

“Fuck! Did something happen?” groaned Sam. “Why won’t you tell me?”

Monica had to bite her lip to keep the cruel giggles from spilling out. In response to his plea, she pressed her plump ass backward into where Sam was spooning her from behind, rubbing it teasingly over the rock-hard erection he was still sporting. “This is why, Tiger,” she said smugly. “Because it turns you on not to know. The scenario you’re imagining in your head is so much sexier than anything I could tell you.”

Monica actually wasn’t sure that was true... Things had gotten crazy on her lunch date with Gus, and she had gone a lot further with the professor than she had ever planned to. Even if Sam’s imagination was running a thousand miles an hour, she still knew that he would be shocked by the fact she had given their obnoxious professor a handjob.

Denying Sam the detailed story she usually gave him of what happened on the date was clearly working to stoke his fetish for jealousy. He was still hard and horny after two rounds of energetic sex. But, maybe even more importantly, delaying the full retelling gave Monica a chance to decide exactly what she should tell him and when. She had given Sam the full truth about making out with Gus, but she had a sense that he wouldn’t accept the news that she had jacked the Ogre off to completion so easily.

Right now though, Monica was revelling in the power that Gus’s suggestion to deny Sam gave her. And she didn’t feel like she was betraying Sam at all. Gus might turn her on much more than she was willing to admit, but she had never been more attracted to her boyfriend, and she loved that he was brave enough to go on this exciting sexual adventure with her. She turned around and stared into his eyes, holding him tight and feeling the hard eagerness of his stiff cock press into her thigh. Even in the dim light of the bedroom, she could read that Sam was more turned on than he was annoyed. She couldn’t believe that it had taken her this long to find out how to really get under his skin. Once Sam had been more like a stoic, rock-solid presence, but now he was almost as eager and needy as a little lost puppy. She loved it.

“If you really insist, I can tell you,” she whispered, forehead to forehead. Her hand snaked down between them to gently tease his cock. For a second, her mind flashed back to earlier that day, when she held another man’s hot, throbbing cock in her hand, but she banished the thought. Right now, she wanted this to be just about Sam. “But what I want is for you to be a good boy and wait until I decide to tell you about the date.”

Sam was practically humping her hand now, deliriously horny despite just fucking her to orgasm twice. He had always been an eager partner, but this whole new arrangement with Gus and Monica’s new, extra-effective brand of teasing was like catnip to him. He was insatiable, and it made Monica feel like the hottest fucking woman on the planet.

Sam groaned and hugged her tight, kissing the top of her head. “I guess I’ll have to wait then,” he grumbled. “Since when did you become such a brat?” The mix of tender embrace with the

erotic charge of folding his hard cock was an intoxicating blend of warm and hot. Monica never wanted it to end.

She couldn't help but laugh. "I've always been like this; it's just that I didn't know which buttons to push until now." Her other hand snuck down to grab his balls tight for a second. "So you better watch ooouut," she added in a teasing singsong.

Sam chuckled, but she could tell that he was heating himself up again for another round. Before the magic of the brief tender interlude between sessions of passionate, rough sex was over, Monica wanted to get one last topic of conversation in. "Let's go out tomorrow," she whispered, slowing down her hands as they caressed Sam's cock and balls. "Just the two of us, having fun. I want to have dates with my man, not just the extra guy we use to spice things up."

For the first time since they had gotten home from classes and Monica revealed that she would be keeping the events of their date a secret, Sam's smile was broad and genuine. "I'd like that," he said with a sigh of relief. "It'll feel good to reconnect."

Monica still wasn't sure if giving Gus a handjob was the right choice or not. It had been a pretty severe escalation, honestly, and it certainly crossed the line from "arguably innocent" to explicit sexual contact. But how could this be a bad thing, when she and Sam had never felt closer or more sexually in sync? In that moment, Monica was confident that she could have both. The taboo, dangerous thrill of messing around with her cocky older date, and the deep, warm satisfaction of her relationship with her boyfriend.

They fucked again, just as satisfyingly as the first two times, then she fell asleep in Sam's arms. She looked forward to a brand new day, with a romantic date and yet more sexual teasing of her man.

...And she also looked forward to next week, when she had a feeling that her meetings with her professor were about to get a lot more spicy.

...

Gus carefully controlled his expression as he opened the door of his apartment and saw his guest for the evening standing there. But he couldn't help but leer a little. What else was a man supposed to do when a woman came over for a booty call?

Not that Katie was making it easy to feast his eyes. She had clearly and deliberately dressed in something casual, as if defying the explicit purpose of her visit. A pair of baggy jeans and a sweater, despite the fact that it was still pretty warm for October. Her dirty blonde hair was up in a loose, simple ponytail. Gus wouldn't have been shocked if she had specifically chosen the frumpiest outfit in her closet for the occasion.

Her attempts to distract Gus's attention didn't matter. His greedy eyes still read the clean lines of her slim, lithe body beneath the cloth, and hunger stirred inside him. He normally enjoyed women with more dramatic curves, but variety was the spice of life... and he planned on thoroughly enjoying Katie's own brand of sexiness tonight.

The look Katie flashed him as she caught him inspecting her body was all cool disdain, but Gus ignored her obvious annoyance. She was the one coming to him. She would have to put up with his unmasked lust if she wanted him to agree to the deal she had proposed.

Gus stepped to the side and gestured the young woman forward. She stepped into his apartment with her arms hugged tight around her body, as if wanting to take up as little space as possible.

Gus did detect the faint look of surprise on her face as she took in the cool, clean, nearly antiseptic furnishings of his spacious apartment. For some reason, a certain class of snooty woman expected him to live in filth. He had been a bit of a slob back in college and his early days at the startup, but Gus had long since hired a cleaning service that kept his apartment spotless with no effort on his part.

"So. Let's get this over with," said Katie sharply, her mouth a tight, thin line of disapproval. "Where's the bedroom?"

"Not so fast," said Gus, closing the door to the hallway and walking past her toward the kitchen. "Let's have a chat first. I want to get to know you a little."

Katie gave him a look as if he had grown a second head. "Fuck no," she said with a nervous laugh. "I'm not in this for the romance, creep. I want to get this over with as soon as possible."

Gus shrugged and impatiently waved for her to take a seat at the bar. "Right. But you'll forgive me if I'm a little suspicious. You say you think that I'm some sort of evil predator, yet you're still willing to have sex with me. It makes me wonder if this is some sort of trick."

Katie rolled her eyes, then cautiously sat on the bar stool, her body language still completely frozen and closed off. "Whatever. Fine. Whatever you need to put your mind at ease. But hurry up. Just being here makes my skin crawl."

Gus regarded her silently over the kitchen island, and she stared back, her cool green eyes completely unimpressed and unintimidated. To say that Gus was shocked when Katie offered to fuck him was an understatement. Monica seemed a lot more outgoing and fun than her best friend, and even she would probably laugh in his face if he suggested taking her to bed at this point. Not to mention the fact that Katie seemed to loathe him.

Well, sometimes the easiest way to learn something you want is to just ask. But first, maybe it was better to break the ice a little.

“Can I get you something to drink?” Asked Gus briskly, rubbing his hands together. “I’ve got any liquor you can name, and most mixers.”

“No thanks,” said Katie coldly, her eyes never leaving his.

Gus was unperturbed by her prickly attitude, raising a finger with a grin and saying, “Ah! Actually, I think I have something a little more your speed.”

He turned, and, acting as if his act of hospitality was a random whim instead of a carefully planned gesture, he pulled open a cabinet and pulled out the marijuana that he had spent that afternoon sourcing.

He had been forced to call in a favor to find something that Katie probably couldn’t easily lay her hands on. One of his rich friends in the city had a stash that included so artisanal, small-batch, who-fucking-knows weed from a highly regarded grower in California. Gus couldn’t tell the difference. Weed smelled like weed to him. But he could tell just from watching Katie’s expression that she was interested, but cautious. He gathered that she was quite the connoisseur.

“You mind if I smoke?” he asked innocently, sparking a lighter.

Katie’s eyes narrowed, and she seemed defensive, despite the luxury item he was pointedly flaunting. “Not at all. But can we hurry up? I’d rather get this over with.”

“Sure. Sure,” said Gus agreeably, pausing to inhale a long, performative drag from the joint, then puffing it across the table at Katie. Ugh. Foul stuff. But Katie’s interest seemed to perk up at the scent. “So, why do you want to have sex with me, sweetheart?”

“I explained this already,” said Katie in a brittle, testy voice. “I know how men like you think. You aren’t going to stop until you get what you want. The only way to get you off Monica’s scent is to distract you.”

“Hm,” said Gus noncommittally, taking another deep hit from the joint. “Seems like a massive sacrifice though, even for a best friend. You’re really just going to sell out your virtue to a man you clearly dislike? Seems extreme.”

Katie snorted, then reached across the kitchen island and deftly plucked the joint from Gus’s hand, placing it between her soft lips with practiced movements and taking a puff. “Please. I know a lot of people clutch their pearls over sex, but it truly isn’t a big deal to me. I’ve fucked a lot of guys. Most of those occasions didn’t make much of an impression. Having sex with you will be...” a faint sneer marred her features as her beautiful green eyes flicked up and down his body. “Unpleasant. But then I’ll go home, take a shower, and forget all about it. Sorry to burst your bubble, but a guy like you doesn’t have the capability of corrupting me.”

Gus's eyebrows shot up. Interesting. So the little slut had boinked a dozen undergrads who barely had hair on their balls and thought that she had seen it all.

Maybe this would be easier than he thought.

He reached over and took back the joint, taking another deep drag before saying. "Ok. Sounds fine to me. You wanna fuck? Let's fuck then. You aren't really my type, but hey, I'm not the kinda guy who says no when a pretty young thing like you makes that kind of offer."

The scandalized look of disgust on her face was highly amusing. Gus planned to see her face twist in a completely different way before the end of the evening.

"I want to make this clear," said Katie in a tight, controlled voice, leaning across the counter toward Gus. "If I... do this, then you leave Monica alone. Right?"

Gus gave her his best trustworthy smile. "You fuck me well enough that I'm satisfied, and I don't pursue your friend. That's the deal."

There were so many ways to weasel out of this particular agreement that Gus didn't even think about it for a second. In fact, far from binding him, fucking Katie actually made everything quite a bit simpler. It gave him exactly the in he needed to twist Monica's best friend to his own ends and use her as a tool.

Katie had practically gift-wrapped herself, and the only thing it was going to get her was a front-row seat as Gus conquered and claimed Monica as his own.

Gus held the joint out to Katie again with a disarming grin, and she took it, a scowl painted on her pretty face. The girl badly wanted to be a tough, unflappable badass. Gus almost felt bad for her.

"That's the deal," agreed Katie, puffing absentmindedly as her eyes darted over Gus's face, searching his expression for weaknesses. "Now did you want my life story, or can we get this over with?"

Gus chuckled and snatched back the joint, grinding it out on the countertop. Based on the scandalized look on Katie's face, that was not what one was meant to do with high-quality weed, but Gus honestly couldn't give less of a shit about that right now. His cock was throbbing and stiff already in anticipation of this new conquest. He turned and led the way to the bedroom, where his luxurious king-sized bed lay in wait, the lights already dimmed to the perfect level. Soft enough to lend a tone of salacious intimacy, but bright enough that Gus could drink in the sight of Katie's nakedness.

He sat heavily, grinning over at Katie as she hesitated in the doorway. There was only disgust and reluctance in her eyes, no heat. Not yet. But the night was still young.

“Strip,” said Gus roughly. “Let me get a good look at what you’re bribing me with.”

Wow. Little Miss Independent did NOT like that. Katie actually put her hands on her hips as she snapped, “I don’t know what makes you think I’m going to act like some sort of hooker for you. If we’re doing this, we’re doing it quick and impersonal.”

Ok, Gus had let her have her fun, but it was time for this little firecracker to learn her place. He stood up from the bed swiftly and confidently, and took a step forward. He savored the view as, just for a second, Katie’s eyes held a flash of the respect he was due. But he kept his voice friendly and charming as he said, “Now, see, I disagree with that interpretation. The way I see it, you’re coming to me asking a favor, and I’m the one who decides how the price gets paid.” He stepped closer still, and he saw Katie’s delicate throat bob in an involuntary swallow.

She was afraid of him, although she had no cause to be. Gus wasn’t the type of guy to go further than his partner agreed to. But her intimidation was a good foundation. Based on what he had heard about Katie, and her own words about her sexual history, Katie was used to leading young men around by the nose. That wouldn’t be the case with Gus. Katie was going to have to learn to submit. And Gus had a gut feeling that she would end up enjoying it a great deal.

“I... w-well I...” stuttered Katie, wrapping her arms around herself again. This time she seemed much less self-assured.

Gus returned to the bed and plopped down, rotating his hand in a “get on with it” motion. “Your choice, sweetheart. Either do this my way, or go home and let me work my magic on your friend. I’m happy either way.”

Katie seemed to consider her options carefully, then the angry tension drained out of her with a defeated sigh. In one smooth motion, she reached down and lifted her sweater up and off, revealing a tight T-shirt beneath that showed off her slim form much better. With her head turned away so that she couldn’t see the Ogre’s leering eyes, Katie kicked off her shoes and removed her baggy pants next, unbuttoning them and letting them slump to the ground. She was wearing a somewhat frumpy and conservatively-cut pair of sky blue panties beneath... no doubt another attempt on her part to look less sexy.

But if that was her intent, it wasn’t working. Katie had long, shapely, toned legs that Gus couldn’t help but imagine wrapping around him and pulling him close. Katie reluctantly removed her T-shirt next, revealing a comfortable-looking and well-worn bra and a taut, sexy belly. Zoe hadn’t mentioned it in her report, but Katie must be serious about working out as well. There was no way she could have a body like this if she spent all of her time protesting and smoking weed.

As her sweater flumped to the ground to join her pants, Katie stood with her face growing red from the exposure to Gus's greedy eyes and an arm crossed over her body to grip her other arm awkwardly. Now, with her false bravado stripped away, she was adorable.

Gus pounced on her moment of hesitation. "All of it, sweetheart," he insisted in a low, demanding voice. "Show me what you're working with."

Katie looked like she was about to snap back at his insulting demand, then clearly thought better of it, visibly swallowing her words and whirling to face away from him in a flash of silky blonde hair. Without ceremony, she swiftly tugged down her panties and let them fall to her ankles, then unhooked her bra and tossed it aside to her pile of clothes. Even though she was facing away, Gus already liked what he saw. It was obvious that Katie either spent a lot of time in a bikini out in the sun, or just went tanning. Her cute little ass had dramatic tan lines at the panty line. A tantalizing contrast of pale and bronze.

Katie took a few deep, steadying breaths, then turned, with one arm slung across her chest, hiding her tits from Gus's view. She tried to step forward toward him, with an embarrassed, angry expression marring her beautiful features, but Gus halted her with a sharp command.

"Stop. Hands down. I want to see everything."

Katie rolled her eyes, but her legs were trembling a little, and the attempt at cool disinterest wasn't fooling anyone anymore. She let her arm fall, giving Gus the chance to survey the prize his evil deeds had won him.

Just as his eyes had noticed when she was clothed, Katie's slim body couldn't match her best friend's luscious feminine curves. Even so, her breasts were cute little handfuls tipped with soft-pink nipples. Her little tits looked even more vulnerable and delicate due to how pale they were in comparison to the rest of her tanned skin. Between her thighs she had a neat little strip of golden pubic hair that led down toward a puffy innie pussy that looked tight enough to cut the end off a cigar.

Gus openly stroked the bulge in the front of his pants as he feasted his eyes, letting Katie watch as he enjoyed the sight of her tight, slim nudity. She looked humiliated, but not turned on. Her nipples were soft and dormant, and her pussy betrayed no signs of arousal.

That would change. By the time Gus was done with her, she would be hot and wet at just the thought of fucking him. In fact, right now felt like the perfect time to begin her training. Gus beckoned her closer, and she reluctantly and stiffly approached. He patted the bed at his side, and, with an expression of distaste, Katie obeyed the silent command, perching on the edge of the bed next to him.

“Ok, first of all, I need you to unwind a little,” he said matter-of-factly. She shuddered as his thick arm wrapped around her slim waist, pulling her to his side. “So we’re going to kiss until you’re warmed up. Just like you saw me doing with your bestie, right?”

“Ha! If you think I’m actually going to enjoy this, you...” Gus cut off Katie’s bitter words by pulling her forward into a kiss.

Katie was just as cold, stiff, and unresponsive as she had promised, at least at first. She kept her lips stubbornly thin and closed, not moving away, but not participating in the kiss at all. Still, it felt amazing to rest his heavy hand on her slim waist, pulling her close. She clearly hoped that her lack of enthusiasm would push Gus to get things over with faster, but Gus had other plans.

His hands began to wander. Gently at first, with a teasing, feather-light touch. He could feel Katie’s tanned skin rise in goosebumps as he went, a light shudder passing through her body. He wasn’t sure that she knew she was doing it, but her lips bloomed just the slightest bit, pressing back against his.

When his hands traced over Katie’s firm little tits, he was delighted to find that her nipples were already beginning to stiffen. If what Zoe said was true, beneath Katie’s icy front lay a well of hot, turbulent lust. And here was the proof. Even a brief tease with his rough hands had Katie’s body eagerly responding, no matter how hard she tried to hold back.

His fingers circled the stiffening nubs of Katie’s nipples, then trapped one between his knuckles, squeezing gently. A soft, low noise wormed from Katie’s throat, just on the edge of hearing, and Gus could feel her breath hitch slightly at the sudden unexpected pleasure. Her soft lips parted slightly, opening to him, and he took full advantage, his tongue flitting through them to tease against hers.

Katie pressed her lips closed again, but her icy facade was clearly cracking. Her nipples were two throbbing bullets of desire as Gus left them and traced his fingers down her lithe body, making her shiver with reluctant desire as their rough skin tickled the tanned, sensitive tummy.

Katie could tell exactly what his fingers were seeking, and she pressed her slim thighs tightly together in anticipation, denying him access. But, unfortunately for her, that distracted her enough that her lips parted once again, and Gus pressed forward, making out with her fully, invading her mouth with his tongue.

Katie made a little noise of frustration, but then seemed to decide that fighting back was better than trying to shut the pervy old professor out completely. She nipped Gus’s tongue hard, and then she was kissing him back, their tongue writhing against each other in a silent battle for dominance.

Gus kept his fingers stroking up and down through Katie’s little strip of pubic hair, just above her pussy; refusing to back down and making his intentions obvious. Although he was just as turned

on as the hot little bitch he was kissing, it was obvious that Gus had better self-control. Katie's icy facade was slipping further and further. Although she had started out trying to make the entire experience as cold and unsatisfying for Gus as possible, she was making out with him now, her breaths hot and heavy as little grunts of frustrated effort sounded from her throat.

Gus felt the tight clench of Katie's thighs slip a little as the pleasure began to become more important to her than the satisfaction of denying him. He pressed his fingers greedily downward, holding them there patiently as Katie's conscious mind took over and slammed her thighs tightly once again.

Gus pulled away from the kiss with a low chuckle. "Come on, sweetheart," he said coaxingly, rubbing his finger in a gentle little circle on the skin just barely above her pussy. "You've decided to do this anyway... would it really be that bad if you had a little fun in the process? I swear I won't tell anyone you liked it. Scout's honor."

"I don't know what the fuck you're talking about," lied Katie hotly, her cheeks blazing through the bronze of her tan while her eyes swam with lust. "I don't like this at all."

That surprised a laugh from Gus. *Well... I guess we'll just see about that.*

In one smooth motion, his hands moved to hold Katie around the waist and toss her roughly up the bed. The slim blonde gasped, her eyes wide and her pink lips parted as she stared at Gus in shock. Without giving her a chance to collect herself, Gus pounced, settling over her and kissing her down into the mattress, using his heavy bulk to put physical and psychological pressure on her. He threaded his broad fingers through Katie's slim digits and pinned her hands to the bed on either side of her, leaving her to writhe and squirm beneath him.

And yet... despite his bold domination, Katie still returned his kiss. Her fitful movement beneath him wasn't her fighting him; it was her back arching and her hips rolling in needy little sinuous movements.

Despite all of her stubborn denial, she couldn't fight the pleasure firing through her nerves. Her subconscious mind was taking over, yielding to the strong, virile man who wanted to claim her. She could insist that this was just a transaction as much as she wanted, but her body was singing a different tune.

If Gus just whipped his cock out right now and fucked her, she would cum hard like a good little slut. And afterward, she would make some excuses to herself and pretend that she hadn't loved every second.

But that wasn't what Gus wanted. He wanted to leave no doubt. He wanted those little lies she told herself tomorrow to ring false. And he wanted Katie to crave a second round, no matter how much she denied it.

Gus scooted backward, planting a hot kiss on Katie's delicate neck. Then he moved further down, pressing his lips to her breastbone.

"Gus..." she said in a muzzy voice, drunk from arousal, "what are you...?"

Her words cut off in a soft moan as his mouth reached her sensitive nipples. Her pulled one of her tender nubs between his lips, flicking it with his tongue while he gently rolled the other nipple between his fingers. Katie arched her back in silent encouragement, panting now with reluctant arousal as a man twice her age played her like a fiddle, coaxing greater and greater waves of pleasure out of her tight young body.

But Gus wasn't satisfied with just licking and sucking her tits, no matter how fun that might be. With a few last teasing tweaks, Gus travelled further downward, planting another kiss on Katie's taut, heaving belly before reaching her thighs.

Once again, despite how obviously aroused she now was, Katie's thighs were stubbornly clamped together. But Gus wasn't worried. Katie's resolve was crumbling by the second. He slid his fingers gently between Katie's toned thighs and stared up the bed at her with a predatory glint in his eyes. "Open up," he growled playfully. "We both know you want this... who are you even trying to fool anymore?"

Katie tried to say something, then shook her head, unable to get the words out. She threw an elbow over her face, covering her eyes with the crook of her arm, then let out a frustrated moan. The strength of her thighs faltered, then failed, and then they bloomed like a flower beneath Gus's gently prying hands, opening to reveal Katie's pussy.

It was practically dripping with need, flushed and dewy with desperate arousal. Gus tried to hold himself back, but he had never been particularly gracious in victory, and he couldn't help but toss out a smug, "Well, well, well... I thought you said that I wasn't turning you on at all. Looks like your body is being a lot more honest than your mouth is."

"Shut uuupppp," groaned Katie angrily. "It's not because of you! I've just been on a dry streak for a couple of weeeeeekssss."

The final word drew into a drawn-out hiss of shocked pleasure as Gus dived forward, sealing his greedy mouth over the lips of Katie's juicy cunt, wasting no time in sliding his tongue up and forward. Her arousal was a clean, salty tang. The taste of youth and clean living. Gus savored it, lapping and slurping with his thick tongue. He was a bit of a connoisseur, and a lot of college girls that had a diet of beer, pizza, and overpriced coffee tasted like battery acid. In comparison, Katie's tight little pussy was a first-class meal.

It felt good on his mouth too. Her tits were a bit of a disappointment, but she had something really special between her slim thighs. Plump little lips, a tight, pulsing hole, and a big, sensitive clit that made her whimper and shake every time his tongue flicked over it.

"God! F-fuck!" gasped Katie, twisting big handfuls of the sheets in sweaty fists as Gus worked his magic between her legs. She was losing the battle with pleasure rapidly. Her pussy was gushing with hot, slick juices against Gus's writhing tongue, her hips humping upward into his face; her nipples hard enough to cut glass as they rose and fell on her firm, heaving tits.

Gus didn't allow her even a moment to rest. He pressed forward with new fervor, cupping his hands beneath Katie's pert ass to pull her tight to his slithering tongue. He wanted to break down her haughty resistance completely... and it looked like he was already halfway there.

Gus applied a bit more suction, then slid his tongue deep inside the arching slut beneath him, feeling as her internal walls clenched and gripped at his thick tongue, welcoming its intrusion as if it were a cock itself. He slid it upward deftly, refusing to give Katie even a moment to rest between the multiple avenues of pleasure. When he found her clit he sucked a little harder, then swirled his tongue around it, licking and sucking the sensitive little nub with merciless glee. Katie was panting in harsh, heated breaths, trying and failing to stifle the little moans building up in her throat. But Gus knew he had won when she reached down and ran her fingers through her hair, pulling his head in tighter.

"Fuck, don't stop!" She whined, her hips eagerly rolling forward into Gus's slobbering mouth. "I'm almost fucking there!"

Well, how could he turn down such a desperate plea? Especially when Katie was asking in a low, raspy moan? Gus redoubled his efforts, thrusting his tongue deep, flicking her clit hard, and tasting every inch of Katie's hot little pussy. He didn't stop until he heard her moans grow loud and sweet and felt her thighs trembling around his ears.

Not bad for a disgusting creep that Katie was visibly disdainful of just a few minutes before.

Katie's hands had left Gus's head, and now teased and pinched her nipples, augmenting her pleasure as the powerful orgasm tore through her. It was a little hard to see the throes of her release down between her thighs, but that didn't bother Gus too much. He was confident that he would get a front-row seat to more of Katie's orgasms.

But he wanted this one to be special. Katie might be a snippy little bitch who thought Gus was beneath her, but it was hard to argue with your own subconscious. Giving the skinny slut the best orgasm of her young life would make it hard for her to truly disdain Gus, no matter how much she might want to.

Finally, Katie collapsed back to the mattress with a heavy sigh that sounded like an explosion of air from her lungs. Gus needed to strike while the iron was hot. He needed to press his advantage right now while she was overwhelmed with pleasure. He rose from between her thighs, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, then set to work efficiently stripping off his clothes.

Katie had been lying back with her eyes closed. Maybe basking in the afterglow of an all-consuming orgasm, maybe asking herself how she had fallen far enough to cum all over the face of a man twice her age. Maybe both. Regardless, when she opened her eyes from her swoon, she saw Gus looming over her, his massive form stripped and unveiled.

Gus couldn't help but watch Katie's reaction with a certain smug pride. He knew he was no pretty boy. His habit of overindulgence had left him fat, and even before that he hadn't won any prizes for beauty. But there was one area that he knew he had ninety percent of all other men beat.

Just as he suspected, Katie's eyes widened a little when she saw the monstrous, throbbing cock between his legs, pointing upward, stiff and eager for what was coming next. It was an expression he had seen many times in his life, and it never got old. A sort of fear mixed with awe and longing. Not all girls liked big dicks, but all of them had heard other women gushing over what it felt like to be with a man who was truly massive.

Everyone wanted to give it a try at least once. And Gus was more than happy to help them live out that fantasy.

Despite the look of intimidation in Katie's eyes, her body had nearly the opposite reaction. Her thighs spread a little wider all on their own, and her hips tilted upward... probably at the same time as she imagined what it would feel like to get stuffed by the monster between Gus's legs. Gus rushed forward on his knees, taking his rightful place between Katie's long, slim legs, letting out a dominant little growl as he yanked her closer, positioning her for the thorough fucking she was about to receive. Katie's eyes were wild, and her breaths were coming in hot, ragged pants. Her gaze was laser-focused on Gus's cock as he laid it down over her throbbing pussy, letting her feel the heat and length of his manhood as it gently pressed against her throbbing flesh. His shaft reached upward almost to her belly button; an obscene demonstration of how far his cock would reach when he claimed the prize that Katie had naively offered.

"F-fuck..." moaned Katie, her hips beginning to hump and writhe upward against the feeling of Gus's cock. Just as he had planned, the impassioned cunnilingus had put the little slut into heat. His research showed that Katie had a deep well of untapped lust beneath her respectable exterior, and now that she was horny, her pretense of disgust and annoyance had been stripped away, leaving her the desperate slut that Gus desired.

But he didn't just want her aroused. He wanted her to admit how much she fucking wanted it. He planted one beefy hand on either side of Katie's head, leering down into her pretty, blushing face...

Then he started the tease.

Gus slid his cock slowly up and down Katie's hot, wet slit, the underside of his shaft gently parting her lips and rubbing against her clit in a sawing motion. Katie bit her lip and turned her head to the side, blushing an even deeper red as she avoided Gus's gaze hovering just inches above her face. But it didn't matter how badly she wanted to appear stoic and unaffected. She was already feeling the lust boiling up inside her; Gus could see it in her eyes. He could feel it too. As he worked his magic, Katie's back arched and her pussy humped upward desperately, trying to increase the sensation.

She needed it bad. But she wasn't going to get anything until she asked nicely.

Finally, Katie's sexual need grew too great. With a frustrated moan, she reached down between her legs and tried to move Gus's cock into position, sliding it downward until the tip rested gently against her quivering entrance. "J-just get it over with," she growled in a lustful rasp, scowling up at her grinning tormentor.

"Well, that's no way to ask for something you want," said Gus loftily. He pushed forward a fraction of an inch, so that his bulbous head just barely eased inside the tight entrance of her pussy. But then he halted, just resting there, holding back no matter how much Katie's hips writhed in need, trying to draw him deeper.

Katie moaned in frustration, covering her face with her hands so that she didn't have to watch Gus's smug expression. It was obvious that she couldn't hold out forever. Gus sincerely doubted that getting her pussy licked was enough for this particular young slut, no matter how good of an orgasm she had gotten from it.

Gus was about to pull his cock out and begin teasing her pussy the same way he had been when Katie finally cracked.

"...Please."

The word was quiet and muffled through the hands shrouding her face, but they were still enough to set a fire of triumph burning in Gus's heart. "What's that, sweetie?" he asked obnoxiously, rubbing his victory in while he had the chance.

Katie dropped her hands from her face with an angry snarl. "Just fucking fuck me, ok? You're right, I want it. Is that what you needed to hear? Can we cut your victory lap short and just get to it already? Jesus!"

Gus chuckled low in his throat as he repositioned his knees a little bit. "Hey, your wish is my command, sweetheart," he gloated, relishing the look of humiliated lust on Katie's blushing face. "But you are wrong about one thing..."

He slid his cock home, stretching her pussy wide with a slow but forceful thrust, claiming her completely in a way he was confident that no other man ever had.

“...My victory lap is just beginning.”

Katie let out a shocked gasp, instinctively reaching up to grab his broad shoulders as her eyes widened from the sudden sensation.

Gus couldn't help himself. He leaned down and whispered in her ear, “You feel that, you little slut? That's what a real man feels like. And now that you've tasted what a man's cock is like, you won't be able to go back to your boy toys. No more little socially responsible limp dick pussies for you. Now you'll crave thick, hard cock for the rest of your life.”

“Shut up and fuck me, you piece of shit,” whined Katie, turning his head and pulling him in to a sloppy kiss.

Gus would normally take issue with that kind of tone from a woman he was trying to break, but Katie was desperate and needy enough at this point that he already knew he had won. Besides, he was a patient man, but he wasn't made of stone. After warming up a fine piece of ass like Katie so thoroughly, he was fucking horny himself, and more than ready to have his own orgasm.

He began to withdraw, savoring the little moan that came from Katie's throat as his cock pulled out of her tight pussy. She kissed him harder, her tongue boldly slipping into his mouth, egging him on. In a muscular snap of his hips, Gus thrust forward again, all the way to the hilt, drawing another whimper from Katie's throat and turning her fingernails momentarily into scrabbling claws digging into the back of his head.

Then a red haze of dominant lust settled in over Gus. His cock began pumping faster and faster, relishing the silky grip of Katie's tight young pussy, basking in the dominant pleasure of pinning the little brat down to the mattress with his dick and showing her who was boss.

*This little bitch thought she could look down on me? Thought that she could just toss the gross old man a pity fuck and get him off the scent? Well, she knows who I am now. She knows her place. God, this feels fucking good.*

Blood thundered in Gus's ears, almost drowning out the wet slap of impacting flesh as he roughly fucked the slim blonde beneath him, reaming her pussy with his thick cock and pressing her lithe, feminine form down into the mattress with his heavy, grotesque body. Katie was moaning, whimpering, begging for more, all dignity forgotten in the intensity of her feelings. All it had taken to crack her was one evening of submissive pleasure.

Gus had no doubt in his mind that tomorrow, her hatred for him would be redoubled, and she would hotly deny how deeply he had dominated her, even to herself. But it was one thing to deny the truth, and it was another to completely forget the pleasure of getting fucked to orgasm by the biggest cock you've ever had inside you.

Katie was going to have a hard time forgetting this night. Gus would make sure of it.

Gus lost himself completely on the heated rhythm as he and Katie reached perfect sexual harmony, his thick cock pistoning into her and her tight pussy squeezing and milking him with every stroke. They were both pouring sweat at this point, but neither of them cared. Katie continued to kiss him without shame, her nails clawing stinging red lines down his shoulders in the depths of her passion.

Gus could feel himself getting close. He loved fucking college girls. Something about it just felt so wrong. Like he was stealing something he didn't deserve. He could only imagine that it would be even more intense when he finally fucked Monica. Because then he really would be stealing something... and for good, in that case.

Thinking about Monica and the pleasures that awaited him there once he got Katie out of the way sent Gus spiralling rapidly toward the edge. He picked up the pace, really letting the snooty bitch beneath him feel the power of his cock as he speared into her tender little pussy faster and faster. He wasn't going to cum alone. He wanted Katie to have her second orgasm of the evening as he fucked her. And after that... well, he had a little surprise that he was sure would leave a big impression on the stuck-up bitch.

Katie didn't disappoint him. It only took a few more seconds before she was letting out low, vibrating moans, her nails clawing at his back again and her long, slim legs wrapping tight around his waist. She was cumming, even harder than she had from the pussy eating. Her tight little cunt pulsed and milked around Gus's pumping cock as she descended into wild orgasm, and it was all Gus could do to keep himself from cumming right then and there.

But, as always, Gus was a man of patience and iron will. He would get exactly the orgasm he wanted, and nothing less. He forced himself to hold back even as he fucked Katie through her long, all-consuming orgasm, focusing his mind so that he didn't think too hard about how the little slut was becoming totally unraveled by lust, her eyes rolling into the back of her head and babbling half-formed sentences of complete submission.

"So... fucking good. Fuck... professor you... Uhhhhn, shit, how can you...? Fuck, your cock is amazing."

Gus waited until Katie had collapsed back to the mattress, limp and sweaty, before making his next move.

"My turn," he growled, withdrawing his dripping cock with a determined glint in his eye.

Katie stared up at him in confusion. "What? You didn't cum? Why are you – Oh shit!"

Her eyes widened once again as Gus took his position, getting ready to cum. He planted a knee on either side of Katie's arms, looming over her in a position of absolute dominance. "Open wide, slut," he grunted as he angled his hips downward, smearing his slick cock over Katie's soft lips. "Time to pay the fuck up."

Katie moaned and closed her eyes, parting her lips and allowing Gus to slip his cock into her warm, wet mouth from his powerful stance above her, submitting completely and tasting her orgasm on his throbbing cock.

Soon she would be tasting his as well.

Gus didn't hold himself back anymore. Now wasn't about sensuality or pleasure for the little minx beneath him; it was about making a point. He made a few short, rapid thrusts downward into Katie's mouth. Not too deep; he didn't want to panic her by trying to deep throat her in this position. That was definitely something to work up to. He only thrust deep enough to show Katie who was boss and provide the small amount of extra stimulation that was needed to push him over the edge.

In seconds, he was there. He let loose, filling the little slut's mouth with old man cum in one powerful spurt. Then he pulled back, lifting his hips to dangle right over Katie's face. His balls tightened, and his cock twitched, firing rope after rope of hot, sticky cum all over the snooty bitch, leaving her splattered with jizz, well fucked and defeated.

Finally, with a satisfied smile, Gus dismounted and surveyed his work. Katie lay back on the bed, glistening with sweat, her eyes dazed.

Thick white cum splattered her face and overflowed her lips. A picture of a devastated, sexually conquered female, and a brutal contrast with the confident young woman who had swaggered into his apartment earlier in the evening, convinced that she was going to toss the creepy old professor a pity fuck.

If this had been a woman he was trying to romance, like Monica, Gus wouldn't have hesitated to talk her down from the humiliating sexual ecstasy he had just put her through. He would have let her shower, then poured her some wine and made sure she headed home feeling good about the overall experience.

But his relationship with Katie was altogether different. So he just strode over, picked up the loose pile of clothes she had left on the bedroom floor, carelessly wiped his cock off on the shirt, then tossed them to land on Katie on the bed.

"Pleasure doing business with you," he chuckled as Katie finally rose to her elbows, face dripping with semen and a look of indignation in her eyes. "You have ten minutes to get the fuck out of my apartment."

Katie stared at him incredulously, the fiery light in her eyes sparking back to light. "Are you fucking serious?" she snarled angrily, rising from the bed stiff with rage. "You fuck me, then cum all over my face, then...? Ugh!" She started to dress swiftly, tugging her clothes on with rough, angry motions. "I don't know why I expected anything fucking different from you... you... prick!"

Gus took her sudden outpouring of rage casually, leaning against the wall and watching as the slim blonde dressed. She looked pretty ridiculous. The contrast of her anger and the fact her face was still smeared with his semen made it hard to take her seriously.

He had given her ten minutes, but it only took two for her to get fully dressed and storm past him toward the front door of the apartment. As she swung it open, she turned back and flipped him the bird, saying angrily, "Stay away from my friend, asshole. A deal's a deal!"

Gus held back his chuckle until she had slammed the door behind her. Katie had already begun her reframing of the evening. By tomorrow, she would swear to herself that she had hated every minute. But her body would remember. And even if she had envisioned this as a onetime payment, Gus would definitely be seeing her again.

He would make sure of it.

...

On Saturday morning, Sam took Monica out for a day on the town.

He always had a good time on his dates with Monica, and this day was no exception. But the thoughts nagging at the back of his mind did bother him a little. At times, it was hard to focus on having fun with the love of his life. His mind kept returning to the question of what exactly had happened on Monica's lunch date with Gus. She had refused to give him details the night before no matter how much he begged, and when he had asked her first thing in the morning, she just teased him and said she would tell him a little later. It was maddening, and, for reasons Sam couldn't begin to understand, strangely arousing. He had no choice but to wait patiently... and try not to get a boner in public from thinking about what might have happened on the date.

Besides the simmering sexual tension building pressure inside Sam, it was a fairly typical weekend date for them. They took the bus out to the mall and bummed around the game store for a while, seeing if there were any good deals on used games.

But after that, things went a little differently than usual. As they walked toward the food court, which normally would have been their next stop, Monica unexpectedly tugged Sam's hand, slowing him down. It was a little surprising. Normally, there weren't that many stores that interested her in the mall, so for a second Sam thought that she had to tie her shoe or something.

But, strangely enough, it was the jewelry store that seemed to have drawn Monica's attention. She pulled her stunned boyfriend toward the display window, staring in with a strange little smile on her face.

Sam was more focused on Monica and her strange behavior than on whatever had caught her attention in the display case. It was totally unlike her to be interested in jewelry. Monica kept up her appearance and had a good handle on what looked good and what didn't, but typically she didn't like to draw attention to herself, so something as sparkly and gaudy as jewelry was out of the question.

But now she seemed to be considering the options glittering under the lights carefully. All the necklaces and bracelets and... rings?

Oh. Oh wait. The thought was dizzying to Sam. An immediate rush of shock, followed by joy. Was Monica dropping a hint on him? He had always thought in a hazy, back-of-his-mind sort of way that they might get married some day, but the one time they had talked about it, Monica had firmly said that she didn't even want to think about stuff like that until after college. For one glorious second, the thought of Gus and the date that she had gone on with Monica the day before was completely pushed out of Sam's head.

And then Monica brought him crashing back down to earth.

"I like that one," she said, pointing to a thin chain necklace with a dangling heart pendant. "Cute and romantic, right? And red is my favorite color."

Sam tried to fight through the sudden emotional whiplash. It was his fault, letting his mind jump to conclusions like that. He tried to take a closer look at the necklace that Monica pointed out to offer some sort of opinion. It was all shining gold, with a little bright red gem glittering in the center of the heart.

His honest opinion was that it looked gaudy, but instead he offered up a half-hearted, "I mean... yeah, it's pretty nice."

Monica squeezed his arm, saying cheerfully, "Well, let's go inside and ask how much it is. Maybe you can get it for me as a present."

Sam stared at her in horror, then looked back to the necklace. He was no jewelry expert, but it had to be hundreds of dollars at least. Sam had his student loans to pay for food and rent, and his ten hour a week work study job supervising a campus computer lab gave him a little pocket money to spend on games, but he certainly wasn't rolling in dough. The necklace was completely out of his price range, even if he did want to buy it.

Monica saw the shocked look on her boyfriend's face and burst out laughing. Of course. It was just another one of Monica's pranks. Sam must have been really off balance from the recent

events if he hadn't seen this for what it was. As he laughed at himself self-deprecatingly, Monica hugged him close and planted a kiss on his cheek. "I'm just teasing you, babe; I know you can't afford something like this. But someday, right?" she whispered in his ear, her voice still rich with amusement.

"Of course. Once we've made it, you get all the gold and jewels you want," said Sam warmly, pulling her close and kissing her back. But as they walked away from the jewelry store, Sam glanced back at it with a faint frown.

Monica hadn't taken her little prank seriously, but Sam didn't like what it implied about what she was thinking about beneath the surface. Hadn't the Ogre been throwing money around and spending lavishly on their dates? Even if Monica had no real desire for Gus, it made sense that she would unconsciously compare the way she was treated by her boyfriend and by this other man.

And although Sam was confident he could beat Gus in both looks and personality hands down, he just couldn't compete with Gus's resources.

Sam forgot about the momentary anxiety, trying once again to be present. Once Monica finally gave up on this game and told him what happened during the date, things would get much, much easier.

...

"I mean, it's sort of exhausting," said Monica with a roll of her eyes. "How can she expect us to be perfect on our assignments when she half-asses the instructions like that? I know that she's at the top of her field, but it's just... painfully obvious that she's one of those professors who only cares about researching and doesn't give a fuck about actually teaching."

Sam nodded sympathetically, chewing through another bite of pizza. He washed it down with a gulp of soda, then commented, "Well, all that matters is the grade, right? If you just push through it, you'll finish up the semester and never have to see her again."

"Unless I have to take her again next semester," said Monica dismally. "And that's not the point, Tiger. I do actually want to learn something during the classes I pay for, you know? Speaking of which, how did things go with that TA? Are you going to have to speak to the professor?"

Sam shook his head as Monica dug back into her own slice. They had stopped by their favorite spot in the food court, Sal's Pizza, where you could get a big, greasy slice and a soda for only five bucks. And the pizza wasn't even as bad as you might expect.

"Nah, I talked to him after class," said Sam casually. "He apologized. Didn't mean to be a dick, just had a rough day. It happens."

“Well, good!” said Monica, waving her finger in a joking attempt at sassiness. “No one talks about my man like that! I was about to come after them in a dark alley if they didn’t apologise.”

Sam couldn’t help but snort at the thought of his feisty, petite girlfriend attacking the owlsh, bearded TA who had been short with him the other day. “Oh yeah?” he asked with a grin.

“You’re going to take them down? Their like three times your size.”

Monica scoffed in mock outrage, lightly kicking him under the table. “You’re doubting me? Me? The master of a dozen fighting games? I can’t believe the love of my life doesn’t believe in my skills.”

Sam rolled his eyes, finding it hard to hold back laughter. “I mean, if gaming skills translated to real life, you would also be great at chainsawing zombies and rescuing princesses.”

“And who says I’m not?”

It felt good to just shoot the shit with her like they usually did instead of worrying about all the crazy stuff with Gus. In the moments between the heated sex play, this was what their relationship really was: warm, casual conversation and good times. It was why they had been such good friends, even before they started dating. For a second, Sam was just able to focus on the two of them and forget all about the crazy stuff they had gotten involved with lately. It was great while it lasted. But he knew better than to think that Monica had forgotten about her teasing. It wouldn’t be over until Monica finally gave in and revealed what had happened on the date. She had more in store for him, and he found out what after lunch.

They walked over to the movie theater attached to the mall and found out that they would have to wait about an hour until the next showing of Jaguar 3 that they had been interested in seeing.

“Well, want me to kick your ass at Heavenly Fist?” asked Sam, squeezing Monica’s hand as they made their way back into the mall. They normally spent any free time they had at the mall’s small, disappointing arcade. His tongue was firmly in cheek, of course: Monica absolutely dominated him at all of the few arcade games that were available.

“I was actually thinking of something a little different today,” said Monica with a coy smile. “There was one other thing that I wanted to shop for, and since we have a spare hour, I think now is the perfect time.”

“What? What do you need?” asked Sam suspiciously, already catching on to his girlfriend’s teasing energy. It was unusual for her to have anywhere else she wanted to stop in the mall besides the game store. Mostly they both just shopped online when they needed something.

Sam’s suspicions that this was some part of the tease were confirmed when Monica just bit her lip and shrugged, adding in a voice dripping with amusement, “Oh, you’ll see. Don’t worry, it’s nothing crazy.”

Surprisingly, she was right; it really wasn't anything crazy. She led him to Mariposa, a women's clothing store that they had walked by dozens of times. It had a bunch of stuff that Sam would normally have considered a little dressier and girlier than Monica typically wore on a day-to-day basis, but nothing too over-the-top. He couldn't really understand why this was supposed to be some teasing thing that would get him jealous, and, in fact, clothes shopping sounded more boring to him than tormenting, but he allowed himself to be pulled into the store by his grinning girlfriend, staring around dubiously at the racks of chic clothing.

Monica immediately gravitated toward the dresses. It seemed like the store catered toward the kinds of clothes women wore to go out, so there was quite a variety of dresses, some classy enough for dinner dates, and others that Sam imagined would only be suitable for wearing to a club.

Monica hummed to herself as she clicked through the racks, occasionally pulling out a dress and staring at it critically. Only a few passed muster, which she handed to Sam before continuing on her way.

Sam stood there awkwardly, still not sure exactly what this whole exercise was meant to prove. Based on the secretive smile that Monica was wearing, she thought that this odd shopping trip should be embarrassing him somehow, but instead he just felt a little bored and was resisting the urge to pull his phone out.

Finally, after the third dress was placed in his unresisting hands, Sam couldn't take it anymore. "Ok, what's going on?" he asked with an edge of exasperation in his voice. "Why exactly do you even need a new dress? I thought you said that you only need one."

Monica turned to look at him with a smirk on her perfect lips and a wicked twinkle in her eyes. "Mmmhmm, I did always say that, didn't I? And do you remember why I said I don't really more than one dress?"

The words came to Sam's lips without thought. "Because you never go out..." The puzzled pieces clicked into place in Sam's brain, and with his rush of understanding came a matching rush of the embarrassment and jealousy Monica had expected him to feel all along.

"I was wondering how long it would take you to get it," giggled Monica, turning with a wink to continue her examination of the latest rack.

Sam stared down in mute horror and a fresh twist of insidious arousal at the dresses he had been obediently lugging around the store. Monica was shopping for Gus. Expanding her wardrobe so she had other things to wear when they went out.

Planning on dressing up for him.

"Is this really necessary?" asked Sam through a suddenly dry mouth. "I mean, you already have the one dress..."

Monica was looking away, carefully considering a shimmery, lowcut dress, but Sam could still see the grin on her face widen further. Her voice was still all innocence as she said, "Well, I can't just wear the same dress out over and over again, silly. It would be embarrassing. It was fine to have just one dress before when I barely went out, but... well, the situation has changed, hasn't it?"

Thankfully, Monica apparently decided the slutty dress that she was considering just wasn't her style, and put it back onto the rack. But that just made Sam reconsider the dresses she had already handed him. He tried to subtly shift the dresses in his hands to figure out what they looked like. Before, he hadn't actually been paying very close attention.

"I thought we were still thinking about how much longer this would continue," said Sam, trying to keep the smolder of jealousy out of his voice. "How many more times are you planning on going out with him?"

Monica giggled and turned, surprising him with a swift little kiss on the lips, cranking the little flame of lust inside Sam up to a full-blown inferno. "Well, that's really up to you, isn't it, Tiger?" she said lightly. "You know that I would stop any time you want. Do you want me to stop right now? I could put these dresses back, text Gus that he and I are finished, and we can go enjoy our movie. Is that what you want?"

Her deep blue eyes stared into his, blazing with mirth and affection. She knew him too well. It was his job in this little game to be reluctant and angsty. To grumble and get jealous. But when he thought about ending the game, a shameful part of him deep inside whispered, "Not yet". No matter how upsetting it could be at times, this was still the most explosively and electrically his connection with his girlfriend had ever been. The rollercoaster was making him scream and want to hurl, but he still didn't want off the ride. Not yet.

Monica read the answer in his eyes. She patted his cheek with a smirk and turned back to the clothing racks. "Well I guess that answers that question," she teased. "So yes, I want to pick out something nice for the next date that Gus takes me out on. I doubt that they will all be arcades and lunch spots."

It was the first tantalizing hint of her talking about what had happened on their date the day before, and Sam was eager to follow up on it, but before he could say anything, he was interrupted.

"Oooh, I like this one," said Monica in a low, eager tone. She whipped a plum colored dress off the rack and held it up, slyly glancing over to read Sam's expression.

Sam gulped. Even on the hangar, he could tell that this dress would be significantly more revealing than the other dresses that his girlfriend had picked out so far. It's ruffled lower hem would probably show off a significant portion of her juicy thighs, but that was nothing compared to the neckline. It plunged in a low V that Sam was sure wouldn't just show off some of her cleavage, but actually plunge between Monica's large, firm tits.

It was definitely in the range of club dresses that the store carried rather than stylish party dresses. It would look a little out of place at a restaurant. Enough to make men's heads turn, as if Monica's body couldn't do that already.

"Ha! I can see it's already getting a great review from you," said Monica with a giggle. "It's definitely going in the 'try-on' pile then."

"What?" Sam snapped defensively, his face suddenly feeling flushed and hot. "What do you mean? I never said that..."

"Your face is doing all the talking for you," said Monica smugly, laying the dress on top of the other three that Sam was already holding. "Now try to calm down babe. People might talk if you start pitching a tent while we're dress shopping."

Humiliatingly, she was right to be concerned. Monica's bratty teasing and hints about Gus had hit their mark precisely, and Sam could feel himself stirring to life below the belt. He swallowed back what he was going to say for now, instead following after Monica as she headed toward the changing rooms.

"Wait out here for me, Tiger," she said with a teasing wink, taking the hangers from his hands and retreating into the room. "I'm going to need a man's eye to help me choose."

She closed the door behind her and left her boyfriend to stew, hands shoved in his pockets and willing his half-formed erection to go down. He couldn't believe that he was here shopping with his girlfriend for a dress she planned to wear for another man. It was a massive change from just a few weeks ago, when he was livid at the very thought of her getting dressed up for her forced date.

It almost made him feel complicit... like he was helping to pick out the wrapping paper as he gifted someone else his prized possession. It was a filthy, distressing thought.

Sam hunched a little and desperately tried to keep his mind off what was happening. The last thing he needed was to get caught with a boner hanging around the ladies' dressing room. Before he had too much time to wallow in his spiraling thoughts, the door to Monica's changing room clicked open and she exited. Sam's breath caught as he anticipated what she might look like, but she wasn't wearing the tiny dress she had picked out last.

Instead, she wore a cute chocolate brown dress that was loose and flowy, coming down past her knees. It contrasted beautifully with her pale skin and her blue eyes, all while being chic and classy-looking.

“Well, what do you think, Tiger?” asked Monica with a soft smile, doing a little turn for him and preening. “It looks pretty good, if I do say so myself.”

“It looks incredible,” agreed Sam in an awed voice. Monica looked so grown up and sexy that he felt like a drooling neanderthal in comparison.

“Well, we might have a winner!” said Monica with a little laugh at her boyfriend’s dumbstruck expression. “Two of the dresses I picked out don’t fit right, so I just have one more option to try out. Be right back.”

She closed the door behind her, leaving Sam thrilling with anticipation. Even as he waited in agony, he knew exactly which of the dresses the last one would be. There was never a doubt in his mind.

His suspicion was confirmed when the dressing room door swung open again, revealing Monica in the slutty purple dress.

Sam felt the blood thundering in his ears at the sight, his eyes wide as he wordlessly took in how Monica looked when she decided to flaunt what she normally hid.

The flouncy hem of the dress came down only as far as the middle of her thigh, displaying a mouthwatering stretch of the soft, creamy skin of her legs. Above, spaghetti-thin straps held the top up, leaving the ivory round of her shoulders and collarbones bare. But the most eye-catching part of all was the daringly low swoop of the neckline, exposing the luscious valley of her large, natural tits.

Even Monica looked a little embarrassed, her eyes darting around with a faint pink blush coloring her cheeks. She normally took great pains to avoid letting the public leer at her curvy body, going as far as to wear mostly baggy clothes in public. It was obvious that only the chance to tease Sam with her exposure drew her out of the changing room.

Based on her grin when she saw Sam’s reaction, it was probably all worth it to her. She regained a little of her confidence, swaying her hips and letting the tiny dress flutter around her thighs as she approached her dumbstruck boyfriend. “Mmmm, I think you like this one even better,” purred Monica, lightly running her hands up over her hips and the swell of her chest, then self-consciously glancing around again to make sure there was no one nearby to see her lascivious display. “It’s a little daring, isn’t it? I think if I actually want to wear this one, I would need to buy a new bra that actually works with it. Unless you think I should just go out with Gus like this, of course.”

She struck a sultry pose, and Sam's eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he realized what she meant. He hadn't noticed at first, but Monica had removed her bra completely to try the tiny purple dress on. Now that the shock of her initial appearance had worn off, it was impossible not to notice the slight, soft sag that even the firmest natural breasts had when they got large enough.

The slutty little dress not only revealed the top and inner sides of his girlfriend's fantastic tits, but the thin silky cloth was all that stood between them and the world. No wonder she felt a little self-conscious.

Monica bit her lip, then took a step closer, reaching up to cup her boyfriend's face and gently guide his gaze upward from her tits to her eyes. "Hello? Earth to Tiger! You still haven't told me what you think."

Sam shook his head, trying to collect his thoughts. "I... well, I mean, you look fucking amazing," he finally managed to get out in a strangled voice. That felt like an understatement. His eyes felt like they were being drawn downward like magnets, and he struggled against that pull with all his might.

Monica's eyes took on a wicked gleam as she leaned closer and whispered heatedly, "That's not what I'm asking, Sam. I already know I look incredible. I want to know if you think that the Ogre's going to like it."

Fuck... Just the thought of the Ogre getting to see Monica in this revealing dress made the twisted flame of jealous arousal roar up inside Sam.

For some reason, his mind played an image of Monica walking away from him, side by side with the hulking professor, the little dress swirling around her thighs. Gus reached down and took a meaty, possessive handful of Monica's plump ass, turning back to give Sam a wolfish grin.

"You really are distracted, aren't you, Tiger?" Monica's hands shocked Sam out of his obscene daydream as they slipped down and gently touched the bulge forming in the front of his pants. Sam jumped away as if electrocuted, blushing furiously. Now it was his turn to stare around guiltily. They were just standing in the small area outside the changing rooms, and luckily the staff still seemed to be focused elsewhere. Which was good, because he had no idea what had gotten into Monica. She wasn't normally that sexually adventurous outside of the bedroom. That sort of messing around might get them thrown out of the store.

But Sam couldn't focus for long on what other people might think of the tent he was pitching. He was too focused on Monica, his eyes taking in her appearance in the dress in a whole new light that disturbed and aroused him in equal measure.

What if it wasn't just him or some discreet passerby in the store seeing Monica's lovely little body? What if it was Gus Pfeiffer running his slimy eyes over the smooth expanse of Monica's thighs... over the soft valley of her perfect tits.

And then he would get to make out with her, of course. Sam had already agreed to that. What other sorts of acts would a man be tempted to, holding a beautiful young scantily-clad woman in his arms? Monica had already given in to the kissing. What else might she submit to in the heat of the moment?

No. That was his jealous paranoia speaking. Monica had made a mistake, but she had told him about it in the end. She wouldn't just go further without telling him again. Probably. But fuck, just the thought of Gus getting his hands on Monica in a dress like this had Sam jittery with anxiety, his palms sweating and his mouth dry as cotton. His cock throbbed insistently, almost bursting from his pants from the dark, clinging arousal.

Monica saw his struggle and a grin spread across her face. She had transformed once again from loving, supportive girlfriend to a playful cat that had noticed a struggling mouse. Her predatory instincts had been triggered, and she couldn't help but pounce.

"Answer," she purred, taking another step closer to Sam. He backed up by instinct, but ran out of room when he hit the dressing room door opposite the one Monica had been using. He was trapped with his teasing minx of a partner, and he had no way to escape the pleasure and torment of her teasing. "Do you think my date will like it if I wear this dress for him?"

Sam didn't like the way that she called Gus her "date" as if it was some sort of official title, but he didn't have much time to think about that discomfort. Monica reached up to place a hand on the dressing room door behind him, leaning forward so that he got a mind-blowing view. Her soft breasts hung lightly off her chest, loose beneath the fabric of the dress. Sam felt hypnotized by the tantalizing sight and Monica's pushy, teasing attitude. The words came out before he could stop them. "Fuck... I think he's going to love it."

Monica raised her eyebrows and giggled at her boyfriend's unexpectedly honest response. "That's great to hear, Tiger..." She hesitated for a second, biting her lip and looking down coyly, as if unsure whether she should go further. Then her electric blue eyes flicked upward to meet his again.

"Do you think it will turn him on?"

Sam felt like he could barely breathe. Monica was seriously playing with fire now. Bringing the Ogre's sexuality into this wasn't fair. It made strange, fraught feelings tear through Sam, boiling his blood and making his cock throb with sickening heat.

But there really was only one answer.

“Yeah,” said Sam in a rough whisper. They both knew it was true.

Monica nodded, her lips a curvy smirk. “Well, maybe that’s bad then... maybe I should pick the brown dress and be safe. But I’ll leave the choice up to you. Which one do you think I should pick, Tiger? The safe, classy choice... or the choice that is going to get all three of us all hot and bothered?”

God... all three of us. Like Gus was some sort of strange third partner looming in their sex life. Monica watched him carefully. Even in the depths of this bratty tease, she was offering him a way out. If he picked the brown dress, she would have the extra dress she wanted, and the game would continue on a slightly safer footing.

But Sam couldn’t stop thinking about Gus seeing this dress. Getting a teasing hint of what he could never have. In a way, it was Gus who was the one suffering in that situation, right? Sam got to see what was beneath the revealing dress all the time, and Gus never would. That thought appealed to Sam’s possessive jealousy, even as the thought of Gus even getting that smaller look humiliated him.

Now that he had seen how kinky things could get, Sam couldn’t choose the safe option. Monica had gotten him to agree to take things a little further once again.

“I think...” Sam gulped. The words felt scorching hot as they came out of his throat, burning him with sheer embarrassment. “I think you should buy this one. Not the brown dress.”

The look of smug satisfaction on his girlfriend’s face was sheer torture and delight. He couldn’t wait to teach her a lesson in bed later and win a little of his pride back. She reached down toward his crotch again, and Sam’s blood seemed to sizzle...

The door that Sam had been backed up against bumped lightly into him as someone tried to open it. Sam and Monica both jumped in shock, and Monica went bright red, realizing that whoever it was had probably heard every word she said, making her private teasing embarrassingly public. She scurried back to the changing room as Sam jumped away from the door he had been leaning up against.

A doughy middle-aged woman smiled sheepishly at Sam, seemingly just as embarrassed as he was as she emerged and murmured, “Excuse me”. But Sam couldn’t help but notice that the woman glanced curiously over at Monica as she swiftly returned to her dressing room. The stranger had heard everything.

Luckily, she left directly afterward, leaving Sam stewing in awkward shame as he waited for his girlfriend to change back. Monica took her time, and by the time she emerged, they had both had a chance to relax a little. She was practically back to her regular self as she motioned with a nod toward the checkout and said cheerfully, “Ready to go? I bet we are almost at the time for the movie to get started.”

But Sam had one last twist of humiliation left for him before they left the store.

The woman behind the counter rang up the dress at a little over fifty dollars. Probably not all that much compared to some of the others available in the store, but still way out of the range that Sam was used to spending on clothes.

When she read out the price, Monica looked toward her boyfriend with an expectant smirk. "Well, honey," she said sweetly, "pay the lady."

Fifty dollars was enough to buy a good used game. More importantly, Sam recognized the gentle demand for what it was. Another way to make him complicit in his own humiliation. He wouldn't just be allowing Monica to wear a skimpy dress for another man's pleasure; he would be paying for the privilege.

Sam must have shown his surprise, because the twenty-something woman behind the counter laughed and joked, "Hey, with a dress like this, she's more or less just wearing it for you. I think it's fair that you pony up the cash."

"She's totally right," said Monica with a wicked sparkle in her eyes, apparently totally recovered from their embarrassing close call by the changing rooms.

Sam had no choice. He pulled out his wallet and spent his fun money for the month on something that, to be fair, would probably be a lot more fun than a video game.

...

A few minutes later, Sam was sitting in the comfortable darkness of the movie theater, with the opening scenes of *Jaguar 3* starting in front of them.

The movie theater was nearly empty; from the back row they could see that only two other couples had come to this matinee showing. Which wasn't necessarily surprising; although both Sam and Monica enjoyed the first two movies in the superhero franchise, this one was supposed to be sort of a dud.

It was just as well, because Sam had so much on his mind that he could barely focus on the movie in front of him.

The past few days had been a rollercoaster of arousal and emotions, and his head was still spinning. On Thursday, he had gotten the revelation that his girlfriend had been kissing another man. On Friday, she went out on her third date with him, and afterward, she had deliberately kept him on edge and extended his teasing by refusing to give him any of the details about the date.

But, as frustrating and shocking as that had all been, Sam had never been more in love with Monica. Finding out that she had gone beyond their agreement and kissed Gus felt like a bit of a violation, but weirdly, it was also hot, and he had never felt as strong of a sexual connection to her. As long as their bond was as strong as ever, there didn't seem to be any harm in some thrilling jealousy play.

"I can see why this isn't getting good reviews," grumbled Monica, looping her arm through his and snuggling up to him.

"Yeeeah," agreed Sam with a nod, surveying the cheesy visual effects of the opening action scene. "They never should have switched directors."

Monica nuzzled against his arm in silence for a moment before speaking again. "Even with all the explosions, this movie isn't nearly as exciting as earlier." Sam caught the little teasing lilt in his girlfriend's voice, and when he glanced over, there was a naughty twinkle in her eyes, even though they remained focused on the movie screen in front of her. He felt a prickle of tension run up his spine. He had assumed that they would have a truce while the movie was running, but apparently he had been mistaken. But if Monica wanted to play... well, he never had been very good at saying no to her.

"Yeah? What part of earlier do you mean?" he asked cautiously, keeping an eye on her expression as she continued to face forward toward the screen.

Her eyes flicked toward his as she said in a honey-sweet voice, "That part where somebody almost saw me grabbing your cock while dressed up like a little slut. That would have been pretty embarrassing, huh?"

Sam was a little surprised by the heat smoldering beneath her words. Monica had never really liked being seen in a sexual light by people she didn't know. It probably came from the fact that, as a woman with a big chest and a plump butt, she had more than enough of that kind of thing on a daily basis. So almost getting caught grabbing his cock while dressed in a revealing dress should have been purely mortifying to her.

But it felt like Monica and Sam were awakening to a lot of new desires lately, so maybe he shouldn't have been surprised. Sam licked his lips and nodded. "I mean, yeah. That was close. It was pretty thrilling."

Now Monica turned to him fully, her face alight with mischievous arousal.

"Oh, I agree. Which makes me think we should do something else thrilling to make up for this boring movie."

Without warning, the arm she had looped through his disengaged, sliding down into his lap and groping at his crotch. As Sam stared at her, shocked into silence for a moment, she pouted cutely, whispering, "Awww, come on. You're not even hard? I'm bored, play with me."

Well, that was a problem that wouldn't last long. Sam hadn't been expecting this sudden escalation, but his cock was rapidly rising to the occasion. "I... well, um... what exactly did you have in mind?" He managed to get out as all of his blood flowed from his upper to his lower head.

Monica's hand found his swelling shaft and squeezed, kneading it and coaxing it to full stiffness. "Well, you've been begging me to tell you about my little date yesterday, right? If we're bored, I'd say that there's no time like the present for a little storytime."

Sam glanced nervously at the other two couples in the theater, several rows in front of them. The movie was loud, and they all seemed to be focused forward. The chances that he and Monica would get caught felt fairly slim if they were careful. Probably. Either way, at the moment Sam was horny and denied enough to risk it.

"Well... Are you bored, Tiger?" prompted Monica with another delicious squeeze of Sam's cock, which was standing at rock-hard attention at this point.

"So bored," murmured Sam back with an answering grin. He was still feeling tense and jittery, but there was no way he was going to complain if Monica wanted to break her silence and tell him what happened on her mysterious date the day before.

"Hmmm, so where should I start?" mused Monica, settling in right next to him with her lips pressed right up against his ear as she slowly stroked her teasing fingers up and down his cock through his pants. "I guess when I finished up classes and went to meet Gus, I was a little nervous, you know?"

"Why?" breathed Sam, closing his eyes so he wouldn't be distracted by the loud movie playing in front of him. He felt totally bewitched by Monica's soft, whispering voice and the light touch of her fingers. "What were you so worried about?"

"I didn't say *worried*, I said *nervous*," chided Monica gently, gripping Sam's cock a little tighter for a moment. "Who wouldn't be a little nervous when they are on their way to make out with another guy with their boyfriend's permission? Excited butterflies in the tummy. Horny butterflies."

Sam let out a burst of hot breath, ashamed at the sudden burst of arousal that pulsed through him, yet still lifting his hips off the theater seat to try to get more sensation. "Fuck! You were horny for him?" He asked, trying his hardest to keep his voice down. "For that old creep?"

“Oh, Tiger... are you feeling a little jealous? Don't worry. I was horny for the situation more so than the Ogre. Thinking about you all lonely and horny while I swapped spit with someone else... your cock hard as a rock as you watched the clock and thought about what I might be doing... But yeah... your girlfriend was definitely a little hot and bothered by the scheduled make-out session you wanted me to have with our gross old professor.”

“I never said I wanted it,” groaned Sam softly as Monica's fingers focused on his cockhead, pinching and swirling around it. “You pushed it on me in a moment of weakness...”

Monica clicked her tongue, her hand slipping down to cup Sam's balls almost to the point of pain. “Now, now, sweetheart, don't just rewrite history to save your ego,” she said with a mocking twist in her voice. “Yeah, maybe I got you to agree during sex, but you never brought it up after, even though you knew exactly what I planned to do the next day. Your silence speaks volumes. You wanted this. Don't deny it.”

She was right, as much as Sam hated to admit it. The fact that he hated this was balanced by how much it turned him on. Even if he was reluctant, this was a path that they were going down together. Honestly, the idea that Monica was going to make out with the Ogre had turned him on as well, and Monica's little fantasy of him pacing the floor with a throbbing erection while waiting for her was pretty close to the truth.

Sam could only weakly nod, accepting her judgment. Monica laughed softly in response, kissing his ear and cooing, “Good boy... but even if you were wrong, I liked the way you phrased it. A moment of weakness...” Without warning, her fingers traced upward and popped open the button of his jeans. “I love it when you're weak for me, Tiger.”

Sam's eyes flew open, darting to the two couples, who were still apparently engrossed in the movie, then to Monica. “Babe, what are you doing?” He asked in a hoarse whisper as she smirked back in the flickering light. “We can't...”

“Oh, can't we?” asked Monica rouguishly, unzipping the jeans without a care in the world. “I thought couples did this thing in movie theaters all the time. We just need to make sure we don't get caught. Are you scared?”

Sam was tingly all over, his breath hot and harsh in his throat. He felt like his heart was beating so loud that surely it would drown out the sound of the movie, and the two other couples would turn, confusion fading into disgust as they saw what was happening.

But God, he had never wanted to feel Monica's hands all over his cock as much as he did right now. “Just... be careful,” he said in a strangled whisper as Monica tugged his pants down a little lower and freed his cock in the dubious privacy of the movie theater back row, beneath the flickering light of the cheesy blockbuster they were both fully ignoring at this point.

“Anyway, where was I? Oh right, so I was a little nervous. Especially because I was worried that someone I know might see me going out with a perverted old professor.” As she spoke, Monica casually wrapped her hand around Sam’s cock and began stroking with a light, loose grip. He had to stifle a groan, gripping the leather handrests of the reclining seat tight to keep himself from making an incriminating noise. Doing this in public made the handjob far more intense and thrilling than getting one in the privacy of their apartment.

“Oh my God, did people see you together?” asked Sam, a sizzle of panic running through him and blending strangely with the blazing pleasure radiating from his cock. He imagined the rumor spreading like wildfire through the campus that the Ogre had found a new plaything... imagined it reaching the Gaming Club, which treated the two of them like royalty. The confusion and pity and disgust that would follow.

He was pretty sure if a bombshell like that had landed, he would have started to get concerned text messages as early as the night before, but it was always possible that word was spreading slowly...

Monica had to clap her free hand over her mouth to ensure that her laughter didn’t alert the other movie-goers. While she shook with silent amusement, her hand never paused, gliding up and down her boyfriend’s cock in a slow, teasing rhythm.

Finally, she managed to get a hold of herself. “You are so cute when you’re scared, you know that, Tiger?” She whispered fondly, gripping the base of his dick tight for a moment and pulsing her fist. “Relax! Gus was a real gentleman. He took care of it. He rented out the whole restaurant, so no one could see we were together.”

Sam wrinkled his brow, looking toward Monica in confusion. But his girlfriend just stared back with a faint smirk. She was serious. “What? That must have cost...”

“A fortune, I know,” hissed Monica in his ear, slowly gliding her tight fist up his cock. “I guess when you’re a filthy rich asshole like him, it’s a small price to pay to impress a pretty young thing like me.”

It was almost too crazy to believe. A faint shadow of an unfamiliar feeling whispered through Sam’s mind. Not just jealousy that Gus was spending time with his girlfriend. It was a sense of inferiority. That Gus was better than him in this particular way. Renting out an entire trendy restaurant for lunch was a far cry from a few greasy slices of pizza in a crowded food court. And even though Sam knew Monica loved him, he knew it had to be on her mind as well, at least subconsciously. Why else would she make her little joke about him buying her that expensive necklace?

“And *did* it impress you?” asked Sam, trying and failing to keep the jealous edge out of his voice.

Monica's hand suddenly sped up, jerking up and down his cock faster and faster. Sam sucked in a breath at the sudden spike of intense pleasure, fidgeting in his seat, his cock twitching in Monica's slim hand. And yet, despite the furious motion of her palm, Monica's voice was the same sultry, teasing purr as she said, "Yeah. I won't lie, it kind of did. Gus might be a perverted creep, but he sure does know how to treat a girl."

Just when Sam thought he was about to cum, Monica removed her hand from his cock completely, leaving him hanging. Sam almost swore loudly, but held himself back with difficulty. His cock twitched, a drop of precum oozing out to land on his belly as Monica looked on, biting her lip in obvious glee. When it looked like Sam had finally gotten a hold of himself again, she pressed her lips back to his ear and said softly, "Wow! If all it took to get you to the edge was hearing about how much money that prick spent on me, the next part is really going to get you off. Are you sure you can handle this? There might be some questions if you splatter the theater with cum. "

"Don't stop," insisted Sam in a growl, some of the forceful anger that Monica loved so much rising up inside him. "Finish the fucking story."

Monica's eyes widened at his sudden pushback, but then the grin on her face widened, and her hand slipped back to his lap, gripping his cock tight and beginning to slowly stroke him once again. "Ooh, yes sir," she purred. "So Gus took me to this exclusive lunch date so that no one would see us. But that wasn't the only reason why he wanted to get me all alone..."

She trailed off, and Sam was about to demand that she continue the story when she reached up with her free hand and gently turned his chin toward her, kissing him tenderly while her hand continued to stroke up and down his rock-hard dick.

The combination of sensations... her soft lips and her twisting, wicked hand... made his brain seem to short-circuit for a moment. When Monica pulled away, he had to catch his breath. She was forehead to forehead with him, their breath mingling as she whispered, "That dirty old man didn't want anyone else in the way when he made out with your girlfriend."

Before he had even fully absorbed what she had said, Monica was already leaning forward again, capturing her stunned boyfriend in a searing, passionate kiss. But now the feel of her lips was totally reframed. This was exactly what the Ogre had felt... Well, not exactly, obviously, since he hadn't felt the heavenly sensation of Monica's slim fingers twisting and gripping up and down the length of his cock. But he had also felt that soft heat of Monica's lips as they pressed against his; the wicked flicker of her tongue as it darted in, teasing up the length of his tongue. Gus had gotten to taste this forbidden fruit, and Sam had allowed it.

The thought filled Sam with a burst of shame and a deep, twisted arousal that seemed to grip his guts and squeeze. *That dirty old creep... that snake!* The angry and jealous frothed up inside Sam like a red-hot tide as Monica's little hand picked up speed on his cock. Sam had

forgotten all about the movie and the other people in the theater. His world had narrowed to Monica alone.

Monica pulled away from him, gasping, and the words left Sam's lips without thought. He literally couldn't hold them back if he tried.

"Did you like it? Was he a good kisser?"

Monica's eyes were dilated, her lips gently parted with the intensity of her breathing. Even in the dim, flickering light of the theater, Sam could tell that her face was flushed. Fuck... she was horny. She was as horny as Sam was. Sam bet that if he slipped his hand beneath her hoodie right now, he would feel her nipples throbbing bullet hard against his palm, even through the bra. If he slipped his fingers down the front of her baggy jeans, she would be hot and wet for him; he just knew it.

Well, she was playing with his cock after all... Maybe he should return the favor while she told him the truth. He moved on impulse before she could answer his heated question, reaching out aggressively to unbutton her pants. Monica let out a breathy little gasp, rolling her hips forward and biting her lip in anticipation while his hand slid demandingly down the front of her jeans.

Monica released his cock as her boyfriend leaned across to pleasure her instead, and Sam immediately felt a surge of need at the sudden neglect. But right now, he was too focused on discovering exactly how much this filthy game they were playing had turned his naughty girlfriend on.

Sam's cock twitched as he probed between his girlfriend's spread thighs. Fuck... just like he had suspected, her pussy was hot and slick beneath his questing fingers, leaking so much lubrication it was soaking into her panties. When he pressed a finger between her plump lower lips, it slid easily in up to the second knuckle. He could feel Monica's snug warmth gripping his finger tight, and a muffled whimper escaped her mouth as she savored the feeling of penetration.

But Sam wasn't satisfied with just sounds of pleasure. He wanted to hear her answer. He whispered in her ear, just as she had been doing to him when the situation was reversed. "Tell me. Was The Ogre a good fucking kisser?"

Monica grabbed his hair in a cruelly tight grip, pulling him into a sloppy kiss, her tongue aggressively plunging into Sam's mouth. His poor cock tingled, aching for sensation, and without thinking, Sam took it in his free hand, masturbating while he continued to slowly finger Monica beside him. It was easier said than done, especially with her fiery kiss distracting him; it felt like trying to rub his belly and pat his head at the same time. But he pushed through. After all, he was highly motivated.

Monica pulled away, her hips humping upward lightly and her pussy squeezing his finger as she rasped, "Like that. He's aggressive. He kisses like a real cocky prick. Just like everything he does."

"And did it fucking turn you on?" demanded Sam. His hand was moving faster and faster as it pumped up and down his cock, growing slippery with free-flowing precum. "Did you get as wet for him as you are right now?" Monica's tight, hot pussy was practically gushing around his plunging finger, covering his hand in her juices of desire. Part of him wanted to hear that she could never get as wet for that old creep as she did for the man that she loved... But a dark, twisted, shameful part of him thought it would also be hot to hear that she had been desperately horny for another man.

"Not this wet," moaned Monica softly, struggling to keep her voice under control. "But... but I did..."

Sam could hear the tension in her voice. She was right on the edge of admitting something. His mind blazed with awful, red-hot anticipation as his hand became a blur on his cock, driving him right to the edge of orgasm.

"You what?" he hissed hoarsely. "What did you fucking do, Monica?"

"Fuck baby, my clit," she gasped. "Rub my fucking clit, Tiger. I'm so close. I'm right fucking there. Goddd, make me cum!"

Sam could feel himself reaching the peak as well. He withdrew his hand a little, using two fingers to circle Monica's clit. Her hips rose to meet the sensation in lithe little pulses as muffled moans built in her throat.

"Tell me," insisted Sam, the feeling of tense anticipation entwining with his powerful arousal as he jerked his dick in the dimness of the theater. "Monica, what did you do with The Ogre?"

"I... oh fuck, Sam..." she squeaked, her hips moving faster and faster and her breaths growing harsh and ragged. "I... I... sat on his lap while we made out!"

Sam felt stunned, and for just a second his hands stopped moving. His imagination had been running wild, but a part of him had still assumed that when Monica said she was "making out" with Gus, that it was more like awkwardly putting up with the old creep while he mashed his lips against hers. But if she was sitting on his lap, that was quite a bit more intimate than Sam had been imagining. It also meant...

Sam's hands began moving again in both of their laps, even faster than before. Then, Monica confirmed his fevered imagination as they both peaked past the point of no return.

“Oh fuck Tiger...” Monica moaned, her finger white-knuckled on the armrests as her pussy dripped hot, slippery juices. “I felt his cock underneath me... hard and thick and long...”

That was all it took to send Sam over the edge. He hadn't really been planning to cum in public. In fact, he had a hazy plan to cut himself off before it got too far. But hearing Monica talk about the Professor's cock sent him over the edge. He clamped his hand over the tip of his cock, feeling the hot squirts fill his palm with gluey shame.

“Don't stop! Don't fucking stop!” gasped Monica, her hips rising up off of her seat in her desperation for climax. Even though Sam was dealing with an overflow in his hand, he also didn't want to leave her hanging. With a soft curse, he redoubled his efforts, firmly rubbing his girlfriend's clit in tight, swift circles.

Monica's thighs strained and shook; she clapped her hand tight over her mouth, and her back arched dramatically to lift her ass up off of the seat. She was cumming too. Cumming in public from her boyfriend's fingers while she dirty talked about another man. Sam could barely believe that this was real life.

Monica's climax was intense, but brief, and just a few seconds later she collapsed back to the chair, red-faced and limp, with a big, dreamy smile on her face. She tried to pull Sam in for a kiss, but he was a little busy dealing with the mess he had made. One palm was absolutely plastered with cum, the other slick with Monica's arousal. His cock was still dribbling fresh sperm to leak on his belly. He didn't have great options for cleaning up, but luckily, he saw a discarded popcorn bag nearby that must have been missed during the last cleanup crew. He quickly tucked his cock back in his pants, mess and all, then snagged the bag. Although the waxy paper wasn't able to clean him off completely, he was at least able to remove most of the cum from his hand.

“That was intense,” he said quietly, with a breathless chuckle. “So... how much of that was teasing and how much was just-”

It was then that the flashlight clicked on, shining so brightly that he and Monica couldn't even see the face of the employee at the end of the row.

“Excuse me. We're going to have to ask the two of you to leave,” came the long-suffering voice of a middle-aged man from beyond the flashlight. “We've had complaints.”

Monica and Sam shared a look of cringing shame. It seemed that they had gotten a little too lost in their game and hadn't been as subtle as they thought.

...

Getting caught at the movie theater had been embarrassing. There was no doubt about that. Monica's face still burned when she thought about it days later.

Luckily, the manager on duty had just given them a stern talking-to and let them go. He hadn't even mentioned that they were banned from the theater. Monica assumed that the sort of thing they had done must be fairly common. That didn't make it any less mortifying that they had been caught, but it did help the memory begin to fade to a scandalous and slightly sexy romp.

She and Sam had fucked like bunnies when they got home from the theater, and then all day on Sunday as well. The idea that she had felt Gus's cock even through several layers of cloth had set Sam's imagination on fire and gave him an insatiable desire to reclaim her.

She could only imagine how fucking horny he would be if he knew how far she had really gone.

Monica had been about to spill the beans there in the theater, right when she was on the edge of orgasm. She had come incredibly close, but then she had told Sam about sitting in Gus's lap, and that had made him cum all by itself. After that, the timing felt wrong. She would tell him eventually. If there was one thing the day of teasing had shown her on Saturday, it was that they hadn't reached the bottom of the rabbit hole yet. She was confident that Sam wouldn't just accept the fact she had given Gus a handjob; it was going to drive him absolutely crazy.

And speaking of handjobs... it had been Monica's intention to work up to a blowjob in the theater, if only so she could offer her boyfriend something better than Gus had gotten the day before. But then Sam had decided to finger her instead, and she just went with the flow.

It was funny. Since Sam ended up jerking himself off while pleasuring her, he had technically gotten even less than Gus. He had gotten much more than that later in the evening, of course, but it was a little amusing when Monica thought about it that way.

By Tuesday, Monica was eager to see where else their arrangement with Gus might lead. So far, her experimentation with Gus had been unexpectedly sexy, and the man she loved was along for the ride, having just as much fun as she was. She couldn't wait to meet up with the professor again and see what he had in store for her. She even found herself growing a little nervous as she approached his office. He had been really demanding lately... who knew what he might try if she didn't keep her guard up? The prospect of fending off his pushy, horny demands was as exciting as it was intimidating.

She ran over what she would say as she mounted the stairs toward Gus's office, imagining the way he would look at her as a heat grew deep in her belly. But as she pushed open the door and left the stairwell, headed for the professor's office, Monica nearly ran headfirst into someone unexpected.

"Katie?" she said in bewilderment, still holding the door to the stairs open behind her. "What are you doing here?" Monica had caught her best friend hurrying down the hall, looking distracted with her cheeks flushed and her long blonde hair slightly mussed. Katie wasn't a computer science or math major, so it didn't make much sense for her to be on this floor of the building,

where all of those professors had their offices. Monica could only imagine one reason why her best friend might be here. "Were you coming to find me? I told you I had this whole Gus thing under control."

But, to Monica's shock, Katie avoided her eyes, with a faint blush staining her cheeks. Even stranger, she pushed rudely past Monica into the stairwell without saying a word. Monica stared after her in shock. "Katie? What's going on?" she asked blankly.

Katie still didn't answer, swiftly descending the stairs until she was out of sight. Monica stared after her for a moment, open-mouthed. It was totally unlike her friend to act like this, so she wasn't sure what to think. It was definitely something they would have to discuss later. For now, Monica had to make it to her scheduled meeting with Gus, even if the strange encounter had left her with a bad taste in her mouth. She hurried down the hall to Gus's office and knocked on the door, the heat that had been building inside her before creeping back in as she put the run-in with Katie behind her and focused on what might happen with Gus.

Her reception wasn't quite what she hoped for. Gus was at his computer, typing away. He glanced up at her knock, but unlike normal, he didn't close his laptop. His eyes were neutral and cool as they flicked up to her, then returned to his screen, his fingers bursting into movement once again as he resumed typing.

Monica had just enough time to register that the mood in the room was completely different than normal before Gus said brusquely, "Sorry, Monica. It turns out that I'm a little busier than I thought I would be today. I think I'm going to have to take a rain check on our meeting. Sorry I didn't let you know beforehand."

His attitude was so completely different from what Monica was expecting that all she could do was stare at him open-mouthed for a moment, wondering if this was some sort of prank. Normally, when she entered his office, Monica felt Gus's intense interest focus on her like a spotlight, whether they were discussing club business or he was pulling her into an illicit makeout session. But now he seemed barely interested in her existence. She couldn't fathom what had happened to bring about the change. The last time they had met, she had jerked him off to completion, but now he suddenly seemed to barely acknowledge her presence.

Did he feel like he had already gotten what he wanted from her? That didn't make any sense.

"Wait... just to be clear," said Monica slowly, still convinced that she was misunderstanding something, "You don't want to meet about the club, *and* you don't want to..." She left the sentence dangling, and a moment later, Gus glanced up at her again. His attitude of cool disinterest hadn't broken.

"As I said, I don't really have time for distraction of any kind today. Maybe next time." His tone was final, and even if Monica didn't understand his attitude, she couldn't pretend she didn't understand his message.

Her confusion blossomed into annoyance as she clicked Gus's office door shut behind her and swept back toward the stairs. *I'm the one with a boyfriend. Gus should consider himself fucking lucky that I allow the kissing and... and other stuff at all. Where does he get off treating me like some sort of fucking afterthought?*

As she pushed open the door to the stairwell, annoyed and disappointed by the anticlimax, another thought occurred to Monica. The stairwell door reminded her of the strange and awkward run-in with her best friend.

*Why exactly was Katie on this floor anyway?*

...

As Monica closed the door behind her with a huff, Gus couldn't help but crack a sly smile.

Everything was going according to plan. No matter how smart she was, someone as competitive and emotional as Monica had some fairly easy levers that could be used to manipulate them. Before, he had probably been running into the edge of how far he could push Monica to go. Now, with this new tactic, all bets were off.

Katie didn't know it, but by sticking her nose in the situation, she was doing the exact opposite of what she had hoped.

Gus's complete victory was one step closer thanks to Katie's foolish offer.

...

Sam sighed and turned away from the display case in front of the jewelry store. He had known from the very beginning that the necklace would be out of his price range. He probably shouldn't have even asked. The employee had practically looked down her nose at him as she told him how much it cost, her eyes making it clear that she knew someone like Sam couldn't afford it.

Instead, he slouched down toward his backup, a store that sold charms, accessories and earrings that were more in his price range. He hadn't told Monica that he was coming to the mall today after classes. He was on a secret mission. Sam knew that he didn't need to buy Monica expensive gifts to prove how much he loved her, but all of the talk of Gus spending money on her ate away at him. He wanted her to know that he could get her gifts too. He might not be able to match Gus's raw spending power, but he knew he could be more thoughtful. Sam might not always be the most observant guy, but he knew that when your girlfriend pointed out something she liked, then it was a no-brainer that it would be a good gift to get her.

He found exactly what he was looking for at the charm store. The necklace wasn't as fancy as the golden one at the upscale jewelry store, but it had a heart pendant with a glittering red gem just like the other one.

"Lab-grown ruby!" said the store attendant cheerfully, sidling over as she saw Sam staring at the necklace intensely. "Much, much cheaper, and no one but an expert can tell the difference. Are you interested in buying?"

Sam looked at the price tag and winced. It was way cheaper than the fancy version in the jewellers, but combined with the dress that Monica had made him buy the day before, buying this necklace would blow his entire food budget for the week.

But fuck it, he would eat ramen. He would give everything for Monica. And one day, when he was out of college and had his finances in order, he was going to take her on fancy dates better than Gus's. Because he knew her better than that old creep ever could.

"Yep," he said with a determined smile, reaching for his depleted wallet. "I'll take it."