“Part of *what all?!* ” Ollie demanded.

She glared at him momentarily.

“Well anyway, Mr. Anonymous Pervert put his hands on my chest and got a really nice feel of my breasts.”

My mind was at war with itself. Morgan was at minimum nonplussed, and perhaps a bit traumatized by what she’d gone through, and I needed to be sensitive to that.

On the other hand, I was fully hard at this point and eager to hear more.

“And then, like, the spell just broke, and I said something like, ‘I think that’s enough’? And pulled my shirt down and came back to the party,” she went on.

“Spell,” repeated Ollie brainlessly. “The spell broke.”

“Yeah, like, don’t get me wrong.. it was kinda hot for this guy whose name I don’t even know put his hands on me like that,” she elaborated. “But it was, like, *so* fucking weird??”

“You thought…” Ollie managed. “You thought it was…”

I could relate to Ollie, for once. To the fact that his brains were leaking out of his ears, and to his jealousy. After all, this anonymous student had seen Morgan's naked tits a helluva lot more recently than I had.

"I mean I was just, like, completely obedient to this guy. It was like I was on autopilot or something."

"This is *fucked* , Morgan… Like, *why* would you-"

She leaned forward and jabbed him in the arm, quite hard by my reckoning. He winced and clapped a hand to the point of impact.

"Ow! What the f-"

"Because I'm a fucking *slut* , Ollie!"

Stunned silence in response.

"I mean… I am, aren't I? You tell me so, like, dozens of times every day."

"That's-"

"I was the suite's Naked Girl for, like, *months* , and now …"

"But why would *he* just think he could come up to you and *say* that shit?!" Ollie groused.

She shrugged.

It hit me like a truck. I knew why. *I fucking knew why.*

I needed to tell them. This had been part of my job, tonight. To bring up the FanHub and the possible danger it posed to Morgan's reputation.

"Guys," I said, trying to sound assertive and be the adult in the room, "I think I know why. Like, don't you?"

"What the fuck are you talking about, dude?" Ollie said, dripping with venom.

"Like, are you guys even aware of the videos of Morgan you're posting on the internet? And what she says in them?"

I knew exactly the video that might have prompted such inappropriate behavior from our fellow student. It was titled something like: "College slut wants to be freeuse cumdump."

A close up of Morgan's tits bouncing as she was pounded on her back. Her mouth and nose dipping into the frame; the threat of a full face reveal constantly teased by Ollie's shaky, handheld camerawork. Ollie berating Morgan about what an unbelievable whore she is. Demanding to know if she had *any* limits, while she insisted she did not.

"I bet *anybody* could walk up to you and demand to see your tits, and you'd just show them." His voice sodden with performative disgust.

She'd agreed vehemently. "Oh god, I want that so badly."

"You'd probably also let them feel you up. Or put their dicks in your mouth."

"Probably."

“And why is that, slut?”

“Like you said, I’m a fucking free-use whore with no limits…”

“And is this what you want?”

“Oh god yes, it is, it is. I hope everybody finds out that I’m a fucking easy slut and takes advantage of me…”

… Followed by Morgan climaxing hard at the exchange.

By the looks on their faces, Ollie and Morgan must have been replaying the same footage in their heads; or who knows, maybe there were a dozen other such videos by now. Maybe neither of them was keeping close track of what got posted for public consumption and what didn’t.

“But,” Morgan breathed. “But, why would this kid know about that.” Her inflection didn’t mark the phrase as a question, even. As if she didn’t she couldn’t quite put the conviction in her own words.

“I don’t know if you guys have noticed,” I said. “But Morgan’s page has gotten extremely popular, all of a sudden.”

Another stunned silence. Morgan produced her phone and tapped about. Her eyes bulged at what she saw.

“Ollie?” Morgan asked quietly, accusatorily. “Why would people know about my FanHub?”

Ollie shrugged, staring at the floor. It did not help that the three of us were saturated with booze.

“Um. I have, like, over a thousand followers…”

“… Holy shit,” he breathed.

“Bro,” I said. “I know there’s all sorts of shit between the three of us. But if you’ve been blabbing around campus about Morgan’s-”

“I *absolutely* have done no such thing,” he said forcefully. With a vehemence that made me believe him.

“Then, how…?” she asked.

“Why would *I* know?! It’s on the fucking internet, and Morgan is hot as fuck. Maybe it just naturally went viral or whatever.”

“I guess…”

I shared Morgan’s skepticism. Then again, maybe we were being paranoid. I was trying to wrap my head around the possibilities.

Ollie, meanwhile, was far more concerned with the perceived transgression of Morgan getting her tits out for someone.

“Why do you even *give a shit?* ” he thundered, rising to his feet. “You said just a second ago: it’s hot that this guy knew he could get you to flash and feel you up.”

She seemed to come somewhat alive in response to his belligerence. Her eyes flashed with an energy I couldn’t chart.

“But Ollie, I was just-”

“And every time we’re, like, dirty talking and I mention you getting passed around, you cum your fucking brains out.”

“But *Ollie* , that’s just-”

“Just dirty talk? But it’s obviously not, because all this fuckface had to do was *ask* and you immediately got your tits out for him!”

“…”

“What if he’d demanded that you suck him off? What if there’d been a group of them, all demanding blowjobs? Would you have done that?”

She shrugged. She was hesitating, but why?

“Probably not,” she said.

Ah. *‘Probably.’* So she was tempted to push his buttons, and attempting to restrain herself.

“Well, there’s that at least!”

“…Considering we were in public,” she clarified. It seemed the devil on her own shoulder was winning out.

“ *Oh my god, Morgan!* If you were in private, then? And anyway the thought obviously fucking turns you on,” he accused.

She shrugged again, and nodded. Daring him to react.

“Jesus *christ* . I finally have a girlfriend, and she can’t keep her fucking legs closed.”

His energy was starting to freak me out. “Ollie-” I warned.

“Stay out of this, Tyler,” he snapped. He paced back and forth for a few moments. “Actually, you know what? *Fuck* it. Maybe this is, like, an opportunity in disguise.”

“How so?” she asked, her expression ablaze with fascination. With curiosity for where he might be taking this.

“Well first of all, if Tyler is right and this is a result of your videos, you’ve finally got what you’ve been fantasizing about.”

“Which is..?” She was doing the teasing, sexy Morgan voice now.

He leaned forward and pointed at her screen like a prosecuting attorney. “Being a publicly exposed whore? And spare me the protest, I’ve watched you orgasm way too many times to the thought of it for you to tell me it’s ‘just talk’.”

Just because something turns you on doesn’t mean you want it to happen in reality , I noted. I’d share the thought with Morgan the next time I had the opportunity to speak with her privately; there was probably no point in getting in the path of the wrecking ball that was Ollie.

I tried to diffuse the situation with a more indirect approach.

“It might not be because of that,” I offered. “Because of her FanHub, I mean. Like, she was barely wearing anything at that party. Everybody there was drunk and horny. I bet other girls were flashing, too. You can understand someone wanting to see Morgan’s boobs, right?”

This earned me an appreciative smile and shrug from her. But Ollie ignored me, set upon his warpath.

“I’ve been a shitty boyfriend, I guess,” he lamented, voice drenched with sarcasm. “I’ve been keeping you from being your true self. Is that it? Well, I’m fucking done with it.”

He continued pacing back and forth, clenching and unclenching his fists.

“Yeah. Fuck it. What do you think, Tyler? You wanna see Morgan’s tits, right? You were just saying so. And they’re *for everybody* , after all.”

I *desperately* wanted to. But on the other hand, this seemed to be spiraling out of control. I thought back to my friends’ intervention and the fact that I was supposed to be demonstrating to Morgan how I was the one who should be her boyfriend, or something like that.

But I didn’t really know how to go about it.

“Dude, come on..” I said weakly.

“No, no, I *got* you, bro. Come on Morgan. Clothes off, *now.* ”

One of her eyebrows ever so slightly lifted.

She liked the idea.

“Morgan, you don’t have to,” I said.

“Why the fuck is it at *your* say so, what she does or doesn’t have to do? Is that how it works with you two? When she dumps me and gets back together with you, are you going to stop making her fuck other guys and all that? I seriously doubt it.”

Holy shit.

“I don’t *make* her do *anything,* ” I protested.

“Right, just like you didn’t *make* her tease me and start this whole fucking thing with me in the first place.”

I didn’t. I hadn’t. I looked to Morgan, but no defense on my behalf seemed to be forthcoming.

“So. Might as well take advantage of having a *slut girlfriend* while I still do. Morgan, your clothes, please?”

She gave an exasperated sigh I suspected was entirely performative, and reached for her shirt. A heartbeat later, it was off. No bra, of course. And then there they were; Morgan’s heavenly naked tits, and the sudden absence of any mental acuity on my part as the blood in my brain was directed elsewhere.

“Where is this going, Ollie?” she wanted to know. Whatever consternation she’d been experiencing had seemingly been exorcized. She was now trying to master the grin that tugged at the corners of her mouth.

“We’re going to make a video. A *really* hot one. Gotta give all your new fans what they want, right? Pants too, slut.”

She had herself unbuttoned and was fiddling with the zipper. “Are we... am I about to be fucked by both of you?” She tried to keep her voice even, but I could hear the eagerness.

Oh god yes please.

He snorted. “Of *course* that’s where your depraved mind instantly goes. But: no. Sorry to disappoint.”

“Well.. why am I getting naked in front of Tyler?”

He considered it. “You’re right. Why just Tyler? The more the merrier for a whore like you.”

“Ollie-” I started reflexively.

“No, Tyler,” Morgan interrupted. “It’s okay.”

I blinked. Whatever posture of sense and maturity I’d been hoping to demonstrate was instantly, completely neutralized.

“Back into the living room,” Ollie commanded, once she’d stripped completely. “Come on, you two.”

He was halfway out the door when Morgan closed with me, leaning in to whisper.

“Tyler,” she said, so close I could smell her breath. There was a heated urgency in her voice, her eyes bulging out of their sockets. “You are not under *any circumstances* to interfere with whatever he has planned.”

“?!”

By way of explanation, she took my hand and held it against her, between her legs.

It nearly scalded me. Perhaps it was because I hadn’t touched her in weeks, but I swear she had never been hotter or more soaked.

“You’re fucking kidding me, right?” Ollie growled, the interaction having failed to escape his notice.

Morgan looked as guilty as a scolded puppy. “I’m sorry, Ollie…” she murmured.

He rolled his eyes. “We’ll see.” He lingered in the doorway, chaperoning Morgan and I, discouraging further contact.

I motioned for her to lead the way; ladies first and all that, right?

Well, regardless of anything else I was not about to miss out on the opportunity to ogle her naked body from behind. She parsed my intent and I was rewarded with a subtle and heart-melting wink, followed by a boner-galvanizing sashay of the hips as she swung her ass for my enjoyment.

—

“What’s *this* about?” Bobby asked as we appeared, one of us stark naked. Apparently he’d arrived back at the suite while we were having it out in the other room.

“Ollie’s mad at me for being slutty,” Morgan announced. “And he’s going to make me humiliate myself in front of you guys.”

“…Okay??”

He looked back and forth between the three of us; I could only stare back, blankly. I’m not sure if he had some expectation that I was going to do something to intervene and prevent whatever was

about to happen from happening, but I felt a reflexive indignation over the idea. Regardless, Morgan had explicitly forbade it.

“Will you please stay and watch, Bobby?” she asked, eyes cast downward. “I know you're kinda uncomfortable with this stuff, but it would be really exciting for me.”

My head spun. The prospect of some sort of exhibitionist adventure with her friends seemed to have completely annihilated whatever lingering discomfort the incident at the party might have produced.

“Yeah, bro,” Ollie said, voice dripping with arrogance. “Stay.”

Bobby threw his hands up in frustration; no response seemed to be forthcoming.

“Like, the fact that you so obviously disapprove…” she murmured. “It’s really exciting for me, you know?”

I blinked, barely able to believe what I was hearing.

He stared down at his palms. “I guess,” he replied.

“Okay, then!” Ollie thundered. “This video will be called something like: ‘Exposed college slut fingers herself in front of male roommates.’”

“Oh, come on…” Bobby protested. “This is… kind of fucked up?”

“How so?” Ollie wanted to know. “Are you saying Morgan’s sexuality is something she should feel ashamed of?”

“…”

“Like, could you not *slut shame* my girlfriend, bro? This is about Morgan owning who she is and being proud of it.”

It was *one hundred percent* about slut shaming her, of course; it’s just that she was completely on board with it. But again, it had been established that it wasn’t my place to voice any such objections; nor did I see how doing so would profit my goal of “winning” Morgan back.

He looked from person to person. Bobby was fuming silently; Andrew shrinking into the couch and trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible.

“Like, she was literally *just begging* you to stay and watch and she doesn’t even know what she’s getting into. Right, Morgan?”

She nodded.

“And why is that?” he asked. “What makes you so eager?”

She shrugged, the blush spreading across her body. “Because I like being watched, and I … I like feeling embarrassed. Because I trust that you know how to turn me on.”

“Mmhmm. And does *anybody* else know how to push your buttons like I do?” He fixed me with an impudent glare.

She glanced my way as well. “No, Ollie. Not like you do.”

“That’s what I thought. Okay fellas, I’m going to start recording in a second here. Remember, no saying anybody’s names, right?”

Stunned silence in response.

“…. I mean, you can *call* her names, if you want. She loves that shit. Right, babe?”

She nodded, somehow managing an entirely innocent smile.

“Perfect. Let’s have you on the couch, I guess. Andrew, stay there. I’ll keep most of you out of the shot, but it will help drive the scenario home if you can tell there’s a dude sitting next to her. Cool?”

“Y-yeah,” Andrew managed, voice cracking. “Cool.”

“Okay, and… we’re rolling! Okay sweetie, why don’t you tell your fans why you’re here today?”

She exhaled forcefully through her nostrils. “Because I let a stranger feel my bare tits at a party,” she said in a half-mutter, her voice quavery from some combination of nervousness, alcohol, and arousal.

“Oh, man,” murmured Bobby.

“Jeeze,” said Ollie. “Why’d you do *that?* ”

“Uh, because I’m a fucking whore?”

“I guess you kinda are! And what’s about to happen?”

“I guess..” She fixed Ollie with a challenging glare. “I guess it made my boyfriend a little jealous. And to, like, punish me or whatever, he’s – *you’re* going to make me pleasure myself in front of several men.”

“Oh, wow,” he said, playing up his shock at such a notion. “And how do you feel about that?”

“….”

“Shy? Embarrassed? Horny?”

“Like… yes? All three.”

“Hmm. On a scale of one to ten, how turned on are you right now?”

“Uh… a million?”

“Doesn’t sound like much of a punishment then, does it?”

She shook her head, still locked into their staring contest. His phone was trained on her – was he even taking care to ensure her face remained out of frame?

He heaved a theatrical sigh. “I suppose you’re right. Well, hopefully we can try and get it out of your system so that you can maybe avoid sucking every dick you see whenever you walk across campus.”

She shrugged coyly, her grin completely unabashed by now.

“Speaking of how turned on you are, I couldn’t help but notice you dripping down your fucking legs on your way to the couch. Let’s give the audience a look, huh?”

“Okay,” she said simply. She scooted her ass to the edge of the cushion, opening her legs up wide. Doing so caused her to press her right knee into Andrew beside her; she gave him an unbearably sweet, apologetic glance.

Meanwhile, her absolute mess of a vagina was now displayed to the room. The guys shifted about; I couldn’t tear my eyes off her but I noticed Andrew, at least, peering over for a better look.

“Morg– *babe* ,” Ollie said, catching himself. “Is this the first time these guys have seen you naked?”

“… No. Everybody here has seen me naked more times than I can count.”

“And what do you feel about that?”

“…I love it? I miss when you’d make me be naked in front of them all the time. I constantly think about how they know what my naked body looks like in intimate detail. Like, I think about it when I play with myself…”

“But have they seen you all spread open like this? Actually, put your ankles up on the couch so we can see better. …Nice. Jesus, you’re already panting and you haven’t even touched yourself yet.”

“…”

“Well, have they? Seen you like this?”

“Two of you have, a lot.” She glanced over at Bobby. “One hasn’t at all.”

“Yeah. How silly of me to think a pussy like this would ever be just for me, right?”

She didn’t answer.

“I guess you’re pretty eager to finger yourself for all of us…”

She shrugged. “You *know* I am. Does that make you angry with me?”

He snorted. “A little.”

“Guys,” Bobby interjected. “Can I just ask what the *fuck* is going on here?”

“I’m just trying to make my *girlfriend* happy,” Ollie helpfully explained.

As fascinating as it was to witness Ollie and Morgan address their sexual neuroses via this weird little dirty talk chess match, I realized I was pretty desperate for the real show to start. I’m not proud of it, but it’s the truth. Bobby shutting the fuck up might help in this regard, but he was oblivious to the evil eye I’d been beamed his way.

Morgan, however, was on my side.

“Doesn’t this make *you* happy, though?” she said seductively, running her hands down her body, toward her sopping cunt. “I’m about to, like, *incinerate* any modesty I have left. Just on you say so. Like I’m your owned slut.”

Ollie gulped visibly. But he wasn’t ready to concede. “Yeah, it *happened* to be me, this time. But I guess what went down earlier proves that you would do the same thing for any random guy who walks up to you and asks, huh?”

Her fingers were in her pussy and even if I hadn't been able to see, the proof of it was immediately, confrontationally audible. "God, I probably fucking would, wouldn't I? But it's so much hotter to be doing it for you, baby. I like doing this stuff for you most of all."

She actually fucking looked at me when she said it. She might even have been smirking a bit, but my eyes were welded to her pussy and I couldn't quite tell from my peripheral vision. I could see Andrew, still seated beside and against her, their legs and shoulders in contact, was beet-red as well, but I couldn't spare a glance to more closely assess his mental state.

"And plus," she said, starting to growl and moan as she laid into herself. "If you keep my slutty urges satisfied, maybe I'll actually be able to control myself when I'm around other guys…"

Ollie paused to absorb her words. "I mean, I'm not going to get my hopes up," he said softly, "But now you've got the right idea, at least. Tell us again what you're doing."

"I'm … fingering myself in front of four men."

"Three men," corrected Bobby as he stormed out of the room. "Sorry guys; I'm not old enough to even *know* about… whatever all this is. Let alone stand here and watch."

"He'll probably jack off to the video once we post it," Ollie sneered once he'd left. "Along with half the school."

The reminder of how she'd potentially been outted around campus as an amateur pornstar sent a jolt of panic through me, but Morgan's switch had been completely flipped. The very notion of it propelled her even further into her abyss.

She was panting, her jaw slack. "Oh, *fuck*… "

"Speaking of which, we need to take this opportunity to set down some ground rules. All you guys at home: maybe you think you've somehow figured out who this slut is, and think it's acceptable to approach her and ask her for sexual favors or some shit."

Morgan groaned in apprecation of the idea.

"…But it's *not*," Ollie continued. "Whatever she might say in the heat of the moment, she is an *owned and taken slut* and it's not fucking cool for you to just harrass her."

"Baby…" she panted, her fingers accelerating on and in her cunt. "I'm fucking sorry I'm just an easy whore who can't keep her legs together…"

"That's okay, sweetie," he soothed patronizingly, "But please explain to your fans *whose* whore you are?"

"Yours, baby."

"Anybody else's?"

"Just yours, Ollie."

He sucked in his breath at his name's mention. "We'll cut around it," he muttered. He jerked his head toward me. "Tell him."

Desperate arousal vivid on her face as she glanced my way. "I'm his, Tyler," she said.

Gulp.

I reminded myself that she was rubbing it in my face specifically because this was all in service of our kink. She knew it turned me on for her to give herself to Ollie like this. *She's doing it for me* , I told myself. *She is, isn't she?*

"What about this guy literally right next to you?" Ollie spat. "You're practically in his lap while you touch yourself like a depraved whore."

"H-he only gets to watch, though," she defended. "Oh god, baby, *please* will you let them see me again more? Make me walk around with my tits out like we used to? A slut like me shouldn't be permitted to wear clothes…"

He nodded. "I was obviously an idiot to think a girl like you could keep her clothes on. The question is, are you content with them just looking? You'd probably suck his dick *right now* if I allowed it."

She didn't respond, except to work her clit with increased fervor.

"Why don't you fucking admit it, Morgan?" His voice was embers.

" *Baby I'm fucking sorry* ," she moaned. "Of *course* I would suck his dick."

She turned towards Andrew, all sorrowful and lusty. "Sorry, but I would, sweetie," she said to him. "I'm such a fucking nasty girl…"

"You're n…" Andrew managed to croak. "You're not-"

"Well, it's not fucking happening," Ollie bellowed. "And don't call him 'sweetie.' If you need to suck dick so badly, why don't you crawl over here?"

The puddle that was Morgan instantly spilled over the side of the couch and oozed across the floor to Ollie's feet. She eagerly buried her face in his crotch, inhaling deeply through her nose, nearly hyperventilating in her excitement and delight.

"What the fuuuuuuck," Ollie raved, keeping his phone's camera trained on her. "You're literally never this worked up when you don't have an audience."

This was complete bullshit, in my estimation; I'd *studied* the videos they'd posted of Morgan experiencing climax after climax while she choked on his cock. It seemed to me this level of enthusiasm was more or less her baseline.

At any rate, her response to Ollie's complaint was to make herself even more erotically subservient. She put a severe arch into her back, pushing her tits upward and her ass out towards Andrew and I. Her perfect butthole winked scandalously into view above her hopelessly drenched pussy, strands of girlcum stubbornly hanging from her labia and refusing to succumb to gravity. To complete the picture, she folded her arms behind her back, gripping a forearm in each of her palms.

" *Jesus* , Morgan," Ollie muttered. "I can't believe I'm actually considering this…"

"Doing what?"

"… Taking my dick out in front of them."

"Oh, Ollie, you *gotta* do it though," Morgan gushed. "You *know* how much of a fantasy this is of mine. Me, naked and sucking dick with, like, an audience…" She swooned at the thought and went back to nuzzling him through his pants.

This was yet another blow: Ollie and Morgan discussing fantasies I hadn't heard about – not that it was shocking to learn she craved such a thing.

I considered, as well, that when Morgan and I traded ideas about the ways we could enhance her promiscuity, we'd do so while mutually masturbating. Or while I carefully eased myself into her, pausing frequently to restrain myself from climaxing too early. I tried to imagine the circumstances under which Morgan might have shared her desire to perform oral sex on him for the delight of onlookers, and the image that came to mind was her being facefucked into a drool- and snot-covered mess. Or howling into his pillow while Ollie plowed her from behind, his thumb hooked into her asshole for leverage. Or gazing into one another's eyes while she was brought to repeated climaxes.

"…Fuck," Ollie declared. "Well, you have to ask their permission. We can't just do something like this in front of them without their consent."

I was too focused on willing this blowjob into existence to even contemplate how rich it was for Ollie to be voicing such concerns.

"Mmmm!" she moaned in agreement. She half turned towards us – Andrew still on the couch where she'd been moments before, me standing nearby – while keeping her cheek against him, nuzzling his bulge. "Tyler? Andrew? Is it okay if… will you *please* watch me-"

"Yes," I blurted out, feeling instant mortification at my unveiled eagerness.

She looked to Andrew, who gave a barely perceptible nod.

"Oh god, baby…" she said to Ollie, working at getting his pants undone. "We're actually gonna do this…"

"Yeah. I mean… fuck."

"It's so fucking hot…"

"You've basically corrupted me and turned me into a fucking degenerate like you and your ex-boyfriend at this point."

(He meant me.)

"Okay? But still, may I choke myself on your fat, degenerate dick?"

"Ugh. Fine…."

Staring worshipfully up at him, Morgan delicately reached into Ollie's pants and withdrew his throbbing mass. It was the just the third time I'd seen it in person, even more ugly and animalistic than I recalled. I felt anew the terrible agony of Morgan having left me for this organ. And for the fiend attached to it.

"… I *love* your dick, Ollie," she gushed, driving the point home.

"I know, whore," he muttered absently.

She moaned at his acknowledgement and launched herself into him, frantic to demonstrate her devotion to his penis. For him, for Andrew and I, for her own pleasure. Peppering the shaft with wet kisses; burying her nose into his nutsack while it laid across her face, smearing her skin with her own saliva and, doubtlessly, traces of Ollie's precum. Gagging noisily on it as she stuffed the

length down her throat – *actually down her throat* , I noted with amazement – a talent she'd worked tirelessly to achieve.

My girlfriend was now an expert at deepthroating cock, even though her mouth hadn't been near my penis in months.

"Guys," she huffed after a few minutes of this, intoxicated with lust. Leaning to the side while she stroked him with two hands, so we could see better. "Look at how fucking *thick* my boyfriend's dick is…"

My *ex* -girlfriend, I reminded myself.

He responded by gripping her by the ears and forcing her back down onto his meat. Morgan crying out in surprise, maybe even in pain; but her hands automatically re-clasped behind her back as she allowed herself to be throatfucked.

" *Holy shit*… " breathed Andrew, barely loud enough for me to hear.

"Gahhhh!" Morgan had tears streaming down her face and drool streaked across her naked chest. "Baby, can I… may I touch myself while you use me?"

"You may. But no cumming…"

She nodded emphatically. "Yes, sir." *Glug, glug, glug*. "B-both holes?" *Glug, glug*.

He sighed theatrically. "I suppose there's no stopping you, is there? Fine, but you have to explain to the boys about your… your problem."

"???"

"You know. Back there."

" *Fuck* …. okay." She sent a hand fore and aft, plunging fingers into her pussy and asshole. "Guys, Ollie wants you to know that I'm… that I'm a wannabe anal whore?"

"A *wannabe?? "* he mocked. "But you've got a finger up your own ass right now… why are you a wannabe?"

"Because I can only do a finger," she explained lustily, between slurps. "Because even though my boyfriend owns all my holes, I can't tolerate his huge dick in my ass."

"Have you, like, even tried though?"

"… No. I'm too scared." She looked genuinely disappointed in herself. Hell, *I* was disappointed. "I'm sorry, baby.. but I swear I'll work on training my asshole for you. And it will always be only for you. And once I'm ready, I'll be such a fucking nasty anal slut? *Your* anal slut."

"Well, at least you're sorry," he sneered.

"Oh, I *am* , baby! I'm genuinely sorry that I've been such an inferior fucktoy, and I *promise* I'll do better."

He was smearing her cock across her face while she talked. Smacking her with it.

"It's sincerely important to me and it turns me on so fucking much, baby. And… and I'll make sure to talk loudly about it when we do it for the first time, so that everybody can hear. So they everyone knows you've had me in every way…"

He grunted his approval, stroking himself as he persisted in pattering her face with cockslaps. She continued pleasuring her holes as he did so.

“Ughh, Ollie… maybe you can even buttfuck me in front of Tyler? Show him what you get to have and he never will… *fuck!* ”

She withdrew her hands and collapsed forward, panting.

In the back of my mind I knew her utterance would play across my thoughts for ages to come as I pleasured myself to them, but I was too stunned to really process it in the moment.

My head was fucking spinning. Andrew was shifting uncomfortably, his erection obvious through his pants.

“Did you fucking cum?” Ollie demanded.

“No! I swear, baby,” she protested. “I was really close but I managed to stop in time.”

“Good. Here, take my phone and turn around. I want them to watch while you finish.”

What the fuck sort of twilight zone had we ended up in? How had Ollie found this within himself? But it had always been there, waiting to be coaxed out.

Morgan, for her part, was completely in his world. Her obedience was unhesitant. She spread her knees apart, displaying herself lewdly for us once more. She held the phone up and pouted into it while she laid into herself.

“Are you close?” Ollie wanted to know. He was stroking himself over her hair.

“Yeah,” she panted. “I’m a hairtrigger away…”

“Me too. Ugh, I wanna draw this out more but I think we need a good money shot for the video. Before I lose my nerve. Okay slut, I want you to think about giving me your anal virginity while you cum.”

“Fuck. Okay, baby, I will,” she promised. “I’m scared it’s gonna hurt, though…”

He chuckled cruelly. “Maybe it *should* hurt a little, as punishment for your utter failure to stay faithful to me. And your failure to be a proper three-hole slut.”

What the fuck. Ollie’s behavior had always danced on the edge of unacceptable, and this talk about wanting to *hurt* Morgan crossed it. For Morgan too, I thought, as suggested by the slight hesitation in her self-abuse, brief though it had been.

And yet she continued.

“Fuck, Ollie…” she groaned.

“In fact,” he chortled, “I think it should be a rule: from now on you can *only* cum while fantasizing about my wide dick hurting you as I take your ass.”

“….”

“It will help, you know? To brainwash yourself a little. That way you can be less scared of it happening and actually *want* it to..”

“O-okay baby…”

“FUCK!” Ollie cried. “Ah fuck, here it comes, you fucking nasty bitch…”

Morgan fingered herself even more earnestly, apparently overcoming whatever pause his cruel words had given her.

“Are you fucking cumming??” he demanded.

“N-not yet…” she gasped. “Okay… okay… now I am….”

It was a silent orgasm; her whole body locked up for a moment, eyes shut tight. Then, she began convulsing, as if having a seizure.

Ollie began to bust as well. He yanked her head back by a fistful of her hair, provoking a yelp that almost had me launching across the room to intervene.

You are not under any circumstances to interfere…

His cum was spilling down into her hair, onto her forehead, into her eyes. He used his grip on her hair to reposition her so that further ropes dripped down into her mouth, while his balls rested on her brow.

Her body continued to seize and buck as he covered her face.

“ *Fuck* yeah,” he gloated, giving her hair a few more domineering tugs, snapping her head back and forth for good measure. Morgan’s face twisted into a grimace at the obvious pain he was inflicting. “Don’t you *dare* swallow it yet.”

She gripped her thighs, holding herself steady. Obeying. Awaiting further instruction.

“Nice. Very nice.” He surveyed the mess he’d made of her defiled face. “You need to be worshipping my load, though. Really wallow in it.”

She did so, using her tongue to swirl around what had pooled in her mouth. I’d seen something like it before on her FanHub page – she had never been shy about cum play – but he’d never behaved *violently* before. With such anger. My persistent erection was the most shameful I’d ever had.

“Gargle with it.”

She did.

“Blow bubbles with it.”

She did.

“Tell the guys that you’re a brainless cumdump fucktoy whose purpose in life is to worship my jizz.”

He had genuine malice in his voice, and I felt the part of me that was Morgan’s loving boyfriend come awake.

“Ollie…” I heard myself say.

“Do you think you can have another orgasm? Maybe I should make you spit it out onto the floor and lick it up while you cum again.”

“That’s fucking *enough* .” I hadn’t made any decision to act, but there I was, kneeling beside my Morgan. I took her hand. “Baby…”

“Tyler..” she muttered softly. Her eyes were shut tight, but she was squeezing my hand in hers.

“What the fuck is this, Tyler?” Ollie demanded. “You’re ruining the clip.”

“This is out of hand, dude,” I said. “I’m, like, invoking the safeword.”

“The ‘safeword’??” he mocked. “Dude, you’re not even *involved* here. You don’t even *have* a safeword-”

“I don’t give a shit; I’m invoking it. Morgan, *are you okay?? ”*

She squeezed my hand again, and nodded. I saw the beginnings of a smile tug at her lips, but it might have been the sort of face you make when you’re trying not to cry. She was getting sex fluids all over my hand, but the eroticism of it barely registered.

“What the fuck, bro…” Ollie whined.

“Look man, will you… will you just give us a minute? I just need to talk to Morgan. I just need to…”

He shrugged sullenly. “She said she’s okay.”

Morgan loudly gulped down Ollie’s cum so she could speak. “Ollie, relax, okay? It was a really hot video. Tyler and I are just going to go for a walk and talk.”

He huffed, but made no further protest.

She dared to open an eye, the lashes partially glued together with Ollie’s pungent discharge. Her face was an absolute mess. The result was the world’s most pornographic wink.

This time she smiled for real. *At me.* “After I clean up and get dressed, of course.”

—

We walked for quite a while before either of us spoke.

It was partly procrastination. Maybe she wouldn’t like what I had to say. Maybe she’d tell me things that would devastate me and break my heart. These were real possibilities; there were potential outcomes that filled me with dread.

But it also just felt like some imbalance in the universe had been set to right again. Just Morgan and I, walking together. I didn’t want the moment to end and I suspected she felt the same.

“Tyler, I know what you’re gonna say,” she began abruptly, breaking my trance.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I mean, I think I do. Like, what happened back there… I know that was really, uh, extreme.”

“It was *abusive* , is what it was.”

She shrugged. “Maybe. But I mean, you know I kinda like that, right? And Ollie isn’t like you. Learning just how far to push things is always trial and error with him, you know?”

“Yeah…”

“And I’ll talk to him. Tell him what I liked and what didn’t. I’m a big girl, you know? I’m not gonna break or anything.”

I didn’t have a response. Was this really going to go as badly as I’d feared?

“But seriously Tyler,” she said, “I know I told you not to intervene, but that was *really* sweet of you. It actually kinda made my heart skip a beat…”

Thump. Thump .

“Really??”

“I really needed it, in that moment. He honestly did take things too far.”

“Do you still love me, Morgan?”

Fuck. I sure hadn’t meant to blurt that out.

Morgan stopped dead in her tracks. “Are you fucking kidding me, Tyler?”

“Sorry-”

“Of *course* I still love you!”

!!!

“So you… we’re still going to get back together?”

“Oh, sweetie…”

She took my face in her hands and kissed me. She fucking *kissed me* . Didn’t bother glancing around to check for witnesses or anything.

“This whole thing… I guess it was a mistake, Tyler,” she said. “I mean, it’s crazy that we did it and a part of me thinks I’ll look back and be glad that I was so wild and adventurous in my college days.”

“Yeah…”

“And I’ve learned a lot about myself. And had some *amazing* sex.. But fuck… I’m *really* looking forward to breaking up with Ollie and being your girlfriend again.”

I gaped at her. “Re… *really?? ”*

She punched me in the arm. Playfully, but it did sting a little. It was an interesting habit she’d picked up during her time with Ollie, it seemed.

“ *Duh,* you idiot!”

We both laughed. I gathered her up, my arms around her waist, and spun her around me.

“He’s kind of an *asshole,* Tyler,” she giggled. “I mean, obviously it’s also led to me having probably the best sex of my life. Uh, sorry…”

I laughed. “Oh, don’t worry. I’m still me. I love hearing that.”

“Mmm! But yeah, that’s not all there is to me, you know? Sex, I mean.”

Could have fooled me, recently. But my heart was soaring and I wasn’t about to be a smartass.

“In other respects he’s *not* a great boyfriend…” she went on.

“Right. And, like, I have so many things I want to ask you about that. Things I’m concerned about, things my pervert mind is curious about..”

“Yeah, I bet!”

“But, baby....” *Fuck.* Should I push my luck? I decided to. “I was wondering if you wanted to call this off early. Like, I’ll be honest with you, I want you back *today.* ”

She stiffened a bit in my arms.

“Like, in a couple weeks we have Friday and Monday off from classes, right? So I was thinking...”

“Tyler..”

“I was thinking maybe I could take you home! Like, to my *home* home. You know how badly my family wants to meet you.”

“....”

“We could use it to, like, reset, ya know? Have some time just for you and me, reconnect without letting this kink stuff take over our lives.”

“Oh, babe...” She craned her neck and kissed me again, on the cheek. She paused for an agonizing stretch. And then she said, “I really love that idea.”

But I could tell there was something else.

“So?” I ventured.

She hesitated.

“Babe...” I prompted.

“Okay, I don’t want you to freak out,” she said. “Especially after... all that, back in the suite.”

“...?”

“I... sort of already promised Ollie I’d go home with *him* that weekend.”

The very ground dropped out from under my feet.

“I.... huh?”

She squeezed my hand, but she couldn’t look me in the eye. “Babe, it would be just one last weekend as Ollie’s girlfriend. He’s been talking nonstop about taking me home and, like, showing me off to all his high school friends, you know?”

“Oh, jesus...”

“I know, I know. But like, I know you’re probably sick of hearing about this sort of thing, but I *really* think this could give him the confidence boost he needs? Like, the final push, or whatever.”

I snorted. “I couldn’t give less of a fuck about Ollie’s confidence at this point.”

“Fine. You’re right, it’s a pretty weak excuse.”

“So....”

“Okay, fine.”

She became extremely interested with the arrangement of my coat on my shoulders and spent a few moments fiddling with it, working up a bit of courage to say what she needed to say.

When she finally spoke, it carries a simple, inescapable conviction.

“I *really* want to do it, Tyler,” she said. “Not for Ollie, but for me. God, I know I’m fucked up and I really need to, like, talk to a therapist about this or something. But the thought of being shown off as this asshole’s trophy slut is *so* hot to me..”

Well, shit. “Ollie’s friends from home,” I huffed. “I bet they’re a bunch of absolute gentlemen.”

She chuckled wryly. “Yeah, well, maybe I’ll have some fun stories for you.”

“Fuck, Morgan..”

“And then!” she chirped. “Spring break! It’s just a month away. So *that’s* when we’ll go home and meet your family. For a whole week! If you’re willing to put me up, of course.”

I gaped at her. “Uh…. of *course* I’m willing??” I gave her the lightest jab in the shoulder I could muster. “Of course I am, *you* idiot.”

“And then it will be *us* from then on. I mean, if you can resist whoring me out to any other incels we run across… Deal?”

She took a step back and held out her hand for me to shake.

I peered down on it. “I’ll agree to it,” I said. “But I’m not gonna settle for a fucking handshake.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. I don’t mean to imply that you’re some sort of *cheater,* Morgan.”

“ *Oh??? ”*

“I mean, I know you have a *boyfriend* and all,” I said, feeling a confidence I hadn’t felt in ages. “But you’re *really* fucking attractive, and I *really* want to make out with you right now.”

—

I’d returned to the suite with Morgan to retrieve my earbuds, so I could enjoy some solitude in the crisp evening air. She intended to spend the night with Ollie tonight, which stung, of course. But they had some serious items to discuss. And regardless, I was warded against the utmost depths of jealousy by what had just happened.

I’d gotten to fucking *make out* with Morgan. She had protested about not having brushed her teeth, but I was worlds away from caring. She could have had Ollie’s fresh load in her mouth and it wouldn’t have stopped me.

It was, easily, the hottest kissing session of my life. And I would soon get to kiss her again like that, all the time.

Where had I found a woman like this? How the fuck had we found *each other?* I was practically skipping to the beat of my music. The campus pathways were golden clouds and I was striding across the sky.

I’d fill Bobby and Andrew in on all the details later. Or not. Fuck ’em. Nobody mattered except Morgan and me. Knowing our hearts were still each other’s made me feel invincible.

My phone began buzzing in my pocket. Maybe it was Morgan; Ollie had reacted like a baby to whatever gentle reprimands and suggestions she'd issued over his mistreatment of her, and she was calling to let me know the whole trip home with him was cancelled and we were getting back together *immediately*.

I looked at the screen. *Huh?*

"Emily?" I said, answering the call. "Is everything okay?"

"Hi Tyler. Yes, this isn't an emergency or anything. Do you have a moment to speak?"

Perfect diction, of course. No hint that she'd imbibed a drop of alcohol, though I'd witnessed it with my own eyes.

"Sure! What's, uh, what's going on?"

A moment of silence where an ordinary person would have said "um" or made some other space-filling vocalization. Emily simply let the conversation hang while she collected her thoughts. "I admit it's a bit embarrassing, and perhaps inappropriate. The reason I'm calling, that is."

"... I see. Is it about, like, the whole Morgan and Ollie thing?"

She exhaled sharply. "Yes. In a sense. What else, right?"

I laughed. "Did she, like, approach you about a threesome? Ollie's going to be overjoyed if you're on board with it."

An even longer silence.

"Tyler," she said finally, "I would *never* let that guy anywhere *near* me in a sexual capacity."

"...Ah. So then..."

"It's... your whole arrangement. I haven't been able to stop considering it. Putting myself in your shoes, wondering how you manage to cope with it. Trying to analyze why you *eroticize* such a thing."

"Sure, Emily," I sighed. "I'm happy to discuss it with you."

"I've read heaps on the subject. There's a whole body of erotic literature, online forums, and so on."

"Right. So.."

"And I confess I've perused the *pornography* the two of them have been uploading to the internet. It's not exactly a secret, if you're not aware. Many people at our school have discovered it."

"..."

"It's rather disgusting, the way he behaves towards her," she went on. "But... but Tyler, I can't help but put imagine you watching these videos, and..."

More silence, but this time it didn't seem like it would end.

"What is it, Em?"

"I want it, Tyler," she said softly. "I need to experience it."

“Experience… how…?”

“I want Morgan to sleep with my Kevin, Tyler. I want them to… *cuckold* me. While I watch. Tyler, perhaps you can’t relate to this, but for *me* this is quite embarrassing to admit. Will you speak to her for me? Test the waters and see how she might react? I’ve tried to bring it up, but I can’t seem to get the words out. And yet I can’t stop thinking about it. I would really love to try this out and see what it’s like.”

Chapter 13: Oliver

Chapter Text

It wasn't supposed to be like this. Finally a weekend with Morgan all to myself, away from her degenerate boyfriend, and nothing was going like I had imagined.

Well, everything started off great. There was a hiccup where Dad couldn't drive down to pick us up, but that turned out to be a blessing in disguise. The truth is I was super relieved that I hadn't been stuck in a car with her and Dad for two hours. I hadn't really considered how nervous I was for her to meet my parents, but now that it was becoming a reality I could feel the panic starting to creep up on me.

It helped that Morgan was in top form, immediately pulling up bus schedules on her phone and masterminding the logistics of getting us to my hometown.

It struck me how genuinely excited she actually was for this little trip of ours. And it made me dare to hope that things could work out between us, like I do almost every day, even though I should know better.

And riding on the bus with her ended up being really good. We sat in the far back and Morgan spread a blanket over us. She had that look in her eyes she gets, that means you can pretty much take advantage and do whatever to her.

I shouldn't be surprised at this point that she was down to fool around even though we were in public, but I'm still not used to the idea that I actually have a sexual relationship with a girl *period*, let alone someone like her. So when she started playing with my dick under the covers, and asking if I wanted to feel her tits, I had to pinch myself to see if I was dreaming. Like always.

But this was also a hint that not everything was going to go like in my fantasy. See,I'm sure she would have let me her head under the blanket or fuck her in the bathroom if I'd wanted, but it was one of those weird moments where I felt bad taking advantage of her sluttiness. Like, where it really felt like she was really, actually my girlfriend.

I mean, according to Morgan she *is* my actual girlfriend, but like I said, I know better than that. I guess maybe I usually just distract myself with her body to not worry about how I'm in a pretty fucked up situation with her and Tyler.

Regardless, things continued to get weirder when Mom picked us up from the bus station.

The greeting went okay; Morgan was polite and charming like I knew she would be, and it was super satisfying to see Mom's eyes bug out of her head at the sight of her. Like, maybe she didn't actually believe me that I was bringing home a girl? Let alone one who is -- at *minimum* -- an 8/10.

But it only took like, a few seconds before things got awkward and it first dawned on me this whole trip was probably a mistake that would reverse whatever fluke had put me and Morgan together, such as we were.

So Mom asked, "So where will Morgan be sleeping?" as if I hadn't already discussed it with her. Like, several times.

I guess it was some sort of power move for Morgan's benefit, to let her know that she was taking an active interest in the propriety of me having a girl over to spend the night with me in our house.

Which, granted, was completely unprecedented and not something that had ever been discussed in our family before.

Either way, I couldn't keep the sarcasm out of my voice when I responded. "*As we discussed*" sort of thing. I immediately felt embarrassed that I'd gotten all passive aggressive and petulant, like a whiny kid. In front of Morgan.

(Admittedly, Mom was being fairly liberal about the sleeping arrangements, though. The idea was that we weren't allowed to share a bed, but for some reason it was okay for us to sleep in the same room? So Morgan was going to take my bed and I was going to allegedly sleep on the air mattress on the floor beside her. I feel like it was obvious that I wasn't actually going to sleep on the air mattress, but I guess the point was just to keep up appearances or something.)

Anyway, none of that would have been so bad, except for the fact that Mom did the thing she does where she uses my full name. As in, when I bitched to her about why we had to have the sleeping arrangements conversation yet again, she said something like, "I'm just making sure we're all on the same page, *Oliver*." I fucking hate it when she calls me that.

And of course Morgan smirked at me. I think. It was in my peripheral vision but why wouldn't she, seeing me get treated like a fucking kid in front of her? And after I was acting like one, too.

It gets worse.

I figured my parents would let me borrow the car and take her out, so after a perfunctory meet and greet we'd be on our own. Nope, apparently they're insisting that Morgan and I have dinner with them, so they can "get to know" her.

So Dad gets home from whatever work emergency made it so he couldn't pick us up, and I don't know what I was expecting but I could tell he went into his Dad mode as soon as he saw her. I guess maybe he just couldn't believe that I could pull a girl like Morgan? And I hate that, in a way, he's right.

At any rate, the end result was that dinner was a nightmare.

"So tell us how you and Morgan got together, sweetie," Mom said.

Fuck.

I have no idea why we didn't spend more time getting our story straight. Morgan started in with an explanation and I was half afraid she would just tell them the truth of the matter, but in retrospect it was silly of me to worry; Morgan would never do something like that.

Basically she fibbed slightly and said we shared the same friend group. Dad *immediately* latched onto this and starts questioning her.

"Ah, I didn't realize Ollie had made many female friends," he said.

Morgan clarified that it was a group of guy friends, which I'm sure was a totally normal thing in her mind to say.

"Mm. Have you always had exclusively male friends?"

I was so fucking embarrassed. "Dad, it's not like-" I started.

But Morgan interrupted and just, well, claimed it like it was nothing to be ashamed over. Which, I suppose, it's not.

She was playing it off but I could tell she picked up on his implication that there *was* something sus about her having male friends, and that it bothered her.

"I've always been a bit of a tomboy and have had boys in my friend group ever since I was a kid," she told them. She was really good at pretending like it didn't bother her and I wonder if she used that ability to fool me about stuff from time to time. Or to fool Tyler.

He thankfully let it drop, but I could tell he was judging her to be some sort of slut based on this. Which was complete and total bullshit. I mean we all know Morgan is a slut, but *he* had no reason to think that, and the fact that she gets along with guys in a platonic way is not related to her complete lack of sexual morals, like, at all.

I mean, really don't think she would have gone down the path she has if it weren't for her unbelievably perverted boyfriend.

I suppose I've had a hand in it as well, if I'm being honest. But how else would I have become involved with her, otherwise?

So, dinner was awkward as fuck, and Dad obviously had concluded that the only way a pretty girl was with me was because she was some sort of whore. Which, regardless of that being true to some extent, was not his place whatsoever to assume.

So I was immensely relieved when it was over. Thankfully, Mom let me borrow her car afterwards so we could get out of the house.

Of course, I didn't have any clue what we were going to do. I guess I had some notion we were going to become really close on this trip and she was going to maybe look at me as possibly a real boyfriend, and not just some kinky experiment or whatever. And now, in the moment of truth, I was just completely fumbling the opportunity.

But here was the first glimmer of hope in this disaster of a weekend. The way she reacted when I sort of complained that I didn't really know what we should do... like, she was actually in a really good and enthusiastic mood. Not only did she take the whole dinner fiasco completely in stride, but she didn't seem at all put off that I hadn't planned anything for us and was just completely blowing my duties as a host.

"Ollie, it's *amazing* to be here with you," she told me. It's so good how she'll just touch your face when she's talking to you. "I just want to see what your world is all about, you know? You can just drive me around and, like, tell me about what life was like growing up."

So that's what we did. Somehow she took the fact that I lived in a boring town with nothing to do, and spun it like I was the most interesting guy in the world, taking her on this whole adventure.

And a part of me was like... is it really happening? Is she actually looking at me as actual boyfriend material? I didn't want to give myself false hope. In retrospect, I should have just used this trip as an opportunity to act out all my most depraved fantasies on her, but it's simply not where my head was at. It felt more like when I first had a crush on Morgan and she was the first girl to listen to me and take me seriously and kiss me on the fucking cheek.

We drove to my high school. I had never considered there was anything remotely worth seeing about this accursed place, but Morgan had so many questions about it. Pointing out the differences between it, and where she grew up. The fact that it was an outdoorish place we could

even walk through was weird to her, since I guess her high school was all basically inside a locked building.

So we walked around my high school campus, which if you had told me that's what we were going to end up doing I probably would have called the whole trip off because it sounds so embarrassing. But it wasn't. Like, at all. I was pointing out all the places where kids would sneak off to do drugs or slip past campus security to ditch, and I felt like I was suddenly this amazing storyteller. Like, she was absolutely fascinated to hear all this shit and asking followup questions and all that.

And, like, we were holding hands. I made a crack about how we were doing it like an "actual couple", and she punched me and said how we *are* an actual couple, and it felt like she actually meant it?

Fuuuuuuck.

I pointed out a place that I guess was a notorious make-out spot, not that I'd had any firsthand experience with that. And I swear I wasn't saying it to, like, hint to her or throw a pity fest or anything.

"What if... what if you *did* have some firsthand experience, though?" Morgan asked.

"What do you mean."

"If I had known you, I would have *loved* to sneak off here with you and fool around."

My instinct was to tell her she was full of shit, since there wouldn't have been a Tyler in the equation to motivate her to give me the time of day. I mean, that's the whole fucking basis of there being anything between us, right?

While I was thinking about how unfair that was, she continued. "It's giving me butterflies to think about how we could have been each other's first kiss.."

"You *were* my first kiss Morgan, remember?"

She nodded and took my other hand in hers and squeezed it. "I know, baby. I think about it all the time."

"You do??"

She nodded. She was acting uncharacteristically bashful and it somehow got my heart racing.

"But also, you know, I was pretty socially awkward when I was in high school. It might have been my first kiss too.."

"I don't know anything about *that*."

"I *know* you don't. You never ask anything about my past or anything!"

"I ..... sorry?"

"You don't need to be sorry. I like how we are together." I could even tell in the dark that she was blushing. "It, like, gets me really excited to think that I'm, like, just a whore to you. I've never minded."

But it seemed like an obvious setup to show her how that *didn't* have to be all there was to us, so I asked her about her being shy in high school. And you could tell it was the right move because she had this permagrin on her face while she told me about how surprised she'd been to finally get a boyfriend her senior year, and how she'd been this massive dork who didn't know how to dress nice and never got any attention from boys.

"But you would have snuck off here to fool around with me, you're saying?"

She shrugged. "I would have *wanted* to. I would probably have been too afraid to like, make a move on you or anything. But I fantasized about that sort of thing a lot. I mean I knew other people at school were hooking up and I was incredibly jealous of them."

It was fucking crazy to imagine Morgan being some kissless virgin. Obviously I could strongly relate to what she was telling me.

"But...." she said, "even though we've both never gotten to kiss somebody before..."

"???"

"Maybe we could try it?"

"I, uh.."

She made a show of looking around, even though the campus was completely empty. "I'm nervous too, but I'd really like to find out what it's like to kiss a boy... I don't think anyone will see us..."

It clicked that she was playing up, like, a persona, and it was surprisingly easy to get in character with her. I mean, the last few months aside, it's not as if pretending to have my first kiss was much of a stretch.

It was *incredibly* exciting. It was like the first time we made out by the bonfire, only without her fucking boyfriend sitting there watching. The hesitant way she was kissing me.. *fuck*.

"Oh gosh, Ollie," she said, recoiling a little like she was nervous. "I can feel you, like, pressing into me.."

Holy shit..

"It's okay," I said, taking her hand and pressing it into my dick through my pants. "It's just that it's really hot to finally kiss a girl."

"It's okay if I t-touch it?"

She hesitantly traced her fingers across the outline of where I was straight up throbbing in my pants. It was almost painful how hard I was, and I was pretty sure I could have taken it out and put it down her throat or fucked her and she would have let me. But it was so fucking hot to get into this fantasy that we were new to this sort of shit.

"I can't believe I'm touching a boy down here," she said, her eyes bulging. "Wow, I hope nobody catches us.."

There was obviously nobody around at 9pm on a Friday but it still felt like we were getting away with something, which made it hotter.

"If you want you could touch my.. my chest?"

It wasn't just gratifying sexually. I mean don't get me wrong, it definitely was *that*. Morgan and I have gotten so good at pleasuring each other, and holding back from doing more than just kissing and over-the-clothes fondling was just hot and you could tell we were both forcing ourselves to hold back.

"This doesn't have to be a one time thing, you know..." she said after a while. "I know I'm not the prettiest girl in school, but maybe you would be okay with us being, like, boyfriend and girlfriend?"

Say what you will about Morgan but she sure knows how to make a guy feel like he's on top of the world.

"Are you asking me out, Morgan?"

She nodded, and then buried her face in my chest like she was embarrassed to have put herself out there like that. And obviously I told her I was down for us to be boyfriend and girlfriend, and this whole exchange and agreement hit so fucking different than when she had informed me of her and Tyler's scheme about the pretend breakup and her and I posing as a couple. Which I had obviously agreed to, but was just also completely fucked up.

But it didn't end there. Morgan was, like, sincerely interested in how I felt about it. Like, asking me if the way we were roleplaying was hot, and did I like pretending I was back in school having my way with some girl.

And, yeah. I kinda opened up to her and got into it with her about how my experience in high school had really not been that great, and how it meant a lot that we sort of overwrote those memories with a much better memory.

The way her eyes sparkled when I told her this? *Fuck*. It didn't at all feel like normal, where it seems like she's just doing sex stuff with me so that she can run back to Tyler and they can be all lovey dovey about what a perfect couple they are and how enlightened he is to let his girlfriend be a slut.

This time, it seemed like she actually cared about me and that it mattered *to her* that she got to do this thing *for me*, of making this fantasy come true.

It's already embarrassing enough that I have a crush on Morgan, but now it was like.. am I falling in love with this girl??

At any rate, I occurred to me how there were more worthwhile things we could be doing than walking around my fucking high school, even though the experience had been way better than I would have predicted.

Being that there's not a lot for kids to get involved in, basically what people got up to was figuring out where they could gather to party and do drugs without getting in trouble from adults or cops and so forth. I hadn't really thought about it while I was growing up here, but it's actually a pretty nice place, nature-wise, and suddenly I realized it would be really cool to show Morgan one particular spot.

So next we drove to where you can park and then hike down a ways and get to a secluded part of the river, and there's like a rope swing that some people tied onto a branch so you could swing out over the water and jump in. It probably had been there for decades.

My buddies and I had been here just to hang out and have some beers and all, but we'd also constantly hear stories about other kids in our school coming with a bunch of girls and going skinny dipping and who knows what else. The sort of parties my friends and I were just never invited to.

I was by this point feeling completely open with Morgan and telling her all this, probably sounding whiny as fuck in the process. And again, somehow she was acting both interested and concerned without coming off the slightest bit patronizing.

It was far too cold to go skinny dipping and we hadn't brought any towels or anything, but next thing I know Morgan is just taking off her clothes in front of me.

I've seen Morgan naked more times than I can count by now, but somehow it still gets to me every time. And she was still somewhat in that shy and naive persona? There was a nervousness to how she was taking them off that I feel like I haven't gotten to experience since we were first hooking up.

I sort of laughed and asked her what was going on and she acted all embarrassed -- or actually *was* all embarrassed -- and said it just felt exciting and natural to be out here in the woods and alone together and naked, and could I hold her close and keep her warm.

So I'm there with Morgan, kissing her and touching her up some, and just telling her stories about my friends and I growing up and the stupid shit we got into. She was super wet, of course, like always.

She asked if I wanted her to suck my dick, or even have sex. Which I probably would have been down, except the way she asked me just fucked me up in all sorts of unexpected ways.

"Can I have sex with you, **Oliver**?"

I sort of sat there in a stupor for a few moments.

"Why the fuck did you call me that?" It came out all accusatory.

And she apologized profusely, and said she didn't mean to say anything out of line and if it wasn't okay to call me by my full name, she wouldn't.

But she told me she loves the way my name sounds. That it sounds mature and sophisticated and that it even turns her on to think of me as an "Oliver" and not just Ollie.

I had basically always associated my full name with two things. One was my parents lecturing me, and the other was my classmates snickering when a new teacher would call roll and I hadn't corrected them and told them I went by Ollie.

And here was fucking Morgan, a girl who in equal parts is a treacherous and deceitful bitch who is two timing me with her cuck boyfriend, but also let's be honest someone who has made my wildest fucking dreams come true, and my fucking name is rolling off her lips like it's some magical incantation.

And I almost fucking started crying.

Like, not full on bawling, but tears started welling up and sure enough she noticed, and then she was kissing them away and cradling my face against her naked chest.

What the fuck was going on with us this trip?

Anyway, the sexual mood was broken and it was too cold and it was past when my parents had told me we needed to be home by, so she got dressed and we got in the car to drive home.

Small correction, the sexual mood was broken for me, but *Morgan* immediately starts in with her filthy shit once we're back in the car. Like, is she remotely capable of restraining herself when it comes to thinking with her pussy?

In this case, it was asking if she could be my "cockwarmer" while I drove us home. I could tell she was making an extra to turn me on because she was being extra subby and playing up how I didn't even need to cum down her throat or anything, and that just getting to taste me and hold me in her mouth was a reward in and of itself.

As in, implying that me busting in her mouth would have been even more desirable and is normally in fact a requirement / expectation, but one which she's willing to forego in this instance. Like, what the fuck.

She even teased me that I didn't have to get hard if I was too distracted with driving, which we both laughed at since that sort of thing is never a problem for me. Getting hard, I mean.

So in a sense it was a really nice drive home, with Morgan quietly gurgling and choking herself around my dick the whole way. She can just hold it in her throat now, and that's what she did for the first few minutes, while I stroked her face and sometimes reached over to squeeze and spank her ass.

She took it out of her mouth to ask if she could touch herself while she worshipped my dick. I told her she could. And she clarified, "But can I give myself an orgasm while I think about how I'm your personal cocksleeve?"

She got all excited after that and it turned into her just giving me an actual blowjob, doing her little gasps and whimpers she does whenever she starts facefucking herself on me, completely of her own volition as usual.

It felt like we were back in our element after all the heavy emotional stuff and I guess I appreciated Morgan's effort to get us on track, or whatever. Assuming that's what this was. I played along and teased her a bit, using a fistful of her hair to drag her off of me and note that I hadn't given her permission to actually suck me off. Of course she gushed and pleaded and begged for me to let her continue, which I allowed, using my grip on her hair as leverage and making sure to do it just a little rough like she wants me to.

We'd had a conversation about the time I'd filmed her going down on me in front of the others, and basically we had agreed that we should keep our rougher play private between the two of us. She and I know what she likes, and we have our ways of working around her sensitive boyfriend not being able to handle it, and all that.

But the point is, even though I knew Morgan would have enjoyed some physical and verbal abuse, my heart just wasn't in it.

I just couldn't stop thinking about this weird zone we'd gotten into on this trip. What did she mean when she said we were an "actual" couple? I wanted to talk to her about it. Interrogate her, really. I was worried it would come off as whining about wanting her to break up with Tyler *permanently* and just be my girlfriend going forward.

Which, to be clear, *is* what I want. But I didn't want to ruin the time we had together on this trip by acting like a bitch about it. I needed to keep this shit out of my mind because what was the point? I would just be opening myself up to more emotional abuse from her, probably.

We ended up parked around the corner from my house so I could let her choke on my dick a little more, and finger herself to orgasm while she worshipped it.

And… even this distracted me and got me thinking about shit I didn't want to think about.

Like, Morgan has actually busted without touching herself while blowing me. When I first accused her of faking it and how it was too good to be true, she got defensive and told me how it's the same for Tyler and how he'd have hands-free orgasms while eating her out. So yeah, in a way these two sex freaks are perfectly fucking matched for each other, the fact of which makes me want to put my fist through a wall.

Anyway. We got home, and I got mildly scolded by Mom for being out past curfew, and reminded how we were supposed to sleep in separate beds and how they were Trusting Us and all that shit. Morgan very politely said she promised we would follow the rules, but she slipped her arm around mine as she said it, and I could tell just seeing a girl be any sort of physically affectionate with her son was weirding my mom the fuck out.

Morgan got all flirty and claimed the bed right away, and when I tried to climb in with her she acted all appalled. "Ex*cuse* me, mister. I believe you're sleeping on the mattress on the floor?"

I played along, acting all disappointed and indignant about it.

"Fine. Good night, Morgan," I said, all intentionally formal.

"Goodnight, Oliver."

Fuck. I was starting to really like having her call me that.

We were quiet for a few minutes, and then she started taunting me.

"*Ollie*… fuck, I'm touching myself right now."

…

"Oh my god baby, I'm so fucking wet already…"

…

"Oliver, I'm fingering myself in your childhood bed and fantasizing about you climbing on top of me and holding me down and making me cum over and over with your fat dick…."

That last one did it. I growled and crawled onto the bed with her, flinging her covers aside. She had been wearing these cute but modest flannel pajamas, but was now bottomless, legs spread apart and both hands working her pussy.

"Oliver, you can't!" she gasped. She actually sounded serious and I hesitated for a second, but decided to forge ahead anyway. Like, what the fuck was the point of her even being here if I wasn't going to at least get to fuck her? I'd already kinda wasted the first night letting emotions get into my head and fuck with me.

And yeah, I mean, she was so fucking wet when I slid into her that it was hard to imagine I was actually doing anything against her will.

"*Fuck*, Ollie... oh godddddd...."

But she was also starting to get too loud, so I put my hand over her mouth and swore at her to keep quiet. Her eyes were bulging out of their sockets and the whole thing did feel a bit rapey, and I stopped to check if she was okay.

But she seemed almost impatient that I'd checked. "It's hot as *fuck*, Ollie," she hissed, and moved my hand down to her throat.

Still, we were sneaking illicit sex in my parents' house and I couldn't go to town on her like I usually do. So we ended up, like, slowly making love? Just because that's what the situation called for. I stopped choking her and gripped her head by her hair, kissing her as passionately as I could, gazing into her eyes until I felt her go stiff and lock up in her first orgasm.

I was completely blissed out and not thinking at all and as she came, the words just spilled out of me.

"I love you, Morgan."

She did hesitate. She didn't automatically say it back right away.

But she did say it back.

"I love you too, Oliver," she murmured after a long few moments. Quietly, deliberately.

I blinked. I hadn't expected this, or even realized how badly I wanted it to happen.

Next thing I know, I'm sitting next to her, choosing to *have a conversation* instead of fucking her.

I *really* hadn't wanted to do this. Like I said, I'd coached myself to not be an asshole and make stuff all emotional, and to instead just focus on taking advantage of the time I had left with her. And I think she was sort of on the same page, hence the whole cockwarming in the car stuff.

But there I was, asking her if she really meant it. If she really loved me.

Morgan seemed to understand, though, that this was a serious conversation we needed to have. She slid up next to me and put her head on my shoulder. She considered it for a long time.

"Yes, I do love you, Ollie."

This should have been such a moment of victory for me. But it almost made it worse? Like, okay, so you're *saying* that, but, what the fuck? What does it actually mean? Which I asked her.

She shrugged. "I'm not sure. But when I think about how I feel about you, it's obvious that's the right word to use for it."

"Is there any chance whatsoever that we can actually be together? That you'll leave Tyler *for real* and actually be with me?"

And there it was. Day one of our weekend together, and I was already ruining it by asking a question that I couldn't stand to have answered.

Not that this was anywhere close to the worst thing that ended up happening on this trip, but we'll get there.

Anyway. My question hung in the air and just bracing myself for her response, which when it came was exactly what I'd been dreading. I sat there, scowling into the darkness while she told me: No. She was not going to leave Tyler.

Why the fuck had I brought it up? Why was I acting like this? I should have been making her agree to all sorts of filthy shit. I should have drawn up another set of rules to enforce on Tyler when we got back and restrict him from ever seeing or touching her pussy again. She probably would have been one hundred percent down for that.

Instead I was begging her to break up with Tyler like a complete fucking simp, and getting shot down.

She gave me a few minutes to process the rejection, and then she asked, "Ollie, can you explain why it's the worst thing in the world for me to also love Tyler? It's not like you and I will have to stop having sex."

"..."

"I mean, there's no way Tyler will want us to stop, ya know? Sometimes I think he gets more pleasure out of us having sex than we do."

"I highly doubt that."

"Yeah," she laughed softly, "you're probably right."

But I didn't really have an answer for why her loving us both was the worst thing. I just knew that it *was*.

Deep down, it filled me with this incredible self loathing to imagine sharing her with Tyler. At least I had the self respect to keep from whining to her about it more than I already was.

So I was just sitting there, feeling sorry for myself and wondering why the *one chance* at love the gods had given me had to be with *Tyler's girlfriend*. But she's a sweet and caring person -- or at least good at pretending to be one -- and didn't want me to feel sad, and was asking what she could do to make it better.

She said that we didn't have to think about Tyler and all that right now, and that it was special that we had told each other we loved each other.

She asked if we could just "be in the moment" and have romantic, loving sex with each other.

So that's what we did. I made love with Morgan for something like an hour, and we told each other "I love you" several times throughout it. Like, we really got into it. She was cupping my face with both hands and I think she even was tearing up a little.

It was both totally exhilirating (especially when she was saying it to me mid-orgasm), but it was also like pouring lemon juice on my wounds, since I didn't really see how at the end of the day this changed the basic problem.

That was day one. You're probably thinking that I've blown all this out of proportion in terms of how I set this whole adventure up with the doom and gloom, but, well. You'll see, I guess.

At any rate, things started to get even weirder the next day.

First of all, I woke up to my phone vibrating with a text from Tyler. Like, specifically to me, rather than to the group chat the three of us have.

He was just basically checking in, and said that he had emailed us both an article he was hoping we would take a look at, and that he was sorry to bug me but that he couldn't communicate directly with Morgan for the time being.

And, yeah, you would think put me in a good mood, right? Morgan had teased me about literally blocking Tyler for the duration of her trip home with me (so that she could be mine *completely*, as she put it) and I was pretty shocked to find out that they'd apparently gone through with it. But instead it just brought made the heaviness of last night's serious conversations with her back to the forefront of my mind.

I was contemplating checking to see what Tyler had sent Morgan and I, but then at this point I get startled by my dad straight up barging into the room, which was completely fucked up. He obviously was trying to make a point about the fact that we didn't actually have privacy and were expected to have slept in separate beds and all that, but whose to say Morgan wasn't in the process of changing or something? Like, she's an adult woman and so the way I see it he just basically barged into a woman's bedroom. *My girlfriend's* bedroom. So, fuck him, basically.

Anyway, it wasn't any drama because I had moved down to the air mattress after we were done having sex. And although Morgan had gotten hot during the night and kicked off the covers, she was in her pajamas. She was basically decent, although her shirt had gotten bunched up and you could see all of her stomach and some bare hip.

So he blatantly stared at Morgan while he addressed me, letting me know that he and Mom would be out of the house for the day but that I was expected to do various chores. Not sure how all this shit manages to get done while I'm away at school, but I wasn't going to argue about it.

Morgan either slept through all this, or pretended to. It's kind of embarrassing to admit, but creepiness aside I did feel a bit of satisfaction that he'd gotten to see some of her body so that he knows how hot my girlfriend is.

So my parents left, and as I was trying to work up the willpower to get dressed and attend the tasks I'd been assigned, it dawned on me that there was an extremely hot and slutty girl sleeping in my bed. So I walked over to her and started tugging up her shirt so I could see her bare tits in the sunlight in my actual own bedroom, but she's apparently awake and suddenly grabbing my hands to stop me from getting past her midriff.

I sort of just sat there staring at her with my mouth hanging open. Like, why is she suddenly not letting me see her body? And then it dawns on me that she's, like, barely restraining herself from smirking at me.

"What, are you trying to tease me or something?" I asked.

"You heard your dad! You've got chores to do!"

I didn't get it because she was obviously horny; I've fucked Morgan enough times now that I can tell from really small signs, like when her tits are just a little more swollen, and other stuff I don't know that I could put into words but the point is I can just tell. But next thing I know she's getting up and actually making me leave the room so she can change??

By the time she was out, I was basically panicking that I'd ruined everything by asking her to break up with Tyler the night before. But, she was being super nice and even asked if I could show her around the kitchen so she could cook us breakfast.

It was ... a really sweet gesture. I mowed the lawn while she squeezed oranges from the tree in our backyard and made eggs and toast for us. She poked her head outside and literally said "Honey, breakfast is ready," with this hugely self-satisfied grin at her choice of words. But even if she was being silly about it, it was honestly romantic as hell and -- I absolutely hate admitting this -- made my heart flutter.

It made me even more confused about why she was being all coy with me as far as letting me fuck her earlier, not to mention all the relationship stuff I was trying and failing to avoid thinking about.

So I got done with the lawn and the other chores, and after breakfast once again was faced with having no clue with how to entertain Morgan, especially now that we didn't even have a car and she apparently wasn't wanting to have sex.

She asked what I would normally do if I was home for the weekend, and I told her the truth, which was play videogames and watch porn. Like, why the fuck would I pretend to be somebody I'm not if she's not even willing to give *me* what *I* want? But of course, since other than being Tyler's girlfriend she's basically a male fantasy come true, she lights up and says that playing games sounds awesome.

She got even more excited when she realized I had all my old console systems. Apparently her best friend growing up was into all that stuff and it gave her a nostalgic kick that I had the same games she used to play.

Could have fooled me, because she absolutely sucked at it. After losing a couple races to me, I could tell she was getting frustrated and not having fun.

So I'm basically panicking at this point. Like, am I being tested to see if I'm "real boyfriend" material and just striking out completely? Because obviously if Morgan and I were a real couple, we'd have to actually hang out at some point and not just have sex all the time.

So in my desperation to just have *anything* to be doing and talk about, I bring up that Tyler had been trying to get in touch with us.

Morgan seemed pretty astonished at me mentioning Tyler, which I suppose I do usually avoid doing.

Anyway, her phone was upstairs charging so she leaned in close to me to look at Tyler's email. At this point I'm totally resolved to not try and make any more moves on her and get rejected again. But even though I've seen Morgan naked and fucked her so many times, all of a sudden just having her clothed body in contact with mine is making me all excited.

Like, I suddenly wanted to touch her *so* fucking bad, and just like earlier I swear she really wanted it as well.

I opened up Tyler's email, and it basically was saying he hoped we were having a good time. And, that if we decided to do *certain activities*, that maybe we could read the article he linked and keep Morgan's safety in mind.

"Oh, wow," said Morgan.

I don't know how he does it. I would rather disappear into a hole in the ground than send something like this to the guy fucking my girlfriend. But then again, from Morgan's reaction she found the whole thing super hot. I mean, of course she did, she absolutely loves cucking him.

The article was basically some webmd thing about how to have anal sex while keeping it sanitary and injury-free. I guess he was still bent out of shape over me talking shit to Morgan about how anal was going to hurt her and how she should teach herself to like the thought of it hurting and all that, when I made her suck my dick in front of everybody a few weeks back.

But obviously that was just sex talk, and Morgan had confirmed to me later that she thought it was hot. And it's not my fault Tyler is too much of a white knight to realize his girlfriend likes to be roughed up some.

At any rate, we as we read the article together I guess Morgan got turned on enough to quit with the teasing because she suddenly smiled at me and reached over and started playing with my dick.

I kept it cool for like five or six seconds and then just went nuts, grabbing at her and kissing her hard. And then she's like, on her knees in front of me trying to get my dick out to put her mouth on it, and she's literally drooling with anticipation.

Well, it was my turn to fuck it up now, I guess, and not only fumble getting laid but also cause Morgan and my first genuine fight.

See, we were sitting there in direct line of sight of the front door, so I told her that my parents might get home any minute. She gave a bit of a panicked apology, looking nevously the door as she got out of the suggestive position at my feet she'd just been in.

Which pissed me off, to be honest. I mean, she could have at least protested a little at being told to stop, but it was like choking on my dick suddenly wasn't a priority for her?

"Well," I said, expecting that she'd immediately agree, "let's go upstairs, and.."

"We can later, okay?" she said. "I think I actually need to start getting ready."

I couldn't believe she was deflecting and turning me down for sex *again*. What was even the point of this stupid fucking trip?

I also genuinely didn't know what she was referring to."Get ready?" I asked.

She nodded, then took a deep breath like she was gearing up to ask me something she was nervous to ask about. "Also...."

"..?"

"... I wanted to talk about when we go out tonight, and, like, I dunno. Boundaries I guess?"

It still wasn't clicking. "When we go out tonight..?"

She gawked at me. "Like, tonight is when we're gonna hang out with your friends, right?"

Fuck. I'd completely forgotten about it. And I'd been kinda hoping *she* had forgotten about it, too, because come to mention it, I was pretty nervous about hanging out with her and the guys.

"Right," I said. "So...?"

She crossed her arms defensively. "Well, I thought that, like, your fantasy was to show me off, right? So like, how much do you want me to, like, *show?*"

"Morgan-"

"Like, how slutty do you want me to be tonight, you know?"

I glared at her as hard as I could. "Uh, not slutty *at all?!*"

She immediately looked away, like I'd shamed her.

"Morgan, I just want them to see that you, like, *exist?* Like, just them seeing that you're my girlfriend is plenty?"

"Oh. Because I-"

"'How slutty??'" I mocked. " mean, what the fuck were you thinking was going to happen? Did you think I was going to pass you around to my dipshit friends?"

She was getting all flustered. I mean, I guess I was kinda yelling at her. But I was totally unprepared for her to yell at me back, which she's never done before.

"Why are you getting so fucking mad??" she said. "I *just* meant, like, do you want me to wear something that shows off my boobs more or, like-"

Getting spoken to this way absolutely sucked. I hated that she was raising her voice with me and it made me dig in my heels. I moderated my volume and went for, like, burning embers instead.

"Morgan, you think I don't fucking know you?"

She hesitated for a long moment before responding.

"Ollie," she finally said, not meeting my eye. Speaking all deliberate. "I did not expect that I was going to come here and get gangbanged by your friends, if that is what you are asking."

I considered her choice of words. "You weren't expecting it, but the thought of it happening one hundred percent turns you on."

"..."

"Like, one thousand fucking percent."

I was fully upset at this point and being an asshole to her, but I didn't care. I barely stopped myself from saying how even my dad could tell within seconds of meeting her what kind of girl she is.

But, I mean, suggesting that she should be a slut in the context of my *friends?* What the fuck was she thinking?

"Ollie..." she sighed. "I mean, you *know* stuff like that turns me on. Like, we post videos of me online and then I cum over and over for you while we talk about how I'm a publicly exposed whore and free for men to use and all that."

"Can you please *not* bring that up right now?"

"I just don't understand why you get so mad at me for getting turned on at the thought of being, you know...."

"A fucking slut!"

"Okay, fine, but what actually is so bad about being a slut? Like, I don't get why I'm doing anything I should feel ashamed of!"

I was now in a position where I had to explain to her why she *should* be ashamed, and didn't appreciate that she'd put me in that position. But I tried anyway.

"This whole trip," I said. "Like, I just imagined it being a certain way..."

"I don't see why it can't be whatever way we want it to be," she said, putting her hand on my shoulder. Fuck, it was hard to stay mad at her. "Like, you know me really well, and you know I'm turned on by the thought of getting passed around like an object. But I *like* that you know that about me! It's part of what made me fall for you, babe, and what makes our relationship unique and special. And it doesn't mean we have to actually *do* any of the things we fantasize about!"

Hearing her talk this way about my friends, even theoretically, was making it real difficult to not lose my temper. Plus, the whole notion that her being a fucking whore is what makes our relationship unique and special? Fuck that.

"That's *not* the point," I said, raising my voice again.

"How could it possibly *not* be the point?" she shot back, matching my tone. "I've seen the porn you watch Ollie. You can't be claiming some moral highground about this stuff with me."

It was so fucking uncool of her to keep setting these logical traps for me. I tried to think about how I could get her to see things from my perspective.

"It's not like I think the stuff I watch is something to be *proud* of," I tried. "Like, I know some of that stuff is really ... degenerate ... and-"

"So you feel guilty for liking nasty porn, and you think I should also feel guilty for having, like, interests of my own."

"But Morgan-"

"???"

"....."

She sighed, standing beside me, and traced her fingers along my shoulders. My dick was still throbbing in my pants from when she'd been on her knees a few seconds before and about to slurp me off, and I swear I could smell her own arousal hanging in the air between us. Which wasn't making it easy to stay focused.

At any rate, she continued. "I know that it's not fair for me to expect you to like, change the way you feel about sex and just instantly stop feeling whatever insecurities-"

"I'm *not* insecure!"

"Well, whatever it is that makes you upset with me for being the way I am. But the fact is this *is* who I am, you know? Like, I'm sorry Ollie, but your 'girlfriend' is kind of a slut!"

Massive, banner-sized air-quotes around the "girlfriend" this time.

She was playing the usual mindgame where I had to either be okay with her and Tyler's objectively insane views on sex, or it meant *I* was somehow in the wrong.

"You're not even my real fucking girlfriend, though," I said. The words were just coming out of my mouth and I couldn't seem to stop them. "You're going to break up with me after this trip and get back with your actual boyfriend."

"Ollie, that's not-"

"What??"

She was quiet for a few seconds.

"You never answered my question from last night."

"Which was."

"What is so horrible about me loving both you and Tyler?"

"I don't know how to answer that question, but-"

"And like, also, what is so horrible about the fact that I'm, you know. Kinky? Slutty."

"I don't *know*, Morgan, but like..."

I was sitting down sort of hunched over with my elbows on my knees, and she moved in closer with her arms still crossed beneath her tits, and she started, like, rocking her hip into me. Basically jabbing my shoulder with her hip, which was annoying but still made me want to fuck her even more badly.

"But like *what,* Oliver?" she said, emphasizing the *what* with a hip jab.

I stared at where I knew her pussy was, inches from me and hidden by her denim shorts. I was right, the whole room smelled like her. I love the way she smells and I guess it's odd that it made my brain go there, but I thought about how sexy yet also *wholesome* Morgan can be sometimes.

"What if I also like the thought of you as, like, *not* a slut? Though?"

I braced myself for her to get mad at this, since like, being a slut is apparently the most important thing in the world to her. But she just asked me to elaborate, so I did.

"Like just, I dunno," I said. "I really liked driving around with you last night and just, I dunno, being a couple?"

She sighed and I immediately cursed myself for once again being dumb enough to try and treat Morgan like anything but a set of holes, since that's obviously what she wants to be. But then she ran her fingers through my hair all affectionately, and I found myself continuing.

"And this morning..." I said, "Okay, maybe this is corny but it was kind of, like, nice that you made me breakfast?"

She was silent at this for a few seconds and I braced myself for her to make some sarcastic remark about me being, like, patriarchal or something.

"I liked doing that for you too, baby," she said softly.

There was another silence this, but it... wasn't awkward. There was this, like, pleasant warmth I could feel inside and maybe in the air between us.

"Actually," she said, "I was thinking we could maybe ... keep doing stuff like that. When we get back, I mean."

"Like, back at school? You would make me breakfast?"

She nodded. She was still rocking back and forth and pushing her hips into me, but now it was less sassy and more flirtatious.

"Yeah, and serve it to you I guess..."

What the fuck?

"... Really?" I asked.

She sucked in a breath. "You could like, tell me to do it? In front of the others, I mean. Not in a mean way, just in a way that shows how it's an expectation between us."

I just sort of gaped at her.

"Or like, if you wanted me to be even more subservient? Like, I could call you 'Sir' or, like.... 'Daddy'..."

Her voice got just a little hesitant at the end, making her seem shy about suggesting it. Which was not what I was used to with Morgan these days, but *really* sexy, even though "Daddy" is totally not my thing.

I gulped. "That seems, I dunno, so unlike you."

She nodded. "I know, right? I would only do it for you, though."

"...Not for Tyler?"

"No, and I'd make a point of, like, making sure everybody knows that I specifically like acting that way for you and nobody else."

I didn't even know what to say. This was beyond just hot. This was something I hadn't even realized I wanted, but now that it had been broached it was way beyond just a 'want'.

At least, until she kept talking.

"It would probably drive Tyler *nuts*, Ollie."

FUCK! How was she not getting it? "The whole point is I don't *want* this stuff to be for Tyler. I just want it to be for us!"

I was yelling again I thought for sure it would start our fight back up, but instead she sat beside me in the couch and snuggled into me.

"I know, Oliver. And you're right. I'm sorry. I want us to have things that are just for us, too."

I snorted. "Like what."

Another endless pause that just further showed in my mind that all this trip was doing was confirming how she and I could never be a real couple. Because of course she couldn't come up with anything.

"Like.... well," she finally said. "I do have some things in mind, but I'm afraid you're going to be mad because it's, like, more sluttiness."

No surprise there. But it's not like it didn't make my dick twitch anyway. Especially if this was a category of sluttiness that was allegedly for me and just me.

"I mean, now you have to tell me, though," I said.

More hesitation. "Some of the stuff I think about is pretty bad, Ollie."

"..."

She abruptly flailed out, balling her hands into fists and slamming them down on her thighs in a surprising outburst. "*Fuck.* Ollie, this is totally beside the point of what we should be talking about. I'm sorry that I keep bringing everything back around to sex stuff-"

"It won't bother me," I lied. I really needed to hear what this big dark secret of hers was. "Come on, tell me."

She sort of broke eye contact with me and I could tell she was weighing options of what to say.

"You're the first person I've ever told this to, baby...."

I waited, honestly nervous for what this was about. Like, if she wanted to see Tyler suck me off or something like that I was gonna have to set her expectations straight right quick.

"So," she said after way too long of a pause, "sometimes I think about, I dunno. Stuff happening to me when I ... don't want it to? Like, last night...."

"What the fuck? Like when we had tender, romantic sex?"

"No, before that! When I was like, telling you not to?"

".... Huh."

"And you, like, kinda forced me to anyway?"

Forced?? "... Morgan, I-"

"And when you did... oh my gosh, Ollie, I didn't even realize how much it's something I was craving."

"... I see."

I thought about how she'd turned me down this morning. Had I been supposed to force her then as well? Should I right now??

"I've almost talked about this with you a bunch of times," she continued, "but like, it's different if you *know* beforehand, if that makes sense? And you do have a pushy side to you, and I've always been turned on by that..."

What the fuck did she mean? I'm not that kind of guy. "Morgan, I'm not that kind of guy."

She cupped my cheek immediately. "Oh baby, I know you're not! Like, you can be a little excited and, well, pushy like I said. But you've never actually made me feel like my consent wasn't important to you at the end of the day."

"Yeah because like I said, I'm not that sort of person."

"..."

"Buuuuuut..."

"..."

"Are you, like, saying you wish I *was?*"

Her eyes bulged. "Oh, no no no no no, not at *all*. This is *just* fantasy, Ollie."

"But this morning..."

"I know. That's why I'm like, realizing I need to admit it to you, because it's not right to play that sort of game with you and not be up front."

I didn't know how to respond. My brain spun.

"You have to say something, Ollie," she said after a while. "Do you think I'm disgusting?"

I kinda did, but what was I supposed to do about it? "This is, like, strictly between you and me?"

She nodded. "Of *course*, Ollie. I could never share anything like this with someone I didn't deeply trust. And... "

"..?"

"I would never want Tyler to treat me like that," she murmured, probably bracing herself for me to yell at her for mentioning his name. But it was okay in this case.

"I don't get what I'm supposed to like, actually do with this information."

"I don't know either. But the point was just, like, that it's something that's only between you and I. For us."

Well, fuck.

Even though Morgan was apparently opening up to me about something private about herself, in a way it just made me feel even more miserable. Like, why did *everything* have to always loop back around to more depravity?

If this was our trial at seeing what we were like as an actual couple, all it was doing was proving how there wasn't anything else between us other than degenerate nasty sex.

"He does this almost every time," said Charles.

Mikey grunted and tapped at his phone, presumably to text Skye yet again and try to get him to realize we were sitting outside his house, so he'd come and conduct the exchange.

Morgan was bored out of her mind. I don't think I've ever seen her like this before, to be honest.

It seemed ridiculous that I had been bent out of shape over the possibility of her acting slutty towards my friends since there was, like, negative chemistry between her and them.

She had made a few tries at getting Mikey and Charles to talk to her, asking them basic getting-to-know-you type questions and being her generally sociable self.

With Mikey, it was like talking to a wall. Grunted, one word answers. I forgot that he's always like this with a girl of any minimum level of attractiveness.

Charles would actually try and talk to her a bit, but he's just kind of a dope and doesn't really have any topics of interest that overlap with hers. I guess she and I don't really have a lot of shared interests either, but she just finds *people* interesting on a basic level.

Well, Charles was somehow failing to hold her interest nonetheless, and she was literally fiddling with her clothes and staring out the window and just obviously not enjoying the situation at all.

The situation being: Mikey trying to buy weed. Since we were in his car, he had power over what we did. The plan had been for us to go bowling -- lame I know, but as I've mentioned there's literally nothing to do in our town -- and the "quick stop" he wanted to make first had turned into an hour-long detour.

"This is what a lot of high school was like," I told her, half to be apologetic and half to just break the awful fucking silence. "Just sitting around waiting to get weed."

"This is *still* what life is like," Charles observed. "You're here right now." As if I needed to feel any more depressed.

"Or for Willis to get us alcohol," Mikey put in. Willis being Mikey's older brother.

Another miserable silence.

"But Ollie doesn't smoke anymore because he's a little bitch," Mikey said, suddenly coming to life a little. I didn't give the slightest fuck if he wanted to complain that I don't smoke, but it's never stopped him from saying it like it was some sort of brutal dig against me.

I still had enough of that innate sense of the timing of a drug deal that I knew Mikey's energy was due to Skye finally acknowledging his stream of texts. Thank fucking god; it meant we were going to move past this horrible phase of the night at last.

And sure enough Skye was there a second later, looking like the smug piece of shit he always has. He's a few years older than us and thinks of himself as some hotshot drug dealer. I guess he makes enough money selling baggies of weed to high school students that even after he graduated, he just never stopped, and plans on doing it for the rest of his life?

So he's at Mikey's window and they're doing their thing, pretending to dap each other or whatever, as if it wasn't ridiculously obvious that they were exchanging money for drugs.

Skye glanced around the car and made a comment about how Mikey "sure brought a lot of people" like it's some huge breach of security, and yeah that's the sort of shit you deal with when it comes to Skye.

"It's cool, you remember Ollie right? And this is his girlfriend from college," Mikey said.

Yeah, hearing Mikey just refer to Morgan that way *did* fucking rule, I'll admit.

"Sup," Skye said, looking back and forth between us.

"Hi," Morgan returned in a kind of absent but still friendly way. Again, far below her usual default level of extrovertedness.

There was this pause. Usually Skye wants you away from his street as quickly as possible so it's not super visible that he's constantly conducting drug deals outside his house, which in my opinion all the neighbors already know, but whatever. But anyway he was lingering at Mikey's window, which was confusing to Mikey as well as myself.

"Uh, so, thanks-" Mikey started to say.

"What are you guys doing tomorrow?" Skye asked suddenly.

"Uhhh....."

"There's going to be a party here tomorrow. You should all come," he said to all of us but in particular to Morgan.

"Oh sweet! What time?" asked Charles, instantly getting excited.

"After 11. There's gonna be, you know, party favors. Molly and such."

"Hell yeah, dude!" Charles again.

I didn't really know how I felt about it obviously being Morgan's existence that finally got us invited to one of Skye's parties. Mildly threatened, I guess. Not that I actually thought Morgan was going to get stolen from me by this loser drug dealer or anything.

"What's 'molly'?" I asked when we were driving away.

Charles chortled. "Ollie's so fucking naive he thinks 'molly' is, like, a girl. *'Who's molly'* ahhhhahahaha-"

"It's obviously a fucking drug and I didn't say 'who' you fucking moron," I fumed. Once again, somehow me not being a drug person makes me into an object of ridicule in my idiot friends' minds.

Charles went into a lengthy and nonsensical explanation of the drug and its, like, chemistry, which was probably all wrong and also unnecessary because I had heard other terms for it and quickly ascertained it was that drug people take at raves.

There was no element of this drug, or the environment it was intended for, that held the slightest bit of appeal to me whatsoever.

"That's just, like, so fucking weird that he suddenly invited us," Mikey said. "Like, do I have to fucking *go* to this thing now? Is he going to be, like, *offended* if I don't?"

I could tell that Mikey was already talking himself into being furious with Skye for having extended the invitation and putting this conundrum into his mind. That's Mikey for you. Neurotic as hell and always inventing reasons to be upset.

So anyway, after Morgan had us stop by a pharmacy for "girl stuff," we got to the bowling alley and I was grateful for the distraction provied by the logistics of getting shoes and a lane. Even though Morgan had just worn the same denim shorts and t-shirt from earlier, it was pretty hot watching her body move as she bowled, and I felt some satisfaction from how consistently Mikey and Charles' eyes were glued to her ass whenever her turn was up, even though it also made me want to beat the shit out of them.

Eventually Mikey brought up Skye's invite again, complaining about how it was fucking with his head.

"Uh, we're definitely gonna go, though??" protested Charles. "We've never gotten invited to one of Skye's parties?"

Skye's house was, by default, the primary hang-out spot for the edgier and more drug-oriented crowd to hang out and party even while we were in high school, and I guess that was still the case. It was so depressing that I was once again stuck in the same conversation with Mikey and Charles I always had been, with Mikey playing sour grapes and Charles hyping up the party as some sort of must-do experience.

Charles' point was that there were all these legendary stories surrounding these parties and the debaucheries that supposedly ensued. He didn't really get into those specifics, probably because of Morgan being present, but Charles had always been vocal with his envy whenever we caught some rumor of a girl in our school having flashed her tits at some social event.

Mikey's approach was to pretend like he had no interest in any of that, and this was what he was going on about after Charles had made his case.

"So go if you want," was Mikey's conclusion. "But I don't want to spend my time just like, having inane conversations with the sort of girls who go to Skye's parties."

"What kind of girls?" Morgan spoke up all of a sudden. It was, like, the third thing she'd said all night.

Mikey humphed. "Like, I'm sorry, but, sluts?"

"And why are they 'sluts'?" Morgan asked. Still with a pleasant tone of voice, but I could tell she wasn't impressed with Mikey's terminology.

It's weird because obviously Morgan approves of the word "slut" and is, like, both turned on by being called it and proud to think of herself as one, but now she was apparently getting defensive on behalf of some girls she doesn't even know.

I could see Mikey's wheels turning and for a second I was worried he was going to question Morgan's hypocrisy himself, even though I fucking swore them to secrecy about her Fanhub. Thankfully he didn't.

"Like, I'm just not *interested* in that sort of thing," he said, all defensive. "I don't want to hang out with girls who just want to have meaningless sex without there being any, like..."

"You don't hang out with any girls at all, though," Charles accused.

"How do you know the sex these girls have is 'meaningless'?" Morgan wanted to know.

Mikey looked back at me like I was going to help dig him out of this but I just avoided his gaze. It was an awkward silence and Morgan seemed perfectly content to let him squirm.

"I guess because how could it not be?" he said finally. "I don't think they're, like, having a philosophical discussion with some guy they just met at a party."

"Hmm," Morgan said. "So you think you need to have a philosophical discussion to make sex meaningful?"

Charles found this to be uproariously funny and giggled at length, while Mikey stewed. I wasn't used to Morgan being, like, argumentative or straight up kinda *mean* like this, but I guess her irritation with the whole night was making her get that way.

"Anyway," she said, turning towards me, "I think we should go to the party, Ollie. It seems like it will be an adventure."

Ah, fuck.

"Hell yeah!" Charles was thrilled to have someone on his team.

"I dunno," I said. "Skye is kind of a sketchy guy. Plus everybody is going to be on drugs and that might be really annoying for us."

"I kinda want to try that, too," Morgan said, which made me *really* start to get anxious. "I've never taken MDMA before and it's something I'm very interested in."

Since fucking when?

"Well, but..." I sputtered. "You know I don't do drugs!"

And neither did she, as far as I knew. Back at school, Bobby and Andrew were smokers of weed but I'd never seen either Morgan or Tyler indulge. I was completely shocked that she was now jumping past weed to a way more serious drug.

"I don't really either," she confirmed, "but I'm not against trying something once. If we're not going to use, like, our college years to have new experiences and learn about ourselves, what are we even doing?"

"I..... I....." I didn't know what to say.

"I don't mean to pressure you, babe," she said, scooting closer so she could snuggle into me. "If you don't want to do it, you can just be, like, my trip sitter?"

"Yeah, Ollie!" bellowed Charles. "Just be her trip sitter!"

I cannot emphasize to you enough how much this whole development was one hundred percent pure bullshit.

Like, this was supposed to be *my* weekend with Morgan as *my* girlfriend, she knows I am not into drugs, and yet here she was pushing for us to hang out with the worst people in the world and do the last thing I wanted to do.

And in front of my friends, where she knew I wouldn't be able to fight with her about it.

But I was fucked. Even Mikey changed his mind at this point and I couldn't help but wonder if he maybe had some not so pure thoughts in his head about what might go down if Morgan was on drugs around him. Not to mention, could I trust them to keep their fucking mouths shut about the confidential shit I'd told them about her while they got wasted at this party?

It was shaping up to be a nightmare scenario real quick and as soon as we got home, I tried to make a show of ignoring her and fucking around on my computer.

"Babe," she said.

"What."

"I know you're mad."

I huffed. "Like you give a fuck?"

"Baby I *do* give a fuck but sometimes maybe you need to just trust me? Every single time I've tried to get you to party with me, you've objected. And every single time you've ended up having a great time."

"Last time you let some stranger feel your tits!"

"Oh big whoop, a boy touched my boobs. I let you *throatfuck* me that night in front of Andrew and Tyler!"

"..."

"Oliver, I *promise* it will be a good time."

"Fuck that. Maybe you're right, maybe it will be a good time, but fuck that. This is my *last* weekend with you as my girlfriend and you haven't even let us have sex today!"

"Right. So about that.."

"And like, if you had known you were going to be on your period, why didn't we just do it another fucking weekend?"

"I'm not on my period."

"..."

"...."

"...So why did we go to the pharmacy?"

She marched over to her bag and retrieved a couple items, which she then placed on my desk, giving me this "what now?" sort of challenging look.

I was staring at a bottle of lube, and an enema kit.

"I know you want there to be parts of our relationship that are just between you and me," she said, "and I know that you don't just want it to be, like, sex stuff."

I blinked at her.

"So, I promise I'm going to work on that for us, okay? But Ollie, sex *is* really important to me. Like, much more important than I realized, and you're part of the reason that I know that about myself. And it would really mean a lot to me if you let me give you my anal virginity."

I just blinked again.

"Like, tonight. Will you, my love? Will you fuck your slutty girlfriend's ass?"

What was I supposed to do other than agree?

She leaned forward and kissed me hard.

"I'm going to go get myself ready for you, okay? I'm really excited to finally do this with you."

I was actually relieved to be going to the party. That's how bad our final day was going.

Mom was home, so at least we were excused of sex being a possibility we could contemplate, after last night's fiasco. Morgan had suddenly insisted that she had to look over some school materials for a class on Tuesday and I'd been fucking around on my computer. We'd barely spoken to each other all day.

"It's about time to get ready," I said. "Mikey will be here soon to pick us up for the party."

She flopped forward on the bed, burying her head in the covers. "Ollie, it was my fault."

"Whatever."

"Can you please not be like this?"

"This whole trip has been a fucking disaster." I knew I was pouting but I couldn't stop myself.

She rolled onto her back and sat up. "If you genuinely feel that way, I find that really hurtful, Oliver."

"..."

"This trip was really special for me. It really meant a lot to me that I got to see where you come from, meet your family and friends. Even though Mikey is kind of an asshole."

I almost cracked a grin at the Mikey comment, but managed to maintain my scowl.

"Ollie," she continued softly, "we told each other we're in love. Why is that a 'fucking disaster' to you? That *really* fucking hurts, Ollie."

"Because it doesn't fucking matter. You're still Tyler's girlfriend. And I didn't even get to .."

"Fuck my butt?"

"Sure. Yeah."

"Okay, that part's *really* my fault, baby. I thought I would be able to relax back there and let you in but it... you're *huge*, ya know?"

I huffed. "I'm *above average*. It's not like I have some foot long pornstar cock."

She sighed. "Ollie, *I promise* you and I will do anal together. You saw the article that Tyler sent... it's not something we should force. We needed to stop because it was hurting. And because.... yeah."

I didn't have anything to say to this so I just kept my mouth shut. Trying not to think about the specifics: how she'd yelped in pain, how Mom had started pounding on our door a few moments later, and the ensuing awkwardness... It was hardly the point, anyway.

"And as far as Tyler goes..." she continued, pushing those thoughts even further from my mind.

"This whole thing has been *complete and total bullshit*, Morgan. You two are straight up *using* me. Like, us being 'in love' or whatever actually makes it even *worse*. You can't keep-"

"I know," she murmured, taking the wind out of my sails.

"???"

She got up and set herself down on the ground beside my chair, putting her hands on my lap. "It's not fair, and you're right. We've gotten really swept up in this whole kink, and it has not been fair to you."

I guess I appreciated her acknowledging this, but I don't see how it helped. "Who cares though? Like you said, you're not going to break up with him.."

"I'm not," she confirmed. Her hands rubbing my thighs while saying so felt so fucking patronizing that I had to restrain myself from pushing her away.

"So, yeah. I guess you'll get back with Tyler, and we'll just stop this whole fucked up arrangement. Because I genuinely can't take this shit anymore."

She didn't say anything for a long while and I wondered if I should call Mike and tell him the party was off.

"I don't want that," she said, very quietly.

"???"

"Look Ollie, maybe I'm a selfish bitch, but I just don't accept that the only options are either I break up with Tyler, or you and I have to stop being together."

"..."

"I know it's been fucked up. I know. But there has got to be, like, a version of this where I don't have to lose one of you. I told you yesterday that I promised I would work on parts of our relationship that are special to you and I, that don't just revolve around sex stuff. And now you're basically saying, you're not even going to give me that chance?"

I knew that what she was saying didn't quite add up but I couldn't put my finger on why.

I was starting to realize how fucking manipulative she could be. I was finally standing up for myself in this whole dynamic, and she was making it sound like *I* was being the unreasonable one?

While I considered my response, she stood up from her position and started pacing the room. I guess she got impatient and stamped a foot.

"What the *hell*, Ollie," she said, voice sounding strained in a way I don't think I've ever heard from her. "Do you not understand that I am, like, throwing myself at your feet right now? I am literally begging for you to give me a chance to make this work, will you at least *say* something?"

There was a lot I wanted to say. Just because she was putting on this show of being upset didn't make her any less wrong, or make the position she was putting me in any less unfair.

Like, at the end of the day, I still consider Morgan to be way out of my league and I didn't really feel like I had any choice but to accept whatever it was she was offering. I mean, I had basically just told her we should call the whole thing off, and she basically told me to go fuck myself. So that was that, I guess. I was below even this amoral slut in the pecking order of things.

But I still felt some urge to try and stick to my guns, since I doubted we'd be talking openly about all this again anytime soon.

"I don't want to stop being with you either Morgan," I said carefully, "but why is it so wrong that I just want to be in a *normal relationship* with a *normal girlfriend??* When we came out here..."

"Yes?"

"I dunno. I guess I'll regret saying this, but I really had it in my head that maybe I could talk you out of getting back together with Tyler. "

She circled behind me and hugged me from behind, burying her face in my neck. "Don't you get that that's what's happening, you idiot? Like, we were supposed to go back to school, and 'break up' so that Tyler and I can get back together again."

"And???"

"And I'm telling you I don't want that either."

"But you *are going to get back together with him*, you keep saying so over and over. I mean???"

"Ollie, you know full well that Tyler and I never actually broke up. Isn't that part of what has been unfair to you? Why you keep saying I'm not your real girlfriend and so on?"

I shrugged. "Yes. I suppose." It was part of it, at least.

"And I am telling you that I acknowledge how unfair all of this has been. You want me to give you and I a *genuine chance*, right? Well this is that. I know I'm not the 'normal girlfriend' you wanted, but I swear Ollie I *do* consider myself to be your girlfriend, from the fucking bottom of my heart."

And Tyler's, I wanted to say. But there were actual tears falling from her face onto my shirt and my already crumbling resolve was basically gone.

I reached for one of her hands and interlocked our fingers. "So, what does this mean exactly? What are you going to tell Tyler when we get back?"

She sighed -- not in exasperation, but in relief -- and kissed me hard on the side of my face.

"I'll tell him that we can't keep playing games with you. That he needs to accept I am going to be taking you and I serious as a real relationship."

That certainly *sounded* like what I wanted, if I focused on just that and ignored everything else. "How do you think, like, he'll react?"

And I *was* invested in his reaction, seeing as it was hard for me to imagine Morgan overruling him if he put his foot down or something.

She kissed me more before responding. "Well, knowing Tyler, it will turn him on."

"Jesus *christ*..."

She giggled softly. "Look, I will explain to him that this is, you know, *real*. This is not something we're doing, like, as fodder for him to sexualize and get off on."

"What if he says 'no'?"

"I don't think he will." The mischief had crept back into her voice. "I think if I can talk *you* into this, he'll be much easier."

"Morgan, you are a manipulative fucking *bitch*," I growled. And then my body was moving of its own accord. I had a grip on her hair and was maneuvering her face down onto my bed.

"Ollie! Stop!" she protested. "We have to get ready- *fuck!*"

The excitement in her voice was clear as day. It was time to put the slut's nonconsent kink to use. I used my free hand to yank her pants down and spanked her as hard as I could. She hissed and balled up fistfuls of my sheets in her hands.

"Did that hurt?" I seethed in her ear.

She nodded emphatically.

"*Good*. If I'm going to put up with his fucking bullshit arrangement, you're going to have to let me vent every now and then."

She nodded again. "*Yessss*... You *should*...."

"Arch your fucking back, stick it out more."

She complied instantly, arching so that her ass was presented lewdly, a red handprint already emerging where I'd clobbered her cheek. Of course, she was soaked.

I decided I would help myself to her for a few minutes, regardless of my parents being downstairs.

"*Not in my ass,*" she protested as I got my dick out. "Please, babe..."

I spanked her again. "Yeah yeah, don't worry. This is really fucked up of you though, you know that? I need to be able to put it in whatever fucking hole I want, *when* I want-"

"Yes baby *yes*," she blubbered, a little too loud. "*Fuck*, that's hot, Ollie. All my holes should be yours. I can't believe you were going to fucking deprive me of thi-"

I shoved myself into her pussy in one go. She slammed her hands down, grabbing a handful of blanket and stuffing a wad of it into her mouth. And then screamed into it.

I heard the creak of the staircase. We were being too loud again; Mom or Dad was coming up the stairs to cockblock me once more.

About ten seconds later, there were two rapid knocks, following the bedroom door immediately swinging open. Dad's eyebrows raised expectantly.

"Hey, Mr. C!" Morgan chirped at him. She was seated on the bed, I at my computer.

He ignored her and glanced my way. "Nothing inappropriate going on in here, I trust?"

"We're just watching stupid shit on tiktok," I said. "We're just joking around, Dad."

I'm sure he could tell it was an obvious lie from how red in the face we both were, not to mention that the room probably smelled like pussy. But there was nothing he could say, so he left, pointedly leaving the door ajar.

Alone again, we beamed at each other, and I felt a lot better about everything.

"So, the party?" she asked.

I sighed. "We *have* to?"

She nodded excitedly. "You're gonna love it, babe. Should I... you know. Dress kinda sexy? Let you show off your hot, *real* girlfriend to all your old friends?"

This fucking girl. "Fine." It did honestly sound kinda nice. "But no getting gangbanged by my loser friends."

She rolled her eyes. "Oh, how will I ever resist."

It felt great to laugh with her. I guess I can be pretty insecure at times, but in that moment all those issues seemed to be far away.

Which is how Morgan and I ended up going to the fateful party, with me once again having managed to trick myself into believing that everything might work out between us.

"She'll talk to anyone, huh?" Mikey said, staring daggers into Morgan.

Across the room, she was engrossed in conversation with what was possibly the world's most obnoxious human being. A walking fucking stereotype. Shoulder length hair, an ascot hat, a matching leather vest. He was three or four inches shorter than *Morgan,* and looked frankly ridiculous trying to act all smooth peering up at her.

I scowled at Mikey. "Yes. She's really friendly and outgoing, man, what is your fucking point?" It was hard enough to keep my feelings in check without this shithead whispering poison in my ear.

Just then, the guy said something that caused Morgan's melodious laughter to pierce through the considerable ambient noise of the party, like it had been every few minutes. This time, she found whatever he'd said so charming that she actually raised her palm to his cheek in an overt display of affection.

Mikey turned towards me and glared, eyebrows raised.

"Fuck *off*, Mikey," I growled, and started across the room for them.

I was in a fucking bind. If I acted jealous, it would make me look like a bitch, and confirm what Mikey and whoever else was obviously thinking: that her behavior *was* inappropriate and something I *should* be jealous of.

Oh, but it gets worse.

"*Oliver!*" she shrieked when I approached, literally jumping to hug me and almost causing me to spill my beer in the process. "This is Declan! He's, like, *really* cool!"

'Declan'?! She had to be fucking kidding me.

"Hey man," I deadpanned.

"Hey Oliver! Nice to meet you, dude."

"It's Ollie," I corrected, shaking his hand.

"For sure! You're a lucky man! This angel won't shut up about you."

"*Stooooooop!*" she protested, placing a hand on his chest and almost swooning for this fuckhead. "You're so sweet!"

"I'll catch you guys around," he said. Even the way he *walked* was pretentious.

"Babe. *Babe*."

"Yeah."

"I. Feel. *Incredible????* Are you *sure* you don't want to trip with me?!"

"I mean… I think Mikey is going to want to head out soon."

Her eyes widened in abject horror. "Oh no, nononono NO. Babe we can't leave."

"I mean, we kinda have to? Dad is driving us back first thing tomorrow morning."

She pulled me in and kissed me, slipping her tongue into my mouth and moaning into the kiss. "That's fine! We'll figure it out. Ollie, come meet people with me? Everybody here is fucking *amazing*."

Morgan's first MDMA experience was obviously shaping up to be everything she'd dreamed. To me, this was just the usual gallery of moronic townies that were basically the entire reason I'd worked hard enough to get into college and get the fuck away from all this in the first place. But I guess Morgan was in a frame of mind where everything and everyone was putting her in an extremely good mood.

She'd seized my hand and was stomping forward with me in tow. She was literally just marching us up to people and introducing herself with, like, a degree of enthusiasm that basically nobody else at this gathering was exuding.

"Hi! I'm Morgan! I'm visiting with my boyfriend Ollie! What's *your* name? Oh my god it's *so nice to meet you* can I shake your hand??"

I was kind of feeling embarrassed at first. Like, folks from my town are more kind of deadpan, stare-you-down types and I thought this sort of intense friendliness was not going to go over well. But basically everybody she talked to responded really well to her, maybe looking perplexed for a second or two but then their features would light up to match hers. She collected many names and handshakes, as well as hugs.

But still, I couldn't relax. I'd obviously seen Morgan drunk many times, but the drug she'd taken tonight had much more intensely changed her behavior. She was being *really* touchy-feely with everybody. Morgan has always kinda been like that, but this felt different somehow.

"*Oliver!*" she whispered to me, all secretive. "I don't remember *a single one of these people's names!*" I thought her cheeks were going to break, the thought made her smile so hard.

"I don't really know most of them either," I said. "But seriously babe, this has been really fun, but Mikey was saying he needs to go. It's like, almost one in the morning.."

"Soon babe! Oh I know *you're* name! Charles!!"

Charles was totally unprepared for Morgan's maximum body contact hug. It had never occurred to me to give a shit that she hugs everybody like this back at school, but she seemed like such a fish out of water here that it made the behavior stand out a lot more.

And it didn't help that she wearing a seriously hot dress. It wasn't too short and there wasn't any cleavage, but the fabric was thin and form-fitting and I swear all the horizontal stripes made her curves look even more intense than usual. So Charles was getting to feel *a lot*, which I was trying to not get too angry about.

"Dude, your girl is rolling *hard!*" Charles told me.

"She's just like this," I said.

"Babe," Morgan said. "I am like, *totally* rolling though! Didn't you have some too Charles??"

He looked up in the air like he was trying to remember something. "I'm, like... not feeling it yet? I don't think."

"Oh we need to get you more then! Come on!"

Now it was both Charles and I getting marched about by the hand while Morgan asked person after person if they'd seen Skye. I supposed this was probably the greatest night of Charles' life, getting to hold a hot girl's hand and have her boobs or butt squished against him every couple seconds,

since it was pretty crowded here and we just naturally had to squeeze against each other to get by people.

It also occurred to me that since Charles was with us, it probably meant Mikey was skulking around somewhere not socializing with anybody, and talking himself into an extremely bad mood. Which was going to be fun to deal with.

So really considering all these low level background stresses that I had going, I had to say that Morgan was wrong about me enjoying this party. And I was probably drinking more than I should to compensate for it. But obviously she was having the time of her life and would never see it my way.

But don't worry, it gets worse.

She found Skye, and to my relief didn't just jump on him for a hug. She told him how great his party was, and was it possible for her to get a few more hits of the molly for her friends. Skye, who I'd basically never seen make any sort of facial expression whatsoever in all the years he'd been a figure in my life, and yet somehow ALWAYS made it clear that he was doing you an agonizing favor whenever he sold you drugs, looked straight up happy that Morgan had approached him so that he could *give her drugs for free*.

Like, he just straight up asked how many she wanted.

"Three, please!"

"Uh, Morgan.." I started. That seemed like too much, and she was already pretty intensely under the influence.

"Ollie don't *worry*... Thank you so much, Skye!"

"Come back if you want more," he unbelievably said, turning aside to the group he'd been talking to.

"Seriously Morgan, I'm supposed to be your trip sitter, and-"

"I'm not going to take more! I feel *perfect!*" she said. "Here's one for you, Charles!"

Then, she leaned in close. "It's no pressure babe, but *just in case* you want to later... like, in bed, you know, we could..."

I still didn't want to do drugs but it actually made me feel really good that she'd gone out of her way to think of me. Of us. I started wondering if she'd be able to keep quiet when we got home, because I definitely was going to at least take advantage of her current state of mind. I mean that sounds bad but I could tell she was going to *really* want me too.

"What are you guys talking about?" Charles complained.

"Uh, how we're going to have sex later?" Morgan said, way too loudly.

"Woahhh, woahhhh, o*kayyyy*," Charles waved his hands frantically like he was waving off the thought. Just acting like a total child and an idiot as always.

We chatted for a few more minutes before Skye passed by where we were hanging out. He stopped to speak with us and I was bracing for him to let us know how we actually owed him money for the drugs, or something.

"Hey, it's Morgan, right?" he said to Morgan.

"Yes! It is I!" She was acting like such a dork but she's also so fucking cute. I tried to remind myself that we had kind of sort of become official boyfriend and girlfriend today, and to stop panicking about every little thing.

"A couple of us are gonna go hang out in this other part of the house. You should come, we're going to play some games."

"Oh my god, games sound *amazing??*" She siezed my hand. "We'd love to!"

It seemed like he realized I was there for the first time. "For sure," he said. "Yeah, bring your boyfriend."

"I'll play," Charles volunteered.

"Oh," Skye said, "sorry bro there's not a lot of room back there..."

What the fuck was Skye trying to get us involved in? This was the last thing I wanted to do, but I figured at this point the way out was through and there was no way Morgan was going to be dissuaded.

"Go find Mikey," I told Charles. "He's probably pissed that you ditched him."

Charles didn't argue, thank god, and we walked through the kitchen into another part of the house where there was a whole beer pong setup and actual places to sit. Once Skye closed the door behind us, it was apparent they had different music playing here than the rest of the party. The vibe was just more chill overall. The room was decorated to all fuck with stereotypical head shop posters and there were blacklights going and even a lava lamp.

It was such a surreal change of scenery that I almost felt as though I almost felt like I'd gotten some sort of contact high from Morgan. And I really did need to slow down on the beer I was consuming. Except-

"Beer pong?!?!" cried Morgan, like all her dreams had impossibly come true, as if it wasn't literally the most stereotypical thing to do at dumb parties like this.

"Guys, this is Morgan, and Ollie," Skye said to the group. "They're super chill."

I really didn't know a single one of these people. It was a group of five guys including Skye, and two girls. They were all a bit older than us, maybe in their mid to late twenties, although one of the guys looked maybe like he was actually pushing forty.

Why the fuck had he brought us back here? I guess the obvious answer was that Morgan was basically the hottest girl at this entire gathering, and certainly one of the only ones showing off her body to the extent she was. Which in retrospect I don't know why I'd fucking agreed to.

Anyway, I immediately forgot the names of all the people we were introduced us to, except-

"Dina??" Morgan exclaimed as if she'd known this person her whole life. "You're outfit is *so fucking gorgeous??*"

Dina was kind of weird looking to tell you the truth. I think she was maybe of Middle Eastern or Indian descent. She had glasses and these thick eyebrows, and was one of the tallest people in the room. But her body was really good and as Morgan pointed out she was wearing a skirt and blouse combo that complimented it very well.

So, Morgan had this girl charmed immediately, just like she had been doing to people all night. While they traded compliments about each other's looks, Skye actually talked to me and was surprisingly nice. He told me that it was cool I'd gone off to school and gotten the fuck out of this "stupid town" and that I was obviously doing quite well for myself, which in my opinion was absolutely just him telling me that Morgan is hot.

We were offered weed and beer, the first of which I obviously declined. Morgan did take a puff though, which I tried not to get anxious about. But maybe it would make her chill out a bit from how intense the MDMA was making her act.

One of the guys asked if I wanted to play him at beer pong, and I don't know why but I did. I ended up winning, but he played well enough that I'd had to down four or five beers in short order. I feel like I was also probably getting a bit of a contact high from all the smoke in the room. I haven't smoked since like eleventh grade because it makes me kinda paranoid.

Anyway, all of this is to say I totally stopped thinking about Mikey, who we absolutely were depending on for a ride home, and who had been agitating for us to leave *at least* an hour ago. Which contributed how everything ended up going south.

It actually got a bit difficult to keep track of conversation and such, and I mean I can hold my booze but I could tell I was getting into dangerous territory. Other than that, though, I was finally having a pretty good time. These were surprisingly cool people and it seemed like I would be able to look back on this as having shown Morgan a really good night out on our first night as a *real* official couple, instead of a pretend couple for the sake of her and Tyler's insane fetishes.

So I was kind of lost in thought about all that and not processing everything super clearly when suddenly Skye was trying to explain how it was time to play a different game. It somehow made everybody stop their side conversations and pay attention to Skye.

I felt the familiar panic start to creep up.

"You've probably heard we get up to some wild stuff sometimes," Skye was saying, I guess to Morgan and me.

"Uh, Ollie's friend was *saying* something about that!" Morgan's eyebrows climbed as far up her head as humanly possible, like Skye was dropping the world's hottest piece of gossip.

"Well, so sometimes we like to up the stakes a little during Beirut."

Beirut was Skye's name for beer pong, which he insisted on calling it because let's not forget, the guy is completely up his own ass.

But never mind that. I could instantly see what this was all fucking about. They were going to try and get Morgan to play, like, strip beer pong, and of course there was going to be no force on earth that could stop her because, well. It's fucking Morgan.

I wanted the floor to open up and swallow me. In the space of like five seconds, this had gone from actually a pretty good time, to a fucking nightmare.

Did I mention that it gets worse?

"Oh, you think you guys are going to get me out of my clothes in some sort of *stripping* game!" Morgan accused flirtatiously, sharing my prediction but obviously none of my concern.

"Oh it's not that," Skye said. "I mean, we do that stuff sometimes, but when it's just us core group sometimes we get a little more, like, risque."

Skye, fancying himself the most cultured person in this town, of course would say 'risque'.

"You are under *no pressure* to play," Dina said, with this totally normal friendly grin on her face like she wasn't explaining something completely nutty. "What we do is two girls play against each other, and whoever loses is the Party Girl for the night."

Time literally stopped. One of the guys brought his hands to his mouth and imitated a club horn noise, which is the most obnoxious and cringe thing a person can do, but it barely registered because the world was simply ending all around me.

"Uh, are you kidding?" Morgan said. "I will take *anybody* on at beer pong??"

"Morgan," I found myself saying. Obviously I wasn't going to act all bitchmade and object to, like, the touchy feely stuff she'd been doing earlier. But this? This was *way* beyond that. "Do you, like, know what they mean by 'party girl'?"

"It's pretty intense," Skye said apologetically. "I totally understand if you guys aren't down for this sort of thing, but like I said you both seem super chill."

Skye wasn't just trying to hang out with my hot girlfriend, or even get her tits out with a stupid game. He was literally trying to get her fucked by every single guy in this room.

"We are *totally* not down for this sort of thing," I unhesitantly said. "And... *fuck*... Mikey's probably-
"

"Ollieeeeeee," Morgan cooed. "You don't need to worry *at all* baby!"

I fished out my phone, and sure enough there were two missed calls from Mikey.

"That is, like, *so fucking cool* that you guys do this stuff?" Morgan was saying. "Wow. Dina, have you been, like, the party girl??"

Dina nodded with a huge, dorky grin, like it was the most normal thing in the world to admit that she'd been fucked by probably every single guy in this room. It was so weird to think that somebody who looked like her was into anything like this, because she seemed like an even bigger nerd than Morgan's roommate.

"Morgan, seriously..." I'd dialed Mikey, but he wasn't answering.

Skye slipped his arm around me. "Ollie. My dude. You don't need to worry, man," he said. I wanted to kick him in the teeth. "It's not, like, some binding contract or anything. Even if she loses, Morgan doesn't have to do anything she doesn't want to do."

He clearly didn't know Morgan. Or maybe all he needed to know was that all night he'd been feeding my hot girlfriend a drug that specifically makes people horny. Either way this was *fucked*.

"We're not savages," put in Josh, the guy who I'd played beer pong against. "Like, she'd have privacy, and of course consent is king... what happens in that room is totally up to her."

In that room.

I somehow didn't think consent was going to be an issue with Morgan. And could you even consider it consent seeing as her brain was being completely reprogrammed by hardcore drugs? My hands were fucking *shaking* I was so fucking steamed.

"It won't matter because I'm not *gonna* lose," Morgan said. Where the fuck was she getting this confidence? I'd never seen her play beer pong before, although I suppose it was possible she had.

And then she really sent my head spinning.

"Actually," she continued, looking at me all devious like I was in on whatever joke she thought she was pulling, "can we keep the same rules but *also* you have to, like, take off a piece of clothing? I mean just to make it a little interesting? Because this is not a *remotely* fair competition as it is."

I wasn't the only one fucking gobsmacked by this. *Everybody* stared at Morgan for a heartbeat. She was talking too quickly, in a way that I could tell that she was nervous and trying to get the words out before she thought better of it. Which I seriously fucking wish she would do. Think better of it, I mean.

Skye chuckled and said how of course we could combine the party girl game with Strip Beirut. This guy, who has never smiled once in his life, just beaming ear to ear.

FUCK. Fuckfuckfuck.

"So who is going to play me?" she continued. "Julia? Or is it me versus Dina?"

And just like that, it was fucking happening. The five beers I'd drained were hitting me hard and between that, the ambient smoke, and the surrealness of it all, I felt like events were just slipping through my fingers without me being able to track them.

The cups were being set up with this feeling of inevitability. Of doom, really. I tried objecting a few more times but it was literally eight people who were hell bent on this, and then me. I tried to decide if it was more cucked to give Morgan the most angry glare I could or to try and act like I didn't give a shit. While trying to text Mikey and make sure he wasn't leaving.

And then they started playing.

Dina was first up and her shot sailed wide. Well, at least she didn't know what she was doing. But whatever glimmer of hope I had was snuffed out an instant later when Morgan missed her shot as well.

I don't know why she was saying that shit about being unbeatable at this game. She obviously didn't have a fucking clue what she was doing, either.

Dina's next shot plopped into one of the cups of beer in front of Morgan. "Nice shot!" she said, taking out ping pong ball and tossing back the cup with gusto.

I was fucked.

"So, I have to take something off, right?" she said, again giving me that winky look like she thought I would not only be okay with this but, like, approve??

And despite playing up how into it she was, I could tell she was nervous cuz her hands were basically shaking while she removed her left shoe. Which I also noted was going to leave her off balance, since she was wearing heels.

I was *beyond* fucked. She wasn't going to make a single shot, and everybody in my hometown was going to know I'd been cucked by Skye's entire friendgroup.

I tried to imagine me explaining to them how *Tyler* was actually the cuck, and of course that made it even worse. *Oh, I just made up the whole thing about her being my girlfriend.* Fucking awesome.

"Morgan, are you fucking kidding me," I couldn't help but say.

Plop! Morgan's next shot sailed in a perfect arc and landed cleanly in one of the cups nearest to Dina. She hopped up and down with delight, which in that dress was quite a sight.

It was actually a really nice shot. Maybe there was a chance?

Dina, grinning broadly, simply peeled her blouse off. I was expecting hot lingerie underneath but somehow the fact of her wearing a kinda basic looking bra rubbed in again how she was such a seemingly normal girl, who apparently didn't consider it a big deal to get naked in front of us. I mean, she could have gone for the shoes first just like Morgan had.

Dink! Plop! Dina's next shot ricocheted off the surface of the table and landed in Morgan's cup. "That's *two* down for you, my dear," Dina smiled warmly.

I had really liked this person up until a few seconds ago, but I now recognized her for the demonic succubus *bitch* she clearly was.

"Okay, give me a minute," Morgan said as she went to work draining two more cups. "Damn, you *are* really good at this!"

And she fucking had the audacity to *wink* at me, like I was ever going to forgive her for pulling this shit on me. On *us*. Like, had she been planning to lose all along? I don't give a shit about her being on drugs, she *had* to know what a fucking betrayal this was.

"That's two articles of clothing you need to take off, as well," said the guy whose lap the other girl, Julia, was sitting on. Julia was this kinda chubbier, punky looking girl with part of her head shaved, and her guy suddenly gave me deeply bad vibes as well.

"I know," she huffed, working off her other shoe. "Since I'm just wearing a dress, can I like, count it as two? I'll just take the top down for now?"

There was a murmur of approval from the audience. You're probably wondering why I didn't do something to put a stop to it, but what the fuck was I supposed to do? I was almost getting the spins at this point and I was having enough trouble just keeping upright.

I was such an idiot for making Morgan walk around our suite naked. She probably thought I was into this shit? Even though I think I made it pretty clear that I didn't want her to be slutty around my friends.

Well, I guess these guys technically weren't my friends... was that how she was justifying it to herself? And either way how was this not a bigger deal to her? Andrew and Bobby was one thing, but here she was stripping down in front of seven complete strangers.

Except, I could tell it *was* a big deal because despite her big talk, she was blushing furiously as she worked down her zipper and slipped the top part of her dress off of her arms. I was bracing for her bare tits to come into view, and was at least relieved to see she was wearing one of those stick-on silicone bras that didn't strap around the shoulders or back, but was basically just two semi-translucent cups pasted onto her chest.

On second thought, it was almost worse than if she was topless.

"Holy shit," said the forty year old, and another ripple of agreement spread through the group.

Morgan was blushing furiously at this point and I knew our fucking fate was sealed. There was no *way* she was going to make a single other shot.

"Morgan, let's just call it," I said. "We gotta find Mikey and.."

Dink! Plop! Dina lunged forward to swat Morgan's ball away, as was permitted on a banked shot, but it splashed into the cup furthest from her

"And two for you *as well* babe!!" Morgan was swaying back and forth, just vibrating with physical pleasure at everything that was unfolding, which made for an unbelievably lewd image given that she had her top down.

But, she'd still made a great shot. I latched onto the glimmer of hope this offered like my life depended on it.

I guess, realizing she had an actual competition on her hands, Dina went for her shoes next. I really wished she had taken off her bra so that Morgan wouldn't be the most naked person in the room. Well, and because I kinda did want to see this girl's tits, all bullshit aside.

Dina's next shot missed.

Morgan's did not.

"That's *right!!*" cried Morgan "I *told* you, Ollie!"

"Well, shit," said Dina. She unzipped her skirt and let it pool on the ground at her feet. Her legs were just toned as fuck; she was obviously a bit more athletic than Morgan and while not quite to my taste I had to admit she looked great.

She did a little pirhouette and gave us all a flash of her butt, which the cheeky panties she was wearing showed off nicely. Everybody laughed and clapped for her, and Morgan reiterated how sexy she was.

I was fantasizing about how every single person in this room including me might die in a horrific accident.

Dina's next shot landed.

"Oh *no!*" Morgan exclaimed. "Guys, I really wasn't expecting to like, have to actually get this naked in front of everybody.."

My hands went to my head and I grabbed two fistfuls of my own hair. Like, was she fucking serious? How did she not expect it? It was the rules *she had fucking suggested!*

"It's okay bro," Skye laughed, putting his arm around me. "You gotta chill."

I envisioned Skye being fed feet first into a wood chipper.

"My underwear's a lot skimpier than Dina's," Morgan said as she shimmied her dress down. "Please be nice!"

Of course she was wearing a thong, and of course the front was see-thru. There was a stunned silence while the room took this in.

"Oh. My. God," said Dina. "You are *incredibly* sexy, Morgan!"

Of course everyone agreed and commented their agreement.

"Give us a spin??" Dina suggested. Why couldn't she just shut the fuck up?

"Ohmygod, okay..." Morgan brought her hands to her face in apparent shame as she obeyed and shuffed about, making sure everybody got a good view of her ass and her thinly-veiled landing strip as she did so.

"*Great* ass, Morgan," Julia's boyfriend assured her. What had his name been? Corey? Woodchipper for you as well, fuckface.

"Th-thanks??"

There was another chorus of agreement while everybody told Morgan how good her ass was. I tried to stead keep my breathing steady but it wasn't working. These people were incredibly lucky that there wasn't any sort of weapon at hand.

Making no effort to hide it, a few of the guys literally moved to the other side of the room so they could watch Morgan square up for her next shot from behind.

"No fair!" Morgan exclaimed. "I'm going to be all nervous if you guys just stare at me like this!"

"Hey, the stripping thing was your idea!" Skye pointed out amiably.

Plop! Another perfect shot from Morgan. Which meant Dina had to start getting *actually* naked, which was a small blessing I guess.

She just shrugged and unhooked her bra. Her tits were small but perky and very nice. Her brown nipples were pierced and Morgan gushed about how cute that was.

The group didn't react nearly as much to Dina getting her tits out as they had to Morgan losing her dress, though. I guess they'd all probably seen her naked a lot, and it was probably way more exciting to, like, defile my innocent girlfriend.

Dina's next shot missed.

...Morgan's did not.

"Who the fuck *is* this girl?" exclaimed Julia.

Dina had a thick bush so you couldn't really see much pussy-wise, and her ass was nice and toned like her legs but it was obvious to me that Morgan was *way* hotter. Maybe even a nine whereas Dina was like, a seven.

Dina missed again. She was good at the game, probably better than me, but apparently not anywhere close to good enough to prevail over Morgan.

Other than the very first throw, *every single one of Morgan's attempts found their target*.

Eventually Dina resorted to banked shots. The only way she had any hope of catching up. Morgan just batted them away.

And I was fucking done. I guess I had barely been holding onto my cognizance because a second later, it was fucking over. I guess I partially blacked out and lost track of the rest of the game. Morgan still had her bra-thing on; she'd never even had to show her tits.

"I. Fucking. *Told* you, Oliver!!" she cried.

I was almost too relieved to stay mad at her. Almost. And I was about to cry for real if we didn't get the fuck out of here *immediately*. Consulting my phone, it seemed like maybe we still had a chance.

"Morgan, we really have to go, though," I told her, picking her dress up off the floor and holding it out for her. "It's like, *three* in the morning and Mikey is saying he's going to leave without us if we don't-"

She shut me up with an *incredibly* hot kiss. "Let's go! Baby, I'm going to fuck your *brains* out tonight."

She kinda lowered her voice for it but everybody heard, and laughed.

"Oh my god it was *so nice to meet you guys????*" It took fucking forever for her to hug every single person, and kiss them on the cheek. Still half naked, of course. I was bracing myself for one of the guys to grab her ass but nobody did. Dina got a kiss on the mouth.

"Sorry, babe! I don't *ever* lose at *Beirut!*" she told her vanquished opponent.

"Don't be sorry! I believe it!" She did not look like a girl about to have a train run on her. "You guys should hang out with us again!"

"I would *love to!*" Morgan gushed, finally getting her dress back on. "You guys are seriously the coolest people I've ever met!"

They were a bunch of abhorrent freaks. They were all acting totally nonchalant about, like, this fucking group sex game they were openly playing with each other. If I never talked to a single one of them ever again, it would be too soon.

"*Oliver!!!*" Morgan hissed as I maneuvered her through the party, which was still way too fucking active for how late it was. But I guess that's what happens when it's literally the only thing to do in the whole area.

"What?! *We have to go!*"

"I know! But like, can you believe Dina is about to have sex with all those guys???"

Oh, for fuck's sake.

"Like, no?" I spat. "No, I can't fucking believe it. None of this shit is remotely believable to me. How could you fucking get involved with that Morgan??"

I wanted to scream this shit at her but we were like, among all these people, and my priority was to get us outside and into Mikey's car. He'd finally texted me back and I absolutely believed he would just ditch us here if we didn't make it out the door in the next few minutes.

Which *actually would be a legitimate disaster* if not quite on the scale of the one we had just narrowly avioded. We had to be waking up four hours from now *in my house* and ready to drive back to school. And Morgan was in no state to take the urgency of this remotely seriously.

"I just can't believe people *actually do* stuff like that," she gushed. "It's just... wow. They were all just so open and comfortable about it like it was no big deal? I wonder how many guys Dina's been with, like, *total*?"

I was not interested in hearing Morgan talk about what was happening to Dina in a way that made it sound like this sort of thing was something to be aspired to.

But, that's fucking Morgan. What the fuck had I gotten myself into? Everything really was spinning now, and I was stumbling a bit. I couldn't really tell which direction we should be going but it seemed like Morgan knew the way.

"You know, even though she's the Party Girl, *you're* not allowed to fuck her," Morgan poked me in the arm. "You've got a *girlfriend*, mister!"

Before I could react to this curveball, Morgan caught eye of a bathroom being vacated. "Oh babe, I need to go real quick!"

"Wait, Morgan!"

"Real quick! I'll meet you outside, make sure Mikey doesn't leave!"

"What the fuck! Morgan!"

But she was already making a beeline for the bathroom.

"*Morgan!!*"

The next thing I knew, my phone was vibrating in my pocket. I bolted upright.

"Oh, he's awake!" Was that Charles?

I was laying across the backseat of a car being driven. Mikey's car.

I fished my phone out and saw Morgan's name.

What the fuck?!

"Morgan?" I said, answering the call.

"Ollie! Where *are* you babe?!?!"

Oh, no.

Oh, *NO*.

"Mikey," I said, "you fucking forgot Morgan. You have to turn around."

"Not happening," Mikey said. "We're already basically at your house."

"Morgan, hold on," I said. "Mikey. What the FUCK man? You just fucking left Morgan?!"

"She wasn't anywhere! I've been telling you I need to go for fucking *hours* man."

"She's *at the party* you fucking piece of shi-"

"You were fucking *passed out* man, it was all we could do to get you in the car!"

"What about my fucking *girlfriend* you asshat?!"

"Broooos," Charles complained. "You guys are seriously harshing the vibe."

"Ollie?? *Wow* it's weird using my phone right now." Morgan was practically singing. Then she was laughing, but at a distance like she'd taken the phone away from her ear.

"Morgan," I said. "Morgan?"

"I'm here baby!!"

"I don't know what happened. I'm, like, in Mikey's car and he-"

"You were feeling sick, baby," Morgan said. "Wait, what do you mean? You're not here anymore??"

"Mikey," I said. "Turn the car around *right fucking now*."

"Sorry man, not a chance."

"Okay, I'll drop you off and then borrow your car."

"Uh, no? You're *shitfaced*, dude."

"Ollie!" Morgan cried. "It's okay! I'll take an uber!"

"There *are* no ubers in this town," I moaned. "At 3am? Have you not noticed this is a shithole??"

"*God,* you guys are high maintenance," Mikey griped.

"You are fucking dead to me, Mikey."

"Ollie, hold on," Morgan was saying. I heard her murmuring to someone in the background. "Ollie, it's okay. Declan is leaving too and he says he can give me a ride!"

"Declan??" Who the fuck?

Oh, right. The short hipster kid with the punchable face.

This didn't sound good at all. I had no idea who this kid was and, while he seemed entirely unthreatening compared to Skye's posse, I absolutely did not like the idea of Morgan alone with him in her current state.

"Do you guys know this Declan kid?" I asked Mikey and Charles.

"Declan? *Yes* I fucking know him," Mikey said, as if being asked this was even more annoying than when I had been screaming at him a second ago.

"And is he, like, okay?"

"What the fuck do you mean?"

"Like is he *trustworthy?*"

"*Yes* he's fucking trustworthy. What the fuck, man?"

I didn't believe for one second that Mikey even knew him. And what did his judgment even matter? *Mikey* wasn't trustworthy. He had always been unreliable but this was beyond the fucking pale.

"Morgan, you have the address?"

"Yep!" And she recited it to me.

"And you're going to leave *right now?*"

"Yeah! He just has to drop his friend off on the way."

How could MIkey have done this to me?

Calm down, I reasoned with myself. It wasn't like there was going to be a *second* gangbang for Morgan to get lured into. Morgan went to parties all the time without me, right? So why should this be any different? There was no way lightning was going to strike the same place twice in the same night, right?

"Morgan," I said. "*Please* call me as soon as you're heading home. I just want to make sure you get to the house okay."

"I will, baby!"

"Promise me, Morgan."

"I promise! I'm so excited to be home with you and get fucked!"

She had literally just said that at full volume, presumably within earshot of everyone around her.

"Promise me," I said again.

"I promise, Oliver! Baby I love you so much! Please don't worry!"

Ten more minutes, and I was pacing in my bedroom. Of course there was no phone call. Should I, like, call the police?

But then a minute later, my phone lit up with an incoming call from Morgan.

"Babe!" she exclaimed. "We're on our way!"

"Thank fucking god," I said. She laughed.

"Declan just has to drop his other friend off and then we'll be right there. You better be ready for me sweetie!"

I wished she would stop dropping innuendos in front of these other guys. Plus, my dick was maybe the least hard it had ever been and it was almost morning. She'd have to work pretty hard if she wanted any tonight.

It also occurred to me that I had no idea how much this Declan guy had consumed drug-wise, and whether he was remotely capable of getting Morgan to my house in one piece.

"Morgan?" I said pathetically. Like, what was I gonna tell her, to be careful?

There was still the ambient sound of the car but she wasn't responding.

"Sorry, what was your name again?" I heard her ask, but her voice was distant. She must have put her phone down without having hung up. Obviously high as a fucking kite.

"*Morgan!!!*" I hissed, knowing it was probably futile. I couldn't be too loud because of my parents, and there was no way she'd be able to hear me over the background noise.

"This van is *so cool!*" she exclaimed.

There was a chuckle and a voice that was much deeper than I remembered Declan's having been. "Yep, it's Declan's shaggin' wagon."

"*Shagging* wagon?? Oh *my!*"

Great. Fucking great.

"Elliot severely exaggerates," Declan claimed. "He probably has gotten laid in this van more than I have."

"Oh, I think you're being modest," Morgan said. "You've got, like, a mattress back there and everything!"

This had to be a fucking joke. At least she'd accidentally left the call connected, so I could monitor them and do something if they started acting inappropriate.

On the other hand, what the fuck would I be able to do?

"Are you guys friends with Skye?" she asked.

"Not really," said Elliot. "He's okay, though."

"Like, everybody I've met tonight has turned out to be some sort of, like, *sex* person!" she blurted out.

Fuck.

The two guys laughed. "Skye's a 'sex person'?" Elliot asked. "That's news to me."

"Oh my god, he's like, having an *orgy* right now!"

"At the party we just left?? No way!"

Of course Morgan had gotten a ride from two guys that considered this stuff, like, *not* horrifically weird.

"I dunno if I should be saying this," she said, "but they literally play, like, sex games with each other??"

"That's wild," Declan acknowledged. "So why aren't you back there participating in this orgy? Not a 'sex person' yourself?"

This term was quite funny to the three of them and they all laughed. For a moment I thought they'd let the topic die, but then after a minute:

"I kind of am, actually," said Morgan. More quietly, so that I could barely hear her.

"Amazing," said Elliot, in a way less excited voice than seemed appropriate for finding out the extremely hot girl in the car with you was a "sex person". "How so?"

No response from Morgan.

"Okay," Elliot said. "How old were you when you lost your virginity?"

"Eighteen."

"Nooooope," said Declan.

"Nope," agreed Elliot. 'Normal. Very normal. Okay... how many *sex partners* have you had?"

"Mmmmmm," she said thoughtfully, "five!"

They both laughed. "Girl, you're a *prude* you're not a sex person!"

I strongly disliked the way Declan called her 'girl'. I also don't know why Morgan lied to them about her body count being five when it was actually four.

"Am not! I mean, am so! I mean..." She was overcome with a fit of giggles.

"Okay, okay," laughed Elliot. "What are, like, your credentials then?"

"Wellllllllllll," she said, and I could fucking hear in her voice that she was *loving* this conversation. "Can you guys keep a secret?"

What the fuck?

"Of course!" they both said.

"Okay, how about this: I have *two boyfriends!*"

There was a silence.

"Woah!" said Elliot finally.

"Yeah, that IS crazy," agreed Declan. "So that guy Ollie isn't your only boyfriend?"

"Nope! Pretty wild, right??"

How could she fucking do this to me? I wanted to cry.

"That is *very* wild," agreed Elliot. "So you, like, practice polyamory?"

"Wow, I guess I do! Are you guys impressed??"

They both laughed and told her they were. Of course, they wanted to know more.

"That's actually amazing," said Declan. "You're very young to be, like, in that sort of lifestyle."

"Yeah," agreed Elliot. "How'd you get your boyfriends on board with this? I would have been *way* too chickenshit to get involved with something like that at your age."

How old were these fucking guys?

"It's... a work in progress," Morgan said. "But a girl has needs!"

This was *worse* than the whole beer pong fiasco. She was alone with two apparent freaks and admitting to them that she's a horny slut!

"A girl's needs should always come first," Declan said. I was surprised he didn't add a "m'lady." Fucking unbearable.

"You've gotta have some crazy stories," Elliot said. "Anything you care to share"?"

No. Shut the fuck up. Shut the *fuck* up.

"Okay, okay. So like, both of them live in a suite together."

"Hot," said Elliot.

"Hot," Declan agreed.

What was hot? Me and Tyler living together? What the fuck?

"So there was this period for like two weeks where we made a rule that I wasn't allowed to wear clothes in the suite? Like, at all."

"Daaaaaaaaaamn," said Elliot.

"I'd like, go over to visit them, and just immediately take off my clothes and just be naked the entire time."

"Them and other guys as well?" asked Declan.

"Yep! All four guys!"

"Holy shit," praised Elliot. "You guys are seriously open minded!"

"Kinda? I think for Ollie he just kinda wants to, I dunno. I think whenever he suggests that I do something slutty, a part of him is hoping that I actually say 'no'."

"What the fuck?" questioned Declan. "Anyway, Elliot, I'll catch you around-"

"Oh *hell* no," Elliot said. "I've gotta hear more about this. Turn off the car for a minute."

You could tell that Declan had done as requested because suddenly it got a lot easier to hear the three voices.

Morgan sighed. "He's a very complicated boy," she explained.

Like, fuck you? All I want is a fucking girlfriend. That's literally all I've ever wanted. What the fuck is complicated about that? *She's* the one that made everything into this twisted scenario.

"He gets jealous? Possessive?" asked Elliot.

"Oh, *majorly*."

The two guys laughed. Like, they were laughing *at me*. How *dare* she tell these strangers about our personal lives?

"What about your other boyfriend?" Declan asked.

"Tyler is jealous too but he kinda likes being jealous."

"Hot," they both said again in unison.

I fucking told you it got worse.

"Tell us more!" Elliot crooned. "God *damn* this is some good molly..."

"I *know???*" Morgan said. "I mean, this is my first time doing it but ... *wow*."

"Let's chill in the back and have another hit," Declan suggested.

"Okay," Morgan said, "but just for a bit. Ollie will seriously get worried if I'm not back soon."

How fucking considerate of her. Treacherous fucking bitch. There was some silence while they presumably repositioned themselves in Declan's van.

"No worries," Declan said. "We're in the same neighborhood of the address you told us anyway, it will just be another couple minutes to get you back there."

"Plus," Elliot pointed out, "it seems like Ollie needs to let go a little and trust you to be independent."

The fucking audacity of this guy to be passing judgment on me, without having the slightest clue about who I am.

"I like that he's possessive, though," said Morgan. "He's, like, an *animal* in bed."

Damn right, I guess? I still wish she'd shut the fuck up about our personal shit and *just come home*.

"I'm not surprised," Declan said.

"Yeah?" asked Elliot.

"Yeah, he had, like, an intensity about him."

"Oh he's *super* intense," Morgan agreed.

"I hope he appreciates what he has," Elliot said, laying it on thick. "You are a *really* special girl. I hope he knows that."

I snorted. She's a fucking whore.

"Oh. My. God," Morgan said. "I can't *believe* you're being so nice to me? Like, jeeze, I feel all tingly.."

"I think that's probably the molly," Declan observed.

"That too! But seriously I'm so glad that I met you guys?? This is such a magical adventure for me!"

"Tell us mooooooore," Elliot pleaded. "What happens when you're naked around all these guys? How many guys total?"

"There are *four* boys who live in the suite," Morgan explained.

"Including the two boyfriends."

"Yep!"

"And what about the other two? Do they ever get any or are they just tortured by the naked goddess in their midst?"

There was a long silence. "One of them has gotten lucky," she finally said.

WHAT??!??!?!??!

"It's, like, kind of a secret," she said.

"From Ollie?"

"From Ollie and from Tyler."

"Who is this third lucky guy?"

"So, the suite is Tyler, Ollie, Andrew, and Bobby," she told them. "And we're all like really close and hang out and it's great. And they're like, surprisingly understanding of the arrangement Tyler and Ollie and I have."

"Nice!" said Declan.

"Soooo one night we're partying and we all get, like, super hammered. Like, black out drunk."

Elliot urged her to continue.

"So then like, I wake up. Naked, but this wasn't during the time when I was *always* naked so it was more, like, significant that I was naked. Holy shit this is crazy to talk to you guys about!"

"Exciting, right?" said Declan.

"Kinda??? Well anyway I wake up naked *in Andrew's bed*. And like, nothing has *ever* happened between me and Andrew before!"

"That's so fucking hot," Elliot said.

I could feel every molecule in my body trying to fly in opposite directions and tear me into pieces. I had no idea how to process this information.

"And we both were like .... super embarrassed? And like, neither of us had *any* idea how we'd gotten there. Or whether, like, anything had *happened* between us the night before."

So she was just assuming she fucked him, then. This doesn't mean she actually fucked Andrew. Right??

"But then like, we figured... like, the damage had already been done? So maybe we should just like, take advantage of the opportunity and have sex to see what it would be like??"

!!!!!

"Soooo that's how Andrew and I ended up having sex."

The guys both laughed -- *laughed* -- and Morgan joined them.

"Amazing," Declan said softly, like he was some sort of fucking sage. "Was it good sex?"

"It was okay! Not as good as with my boyfriends. Oh my god that's so crazy to say! My *boyfriends!*"

"Awww," Elliot said. "Too bad."

"Not at all though? Like, it didn't matter that it wasn't the hottest sex or whatever. It was really special to me that I got to share that special moment with Andrew. Like, every guy has, like, a unique sexual vibe and now I got to experience Andrew's specific like, sexual energy that is just specific to him?"

"*Totally.*..." gushed Elliot.

"And okay this is maybe kinda bad but I also like how it's, like, a secret? Like now every once in a while Andrew and I will just share a look and I know we're both thinking the same thing, how we've *fucked* and nobody else knows except him and me!"

"That is so *fuuuuucking* hot," moaned Elliot.

"I don't think it's bad," Declan observed. "Just because you're in a poly relationship doesn't mean you're not allowed to have things that you keep private, to yourself."

"Agreed," said Elliot. "Also it's just fucking hot."

"Well, I agree!" Morgan said. "Wow, you guys have no idea what a *relief* it is to be able to talk to somebody about this stuff."

"Morgan," Elliot said. "This is going to sound like a line, and it *totally* is. But I am so jealous of all these guys that have gotten to see you naked!"

All three of them laughed hysterically.

"Awwww," said Morgan. Her tone of voice was one of, like, patience and understanding. "You guys wanna see my boobs?"

FUUUUUUUUUUUU-

"YES!" exclaimed Elliot.

"Yes," Declan said in his obnoxiously collected voice. "But we don't want you to do anything you're uncomfortable with."

"Uhhh, have you guys been *listening* to me? I'm like, totally an exhibitionist!"

There was now a silence that could only have meant that Morgan was taking off her top for them.

A long silence.

"Oh my god, guys, say something!"

"We're literally speechless," said Declan.

"Holy *shit* Morgan! You have, like, *perfect* breasts!!"

"I *know*," she said tartly. "Okay then, I think that's enough..."

"NOOOOOOO!" cried Elliot.

"Jeeze, dude, relax," Declan chuckled.

"Please just a little longer?" Elliot begged.

Morgan giggled. "You guys think I'm just gonna sit here topless hanging out with you?"

"You could if you want," Declan said.

"Only if you want!" cried Elliot. "But *please* do it."

"Ugh, *fine*," she said, but I could tell she was absolutely overjoyed to have her tits out for these two creeps.

Oh, but it gets so much worse.

"Okay but you can't just sit there staring! I wanna hear about you guys!"

"What do you want to know?" Declan asked.

"The same stuff! When did you lose your virginity?"

"Fifteen," said Elliot.

"I'm still a virgin," said Declan.

"*Really???*"

Elliot and Declan laughed real good at this.

"No. But I was way too young. Enough said."

"How many partners have you both had?"

"Thirty four," said Elliot.

Bullshit, I thought to myself.

"He's underselling it," said Declan. "Elliot is quite the cocksman."

"*'COCKSMAN??'* Ohmygod that's *hilarious*."

"Cocksmanship is serious business!" protested Elliot.

"What about you Declan??"

"I don't know," Declan said. "I don't view women as, like, notches on my bed post or something like that."

"Awwwww!" I couldn't tell if Morgan was being sarcastic or not. I hoped she was. What a sanctimonious little shit this kid was turning out to be. "And are you also a *cocksman?*"

"He won't admit it," Elliot said, "but he totally is."

"You guys know so much about each other's, like, sex lives??"

"We've always been comfortable and open with this sort of thing with each other," Declan explained.

"*Ugghhhhh* that's so fucking special and cool? I wish my boyfriends could be like that."

"Girl," Declan said, almost like he knew I was listening and wanted to irritate me. "You have *two boyfriends*. That's pretty special, right?"

"Have you guys, like, seen each other naked?"

What a bizarre fucking question.

"Oh, like, hundreds of times," said Elliot.

"Wow! Have you two like, seen each other *having sex??*"

"Are we that obvious?!" thundered Elliot.

"Oh my god you guys have to tell me! What sort of like, stuff do you guys do??"

"Well, we were roommates for a few years," Declan told her. "It was, like, a studio apartment so there wasn't really any privacy."

"At first we'd make an effort to let each other know if we had a girl over," Elliot said.

"But Elliot has *way* too many girls over," said Declan. "It was like, dude. Come on. I gotta be able to come home *sometime*."

"So we agreed to just like, not make a big deal out of it. You know, just put on headphones and face the other way or whatever if one of us was getting lucky and the other was trying to sleep."

"And what happened with that arrangement, Elliot?" Declan said with a fair amount of sass in his voice.

"I'm a fucking freak, is what happened! By the way Morgan your tits are *so* fucking perfect..."

"Okay but how are you a freak????" Morgan was almost breathless with anticipation.

"So I had a special ladyfriend over," Declan said, "and, you know. We're..."

"Having seeeex," Morgan said.

"And then I look over, and who is not only watching us, but literally has his huge hog out and is cranking it while watching us."

"*Oh my god!*"

"Guilty as charged!" Elliot said, prompting another wave of laughter. "But he's leaving out the important detail that he's also a freak."

"Yeah..." Declan agreed. "Yes. It was super hot to be watched. And you've got a nice dick, dude."

"Thanks, homie."

"This is amazing," Morgan said. "I can't even believe I'm hearing this. Can you guys, like, come back to school with me and teach my boyfriends to be cool like this with each other?"

It was never going to fucking happen. In fact, I resolved to myself, if she thought I was going to continue being with her in any capacity after this shit, she was sorely mistaken.

"Have you guys, like.... fooled around with *each other??*"

"Nah," said Elliot.

"Neither of us are bi," Declan said. "We're just, like, comfortable in our sexuality, you know?"

I kinda begged to differ, considering these guys were apparently jacking off to each other and getting turned on by the sight of each other's dicks.

"Well, I mean, we've like *indirectly* fooled around though, right?" Elliot pointed out.

"Yeah, I guess that's true," Declan said. "Like, we've had threesomes together and stuff."

"You've .... had *threesomes???*"

"Quite a few," Elliot said. "Remember Mariah?"

"Ooooooof," said Declan.

"Who's Mariah??"

"A girl I was dating for a while," Elliot said. "She looooooved getting teamed up on."

"Holy. *Shit*. And you didn't mind sharing??"

"I told you, I'm a freak!"

"I'm so *fucking* jealous.."

"Really?"

"Uh, yes?! Do you know how fucking badly I want my boyfriends to team up on me?"

"Well why don't they?!"

"Are you kidding me they *never* would. We've like, never even been in the same room together when one of us was having sex!"

"Ahhh that just seems like such a waste," Declan said. "You are wasted on these boys, Morgan."

"Shush! Don't make fun of my boys, they're my everything!"

Yeah, clearly.

"You know," Elliot said. "If you *really* want to see what it's like to have a threesome..."

"HA! Nice try but what kind of girl do you think I am?! I just *met* you guys!"

"Fair enough, fair enough! I had to shoot my shot. But okay... what if it was, like, just two guys touching your boobs?"

"Dude," said Declan. "Come on, don't pressure her."

Yes Elliot, could you please stop trying to seduce my girlfriend, and also maybe consider ending your life?

"No boob touching," Morgan confirmed. "Buuuuuuuut... can you guys come, like, sit closer to me? I just *really* want to, like, have some *contact* right now."

"..."

"...."

"Yeah, wow that feels so nice? I can't believe I'm like, topless and sandwiched in between two guys."

"It does feel really nice, right?" said Elliot. "Touching feels really good when you're on molly."

"Okay I'm seriously not saying anything is gonna happen," Morgan said, "but you guys could, like, take off your shirts too if you want??"

"Your wish is our command," Declan intoned.

"..."

"..."

"Wooooooow that feels so good," Morgan said. "Sooooo uh keep talking?"

"What do you want to talk about?" asked Elliot.

"Literally anything?! Everything just feels *amazing* right now??"

"Tell us more about Skye's orgy," said Declan.

She recounted the beer pong scenario and it was obvious that the recent dose of MDMA she'd taken was hitting her hard. She wasn't exactly slurring her words, but she was tripping over her tongue in a way I'd never heard before.

"Look at *you!*" Elliot exclaimed. "Getting all naked in front of all these guys!"

"Elliot, I thought my heart was going to *explode*. Like, I'd worn literally the sluttiest pair of panties I own??"

"You're wearing them now?"

"Yeah."

"Can we see?"

"Nope!"

"Why not?"

"Come on man," Declan said. "She said no."

"Sorry! You're right. I'm so sorry, Morgan."

"Aww, you're both so sweet! Don't worry, I feel totally safe with you guys."

Was she a fucking idiot?

"I just, like, I mean I'm *so* fucking horny right now, I can't just be like getting naked here or who knows what will happen!"

"I totally get it," Elliot said.

"Look, here, though," Morgan said.

"*Jeeeeeesus*," Elliot said.

"*Great* legs, Morgan," Declan praised.

"This is making me feel so *incredibly* good," Morgan said. "If I let you guys, like, touch my legs some, will you promise not to take advantage?"

"Scouts honor," said Elliot.

"You shouldn't trust this guy," Declan said. "But yes, we promise."

"I *said* scouts honor though!"

"Wow. *Wow*. That feels so fucking good." She was practically choking the words out she sounded so excited.

It seemed like literally years ago that Morgan had been on her way home, excited for *me* to be touching her. It should have been me. Now my life was fucking over. Why had I trusted her? Why had I listened to Mikey about this kid?

I pictured these two scumbags running their hands over my Morgan's bare legs, while she writhed in pleasure, her bare tits getting flushed and swollen as she got aroused. I felt sick to my stomach.

"So, like, tell me more about Mary?" Morgan asked.

"Mariah," Elliot corrected.

"Tell meeeeeee????"

"What do you want to know?"

"Describe her physically?"

"Skinny, small tits," said Elliot.

"Lots of piercings and tattoos," Declan filled in.

"She was like, a hippie basically," Elliot continued. "Didn't shave her legs or her armpits."

"That's fucking hot," Morgan choked. I didn't see how so but whatever.

"She was *really* hot," Elliot said.

"So how did you guys, like, end up all having sex together?"

"Her idea," said Declan.

"She would just like, show up," Elliot said. "At our house. Like, when she was horny."

"Yeah and like, on this occasion Elliot wasn't home," Declan said.

"But that wasn't going to stop her," Elliot said.

"Oh, she had no scruples whatsoever," Declan said. "She was just like, so, can I fuck *you* instead?"

"God, she kinda sounds like me," Morgan said. At this point I was inclined to agree. "So you slept with her, Declan?"

"He was *still* fucking her when I got home," Elliot said.

"Sorry bro," Declan said.

Elliot laughed. "No, you're not. But she just shrugged at me and was like, wanna join?"

"*Fuck* that is *incredibly* hot," Morgan said. "So how did you... what did you..."

"Oh my god, girl" Declan said. "You want all the details. You're just as dirty minded as Elliot!"

"I totally do. I totally am!"

"Ask us questions," Elliot said. "We'll tell you while we touch your legs."

"And my boobs?" She said. "It would be okay if you guys wanted to feel my boobs, too.."

A few seconds where the only sound was three people moaning.

"So, ask!" Elliot said.

"I will but you guys are turning me on like *crazy*. Is it really bad that I'm letting you guys do this??"

Yes.

"Nope!" said Elliot.

"Nah," said Declan. "How could something that feels like this be bad?"

"That's how *I* see it too! Mmmmmm... Okay so like, Elliot when you got home and Mariah was ... *fucking* Declan... like, describe it??"

"She was like, riding you I believe, right dude?"

"Oh I don't remember like *what position* we were in man.."

"Yeah, she was riding him. Like, with her back facing the door."

"Was she like, doing it slow and sensual or was she like *fucking* him really hard?"

"Slow and sensual except when I got in, like, she just like looked over her shoulder and gave me this ear to ear shit eating grin? And she was literally like 'Hi babe!'"

"'Hi babe!'" repeated Declan. "Yeah, I do remember her saying that in specific, like she wasn't in the middle of fucking your roommate."

"And then fuckin Declan grabs her hips and just starts moving her down on his dick all hard," Elliot continued. "And she's still looking at me and like, now she has this sort of agonized look on her face?"

"Fuuuuuuck," Morgan said.

"I know, it was unbelievably sexy," Elliot said. "And she goes, like 'baaaaaabe what are you waiting for?'"

"Like to get you to come join them?"

"Yep!"

"And did you??"

"Oh, *immediately*. I was rock hard in a second."

"That's so sexy...."

"For him, sure," Declan said. "For me, it was like, a second ago I have this great view of Mariah's O-face while she rides me, and then the next second I'm staring up at Elliot's balls and ass crack while he feeds her his big ol' dick."

"It *is* pretty big," Morgan said. "Oh, sorry! I shouldn't have done that without asking."

"You're totally fine!" Elliot said. "What do you think?"

"You're like, *so* hard???"

"Well look at what's happening!!"

"Take it out for her, dude," Declan suggested.

"You don't have to," Morgan quickly said. "It's nice to just touch you over your shorts like this."

"Have you ever touched two dicks at the same time?" Elliot asked.

"No..."

"Do you want to?"

"...."

"...."

".... You guys are so fucking sexy what the fuck is *happeniiiiiing???*

"Nothing!" Declan said. "We're just chilling and touching a little. Let us know if it's too much, we can stop!"

"Seriously Morgan," Elliot said. "You're so fucking cool?? Like, please don't let us take advantage of your openness or anything."

"Declan," Morgan wanted to know. "You don't get shy about Elliot being so much bigger? Oh god I'm so sorry I shouldn't have-"

"Not at all," Declan said. "That's a totally normal thing to be curious about! And anyway, Elliot may be bigger but I'm a way better lay."

"You wish bro," Elliot laughed.

"Let's call Mariah and ask her."

"What else did you guys do??" Morgan wanted to know. "With Mariah, I mean."

"Like, literally everything," Elliot said.

"She was seriously into some crazy stuff," Declan confirmed.

"Such as."

"Uhh," Elliot said. "She liked to give us double blowjobs?"

"Like, she'd go down on you both at the same time??"

"Uh huh. And she'd get *super* into it."

"Mmm. I love giving head too!"

"Not like this," Elliot said. "Like, she would literally leave a puddle on the floor after she was done."

"Hmmph!" Morgan said, somehow not immediately taking him up on his implied challenge. But any hope that Morgan was going to keep their dicks out of her mouth was rapidly dwindling.

"And like," Declan said, "she'd always rub our dicks together? Like she'd rub the heads or our dicks together and then get super excited and shove them into her mouth."

"And that didn't bother you guys????"

"Nah," Elliot said. "Like Declan said, we're just super comfortable with our sexuality."

"To me, it's just like touching his arm or something," Declan said. "It's not like I'm specifically turned on by the dick on dick contact."

"I mean," Elliot said, "it *was* super hot though, the way she'd get all excited about it."

"Exactly. A girl getting excited about it is what is attractive to me."

"I love it," Morgan said. "I'm so fucking jealous. Like, just knowing that there are people out there that do this stuff... wow."

"I mean, not to keep harping on it," Elliot said. "But you don't *have* to be jealous..."

"You guys would really let me do that? You'd let me, like, rub your dicks together in my mouth even though you just met me like, a couple hours ago?"

"I just met you a few *minutes* ago," Elliot pointed out. "And are you kidding me? I would be *honored* to have an experience like that with you, Morgan."

There was a long silence. "We shouldn't," Morgan said. "I really want to but I can't have sex with you guys."

"It's your choice, angel," Declan said.

"Tell me more about Mariah?" Morgan asked. "I'm sorry to be such a tease but I *really* like hearing about this stuff."

".... Anal," both Elliot and Declan said in unison, before having a chuckle at the fact that they'd done so.

"She liked to do anal??"

"She *looooooved* it up the ass," Elliot proclaimed. "Couldn't get enough of it."

"With both of you??"

"....Yes!"

"Like..... *at the same time??*"

They both laughed.

"She did like to be double penetrated," Declan said. "Like, anal and vaginal. What an ordeal."

"How do you mean??"

"It's like, not that easy to coordinate three bodies in that position," Elliot said.

"Yeah, it's not for beginners."

"You guys are *clearly* not beginners!" Morgan said. "Oh my god, I'm like, imagining riding my boyfriend while Ollie fucks my ass and.... *wow*...."

Amidst all the other agony I was feeling, I couldn't help but note that Tyler was her "boyfriend" and I was just Ollie.

"So you like anal too?" Elliot asked.

"...Whoooo knooooooooows!!!"

"What, what do you mean?!"

"I want to try it so badly," Morgan confessed. "Ollie and I actually tried to last night, for the first time."

"Tried to??"

"I'm scared he's, just, like, too big for my little hole!"

Elliot and Declan found this hilarious and traded guffaws.

"I guess that means I *definitely* don't have a chance."

Morgan snorted loudly. "Babe."

"Yeah?"

"You're a nice size, but..."

"Ohhhhh shiiiiiiit," Declan said. "My man Elliot has been beat!"

"Guys, Ollie's dick is, like.... oh *god* I like it so much. I swear I can cum from just *looking* at it."

"You can not," Elliot said.

"Fine! Don't believe me!"

"How big?" Declan said. "Show us."

"...."

"...."

"... *Bullshit*, Morgan," Elliot accused.

"I fucking *swear* I'm not exaggerating."

The three went into another fit of giggles.

"Okay boys! Pants off!"

"Really??!?!" The delight in Elliot's voice was somehow the worst twist of the knife yet.

"I thought we couldn't have sex," Declan said.

Yeah, Morgan? What happenened to that?

"Brooooo...." Elliot sobbed.

"Come on man, we can't like, take advantage of her!"

"Who says we're having sex?" she asked. "And maybe I *want* to be taken advantage of?"

"Do you???"

"Maybe... but for now I just want to see dicks so pants *off* please!"

There was another silence, some shuffling noises. And, Morgan occasionally making appreciative groans.

"What do you think?!" Elliot wanted to know.

"Okay, okay," Morgan said. "Declan? I can see why you're not like, jealous of Elliot or anything. Your penis is fucking *beautiful*."

"Thanks." His voice oozed smugness. "I'm glad you like it."

"Like... it's just so perfectly proportioned? I can tell why girls think you're a good lay, this would feel *amazing* and like it's making me just instinctively want you on this primal level."

"Dude," Elliot said. "Are you hearing this? Morgan, you're fucking incredible."

"And Elliot," she continued. "My boyfriend might be bigger, but you're definitely the second biggest I've seen. What a *manly* tree trunk of a dick you have my *god*...."

"Fuck yeah," Elliot said.

"Oh my god, you guys are so funny," she said.

"Why?" Declan asked.

"Like, high fiving like that."

They laughed. "Kinda cliche, I know," Declan said.

"No, I really liked it," Morgan said. She heaved a sigh. "Fuck. I'm going to be in so much trouble..."

Correct.

"Why???" Elliot demanded.

"I'm supposed to be home, Ollie's probably so worried about me..."

Incorrect. I didn't give a fuck *what* happened to her, at this point. At least, that's what I tried to convince myself.

"Darling," Declan said. "Ollie is an adult. If he can't handle you getting home slightly later than you said, he doesn't deserve you. Like, *at all*."

"Oh, I think that would be okay..." she breathed. "But me coming home after getting my brains fucked out by you guys is maybe a different story..."

There was a pause while the two guys absorbed what she had said.

Fuck it. At this point just sitting in my room listening to this shit had become unacceptable, so I decided to take a walk. From what they'd said earlier, they were near the neighborhood. Not sure what I was gonna do if I found them, though. Would Morgan forgive me if I killed her new fuckbuddies in front of her? Did I even give a shit at this point?

"Morgan," Elliot said, sounding more serious. "I know I've been kinda pushy, but Declan is right. We don't want you to do anything that makes you feel uncomfortable or that you'll regret."

"We can just drive you home, Morgan," Declan affirmed.

Please fucking listen to them, I silently begged.

I slipped out the door quietly and began pacing my neighborhood. I still had my earbuds in place to continue listening in, even though it was making me want to fold up into a small object and disappear.

Everything gets kinda hard to process from here on, but I'll try and lay it all out as accurately as I can.

I tried calling out her name again. Shouting it. Nobody could hear me. Or worse, they *could* hear me and didn't give a shit.

I considered ending the call and dialing her phone to maybe try and interrupt, but she had made it so fucking clear that I was already on her mind and it apparently wasn't enough to dissuade her from this. I imagined listening to the sound of one or two rings before being sent to voicemail, ignored and left in the dark, and the thought almost made me puke. So *that* wasn't an option.

"Look..." Morgan said. "You guys can judge me for being a slut if you want, but I don't know if I'll *ever* be in a situation like this again."

It seemed to me that Morgan was just the sort of person to repeatedly get herself into this situation.

"... So I just want to, like, try some stuff with you guys? If that's okay?"

"Of course, Morgan," Elliot assured.

"And, like, if I chicken out at some point you guys won't be too disappointed?"

"Absolutely not," Declan said. "The second you want to stop, everything stops."

Another pause while they waited for Morgan to make her next move.

"Okay... first, can we... Okay please don't make fun but I really like the way boys, like, taste and... smell...."

Elliot laughed but Declan shushed him.

"He's not laughing to make fun of you," Declan said. "It's just funny how cute and shy you are about this stuff that you *absolutely* should not feel ashamed over."

The fuck she shouldn't?

"Okay, who's first then?"

"FIRST!" cried Elliot.

"Go for it, dude," said Declan.

"Guys, I am *such* a fucking slut, I'm about to like, kiss your dicks before I've even kissed *you*..."

"We can kiss first if you wa- Oh, *fuck!*"

"Oh, damn.." said Declan.

"Holy shit Morgan you really *do* love dick.."

"Does he smell good? Girl you are straight *huffing* him in..."

Morgan growled deeply. "This is melting my fucking brain," she said. "You smell *so* good and *so* different from Ollie and Tyler..."

"Do Declan," Elliot suggested.

Morgan moaned her approval at being so commanded.

"Compare us?" Elliot asked.

"You're both, like, *so* delicious? Like actually what the fuck."

"But who do you like better?" Elliot insisted.

Declan laughed. "You're such a freak, dude."

"You guys really don't mind??"

"Nah," Declan said. "Everybody has their preferences. It's nothing to take personally."

"Okay cuz, like, I'm sorry Declan but you're like, a little too *hygenic* for my taste?"

"Holy shit," breathed Elliot.

"And like don't get me wrong I *love* the way your dick smells and it's getting me really wet but like, I dunno ... *hmmmmmmmph* ... it's like ... *mmmmmmmph!!* actually I might be changing my mind, *god* your dick is beautiful ..."

"What the fuuuck," Elliot whined. "Smell mine more??"

"O-okay..."

More huffing noises as the guys voiced their disbelief and occasionally laughed at what a fucking whore Morgan is.

"What about the taste??" Elliot demanded.

There were a few giggles from the boys and from Morgan.

"You fucking *tease!!!!*"

"This must be those legendary blowjob skills she was talking about," cracked Declan, sarcastically for some reason.

"Mmmm. Keep talking," Morgan said. "And this is all you're gonna get."

Yeah, right. These guys were probably minutes from finding out that they could say whatever the fuck they wanted to her and she'd gobble it up.

Declan was already undeterred. "She's like a snake, dude," he told his friend. "Like, she's smelling us with her tongue!"

"Bro shut the fuck up, man," giggled Elliot.

"*Flick flick*," said Declan. "*Flick, flick!*"

"Fliiiick," moaned Morgan, before collapsing into giggles herself.

"You doing okay?" Elliot asked

"Yeah. I think so, yeah," Morgan breathed. "Guys, I think I'm rolling *hard*."

"Fuck yeah," Elliot said.

"Any requests, Morgan? This is your party. We're here to make your dreams come true."

"MmmmmmmMMMMM??" Her voice went up like a slide whistle. "Soooooooo, liiiiiike, have I told you guys I'm kind of a slut?"

They both laughed. "You keep saying," Elliot said.

"Okay well, can you guys, like, stop being so fucking respectful and like, tell me what to do?!"

Their laughter petered out.

"Like I'm sorry but, I thought I was like, *mildly* attractive to you at least? And I'm sitting here with my tits out and smellling and tasting your dicks and you're not even like, ordering me around and telling me how you want to use me!"

"Holyyyyyyyyyy moly," sang Elliot. "Will you, like marry us?"

"Maybe!"

"Will you have our babies?" asked Declan, with the smug fucking edge to his tone.

"Sure!"

"Fuuuuuuuck," Elliot groaned.

More giggles. It was 4am and I was pacing around my block. I tried not to think about how a few hours ago, I had somehow been stupid enough to believe maybe I had found an actual love in my life.

"Soooooo...?"

"Morgan," Declan said. His voice was suddenly all serious. "I want to see your pussy."

"...Oh, *shit*..." she breathed.

"I want you to lean back on your hands, with your legs in front of you and your knees held together. Good girl."

Good girl. There was a literal haze of red obscuring my vision. I'm not saying it as, like, an expression. It was like a red fucking fog blocking my sight.

"Elliot, will you please take Morgan's panties off?"

The image was all too vivid even though I tried to block it from my mind's eye. She'd look her most shy and bashful and innocent even as she lifted her hips for Elliot to remove her underwear. Her fucking lip was probably quivering or something.

Fuck my life.

"Okay, now gather your dress up and hold it out of the way. Do you know what's going to happen?"

There was no audible response but I imagined her nodding, here eyes wide.

"Whenever you're ready, Morgan."

"I..... I'm going to spread my...my..." her voice was so shaky. She sounded so genuinely nervous. I felt a rage within me I had not known could exist.

"Could you guys help? Please?" Morgan begged. "I can't. Will you please m-make me? I.... oh *goooddddddd*..."

"Fuuuuuuck me," said Elliot.

"Tell me," Morgan moaned in anguish. "What does it... tell meeeeeee?"

"Girl," Declan said, "you are a *mess*."

"Oh my god," she said.

"No, seriously Morgan," Elliot said. "You're, like, just gushing *everywhere*."

"I knooooow.... Fuck, I'm sorry..."

"Please don't be sorry," Declan said.

"You're so *fucking* beautiful, Morgan."

"*Fuck*. You guys can look closer if you want?"

"Is that what you want?" Declan asked, again with this low and serious voice.

"Yes??"

"So ask us."

"UGHHHH. Will you please look at my pussy up close? Please!"

The only sound for a minute was Morgan basically hyperventilating.

"Tell me," she said. "Come onnnn, tell me..."

"Tell you?" Elliot asked.

"Describe it," Morgan said. "Tell me what you seeeeee...."

"I am looking at the sexiest and wettest pussy I've ever seen," Elliot said.

"Shut *up*, there's no way. You don't mean that."

"I've never meant anything more seriously in my life," he said.

"Fuck, Elliot, oh my god thank you thank you for looking at me..."

"We can see you in so much detail," Declan said. "Morgan, I'm burning the sight of this into my mind so that I never forget it."

"You want to remember my pussy???"

"Every part of you," he said. "Every part of you is perfect."

"I wish we could see her butthole, though," Elliot said. "She's like, so fucking creamed over we can't even see-"

"Morgan," Declan interrupted. "It was *so fucking cute* how you automatically rocked your hips to show us better when he said that??"

"*So* fucking cute, Morgan."

"This is so crazy," Morgan gasped. "What are you guys *doing* to me? Oh my fucking god.."

"You're a fucking goddess, Morgan," Declan breathed.

"Ugh I love how Elliot just talked about me like I'm not even here?? Fuck. Do you guys want to.... like, take pictures of me?"

Jesus fucking christ.

"*I* want to!" Elliot declared.

"It's okay," she said, almost soothingly. "There's lots of pictures of me already online."

"Really??"

"I let Ollie post pictures, and videos..."

Actually she didn't sound soothing. She sounded ... sad?

"Wow," Elliot breathed.

"I am such a fucking slut oh my god. I am twenty years old and I have a fucking FanHub page and so many people know..."

"Morgan. Morgan, Morgan," Elliot babbled. "Why are you sad, baby?"

"Why doesn't he trust me?" she said. "He told his friends about my page and spread it around and.... it's not like I'd be mad at him, you know?"

How the fuck did she know? Had Charles or Mikey ratted me out? I reminded myself that she was fucking dead to me and that I didn't give a shit at this point.

"It's okay... it's okay..." Elliot soothed.

And then there was the sound of Morgan softly crying.

"Doesn't he know that I *like* that he told people? Why does it bother him so much that I'm slutty? And anyway maybe it doesn't matter... he'll definitely never trust me again, after this..."

"If he loves you, he will," Declan said. "Come here baby.."

Baby??

"Guys, I really do love him. And Tyler. I'm so fucked up..."

"You are *not* fucked up, Morgan," Declan insisted.

"Fuck, your hands feel so good though," she said, still sobbing. "This is so weird but it feels really good to be crying and like, be touched by you. I know it's just the drugs but still."

"It's all like, just one vibration, you know?" Declan told her. "Like the separation between you and me and Ollie and somebody who lived a thousand years ago is just an illusion, we're all actually part of the same, like, thing."

What the fuck.

"... Holy *shit*," said Morgan.

"And like also sadness and happiness, and pain and pleasure, it's all just sensation, you know? But society teaches us we're all separate from each other and all these things are, like, separate?"

This guy was the dumbest motherfucker who had ever walked the earth.

"I think I'm, like, in love with you??" Morgan blurted out through her tears. "Oh my god, that's so fucking weird to say.."

"It's not! Like that's the whole point, *everything* is love. And like it's all going to be okay. I love you too Morgan. And you too, Elliot."

"I love you guys too."

"Oh my god I love you too Elliot! Can I kiss you???"

"Yes!!! Can I, like, kiss you?!!?!"

"Ohmygod yes *please??!!*"

The kissing was loud enough that I could hear it through the phone.

"Fuck," said Declan. "You guys are kissing really good."

"Can we kiss too baby??" Morgan asked. "Wow. Just, being held by two men like this? While you both take turns kissing me? Mmmmph..."

I began debating which method of suicide would be the most traumatizing for Morgan when she came across my dead body. Not that the bitch was even worthy of being cared about on that level.

"Do you like that idea, Morgan?" Declan asked. "Men taking turns on you?"

"…. Declaaaaaan the way you're talking to me??…. oh my god you're *so* good with your fingers…."

"Holy shit dude," Elliot said. "Just *listen* to that.."

"I know, right?" How was it possible that every time he spoke he sounded even more like a smug piece of shit?

"Make her squirt, man."

"Ugh, it will make a mess…"

"She's already making a mess.."

"Fine. Press down here for me, I need both hands…"

"How…what???" She sounded panicked.

There was about thirty seconds of silence and then she screamed.

"Guys. Guys." She was panting and still sounding like she was on the verge of panic.

"Are you okay? Are you okay, Morgan?"

"That has *never* happened to me before??"

More laughter. Elliot praised his friend's abilities and I got an image of Declan taking a bow and doffing his idiotic hat.

"This is, like, *completely* changing my perception of what sex is???"

"We're not even having sex yet," Elliot giggled. I was going to have nightmares about that giggle for years.

"That makes me feel so proud, to hear you say that," Declan said. "I'm having to compete against two boyfriends!"

"Right? Are you guys, like, impressed by me? Ohmygod I sound so arrogant!"

"You should be. Morgan!" Elliot crowed. "You're a goddess!"

"You have a right to be, Morgan."

"I like, literally have two boyfriends…"

"Amazing," said Declan.

"And I'm cheating on *both* of them with you guys…"

"Such a bad girl!" Elliot could not have sounded more delighted.

"And like I think maybe I don't feel bad about it??"

"You shouldn't."

Fuck you fuck you fuck you…..

"I feel like, so fucking *powerful* right now guys?? Like I know that most people would say I'm just letting two strangers use me like a slut, but...."

"You're using *us*, Morgan," Declan said.

"Cheating is so fucking hot," Elliot said.

"It like really is though????? Guys please tell me how I'm a cheating slut???"

They obliged. There must have been more fingering because I heard Morgan cry out again.

"Do you want to fuck her first, dude?" Elliot offered.

"Nah man, I'm good for now."

"Fuck yes."

"Warm her up for me, man."

I was plunged into the deepest darkest hell for the next few minutes as Elliot pushed my "girlfriend" to her belly and began railing her from behind. Morgan's howls were so intense that I wondered why I couldn't hear them from wherever this was actually occurring, however many blocks away they might be. If indeed they were even in our neighborhood as had been proclaimed.

To the extent that she could form coherent sentences, Morgan heaped praises on Elliot. She expressed her disbelief at the sensations, which she claimed were on a level of intensity she'd never even dreamed was possible.

She was, apparently, sucking off Declan while Elliot fucked her. I knew because neither guy could shut up about how incredible she was at giving head, how her enthusiasm was unparalleled even in the experience of Elliot the cocksman.

When he wasn't putting his dick down Morgan's throat, Declan was whispering filth into her ear. I knew because Morgan couldn't shut up about how he was blowing her mind with whatever he was saying. She told him he was a "sexual genius." She told him he could probably make her cum with his words alone.

I guess it was a small mercy that I couldn't actually hear any of what he was saying, but a part of me knew I'd be forever haunted by the black box obscuring whatever it was about this *absolute piece of shit of a human being* that made him so much incalculably better a sexual match for Morgan than myself.

It wasn't that I wanted to know. It was that *either* knowing, or not knowing, were beyond merely terrible to contemplate. Both were *literally, physically intolerable*.

I wondered if I would ever feel okay ever again.

But ... Fuck. It gets even worse.

It was, at last, Declan's turn to fuck Morgan. First, the three had to have a whole conversation where they discussed how exciting it was for Morgan to be fucking two guys she barely knew one after the other. Although they also went off on a Declan-prompted tangent about how they actually *did* know each other on this profoundly deep spiritual level or whatever bullshit.

Anyway, they built up this moment of Declan's initial penetration of Morgan to the point that she started raving about the necessity of capturing the moment on camera. Immortalizing it so she could never forget the night when she truly became a slut.

"My phone," she gasped. "I think it's in the front seat? Please -- *gahhhh* -- get my ph-"

There was a louder noise of commotion, and the call disconnected.

I don't think a single thought passed through my head for the next minute or two, when I felt my phone vibrate with an incoming call.

It was Tyler.

I immediately declined the call. There was nobody in the universe I was less interested in talking to in this moment.

He immediately called back, and I declined again. And again.

Then, text messages.

T: Ollie, answer the fucking phone RIGHT NOW

T: I swear to fucking god dude this is not a joke

T: Dude, WHERE IS MORGAN

T: WHO ARE THESE GUYS

T: [link to Morgan's fanhub]

T: Ollie, I beg you from the bottom of my heart, please tell me what is happening??

T: Do you even know what's happening to her?

T: I just need to know that she's okay

T: You know I'm blocked and can't call her right now

T: Ollie come on man PLEASE

T: ??????????????

T: [link to Morgan's fanhub]

T: ?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!

Even knowing how much it was going to destroy me, my thumb automatically tapped the link.

A livestream was in progress. A *fucking livestream*. It was a top down shot of Morgan, zoomed in on her crotch with her belly and legs in the frame. What I presumed to be Declan's olive-skinned dick was resting on her pussy. He was shimmying his skinny hips a bit, making it wag from side to side.

"Come *onnnnn* Declan *PLEASE!!*"

"Don't worry, I'm getting there." His voice, and its arrogance, came through with more clarity than before.

He was picking his dick up and dropping it down onto her clit. Little fountains of moisture were erupting from her pussy each time, while she sobbed.

"Come on man," I heard Elliot say. "You're torturing her!"

"Would you two perverts calm the fuck down for a minute? I'm enjoying the anticipation."

Elliot and Morgan both uttered a "fuck" at the same time.

"How's your first rimjob going, Morgan?"

"Gahhh! It's so *fucking* nasty I *looooove* ih-*mmphhhhhh!!*"

"Damn, look at her go..." Declan mused, while he fiddled with his and Morgan's genitals.

A few things hit me at once here. They were openly using her name, which had always been a big red line whenever we'd put content up on her page. Which led to the thought that, since I had been stupid enough to tell Mikey and Charles about this, there was a nonzero chance they were watching and knew that I was getting betrayed and cheated on.

Oh, it was a vanishingly small chance, don't get me wrong. They'd both sworn to me they wouldn't sub to her page or anything, since it would be weird to look at my dick and all that. And even if they had, they were both presumably exhausted and fast asleep after partying all night.

Well, Mikey was presumably asleep. But Charles was also wired on the same drug Morgan was, and had spent the night being hugged by her and treated to an up close and in person view of her body. So if there was ever a time when he might get over his squeamishness and take a peak at the good stuff, it would probably be right now.

My legs kind of gave out and I sat down on the curb.

"Morgan," Declan taunted, "does Elliot's asshole taste, like, delicious or something? Like..?"

"It tastes like fucking *ass?!*" she spat. "God it's so fucking *vivid* and *sexual* and *god Declan pleeeeeease!!!*"

He'd started dipping the head of his penis into her, just teasing her entrance in perfect timing with "vivid" and "sexual."

"I can't wait to feel every inch of you," he said, all serene like he was some fucking guru. "Every woman is different and I can't wait to feel *you*..."

"I want you to feel me...."

"Elliot, we should get a shot of her face while I put it in, man."

"M-my face????"

"Are you okay with it, Morgan?" Elliot moaned. "You have *nothing* to be ashamed of."

"*Ugggggggggh* I know I shouldn't but..."

"..."

"O-okay...."

"*Yesssss*, Morgan," Elliot roared. "It's going to be so fucking sexy.."

"Fuck, I know...."

And then it was just a close up of Morgan's face as she held the phone above her and stared into it. Her pupils had expanded to almost completely fill her irises. She looked blissed out beyond recognition.

"What I want," Declan informed her, "is for you to describe what you feel as I penetrate you."

There was still a fairly steady incoming trickle of appalled texts from Tyler, but it's not like I could do anything to help him. I guess I took some satisfaction in the fact that this turn of events was making him miserable as well.

"Oh. Oh *no*....." Morgan gasped.

"Are you okay??" Elliot, sounding all concerned.

"She's more than okay," Declan said calmly.

"*Way* more than okay. I .... oh?????"

"Come on, Morgan," Declan chastised. "Use your words"

"It's... *oh my god*...."

"I don't think she can, man," Elliot pointed out.

"It's, like, *so far beyond* anything I've experienced before??"

"Ah, jeeze," Elliot chuckled. "Better than I was?"

"This... this feels, like.... *so* far beyond what I thought was possible I don't even know that I can call this sex?"

"Fuck," Declan muttered, finally sounding a little bit affected. "Keep going."

"Like if this is sex, then it's my first time. You're taking my virginity, Decla- *OH!!* ..... Like, *how are you even doing this??*"

"It's like ... you said," Declan uttered, and I could tell from the way the camera had begun a rhythmic shaking that he was starting to lay into her with a bit of force. "Every person ... has a unique ... sexual energy. "

"*Fuuuuuuuck????*"

"All I'm doing .... is paying ... attention .... to yours!"

"I need this to never end. I *neeeeed* this Declan??!?!?!"

"You have me," he told her. "I'm all yours."

"Thank you?!?!" she gasped. "Thank you so fucking much for fucking me???"

"The pleasure's all mine, Morgan. It's going to be hard to give you up after this."

"You don't have to!!!"

"Don't get my hopes up."

"I'm yours *forever* if you want baby *OH MY GODDDDDDDD!*"

"Describe to me," he said, "what you are feeling."

"You're fucking me faster now and it's fucking *so crazy*. Your dick feels so fucking perfect inside of me. You're -- *hnnnnnnng* -- reaching underneath me and teasing my asshole so fucking good just how I *neeeeed*-"

A skinny but quite long dick came in the frame and was put to rest on Morgan's face, from her forehead down to her mouth. She sputtered against it, like she was trying to bat it away with her lips and tongue. Elliot's hand reached down to keep it in place.

"Ah come on man," Declan complained. "Can't you see we're having a moment here?"

Elliot laughed but kept his dick in place.

"*Please*, Declan," Morgan blubbered around the penis. "Please, baby. I need this. I *need you*...."

"Keep going," he said.

"Please make me yours."

"Okay. Maybe I will."

"Oh god *please*. Please make me your slave."

"My slave?"

"I want to be your slave so fucking badly Declan *please*. Tell me how you'll use me."

"Yeah?"

"How you'll *own me*."

"This girl is so fucking wild, dude," Elliot said. Then, "Dude!" as he disappeared from the shot.

"First of all," Declan said. "No dicks in your face unless I say."

"B-but," she sputtered, "sometimes you'll let me have dicks in my face?"

Declan laughed. "Obviously. I couldn't deprive you of that forever."

"You can if you want," she insisted. "Anything you want baby *anything*."

"You'd be monogamous for me?"

"Yes. I would, yes."

"I'd want to keep seeing other women, though."

"You can. It's your right. You deserve it."

She didn't even sound like she was saying it out of, like, mindbroken pleasure or something. She was just calmly telling him this shit.

"Do you like girls?" he asked her.

"Sexually?" Morgan asked. "No, not really. Maybe not at all."

"What if I want to watch you have sex with a girl"

"Then I will."

"Will you help me seduce them?"

"Of course. It would be a fucking *privilege*, Declan."

"Seduce girls for me to fuck?"

"I'll fucking *hold them down* for you baby."

Her eyes rolled back in her head for a few moments as Declan continued melting her brain.

"I have lots of friends," he said. "Maybe I want to give them a crack at you as well."

"I'll fuck anyone you tell me to," she returned instantly.

"I won't even tell you their names."

"Good. You shouldn't. Just tell me to spread my legs and I will."

"What was the name of the roommate again? The one you haven't fucked?"

"B-bobby?"

"I want you to fuck him."

"Okay."

"When you get back to school, I want you to fuck him and then send me proof."

"I will. I promise I will."

"Am I the best you've had?"

"By far."

"Better than Tyler?"

She laughed. "Oh, please. Infinitely."

"Better than Ollie?"

It was the one question she hesitated on. I guess I'll give her that.

"... Yes. You're better."

"Better than me?" Elliot piped up, the cheerfulness of his voice as jarring as a snowball in hell.

"Sorry Elliot but he's perfect."

"... Hot," Elliot said.

"You're such a fucking cuckold, dude," Declan said, sounding all affectionate.

"My dick is still bigger."

"I love how submissive you are, Morgan," Declan said.

"*Please*," she begged. "Please take advantage of me."

"Can I knock you up?"

"Yes." Instantly. No hesitation.

"We'll have a gangbang," he said. "All strangers, all creampies. I'll pass your womb around to strangers."

"*Declannnnnnn* this is so fucking hot *please* make me do it?!?!?!"

"What else?" Declan asked. He laughed. "Fuck, Morgan. I'm running out of ideas."

"My ass," she panted. "Please fucking take my ass."

There was a moment of stillness and silence, and then:

"Oh my *GODDDDDDDD!!!!*"

Declan laughed. "Are you okay?"

"How did you…?"

"I told you, I know what I'm doing."

"You, like, got it all the way in one fucking stroke *what the fuck?!*"

"You're completely relaxed, Morgan," he explained, voice dripping with condescension. "I made sure of that."

"Can I join?" Elliot whined. "Can I like, play with her pussy while you buttfuck her?"

"*NO!*" Declan and Morgan said together, and then all three laughed.

"I knew I'd like anal," Morgan raved, "but I fucking *love it???!?!*"

And that was all I could take. The phone just slipped through my fingers and clattered to the ground. Probably cracked the screen. Not like it matters.

I popped out the earbuds, not caring where they fell or if they rolled into the gutter or whatever.

The eastern horizon was changing color with the threat of dawn and it was the most sickening thing I'd ever seen.

Yeah, I cried. So fucking what. I know it's embarrassing to cry over a disgraced whore like Morgan, but she'd told me she loved me.

I had been stupid enough to think that it meant something.

I retrieved my phone. Yep, cracked. So I'd have to think about this every time I used my phone for anything from now on. The walls continued to close in on me from all sides.

I backed out of the livestream and pulled up Tyler's texts. I wrote out "I'm sorry" to him, but didn't send it. Fuck him. This was as much his fault as anybody else's. Fuck around and find out, I guess.

I tried to imagine what Tyler felt like, all those times when he'd willingly lent Morgan to me. How the fuck could he possibly have stomached it? I'd never felt more broken. I felt *unmade*.

And the worst part was that deep down inside, when I considered it, was this realization that maybe I wouldn't have the resolve to walk away from it all. That Morgan would come back with her doublespeak and her manipulations and promises of affection and loyalty, and it's not that I'd *believe* her or anything. I mean, she'd admitted herself that I was never going to believe a word she said ever again. But that still didn't mean I had either the balls or the sense of self preservation to walk away from this heap of flaming shit that my life had become.

Series this work belongs to:

- Part 1 of Cucked by an Incel