Sam nearly jumped out of his skin when the door slammed and Monica stormed into the room.

He barely had time to grab a pillow and hold it over his crotch before she rounded the corner, her eyes blazing and her shoulders tense.

Fuck… she was supposed to be at her meeting with Gus right now. She had left for it less than a half-hour ago. In fact, that was why Sam had been jerking off. He was right in the middle of imagining what might be happening in the Ogre's office, hand bouncing up and down his cock, when Monica had suddenly arrived home early.

"Hey babe," he said nervously, trying his best to fight through the wave of shame from getting caught jerking off, "Aren't you back a little bit early?"

It was apparently the wrong thing to say. Monica's lips thinned, and her eyes narrowed in annoyance. "The meeting got postponed," she muttered. But before Sam could ask any follow-up questions, she moved forward decisively and plucked the throw pillow from between his legs. Sam's hands flew down to cover his naked, throbbing cock, but it was already too late. Monica saw his shameful erection.

She snorted, cocking her hip and smirking down at her boyfriend's clear, desperate arousal. "Is this how you spend all of your time while I'm… away, Tiger?" she asked in a sultry voice throbbing with amusement. She leaned down, giving him a breathtaking view of her hanging breasts, and lightly flicked the tip of his cock with one slim finger. "...distracting yourself?"

Sam gulped. Well, it was good that Monica had found a way to channel her annoyance over whatever had happened at the meeting into something else. But this was a dangerous mood to find her in. Until she worked out whatever arousal and frustration she was carrying, she was the cat, and Sam was the mouse. He had to be careful.

"I… Well, it's only fair, isn't it," he protested, sounding a little more defensive than he intended as he covered his iron-hard erection desperately from Monica's piercing gaze. "You have some fun with the professor, so why shouldn't I have a little fun at home while I wait for you to get back?"

Monica snorted and rolled her eyes, her annoyance from whatever had happened at the oddly short meeting fading away as she found something more fun to focus on. "Oh come on, Sam," she teased, sitting next to him hip to hip and squeezing his arm, "We both know that you aren't jerking that cock of yours to make up for me being gone. You're jerking off *because* I'm gone. Admit it."

Sam was struck speechless by the blunt, humiliating truth of her statement. He still didn't understand exactly where the arousal came from, but he couldn't deny it. He hadn't been jerking off to porn when Monica burst in. He had been jerking off to a torrid, upsetting fantasy of the Ogre with his hands all over his girlfriend's curvy little body. He wasn't proud of the fact that he found Monica and Gus together so arousing, but it looked like Monica was zeroing in on that

discomfort right now… and once she had her mind set on an idea, convincing her to let go of it was almost impossible.

“Show me,” she demanded in a low, raspy whisper, pulling at his arm while staring into his eyes with her intense, electric blue gaze. “I need to see how horny it made you when I left to make out with someone else.”

Sam groaned, but allowed his hand to be pulled away, revealing his cock. It was swollen and dripping with desire, bobbing lightly with the force of his heartbeat. No matter how piercing and embarrassing it was, Monica’s dirty talk was only making him hornier.

Sam’s gorgeous, bratty girlfriend pounced without warning, leaning down and planting a hot, wet kiss on the tip of his cock that left her pouty lips smeared with precum. Her eyes sparkled with wicked delight as she looked back up at him, totally absorbed in teasing her embarrassed boyfriend.

“Oh my God, Tiger,” she cooed, nuzzling the sensitive head of Sam’s cock with the soft skin of her cheek. “I don’t know if I’ve ever seen you this hard… even when we have sex! Does the thought of me making out with a fat old creep make you even hornier than seeing me naked?”

She didn’t wait for him to answer before she dived back toward his cock, engulfing it in the wet warmth of her mouth. God… she was definitely getting better at blowjobs after all her practice in the past few months. “Fuck!” yelped Sam. But beyond that exclamation, words failed him. All that came from his mouth was a satisfied groan as Monica bobbed her head rapidly up and down his cock, swirling her wicked tongue all over its head. He leaned back into the couch, closed his eyes, and just enjoyed the incredible sensation for a moment.

But the feeling of Monica’s soft lips wrapped around his shaft couldn’t completely clear away the sharpness of her taunts. What she had said was completely unfair, and even as Sam’s cock pulsed and leaked against his girlfriend’s hot, wet tongue, it began to bother him more and more.

He wasn’t more turned on by Monica making out with Gus than he was when they had sex. In fact, it was sort of fucked up for her to even suggest that.

“It’s not true,” he said finally, unable to keep quiet any longer. “Ok, so maybe jealousy does make me horny. I can’t deny that at this point. But it doesn’t make me hornier than having sex with you. Come on. You know that isn’t true.”

Monica’s grin had a savage edge as she disengaged from Sam’s cock with a wet pop. “Do I? It seems like every time that I tease you about Gus, you get all hot and bothered. You can’t really blame a girl for wondering.” She caught just the tip of his cock between her lips and lashed it with her tongue for a second before releasing it again. “I mean, I did just catch you about to

spurt out a hot load just thinking about my make-out session with the Ogre, right?"

"What? No, I wasn't going to… *spurt out a hot load*. Jesus! I was just warming myself up so that when you got back…"

Monica snorted and rolled her eyes. "That's not what it looked like to me. With your dick this fucking hard? You were about to bust from your kinky little fantasy. Admit it."

If he was being honest, Sam wasn't sure. He wanted to believe that he was telling the truth, and he was just going to edge a little, then wait for Monica to get back. But he had been pretty horny and anxious. It was possible he would have tipped over the edge. He might not have bothered to stop himself if he had. His libido had been so crazy high lately that he wouldn't have struggled to get it up if he finished and then Monica arrived back at her regularly scheduled time.

But there was no way that he was going to admit that now, when Monica was taunting him. "Of course not," he insisted stonily. "I was turned on, sure, but I was waiting for you. Just like I said."

"Let's test it then," pursed Monica, extending her tongue to lazily swirl it around Sam's sensitive cockhead. "I want you to think hard about your precious girlfriend in another man's arms for the next thirty seconds… and we'll see if it's enough to drain those balls."

She firmly grasped the base of his cock with one hand and began swiftly jerking his spit-lubed shaft with the other. Sam sucked in a shocked breath, instantly rocketing to the edge of orgasm from the unexpected assault.

"Think about it… just what I told you last time," insisted Monica in a low, throaty whisper, her bright blue eyes dancing with mischief as they bored into his. "Me sitting on the Professor's lap, his strong arms holding me tight… his stubble scratching my face as his tongue dances with mine… his hard, thick cock throbbing beneath my plump tush…"

"Fuck… oh fuck Monica," gasped Sam, gripping tight at the couch cushions and barely hanging on by the skin of his teeth. Monica wasn't showing a scrap of mercy; her fist was a squelching blur as it pistoined up and down her boyfriend's raging cock.

"Just let it go," insisted Monica heatedly. "Prove me right. Show me what a perv my boyfriend is. A guy who would rather sit on the sidelines and jerk off than get in the mix and take me for himself."

Sam recognized the game for what it was. If he lost, gave in, and came, Monica would have a new subject to tease him about. There was no way he could let that happen. Her brazen claim that thinking about her with Gus turned him on more than fucking her was too insulting to stand. He had to prove her wrong. And that meant holding back and refusing to cum.

“You’re wrong,” muttered Sam through gritted teeth, barely managing to avoid climaxing. “You’re mine, and you’re the one who makes me cum, not thinking about that fat fuck.”

Monica raised an eyebrow and maintained the punishing speed of her hand for a long moment. And then, just as suddenly as she started, she pulled her hands away. Sam was positive that if she had kept going just a moment longer, it would have been too much, and he would have spurt hot cum all over her pumping hand.

Monica stood, a half-mocking, half-impressed look painting her face. “Ok. If you prefer fucking me to thinking about me with someone else, then show me.” She turned and moved toward the bedroom in a teasing, hip-swaying walk. As she went, she reached down and slowly pulled her shirt up and off, dropping it to the floor behind her. Sam could feel a pulsing, heated blend of anger and lust rising inside of him. Part of him knew that this was what Monica wanted ever since she stepped in the door. His girlfriend had been left horny and frustrated by whatever happened at the cut-off meeting, and she was trying to goad Sam into the powerful jealous dominance that came over him sometimes.

But it was fucking working. Sam was seeing red, and Monica taunts had filled him with a powerful urge to prove her wrong. He launched himself up off the couch and almost tripped over his pants in his haste to shuck them off. In the bedroom doorway, Monica bent at the waist, slowly peeling her tight leggings down off her perfect ass and giving him a teasing show in the process. She flashed him one last brief, smoldering glance over her shoulder as she tossed the warm leggings at him, and then she disappeared into the bedroom in a whirl of chestnut hair.

Sam ditched his pants and boxers and hurriedly tore his own shirt off as well before rushing after his horny girlfriend. His cock was stiff as diamond, pointing the way toward his prize like a dousing rod. When he burst in the bedroom door, Monica had laid herself facedown on the bed in a provocative pose, naked and lovely, her thighs spread so that her flushed, dewy pussy peeked out beneath her plump ass cheeks. Her sleek chestnut hair hung down her naked back, and she had turned to stare at him with shining blue eyes and a demanding smirk.

“So what’s it going to be, Tiger?” she pressed, wiggling her bubble butt just enough to make her cheeks jiggle temptingly. “Are you happy to sit and jerk off on the sidelines? Or do you want to be the star of the show?”

Sam’s answer was a wordless growl. He pounced onto the bed, grabbing Monica’s ankles to roughly pull her legs apart and give him better access. Monica giggled and arched her back, tilting her hips upward to give him a better look at her puffy little cunt. “Oooh, sorry, did I make you mad?” She cooed, curling her toes and biting her lip coyly. “I guess you had better teach me a lesson then.”

Sam tugged up on her hips demandingly, forcing his girlfriend’s back to arch further and give him an even better view of her dripping pussy. His other hand positioned his cock, sliding its swollen tip between Monica’s slick folds and pressing against her hot entrance. “Fuck,” he

grunted. “You little tease. You act all high and mighty, but you’re dripping wet for me. This is what you wanted the whole time, isn’t it? You wanted your man to put you in your place.”

Her deep blue eyes locked with his over her shoulder, burning with sexual heat. “Who says that I’m wet for *you*?” she purred.

The flames of furious dominance roared higher in Sam’s heart, and his usual concern and respect for his partner were drowned out in their heat. He pushed forward balls deep in one savage thrust, packing Monica’s tight cunt full of cock and drawing a whining gasp from her throat. He could feel the velvety heat of her pussy pulse around him, milking his shaft and trying to draw him deeper, and it filled him with a dizzying sense of power and control. Monica could talk smack as much as she wanted, but he could feel how much she wanted him just from the way she wrapped around his cock. She was probably hornier than he was. These moments of crackling sexual energy between them and the tender moments of love they shared was their real relationship; all of the teasing was just a game.

That fundamental truth which Sam felt in the embrace of his girlfriend’s pussy sent a huge wave of relief washing over him… but it didn’t clear up the dominant urges gripping his mind. If Monica wanted to play games, he was going to win. He would teach her to say he preferred jerking off on the sidelines.

Sam bared down over her, crushing his girlfriend down into the mattress with the weight of his body and the force of his thrusts. He was like a madman, pumping into her tight, slick cunt with desperate fury.

“Ohhhh fuuuuccck,” groaned Monica beneath him, her curvy little body writhing and twisting beneath his weight, trying her hardest to push her hips back into his punishing thrusts even as he pinned her down. “That’s fucking right, Tiger. I’ve been a bad girl… show me I’m wrong. Make yourself the fucking star of my show.”

“I’m not on the sidelines,” growled Sam. Working on instinct, he reached up and grabbed a handful of Monica’s thick, lustrous hair, pulling it tight and forcing her back to curve even further. ‘I’m the main fucking attraction. Your man. Don’t you fucking forget it.”

Sam could tell that this wasn’t going to be a marathon session. He could feel the need to cum boiling up inside him, and just from the tension of Monica’s body beneath him, the sweet desperation of her breathy moans, and the tight, pulsing grip of her pussy, he could tell that his girlfriend wasn’t far behind. Sam’s breath came hot and fast and hard, his chest heaving as he jackhammered into Monica beneath him again and again, savoring the yielding softness of her body; the way her fat ass squished up against his hips every time they pressed forward; the way his fingers sank into the feminine curve of her hip as his other hand tangled in her fragrant hair.

“Fuck me, Tiger, fuck me!” she moaned deliriously, her head pulled back by her man’s firm grip.

“Say you’re sorry!” grunted Sam, feeling himself spiralling rapidly upward toward orgasm.

“I’m so-ooo-oorrry!” moaned Monica, her voice vibrating in time with Sam’s deep, strong thrusts. He could feel her thighs beginning to tremble. She was just as close as he was.

“Sorry for what?” growled Sam as his balls drew tight to the base of his cock, ready to deliver a thick, hot load into Monica’s bratty cunt.

“I’m sorry for teasing you! Oh God, I’m sorry for saying you wanted to jerk off on the sidelines! This pussy is yours, Sam… Oh fucking Jesus, it’s all yoourrrs! I’m cumming! Fuck, I’m cumming on your cock, Tiger!”

Sam didn’t answer in words. He saw stars, thrusting hard a few more times before pressing in as deep as he could go, feeling his cock twitch and spurt, filling Monica up with a thick batch of cum. Her hips shifted and ground back against his as she let out low, cooing noises of satisfaction. Her pussy gripped and milked, drawing out every drop as they both panted and strained together, united in all-consuming climax.

…

A few minutes later, they had both cleaned up the best they could in the bathroom and were snuggling naked together on the side of the bed that didn’t have a wet spot.

The tension and annoyance that had clung to Monica when she walked through the door had been dispelled by the brief storm of kinky sex, and her eyes were dozy and content, staring off into space. Sam almost hated to spoil the mood, but his curiosity got the best of him.

“So… what actually happened? Why were you back so early?” he asked casually.

Monica pursed her lips, a ghost of annoyance crossing her lovely features once again. “Nothing. Nothing happened.” Sam gave her a doubtful look, and she rolled her eyes. “I mean that literally this time. He said he was too busy for our usual meeting and cancelled.”

Sam processed that for a moment. “So you were really disappointed that you couldn’t see him?” he asked cautiously.

“Not like that,” she said with fond exasperation, giving Sam a teasing little slap on the chest. “God, you really have a one-track mind, don’t you.” She sighed and looked up at the ceiling. “I mean, it’s just fucking rude, isn’t it? He didn’t even let me know ahead of time. I had to walk all the way across campus and then up all those fucking stairs just to be told the meeting was cancelled.”

Sam felt a little better; Monica had been instantly dismissive of the idea that she was desperate to see Gus. “Yeah, that is rude,” he agreed, “but what else can you expect from an asshole like

him? Maybe he realized that he's not going to get anything else from you except kissing, and he lost interest."

"Maybe," said Monica simply, bringing the conversation to a swift close. She disentangled herself from the spooning position and rolled out of bed, searching around for her clothes she had left strewn around the apartment. "Hey, let's play Boostronauts. You still need a lot of training if you're going to join the team!"

In that moment, Sam got the feeling that Monica was changing the subject abruptly, but he forgot about it soon. An afternoon of gaming and snuggling with the love of his life was more than enough to soothe his worries.

And, honestly, since Gus had just shown such a clear lack of interest, his angst over the Ogre was at a pretty low ebb.

…

Monica felt a little bad for taking her frustrations out on Sam, but he had risen to the occasion beautifully. Even the next day, thinking about how her boyfriend had taken charge, pushed back on her petty insults, and fucked the shit out of her filled her stomach with butterflies.

Things got even better that night. When Monica arrived home from classes, still annoyed and thinking about how disrespectful Gus had been, the apartment was filled with the scent of cooking.

With a smile slowly spreading across her face, she made her way to the kitchenette. It was absolutely covered in a mess of packages and cooking utensils, and right in the middle of it was Sam, squinting at his phone while stirring a bubbling sauce on the stove.

"Wow," said Monica with a giggle, wrapping her arms around Sam from behind and making him jump in surprise, "I didn't know I was living with a Master chef!"

The kitchen in their apartment was rarely used for anything more complex than heating up a frozen pizza or microwaving some cup noodles, so the attempt at something a little more complex was a welcome surprise… even if Sam had made a huge fucking mess of the place.

"Hey babe!" said Sam, turning to peck her on the lips, then gesturing ruefully toward the pot on the stove. "I'm making you some fancy mac and cheese. But it was supposed to be in the oven already when you got back, but I've fucked up making the cheese sauce like three times.

Monica looked into the pot to see that it was, like Sam said, a grainy mess. She wasn't an expert chef either, but her Dad had taught her the basics, and she was pretty sure she could make a roux without messing it up this badly. But, of course, she didn't say that to Sam. "Wow!

I'm impressed. So what's the occasion, Tiger?" She asked, snuggling into his back. "Did you do something bad I ought to know about?"

"What? No," said Sam with a gentle smile, turning away from the stove to return her embrace. "It's just… things have been crazy lately. Hot, but crazy. I wanted to have a night that's just about us. Without any distractions." Monica could see just from the casual warmth in his eyes that he was sincere. Good. She didn't have to worry about Sam apologizing for something boneheaded he had done.

Monica felt a little pang of guilt at the sincere love in her boyfriend's eyes as he looked down at her, his hands wrapped tight around her waist. He was right. Monica had done everything with Gus because it was sexy and exciting for both of them, but the whole fucked up arrangement really had gotten in the way of the pure connection between them. Sometimes when they had sex, it was more about the kinky, hot scenario going on between them and their pervy old professor than just enjoying their bond.

She didn't think she had done anything wrong… well, except for the handjob, but that was just a little mistake that she wouldn't be repeating. But Sam deserved to feel like he was her number one priority, so a night of bonding was a great idea.

Besides, after Sam's virtuoso performance, proving his manliness and dominantly fucking the shit out of her the night before, he deserved a little TLC.

"Well then, I guess I had better help you make the mac and cheese to surprise myself," she teased, reaching up to boop his nose. "Otherwise you'll be at the stove all night, and we won't have a chance to spend time together."

With Sam's enthusiasm and Monica's better culinary knowledge, they were able to whip up a half-competent Mornay sauce between the two of them. In the end, the noodles were a little overdone and the cheese sauce was still a touch grainy, but making it together made it taste that much more delicious.

They had big bowls of subpar Mac and Cheese, and pirated a few episodes of the latest anime they were both interested in, snuggling up on the couch. They forgot all about homework, and Gaming Club, and especially the Ogre, and just relished each other's company.

When they finished the third episode of the show they had started, and the bowls of Mac and cheese were long ago polished off and set aside, Sam paused nervously instead of starting with the next episode.

Monica was just about to ask him what was up when Sam rose from the couch. "Wait here for a second. I got something for you," he murmured sheepishly, heading for the bedroom. Monica raised her eyebrows, mildly impressed. Sam was sweet and romantic, but they were both broke

college students. Modest gifts at birthdays and Christmas were the norm, but random spontaneous gifts just for fun? Almost unheard of.

But she certainly wasn't going to turn down the gesture. As she heard her boyfriend rooting around in their disorganized bedroom closet, she idly wondered what sort of gift he had picked out. Probably another game for the retro system he had bought a few weeks ago. That would be fun.

But instead of an old plastic game case, Sam returned from the bedroom with a solemn expression and a slim box in his hand. Not a ring box, thank God. Monica definitely considered Sam her partner for the long term, but she didn't even want to think about marriage until after college and the tumult of starting whatever came next. A few years into their adult life, once they were settled and established, that would be the right time.

With the romantic lead-up and Sam's serious expression, Monica almost could have believed a ring was coming, but this box was long and thin. She couldn't even imagine what it was.

Sam sat beside her, blushing, and pressed the box into her hands. "Here. Open it," he urged shyly.

Monica didn't waste time. At this point, she was burning with curiosity to see what her gift was. Inside the jewelry box was a silver necklace with a heart pendant, which glittered with a bright red stone set in its middle.

Monica let out a light gasp. It was the necklace that she had teased Sam about at the mall! Or… no, it wasn't quite the same one. Looking closer, the gem in the pendant was a little smaller, and the craftsmanship wasn't quite as intricate. But it was still a lovely necklace.

Monica felt some tears prick her eyes as she lifted the necklace out of its box. "Awww, babe, you didn't have to get me this!" She wrapped her arms around Sam's neck and pulled him into a fierce hug. It wasn't just that Sam was being so fucking sweet that was making her eyes watery. "I was really just teasing you about the necklace at the jewelry store," she said in a voice that was just a touch wobbly. "I didn't mean to make you feel bad, or make you think you had to…"

Sam hugged her back, his arms tight and reassuring around her back. "I know, I know, baby," he said with a little chuckle. "You didn't mean anything by it." He pulled away a little so he could look at her with his calm, solid grey eyes. "But I wanted to get this for you anyway. Because you deserve to have nice stuff. And to feel special. And it's hard for me to buy you stuff that often right now, but I want you to know that I want to. And I will, when I'm not so fucking broke."

Monica took just enough time to clasp the necklace around her neck, then pressed forward into a long, hot, passionate kiss.

That night, Sam and Monica's lovemaking wasn't kinky or angsty, and for once, Monica didn't bother with her teasing brat act. It was just long and slow and intimate.

And even though both of them were completely naked within five minutes of Monica opening the box, the necklace stayed on all night.

…

Wednesday had been a great day. Magical even. But even though Monica felt closer than ever to her boyfriend, Gus's rudeness still bothered her. She was well aware that he could be sort of a dick. That had been her strong impression of him from the beginning, and it hadn't changed. But up until Tuesday, she had felt like she was the exception.

Monica just couldn't understand the sudden flip in Gus's attitude… but one idea did occur to her. It was stupid, and almost certainly just a coincidence, but she had bumped into Katie going down the stairwell as she was going to meet with Gus. Just because Katie happened to be on that floor of that building didn't mean she had been meeting with Gus, but try as she might, Monica couldn't think of any other professor her friend may have been visiting. Not to mention the fact that Katie had acted extremely oddly, refusing to even speak to Monica as she brushed past.

Had Katie met with Gus and threatened him to stay away from Monica? If so, she was seriously overstepping boundaries.

On Thursday morning, Monica had decided she was probably just overthinking things. Gus was a busy man who could also be blunt and abrasive when you weren't occupying his full attention. He probably had legitimately had something come up, and was just being his usual thoughtless self when he told her so bluntly. She would know for sure soon, since their next scheduled meeting was that afternoon.

By the time Monica mounted the stairs to Gus's office once again, she was looking forward to the experience. She had a half-formed plan to make the professor apologize before she kissed him again, just to set him straight and make sure that next time he had something come up, he would be a little more polite.

But, to her surprise, when Monica knocked on the office door, there was no answer. She waited for a few seconds, her frown deepening by the moment, but even another knock drew no response. She tried the doorknob, but the door was locked tight.

What the fuck?

Monica immediately pulled out her phone and shot a text to Gus, letting out a quiet huff of annoyance. They had exchanged numbers after making their little arrangement, although so far they had only texted each other to coordinate on date times and locations.

[What the fuck, Gus? I'm here for our meeting. Where are you?]

She waited in the hallway, staring down at the text window, but the dots never appeared to indicate that Gus was typing back. Whatever he was doing, he wasn't even reading his messages.

A strange, unfounded suspicion suddenly crept over Monica, and she opened a chat window, this time to Katie.

She had absolutely no reason to believe that Katie had anything to do with Gus's absence except for randomly running into her on Tuesday, but it would be a simple enough to disprove her sudden suspicion. All she had to do was text her best friend, and if Katie acted normal, then she was way off base.

[Hey lady. What are you up to?]

There, that was pretty innocuous. If Katie was just hanging out like she normally did in the afternoons, then she would probably respond right away. And indeed, about a minute later, Monica received a text message back.

[Nothing. Why?]

Monica stared down at the text, her eyebrows lightly furrowed. Katie could be a little blunt sometimes… but this blunt? Really? Or maybe this was normal, and Monica was being paranoid. On a sudden impulse, Monica sent out another message. Just to be sure.

[Turns out I'm not busy this afternoon. It's been too long since we met up! Are you free to go grab a coffee or something?]

This time Katie didn't text back right away. The faint weed of suspicion that had sprouted in Monica heart sank its roots deeper… Just as Monica was about to send another text, Katie finally replied. But her answer didn't exactly put Monica's fears to rest.

[I'm actually right in the middle of something right now. Rain check?]

There was definitely something going on with Katie. Monica could feel it in her bones now. With a huff, she turned back to the stairwell. On the way out the door, she asked the student manning the help desk if he knew where Professor Pfeiffer was that afternoon.

Apparently the system said he was "taking a personal day".

Yeah right.

…

As the handle on his office door rattled, Gus sat naked in his office chair, his cock buried deep in Kaitie's tight young pussy. Right up until Monica tried opening the door, Katie had been riding him with lithe, skillful rolls of her slim hips, milking every inch of his cock. Now she stared down at him with wide eyes, breaths heaving her stiff nipples up and down, terrified that her friend might realize she was there. Katie had been controlling her moans as much as she possibly could, biting her lip so hard that it looked like she might draw blood, but Gus could tell by the way that her thighs were trembling that she would cum soon.

And you couldn't be too careful…

He reached forward with a broad hand and clamped it tight over Katie's mouth. He gripped her toned butt with his other hand, pushing her down harder onto his cock. Katie shook her head, her eyebrows silently pleading for him to stop, but Gus was having none of it. He had set this up deliberately so that Katie would be fucking him with her friend just beyond the door. He leaned forward, his cock still lodged deep in Katie's pulsating pussy, and pressed his lips close to her ear.

"Fuck me right now, or I call out to her and let her know we're in here."

Katie glared at him, then closed her eyes… and began slowly pumping her hips up and down, her lithe body flexing and arching as she stuffed her cunt full of cock again and again. Gus cast an eye toward the door. With the lights off in his office and the light streaming in under the door, he could see the shadow of Monica's feet moving back and forth. Probably fuming over the second round of disrespect, just like Gus planned.

Katie was moving faster now, her hips bouncing in an quickening rhythm as she forgot about her reservations and chased the incredible orgasm that she knew was just within her grasp. Right on cue, Gus's phone lit up, no doubt with an angry message from Monica. Gus looked over at it with a grin, but didn't bother to pick it up for the moment. This would work even better if the little brat outside his door was left on read for a few hours.

Gus let the hand he was using to cover Katie's mouth slip down to her throat, tensing his fingers to grip it gently but firmly. Katie's eyes, which had been squeezed closed in pleasure and concentration, opened wide to stare at him in affronted shock. But even though he could read her outrage in her expression, her hips never ceased pumping, and her pussy squeezed his cock even tighter than before. He could feel her delicate throat against his palm, her heartbeat swift and rabbit-like against his rough skin.

He had her… the little bitch liked being put in her place. Gus found that was true of a lot of "tough girls".

Katie was winding up toward orgasm, but before she reached it, a soft buzzing sound came from the purse that she had left on his desk.

Interesting…

Unlike Gus, who was happy to just leave Monica hanging, Katie immediately reached over and took out her phone with a worried expression on her face. She began swiftly texting Monica back as Gus looked on skeptically. He had been willing to release her throat for a moment, but this was ridiculous. They would stop fucking if and when he wanted, not on Katie's schedule. Without warning, Gus seized Katie's slim hips and began thrusting upward into her again. Katie gasped lightly, then clapped her hand over her mouth, glaring at Gus and shaking her head. She pointed with one hand toward the door, then briefly uncovered her lips, mouthing, *She's still out there!*

Gus mouthed his reply back, grinning widely as he continued his fast, deep thrusts upward. *I don't care!*

Katie looked poised to argue, but Gus could tell that the sensations from his cock were getting to her. The incredulous, angry look on her face dissolved as the pleasure took hold of her once again, and soon her phone dangled forgotten in her fingers. Katie was forced to clap her hand over her mouth again as her hips began to move in harmony with his, meeting his powerful thrusts.

Gus was a connoisseur of women. He had fucked a lot of hotties in his day, and his standards were sky-high. Katie didn't meet them, at least not his standards for a long-term arrangement. But right now, in the dim light of his office, lit only by the setting sun through the blinds, even a jaded old man like him had to admit she was fucking sexy.

Katie's blonde hair flipped and bounced as they fucked. Her tanned skin gleamed with the sheen of sweat slicking her body. Gus was fascinated by the coil and tension of the muscles in her belly as she rocked and rode, grinding her hips downward to savor each and every thrust of his cock. Her breath was whistling in through her nose as she kept a hand tightly clamped over her mouth, and Gus knew that if she wasn't being so careful, she would be letting out desperate, whining moans right about now. Even with her precautions, their frantic couplings were filling the room with the quiet, wet sound of flesh on flesh.

If they weren't careful, Monica would hear the creak of the chair, the slap of Katie's ass on his thighs, and the faint moans she was desperately trying to hold back. But Gus didn't give a shit. Maybe a dramatic confrontation would work in his favor anyway. Katie clearly *did* care, but at this point she was caught in the grip of overpowering lust. It was all she could do to hold back her moans as her back arched and her tight little cunt clenched hard around his cock.

She was cumming… and it only took a few more snaps of his hips for Gus to be right there with her. With one more powerful thrust, he pulled her down onto his lap until she was taking every

inch of his cock, then released inside her, spraying the walls of her pussy with hot, gooey sperm.

Katie twitched and strained above him, her chest heaving with passion, but somehow she managed to remain mostly silent in orgasm, even while her thighs trembled and her fingers clutched Gus's chest painfully tight.

After a moment, Katie collected herself. With a start, she looked back down at her phone, rapidly texting Monica something once again. Gus just rolled his eyes and leaned back in his chair, enjoying the sensation of his cock slowly growing soft inside Katie's pussy.

A minute later, they both heard Monica muttering angrily to herself as she stomped off down the hall.

Gus chuckled darkly as Katie set the phone aside and looked back down at him. Her eyes glared like an angry cat, but the furious disdain on her face was totally at odds with her mussed hair and sweat-soaked body, fresh from their energetic fuck session. She liked to think she was a badass, saving her friend from being preyed on by the evil perv, but the writing was already on the wall. She was enjoying herself a little too much to be safe, and soon she would be completely hooked on Gus's rough, dominant style of sex.

"You know, you could have just not texted her back," he observed mildly. "That's what I did."

Katie sneered at him in contempt. "She obviously suspects something. If I hadn't answered, she might have assumed we were together."

Gus hoped so. That was the whole point of dodging Monica and demanding that Katie pay up specifically at the times when he and Monica normally met. He had been studying his future woman carefully, and if there was one thing he knew about Monica, it was that she was incredibly competitive. If she got the impression that Gus had lost interest in her in favor of her best friend, he was confident she would lose her temper and do something rash.

"Well… good thing you nipped that in the bud then," he said mildly. "How about a break? I could go for some food… maybe smoke something?"

Katie opened her mouth and took a breath in, preparing to say something. Probably about how they weren't friends and she didn't want to eat dinner with him. Then she just looked away, closed her mouth, and shrugged. A moment later she finally disengaged from him, getting up off his lap and striding across the office with her arms hugging herself, his cum dribbling down her leg.

Gus had already made it clear to Katie that he required her services all evening if she wanted to maintain her end of the bargain, so she had probably realized that there was no point in turning down his offer of food and pot.

Gus scooped up his phone, read the angry message that his future woman had sent him, then flipped to the menus of his favorite local takeout places without replying. “Chinese or Indian?” He grunted.

“Indian,” said Katie wearily, pulling down one of the blinds to peek stealthily out the window, running her fingers through her messy blonde hair in a vain attempt to coax it into line. Gus’s eyes were drawn to the clean lines of her body, gleaming with the sweat of their recently concluded fuck session. The way her toned thighs and taut belly drew together toward her tight little pussy.

Katie wasn’t qualified to be his woman, of course. She was abrasive where Monica was teasing, snide where Monica was sharp… and maybe most importantly, her tits were tiny compared with Monica’s. But, with that being said, she was fun as hell to use as a decoy.

Gus briefly considered tossing his phone aside and pouncing on her again for one more round before they ate, but he held off. Young men were fast and explosive as a bottle rocket, but he had found, over countless years of hard-won experience, that the secret of blowing a woman’s mind was endurance.

And Katie would be so much more useful to him as a tool once she was utterly hooked on his cock.

…

This time, Monica didn’t make the mistake of heading home right away. She wouldn’t be able to stand Sam’s inquiries about what had happened, and besides, she felt like walking in on him jerking off again was more likely to piss her off today than turn her on.

That was an uncharitable thought, and she knew it. After all, hadn’t Sam just proven the day before that he was anything but a jerk-off loser? But she was just in a foul mood after her second rude denial of the week. It wouldn’t even bother her that much if Gus had told her clearly that he was no longer interested in the kinky little game they were playing, but being strung along like this was simply infuriating.

Monica spent about an hour hanging around at the library. She pulled her laptop out and had it in front of her with engineering classwork open, but she didn’t get anything done. She was too busy being angry to focus on anything else.

Finally, enough time had gone by that Sam wouldn’t ask inconvenient questions about the meeting… or at least, no more questions than he normally did.

But before she left the library, Monica made an impulsive decision. If Gus was going to be a jerk and play with her, she would just disengage. She was the hot young college student, and he

was the creepy old professor, after all. She pulled out her phone and brought up her text conversation with Gus again. He still hadn't replied to the angry text she had sent an hour ago. She knew that double texting was a little lame, but she had to get this off her chest.

[Ok, you know what? I'm done with this. If you have something to tell me about the gaming team, fucking email me. I'm not even going to come to meetings anymore if you don't have the decency to show up.]

There, that settled that. The strange, heated experiment with the older professor was over. Maybe it was for the best… jerking him off last time had been strangely arousing, but it had also been over the line. It was safer to end things now.

Monica packed up her bags and caught the bus with a black cloud hanging over her. It had felt cathartic to cut things off with Gus, but it didn't erase his rudeness. At least Sam could distract her tonight.

When she came in through the front door, Sam bounded right up to her like a little lost puppy, wagging his tail. Filled with that usual nervous, jealous energy that he always had when she had been hanging out with Gus. Normally she loved to see him that horny and excited like this, but today it just made her annoyed.

"So how did it go?" he asked, eyes shining. "Did he… I mean, did you kiss him this time?"

Monica just smiled sweetly and gave her boyfriend a hug. She could feel his eager cock pressing against her, and it stirred up a little burst of arousal to swirl through her frustration.

Maybe it was unfair to take out all of her negative feelings on her boyfriend during sex… but on the other hand, it certainly didn't seem like he was complaining.

"Actually, we just talked business today," she lied breezily. "But the Ogre is really pissing me off lately, I have to admit. I don't think I would have made out with him even if the opportunity came up." Strangely, Monica realized as she said it that that was a lie as well. She had walked into the office with vague plans of denying Gus unless he groveled… but she probably still would have given in if he offered to make out.

The memory of her little hand closing around the thick, throbbing shaft of Gus's cock flashed powerfully through her mind before fading just as fast. Now the arousal growing inside her was a lot more than just a little spark.

Sam's eyebrows rose in a strange expression of mixed relief and disappointment. "Wait, so does that mean that we're just… done? With Gus?" he asked cautiously.

"I don't really want to talk about him anymore," said Monica in a voice a little harsher than she intended. She grabbed Sam's hand and threaded her fingers through his, fidgeting shyly. She

needed relief after being disrespected by Gus again. “I had a bad day, Tiger. Stressful.” She pulled him close and whispered in his ear. “You know how sometimes I help you out when you have a bad day?”

She could feel the hair on Sam’s arms stand on end from her heated words whispered into her ear. She loved the way it was so easy to drive him crazy. Sam made her feel like the sexiest woman in the world. “Yeah. Of course,” he answered in a rough whisper, his arms encircling her.

Monica wasn’t above tossing out a blowjob or two to cheer up her man when he had a bad day. But that wasn’t quite what she had in mind this time… She kissed him softly on the ear and whispered, “Well, I definitely had a bad day. So maybe you could return the favor?”

God, she could almost feel his cock throb through his pants. A rough, “Uh-huh.” Was all he could manage to get out; he was so fucking horny.

It was exactly what Monica needed. She loved it when Sam was rough and dominant with her, but right now she was in the mood for something different. A little bit of humble service… She giggled and pulled her boyfriend along toward the living room, ready to make both of their days.

Monica tossed herself back onto the couch, unbuttoned her jeans, and looped her thumbs through the waistband, tugging them down to the ground and tossing them aside. Sam was already getting onto his knees, his eyes laser-focused between Monica’s thighs as she peeled off her simple blue panties as well. Monica couldn’t help but bite her lip in amusement as she noted the bulge tenting his pants. What a guy! Not just willing to get on his knees and put in some work for his girl, but positively eager. She would have to give him the reward he deserved once he had helped her unwind a little. It was only fair.

Her panties had barely hit the floor before Sam was diving forward eagerly, his hands gently spreading her thighs to reveal her pink pussy, already warming up for him. Monica felt a thrill of lust flow through her as she felt her boyfriend’s hot breath fan over her most intimate places. Already, her annoyance at Gus was starting to fade.

Just one more thing would make this perfect relaxing, sensual experience… She reached behind her, unclasped her bra, wiggled her arm into the sleeve of her T-shirt to get the straps over her arm, then tossed it away with a sigh of satisfaction. The girls were free at last from their tight, confining harness, and now she could really let go of her stress and melt into a puddle of sexual satisfaction with the help of her attentive boyfriend.

Sam started by reaching forward tenderly and parting her lower lips with his thumb, tracing up and down slowly, spreading the wetness that was beginning to form there. Then, looking up at her with his solemn grey eyes, he leaned forward and planted a light kiss right on the surface of her pussy.

“Mmmm, that’s good, Tiger,” murmured Monica, spreading her thighs further as her tummy erupted in hot butterflies. Who the fuck needed that ugly old jerk anyway, when she had a beautiful, attentive man at home?

Monica bit her lip with a light moan as Sam dove in further, pressing his mouth to her needy pussy and slipping his tongue up her rapidly moistening slit to tease her arousal. When he reached her clit, he began to circle it with his tongue, slowly and carefully building up her pleasure higher and higher. “That’s it, babe,” whimpered Monica, “don’t stop. Fuck, this is exactly what I fucking needed.” She reached down to grasp the lower hem of her shirt and pull it up over her tits. She began squeezing and rubbing them greedily, adding a new note of pleasure to the symphony of her boyfriend’s loving service.

Everything was going perfectly. She was feeling great and relaxing at the same time. That was when her phone buzzed.

Monica glanced over at it with a frown. The phone was face down on the couch beside her at the moment, so she couldn’t see what notification had just popped up, but she had a sneaking suspicion she knew.

It was best to just ignore it. If it really was Gus texting, now was not the time to engage. If at all. Monica tried to put the notification out of her mind and focus on the present… the delicious feeling of Sam’s worshipful tongue between her thighs. The squeeze and friction of her own fingers playing across her sensitive breasts as her nipples grew to full stiffness.

The fucking phone buzzed again. Monica bit her lip to hold back a frustrated huff and reached out to see what the fuck The Ogre wanted. She couldn’t help it.

Luckily, Sam was completely absorbed in his task, doing his best with his lips and tongue to please her. It wouldn’t hurt just to quickly check if Gus had actually texted her back.

He had. Twice.

[Hey. Why are you so mad, anyway? I thought making out with me was just something you were doing for fun, and it wasn’t a big deal to you either way.]

[I would have made the time if I had known our meetings meant that much to you.]

Monica gritted her teeth. She couldn’t just let this asshole’s disrespect stand. She glanced swiftly down at Sam, who had his eyes closed, completely in the moment. She would just text Gus back really quickly to set him straight. It wouldn’t take long, and it would be a shame to interrupt Sam when he was in a groove like this.

Her thumb moved at a lightning speed, shooting a text back to the man who was, at this point, really getting on her nerves.

…

[Was I not fucking clear? I told you that I'm done with this whole arrangement. Lose my number, creep.]

Gus chuckled, shaking his head. Ooh, she was mad, alright. Luckily, that was right where he wanted her.

On her knees beneath him, Katie released his cock from her mouth with a wet pop. "What's so funny?" she asked suspiciously. "You aren't taking a video of me, are you?"

"Of course not," he said placidly, briefly turning the phone so she could see that he was in the texting app, but not giving her enough time to read that the conversation was with Monica. It wasn't an awful idea to take a video, though, if he could be sneaky enough to pull it off. Katie did look sexy; totally nude on her knees beneath him as he sat on his couch. It would be nice to have a little keepsake to remember this little fling by… and it would even be useful as leverage later as well, perhaps. But it wouldn't be possible tonight. Katie's guard was already up.

Mollified for the moment, Katie returned to her task, obediently sucking Gus's thick cock just as she had been ordered. They had moved to Gus's apartment from the office just for convenience's sake. It had been almost adorable how ashamed Katie had looked as they made their way to Gus's car, whipping her head around guiltily, terrified that someone might see she was leaving with him.

The skinny blonde slut had convinced herself that she had no choice but to obey Gus's every command to protect her friend, which meant that, even if she kept glaring at him, she was already a compliant little sex toy, ready to amuse him however he pleased. It seemed like she didn't even notice that she was doing things she never would have agreed to just a few days beforehand.

But Katie was just a temporary distraction. Monica was the real prize. And now, after building up her annoyance and jealousy to the breaking point, Gus had an opportunity to push things a little further. He would enjoy Katie's subservient blowjob while he pursued the girl her really wanted to conquer at his leisure.

Monica had just texted him that she wanted nothing to do with him, but unless Gus was very much mistaken, very soon she would… Ah, there it was. His phone buzzed in his hand with another text from Monica.

[And I don't know what you mean by saying that our meetings were a "big deal" anyway. They weren't. But if you say you're going to be somewhere and then you flake out, it's rude even if it wasn't a big deal.]

Just like Gus thought, she was saying she wanted to be done because she thought it would hurt him, but it wasn't how she actually felt. Otherwise, she wouldn't have answered at all. It might have been fun to leave her on read for a few more hours and see if he could provoke her enough to send a multi-text rant, but the idea of having this conversation while getting his cock sucked by Monica's best friend appealed to Gus, so he launched in.

[Well then in that case I apologise. But let's be real here, Monica. This isn't about the competitive Gaming Team meetings, is it? There was something you were looking forward to a lot more than just some extra info on uniforms, weren't you?]

It was a daring push, but Gus thought that Monica was ready for it. Her next response wasn't a green light exactly, but she didn't exactly close the door on the conversation either.

[If you're talking about making out, then my answer is the same. Cancelling wasn't that big of a deal. The rudeness is what bothers me.]

Gus chuckled again. Beneath him, Katie narrowed her eyes suspiciously. The expression looked ridiculous with her mouth stuffed full of his cock, and it prompted Gus to reach down and grip the back of her head. With a firm hand, he guided her rhythm, pressing his swollen cockhead deeper and deeper. Katie might glare at him with her eyes, but her tongue was willingly submitting, swirling around his cock.

In the brief moment when Gus was focusing fully on Katie and her blowjob, Monica texted again.

[So yes, make-outs are cancelled too!! So are dates!!! I bet you didn't count on that when you decided to be a thoughtless jerk, did you?]

Gus grinned widely. This was perfect. Monica was double-texting, trying her best to get a rise out of him. Her fierce insistence that their playtime together meant nothing to her was just proof that the opposite was true. Even if she didn't realize it, the reason she was really mad was that she had been denied the kinky, exciting make-out sessions she had begun to look forward to. She needed a reality check.

[Oh, come on now, princess. We both know that our dates have started to mean a lot to you and your little boyfriend. Are you sure that you want to give up on them this easily?]

The dots appeared instantly and kept going for a while. Long enough that Gus set his phone down again and turned his focus momentarily back to Katie and the work she was putting in between his legs. Her eyes had lost their venomous glare and had hazed over with lust as she lost herself in humble sexual service. Her blonde hair bobbed with the swift, sinuous movement of her neck. Her mouth and throat were a slick, hot channel, fitting his thick cock like a glove. She was fucking good at this. No doubt the little slut had had plenty of opportunity to practice her blowjob skills with all of the college guys she slept around with. Gus saluted them. He got to

reap the benefits of that practice tonight, and blow a thick load down Katie's tight throat while he drew Monica into his web. This little bitch had no idea that while she took his cock down her throat, he was laying a careful snare to capture her best friend permanently. After all, Gus had only promised not to pursue Monica if Katie fucked him. He didn't promise he would refuse if Monica ended up throwing herself at him.

Speaking of Monica, Gus's phone buzzed with her long, ranting answer, and he luxuriated in the blended pleasure of her obvious obsession blended with the fantastic sensations radiating from his cock.

[Oh God, are you really that full of yourself? Sure, I admit it, Sam and I had fun with our little arrangement. But if you think that you're some irreplaceable piece of what we were doing, you need help. The two key people in our arrangement were me and my boyfriend, dumbass. You were only ever a piece in a sex game we were playing. There are literally hundreds of men on campus I could make out with to get Sam jealous. And, to be blunt, almost all of them would be better-looking than you, so they would probably work even better! I'm telling you that you fucked up and you're too self-centered and arrogant to even CONSIDER a sincere apology. Why would I want to invite someone like that into my life in such an intimate way?]

It was a nice little speech, but it didn't do Monica any favors if her goal was to convince Gus that she didn't care about breaking off their arrangement. Gus thought he knew the perfect response. Sometimes the best way to cut through a self-absorbed tirade was to not use any words at all.

"Hey, take a break for a minute," grunted Gus, tapping Katie on the back of the head.

The lustful daze faded from her eyes as she rose from his cock, lips dripping with thick saliva from her slutty service. "What?" Why?" she asked in a roughened voice, trying and failing to conceal her disappointment that she would have to temporarily cease the worshipful blowjob she had been delivering.

"Never you mind why," said Gus with a chuckle. "Just grab a drink, take a piss, whatever it is you need to do." He leaned over to pat her cheek condescendingly. "Don't worry. We'll go hard when you get back."

She got up with a huff, and Gus spared a moment to observe the way her pert little ass wiggled as she strode out of the room. Then he opened his camera app.

He had been forced to send Katie away for this part. It would have been a lot more difficult to take a dick pic when Monica's best friend had her lips wrapped around it.

…

Monica wore a tight little smirk as she stared at her screen and reread the message she had just sent Gus. That message should make her position clear and really put the asshole in his place. Now she could be done with him… at least for a couple of weeks. Maybe after she had let Gus feel the frustration of being stonewalled, she would allow him to make a full apology. After that, MAYBE agree to resume their play. But it would be on a new footing, where the professor realized exactly how lucky he was to be getting any attention at all.

“Are you texting someone?”

Fuck. Monica had gotten a little heated and texted longer than she had intended. Now Sam was staring up at her with a slightly exasperated expression on his face. Monica winced at her own insensitivity. She had been the one to request Sam’s loving service, and now it looked like she was bored. It genuinely had felt really good… it was just that Gus had such a talent for getting under her skin that she lost focus.

“Sorry, babe,” she said guiltily, setting her phone aside. “I was just checking something really quick. I’m locked in now. Thank you so much for doing this.”

Sam gave her a doubtful look for a moment, then his expression melted and he pressed forward passionately once again, running his hot tongue over every slick fold of her girlfriend’s tight pussy.

Now that she had gotten her cathartic conversation with Gus out of the way, Monica was happy to focus completely on the warm, relaxing pleasure of her loving man’s attentive cunnilingus. She reached down to run her fingers through Sam’s wavy blonde hair, letting out a delicate moan as he worshipped her with his lips and tongue, exploring her and fulfilling her with slow, throrough devotion.

She pulled him closer, her stomach rioting with warm butterflies, every distraction fleeing her brain. Sam thrust his tongue deep inside her, maintaining eye contact as he slowly but surely worked her up toward what was sure to be a glorious orgasm.

Her phone buzzed again.

Monica tried her best to ignore it. She fiercely insisted to herself that right now, this moment with Sam was much more important than anything that cocky prick could possibly have to say. Her fingers tightened in her boyfriend’s hair, and she pulled him even tighter between her thighs. “Make me cum, Tiger,” she urged in a heated whisper, trying to drown out the itching thought of the message waiting in her phone. Sam redoubled his efforts, slipping his hands beneath Monica’s plump ass to grope and squeeze and pull her closer. Monica let out a loud, throaty moan and raised her hands back up to play with her breasts. It felt good; no, amazing, actually. She could feel the pleasure blooming inside her like a flower, bringing her closer and closer to climax. It was a perfect moment…

Except for one little niggling irritant, bothering Monica like a tiny grain of sand in her eye.

Despite every effort to set it aside and just be in the moment with her boyfriend, Monica couldn't stop wondering how Gus had responded to her decisive message. Was it an angry "fuck you"? Had the obnoxious professor finally realized how badly he had upset her and sent a groveling apology? Or just more bullshit trying to snarkily claim that his rudeness hadn't actually been a big deal? Monica was intensely curious, and she knew she would have no chance of relaxing like she wanted while she was still in the dark.

It was probably better to just quickly check what he had sent. Just so that she would stop wondering. She wouldn't even reply, just see what tactic he had tried to use this time. Then she would turn her phone off and enjoy her time with Sam.

Monica casually reached over and opened up her phone, trying to move quickly enough that Sam wouldn't get annoyed with her again. The pleasure radiating out from between her legs was genuinely getting her right to the edge of climax now. Once she removed this distraction, she was sure she could cum almost right away.

What Monica saw on her phone when she opened the texting app sent a white-hot bolt of shock, adrenaline, and twisted arousal blazing through every nerve in her body. She gasped, her eyes going wide and her heart skipping a beat.

Gus's response had been a photo. He hadn't even sent a message along with it, but he didn't need to. The picture said everything.

In the picture, Gus's broad, hairy hand seized the base of his cock in a tight grip. Even so, his massive phallus was long enough that an impressive length of its thick, veiny shaft protruded above the top finger. His swollen, bulbous cockhead was almost purple, aroused enough to look like it was nearly bursting out of its skin. The entire cock was gleaming and shiny, either covered in lube or someone's fluids.

Monica realized that getting an unsolicited dick pic from the professor probably should disgust or anger her, but she couldn't control her body's initial instinctive response.

She felt nothing but pure animal lust. A wild, insidious heat that turned the warm, gentle pleasure of Sam's devoted service into a blazing inferno of taboo arousal. She couldn't stop her eyes from darting all over the picture, and before her conscious mind could even catch up to what had happened, her orgasm rose up inside her and gripped her in a tight, burning fist, pouring a torrent of volcanic pleasure through her veins.

"Oh fuuuuck," Monica moaned, overwhelmed by pleasure and a growing sense of terrified guilt. Cumming to a picture of another man's cock was the last thing that she should be doing when having an intimate moment with her boyfriend, but holding back this powerful climax would be like pushing back the tide. Instead, her hand gripped cruelly tight in her boyfriend's hair, pulling

him in even tighter as her trembling thighs sandwiched his head. Every muscle in her body strained, and her brain filled with fizzing fireworks as twisted lust overwhelmed her completely. Sam, to his credit, rolled with it, wriggling his tongue like mad and lashing her clit with enthusiasm even though he had no idea what had sent Monica so hard over the edge.

Monica managed to barely tear her eyes away from the illicit photo, breathing heavily as the aftershocks of the powerful orgasm rippled through her. Finally, now that she was coming down from the peaks of pleasure, her brain was finally processing what had happened.

Gus had sent her a fucking picture of his cock. Out of nowhere. The fact that seeing it had instantly turned her on to the point of orgasm was concerning, but Monica decided to set that aside for now. More important was the breathtaking arrogance and disrespect that sending the picture in the first place took.

Sam was still going to town between her thighs, apparently so distracted by his task that he hadn't noticed that his girlfriend had checked her phone again. Monica's belly filled with writhing guilt and she swiftly set her phone aside, tapping him on the top of the head. "Wow!" She said, her voice a little wobbly from the intensity of her orgasm. "That was incredible, Tiger. But… you know, obviously I came, so you can take a breather if you want."

Sam popped up for a second, his chin shining with Monica's juices. "Ok, but just for a second," he said with an enthusiastic grin. "I want to keep going! I don't think I've ever made you cum that hard with my mouth, and I want to see if I can do it again!"

Monica tried not to wince at his happy enthusiasm. He would probably be mortified if he knew the real reason her orgasm was that intense. So instead, she said, "That's right, Tiger. You're a superstar. Get something to drink, and then you can make me cum even harder."

Sam turned away with a happy smile, and Monica quickly pulled out her phone. Her heart jumped again, and another crackle of unwelcome lust shot through her at the sight of Gus's cock on the screen. She looked up nervously, but Sam was banging cupboards around in the kitchen, so she probably had a minute to say what she needed to say.

[WHAT THE FUCK?!]

Yeah, that more or less summed up her feelings. She stared furiously down at the phone, waiting for a reply, morbidly curious to see how that prick could possibly explain himself this time. Her eyes kept getting drawn upward to the photo still sitting on her screen, and every time a little sizzle of heat ripped through her as her gaze trace the curves of the professor's stiff cock.

Finally, the dots appeared, indicating that Gus was typing back. Monica mentally urged him to hurry, so she had time to properly chew him out before Sam got back.

[I think the picture should speak for itself. How did it make you feel to see my cock again? You said that our little rendezvous were all about the game that you're playing with your boyfriend, but that's an obvious lie. I think that you like going on dates and making out with me and even running that pretty little hand up and down my hard cock because it feels fucking amazing. And just because that makes you embarrassed doesn't make it any less true.]

Monica stared down at her phone, fuming, growing angrier and angrier by the second. The worst part wasn't even that Gus was sort of right. It was that he was so certain, based on no evidence at all. If Monica was being one hundred percent honest with herself, she had to admit that making out with Gus had been exciting. It had turned her on. She still thought that the reason she had gotten so aroused was mainly because she knew Sam would find the makeout sessions hot, but there was a part of her that felt a strange thrill when she was with Gus. He was disrespectful, crude, and arrogant… but there was something compelling about a man who took what he wanted with no excuses.

Whatever. That was entirely beside the point. Gus was just bluffing. He couldn't know that Monica was hiding a shameful little sprout of attraction for him. The dick pic had just been a fishing expedition, and she had to treat it like one.

[Don't make me laugh. You really think because you have a big cock that makes you God's gift to women? Dude, you're *old*. And probably a hundred pounds overweight. That's what Sam is getting off on. That I'm with a man who so obviously doesn't deserve me. Your picture was beyond disrespectful. I'm going to show my boyfriend what you sent me, and then I'll probably never speak to you again.]

This time Gus began replying right away, which was lucky, because Monica couldn't imagine that she had much time before Sam would be back to continue their sexual play. She only had to wait a few seconds before the infuriating professor's response popped up

[Ok, if that's your story, then what about the last time we met? You jacked me off until you drained my balls all over your cute little hand. Are you trying to tell me you did that for your boyfriend? Or did you do it because you were desperate to get those hot little hands all over my big, fat cock?]

Monica's mouth suddenly felt dry. She had been avoiding thinking about that. Giving Gus a handjob hadn't made any sense. She had done it purely in the heat of the moment. As Gus said, she had done it because she wanted to. Because the thought of feeling Gus's cock, hot and throbbing in her hand, turned her on.

A sudden compulsion came over Monica, too strong to ignore. She scrolled up the short distance back to the picture of Gus's towering cock. Tall, proud, and throbbing with masculine energy. Glistening with the saliva or natural lubrication of whatever floozy he was with now…

Even as her eyebrows creased in annoyance, Monica's fingers moved without conscious thought, slipping between her legs. Gus was so fucking annoying. So fucking pushy. So infuriatingly… masculine.

She shook her head, pulling her fingers away from where they had been teasing between her lips. No. No, she was just letting Gus get into her head. She had jerked off Gus because she knew, somewhere deep inside, that her boyfriend would think it was hot. That had to be the answer. She was confused by the strange new arrangement she and Sam had embarked on, and that had caused her to get a little… enthusiastic. But it was all about provoking Sam's arousal and jealousy. Not making Gus happy.

Just as she had the thought, Sam came back around the corner with a big grin on his face, holding her filled water bottle. Thoughtful as always. Monica felt a sudden grim determination to prove that she was right. That, even if she had pushed things a little too far, her heart was in the right place. It would be a little tricky… but she thought she knew how she could discover Sam's feelings on the idea without confessing what had happened yet.

First, she sent off one more text.

[You're fucking wrong. Don't send me anything like that again.]

Then she turned her attention fully to Sam. Taking the water bottle from his hand with a grin. "Why don't you take off your clothes, Tiger?" she purred after taking a long, cool drink that soothed her nerves and wet her dry mouth. "I want to make sure that you're having a good time."

Sam, the big sweetheart, actually looked a little disappointed. "Aww… I mean, I was sort of looking forward to trying for that next big orgasm, like we said."

Monica hesitated for a second, then shook her head with a fond snort. "Well, how can a girl say no when you're so eager?" she said lightly. "Ok Tiger, you're on. But take those clothes off anyway. I want to look at that sexy body while you eat me out."

As Sam pulled off his shirt, Monica reflected that it was probably better this way anyway. It would be easier to get her boyfriend into the right mindset if she was the one in charge. She focused and prepared herself for the performance of a lifetime as Sam got back on his knees.

Time to prove that her boyfriend was just as much of a perv as she suspected all along.

…

Katie's knees hurt. Her jaw ached with dull pain from being stretched by cock. And yet, to her shame, her pussy still throbbed needily.

This wasn't supposed to be the way things turned out. This was meant to all be just a way to keep poor, naive Monica safe from a sleazy older predator. Katie would hold her nose, fuck the old creep once or twice, then forget about it and move on.

But that hadn't been the way things had gone. She stared up into Gus's smug eyes, trying to make sense of how she was starting to feel. All she knew was that when the hot, iron-hard length of the obnoxious creep's cock was deep in her tight cunt or stretching out her throat, it filled her with weak, wet submissive desire.

Katie tried her hardest to hold onto her smoldering anger at being so disrespected by this monster, but as she sealed her soft lips around the hot, throbbing stiffness of Gus's cock, she felt her mind fuzz out again. The, needy, throbbing heat between her thighs seemed to rise up and swallow all conscious thought. She knew in her soul that it would be the same for the rest of the night. She would become a willing cocksleeve for the horrible old brute, and no matter how many times she told herself in the morning that she would keep better control of herself the next time Gus demanded her services, the next time he whipped out his cock, the cycle would start again.

After Gus broke down Katie's resistance and fucked her to multiple screaming orgasms that first night, he had called her back again on the following Tuesday. She had been forced to give him a humiliating beneath-the-desk blowjob, and had just barely escaped before Monica reached the office. When Katie saw her poor, innocent friend coming up the stairs, she had been too ashamed to say anything. The taste of the professor's sperm still sat heavy on her tongue. So she had panicked and escaped.

And now, she had been forced to pay with her body once again to ensure that Gus skipped his Thursday meeting with Monica. It would all be worth it if she could keep Monica out of Gus's evil hands. Katie just wished that she wasn't growing to enjoy the demeaning treatment so much.

Right now, Gus didn't even seem to be paying attention to her at all. He was completely focused on the phone in his hands, grinning and occasionally chuckling. It was even more humiliating than usual to blow this creep while he barely paid attention to her.

But even that annoyance began to fade away as Katie fell back into her rhythm, bobbing her head faster and faster… letting the thick shaft of the professor's cock pierce deeper and deeper into her tight, willing throat.

…

Sam eagerly returned to his knees, staring up at the woman he had chosen with horny awe. Monica looked perfect. It was something a lot of men might say flippantly about the woman they loved, but in this case Sam thought it seemed literally true. It was in the way her thick thighs swelled outward to the wide curve of her hips. The little bump of softness in her belly; not chubby, but pleasingly feminine. The dip inward at her waist to make her figure a curvy

hourglass. The ripe heft of her hanging tits, topped with the eager stiffness of her pink nipples. The warmth of her gentle smile and the heat in her deep blue eyes.

And, of course, her tight pink pussy, lying beneath a thick but well-groomed thatch of hair. Glistening with her arousal and the remains of the sexual service that Sam had just provided.

Sam could go on and on. He could write a novel just detailing the wonders of his girlfriend's naked body. And then keep that novel all for himself, for his pleasure alone. Sam had mixed feelings about Monica's revelation that she was done with the Ogre. One part of him was massively relieved that their experimentation with Gus was over. The whole thing had felt… dangerous. Sam trusted his girlfriend, of course, but he didn't trust Gus.

But another part of him felt disappointed. The arrangement with Gus hadn't just been dangerous; it had been thrilling too, like a rollercoaster. Adding that volatile spice to their relationship had only made things even hotter between him and his girlfriend. They had never had sex that incredible in the first two years of their relationship.

Right now though, Sam wanted to focus on the present. He had just given Monica a massive orgasm with his mouth alone, and he was feeling a little cocky about it. Maybe they didn't need another man complicating things in order for things to get hot and heavy between them. He was eager to try again.

As Sam leaned forward, nestling his face between his girlfriend's warm thighs once again, he felt a strange little thrill from the way she was looking down at him. There wasn't anything particularly mean in her expression. If anything, she looked oddly nervous. But Sam got an odd sense of power imbalance from their postures and relative positions. Sam on his knees, bending low. Monica looking down at him, waiting for his service. He was suddenly painfully aware of his erection beneath him, dangling and swinging without any action as he prepared to make his girlfriend feel good once again.

It was almost the opposite of the feeling her got during the rough reclamation sex they had been having lately. Humbled and obedient. A completely different flavor of sexual connection, but just as interesting. Monica reached down to run her fingers tenderly through his hair as he extended his tongue to please her once again. A thrill ran through him as he tasted his girlfriend's slick pussy, pulsing through every nerve before grounding itself in his cock. Fuck, it was so hot to just be here with her, intimately connected without that fat old prick haunting them like a ghost.

"That's it Tiger," groaned Monica, shifting her hips forward and raising her knees while her thighs spread ever wider. "Really get in there with that magic tongue. It's so fucking sexy that you're this eager to taste me."

Sam showed that eagerness the best way he knew how, running his tongue over each tender fold, swirling over her clit, and teasing his woman's throbbing entrance. For a few long,

satisfying minutes, the only sounds in the living room were the slurps of his lips and tongue and the breathy little moans of his girlfriend thoroughly enjoying herself.

Then, Monica spoke again, her voice a rough, sensual purr as she ran her fingers through Sam's hair over and over. "Ok, baby boy. I told you that it would be your turn to have some fun now, right? Well, I want to try something a little… different."

Same stared up into Monica's eyes, his tongue still licking and swirling and delving deep into her heated flesh. There was a spark of strange, burning heat in her intense blue gaze that made Sam's stiff cock throb beneath him, but also made a prickle of apprehension run up his spine. He was suddenly as nervous as he was horny as Monica continued in her low, compelling voice. "I want you to grip your cock and start stroking for me. And then, I want you to listen closely. I have a little fantasy I want to spin for you."

Sam pulled away from his girlfriend's hot, wet pussy for a moment, gasping a quick breath before saying cautiously, "What's this about, babe? What sort of fantasy?"

Monica reached down and gripped his hair, pulling him back to his task. "You'll find out if you listen, silly," she chided gently, with a little smirk. "Look, it's just a kinky little fantasy that popped into my head. I was curious if you would think it was sexy too. If not, no harm done; we can switch gears, and you can fuck me till I scream your name. Sound good?"

There was still an undercurrent of tension in Monica's voice that Sam didn't quite understand, but he allowed himself to be pulled forward until his lips met Monica's pussy, silently obeying her command. After a moment's hesitation, he lifted one hand from where he had rested it on his girlfriend's thigh and instead brought it down to wrap it around his stiff cock, just like Monica had told him to. Immediately, before he even started stroking, a powerful zip of erotic heat pulsed through him from the contact. He was even hornier than he thought. And it wasn't just because he had been eating Monica out… something about doing what she said as she talked to him in that raspy whisper just flipped a switch inside his brain.

Sam began slurping and sucking once again, and his fist began to pump up and down his straining cock. This felt even more incredible than it had before. He felt ready for whatever his girlfriend wanted to throw at him. Horny, obedient, and receptive.

"Good boy," said Monica with a warm chuckle. She settled back on the couch and began playing lazily with her nipples as she stared down at her boyfriend between her thighs. Then, after a visible moment of hesitation, she started to speak. "I want you to think about me and Gus, Tiger. What it might look like when we make out."

Sam froze, his stomach flip-flopping. It felt like a bolt of lightning had struck his cock, and he paused his slow stroking for a moment to get a hold of himself. He had just been getting used to the idea that Gus might have permanently exited their sex lives, but now suddenly Monica was bringing the idea of the Ogre screaming back.

Monica saw her boyfriend's distress, and her lips quirked up into a little smile. "Just trust me, Sam," she insisted, her voice low and compelling. "We wanted to really explore this little kink we've both discovered, right? Well, if I'm done with Gus, we'll just have to make do with our imaginations. Stroke that cock and listen. It's important to me to know how you feel about my little fantasy."

Sam took a deep breath, getting a noseful of Monica's sweat and feminine arousal. That feeling of danger was back again… but so was the thrill. Cautiously, his hand began stroking up and down his throbbing cock, unspooling powerful pleasure through his body. His tongue slid forward, into Monica's heated depths, and she began to speak, in her soft, sensual whisper…

"Imagine me sitting in his lap, our lips pressed together. Your girlfriend. The woman that you love, held tight in the arms of another man. You know, it's funny what we call him behind his back. *The Ogre*…" she let out a soft chuckle, her fingers pinching her swollen nipples tight for a moment, her palms pressing into the round swell of her tits. "I mean, it's appropriate, right? He's monstrous… but powerful too. How does it feel to know that I kissed a man like that? And not just a quick little peck either. Tongue's tangling, bodies pressed together."

Sam let out a little groan, his tongue writhing deeper into his girlfriend's juicy cunt and his hand speeding up just a fraction. Now that Monica had urged him to use his imagination, it was hard to hold back the tide of lustful angst. His mind filled with images of Monica on the Ogre's lap, swooning against the powerful older man as his fat tongue delved deep between her innocent lips. Unconsciously, Sam's tongue and lips began to mimic how he thought the Ogre's must have moved. Pushing forward aggressively, slobbering and slipping over every inch of his girlfriend's slick flesh.

"I'll tell you what, Tiger…" murmured Monica softly, seeming to hesitate for a moment before continuing. "His arms aren't the only part of his body that feels strong."

Oh fuck… she can't be talking about what I think she is. Sam started up at his girlfriend, and his pulse began racing as she looked away, a pink blush staining her cheeks. Sam's hand picked up speed between his legs, his whole body pulsing with twisted heat as he realized where this verbal fantasy was heading.

His girlfriend was about to tell him all about another man's cock.

Monica shrugged and giggled breathlessly at her boyfriend's shocked stare, saying, "Well, what do you want me to say, babe? I told you I was sitting on his lap, right? Well obviously if we are going hot and heavy in that position, certain things are going to… come up!"

Sam pulled his face away from Monica's pussy, his mind reeling and his fist still milking his cock beneath him as if it had a mind of its own. Monica had obviously mentioned this part of her makeout session before, but Sam had avoided thinking too hard about his girlfriend touching the

Ogre's cock up until now. It felt unbelievably kinky and taboo, even if it was only through the pants.

"Fuck babe… did you actually feel his cock?" Sam groaned, half-hoping she had just been teasing him about that all along and half-hoping it was real.

"Mmm, you have no idea, Tiger," purred Monica. She pulled lightly on the back of his head, drawing him forward once again. "Don't stop. I want that magic tongue deep in my tight pussy."

Sam wasn't sure he could take any more of this… It was like Monica had found a button inside his brain labelled "anxious and horny" and was hammering it again and again with all her might. But his cock was feeling incredible in his pumping fist as it dripped precum down into the carpet, and licking Monica's hot pussy had never sounded better. Feeling shaky and tingly from the wild adrenaline coursing through his veins, Sam nuzzled his face between Monica's thighs and stared up at her, jerking off as he waited for her dirty talk to continue.

"The thing about Gus," said Monica lazily, squeezing her naked tits in slow, rhythmic pulses, "Is that he's a big guy…" She laughed, and Sam felt an anxious spike of arousal as he heard the nerves and lust in his girlfriend's voice. "I mean, I guess you knew that already, didn't you, babe? But what I mean is that Gus is big… everywhere."

One hand left her breasts to run her fingers through Sam's hair again… an oddly intimate gesture that sent goosebumps rising all over Sam's naked body. "You know how I asked you a few weeks back if you thought Gus had a big cock?" she asked in a naughty whisper. "And the question made you cum all over yourself in public? Well, my suspicions were correct. I could feel it under my ass. All hard and hot and long… just throbbing. Desperate to get inside me."

Sam had to slow down his fist to stop himself from cumming. Even though Monica's words filled him with acidic jealousy, they also made him so horny he could barely think.

"I can tell that this little thought experiment is turning you on," said Monica with a smirk, just a hint of a taunting tone creeping into her voice. It was obvious that Sam wasn't the only one feeling the heat of this moment. Her hips were pushing forward into his working tongue, lightly grinding her pussy into his mouth. Although Monica's voice still sounded in control, her chest was rising and falling with hitching breaths now, and her body almost seemed to vibrate with tension.

"Stick with me, Tiger," continued Monica, her fingers playing in his hair. "Now, imagine that my curiosity got the better of me and I wasn't satisfied with feeling that monster rubbing against my ass anymore. I had to get a better feel, and a reeealyy good look at it. So… what if I decided to reach down and unzip his fly?"

Sam's heart nearly stopped beating. A wild pulse of fear and jealousy and lust all rolled into one flooded his body. He tried to pull away from Monica pussy to ask her what the fuck she was

talking about, but it appeared that his girlfriend had anticipated his reaction. She seized his hair tight and pressed her hips forward, keeping him right where he was while she said in a no-nonsense tone, “Ah! Just wait, Tiger. Don’t freak out on me. Like I said, this is just a fantasy, right? I want to see how deep this rabbit hole goes. So if that really crossed the line completely, we can stop… but if the idea is even the teeniest bit hot, then I want you to really imagine it. No guilt. No judgement. Just a fun little fantasy. Ok, Tiger?”

Sam was in turmoil. Monica had his number. When she had brought up the idea of… going further with Gus, the blend of jealousy, lust, and anger that this game had made him feel from the beginning roared up inside him stronger than ever. But something about that wave of troubled lust felt unwholesome. Twisted. Like it might poison him from the inside, no matter how good it felt at the moment.

Monica was staring down at him, waiting for him to make a decision. Would he decide that things had gone too far? Or would he jerk off and listen as his girlfriend described being with another man?

In the end, Sam’s body made the decision for him. His cock was still gripped tight in his hand beneath him. His face was still pressed tight to Monica’s juicy cunt. He couldn’t force himself to stop now. He needed to cum, and even if something about it felt wrong, he knew he would have no problem reaching climax while his girlfriend poured her filthy words into his ears.

…

Monica’s pulse was racing, and her heart was in her throat. It was hard to stay in control as she stared down into Sam’s conflicted eyes. Not just from the anxiety of her little gamble, but from the overwhelming arousal that raced through her veins. She knew that she was taking a massive risk by pushing their little game further, even if she had phrased what she was saying like a hypothetical fantasy. Kissing another man was already a gray area. Touching his cock? Jacking it off? That was a lot worse.

But she needed this. She needed to know that the idea of her jerking off the man they both hated turned Sam on. It would make her mistake of actually doing it feel not so bad. It would mean that she really had been thinking of Sam in the back of her mind the whole time when she jacked Gus’s thick cock to completion.

Monica almost came when Sam’s tongue slid forward cautiously once again, his hand beginning to stroke up and down his cock. It was such a fucking relief to see that Sam was willing to entertain the idea, if only as a fantasy. It was a massive turn-on too, to see her boyfriend on his knees, face buried between her thighs, jerking off like a good boy at the thought of her with another man.

But now wasn't the time to get distracted. She still needed to weave her little "fantasy". She needed to see her man cum to the thought of what she had already done. It was the only way to prove that the professor's insulting assumption was wrong.

"Mmmm, imagine it, Tiger. Your loving girlfriend reaching down and pulling out that arrogant prick's big, meaty cock."

Sam's eyes were locked on hers, his mouth sealed to the lips of her pussy and his tongue sliding and plunging. His arm was beneath him, hidden from sight, but she could see the muscles tense and release over and over as he stroked his cock. Monica's sense of power was dizzying. She held Sam in the palm of her hand right now. She could see the arousal on her boyfriend's face, but she could feel her own desire building inside her as well, winding tight like a spring as the words poured out of her.

"I want you to see it in your mind baby. My slim little hand wrapping tight around The Ogre's cock. Feeling his heartbeat pounding against my palm." Monica rasped in a heated whisper, letting her fingers trail back up her body toward her tits once again. Sam didn't need to be held in place any longer; his obsessive arousal chained him now. His arm was moving faster and faster as his eyes clouded over with turbulent lust.

"Imagine my slippery fist pumping up and down," moaned Monica, her hips grinding forward harder and harder into Sam's mouth. "Feeling every fucking inch of that monster as my tongue swirls with his. "Imagine me feeling him get close. Knowing that I'm about to make him cum. Your woman. Sitting on the lap of another man. Jerking his hard, thick fucking cock. Can you see it, Tiger? Can you imagine your sweet, loving girlfriend getting that asshole off?"

Sam's eyes were closed. The top of his face was blushing red, and his tongue was thrusting and wiggling madly. Monica could see that his hand was pumping as fast as it could go, and she could hear the gentle *fapfapfap* sound of him jerking himself off… just like she had jerked off Gus. Sam didn't know that this fantasy had already literally happened, but based on how worked up he was getting, Monica knew that he wouldn't mind in the end. It turned him on just as much as her.

Gus was an idiot. Monica knew her boyfriend, and this had been about turning him on since the beginning. Even when she had gotten lost in the moment and given him a handjob, her subconscious had been considering Sam's kinks all along. She couldn't believe she had ever believed otherwise.

But the job wasn't finished. Monica felt her own pleasure spiralling upward once again, and this time she wanted to cum together with Sam, not because of an unsolicited dick pic. "Ok, babe," she gasped, her breathing shaky as her fingers returned to her nipples, grasping and pinching. "This fantasy is almost over. When I tell you to imagine the next part, you need to cum for me, ok?"

Sam's eyes had lost their hesitance now. He nodded eagerly, his mouth never leaving her pussy. Monica could see the muscles in his shoulders tense. Feel the hot breath from his nose puff against her skin. He was ready.

"I pump my fist up and down his big cock, faster and faster. My body is burning from the feel of it… The raw fucking masculine power. I can tell he's going to cum. And in that moment, that's all I want. To know that I made him feel that way. To know that his fat fucking load of cum is just for me. I kiss him harder, deeper, my tongue in his mouth and his cock in my fist. My hand is a blur."

Sam grunted, closing his eyes as his own hand did exactly what Monica was describing. His tongue followed suit as well, plunging deep inside her. All it would take was one more push.

"And then… fuck, he lets loose. He drains those fat fucking balls and splatters his cum all over your girlfriend's hand. I can feel his cock twitch and pump as spurt after spurt of thick sperm shoots out, blasting all over me!"

Monica saw the shudder and strain in Sam's body language, felt his tongue freeze as the orgasm rushed over him, rooting him in place. She couldn't see him cum with his body in that position, but it was easy to imagine. Her poor boyfriend had filled his fist with a hot, shameful load while he imagined her jerking off Gus. She had fucking done it. Her sense of releif and pleasure was almost indescribable. Sam groaned, a sound of mixed pleasure and embarrassment, and the vibration of the sound set her off as well.

"Fuck Tiger, don't stop!" she whined as her second orgasm of the evening swept over her powerfully. One last time, she reached down to grip Sam's hair tight and pull him in between her thighs, and the moment seemed to snap him out of his paralysis. Apparently, he was already done cumming, but like the trooper he was, he returned to finish his task. Monica hissed as her pleasure peaked higher, her fingers becoming cruel claws as they pulled Sam tight between her clamping thighs. As she came, she imagined the exact same fantasy that she had woven for Sam.

Or, rather, she remembered it.

How it had felt to hold that cocky prick's throbbing shaft in her hand. How monstrous it had seemed. How strong. How it made her feel naughty and sexy and powerful to make this obnoxious older man cum. As if, for just a moment, she was in complete control of him. How his thick, hot cum spurted all over her little hand. How taboo it had felt in that moment, to make a man other than her boyfriend cum for her. There was no reason to hold back from enjoying the memory now. She had just confirmed that her boyfriend thought it was hot, and the dripping, sticky sperm staining their carpet was the proof. If Sam thought it was hot too, then what was the matter with throwing herself wholeheartedly into her glorious release? Monica let her back arch like a cat in the sun and soaked up every last drop of pleasure she could as the golden waves of orgasm crashed over her.

She moaned her pleasure and humped against Sam's face, revelling in her moment of triumph and sexual release, her body singing with intense pleasure.

And then it was done. Monica collapsed back onto the couch like a puppet with her strings cut, feeling worn-out but deeply satisfied. She realized belatedly that her thick thighs were still clamped tight over Sam's ears, and she hurried to release him. Sam looked dazed and red-faced, and Monica felt a sudden, powerful affection for him. She leaned down to kiss him deeply on the lips, ignoring the slick shininess of her own arousal smeared all over his face.

When she finally came up for air from the kiss, she stared straight into his eyes, gushing, "Oh my God, Tiger, that was so fucking hot!" She meant it. Her veiled confession was one of the hottest sexual experiences she had ever had, and in the golden afterglow of her orgasm, she was absurdly greatful to have shared it with the love of her life.

Sam just stared back at her, his eyes searching, and for a second, Monica worried that she had gone way too far with her dirty talk. Then he chuckled a little and smiled shyly, saying. "Fuck, yeah. Yeah, it was. I can't beleive how much this whole thing has brought out your wild side!"

Monica kissed him on the forehead with a giggle. "There's no one I would rather explore my wild side with than you, babe." She felt good… so good that it took her another second to realize that her boyfriend was still kneeling, awkwardly clutching the tip of his cock to keep more of his load from dripping to the floor.

"Shit," said Monica, holding back laughter. "I guess you need to get cleaned up!"

"Yeah, I guess so," said Sam, laughing too. "Let me hit the bathroom real quick." The sexual tension of the encounter had been completely dissolved now, even though Monica still buzzed with residual arousal.

"Sounds good. I'm going to get dressed," agreed Monica, bouncing up off the couch as Sam struggled to his feet with one hand and made his way to the bathroom.

Monica sighed deeply as she grabbed her phone and headed for the bedroom, idly rubbing between her thighs to coax out a few last crackles of pleasure. She knew that Gus was full of shit. Just a lame old man desperate to believe that he had some sort of hold over her. Monica still couldn't believe he had dared to send her a dick pic.

Actually… A naughty little grin spread across Monica's face as a wicked idea popped into her head. Well, if he was hoping to confuse and arouse her with a picture of his dick, maybe two could play at that game. She glanced toward the bathroom where Sam was washing his hands, then closed the bedroom door behind her.

With a little prickle of excitement in her belly, she opened the camera and pointed it toward the mirror over the dresser.

Mmmm, I look fucking good. Monica saw with satisfaction that she had the pink-cheeked, messy-haired look of a freshly fucked woman. Just what she was hoping. It was Gus's turn to feel jealous and horny. But she didn't snap a pic yet. She couldn't just send him a picture of her bare tits, no matter how much she wanted Gus to regret how he had treated her. She rolled down the t-shirt she had bunched up above her tits and looked back into the mirror thoughtfully.

She was bottomless, but the angle of the shot didn't show anything below the curve of her hip. Maybe the tiniest fringe of pubic hair, but that didn't really matter. Her nipples were still stiff enough to dent her shirt outward noticeably, but hey, they were just nipples. Risque, but not unforgivable.

Perfect. Obviously sexual but not overly revealing. She hoped it gave Gus the same unpleasantly powerful jolt of lust his dick pic had given her. Without giving it anymore thought, she composed the picture carefully, making sure that the heart pendant Sam had bought her was prominent in the shot, then snapped and sent it, writing a short message to go along with it.

Then she heard Sam leaving the bathroom, so she hurried back to join him and see if he wanted to order a pizza or something.

…

Gus held Katie's head down, burying her nose in his pubic hair and his cock in her throat as he stared down at the little slut's picture on his phone.

Monica was fucking hot. Sending him a teasing photo that showed the stiff nipples on her soft, braless tits and the sweet, feminine curve of her hip was a frustratingly sexy tease. The picture cut off, but it was obvious she wasn't wearing panties. He could see the beginning of her bush… which was going to have to go once she was his. He preferred his women shaved silky smooth.

The message only made Monica's bratty smirk in the photo more infuriating.

[Hey, prof. Just wanted to let you know that you were totally wrong about Sam. He just made me see stars. So it looks like I don't need any other cock! Maybe if you weren't such a rude dick, you could have talked your way into another handjob. Maybe. But I guess now you'll never know!]

Gus growled in frustration and release as he pumped a thick load of cum down Katie's tight throat. The little cocktease… Once he got his hands on her, he would make her moan out apologies for this picture while he pumped every hole full of hot cum, just like he was doing with her little friend.

Finally, Gus allowed Katie to draw back, gasping. He took a deep breath and composed himself. Really, no matter how much of a brat Monica could be, the picture was good news. If she really

didn't give a shit, as she claimed, there was no way she would send him a sexy picture. The fact that she had brought up another handjob only made her obsession clearer.

His plan had worked. She was ready to go further.

As Katie caught her breath, Gus texted back.

[Maybe you're right. I was a little too harsh. I'll take you out somewhere tomorrow night to apologise. Just so that we don't leave things on such bad terms.]

If she actually didn't care, Monica would have just left him on read. Instead, just as Gus suspected, he got a message back almost instantly.

[I'll think about it.]

Bingo. He was in. It was obvious that the "maybe" was just her way of being a brat again. He would be seeing her the following evening; he was certain.

And he would be getting better than a handjob.

Katie seemed to have finally recovered. "Who the fuck do you keep texting?" she croaked, wiping away the tears that his thick cock had brought to her eyes. "Isn't a girl half your age deep throating your cock enough to keep your interest?"

Depends on the girl, thought Gus smugly. "Just planning out a little get-together," he said lightly. "Sorry to offend you, but I like to multitask." He slapped his knees and got up from the edge of his bed. "Well now, I think that's all that I'll be needing from you tonight. Get yourself cleaned up, and then head out." His eyes flicked up and down Katie's lithe, sweaty body. Her chin dripped with sperm, and a few sticky, drying patches clung to her belly and tits from earlier as well. "I guess you can shower if you need to."

"Wait…" said Katie suspiciously, rising on wobbly legs, "I thought you said I would have to be here all night. What changed?"

What changed was that Gus wanted to build up a potent load for the next day now that he had a date set with his real prize.

"Guess I'm just a generous guy," he said with a wide, evil grin.