

“...and so we’ve just sort of been trying it out,” mumbled Monica, wincing. She leaned forward with her elbows on her knees, her flaming cheeks cupped in her hands as she stared into her best friend’s cool, disbelieving green eyes. “I don’t know; when Sam gets all jealous it just... spices things up. It’s not any more complicated than that.” Now that she was saying it out loud, the strange relationship she had formed with Gus sounded utterly insane.

Katie brought her hand to her forehead and was silent for a long minute, shaking her head lightly, brow furrowed in thought. It looked like she was struggling to even wrap her head around what she was hearing, and Monica couldn’t exactly blame her. Finally, Katie sighed and stared back into Monica’s eyes, saying, “So let me get this straight... Sam knows all about how you’re making out with some other guy. And not just any other guy; the creepy old professor that loves younger women. And Sam is just... what? Completely fine with this? Turned on by it?”

Monica licked her lips and hesitated for a second, and that was all it took for Katie to notice she was about to lie. They knew each other too well. “Oh my God, tell me that Sam knows about this, Monica.” Katie’s eyes flashed with horror and concern, which only made the guilt surge in Monica’s tortured heart.

Monica slumped back in her chair and crossed her arms, sinking back into her hoodie. “It’s complicated,” she muttered halfheartedly, studiously avoiding Katie’s eyes.

Katie leaned over and took her friend’s hand in a vice-like grip, forcing Monica to look at her. “Explain.” She said simply, in a gentle voice with steel beneath it.

Monica took a deep breath, ready to curse her best friend out for daring to demand an explanation for something that was none of her business... then she deflated, and all of her bravado went out with the air in her lungs. She was just being defensive. If her explanations weren’t good enough, then she was just wrong, and that possibility was scary. But at least Katie could offer her an outside perspective on the confusing situation.

“It started when he just surprised me with a kiss,” began Monica cautiously, her eyes flicking to Katie’s, looking to see if she could detect any judgment there. Katie just regarded her with intense, neutral concentration, and gestured for her to go on.

“And, I don’t know, Katie, by the time I realized that he intended to make the kissing a regular thing, it was already too late. I had already kept the first time from Sam, and now if I told him, it would seem like I was keeping it from him.”

Katie’s lips tightened in annoyance. She clearly wasn’t able to hold herself back any longer. “So, to avoid making it look like you were keeping things from Sam, you decided to keep things from Sam. Tell me how that makes sense, Monica.”

“I knowwww,” groaned Monica, burying her face in her hands again. “It’s fucked up. But I have a plan to tell Sam. If I just introduce the idea of kissing before the upcoming date I have with Gus,

I know that it's going to turn him on. He'll give me permission. Then, if I kiss Gus after that, it will all be above board. Problem solved."

She peeked up at Katie, hoping that her friend's face would show relief or approval of her plan... but Katie was just shaking her head with a stony frown. "Problem not solved, Monica. Problem not fucking solved at all," she said with obvious exasperation. "So your plan is to kick off this whole arrangement with a giant lie? I thought the whole reason you were doing this with Gus in the first place was to spice things up with Sam. How does secretly canoodling with that creep in his office accomplish that? I don't know, Monica, this whole thing still doesn't make any sense. What aren't you telling me?"

Monica winced at the blistering assessment. Katie was right. There was something that Monica wasn't adding to the explanation. The hidden ingredient that led her down this path was the unexpected arousal that she felt whenever Gus pushed the envelope and claimed a kiss from her. But obviously she couldn't admit that to her best friend. It would make her look even worse than she already did.

Monica floundered for an answer as Katie stared at her with a bewildered, concerned expression. Monica had managed to convince herself that the situation with Gus was understandable and under control, but it suddenly seemed vital to her that she convince Katie as well. If Katie couldn't accept her justifications, then maybe they were worthless.

Monica licked her lips and tried again. She ignored the point that making out with Gus made no sense, since she couldn't refute it, and focused on Katie's other objection. "I mean... I plan to let Sam know that I'm kissing Gus. And I'm positive that he will agree that it's hot in the end. So does it really matter if he knows exactly when that kissing started?"

Katie rolled her eyes. "Of course it fucking matters! It's the difference between lying to him and telling the truth! The reason that you don't want to tell him that you've already been kissing The Ogre is that you know it would upset him. If you're doing something in this fucked up arrangement that would make Sam feel like you're breaking his trust, then you're already breaking it. It's simple."

Now Monica was beginning to feel a little frustrated. Katie just didn't see what she did. "But if I just walk up and say, 'Hey Tiger, I've been making out with The Ogre on and off for a couple of weeks', he's going to freak out!"

"Well then that should tell you something, shouldn't it?" said Katie in a voice that invited no more discussion. She stood with a pained, weary look in her eyes. "Look, Monica, I can't tell you what to do. But Gus Pfeiffer is a pig. A cunning pig, true, but that man only wants one thing, and it's not a pure, innocent friendship with a bright young student. If he already has you lying to the man who loves you, then you're off to a bad start."

Monica bristled for some reason. "You're wrong about him," she said bluntly, before she even had a chance to think about what she was saying. "He's an asshole, but he's more complicated than we used to think."

Katie looked more shocked by Monica's instinctive defence of the pervy old professor than anything Monica had said so far. And Monica herself was nearly as shocked as her friend was... but the words were true. Gus was a cocky jerk, but he'd shown a lot more depth than Monica had suspected lately. He had surprised her by getting interested in the competitive gaming team and showing a little more of his vulnerable, lonely side. Monica wasn't sure she liked Gus as a person, but she understood him better than she had when she simply sneered at him for pursuing women half his age.

Katie finally shook her head with a sigh, her expression dissolving from strict disapproval to concern. "Monica, tell Sam. You're right. He might be furious. It will probably crash this whole kinky thing you have going. It might even crash your whole relationship, although I don't think that's *super* likely. I know it will be painful, but it's the right thing to do. You don't want to go down this path of keeping secrets just between you and Gus."

She bent forward and pulled Monica into a tight hug, then turned and walked away, as if afraid that if she stuck around, Monica might try to argue with her. And maybe that was a good instinct.

Monica boiled with confusion and anxiety, slumping back in her chair bonelessly and closing her eyes. They had retreated to one of the little clusters of chairs that the university liked to sprinkle around the campus, apparently in the hopes that someone would use them as a place to hang out and study. It had been a perfect place to meet without being overheard, because the building was quiet at this time of the afternoon, and Monica had never seen anyone else using one of the little clumps of chairs.

The frustrating part was that Katie was right. It was pretty fucked up for Monica to keep her make-out sessions with Gus secret from her boyfriend. Going out with Gus when Sam was aware of it and gave his permission had been fun and kinky, but keeping secrets brought the whole thing much closer to just straight-up cheating.

Katie just didn't understand. If Monica just told one little white lie, she could smooth over the entire mess. Telling the truth had a high likelihood of making the whole thing blow up in her face.

Unless...

Jealousy was clearly a huge turn-on for Sam. And they had already proven during the first date that pushing boundaries without asking permission just made him hornier.

That suggested a possible way to break the news to Sam without causing a huge argument. Monica just had to frame the conversation very carefully.

Monica jumped up from her chair, her mind working and a little spark of arousal tingling through her nerves. If she could pull this off, she would get everything she wanted, and prove Katie's naysaying wrong.

She hurried home, brainstorming exactly what she planned to say as she went.

...

Sam was on the lookout this time as he waited for Monica to get back from her meeting with Gus. He had backed off of his extreme anger and distrust from a few days back, but that didn't mean he planned to ignore more strange behavior from Monica.

This time, he was going to see if she came back from her meeting with the Ogre particularly aroused, and if she did, he wasn't going to let her avoid his questions anymore. At a certain point, he had to stick up for himself.

But as Monica entered the apartment this time, she had a strange energy about her that Sam hadn't expected.

She still looked a little... flushed, but this time she didn't avoid Sam's gaze as she entered the living room. Instead, her eyes locked with his, almost pinning him to the wall with the intensity of her gaze.

Sam was struck dumb with a sudden wave of love and desire for his girlfriend, temporarily sweeping away all of his anxious suspicion. She was just dressed in her usual casual clothes, a big hoodie that hid the shape of her curvy body, paired with tight leggings underneath that clung to her plump thighs. Her glossy chestnut hair was up in a casual ponytail, with front pieces of hair left free to frame her lovely face.

Somehow, Sam could tell that something intense was about to happen, and he wished that he could somehow prevent it and just be here with her, the woman he loved, without any more kinky, fraught complications.

But it was obvious that Monica had other plans. She perched on the edge of the couch, and Sam suddenly noticed that her body language was almost vibrating with tension, despite how calm her face was. He swallowed, preparing to ask her what was going on, but she beat him to the punch.

"Hey Tiger," she said gently, reaching out to take his hand. "We need to have a little talk."

Her tone was hesitant, yet Sam could also hear the banked heat swirling beneath the surface of her words. Her blue eyes were shining, overflowing with some unguessable emotion as they stared into his.

The choking sense of suspicious jealousy rose up in Sam's throat once again, bringing with it the insidious heat he still didn't fully understand. He knew that it made him look obsessed, but the words were already out of his mouth before he could stop them. "Is it something about him? It is Gus?"

Monica laughed softly, but her beautiful blue eyes dropped, and the pink flush in her cheeks grew deeper. Sam's heart skipped a beat, and his cock began to swell in his pants. He suddenly felt raw and jittery with adrenaline. This couldn't be happening. Was she about to confess that she felt something for their professor?

"Don't get ahead of me, Tiger," chided Monica in a soft voice. She leaned forward, and Sam eagerly accepted her soft, warm kiss, grateful for the anchor to hold him down in the sudden storm of horny anxiety that roared inside him. If she was kissing him, surely it couldn't be that serious. He still had her; could still trust her.

He wanted to prolong the kiss to avoid hearing whatever it was she had to say... but another part of him was desperate to get it over with and resolve the awful tension that filled him to the brim. When Monica pulled away, he just stared at her, willing her to speak and end his torment.

"Ok, I'll tell you, Tiger, but first things first. You have to promise not to get mad until I tell you everything. I'll let you know when I'm finished. Deal?"

The implication that Monica was about to say something that would make him angry didn't help Sam's anxiety at all. But Monica's words and her attitude didn't seem to match. She seemed a little embarrassed and nervous... but also turned on. All that Sam could do was nod. He felt like he was being held hostage by his girlfriend. He needed to know what she was planning to tell him, and the only way he could hear it was by agreeing to her demands. "Sure..." he said reluctantly. "I promise I won't get angry until you finish with whatever it is you want to say."

"Good boy," said Monica with obvious relief, flashing him a wobbly smile. "I know that you're eager for me to spill the beans, but first, I want to make you more comfortable. You're too stressed and on edge."

Sam was about to ask what she meant, but her actions made it perfectly clear a moment later. As she continued to stare into his eyes with her unreadable, overheated expression, one of Monica's slim hands reached over to rub over the bulge forming in her boyfriend's pants, sending a powerful jolt of sexual heat blazing through his veins.

Feeling her grasping, rubbing palm on his cock didn't actually calm Sam down at all. It simply turned up the heat on the troubled lust roiling within him. Monica's fingers worked with wicked,

teasing slowness, squeezing tight for a moment before moving away to glide up and down his thigh. Returning to cup his balls for a moment, then applying just enough pressure for him to feel her fingers tracing up his shaft.

“So...” whispered Monica, close and soft in his ear. “First of all, I need to apologize. I know that I’ve been sort of a bitch this past week. You wanted to talk about why I kept coming back from meetings with Gus so horny, but I just wasn’t ready yet.” Her hand moved to the button of Sam’s jeans and popped it open without warning, sending an explosive fizz of desire rising in Sam’s veins. “But I promise I’m going to make it all up to you, Tiger.”

“What is this, babe?” asked Sam, bewildered as Monica swiftly worked his fly down and fished his stiff cock out of his pants. “Why are you... Oh fuck!” Sam was temporarily rendered speechless from the intense sensation as Monica’s slim fingers wrapped around the base of his cock. He was doing his best to maintain his focus on Monica’s suspicious behavior, but the pleasure was swiftly rising to overwhelm him.

Monica’s giggle was warm, but it carried a hint of a tease. She softly kissed Sam’s ear as his hand began stroking slowly up and down his cock. “What do you mean? I already told you! I’m making up for how much of a bitch I was this week... and I’m getting you a little more comfortable before I tell you what a bad girl your innocent little girlfriend was.”

Those words made the anxious lust rising inside Sam sizzle with forbidden heat. His throbbing cock felt more sensitive than it had even been as Monica’s dextrous fingers reached the top and swirled around the swollen head. Sam had to struggle to hold back a groan...

“Hello? Earth to Tiger. Is it working? Are you feeling comfortable?” she asked, her voice rich with amusement as Sam’s cock twitched and pulsed in her little hand.

“Yessss,” breathed Sam, humping his hips upward slightly, desperate to get even a little bit more sensation. “So comfortable.” It was a bald-faced lie. He felt like he was balanced on a knife’s edge of emotional pain and physical pleasure, wracked with terrible anticipation for whatever Monica felt she had to confess. But at the same time, Monica’s hand felt so fucking good on his cock that the last thing he wanted was for her to stop. He would say anything if it meant she would speed up and make his pleasure drown out his jealousy.

“Perfect,” purred Monica, her hand speeding up as her fist slid down Sam’s cock again. “Well, I guess if you’re comfortable, I had better get started...”

Despite teasing him again with the idea she was about to start with whatever confession she had, Monica didn’t speak right away. She continued her torturously slow handjob, sending crackling bolts of sexual electricity radiating out from Sam’s iron-hard cock as her wicked little hand twisted and teased. She ran her tongue all around his ear as she worked, sending obscene, wet noises echoing through Sam’s overheated brain.

Sam was finally forced to speak. He had no idea if Monica would ever get to the point if he didn't. "Babe, what were you...?" He gulped heavily as Monica added a little twist once again, just as she reached the tip of his cock. "What were you going to tell me?"

"Somebody's impatient," whispered Monica as a fresh bead of hot, slick precum leaked from the tip of Sam's cock, slipping down to lube her slowly pumping fist. "Are you really that eager to hear my dirty little story? Can't you just enjoy this one last moment of thinking about me as perfect and innocent and pure?"

Now the way she was talking was really starting to make Sam panic. *There's no possible way that she could have...? No. No way.* Sam was just letting his paranoia take hold. Monica was smart, and she loved him, and it simply wasn't possible that a slimy creep like the Ogre could have schemed his way into her pants. But what else could she be referring to? "Monica..." groaned Sam. The anxiety was beginning to overwhelm his pleasure again as it spiked out of control.

"Ok, ok... So. You know how I went on a date the other day with that big, bad professor you hate so much?"

Sam could hear the tease dripping off every syllable of Monica's soft voice. Of course he remembered. How could he fucking forget? The question was rhetorical, but it still stung a little to be reminded of his raging, humiliating jealousy. Monica was silent for a moment, focusing completely on pumping her tight fist up and down her boyfriend's slippery shaft. "Yeah," said Sam reluctantly when he realized that Monica wasn't going to continue without his input. "I remember. He took you out to some lame mini-golf course."

"Hmmm, was it lame?" asked Monica innocently, gripping the root of Sam's cock tight for a moment and pulsing her fist. "I don't remember saying it was... eye of the beholder, I suppose. Well anyway, when I got home, you fucked my brains out, and I told you all about what a wonderful time that dirty old man showed me."

Monica's fist sped up for a moment, pumping up and down Sam's leaking cock with a steady, drumming rhythm. "Buuutt I might have been a little naughty, and left an important detail out of my story."

Sam's eyes went wide, and it felt like his heart was going to beat out of his chest. He glanced to the side, studying his girlfriend's slyly grinning face and trying to determine if she was just making this up. But if Monica was acting, she was doing a fantastic job at it. She wore a conflicted expression, mixing arousal, apologetic guilt, and a hint of a teasing smirk.

*She meant what she said. Oh fuck... she had kept back something about the date.* Sam's mind roiled with the possibilities of what it could be.

Piercing through the clouds of red-hot lust and panic that suddenly fogged Sam's mind came his girlfriend's soft, teasing voice, once again pressed right up against his ear as her hand never stopped pumping up and down his cock. "Well... care to guess, Tiger? What do you think that your naughty girlfriend might have left out of her story?"

"I have no idea," whispered Sam in a strangled voice. But Monica immediately called that out as the lie it was.

"No, no, no, don't give me that," her voice lightly teasing. "I can see you blushing as red as a tomato. I can feel your cock twitch in my hand. I know that your dirty mind is working a thousand miles an hour. So tell me what's going on in that head. What are you imagining that I did on the date with Gus?"

Sam groaned, almost panting with dark, twisted arousal now. He was so fucking turned on and terrified of what Monica might have done that in the moment he didn't even consider getting angry. "I... I..." he stuttered, terrified to even put his suspicions into words.

"Spit it out," demanded Monica, her voice suddenly strict and demanding. "You're picturing it in your head right now, aren't you? So just fucking say it."

"You fucked him... oh my God, you fucked the Ogre," groaned Sam in despair, squeezing his eyes shut and leaning back into the couch cushions. The words felt like molten lead as they poured out of his mouth, hot and dark and heavy. But he didn't feel any lighter as he spewed out his darkest suspicion. It felt like giving voice to the words only made them more real.

For a second, Monica was silent beside him. The only sound was the rhythmic squelch as she milked his cock slowly and tightly with her twisting fist. The tension spun in the air as Monica let the awful words hang for a moment, and Sam thought he was going to snap.

Then Monica giggled softly, and her hand began to pick up speed. "Wow, Tiger," she said in a heated whisper, "I know that I said you had a dirty mind, but you shocked even me with that one... So you've been picturing your cute little girlfriend fucking the Ogre, huh? Fuck... just imagine it, his big powerful body looming over little old me... his thick cock hard as a rock as he lines it up with my..."

"Monica!" gasped Sam, rapidly reaching the edge of orgasm as his girlfriend's fist reached a fever pitch. He was just a few more strokes from cumming... cumming to the thought of their pervy older professor fucking his girlfriend. But, just before Monica was about to send him over the edge into humiliating orgasm, she stopped, gripping the base of his cock in her tight fist.

"I can't believe that you would think something like that!" gasped Monica in mock surprise. "Of course not, Tiger. You really think that I would let a gross old man like that take what I promised only you could have? I would never do that. Nope..."

“We just made out a little.”

Sam reeled with emotional and physical whiplash. He had been right on the edge of orgasm, only to be pulled back at the last second and denied, then felt a wave of relief as Monica put his worst, most irrational fears to rest... only to be assaulted by a fresh wave of horrified shock as Monica slipped in her bombshell of a revelation.

Sam stared at his girlfriend, mouth open in shock. She stared back, and now the smirk had faded from her lips. The blush was stronger than ever, though, and now Sam could see why she had that intense, piercing gaze in her eyes.

Without a word, Monica’s hand began moving again, slowly sliding her delicate hand up the throbbing length of Sam’s cock. He bit his lip and seized handfuls of couch cushions from the intense sensation. “W-wait,” he said, struggling to process what exactly was happening. “Monica, hold on a second.”

Monica shook her head. “Nope. Sorry tiger. I said I need to make you comfortable so I can tell you everything, and I’ve barely even started. Just sit back and listen, and I’ll tell you all about it, just like I promised.”

Sam wanted to protest further... but Monica’s hand just felt so fucking good. And besides, he had promised he would wait until she told him everything to get mad, hadn’t he? It was the excuse he needed to hold off and stay passive, just wallowing in his jealous nightmare while Monica went on, jerking him off all the while.

“It really was a mistake,” said Monica, with an embarrassed shrug. “Or it was for me, I guess. We were playing a game, and Gus was helping me win, and the moment of victory, he was there, and all of a sudden his lips were on mine.”

*Fuck... Monica kissed Gus.* Even though Sam had been imagining something much worse just a few moments ago, part of him deep down had known that wasn’t real. But this was... Monica was taking the opportunity to tease him, but if she was making something up, she would have gone for something much more salacious. Kissing was just far enough to make her story insidiously plausible. Images popped into Sam’s mind of the Ogre’s broad hands roaming all over Monica’s curvy little body while she wilted into his strong arms...

Monica suddenly stopped her handjob again, seizing the base of Sam’s cock tightly in her fist. “Wow, Tiger,” she said in a voice of genuine surprise, her brilliant blue eyes flicked down to his cock then back up to meet his gaze again, “You’re really turned on by this ‘bad’ news, aren’t you?”

“What? N-no, I’m just...” but Sam didn’t know what excuse he could give. The evidence was undeniable. His cock was throbbing, as hard as it had ever been, in his girlfriend’s petite hand,

leaking gushes of hot, slick precum down over her slim little fingers. Monica dissolved into giggles, some of the tension and guilt leaving her face, even as her blush grew even pinker.

"No? The idea that I made out with another man doesn't make your cock super hard?" she asked coyly between giggles. She used one hand to waggle his cock, slapping it against her free palm with loud, meaty thwacks. "Ok then... why don't we put it to the test? You know how much I love bets, Tiger. Why don't you and I make a bet right here and now?"

Part of Sam didn't like where this was going... but another part of him was utterly enraptured by the teasing minx whispering in his ear and stroking his cock, and was willing to do anything she said. Even if he was overwhelmed with shock from the revelation that his girlfriend had kissed the Ogre, this was still the most erotic experience of his life so far. He had no idea why, but it was. And, as was too often the case, he was willing to put up with a lot to chase that unexpected well of lust he had tapped into.

"What kind of bet?" he asked cautiously, still not quite believing that he was willing to go down this path after such a massive bombshell was dropped on him.

"So here's how it's gonna work," purred Monica in his ear, her hand squishing and slipping and squelching up and down his cock. "I'm going to keep stroking your cock while I continue my little confession. If you cum by the time I finish telling you what I did, you lose. If you're so turned off that you don't cum even though your sexy girlfriend is giving you a hand job, then it must really upset you that I've been kissing Gus. If you win, I'll tell Gus to fuck off tomorrow, and we'll spend the day on a sweet, romantic date instead."

Sam was nearly hyperventilating. He could already tell that this bet wouldn't be easy to win. He had no idea why he was so turned on by the shocking revelation that Monica and The Ogre had kissed, but Monica was giving him no time to stop and think about it. One thing nagged at him, however...

"And.. and what do you get if I lose?" he asked cautiously.

"Planning on losing?" asked Monica tauntingly. Sam turned to see her eyes gleaming with an almost feverish light. The sight made him groan audibly, his cock twitching again in her hand. He had seen her like this before... when the fun of a teasing game got a hold of her, and she lost sight of all restraint. He knew Monica loved him, but when she got this turned on and in her teasing, taunting mood, he knew he couldn't expect any mercy until she had gotten the satisfaction she wanted. "Don't worry about it, Tiger," said Monica airily. "If you lose, I think my prize will excite you anyway, so really it's a win-win. Now... where was I?"

Before she started in again with her heated dirty talk, Monica bent over and, maintaining sizzling eye contact with her stupefied boyfriend, let a line of drool fall from her open mouth onto his throbbing cock. "There we go!" she chirped, giving his shaft a few rapid strokes to evenly distribute the saliva all over his cock. "Can't have my man getting all chafed during his extra

special dirty confession hand job now, can I? Anyway, so yeah. Gus made out with me on our last date. And not just a quick little peck on the lips either. He really went for it. Grabbed me and pulled me close, stuck his old, fat tongue between my pretty lips and everything.”

Sam groaned again as Monica’s handjob picked up speed, pouring pleasure through his body and not giving him a chance to focus. He could picture it in his mind’s eye... and the image of Gus dominantly kissing his girlfriend only made the blazing pleasure of the handjob more intense.

“Why didn’t... fuck, why didn’t you stop him?” asked Sam weakly through clenched teeth. He was already white-knuckling the couch cushions, trying as hard as he could to hang on despite the wave of sensation.

Maybe he should have pushed back harder against Monica’s teasing bet after all.

“Stop him?” said Monica softly, raising an eyebrow. “Baby, when a man like Gus Pfeiffer wants to kiss a little shortstack like me, there’s not much I could have done to resist. A better question is why I didn’t chew him out afterward.”

Suddenly Monica changed positions, moving back to lie on her front, kicking her legs up in the air so the rest of her body would fit on the couch beside her boyfriend. This change not only created an enticing display of her cleavage pressed into the couch beneath her, but also her plump jiggling ass. Her face was now on the same level as Sam’s cock, and she continued pumping his cock as she looked up at him with mock innocence. “Believe me, Tiger, I thought about it. It was so wrong for a dirty old man like him to steal a kiss. But he told me that he had just made a mistake, and I believed him. I didn’t want the fun to end! I’m sure that’s a feeling you can sympathize with.”

“But why didn’t you tell me?” asked Sam in a tone anguished enough that it cut through Monica’s smirking attitude for just a second. For a second, she seemed to consider answering him seriously. But even as Sam watched, her lips curved up once again into a teasing smile. She pushed her palm down against the head of his throbbing cock, swirling it around in little circles as she said, “Because I didn’t think it was going to happen again, of course! And I thought that you would freak out if I told you about it.”

“I guess you were right about that,” said Sam with a breathless laugh. He still couldn’t get over it. All the times he had kissed his girlfriend these past two weeks... she had kissed Gus earlier. Had she compared the feeling of the older man’s lips to his? How exactly did he measure up? He had to assume that kissing the man she loved felt better than kissing a fat old creep, but how much better exactly?

“Right about that, wrong about the other assumption,” said Monica lightly. She finished circling his cock with her palm and wrapped her fist around his shaft again while her other hand went lower to gently stroke his balls.

The sensation sent electric prickles of crackling electricity spiking through him. It felt so good that what she had said almost didn't register. But when it did. It brought the anxiety inside him right back up to the same level as his arousal.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, swallowing around a suddenly dry mouth. "What were you wrong about?"

Monica looked up with a rueful grin, cupping Sam's balls tight with one hand while the other pumped rapidly up and down his cock. "I was wrong when i thought the kissing wouldn't happen again," she said in a low, throaty voice.

Sam thought he had already hit the limit of how shocked he could get, but when he looked into his girlfriend's eyes and saw that she wasn't joking, he reached new depths. Monica hadn't just kissed the Ogre once in the heat of the moment. There had been multiple kisses. He simply couldn't comprehend it. The pieces didn't fit together in his brain. Part of him thought that this would finally be the last straw for him, and his cock would wilt in Monica's hand as she revealed how she had betrayed him.

But his body surprised him almost as much as Monica had.

He was still at full mast, and the powerful lust that gripped his mind and body refused to let go. As much as he hated to admit it, even this fresh humiliation was arousing to him. But still, part of his mind simply wouldn't accept it. "Don't joke about stuff like that," he said faintly, hoping that somehow his arousal had made him dull, and he was misreading Monica's sincerity.

But Monica just shook her head with a wicked giggle. "Sorry, baby. I'm afraid it's true. Gus and I have kissed at every meeting since that date. I've got to hand it to you, you could tell something was different and wouldn't stop asking about it. Very perceptive, Tiger. Even if you never could have guessed what was really going on."

Sam's whole body was vibrating with tension now, caught in a powerful whirlpool of devastation and pleasure. "Still, you could have told me. You could have..."

"You're asking why didn't I run straight to you and tell you what that bad, bad man was doing... why do you think?" asked Monica with a smirk, her hand gliding up and down his cock. "Because he pushed for it and I gave in? Because he said he would tell you if I didn't? Or maybe..." Her hand stopped at the top of his cock, rubbing her thumb in teasing circles around his drooling dick head, keeping him right on the edge of orgasm. "It was because it felt fucking good."

Sam sucked in breath, and this time Monica took her hands off his cock entirely, leaving him hanging for a long, scrambled moment, right on the edge of orgasm. Part of him wanted to reach out and stroke himself to completion, just to end the awful tension... but he knew that

wasn't the game. Right now, he was at Monica's mercy, and he wasn't allowed to cum until she had her fun. As scary as that felt, he wouldn't have it any other way.

But now the shock of Monica's revelations was dulling a bit. Sam was finally fully absorbing the overwhelming truth. And, naturally, he had some questions.

"So he said he was going to kiss you and you just... what? Just said yes? It was that easy to betray me?"

Monica gave him a cool, unimpressed look, then leaned forward and blew a thin stream of air onto his cock between her lips, making him flinch at the unexpected sensation on his sensitive flesh. "Betray you?" she asked in a displeased drawl. "That's an interesting turn of phrase."

Sam's brow furrowed, even as his cock remained as hard as iron under the sultry gaze of the woman he loved. "I'm not sure what else you would call it," he muttered cautiously. "I mean, you've been making out with another man behind my back. If that's not betrayal..."

Monica waved a finger in his face, close enough that he could smell the salty tang of his own precum. "Ah ah ah, I don't think so, Tiger," she snapped. "I remember you saying specifically that you were ok with me crossing lines, as long as I didn't really betray you. And I didn't! I'm still here with you, right? I'm not going home with Gus. He gets my lips twice a week, and you get all the rest of my body and time. Is that really that big a deal?"

Sam was speechless, warring impulses raging through his brain. On the one hand, he couldn't believe that Monica would even want to be with another man like that... on the other hand, she was absolutely right. He had basically given her full permission to decide exactly where the boundaries were, and urged her to continue the relationship with Gus. Could he really blame her if she had decided that the boundaries lay a little further out than he had been expecting?

Well... yeah, he felt like he sort of could blame her, but he knew making a big deal about it would mean the hand job came to an end. All he managed was a half-hearted "Still... you knew that I wouldn't be happy."

Monica just chuckled, making her thumb and forefinger a tight ring and running it rapidly up and down his cock. "You look pretty happy to me, Tiger. How can you lecture me with a straight face when you're right on the edge of losing this bet?"

Sam spluttered, tongue-tied by Monica's embarrassingly accurate observation. Imagining his girlfriend's sweet lips meeting the mouth of that obnoxious older prick made his blood boil. But if Monica's intention in kissing Gus was to turn her boyfriend on, he had to admit that she had succeeded.

Monica grinned at the war taking place on her boyfriend's face, and, predictably, decided it would be fun to twist the knife a little. "Have you been picturing what it would look like for me to

lock lips with the Ogre, Tiger?" She asked with mock innocence, batting her eyelashes. "I bet you have. I can tell you this: I bet it looks a whole lot hotter than that innocent little kiss I planted on his cheek."

She leaned forward, her eyes locked on his as she planted a soft, hot kiss on the shaft of his cock, calling attention to the ripe, plump softness of her perfect lips. Sam groaned. He needed to muster all of his self-control to not cum right then and there.

"Well, keep imagining it. I want you red hot and running on all cylinders while I make you lose this bet," she said in a throaty purr, planting little soft kisses up and down his cock and balls. "Every time I've gone to his office since the date, his lips have been on mine. He's like an animal. He can't get enough. He... Well, I'm sure that he would try to push a lot further if I let him. Aren't you glad that I'm such a good girlfriend and tell him 'no'?"

Sam tried to disobey her, but his mind instantly flashed with lurid images as Monica's wicked little tongue poked up and began running up and down the length of his shaft. Monica's body in Gus's arms, her cute face pressing to his grotesque stubble, her tongue tangling with his... just like it was now painting his cock with little teasing strokes.

"Mmmm, I can see you like that," said Monica with a chuckle. She took the tip of his cock between her lips, swirling her tongue around it for just a moment before releasing it with a wet pop and continuing. "But this next part is really going to make you bust. I still haven't told you what I'm going to get if I win our little bet."

Sam stared down at her, breathing hard, barely controlling his powerful urge to cum. He was hanging on her every word, both dreading and craving what she would say next. But Monica left him in suspense. She dived onto his cock, taking his full length into her mouth, sucking and slurping wildly.

"F-fuck Monica!" gasped Sam. He bit his lip hard, fists grabbing tight to the material of the couch as he did his best to hold on to the power storm of pleasure raging through him. After the long, teasing buildup of the handjob, he wasn't sure he had ever felt something as good as Monica's sweet mouth as it bobbed fluidly up and down his cock. He was in a sudden acute state of agony and pleasure, mentally stressed so far he could snap, but also experiencing more sexual pleasure than he had ever felt before.

Monica rose from his cock, her hand smoothly falling to take the place of her mouth as she started deep into his eyes. "If I win, you're going to give me permission to kiss him again tomorrow," she whispered in an overheated voice, her lips just inches from his.

"Monica... wait," groaned Sam, his hips starting to buck upward involuntarily. "G-give me a second to..."

"No. No thinking," said Monica insistently. "I can tell how much this turns you on, Tiger. You don't think this should turn you on, but it does. Why worry about what you should do? You trust me, so what's the harm in letting me play a little, then fucking the shit out of me later to reclaim what's yours? Doesn't that sound a lot more fun than just doing what you should do?"

Sam was lost in her eyes. Lost in her words. He knew it was wrong to want his girlfriend to kiss another man. And part of him recoiled from the idea. But another voice inside him spoke up, wondering what it would feel like to give in to Monica's demands...

How much hotter would their jealousy play feel if it wasn't just chaste dates without any touching, but if Monica and Gus made out instead?

"Yeah," said Sam in a small, dry whisper.

A look of triumph broke over Monica's face. "Yeah, what? I want you to spell it out for me, Tiger. What do you want me to do?"

"You can... You can kiss him if you want," said Sam through a dry mouth. He couldn't believe what he was saying. Couldn't believe how embarrassing and exciting it was to agree to such a humiliating arrangement. But he was beyond worrying about it right now. Right now, with pleasure overloading his brain and his girlfriend's hand a blur on his saliva-slicked cock, he didn't care about what anyone else thought but her. And it was clear that the idea turned her on just as much.

"No. Not like that," growled Monica, her eyes glowing with fascinated lust. "I want you to tell me how you really feel. Don't just say it's ok. Beg me for it. Tell me you want me to make out with that ugly old creep. Let me hear how much you fucking want it." Sam could feel himself just on the very edge of orgasm. He was torn between refusing and submitting to the obscene demand of the woman he loved. Her hand pumped, tight and fast, up and down his cock, making loud squelching noises as it went, lubed by a fresh gush of precum.

He couldn't hold back. Not when orgasm was this close. "Fuck! Kiss him! Make out with the Ogre on your next date!" he growled, in pain and ecstasy.

"Good boy... now let's both win." Monica closed the distance between them, pressing her lips to his and sliding her tongue into his mouth as her hand reached a new level of swiftness, jacking up and down his cock with feverish speed.

Sam had been on the edge for too long at this point. He had already given in mentally; now he stopped holding back physically as well, letting himself fall into an all-consuming orgasm. But even as he reached climax, he was more focused on how his girlfriend was kissing him than the handjob he was receiving. As Monica's tongue tangled lithely with his, it was hard not to think about how her tongue would be slipping and sliding against Gus's the very next day.

It was just as that thought occurred to him that Sam came, huge spurts of cum fountaining out of Monica's hand as she clutched the top of his cock head. She never stopped kissing him as his hips bucked upward and his balls released rope after rope of thick, gluey sperm to glaze Monica's arm, his belly, and the clothes they both still wore. Sam felt like every drop of semen was being squeezed out of him, and by the time cum had finally dropped to a trickle, he felt almost hollowed out.

Monica finally pulled away, the fire in her eyes receding a little as the heated moment between them came to an end. Sam began to feel a hollow in a completely new way now. The reality of what he had been talking about with Monica seemed to crash down on him. She hadn't been joking... and while it had been strangely hot in the moment to hear about how his girlfriend had kissed another man, now that he had cum it felt a lot less sexy.

Monica saw the look in his eyes and headed him off before he could get too upset. "Come on," she said cheerfully, hopping up from the couch and offering him the hand that wasn't dripping cum. "We're both a mess. Let's get cleaned up."

...

Sam usually jumped at the opportunity to take a shower with his girlfriend, but right now he really wasn't in any mood to enjoy it. He had been silent since they entered the shower, even though Monica was scrubbing his back and chattering away about how they should go see a movie on the weekend.

Finally she went quiet and put a hand on Sam's shoulder, spinning him around. Her eyes weren't apologetic, but they were at least earnest as she asked, "Is this going to be an issue, Tiger? Let's talk about it."

Sam sighed and avoided her eyes. "I mean, yeah, Monica. I think it's going to be a bit of an issue. You kissed someone else. You lied about it. That's a big fucking deal."

"I never lied," insisted Monica. She seemed to catch herself before she got heated, and sighed heavily. She wrapped her arms around Sam and pressed her face against his shoulder. Even now, when all of the lust seemed to be drained from his body, the feeling of her soft, curvy form pressed to his felt amazing. "For what it's worth, Sam, I am sorry. I was confronted with a confusing scenario, and I made the wrong call."

Sam could feel the 'but' coming from a mile away. But he did hear the sincerity in Monica's voice. Despite her teasing performance just a few minutes ago, he could tell she hadn't done this with the intent of hurting him.

"...but I think we both knew when we went into this arrangement that you would suffer some hurt feelings along the way. This whole thing is new and strange. I'm still trying to figure out exactly how it works, and there are bound to be a few rough spots as we go."

Sam shook his head. He wanted to make up already and have everything be ok between them, but he couldn't stay quiet now when it seemed so crucial to be understood. "But we had already decided how it was supposed to work. You would go on dates, but you wouldn't touch each other. And now all of a sudden you're saying that you're still working out the boundaries. Does that mean that they're further out than this? How far out are the boundaries exactly? Do you even know?"

Monica pulled back from where her face had been resting in the crook of Sam's neck, and he was relieved to see that she looked concerned, but calm. This wasn't going to be some sort of angry fight. They could work this out together. "Babe, I know that this sounds really bad. It was bad. I should have told you right away so we could make a decision about what to do together. But you also said you didn't want to be done. I know it's embarrassing to talk about, but we both found something here that makes our sexual connection even stronger. I think we owe it to ourselves to explore this. I need you to believe me when I say you can trust me. I want this to be sexy and fun, and if you ever change your mind and decide you don't like this arrangement anymore, we can stop, no questions asked."

Sam pulled Monica closer and sighed, releasing some of his tension. She was right. This whole thing with the kissing had been a little embarrassing. But that was the point of the whole arrangement, wasn't it? To make him a little uncomfortable before giving him everything he wanted in the end. Monica was going to torture and tease him, but she would always be his. The sooner he accepted that, the sooner he could just have fun with this sexy new adventure instead of stressing out about it all the time.

"Deal. I'm fine with exploring this a little further. But this time you need to keep me in the loop of exactly what's going on with each date. No more creative redactions," said Sam with a grin, making an effort to put his negative feelings behind him. "I still can't believe you could stand kissing that gross old creep. And right after you ate? How could you keep the nachos down?"

Monica snorted, obviously relieved that the serious portion of the conversation was over. "Oh, I don't know, Tiger. The Ogre is a lot better at kissing than I would have thought. I guess because he has so much practice... you know, as an older man and all."

Sam felt his cock twitch at the teasing fire in his girlfriend's eyes, and he felt her nipples stiffen just a touch as her heavy tits pressed against his chest. The sexual potential of the situation flared in his mind... Monica's curvy body, shiny and slick with the water of the shower... The warmth of her pressed against him... the little smirk on her lips as she tried and succeeded in getting his goat. This was what it was all for, this opportunity to play sexy games with the woman he loved.

Monica had been so focused on her teasing confession that she hadn't had a chance to cum. Sam didn't feel drained anymore, and he thought that maybe he could fix that for her...

“Is the Ogre a better kisser than your boyfriend?” asked Sam in a low, smoldering voice. Monica draped her arms around his neck, rubbing her stiffening nipples over his chest once again as she purred, “I don’t know... I think I might need a refresher so I can compare!”

Despite starting out with a tease about Gus, the next few hours were just about them, renewing their bond after Monica’s thoughtlessness. Sam released his tension and staked his claim as Monica’s one and only man.

It wasn’t until that night that Sam started fretting a little about how he had given Monica permission to make out with Gus the next day. True, it had been in the middle of heated sexual play, but he hadn’t taken it back afterward, and he was sure that Monica would run with the permission. He would let it go for now... Monica was right that the makeout sessions were hot, and it wasn’t really all that much worse than kissing on the cheek.

One other thought occurred to him as he was drifting off to sleep... Monica hadn’t really answered when he asked if this was as far as things would go...

...

Monica’s heart was singing on Friday morning. She really had to hand it to herself this time. She had managed to do the impossible, and made it look easy. She had confessed her terrible secret in the perfect way, and even if Sam was still a little thrown by the revelation, he had been happy enough with her to give her a little kiss and say he loved her as she headed out the door to classes.

Not only that, but she actually had the green light to continue the kissing! She never would have expected that was possible in the week leading up to her confession. Katie had been right; this was the way to go. Now she could have all the dirty fun of kissing another man with none of the guilt!

The only thing about her triumph that was even the tiniest bit concerning was the way she felt about Gus. Should she really be this happy about her boyfriend giving his permission for her to make out with a gross old professor like the Ogre? Part of her joy was the immense relief from no longer keeping anything from her boyfriend... but there was definitely a part of her that was simply thrilled that she would be able to make out with Gus as much as she wanted.

Her feelings were confused on that matter, but at the moment she wasn’t in any mood to worry and stress over it. Not in her moment of victory. Today, she planned to enjoy her lunch date with Gus thoroughly, then go home and get fucked hard by her loving boyfriend. They best of both worlds. She practically skipped through her classes... But as the time drew closer for her lunch date with Gus, one little thing did start to nag at her.

How exactly did Gus plan to take her on a lunch date anyway? One of the most important stipulations of their little arrangement was that Gus could never take her anywhere where

people they knew might recognise them. Katie walking in on them kissing had been one of the most mortifying moments of Monica's life, but at least she could trust Katie not to spread the word around. But what if some acquaintance from an engineering class happened to be getting lunch and noticed her swanning around with the older professor? How long would it take for the whole campus to get the wrong impression and think they were a couple?

All of the dates they had been on so far had been in other parts of the city. Far enough away that it was reasonably safe to assume they wouldn't be randomly observed. But all of the lunch spots near campus were crawling with students around lunchtime, and there was no way that Monica could take a thirty-minute rideshare out into the city and make it back in time for her afternoon classes. She should have thought about this beforehand. It was enough of a worry that she shot a text to Gus, asking him exactly what the plan was. She hadn't texted him much so far, despite exchanging numbers when they first started this arrangement to more easily coordinate, but this seemed like a good time to get in touch.

[Hey. Where exactly are you planning on going for this lunch date? You're making sure that it will be inconspicuous, right?]

It took a solid minute for Gus to text back.

[Don't you worry about that, sweetheart. I've got it under control. Meet me at Carletti's Bistro at noon on the dot.]

Monica made a face. Carletti's was a nice lunch spot, if a bit out of Monica and Sam's usual price range. But it was like two blocks off campus, and it was guaranteed to have at least a few students and professors in it over any given lunch hour. The choice didn't really put Monica's concerns to rest, but she told herself that if she went and it felt likely that they might be recognized, she would just call off the date and insist that Gus be more careful next time.

Despite her concern, Monica was simmering with excitement by the time she finished up with her last class. Normally now she would be grabbing some lunch and hanging out on the quad for about an hour, maybe meeting up with Sam if neither of them had something more pressing going on. But this time she would be meeting up with someone else entirely. She wondered what Gus would think once she revealed that she had gotten the green light to make out with him, while also removing all of his leverage to push further.

Afterward, Sam would be waiting for her at home, probably pacing the floor with his cock hard as diamond, frustrated and aroused over the fact that his girlfriend was making out with another man while he waited. The thought lit a burning coal in her belly. She was going to get fucked so good tonight. Two men were both lusting after her, making her feel like the most desirable girl in the world. And though only one of those men was going to get anywhere, it still gave her a charge of power to know that there was a competition going on for her sexual favors, no matter how unfairly weighted that contest was.

Monica tempered that excitement as she walked the two blocks to Carletti's. She was completely prepared to shut down this date if it looked like she and Gus would be two exposed, no matter how disappointing that might be. But to her surprise, the restaurant appeared to be closed. As Monica watched, a couple approached the doors and tugged, leaned forward to read a sign on the door, then walked away disappointed.

It looked like they wouldn't be eating here after all. Maybe Gus should have called ahead if this was his plan. Monica strolled forward to check the sign herself, seeing that it read "Closed for a Private Engagement. Sorry for the inconvenience."

It was already eleven fifty-eight, but a quick glance up and down the sidewalk didn't show the Ogre, nor his obnoxiously huge black SUV.

Monica pulled out her phone to text the professor. [It looks like eating at Carletti's is a no-go. They're closed today. Any other ideas?]

This time the return text popped up almost immediately.

[Oh shit. Well, in that case management is going to have to explain to me why they let me rent out the entire restaurant for lunch even though they're closed.]

A sharp rap on the glass from inside the restaurant caught Monica's attention, and she saw Gus standing there with a big, shit-eating grin on his face. As she watched, he pushed open the door and waved her forward. "Come in, Princess," he said with an earthy chuckle. "And hurry! Wouldn't want anyone to see you with the gross old professor now, would you?"

Stunned, Monica hurried inside the restaurant. "Wait, are you joking?" she asked incredulously. "Did you really rent this entire place out just so we could have lunch?"

Gus shrugged with a little smirk on his face as he turned and led the way into the silent restaurant. "Well, what can I say? I like the place, and I knew you wouldn't want to come here under normal circumstances. They charged an arm and a leg, but what good is money if you can't spend it on stuff that you want?"

Monica wasn't sure if she wanted to roll her eyes, laugh out loud, or just be impressed at the ridiculous old man. *He thinks that I'm a gold digger*, she thought with amusement, as Gus led her to the only set table in the entire restaurant. Well, if that was his angle, Gus was going to find that she wasn't that easy. But still, even though Gus's presumption was as aggravating as usual, it did feel kind of special to be treated to an extravagant gift like this. Sam would probably never be able to afford a gesture like this, and if he did, it would be years and years away. Monica decided she should just enjoy the luxury while she could.

The restaurant was a little eerie with no customers and the shades drawn tight across the window. Dim and almost mysterious. Monica craned her neck as they sat down, looking for a

menu or even just a waiter so she could figure out what to order, but to her surprise, a moment later a man appeared already carrying food. Gus caught the frown on her face and said cheerfully, "Don't worry, sweetheart, I took the liberty of ordering for you before you arrived. After all, we only have a lunch hour today; we can't waste time, now can we?"

"Of course you did," said Monica with a sigh as the waiter hustled over with the plates. It turned out that it wasn't just a waiter, but the chef and owner, eager to personally wait on the man who had rented the place out. He was so upbeat and friendly that Monica didn't have the heart to tell him she wanted something else... and besides, the rice bowl with avocado and smoked salmon that Gus ordered for her was fucking delicious.

Finally, when the owner finished serving them and retreated, Monica regarded Gus across the table. The older man dug into a club sandwich with gusto, napkin in one hand to clean up after himself as he chowed down. It was strange... in one moment he impressed Monica with his extravagant display of disposable income, the next he was grating on her nerves by being chauvinistic and making choices for her. Was he really trying to push things further with her? If so, it was an odd strategy to be this pushy.

Gus noticed her silent stare as they ate and cracked a smile, taking a heavy gulp of his food and saying, "So spill the beans. How did things go with your friend? Kate, I think her name was? Did you smooth that over, or do I need to worry about your little boy toy waiting for me in dark alleyways?"

Monica snorted. "Katie. Never Kate. Don't worry about her; I took care of it. Katie doesn't think that you should be trusted, though." She risked a cocky smile. "Part of me thinks that I ought to listen to her."

"Sure," said Gus with a little roll of his eyes. "Your friend hears that you get to go out on fancy dates with your boyfriend's approval, and she's completely against it. Some people just can't hold back their jealousy."

Monica couldn't help but laugh, which seemed to annoy Gus even more. The idea that rebellious Katie, who broke the hearts of all the earnest young men in her protest circles and had more notches in her bedpost than anyone else Monica knew, could be jealous of a smarmy rich prick like Gus, was ridiculous. But that wasn't information Gus needed to know. All that she told the professor was, "I really don't think she has any interest in the sort of arrangement we have, Gus. Trust me."

Gus grunted, then took a drink and nodded, saying, "I suppose the important thing is she didn't spill the beans to your boyfriend and get you in trouble."

Monica grinned. Time for Gus to find out that she wasn't some helpless girl he could lead around by the nose. "Oh, I didn't just care of the Katie issue. In fact, I dealt with the entire problem at the source. Sam knows that we've been kissing now."

She watched Gus's face carefully for his reaction, and although the man had an excellent poker face, she was gratified to see a little flicker of annoyance in his expression before he covered it up. So the man wasn't made of stone after all... Gus liked to pretend he was some sort of master manipulator, but he couldn't control every single variable, no matter how much he tried. That was important information to file away.

But the Ogre recovered almost instantly, giving Monica a polite nod and saying pleasantly, "Oh? That's good. Better to keep him in the loop with what's going on, I guess, considering that this is supposed to be a fun, sexy thing between the two of you." A lascivious smile crept across his face as he patted his thick lips with his napkin. "Let me guess... your little lover boy was as hard as a rock when you told him, wasn't he?"

Now it was Monica's turn to be annoyed. "Well yeah..." she said haughtily, playing with her rice bowl and avoiding Gus's eyes, "I mean, that's the entire point of this arrangement, right? He likes it when I make him jealous."

Gus chuckled and leaned forward. "Well, don't just leave it at that. I want the details. Did you tease him a little? Taunt him with how it felt to kiss me? Make him cum as you described how good it felt to kiss another man?"

Monica raised an eyebrow. "I'm not sure if something that personal is any of your business," she said carefully. But she couldn't hide the hint of a smirk that tugged up the corner of her lips. It was just in her nature to enjoy needling men, and Gus totally deserved it for being such a prick. "But for your information, telling him about how bad you've been did excite him. Lucky for you. If it went wrong, you wouldn't be getting any more kisses from me... or any dates at all."

Gus wiped his mouth and leaned back in his chair, resting his hands on his swelling belly. "Of course he liked it. Cucks get off on denial. He was probably even hornier than ever when he realized there was stuff you didn't tell him about our meetings."

"Don't call him that," snapped Monica instantly, stung by the dismissive language Gus used to paint her boyfriend as less of a man. The descriptor "cuck" just didn't fit with her handsome, smart, funny boyfriend. The very idea of it made her uncomfortable. But still, the rest of what he said was oddly intriguing. Gus knew a lot more about this new kink that they were exploring than she or Sam did. It couldn't hurt to pick his brain a little. "What do you mean, getting off on denial? Why would it turn him on to not know something?"

Gus's deep brown eyes seemed to sparkle above his broad grin as he pushed his chair out from the table and beckoned to her. "I'll tell you all about it, sweetheart... but first, why don't you come over here? I didn't just rent out this whole restaurant so none of your classmates would recognise you. Normally you get in trouble for making out with your date as hard as I plan to in a crowded restaurant."

Monica rolled her eyes, but she felt heat well up inside her at the bold demand. "You spend a little money, and you think you can just order me around and demand kisses whenever you want, huh? Did you forget that you can't pressure me by threatening to tell Sam anymore?"

"You said yourself that you got the green light from loverboy," said Gus with an earthy chuckle. "And yeah, if I lay out the cash, I expect a little consideration. That's just the way the world works, sweetheart."

Monica rose from her chair with an unimpressed look painting her face, but heat pulsing low in her belly. "Maybe that is how the rest of world works, old man, but it's not how you and I do things." She rounded the table and stood above Gus, looking down at the broad, powerful, obnoxiously grinning man. He wasn't maybe the further possible thing from what she considered an attractive man, but for some reason, just knowing she was going to be kissing that smug face of his lit a fire inside her now.

Without saying another word, Gus patted his lap, welcoming her to get even closer before they began their newly boyfriend-sanctioned makeout session.

Monica's heart skipped a beat, and she could feel blood rushing to her nipples, stiffening them against the fabric of her bra. It was the same position that they had been in last time... when her hand had "accidentally" brushed against his cock over the pants. Despite confessing about the makeout sessions, Monica hadn't quite managed to tell Sam about that little detail. After all, it wasn't something she planned to do again, and telling him might cause some confusion.

But the position didn't really matter. This whole arrangement was all about willpower. As long as she was playing these games with Gus and Sam, temptations would keep cropping up. She needed to be able to resist. God... it was embarrassing to think that rubbing this creep's cock was a temptation to her at this point, but she couldn't deny the truth. Something about Gus's abrasive confidence was attractive to her, even if he wasn't much to look at. Regardless, sitting on his lap wasn't the issue; it was keeping her hands to herself.

She didn't want to touch the Ogre's big, throbbing cock, so she wouldn't. It was as simple as that.

Last time, Gus had been the one to pull her down into his lap, but now she was the one gingerly lowering herself down until her plump rear was planted sideways in his broad lap. It felt a little awkward, and also a little embarrassing. She was coming to him, as if he was the one doing her a favor by making out with her while she sat in his lap... But somehow that little sting of humiliation just made the heat growing inside her burn hotter.

Monica wrapped her slip arms around Gus's thick neck. She didn't have much of a choice if she wanted to stay balanced. His arms rose to hold her as well, offering some additional support.

"So... you were saying..." Monica prompted expectantly.

Before speaking, Gus pulled Monica into a kiss. She swooned a little as his lips met hers, tenderly at first, and then with growing, steamy hunger. Her arms held tight around his thick neck, and she felt the first stirring of the thick, throbbing monster beneath her ass. The little burst of moist, shameful heat that had sparked between her thighs when Gus had first demanded his make-out session roared to new life now that he held her in his arms.

And then, as if the volcanic kiss had been the most natural thing in the world, Gus pulled away and said in a casual tone, "Oh, I mean, it's pretty straightforward, really. Guys who are into cuckolding feel humiliated when they don't get the full story... or when their women don't let them have full satisfaction in general. And that humiliation turns them on. Satisfaction and knowing the full truth that their voyeuristic little hearts desire becomes a forbidden fruit... just out of reach, but oh so juicy."

Monica's breathing was already hot and labored. Her body felt like it was on fire as she gleefully snuggled up against the professor's massive bulk. In some ways, making out with him felt even better now that Sam knew that she was doing it. It was fun to picture him eating lunch alone, dick as hard as rock beneath the table as he imagined her kissing the man he hated. It had been a little spicier before when kissing was totally forbidden, but Monica insisted to herself that that was a small price to pay.

She did her best to concentrate on what Gus had just said, fighting through the hot pink fog suddenly clouding her mind. "I don't know," she murmured reluctantly. Her eyes focused on Gus's lips, wondering if he planned to surprise her with another kiss when she least expected it. "It still seems weird that he would get turned on more by knowing less."

Gus laughed, and Monica could feel the warm chuckle vibrate through his body. Just like she had been half-expecting, he pulled her forward into another kiss. This time, he went deeper, his tongue dominant thrusting itself between her lips. Now that Sam had given his permission, Monica had no reason to hold back. She made a little noise of satisfaction, eagerly swirling her tongue around Gus's as she cupped the back of his head, pulling him close as his strong arms encircled her. Fuck, he wasn't just a good kisser; he was fantastic. Monica's body boiled with heat, pulsing out from between her thighs and concentrating on the twin points of throbbing pleasure tipping her tits.

She could tell that the erotic kiss was affecting Gus as well. She could feel him swell to his full, impressive length beneath her, a hard and insistent reminder of his powerful masculinity pressing upward into the softness of her plump ass. He wasn't going to get any chance to use that big thing on her, but it felt wickedly intriguing that he wanted to so badly.

*Maybe I should just skip my afternoon classes and have a little afternoon delight with Sam...* Monica didn't know how she could possibly wait until later in the afternoon after getting this horny. As they kissed, she felt Gus's hand sliding around toward the front of her torso. It was obvious what he was trying to do... he wanted to sneak a little feel of her tits. She already knew

that he hungered to touch them; it was obvious from the way he snuck glances at her chest when he thought she couldn't see.

Without breaking the intense kiss, Monica's hand slid down and grabbed his wrist in a silent denial. Her heart hammered and the heat twisted in her belly at the thought of that strong hand cupping and squeezing her chest, but she couldn't let things go that far... no matter how hot and nasty and deliciously wrong it would feel.

Gus's hand pushed forward a little further, and the butterflies in Monica's belly rioted at the thought that he might just take what he wanted like he always seemed to, but a second later the pressure eased, and his hand paused reluctantly at her ribs, just a few inches from the prize he craved.

A moment later, Gus broke the kiss again, speaking as if the wordless power struggle hadn't happened. "Well, if you don't believe me, why don't you test it out and see? Instead of telling Sam the sexy little story he's expecting right away when you get home, tell him that he won't get to know until tomorrow night. I'm willing to bet that it will drive him crazy... in a good way."

The idea of deliberately withholding information from Sam still sounded insane to Monica... but it appealed to her a little as well. She had always liked teasing her boyfriend, and the idea of dangling her explanation over his head and not letting him know exactly what happened on the date did sound like a fun little game. She shrugged with a smirk beginning to tug up the corner of her lips. She stared into Gus's eyes with a lustful, hooded gaze, just a few inches from his face. "Maybe I will, maybe I won't," she said lightly. "But like I said, I'm not sure it's any of your business. I don't know why you're so obsessed with my love life, perv."

"Maybe because I'm a part of it now," growled Gus, and pressed forward again, his fat lips pressing hard against hers and drowning her in the wicked sensations of his dominant lust.

And it wasn't just his lips that were stoking the fire inside Monica at this point. Gus's words flashed and sparked in her mind as well. Was Gus a part of her love life? She couldn't deny that it was true. Not only was he the kinky fuel that powered the energetic new lust that she and Sam had been enjoying, but she couldn't deny that the way they were kissing was clearly sexual at this point. Even in confessing the make-out sessions to Sam, she had maybe underplayed exactly how hot and heavy the kissing really was...

Monica and Gus's hot tongues slid and tangled as if vying for dominance between their lips, sometimes more in Monica's mouth, sometimes in Gus's. One of his hands was on the small of her back, pulling her in tight and holding her in place on his lap. The other remained resting on her ribs, dangerously close to her breasts, which were beginning to heave with the deep breaths of passion she pulled in through her nose. One of Monica's hand remained clasped to the back of the Ogre's head, pulling him closer greedily as their passionate kiss dragged on. Her other hand was free to wander. As Monica's mind drifted off, losing itself in the strange, twisted heat of the all-consuming kiss, her fingers traced on their own over the corded strength of Gus's hairy

forearm, up to his broad shoulders. Beneath her, Gus's thick cock throbbed and strained against his pants, desperate for the moistening pussy just above it. So close, yet so far away...

Strength. Size. Masculine power. Scattered impressions filtered into Monica's subconscious, along with the pleasant, woodsy scent of the professor's cologne. The shape and smell of an older, confident man. One who knew what he wanted and was willing to do whatever it took to get it.

Monica was shocked out of her heated reverie by the subtle shift of Gus's hand toward her tits. Of course he had decided not to take no for an answer. Monica didn't know why she had expected anything different. This time her hand was a little more sluggish as it moved to intercept him, and Gus's blunt fingers were already brushing the outer curve of her right breast before her fingers seized his wrist.

"Don't," she gasped as he continued to try to move his hand further. "We can't. I'm only allowed to kiss you." She sounded a lot less certain than she had hoped she would. The deep animal lust that was coursing through her was hard to resist. Thinking logically felt nearly impossible when Gus kissed her like this.

"Why not?" rumbled Gus, his eyes burning with dominant lust as they bored into hers, just inches away. "Your boyfriend knows that we're making out. Does it even count as a make-out sesh if I can't even get to second base? It's not a big deal. Besides... I can tell how badly you want it."

Monica shook her head, but before she could speak, Gus was kissing her again, even more intensely than before, his strong hand at the small of her back drawing her even tighter into him. His other hand maintained the pressure, straining against the grip she kept on his wrist. His fingers rubbed gently over the very outer edge of her breast, tracing an electric, tingling sensation over the sensitive skin beneath her bra.

Fuck... she *did* want it. She wanted to feel how those strong, cocky, grasping hands would feel on her sensitive breasts. She knew how much Sam loved her tits, but sometimes he could be a little too... reverent with them. Like he was putting them on a pedestal. Sometimes she wanted him to just grab and firmly squeeze, like he couldn't get enough. The only time Sam was unleashed enough to do that was after the dates with Gus. But she knew instinctively that Gus wouldn't need any special motivation to treat her rough. He practically embodied the kind of pushy, dominant lust that made Monica feel all hot and bothered.

Her will faltered, and along with it, her grip on Gus's wrist. As Monica's overheated mind clouded with the arousal of Gus's forceful kiss, his words started to make more and more sense. Like he said, Sam already knew and approved of the fact that they were making out. And didn't "making out" imply a little bit of groping? Sam couldn't really blame Monica for interpreting him that way, even if that hadn't been strictly speaking what he intended.

It felt almost natural as Monica's hand fell away, giving in. Gus never broke the kiss, acting like her silent submission was completely expected. His meaty hand slid, smooth as silk, over the swell of Monica's breast, cupping and squeezing with relish.

Monica arched her back instinctively, thrusting her breasts out further to grant access to his greedy hands, her wet, hot core fluttering with pleasure as she felt the dominant masculine force she craved. Her nipples ached and throbbed, straining for the older man's touch, even though her bra was in the way.

Without even realizing she was doing it, Monica's hips began to gently shift and wriggle, rubbing her hot pussy against the bulge thrusting up beneath it.

Monica's brain was sizzling and popping with taboo lust, driving her upward, higher and higher into a spiral of mind-melting pleasure.

...

Gus couldn't believe how far he had wound the little slut up already. She was grinding her sweet little pussy up and down his cock while thrusting her big tits into his hands. She was fucking begging for it... eating out of the palm of his hand.

He was kind of surprised at how horny she was. He had been under the impression that, as unimpressive as he was, her little lover boy kept her occupied in the sack pretty regularly. But either the little dweeb was way more pathetic than he thought, or Monica had a massive untapped well of lust inside her. Either way, it seemed that he had hit the jackpot.

*To hell with it. If she's this fucking turned on, she's ready to go further. There's no way I'm leaving another date with blueballs. This little brat is making me cum today. She's ready.*

With that hungry thought, Gus squeezed one last delicious feel of Monica's heavy, round tits over her hoodie and bra, then moved with purpose, gently grabbing the hand Monica rested on his shoulder. She barely resisted at all this time as he pulled her hand downward between his legs, scooting her back and to the side so that she straddled one of his thick legs.

This time she only hesitated for a second. Since this was now the third time he had pushed her to rub his cock over the pants, she had probably expected this particular move. Gus felt a rush of powerful arousal as Monica's slim, pretty hand eagerly gripped and stroked his cock through the layers of cloth. He could feel the hunger there, smoldering inside her. Her finger curiously traced his shape as their lips locked and worked hungrily.

She wanted it, even if she couldn't admit it yet. Monica was a diamond in the rough; beneath the nerdy, unpretentious surface was a high-class slut who needed a strong, masculine, wealthy man to keep her happy and well-fucked. Sam was the kind of boy that society told her she ought

to choose. Mild, Polite. Devoted to her. It made sense for a young woman whose head was filled with bullshit about what made a good relationship.

But Monica was the kind of woman who needed to be both pampered and shown her place. She needed a man with a big cock and a fat wallet, and even if her conscious mind couldn't accept that yet, Gus could feel in the trembling eagerness of her hand that a deeper, more primal part of her already accepted the truth: Gus was exactly the kind of mate she needed.

Now they were truly in the depths of a raunchy, sexually charged make-out session, as hot and heavy as any foreplay between lovers. Monica was no longer in a position to grind her hot little pussy against his cock, but her hips were subtly shifting and rolling, pressing herself down into his knee with rhythmic pressure. Gus wasn't even sure if she knew she was doing it, but he certainly wasn't going to question her about it. It suited his purposes much more for her to build up her arousal and attraction to him more and more beneath the surface, making it easier to push the envelope.

They groped each other eagerly as their lips locked and tongues tangled, Gus's hand returning to its position to confidently grope and squeeze her tits while she rubbed and gripped the iron length of the bulge pressing upward into his pants. Gus could feel the heat growing between them, crackling with potential. He knew instinctively that Monica was ready to go further. She was weak, wet, and willing. In the palm of his hand. Just like with groping her tits, all he had to do was be firm with her and give her the flimsiest of excuses.

Time to put his plan into action. Their kinky relationship was about to take a huge step further.

Working with quick confidence, trying to transition before Monica could wrap her head around what he was attempting, Gus took his hands off Monica's luscious tits and reached down to unzip his pants.

Even in the depths of her lust, Monica was a little too sharp for a bold move like that to pass by without notice. She pulled back from the kiss, her brow furrowing a little as she panted with obvious lust.

"Gus... what are you doing?" she asked in a desire-roughened whisper.

"Nothing," grunted Gus. "Don't worry about it. Just getting a little more comfortable." He pressed forward into the kiss once again, and although Monica made a little noise of mild protest, she melted into the kiss, allowing Gus to continue. Now he worked slowly, distracting Monica with the kiss as he eased his pants down his hips. One little tug was all it took for Monica's hand to be fondling him just through the thin, silky material of his boxers. He could feel the heat of her palm now.

Monica rested her hand there, lightly squeezing his stiff shaft and not moving it away. But after a long, fraught second, she pulled back again, the furrow between her brows growing deeper. "You're already getting a lot more than you should, Gus. Don't push it."

But Gus saw the look in her eyes. It didn't matter what cold words passed between those soft, perfect lips; Monica was burning red hot. Part of the little brat wanted him to push further. To make her do what she refused to consider. To steal another favor that only her boyfriend should get.

Gus trusted his gut. It was time to go for broke. While maintaining eye contact with her, he reached down, brushed her hand aside, and made one little adjustment.

With a twitch of Gus's hand, His thick, throbbing cock burst up and out through the slit in the front of his boxers. Monica let out a little gasp, her eyes nearly bugging out of her head at her very first look at the cock of her future man.

There was shock in her expression, and a little anger that he had been so presumptuous, but Gus could see the spark of fascination there as well. He expected nothing less after getting her this horny and making her feel him up through his jeans for a few hot and heavy minutes. Different women had different preferences for cock size, but Gus had clocked Monica from the very second she had squeezed his dick in the arcade: the little brat was a size queen. She wanted a thick throbbing cock to put her in her place sexually, and Gus was the right man for the job. He could see in her eyes that he was bigger than her boyfriend... and that that fact was already starting to turn her on.

But obviously she wasn't yet at the point she could admit that to herself. She still saw herself as a good girl, and good girls don't want other men's cocks when they're taken. So she blushed scarlet, swallowed the flash of arousal, and said in a tone of unconvincing disgust, "Gus! What the *fuck*? What did I just say? Put that thing away. This is way, way over the line."

But if it was actually a dealbreaker for their make-out session, Monica didn't act like it. She made no move to get up, and her beautiful blue eyes were locked with feverish intensity on his newly-freed erection.

"Is it really that bad?" asked Gus, a jolt of excitement searing through him as Monica's blazing blue eyes rose to meet his. "I mean, you thought that making out was over the line too, but in the end your little lover boy was fine with it. It even turned him on."

He pressed forward again, and Monica returned the kiss, but this time she didn't fully give in. She pulled back again with a little groan of annoyance. "For real, Gus! Put that thing away. I'm not going to... *do* anything with it, and having it out while we kiss feels weird."

"Weird good or weird bad?" Gus shot back with a cheeky grin. Monica shook her head and obviously fought to keep herself from smiling back.

“Come on, Gus. I’m being serious. Sam wouldn’t be ok with this, and…”

“I’m being serious too!” exclaimed Gus, cutting her off. “Why does it always have to be about Sam? I know that in a few minutes, you’re going to go back to your boyfriend and fuck the shit out of him. He’s going to have the best orgasm of his life. Why can’t I get a little something out of this? Why can’t you? I know that you’re turned on right now. You don’t just want to stare at my cock, you want to touch it, don’t you?”

This was the riskiest part of his plan. He had laid it all out on the line. If Monica got angry now and pushed back hard, he would have no choice but to back off.

But, just like he hoped, her eyes flicked back down to his swollen cock between them, then darted away as her blush deepened. “Gus…” she said in a weak, exasperated whisper that trailed off helplessly. He already had her on the edge. Just a little more pushing would do the trick.

This time, as Gus leaned forward into the kiss again, Monica reengaged. Slowly at first, and then with growing heat, she kissed him back. Her hips started grinding down into his thigh again, a little stronger than before. She could protest as much as she wanted, but it was obvious that making out with him while his cock was out and throbbing in the open air between them was turning her on. Her hand that had been feeling his cock beneath his pants before was now balled awkwardly in her lap… as if she knew where she wanted it to be, but couldn’t quite bring herself to make that leap.

Gus applied a little more pressure on the situation, reaching down between them and gripping his cock in his hand, beginning to slowly to stroke himself while maintaining the deep, sloppy kiss. Monica noticed immediately, breaking the kiss just long enough to whine, “Gus, what the fuck are you…?”

“Don’t worry about it,” insisted Gus. “You’re turning me on so bad I can’t fucking help myself.”

Monica made a little whining noise of uncertainty as Gus continued their kiss, but she allowed the kiss to continue, now with Gus slowly stroking his cock right in front of her. Gus could feel Monica’s heat and tension winding up, rising to a peak. Her tongue flicked and swirled harder, deeper into his mouth. Her lips gripped his with hungry intensity. His cock had added a volatile new sexual heat to the make out session.

Gus knew he had already won. Monica might question her decisions later, but she was in a receptive mood. She would do exactly what he wanted if he put it to her the right way.

Gus took the plunge, pulling Monica forward toward him and gently kissing her on the ear before whispering, “Go on. Touch me.”

"I can't..." her voice was a weak breath. More of a plea to be convinced than a serious objection. She followed Gus's lead and began kissing and nibbling his ear, lost in her sexual haze.

"You can!" growled Gus dominantly. "Don't worry about your boyfriend. Remember what happened the last time you did something you thought he couldn't forgive? He thought it was fucking hot, and came all over himself. This will be the same way. Besides, aren't you allowed to do something just because it feels good, with no strings attached?"

Monica didn't respond, just extending her tongue and licking around the outside of Gus's ear, her perfect chest heaving with the intensity of the war going on in her mind. Gus gripped the back of her head and gently guided her back into their kiss, noting as he did that her eyes were half-closed, in a reverie of lust. She was turning her brain off, letting her body do the thinking instead. It was perfect news as far as Gus was concerned. Her body wanted the same thing he did.

Once she was locked deep in a sultry, sloppy kiss once again, Gus made his move. He reached down, moving slowly and steadily, and grabbed Monica's delicate wrist one last time. Her hand no longer resisted. He drew it forward, between his legs. Closer and closer, the sense of anticipation rose inside Gus as the moment arrived.

The first time that Monica would touch his cock. But not the last. Oh no. Definitely not the last.

Monica hissed in a gasping breath through her nose as the soft skin of her little hand made contact with the stiff, throbbing pillar of masculine flesh at Gus's waist. Her beautiful eyes flew open and she broke the kiss for just a moment, staring deep into Gus's eyes, her gaze roiling with conflict. The moment hung in the air, crackling with tension as the professor's cock throbbed against her hand. It was just reaching the point where Gus thought he might need to give Monica another little verbal push when she bit her lip and tentatively wrapped her fingers around the thick base of his dick.

Gus's heart roared in triumph as he pulled Monica back into the kiss, not letting her take any time to think about what she was doing. He had done it. He had done something that Monica and her loser of a boyfriend would have once thought laughably impossible. Monica's hot little hand was gripping his cock, and as her wicked tongue flicked against his once again, she began stroking him.

Her touch was hesitant at first. Exploring. Unsure. Probably still held back by the tattered remains of her guilt. But as the heat of their kiss built back up toward a fever pitch, the tightness of her grip and confidence of her strokes grew and grew until her slim fingers were pumping confidently up and down his raging cock. Her soft, perfect hand was where it had belonged the whole time: on the hard cock of a superior man that could match her quality as a woman. Her hips rocked and ground downward with needy urgency as the little slut learned exactly how erotic it could be to handle a real man's cock.

It was all Gus could do to not growl in her ear and tell her to go faster. But he had already pushed hard today. He needed to let Monica set the pace for the rest of this handjob.

When she looked back on this, Gus didn't want her to feel like he had demanded a handjob. It needed to feel like another mistake they both made in the heat of the moment. Well... at least up until Monica decided it wasn't a mistake after all.

...

*Oh fuck...* Monica couldn't believe she was actually doing this. It was so wrong... and yet she had never been this horny in her entire life.

She could feel the powerful pulsing beat of Gus's heart through the skin of his cock. The idea of touching the ogre's dick had been kinky and taboo even through his pants, but now the situation was dizzyingly real; his thick shaft was hot and iron-hard beneath her palm as her hand slowly stroked up and down, pleasuring a man she once hated... and who still annoyed the shit out of her sometimes.

Scraps of half-formed thoughts raced through her mind, scattered and fragmented by the blistering heat of the twisted desire raging through her. *I shouldn't be doing this. Sam would be so mad... Or maybe Gus is right... Maybe Sam will be as horny as fuck when he finds out how far we've gone. I can't believe I'm giving this fucking asshole a handjob.*

*He's bigger... Oh my God, he's fucking bigger.*

Those last words repeated in her head over and over again in a dull, endless rhythm of lust. She had just stroked her boyfriend to completion the day before, so she had an excellent point of comparison. Gus's cock felt weightier in her hands. Thicker and longer. Harder somehow, as if she was turning Gus on more than she could Sam. Which made sense, since she was a luscious forbidden fruit to the pervy old man.

She knew logically that size didn't matter. Sam was more than enough to satisfy her. Something this big probably wouldn't even feel good if... She had to abandon that train of thought as hot butterflies filled her belly and a tiny, embarrassing moan slipped out of her throat, muffled by Gus's lips on hers.

But no matter how hard she tried to deny it, stroking a cock this big was fucking hot.

She concentrated on the smooth, sensual rhythm of her body; kissing Gus deeply while her hand began to glide up and down the impressive length of his hard cock. *God, no wonder he's such a cocky asshole. With this thing swinging around between his legs, he probably looks down on every other man he meets. Prick...* But even that sudden burst of annoyance only turned up the heat inside Monica further. Her fingers gripped tight, feeling the powerful throbbing

core of steel-hard heat beneath them. The soft glide of his skin, the swollen, purple head that wept slick precum as her thumb rose to swirl over its head. Pleasure bloomed between her thighs from the feeling of Gus's strong leg beneath her. It all felt so good she didn't even question it. Thinking and guilt and responsibility could come later. Right now, the only thing that mattered was what felt good

Monica lost herself completely in the blazing heat of the taboo act, her heart thumping and her body crackling with the forbidden sexual energy. She could feel the tension rising in the older man's body pressed to hers. Feel the rising urgency in his kiss. Feel his cock swelling somehow even further. He was about to cum. She was about to make him cum. And even though she knew that was wrong, Monica couldn't stop.

When she stroked Sam off the day before, she had felt totally in control. She had been teasing him. In charge of his pleasure; leading him forward by the nose toward orgasm. This felt different. She wasn't sure if it was because Gus was older, or because she was sitting in his lap, held by his strong arms, or just because he had a big fucking cock, but Monica didn't feel like she was in charge as her hand picked up speed and her pulse thundered in her ears. She didn't feel like she was teasing or controlling Gus. She felt like her hand was worshipping him. Like she was the one being pulled forward toward the inevitable conclusion.

Gus maintained the kiss and didn't warn her when his orgasm came, but they were so in sync at that point that Monica knew that it was coming. A fleeting, panicked, horny thought told her she had to avoid getting his cum all over her clothes, and as the professor grunted softly, his cock beginning to twitch in her hand, she swiftly covered the tip of his cock with her palm, blocking his ropes of sperm from spurting all over her.

She gasped as she felt the hot, sticky gush of cum splatter against her palm. So much that it oozed and dripped down all over his firing cock, coating it in a thick, pearly layer of baby batter. Once. Twice. Three times. Massive spurts of sperm. More than she had ever seen or felt before at one time.

*I'm the one doing this. I'm turning him on so much he's emptying his big fucking balls into my little hand.*

Gus's cock felt like it had a mind of its own, moving and twitching and pulsing with life as it filled Monica's hand with cum. His face was red, eyes closed, savoring the orgasm as he jizzed all over the hand of a woman half his age. For the first time, he looked almost vulnerable, and Monica couldn't help but feel like she wanted to see that face again... there was something strangely intriguing about seeing the Ogre's facade of cocky control undone by pleasure.

Finally, the gush slowed to a trickle, and the tension flowed out of Gus's body. A heavy atmosphere awkwardness descended almost immediately. Monica was still running red-hot, considering that she hadn't had a chance to cum yet, but even if she was still horny, she

suddenly had a painful awareness that she had let things get a little out of hand... pun not intended.

For a second, she considered bolting, running out of the restaurant just like she had the other week when Gus first tried to kiss her. This time, however, Gus spoke up, cutting through the growing tension.

"Holy shit!" he said with a chuckle, grabbing Monica by the waist and effortlessly lifting her to her feet. "Talk about dessert! That was fucking amazing!"

His tone was so awestruck and enthusiastic that Monica couldn't help but laugh, shaking her head. "I bet you liked it, you fucking perv. You know, you really need to learn to take no for an answer."

Gus shrugged. "As long as you start meaning it when you say it."

Monica raised an eyebrow at him. "You're a massive dick, you know that Gus?"

"You mean I *have* a massive dick, right? You can testify to that now."

Monica could only roll her eyes, but at this point she was used to The Ogre's pompous quips, and they no longer fazed her. She turned her hand over and gazed with wonder and disgust at the mess that Gus had made of it. It was totally glazed in thick, pungent cum. Monica looked around for where the bathrooms were, but Gus noticed her predicament and tossed her a cloth napkin.

"Really?" she asked with a sigh. "Don't you think that's asking kind of a lot from the staff? I mean, I think the owner might be a lot less thrilled once he has to pick up cum stained napkins."

Gus waved his hand dismissively. "I'll take them with me when I go. I paid enough for this lunch that a couple of free napkins is the least they could do."

Monica shrugged and began cleaning off her splattered palm with the crisp white napkin. It felt strange to have this casual moment with Gus right after jerking him off. Part of her felt like she should be freaking out and furious with the pushy jerk. But for some reason she felt calm and relaxed, if still horny. Maybe she was in shock, or Gus's casual confidence was rubbing off on her. Either way, Monica was totally nonchalant as she nodded down toward Gus's dick and said, "You had better get started cleaning up too. You've got a bigger job than me."

It was true. Gus's cum had splattered into her hand, but most of it had dripped back down onto his cock, and it was a gooey mess.

Gus flashed her a rakish grin and said, "Well, I was sort of hoping that you could clean it up for me..."

Monica felt a twist of arousal in her belly at the thought of the obscene, intimate little ritual Gus was suggesting: cleaning up the mess she had helped him make. For a second she considered it. Until Gus ruined the moment by opening his fat mouth again.

“...with that sassy little mouth of yours.”

Monica laughed in his face, wiping the last of the cum off her hand and tossing the soiled at him with a contemptuous sneer. “You. Wish. If that’s what you’re angling for, you’re going to be sorely disappointed. I shouldn’t have even given you a handjob. Blowjobs are completely out of the question. Permanently.”

Gus chuckled as he deftly caught the soiled napkin and began mopping at the mess on his crotch. “I know, I know. I was just kidding! You’ve got to lighten up, sweetheart!”

Monica gave him a suspicious glare, then, with a sudden realization, checked her phone. “Shit,” she exclaimed quietly, “I’ve got to go. I’m going to be late for my next class. I’ll see you next Tuesday.”

Gus waved companionably, and then a few moments later Monica was pushing through the door of the restaurant out into the sunlit afternoon, leaving the spell of the dimly lit cave of taboo lust.

Over the course of her next lecture, the reality of what she had done slowly seeped into Monica’s consciousness now that she was out of Gus’s influence. Right after finally coming clean about kissing Gus, she had once again pushed way further than Sam had agreed.

Would she be able to tell him about the handjob, like she had about the make-out sessions? Or was she back to square one, hiding secrets from her boyfriend?

She didn’t know. But one thing was for sure... She was as horny as fuck, and needed Sam to man up and treat her rough when they got home after class.

Maybe she would try the denial play that Gus had suggested... What could it hurt?

...

“Right, right,” said Gus, trying to control his impatience. “I’m sure it was really difficult. But what exactly did you find out?”

Zoe’s lower lip thrust out in a little in a pout. She had really pulled out all the stops this time in her attempt to seduce him. She had claimed as she entered that she was on the way to the gym, but Gus had his doubts. The tiny little shorts barely covered the swell of her ass, and the tank top left the sides of her tits completely exposed. No one with a chest like Zoe’s would go to

the gym without a bra. She would give herself a black eye if she tried. It was just another example of his TA desperately trying to get in his pants.

But Gus had no trouble maintaining his cool and ignoring her obvious come-ons today. He had been completely satisfied at lunch and was able to ignore Zoe's taut young body without much difficulty.

Finally conceding defeat in her plan to seduce him, Zoe rolled her eyes and gave Gus the information he had tasked her to find. "I don't know why you're interested in this bitch anyway, prof. She's one of those protestor girls. Shows up wherever a group of students has hand-painted a sign, chanting with the rest of them. She's a politics major, of course, and she's going to graduate in the spring... if they don't kick her out first."

Gus nodded thoughtfully. Honestly, Katie hadn't exactly looked the protesting type from the little he had seen of her during club meetings. She didn't have that ratty, wild look that some rebellious women had. Her sense of style just seemed to be that of a normal young woman her age. Looks could be deceiving, he supposed.

"That's it?" he asked sharply, looking his slutty goth assistant right in her weak, watery eyes. "All you found out is that she goes to protests? Surely you can do better than just that."

Zoe looked a little reluctant, fidgeting and twisting on her foot like she was a naughty girl that had been called into the principal's office. Gus restrained himself from barking at her, and finally she sighed and said grudgingly, "There's more. She smokes a metric fuckton of weed. Enough that she's on a first-name basis with all the dealers on campus. She's gotta be rich if she can easily buy up as much as she smokes. But on the other hand, she doesn't always need to buy her own. I don't know why you would need to know this... but Katie Hanover is a massive slut. She sleeps around a lot. If the rumors are true, she's burned through almost all of the guys involved with the major protest groups on campus. Says she doesn't believe in traditional relationships, but everyone knows that that's just an excuse for not being able to keep her legs closed."

Gus leaned back in his chair. Now that was some info that he could work with. Not the fact that Zoe was obviously jealous of Katie. That was just annoying. But both other points of information could be used as leverage. Gus had never exactly been a big fan of weed personally. It dulled his mind in a way he didn't enjoy. But he did have connections in Silicon Valley that could help him smoke Katie out in a way she had never known before, no matter how much of her parents' money she was willing to shell out regularly.

The fact that the rebellious young woman had a voracious sexual appetite that she kept hidden was even more interesting. If she was sexually adventurous... well, that was an angle that Gus was even more adept at exploiting.

All of this was just a contingency plan to neutralize Monica's best friend as a factor. Monica had, according to her at least, put Katie's fears to rest in the short term, but as things progressed, Gus didn't want there to be any angels on Monica's shoulders making her stop and think about what she was doing. Getting her to ignore the best interests of her boyfriend would be hard enough without her best friend wagging her finger disapprovingly on the sidelines.

"I'm not sure why you even care what that bitch does or doesn't do," grumbled Zoe. A look of dull animal hunger flashed in her eyes as she leaned forward across the desk, making a pathetically desperate display of her hanging tits. "You know, professor, I think that there are a lot of girls who are way more interesting right under your nose if you just took the time to look..."

Gus sighed. It seemed that Zoe was going to require yet another explanation of why he couldn't mess around with students who reported to him directly after all. But before he could launch into the same old speech, they were interrupted by a sharp rap on the door. Zoe and Gus glanced at each other in surprise. This was technically during his office hours, but Gus took great pains to ensure that random students didn't feel welcome to just drop by, even if that was what the time was supposedly for.

Gus flicked his fingers at Zoe, silently instructing her to drop her provocative pose, then suspiciously called, "Yes? Who is it?"

The last voice he would have ever expected responded from beyond the door.

"You told me I should knock the next time I stopped by. Hope nothing indecent is going on in there. There are only so many eyefuls a girl can take."

It was Katie. The very girl he was having a clandestine strategy meeting about. It only took him a half second to weigh his response. This was much bolder of a move than he had expected, but she must be here with the intention of warding him off her friend. He had to meet that head-on. He had hoped to have a little more time to strategize before a confrontation with the slim blonde, but ducking her now would just look like weakness.

Zoe shook her head with a sneer of distaste, but Gus wasn't about to take advice from his bimbo TA. "Come in," he said in a jovial tone. "So nice to hear from another member of the club."

Katie opened the door and breezed in, looking elegant in a peasant blouse, dark jeans, and boots. A little bit better dresser than Gus normally saw her at club meetings. Had she donned a suit of armor for this confrontation? A matching expression of disgust flashed across the pretty blonde's face as she saw that Zoe was in the room as well. She crossed her arms, cocked her hips, and said coldly, "I was hoping to have a private word with you, Pfeiffer. Can we lose the skank?"

Gus snorted. She had balls; he had to give her that. Maybe it wouldn't be so easy to control her as he had hoped. But it wouldn't be impossible. She was twenty-one, and he had been manipulating people for as long as she had been alive. If she thought striding into his office and playing girlboss would intimidate him, she was wrong.

But she did have a point. Zoe would only get in the way right now. "You're dismissed, Zoe," grunted Gus, gesturing Katie toward the chair across from him. "Close the door on the way out." Zoe huffed and whined, but she knew not to cross Gus. She slammed the door as she left, and Gus could hear her stomping down the stairs as he considered the confident young woman across from him.

Katie didn't waste time on bullshit. "You're trying to fuck my best friend," she said simply, fixing him with a calm, intense stare from her big green eyes.

Her directness threw Gus for a loop. He wasn't sure exactly how to respond. After a few seconds, to play for time, he responded guardedly, "Hmm. I'm not sure what gave you that impression."

Katie just shook her head, brushing past his weak attempt at deflection as she said, "Look, I'm not surprised a scavenger like you is interested in Monica. With her body, what pervert wouldn't be? But she and Sam are good people. And I want you to leave them alone." She sighed deeply, then crossed her arms tighter, a look of resolution on her face. "So I'm going to make you a deal."

Gus narrowed his eyes. Here it came. He could imagine what she would say next. Some sort of threat that she would let him go peacefully and not report him if he backed off. Or maybe straight-up bribery, although she ought to know that wouldn't work on someone as well-off as him. "Go on," he prompted, ready to appear to be thoughtful, send her on her way, then subvert whatever method she attempted to strong-arm him into stopping his pursuit.

But once again, the young blonde managed to do the last thing he expected. Staring straight into his eyes without fear, but with a rosy blush barely tinting her bronze cheeks, Katie said,

"If you're willing to give up on fucking Monica... I'll let you have me instead."