“So, as I said,” continued Monica, staring around the room with a proud grin on her face and an eager light shining in her eyes. “For the very first time ever, our club will be sending a competitive team to CEL regional gaming competition. But although we have two members of the team all lined up, we still need to find our third. That’s why we plan to hold tryouts next week. The game is Boostronauts, which I’m sure you’re all familiar with. If you have mad Boostronauts skills that you’ve been hiding under a bushel, now is your time to shine. Get out there and practice! We’ve set up a couple of TVs and consoles with Boostronauts loaded up so people can give the game a try if they’ve never played before. Who knows, maybe you’ll be a secret savant!”

Sam smiled at his girlfriend warmly from across the room, watching the crowd hang on her every word. He was feeling pretty awesome today in general. Last night he and Monica had rocked each other’s world in multiple ways, and Monica had casually dropped the news that their experiment with Gus was at an end.

The news felt oddly bittersweet. As distressing as it had been to play the kinky game of jealousy and possession using the obnoxious older man, it had also given them the best sex of their lives. It was disappointing to think that that red-hot passion might be behind them.

But on the other hand, last night had been incredibly hot, and all it had taken was Monica using Gus as a hypothetical. If they could get the same charge out of dirty talk, why did they need the actual dates and physical contact? It was a lot of risk when the reward was just as sweet with an imaginary situation.

Monica wrapped up a few more bits of club housekeeping, and then broke up the meeting for people to trail off into clumps to play. Sam made his way over, pulling his girlfriend into a hug from behind.

“Hey mister,” she said with a crooked grin and a mock-scolding tone. “What did I tell you about PDA?”

They tried to avoid being too lovey-dovey in front of the other club members. Everyone knew they were a couple, but Monica was still idolized by some of the awkward underclassmen, and there was no point in causing unnecessary drama. Sam couldn’t help himself today, though; he was just too full of warm and fuzzy feelings, happy to be here with her. He gave her a kiss on the top of the head, then pulled away reluctantly.

“So, making a big show of opening the floor for try-outs, just to give your man a little nepotism later, huh?” he said jokingly, threading his fingers through hers.

Monica raised her eyebrows at him with a scoff. “You wish, Buster. If you want that spot, you’ve got to show that you’re the best. I already gave you a massive leg up by telling you beforehand.”

It was starting to be a point of friction between them, as much as Sam was trying to avoid a fight. Monica had had no problem just adding Katie to the roster, but for some reason he needed to prove his worth first. He understood that Katie was probably

better at Strike Force than he was at Boostronauts, but he still didn't see why it would have been a big deal to invite him even if he wasn't the best player in the club. No one would have been upset not to have been chosen for a game none of them played.

But he was probably a shoo-in for the spot on the team anyway, so he tried not to be bitter. Sam gave Monica's hand another squeeze, then trailed off to get some practice in at one of the TVs.

As he played with rotating club members, Sam's confidence began to grow. None of the other members seemed to be taking the game very seriously, and none of them were very good either. If this was the level of competition he was facing, it looked like joining the team was going to be a walk in the park.

As another round finished, Sam sat back, waiting for more players to join in. Interest was drying up, with most people choosing to play other games with their friends. Sam looked around to see what Monica was up to, and frowned as he noticed her across the room, seemingly in a heated conversation with Katie. The unexpected sight immediately sent faint alarm bells ringing in his mind. Monica looked like she was barely controlling her volcanic anger, her neck muscles strained and her finger pointing at Katie. Katie looked coolly unimpressed, her arms crossed and her hip cocked as she answered Monica in short, clipped phrases.

They were too far away for Sam to hear what they were saying, and he couldn't imagine what they might be arguing about. Normally Monica shared everything with him, and he hadn't heard anything from her recently about being upset with her best friend.

Just as Sam was considering getting up and seeing what the matter was between the two women, someone plopped down onto the worn-out media lab couch beside him.

“Sup, nerd,” said a sneering, nasally voice, “heard that you think you’re getting on the team.”

Fuck. Sam had been having a great day so far. The last thing he needed was a conversation with Aidan.

Sam held back a sigh as he turned toward the sophomore who was now sitting on the couch beside him.

Aidan Walsh was, at least in Sam’s opinion, the worst member of the club. If it was possible to kick someone out just for being annoying, he would already be gone. Aidan had a gangly build, a squinting, freckled face, and carrot-orange hair that was always buzzed close to his skull and hidden by a snapback. He wore jerseys and athletic shorts almost exclusively, which tended to hang loosely off his scrawny body.

In other words, Aidan looked like the annoying little pipsqueak he was. Yet, despite his unimpressive looks, the underclassman had the most ridiculously overinflated sense of ego Sam had ever seen. He couldn’t stop bragging about his skills at gaming, and thought, for reasons that no one could comprehend, that he was God’s gift to women.

“I’m going to compete with everyone else, yeah,” said Sam in a strained voice, trying his best to maintain a pleasant smile. No one at the club liked Aidan all that much, but Sam in particular struggled to deal with him. Last year, Aidan had been interested in Monica and made his intentions crystal clear to everyone in the club in fairly crude terms. He wasn’t discouraged at all when he was told that she was already dating someone else, and it had taken both Monica and Sam putting their feet down and threatening to kick him out of the club to get him to ease off his open flirtation. Ever since then, Sam had struggled to keep his cool while dealing with the little shit.

Aidan, as usual, either didn’t recognize Sam’s discomfort or didn’t give a shit. “Well, sorry to burst your bubble, Cap,” said the scrawny sophomore with a smug grin. “But I’m joining the tryouts too, and since I’m competing, you just don’t stand a chance.”

Sam had a lot of things that he could have said to that, but he kept it to a tight-lipped, “We’ll see about that.”

Aidan barked a nasty little laugh and scooped up the controller. “Yeah. We will. Show me what you’ve got. Always worthwhile to scope out the competition, yeah?”

Sam was only too happy for the opportunity to shut the little pipsqueak up. They started a two-player match and got started.

Aidan was normally all bark and no bite, but as they played, Sam started to sweat a little. He wasn’t sure if he just wasn’t as good

as he thought, or if Aidan for once had a talent for a game, but he had to work hard to keep up.

“I can’t wait until I win and get to go on this trip,” said the little bastard with a faint grin, his eyes fixed on the screen and his thumbs a blur of frenzied movement on the controller. “It’s a couple states over, right? That’s a long-ass drive… not to mention a couple of days of high-stakes competition. Emotions will be running high. And with you sitting at home while I’m backing up your girl during the most exciting few days of her life? Well, a lot could happen, bro. Just saying.”

Sam was just about to tell Aidan to shut the fuck up when a strange and disturbing sensation stole over him. He imagined exactly the scenario that the annoying underclassman had laid out.

Aidan resuming his campaign of aggressive flirting during the long car ride to the tournament… emotions running high during the competition… celebrations back at the hotel getting a little too out of hand. Monica’s lips meeting Aidan’s in the heat of the moment, his scrawny arms wrapping around her and pulling her close.

It was ludicrous. If there was anyone who disliked Sam more than Aidan, it was Monica. There was no way in a million years that she would give in to Aidan’s clumsy pursuit. But the implausibility of the vision didn’t stop an alarming and unwelcome surge of heat from rising up inside Sam, dark, twisted, and utterly humiliating.

It was over in an instant. Sam got so flustered and distracted that Aidan swiftly dispatched him. The younger man had never been a particularly gracious winner. Aidan whooped in victory, standing from the couch and raising his arms over his head.

Sam was forced to endure the curious and half-amused glances from the nearby club members, his face growing red as Aidan did a little triumphant dance, rubbing his victory in.

“Whatever,” Sam grumbled, getting up himself and preparing to make a swift retreat from the humiliating scene. “You got lucky this time.”

“Ha! It won’t be the only time that I get lucky!” crowed the little prick with a wide, leering grin. Sam felt a sudden urge to punch him in the face, and realized that he had to remove himself from the situation immediately. This was incredibly unlike him. Sam had never had this sort of issue controlling his emotions. If he got into a fight with Aidan right now, he would just look like an unstable sore loser. He turned away, trying to breathe slowly and control the insane, incongruous feeling of rage and lust pulsing through him.

What the fuck is going on with me? Has the sexual play with Gus affected me so much that another guy talking about sleeping with Monica is enough to turn me on?

“Don’t worry, bro!” called Aidan at his retreating club captain. “I’ll take good care of my teammates while you’re on the bench.”

Sam balled his fist and tuned him out. It was all words. Empty boasting as usual. He just needed to find Monica and vent a little. That would help him sort things out in his head.

But Monica was nowhere to be found. And neither was Katie. Whatever their disagreement had been, it seemed like they had decided to take it somewhere private. Sam was forced to sulk on a beanbag chair playing a handheld game for the rest of the practice, hoping that his humiliating loss to Aidan hadn't been noticed by too many club members.

…

"I'm going to ask you again," hissed Monica as the bathroom door slipped closed behind them, nearly vibrating with anger. "Where were you when I texted you yesterday?"

Katie, in contrast with her friend's heat, seemed ice cold. Almost indifferent. She leaned back against the bathroom counter with her arms crossed and replied placidly, "And I'm going to answer the same way I did before. I was in the middle of planning a demonstration for this weekend. Why, where do you think I should have been?"

It was infuriating. Monica knew in her heart of hearts that Katie was lying, but there was no way for her to prove it. She could only glare at her friend, trying and failing to break Katie's impenetrable wall of cool calm.

Fine. She wants me to say it? I'll say it. I'll know the truth by her reaction alone.

"You were with him, weren't you?" asked Monica in a calm, intense voice. "With Gus." She had no evidence that that was true except a coincidental meeting on the stairs and a suspicion brewing in her gut, but her eyes searched her best friend's face for additional clues to confirm her paranoia.

And she saw exactly what she had feared. Katie scoffed and rolled her eyes, but a second before she performed the rehearsed reaction, Monica saw the brief glimpse of raw panic in her friend's expression.

I fucking knew it.

"What? Of course fucking not. God, are you still obsessed with that asshole? I thought we agreed, Monica. He's trouble. Are you seriously still playing that fucked up game with him and Sam? You know that that's just going to end in tears, right? You can't trust a man like him." Katie's cold words did nothing to convince Monica, who had never been more certain in her life that Katie had been hanging out with the professor. And "hanging out" was almost definitely too mild a term for it, considering how strongly Katie was working to hide it.

Monica was becoming more and more positive that she wasn't the only Gaming Club member who had been handling the Ogre's big cock.

“What are you, my mom?” snapped Monica with a sneer. “Katie, I’ve heard your ideas on the situation. They’re noted. But stay the fuck out of my business. If I need more advice about Gus, I’ll ask you for it.”

Katie looked surprised for a second, then her expression hardened. “Whatever,” she said with a bitter sigh, looking away. “I’m not the one who started this conversation, remember? Now do you have any more wild accusations, or can I go?”

Monica fumed… but there wasn’t much that she could do. She now had a growing certainty that Katie had gotten involved with Gus. Even though she had no new evidence to prove it, she knew her best friend well. Katie, despite warning Monica to avoid Gus completely, had been with him at exactly the times they were supposed to have their biweekly meetings. Monica wanted to question Katie and find out what the fuck she was thinking, but if Katie refused to even admit the basics, Monica could see her interrogation would go nowhere.

That was ok. Monica would be meeting with Gus tonight, and there was no way Katie would be able to get in the way of that.

“Stay out of this thing with Gus,” Monica said finally, her anger cooling into flat grimness. “I know what I’m doing. In fact, I’m meeting with him tonight to tell him that we’re done.”

This time, Katie looked almost insultingly relieved. “That’s smart. Well… I guess I’ll see you around,” said Katie, her expression conflicted and a little guilty as she turned and headed for the door.

Monica hated the fact that her best friend thought she was some sort of little girl who needed protecting, but she was also tired of their cyclical argument. She let Katie go, then retreated to a stall to sit and think.

She pulled out her phone and opened up the messages she had been exchanging with Gus. Today she had been playing coy about whether she was actually going to meet with him or not, trying to exact a little revenge for his rude treatment. But she could tell by his messages that he knew she would say yes in the end. The last thing he had sent was just a time and an address. An Argentinian restaurant that Monica had never heard of before, but looked much fancier than any restaurant she had ever been to before, besides the one Gus had taken her to last time.

Monica considered sending him another message claiming that she still wasn't sure that she wanted to go, but it was getting into the afternoon, and it was probably time to get real.

[See you there.]

No matter how much the old creep infuriated her, they did need to have a talk. Monica had to break things off. The handjob she had been pressured into giving him had been going way too far, and Gus had sealed his fate with his little stunt of rudely skipping their regular meetings. Monica had confirmed to her satisfaction the night before that she had still been thinking about her boyfriend subconsciously when she gave Gus the handjob, but his rudeness was inexcusable. Monica didn't need an influence like that in her life.

There was also the issue of the way Gus had started to make her feel… At that thought, a perverse impulse washed over Monica. She bit her lip, then scrolled upward in one guilty swipe. Her blood sizzled and her breath caught as the image of Gus's cock filled the screen.

With a guilty start, Monica closed the messaging app and stuffed the phone into her pocket, but the clinging, heated shame still remained.

That was an even more important reason why she had to cut things off with the Professor. She shouldn't be getting this turned on by him. He was a horny old man, and she was a much younger, much more attractive woman. Monica wasn't surprised that he wanted to push things as far as he could go. But that was why she was supposed to be keeping him on a short leash; setting clear and firm boundaries on what exactly they would do to make her boyfriend jealous and horny.

But now that she looked back on it, that hadn't been true from the very beginning. Instead of Monica being the one in control, it had always felt like Gus was the one setting the pace.

And if he was starting to turn her on, then this was becoming dangerous. The very fact that Gus was bothering her so much meant that she had gotten too close.

On the other hand, Gus was right. She needed to look him in the eyes and tell him the arrangement was over. Otherwise, he might

not get the picture and keep trying to pursue her. He might even try to talk to her at Gaming Club if she ghosted him. Better to make herself clear over dinner.

Monica's phone buzzed again, and for a moment, she thought that maybe it was Gus responding to her text. But, to her surprise, it was a message from Sam.

[Hey babe. Noticed that you ducked out of club. Everything ok?]

Monica stared down at her phone with a conflicted expression. This would be a perfect opening to tell Sam she planned to meet Gus for dinner.

If she hadn't already decided not to tell him.

Sam just got so worked up every time she met Gus, and this time it would be for no reason. There would be no kissing or sitting on laps tonight, and she didn't want Sam pacing the floors, worrying that there might be. Besides, she had already told her boyfriend she planned to be done with Gus, and telling him that she had stayed in contact and set up one last "date" (if you could call it that) would just confuse the issue.

It felt a lot simpler to just make up an excuse, head out for a quick dinner, let Gus know that they were through, and let Sam continue in the belief that everything was already over and he had nothing to worry about. It made her feel a little guilty to deceive her boyfriend that way, but it would keep him from overthinking things. In the end, it was a little white lie.

[Just having girl talk with Katie in the bathroom. Be back in a sec.]

It had the benefit of being mostly true. Monica took one last breath, shook off the last bits of lust jangling through her system from looking at Gus's cock, then got up and headed back to the club meeting just as it was getting over.

…

It didn't really phase Sam when his girlfriend said she was having a girls' night with Katie that evening. The two friends' one-on-one time had faded a little over the years, but it still wasn't unheard of.

He was a little alarmed when Monica started getting dressed, though. He had figured that when she talked about a girls' night with Katie, she meant, like, a night at Katie's apartment drinking wine and gossiping, which wouldn't require anything fancier than a sweater and jeans. But, much to Sam's surprise, when Monica got out of the shower, she laid out the tiny purple dress she had bought the other day when they had gone shopping.

The same purple dress that she had teased him about wearing for Gus.

Sam sat, watching avidly as Monica slipped into the tiny, daringly revealing dress, brooding as he enjoyed the sight of her perfect curves squeezing into the slutty outfit.

There was no way he could just let this particular wardrobe choice pass without comment. “So what’s with the dress?” he finally asked, trying to keep his tone light. “What sort of girls’ night is this exactly?”

Monica glanced at him over her shoulder in the mirror.“Katie has been wanting to try out this fancy sushi place forever. I keep promising that I’ll go, and tonight’s finally the night.” She motioned toward her back, sweeping her glossy chestnut hair out of the way and saying, “Do me a favor and zip me up.”

Sam dutifully stepped forward to help. “Who goes out to eat at eight PM… Besides, I like sushi too,” he grumbled. “Why am I not invited?”

Monica laughed and craned her neck back to give him a brief kiss. “Me and Katie had a bit of a fight today, Tiger. We need to straighten some things out. It’s going to be a lot of girl talk. And eating dinner late is trendy. I don’t make the rules.”

Ah, it was about that fight he had seen earlier. That made sense. But it still didn’t make him completely comfortable with the dress. He grimaced at the sight of Monica’s smooth, pale skin beneath the zipper as he raised it. “Yeah, I guess… but do you really have to wear this dress? You aren’t even wearing a bra with it!”

Monica stepped forward, staring at herself in the mirror as she adjusted the fit of the dress. “Don’t be silly, Tiger,” she said placidly. “I can’t wear a bra with this. Not one of my normal ones anyway. Everyone would be able to see it.” Sam couldn’t help but

stare at the way that the neckline plunged down between his girlfriend's incredible tits. She was right, of course: if she wore a bra, the tops and inner sides of the cup would be visible. But obviously that didn't make Sam feel better. After she made sure the dress fit, Monica turned to Sam. As she did so, he couldn't help but notice how the lower hem was short enough to reveal more than half of her thick thighs.

Monica caught the look in Sam's eyes and snorted, moving closer to pat his cheek. "I know, I know… It's pretty sexy, isn't it? But I didn't buy this dress to leave it hanging in the closet. And now, since I'll never go on another date with the Ogre, I might as well wear it to look hot when I'm out with my friend at a fancy restaurant, right?"

Sam grimaced. "Well, I guess, but…"

Monica chuckled again and pulled her man close, letting him feel her soft, braless tits press into his body. His hands felt naturally to the small of her back, then strayed a little lower to her ample butt, feeling exactly how short her dress was. Monica's breath tickled his ear as she whispered, "You're thinking about what all of the guys in the sushi restaurant might think of my new dress, aren't you, Tiger? Perfect. That will get you all warmed up in time for me to get home."

Once again, she had his number. Sam had thought that, after Monica had decided to end their arrangement with the Ogre, his days of being jealous and horny and angsty were over. But after the strange encounter with Aidan earlier in the afternoon and his

feelings about Monica and her dress, he was realizing that horny jealousy might just be a permanent part of his sex life now. As Monica pressed forward, Sam's already-stiffening cock pressed into her soft belly. She increased the pressure a little for a second, grinding forward, but when he tried to pull her close and draw her into a kiss, she pulled away with a light giggle.

"Not yet, Tiger," she chided teasingly. "I'm not about to get all sweaty before I go out. But I'll be all yours when I get back. Promise."

She turned away toward the bathroom, probably to put on some makeup, but before she could get any further, Sam stopped her. "Wait a sec," he said, and went to grab the necklace that Monica had left on the dresser when she took her clothes off for the shower. He returned to his girlfriend with a jealous glint in his eyes and clasped the heart pendant back around her neck. "There," he said with satisfaction, watching as the heart rested just above her mouthwatering cleavage. "Now any time some other guy looks, he won't be able to help seeing that you're mine."

"I love it!" said Monica with a wide smile. "That's the spirit, babe. No matter where I go or what I do, you'll always be my number one. She grabbed his hand and swiftly kissed it. "Now I really do need to get ready, babe, otherwise I'll be late."

Sam watched her head back to the bathroom and felt at peace. Maybe the little edge of jealousy really was here to stay. Monica was the type to push buttons after all. He could hardly expect her to play fair now that she had found such an effective way to rile

him up. But she was right. No matter what games they played, they were in them together.

And it *was* sort of hot to imagine her teasing all of the guys out there with her tiny dress… Sam headed back to the couch and fired up a game, imagining what he was going to do to Monica once she got home from her girls' night.

…

Monica stared out the window at the passing lights as her rideshare sped through the city, fingering the heart pendant at her neck.

It was stupid to wear the slutty dress for her last date with Gus. She knew that. It would just stir up the perverted old professor more. But Monica had begun to realize that that was what she wanted. She didn't just want to break things off with Gus; she wanted to wipe the smug look off his face and make him finally realize how badly he had fucked up by playing around with her. She wanted him to suffer and squirm as she looked him in the eyes and told him they were done.

At this point, Monica recognized that her annoyance was about more than Gus rudely missing a few meetings. She was angry about that, but more importantly, she was angry at herself. At the whole situation. The fact that she had actually gotten turned on by a gross old predator was completely unacceptable. That was why she really wanted to punish Gus. Because he had made her feel something she wasn't comfortable with.

So she had stupidly piled another lie on top of the earlier lie by saying she was meeting with Katie. Once again, she had made things more complicated for herself in an attempt to have it both ways. Luckily, after tonight, things would be simple. Just her and Sam together with no more complications.

When the car ride ended, Monica found herself dropped off on a busy street. Unlike the Italian restaurant they had gone to before, the Argentinian place was in a bustling downtown area. Its tastefully lit sign glared down at a sidewalk with people busily walking by. Monica shivered a little, wrapping her arms around herself and peering around for Gus. She probably should have worn a jacket tonight. The wind was bitingly cold this time of year. But she didn't have any jacket that was appropriate for putting on over a dress, and she had assumed that she wouldn't be outside for that long.

The amount of bare skin Monica was showing meant she was getting cold rapidly, and also attracting stares from people passing by. She hadn't expected to be waiting too long, and she had also assumed that the restaurant would be in a quiet area. It didn't take very long for her to get her first catcall.

"Hey mama, how are you doing tonight?"

It came from a group of young men leaning up against a street light a few feet down the block. His tone was laid back. Almost polite. But Monica could tell that it was testing the waters. If she

stuck around, the young men would start getting pushier. She could feel it.

Fuck this.

Monica turned to enter the restaurant. She normally met Gus outside whatever venue they were meeting at, but this was a special circumstance. After less than two minutes of waiting, Monica had already had enough. She could just text Gus from inside the restaurant and tell him to join her.

But right after she had given up, Monica saw Gus's massive bulk rapidly approaching through the crowd. People got out of his way as he strode forward with an annoyed, slightly distracted look on his face. When he caught sight of Monica, his relief was obvious, and he made a beeline right for her.

"Hey, sorry, princess," he said gruffly, with a little grimace quirking his lips. "I gave you the wrong address, and I didn't realize until after our meet-up time."

Monica rolled her eyes, shivering as she gestured toward the Argentinian place they were standing in front of. "What? I can't believe that you… Uggh. So you mean we aren't eating here?"

Gus looked up at the restaurant and waved his hand dismissively. "Eat? Here? Nah, it's way overpriced, and that's saying something coming from me. No, the place I had in mind is way more fun, trust me. It's just two blocks down. That's why I fucked up the address."

Monica glared at him. It wasn't like the professor to fuck up tiny details, but she supposed that anyone could make a mistake. It was a little annoying that she would have to walk in her revealing, skimpy dress, but the restaurant had never been the draw of this meeting anyway. Eating somewhere else wasn't a deal-breaker. "Fine," she said with a little sigh. 'Lead the way, I guess."

Gus gestured her forward toward the direction he had come from, and soon they were walking side by side down the sidewalk.

"Love the dress, by the way," murmured Gus with a wolfish smile as they got underway, using his superior height to get a glimpse straight down her cleavage.

Monica had a sudden impulse to cover her tits with her hands and block his line of sight, but she knew that would only make her look weak. Instead, she fiddled with the heart pendant to make sure Gus couldn't help but see it and said, "Thanks. Sam loves it too," with a bright, false smile painted on her face.

Gus snorted lightly, shoving his hands deep in his pockets. He was actually dressed pretty well today in a suede jacket and tailored pants that fit his bulky form well. But it was hard to concentrate on his wardrobe when he was being an ass, and what he said next set Monica's teeth on edge. He seemed to have a real talent for that.

“Uh-huh. I’m sure lover boy is over the moon about sending you out looking like that. But you didn’t buy it for him, did you? You bought it to wear for me.”

Gus was obnoxiously confident. And infuriatingly right, although Monica would argue that buying the dress to wear for Gus had also been something she was doing for Sam. In any case, she didn’t dignify the guess with a response, instead raising a cool eyebrow and bluntly cutting to the chase. “You know that I only came to meet you tonight to tell you that we’re done, right?’

Gus just laughed, as if what she had said barely mattered to him. “Of course, of course. That’s what you were saying last night. But there’s nothing wrong with having a little fun while you tell me to fuck off, right? I know you aren’t happy with me, but you have to admit that our dates have been fun so far. Am I wrong?”

Monica wasn’t exactly sure how to reply. He wasn’t wrong, but on the other hand, she wasn't exactly in the mood to agree with him. Before she could think of something to say, a passerby interrupted them.

“Heeeey pretty girl, looking for a good time?” She probably should have realized that wearing this sort of dress in public would draw unwanted male attention. It was one thing to tease your boyfriend about how all the guys would be staring, but it was significantly less sexy to deal with men who had more boldness than brains when they got a look at everything you were showing off. The question had come from a hard-eyed man wearing a too-small

polo shirt. He looked even older than Gus. Monica cringed a little and avoided eye contact, only for him to turn as she passed.

“Hey bitch, I’m talking to you! I said…”

‘Fuck off, buddy,” said Gus in a bass rumble, reaching out casually with his arm to pull Monica to his side. “She’s with me.”

Monica went stiff, too shocked to react to the sudden feeling of Gus’s heavy, warm arm clutching her to his side, but apparently the catcaller did the math and decided a conflict with a mountain of a man like Gus just wasn’t worth the trouble, overweight or not. “Whatever,” he grumbled as he turned away.

“I’m not ‘with you’, Gus,” said Monica testily as they walked on past the encounter. “But… thanks.” Things had looked like they would get bad there for a second… or at very least annoying. It was good that Gus was here to take control of the situation. Monica suddenly wondered how Sam would have handled the situation, but she chased the thought away. She had more important concerns right now. Like the fact that Gus’s arm was still holding her close as they walked. “You can let go of me now,” she said warningly. “He’s not going to come running after us.”

“Oh, come down off your high horse,” said Gus with a chuckle, giving her a little squeeze. “I saw you shaking like a leaf. This way we can head off any other guys sniffing around and keep you from getting hypothermia. We’re almost there anyway.”

Monica rolled her eyes, but allowed Gus's arm to remain. She couldn't disagree that it felt a lot better to walk cozied up to Gus's warm bulk. The man was like a furnace.

It only took another minute of walking before Gus stopped. Monica frowned at the neon sign. A line of people in clothes as tight and revealing as hers were lined up by the door. This wasn't a fucking restaurant.

"Gus," she asked angrily, finally pulling away from his arm, "Where the fuck did you bring me?"

Gus held up his hands with an expression of wounded innocence. "Hey, I never told you we were going out to eat! Sorry that the wrong address made that confusing. Karma is the trendiest club in the city right now. I thought you would be happy about one last chance to experience luxury."

Monica put a hand to her forehead, trying her best not to smudge her makeup despite her frustration. "I… You thought the best place to have a conversation was in there?" she asked in a voice of disbelieving exasperation. Loud music was pumping out of the club's door. They had to speak up to be heard even outside.

Gus shrugged. "It isn't this loud the whole time. It goes in cycles. In a few minutes the music will get turned way down, and by then we'll be in the VIP section. I mean, those tables are a lot more private than a restaurant would be. I don't see what the hangup is."

Monica glared at him, then back to the gaudy, loud club. Something about this felt wrong to her. Once again, she had set up a carefully controlled scenario to make sure she was on top, and then Gus had pulled the rug out from under her, throwing her off balance. He claimed that the address mix-up had been a mistake, but it had also efficiently put her on the back foot.

But whatever. Monica could say what she needed to say in a club just as easily as she could over dinner. Especially if Gus was telling the truth that they would turn the music down at some point.

And what was the alternative anyway? Stand outside with strange men leering at her and the cold making her shiver while she waited for a rideshare to take her home early? Cancelling the meeting might be what Gus wanted anyway, since it would avoid her officially dropping him from her life.

Monica huffed and made up her mind. “Fine. So… what, do we have to get in line?”

Gus chuckled and beckoned her forward as he strode confidently toward the bouncer at the door. “Oh, come on now, princess, you know me better than that at this point.”

…

The interior of Karma wasn’t just warm; it was hot. The music was a loud, tingling rumble that seemed to press against every inch of Monica’s exposed skin.

She had never been inside a club like this, since she wasn't yet 21, but as usual that wasn't a problem after Gus had a few quiet words with the bouncer. It was a completely new sensory experience, and despite Monica's determination to deal with Gus quickly, she couldn't help but stare around wide-eyed and soak in the atmosphere.

Everyone just looked so… glamorous. She supposed that that was the natural result of a bouncer only making sure well-dressed and attractive people got in. Even more shockingly, a lot of the gorgeous women leaning against the bar and gracefully swaying on the dance floor wore dresses even more revealing than Monica's, which she wouldn't have thought was possible.

Despite that, Monica was still drawing eyes. She felt an absurd stab of pride when she noticed the number of heads that turned as she followed Gus through the crowd. She wasn't sure why the men outside had repulsed her while the attention she got here seemed flattering. Maybe it was because she wasn't the only one with her tits practically hanging out, so it felt more like she was winning a competition. Or maybe it was because she now knew that Gus wouldn't allow anyone to disrespect her or make her uncomfortable.

It wasn't the evening that she had anticipated, but Monica couldn't help but feel her excitement rising. She had spent most of her life staying at home and playing video games, and even though she would be happy to get back to that tomorrow, being out at this

fascinatingly sophisticated and adult club was a novel experience she wanted to explore now that she had the chance.

After all, when would Sam ever take her somewhere like this? The very thought of him clashed completely with the willowy girls and hungry-eyed men prowling through the neon darkness of the club. She might as well enjoy herself while she had the opportunity.

Monica barely blinked when Gus led her toward the dance floor rather than the private table he had mentioned. It only made sense. They wouldn't have a chance to speak until the music was turned down anyway.

By the time they had melded into the shifting, pulsating crowd on the dance floor, the excitement was thrumming in Monica's blood. Everything was so loud and flashy and exciting that she momentarily forgot about her mission to toss Gus aside. But the effect was spoiled a little when she tried to imitate the skillful, languid movements of the other scantily-clad women around her. Where they seemed to sway, she felt like she flopped. They were poised and fierce, but she felt awkward and jerky. The magic faded for her as she realized that she was an imposter here. She might be wearing a dress that happened to fit in with what all the other girls had on, but they belonged here, and she was just a nerd who had wandered away from her safe space of video games.

Gus seemed to have no such difficulty. An overweight man like him seemed like he should be just as out of place here as Monica

felt. Instead, he moved with a confident rhythm, surprisingly light on his feet.

He saw Monica stop moving and raised an eyebrow, moving closer.

“I just want to talk! I can't… I don't want to dance right now!” yelled Monica into his ear. But despite her protest, Gus seemed to understand her underlying insecurity by instinct alone.

“You just need to loosen up a little. Let me get you a drink!”

Monica wanted to protest that she didn’t want one, but Gus was already moving off through the crowd, and in moments the mass of sweaty, moving bodies engulfed even his massive frame. Now Monica stood alone as the crowd pulsed around her, at one with the body-thumping beat of the dance music. She wished that she could join them, but she just wasn’t sure that she was the kind of person who could. Maybe it would be better to get off the dance floor…

Just as the thought formed in her mind, Monica felt a touch on her hip. Her initial thought was that Gus was back early from getting her a drink, so she turned, ready to demand that he take her to the private booth he had mentioned. But a powerful shock ran through her as she saw that the man touching her wasn’t Gus at all.

It was a tall man, perhaps a few years older than her, with dark skin, a tight shirt unbuttoned almost halfway down his chest, and

a sharp, broad grin that lit up his face. She let out a gasp that was utterly inaudible over the pounding music and took a step back, raising her hands in a warding, almost apologetic gesture, as if maybe the man had made some sort of mistake.

But it was clear that this stranger knew exactly what he was doing; he pursued as Monica stepped back, his smile only widening. He said something that Monica couldn't hear over the music, but she caught his meaning perfectly from his expression and the hands that reached toward her once again, trying to pull her close.

Don't worry, baby. Dance with me. I don't bite. It'll be fun.

And, as uncomfortable and confronting as it was to be touched and pursued by a stranger, there was a dark temptation there too. The man wasn't unattractive. He looked grown-up and strong and dangerous. And he wanted her in a predatory, ruthless way. Monica could tell by the greedy glint in his eyes that this man saw himself as the hunter and her as the prey.

She felt like a mouse, hypnotized by the eyes of a snake. His hands slipped around her waist, hot and firm over the thin material of her dress. His dark eyes seemed to fill Monica's world, and her heart beat a sickening, powerful rhythm.

It was all too much. Monica's anger from earlier in the evening, which had rapidly shifted to the excitement of a new experience, now transformed again into a scary, darkly alluring fascination with this stranger. Monica didn't know what to think.

The man was moving rhythmically now, trying to get her to dance with him. Monica shook her head, but she couldn't make herself heard, and it felt almost impossible to get this man to accept her denial anyway. She wasn't sure what she could do…

The man's sharklike grin flashed into a scowl instantly as a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. Monica felt a swell of relief as Gus loomed behind the insistent stranger, his face calm but firm. The stranger slapped Gus's hand off his shoulder and made a gesture for the older man to get lost, a contemptuous sneer on his face.

Gus's reaction was immediate. He gripped the stranger's shoulder again, spinning him away from Monica, then, before the other man had a chance to react, Gus planted a hand on the center of his chest and gave a firm push, sending him stumbling back into the crowd. The dark-skinned stranger now wore a look of almost comical shock, which hardened into anger as he regained his balance and balled his fists.

Gus calmly held out the martini glass filled with lime-green liquid that he was carrying toward Monica, and, still too shocked to even know how to feel, Monica took it from him.

The crowd had formed a rough circle now, scattering away from the two men who looked like they were about to fight. The man who had grabbed Monica looked angry and nervous, but Gus was absolutely calm, cracking his knuckles and waiting for the other man to come at him.

It was obvious to everyone watching that Gus had the advantage. He was older and had a big gut, but his shoulders and arms bulged with muscle, and the way he carried himself made it obvious he had no issues with getting into a fight.

Monica felt a strange tingle run through her, her heart hammering in her chest as her body sang with adrenaline. She had plenty of experience sitting back on a couch, watching fighting happen on her screen. But this was real. Raw. Dangerous. These two men might really get hurt, and they were fighting over her.

She wished she could say that the whole thing was horrifying and off-putting, but the truth was that the sense of excitement she had felt ever since walking into the club was only growing. She had always secretly found it thrilling that Gus and Sam were jealously competing for her attention, even though that wasn't a totally accurate summary of the situation. This fight was even more direct, bringing that powerful thrill back to riot through her.

It brought a flare of heat with it, hot and wet and irrepressible, centered between her legs. She had to take a sip of the drink Gus had brought her just to calm herself down. The taste of artificial apple flooded her mouth, tart and cloyingly sweet.

Although the stranger had seemed like he was itching for a fight, even he could see the mismatch. He was tall, but much skinnier than Gus. He licked his lips, the whites of his eyes showing as he glanced around at the surrounding crowd and the man looming like a mountain in front of him.

Without another word, he turned and pushed into the crowd, disappearing and ending the fight before it even began.

The crowd swept back in, many of them looking Gus up and down with newfound respect. And when the professor turned back to Monica with a confident grin, she felt a little flutter in her stomach that she did her best to suppress.

I'm here to kick this jerk to the curb, not to swoon over his big, dumb alpha male act. Focus, Monica.

"Gus," she said in a half-yell as he got closer, "I really think we should sit down and…"

She wasn't prepared for it when he wrapped her arms around her and pulled her close, and even less ready for him craning his neck downward to kiss her.

Fuck… that little flutter in her belly roared to life, suddenly a crackling flame. She felt weak and woozy, leaning against his strong body. He had kissed her exactly the same way he had handled the interloping man. Swiftly, confidently, and decisively. A dim part of her mind insisted that this was the exact opposite of what she should be doing. She was done with Gus. She and Sam were finished with the twisted game.

And yet she weakly clutched him with her free hand as his arms encircled her. Her tongue swirled submissively around his as she closed her eyes, feeling a hot blush creeping into her face. She

couldn’t help it. After he had saved her from the pushy man, it just felt… right.

Finally, she pulled away, gasping, eyes staring deep into Gus’s penetrating gaze. “Are you alright?” he asked, just on the edge of hearing.

She gulped and nodded. “Yeah. Thanks. But, Gus, I really think that…”

He ignored her protests and reached out to push the glass she still had limply in her hand to her lips. “Here, drink,” he commanded in a voice that allowed no argument. Monica did as he said, feeling the mild burn of the alcohol beneath the fruity sweetness of the drink calm her nerves a little. When she had finished, he plucked it from her hands and handed it to one of the dancers nearby. They gave him a strange look, but Gus seemed so confident that they took the empty martini glass from him anyway.

“You never need to worry about other guys when you’re out with me,” he said in a voice of rock-solid certainty. “Now here, pay me back by dancing with me.”

“Gus…” she said reluctantly, grimacing and shaking her head, “I really shouldn’t…” But even as she said it, she realized that she sort of did want to dance with him. She still planned to tell him things were over at the end of the night, but right now she could hardly be angry and contemptuous toward the man who had been willing to fight for her.

Dancing with him a little didn't mean she was giving in to his charms. It just meant enjoying this one last evening to the fullest.

She let herself be drawn forward, still remembering her embarrassing inability to match the rhythm earlier. The music had shifted now. It was still bone-shatteringly loud, but now it was more bassy; a low, thumping, purring rhythm that got under her skin. As Gus began to move his heavy body to the beat, she tried to as well, but soon she ran into the same problem as before. She couldn't match Gus's effortless ease. She didn't look like the cold, careless beauties around them on the dance floor, swaying in rhythm. And as she felt more and more out of place, her awkwardness rose up to swallow her.

But just as Monica was about to insist that she wanted to stop, Gus reached out and put a strong, broad hand on her hips, pulling her close and speaking up against her ear.

"You're thinking too much. I see it in your eyes. Don't think. Feel."

She took a deep breath, then focused on the pressure of his hands on her hips. On the deep, thrumming pulse of the music, on the low heat that had been growing inside her since Gus had chased off that stranger.

She felt. And she moved.

She still didn't have the practiced, effortless steps that the other women had, but she didn't need them. It felt like the beat was

inside her now, and gentle pressure from Gus's hand on her body showed her the rest.

Tentatively at first, then with growing confidence, Monica began to sway and bounce to the rhythm. She felt herself almost click into place with the rest of the crowd, suddenly a part of a larger system. And Gus was right there too. His hands on her body, his intense eyes glinting in the dark as they moved together.

Monica felt it then, in the pulsing dark. That she could be someone different if she wanted to. She could be one of the dangerous, sexy adult women moving in the shadows around them. Not just an object of desire, but a player in the game of lust.

She was sweating now, feeling the drink as it made its way into her bloodstream, coloring the night with a warm, fuzzy haze. She lost track of time as she danced with Gus, moving in sync with his hands on her hips. Someone near her sloshed a drink, spilling onto her back, but she barely noticed. Just like Gus had told her, she was no longer thinking. She was just feeling.

Then, without any warning or discussion, Gus's hands were moving her. Spinning her around. She saw that they weren't the only ones. Throughout the crowd, women and men were dancing together, the women facing away while the men maintained a grip on their hips, crushing in close. She felt Gus's hands tighten and the pulsing heat inside her reached a peak. She knew just what she would feel next. And in that heated, frantic moment of mindless feeling, with the bodies of strangers moving around her in the dark, she wanted it. She wanted to be a fierce, sexy, mature

woman. She wanted to have a powerful man who everyone looked at with respect. One who always got her to the front of the line. Who put other men in their place if they overstepped.

Monica's hips pressed backward with firm, even force, and she felt the iron-hard length of Gus's cock press hard into the plush softness of her ass. The arousal simmering inside Monica bloomed into full-blown animal lust, and the heat of it finally shocked her back into reality.

Thoughts crowded back into her brain, overwhelming the mindless instincts that had been driving her. She stepped away from Gus, suddenly flooded with guilt as she realized the truth of her current position.

She had just been grinding her ass on Gus's cock. Sam was at home, and this time, he hadn't given his permission. She had come tonight with the intention of ending things with Gus for good, and then he had somehow twisted things around on her, just like he always did. She was turned on, and part of her was still eager to grind back against Gus, feeling the power of his cock as it pressed against her. But that impulse only made things worse. It meant that she couldn't trust herself.

Monica took a step back, bumping into someone in the crowd. Gus shook his head and reached for her, but this time Monica evaded him. How was him touching her any different from the stranger from before? Neither of them should be holding her close. How had she not realized that?

Gus was trying to say something, but she couldn't hear him over the music. It had never gotten quieter since they entered the club. Did they ever actually turn the music down, or had that just been another lie? With shame and anger curdling inside her, Monica turned and slipped through the crowd toward the door.

She didn't look behind her to see if Gus was following her, but she knew him well enough by now to assume that he probably was.

…

Gus sighed deeply and followed Monica as she ran out of the club.

Fuck. And things were going so well.

He knew that he had been playing with fire tonight, but all signs had been positive up until a few seconds ago. After he had chased that fuckboi away, Monica had looked like she was ready to drop her panties right then and there and reward him on the dance floor. The dancing had gone well too. He could tell that Monica was loosening up and doing what her body told her, which was exactly where he wanted her tonight.

But Monica was no easy prize. And she wasn't an idiot either. If she was a pushover, she wouldn't be worthy of becoming Gus's woman. Gus cursed himself for moving a hair too quickly. It was obvious that the feeling of his hard cock was what had shaken her out of her trance. If he had waited just a little longer, she might have been so horny and dazed that it wouldn't have phased her.

Now he had to clean up his mess, and the stakes couldn't be higher. If Monica got away now, this might actually be the last time they met, just like she was planning.

"Wait, princess," he called out after her as she burst out of the door and marched off down the street, destination unknown. "Slow down. Where are you even going?"

Monica turned her head to give him a suspicious glare, but kept walking. "Somewhere else. I should have known that this was a bad idea. You're depressingly predictable, *Professor*."

"Well, didn't you say that we needed to have a talk?" Gus maintained his usual iron control over his voice and face, but inside he was scrambling, trying to find any way he could to keep Monica on the date so he would have a chance to work on her further. "You didn't get a chance to eat. Let's just go to a restaurant, have a seat, and we can…"

"You want the talk?" said Monica coolly. "Here it is: this is the last time we're going to meet privately unless it's strictly about club business. The arrangement that you had with my boyfriend and me is over. There. Good talk, Gus. Now fuck off." She wrapped her arms tight around herself and shivered, but Gus knew better than to try his stunt of hugging her again. That would only make things worse.

"So what, you're just going to head home?" asked Gus gruffly, trying to find any in that he could.

Monica side-eyed him. “That’s the idea.” She pulled her phone out of her clutch as if he had just reminded her, and began pulling up a rideshare app.

Gus had just seconds to turn this around. His eyes darted over the angry young woman, settling on the faint sheen of sweat on her brow, already evaporating in the cold wind. An idea sparked. “Are you sure? Right now you smell like sweat, alcohol, and cologne. Don’t you think your boyfriend might have some questions if he thought you were just going out to eat?”

Monica’s thumbs froze, and her brow creased. “Wait…” She looked down at herself doubtfully. “Really? Do you think it’s that noticeable?” Bingo. In fact, as Gus watched the worried expression settle over her beautiful face and heard the edge of panic in her tone, he realized that he had struck gold even better than he thought.

Oh shit… does lover boy even know she’s with me right now? If not, that could open up some incredible opportunities.

“I mean, I think it’s better safe than sorry in this case,” said Gus sympathetically. “You wouldn’t want Sam asking too many questions.”

She shot him an unimpressed glance, but Gus could tell that she actually agreed with him. Monica bit her bottom lip, looked back down at her phone, then locked it and stuck it back into her purse.

“And I’m guessing you have some sort of solution for me?” she asked cautiously.

“Of course,” said Gus, smooth and calm on the outside, but nearly limp with relief on the inside. “All you need to do is come back to my place and grab a quick shower. I have a clothes steamer that I guarantee will get any inconvenient smells out of your dress. You can be in and out in a half hour and back to your boyfriend.

Monica snorted and rolled her eyes. “I’m not going back to your apartment, Gus. Do you think I’m stupid?”

No, I don’t. But I do think you would go pretty far to make sure your boyfriend doesn’t know what a bad girl you’ve been. And I think you wear your heart on your sleeve.

“Look, Monica,” he said, using his most sincere voice and expression, taking half a step closer, “I know what you’re saying. But do you really think I would push you to do something you didn’t want? I might not have been a perfect gentleman at times, but I hope that you trust me more than that. If you don’t want anything to do with me except use my shower and steam the booze smell out of your dress, I swear that’s all you’ll get at my place.”

She stared at him, tight-lipped and suspicious, her pretty blue eyes calculating. Gus held his breath.

Finally, she sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. “Fine. But just because I have no other choice. Where did you park?”

This was looking better and better. Gus had to focus on keeping the innocent look on his face as he led the way to the parking garage. This was going to be a piece of cake. Monica talked a big game about being done for good, but even if she had backed away, the rest of the evening showed that she was a lot more conflicted than she let on.

It wouldn't be easy, but Gus was confident that, with Monica headed back to his home turf, he was about to take things to the next level and put all of this talk about ending their arrangement out of her head.

He would just have to use every trick in the book to tug on her heartstrings on the way back to his apartment.

…

Monica tried to ignore Gus the best she could as they sped through the city toward his apartment. It wasn't easy to maintain her frosty, prickly facade of anger and disapproval. Because, as much as she hated to admit it, she had come to like Gus in a way. He was a cocky bastard who had pushed and disrespected and taken advantage of her in the past, but she felt like she understood him now.

He could even be kind of hot sometimes.

That was why she needed to end this. And the easiest way to do that was to keep him at arm's length. She had gone into the night

thinking that putting an end to things would be easy. Satisfying even, after the way he had pissed her off this past week. Now she was just hoping to get it done and get home to Sam as quickly as she could.

She had built up a lot of sexual energy at the club, and she needed her boyfriend to help work it off. It still felt dangerous to hang out with Gus when she felt this way.

But Gus wasn't going to make it easy to ignore him. "For real though," he said in low, soft rumble, staring ahead through the windshield as he drove. "We actually have time now. So why don't you give me the real speech? Why are you ending our little arrangement? Is it really because I missed those two meetings? Because, despite being an ass about them, I am sorry."

Monica stared over at him with a skeptically raised eyebrow, but couldn't detect any sarcasm or mockery this time. She let out a long sigh. "You want the truth, Gus? It's because this is all… too much. Things are feeling crazier and crazier, and Sam doesn't deserve this. It's just safer to back away before things go too far."

Gus frowned and glanced over at her. "Who says that things will go too far? You're a big girl. You decide what goes on between us. If you don't want to go any further, then don't."

Monica felt a flicker of anger rising inside her. She had been trying not to rise to the bait and get into an argument with the professor, but this was too much. "Are you serious?" she snapped. "I decide what goes on? I mean, yeah, that's what should happen. But you

are constantly trying to manipulate me! I mean, in the club back there you were trying to get me to drink, to dance, to forget about what I've been trying to do all night. You've been pushing and scheming from the beginning. That's why this whole thing doesn't feel safe."

She expected Gus to have some sort of weaselly explanation for how all of his underhanded scheming hadn't actually been manipulation at all, but he surprised her, like he often had before. His hands gripped the wheel hard and his lips tightened into a frown. "Don't give me that," he said in a voice vibrating with emotion.

Monica stared over at him in alarm. Gus was always cool, calm, and unruffled, usually wearing a cocky grin. He didn't look out of control or raging right now, but he did look angry, and it was more intimidating than Monica would have expected. "Gus, I said what I said," she insisted, trying to push through and stand her ground. "From the very first date, you were playing games and-"

"And what about you?" asked Gus sharply, cutting her off. When he glanced over at her now, there was a fire burning in his deep brown eyes that Monica hadn't seen before. A sort of passionate sincerity she hadn't even known the professor was capable of. "This has been a game by you and your boyfriend from the beginning as well, hasn't it? I'm just a prop to you. Some big bad boogeyman to work your man up with jealousy. Did you ever stop to consider that I'm a person with feelings?"

It was such a strange question coming from the cocky, smug manipulator that Monica laughed nervously. But Gus wasn't laughing. He was glaring ahead at the road as he drove, his knuckles white on the steering wheel. Monica frowned, actually thinking through what he was saying. Finally, she responded, speaking slowly and cautiously. "Look… I mean, maybe that's true. But this is a sex game, Gus. I don't know what you expected from me. You might have been the villain in the game with my boyfriend, but, to be fair, I was just the hot young girl that you were trying to get all you could from. We were using each other."

Gus was silent for a long minute, and then said in a low voice, "You don't know what it feels like from my end. You're young. You have your whole life ahead of you. You have a loving partner to go back to after we play our little games. I go back to my apartment alone and think about you. Maybe we were playing the same game, sweetheart, but the stakes were very different."

Monica was shocked by the emotion in his voice. Gus never spoke like this. Despite her suspicion over the old man's motives, she couldn't help but feel a little guilty, shifting uncomfortably in her seat. "Come on," she said nervously, looking away out the window so she didn't have to see the anger and sadness in Gus's eyes, "Aren't you the guy who dates student after student on campus? Tomorrow you'll find some other young thing and be on to your next project. Don't act like I'm special."

"You are," said Gus forcefully. "You might not believe me, but you are. It feels like shit to know that you're going home after our dates to the man you actually care about, just using me as fuel for

the fire. You know how fucking jealous I get of Sam?" He let out a harsh bark of a laugh. "God I would kill for what that lucky bastard has. I have to hold myself back, even though I know we both want it, because you're taken."

Monica studied his face now, fidgeting in her chair. Was this really the way he had felt the whole time? It made sense. He was, when it came right down to it, a middle-aged man, and Monica was a hot young college student.

So Gus had been burning with jealousy and frustrated lust for her this whole time? That was an… intriguing thought. It cast their whole past relationship as one where Monica had had a lot more power than she appeared. No wonder the poor guy had been trying to get her to go further and further; he just couldn't control his raging desire for her. Monica had always found Sam's angry jealousy to be the most intriguing part of their little arrangement, and knowing that those fiery, passionate emotions were reflected on the other side of the equation too was fascinating.

She asked before she could hold herself back. "So… what? You're saying that you're obsessed with me or something?"

Gus chuckled darkly, then took his hand off the steering wheel and reached it out, palm up. "Give me your hand. I want to show you something."

Monica cautiously reached out, and Gus guided her hand swiftly toward his crotch. She stopped her arm's progress with a jerk. "Gus…" she warned in an annoyed tone.

“No funny business,” said Gus sincerely. “I just want you to feel for a second, then you can let go, I swear.” Monica sighed, then relented. When Gus brought her hand to its final destination between his thighs, she gasped.

He was fully hard. His thick, powerful cock pressed with all its strength against the fabric of his pants. A pulse of heat flooded through Monica, and she couldn’t resist giving it a testing squeeze. Fuck… still as thick and throbbing and powerful as when she had jacked him off a week before. A moment later, Monica realized that her hand was beginning to stroke up and down his cock over the fabric, and she snatched her hand away with a blush staining her cheeks. “Fuck, Gus,” she said, her voice prickly with annoyance and arousal. “Why the fuck are you so hard? We’re just having a conversation. Not even a sexy conversation.”

A wry smile spread across Gus’s face as he shook his head. “This is just what you do to me, princess. I get this way every time that I think about you. Sometimes…” he licked his lips. “Nah. Nevermind. That’s going too far.”

But Monica was interested now. Gus had always seemed completely cool, calm, and in control. But just like with her boyfriend, Monica couldn’t resist the thought of a man completely undone with desire for her. “No,” she insisted, “tell me. You brought this up. Finish the thought. I need to know.”

Gus gave her a sidelong glance, his eyes brimming with smoldering heat. “Before our dates, sometimes I stroke my cock for hours, just thinking about you and trying to calm myself down. When I’m with you, sometimes I get so fucking horny I can barely breathe. Tonight, it took everything I had not to pull you close, rip that slutty dress off your sexy fucking body, and take you right there on the dance floor. ”

Monica gulped, and her eyes flickered back down to Gus’s crotch, where his erection almost threatened to burst out of his pants. His voice was a low rough growl, and no matter how skeptical Monica had been about the professor’s motives, she had absolutely no problem believing him now. This man wanted her badly. That much was obvious.

She remembered how possessive and protective Gus had acted tonight toward those other men, and suddenly she couldn’t help but picture what Gus had described. The Ogre, leaning back, eyes closed, pumping his fist up and down his thick cock as he pictured Monica…

The heat that had sparked inside Monica at the club was peaking her, spiraling up to a fever pitch. Suddenly, thoughts that had felt black and white just a minute ago were less clear. She had an absurd impulse to reach back out to Gus’s crotch and feel the rock-solid stiffness that she apparently caused him constantly.

Monica didn’t give in to that temptation, obviously. It didn’t matter that she was crackling with sexual electricity right now. She could take that home to Sam. The point was, she needed to be done

with Gus definitively, or she wasn't sure what she would do. It was obvious now that this arrangement had been causing issues for both of them… and Gus actually had a point. She and Sam had been using him. That had been easy enough when Monica hadn't really seen Gus as a person. But that was changing more and more.

"Maybe it's better that I'm ending things then," she said with a sigh, fidgeting in her chair and looking away out the window, trying to hide how flushed her face was. "If I'm worried about hurting Sam and you're… well…"

"...Horny as fuck?" said Gus with a lopsided grin. "I'm not so sure. I mean, if you want to be done, I'm not going to stand in your way. I know I pissed you off by not coming to our meetings this past week, but you want to know the real reason why I flaked out?"

Monica's fingers twisted in her lap. At this point, she was caught in the whirlpool of his words, and she couldn't escape. "Why?"

"I couldn't stop thinking about your hand on my cock. I knew that if we were together again, I would want more. I wouldn't be able to stop myself. And when you sent that sexy fucking picture last night?" His voice lowered to a raspy growl. "I must have drained myself dry a half-dozen times. I barely got any sleep. It just fed that fire even more. You might be fine after you finish this. You have a boyfriend to go back to. But me? I'm going to be thinking about you for a long time."

By the end of his little speech, Gus's voice had become bitter. Stinging guilt had risen to suffuse the throbbing heat pulsing through Monica's body. She had seen herself as just biting back when she sent that sexy teasing photo to Gus. She had had no idea that he was wrestling with overpowering desire and loneliness. But it wasn't just guilt that she felt now… it was also an intoxicating sense of power. She had always seen Gus as the one holding the reins of power between the two of them, but in the end, it had turned out that Gus felt weak and helpless when they were together.

It was sort of hot, in a strange way. She not only had Sam desperately longing for her, but this older, dominant man as well. Too bad it would be ending soon.

Monica opened her mouth, trying to say something that would help the stinging guilt. To tell Gus he would be alright, and he would find some other sexy young thing that wasn't taken like she was. She now knew that, even as old and ugly as he was, Gus could do it. There was something compelling about him that she was certain some other girl would like. Then she closed her mouth. Part of Monica didn't want to give up the high ground by comforting him. She wanted him to keep burning with desire for her.

Before she could decide what to say, Gus pulled swiftly into an underground car garage beneath a dark, silent high-rise.

“This is me,” said briskly, breaking the strange tension between them for the moment. “Let’s get you that shower, then you can finally be done with me.”

…

Monica wasn’t sure where to look as they rode the elevator up to Gus’s apartment. She had felt so certain and righteous when she stormed out of the club, but Gus had confused her worse than before when he bared his soul in the car.

They said nothing, just standing there with the tension between them thick and suffocating. Gus himself seemed to feel better. A casual, confident expression had once again settled over his face, as if making his confession had given him a sense of calm. Despite the return of his normal nonchalance, a quick, flickering glance downward showed Monica that he was still sporting a massive erection.

Holy shit. The man wasn’t kidding. Just being around Monica was enough to make him desperately aroused. That thought sent a thrill through Monica, triggering her bratty instinct to tease and exploit her power over him. But she held off. She had to be strong. The fact that Gus was like putty in her hands changed nothing. She still couldn’t get involved with him. Anyway, it wasn’t fair. She had been tormenting him without meaning to for weeks, apparently. It would be too cruel to poke that bear just before leaving to never see him again. She held her tongue and took a deep breath, trying to ignore the heated energy crackling between

them. Just hop in the shower, steam the club smell out of her dress, then go home. She could do that.

She had to admit that she was impressed when Gus unlocked his door and ushered her inside his apartment. She had always considered herself down to earth and not materialistic at all, but it was thrilling to look down from the large, floor-to-ceiling windows and see the city glittering like jewels beneath them. The artwork and furniture expressed understated luxury as well… an interesting contrast to Gus's sometimes-crude character. Maybe he had even more hidden depths than Monica thought.

"The shower is through here," said Gus softly, calling Monica out of her reverie as she trailed her fingers over the back of the low leather couch. He opened a cupboard to produce a fluffy white towel and pointed through an open door. "I'll just wait out here. I should have everything you might need in the bathroom, but if there's anything I can get you, just shout."

Monica gulped and nodded. It was time to do what she came here for and be done with this. As she took the towel from Gus's hands, she couldn't help but feel the intensity of his gaze on her body, gliding over her lusciously presented tits and the exposed length of her thighs. For a moment, she felt the heat of his lust like a blast furnace, sending another pulse of desire through her. Her eyes flicked down to the bulge in his pants once again, she bit her lower lip hard, then she slipped into the bedroom he had indicated and closed the door behind her, cutting off the suffocating heat between them.

Monica took a deep breath and plopped down on the starched sheets of the king sized bed in the room, waiting for her heart to slow down and willing the pulsing heat thrumming through her body to cool. How the fuck did this man have such a talent for getting to her? She was doing exactly what she had planned to do at the beginning of the night when she put the dress on; drive Gus crazy and remind him of what he was losing by being an ass. And yet, despite succeeding completely, she felt like she was the one on the back foot.

She needed to shower and get out of this apartment as quickly as she could. Monica reached awkwardly behind her back and unzipped the dress, tugging it off and sniffing it. Ugh. Gus hadn't been lying. She smelled like a club, not a sushi restaurant. She laid the garment out on the bed, trying to ignore the way her nipples stiffened even further as they were freed from beneath the dress. She bit her lip as she tugged her panties off as well, shivering as cool air of the room hit the overheated wetness between her thighs. She tentatively reached down and felt herself, gasping at the sudden flare of sensation and the slick heat she discovered there. She had been surprised by how aroused Gus was by their conversation, but she apparently was in the same boat; although her arousal was better-hidden, she was probably just as turned on as he was.

Back to business. She needed to move fast. "So… what?" she called out loudly enough to reach through the closed door. "Are you just going to steam my dress while I'm in the shower? Or do you have a robe or something I can wear afterward while *I* steam it?"

Monica heard the creak of a floorboard, but she didn't realize what it meant until it was too late. A white hot blaze of shock rushed through her as the door handle turned and Gus entered the room.

"Yeah, I can steam it while you shower, but if you want, there's a robe… in…" Gus's mouth fell open as he realized what was happening. Then he stood there, just inside the doorway, frozen and staring at her. Staring at her luscious, fully naked body; bare tits, stiff nipples, flushed, dripping pussy, and all. For one long moment of white-hot panic and unleashed arousal, they stood across the room from each other, rendered utterly speechless.

Monica was the first to unfreeze, snatching the dress up off the bed and clutching it to her to hide her nudity… too late, since Gus had gotten a perfect view of everything she had to offer. "Get the fuck out!" she yelped, her mind on fire with the shock and shameful arousal of what had just happened.

"Shit, sorry!" said Gus, seemingly just as stunned as her. He turned around and put a hand over his eyes. "I thought since you were asking me something, you hadn't changed yet!"

"Just get oouuuut!" groaned Monica, her face flushing scarlet with a hot blush. She clutched the dress tight to her tits and crotch, ashamed of the throbbing arousal she could feel beneath her hands. Mercifully, Gus finally seemed to fully catch up to the situation at hand and obeyed her, leaving the room and slamming the door in his haste to leave.

Monica was left on her own, heart pounding and body burning.

Fuck. Fuck! He had seen everything. Seen what should have been for her boyfriend's eyes alone.

And worse… he had gotten a great look at exactly how horny she really was. Now Gus knew that, even if she didn't want him mentally, her body felt the same chemistry between them that he had described.

If he had been struggling to hold himself back before, she could only imagine how bad it would be now.

…

Gus felt the thrill of the hunt coursing through his veins as he slammed the door shut behind him.

That sob story he had fed Monica of barely being able to hold himself was bullshit, of course. Gus had never had issues with self-control; he just knew that idea of him being obsessed and lust-drunk over her would fascinate a bratty little tease like Monica and draw her in. But even he had struggled to hold himself back when he had taken the gamble and walked into the room, seeing Monica's perfect, lush body for the first time. Fuck, it was like she was built by God himself to be the perfect fucktoy. Fat, firm titties with expressive pink nipples. An hourglass figure with a mouthwatering contrast between her waist and her wide hips. A

cute little pussy that had already been puffy and glistening with desire before he even walked in the room.

And it would all be his. He had never felt it more strongly before in his entire life. Those big, round tits would bounce in his face and squish under his firm hands. Monica would gasp and moan and coo as his teeth and tongue and lips claimed her perfect pink nipples. His fingers would sink into those wide hips, and his palm would crack against that fat ass as she obediently bounced up and down the cock of her lover, her master, her man.

That tight, pink little cunt would welcome the cock it was always meant for. Pulse and clench around him. Accept his cum. And only his. She would moan his name and beg for more. He swore it to himself.

But it just hadn't been time yet when he walked into the room. Monica needed to think that had been an innocent mistake. It was all building on the seeds he had planted on the car ride here. And it seemed he had succeeded. Monica was embarrassed, but not angry. He could convert this to the result he wanted.

She just needed one last little push…

…

Eventually, Monica had to unfreeze and just take the fucking shower. She couldn't just stand in the Professor's bedroom all night freaking out over how he had seen her naked.

The last thing Monica took off was the heart pendant. The sight of it and the feeling of the cool silver against her sweaty palm reminded her of her boyfriend, and she felt a stab of guilt. Sam was still at home, oblivious, thinking she was out to eat with a friend. Keeping the truth from him about meeting with Gus was supposed to be a little white lie, but now the evening had spiraled completely out of control.

Sam had said that when other men looked at her, he wanted them to see the pendant and know she belonged to him. She wondered if Gus had even noticed the small necklace, or if he had been too distracted by her naked tits.

But Monica's mind couldn't stay focused on her boyfriend forever, not when the man who she had been clashing with all evening, who had just seen her stark fucking naked, was right on the other side of a door.

Stepping beneath the hot spray of the shower didn't help the heady blend of humiliation and arousal that gripped her mind. The sensation of steamy heat against her skin from the luxurious glass-walled shower only seemed to heat her up more. She couldn't stop picturing the intensity of Gus's brown eyes as they roamed her nudity, gleaming with bottomless lust. She kept remembering how his cock had looked when he sent that picture to her last night… how his thick, throbbing shaft had felt pressed against her palm last week. Monica tried to banish the thoughts from her mind as she took the lufah and scrubbed it over her skin, but the aching heat throbbing inside her wasn't so easy to ignore.

As the lufah glided between her legs, a powerful jolt of pleasure shot through her.

Really Monica? Just that light of a touch is enough? You need to get your ass home and get laid…

But, despite her exasperation at herself, Monica's hand lingered between her thighs, rubbing back and forth to get herself clean… because she was feeling sooo dirty. Filthy thoughts and memories pulsed through her mind, and her hand moved faster and faster, her breath growing hot and ragged.

Gus's manly confidence as he pushed away the man trying to steal her.

His intense brown eyes boring into her as he described how badly he wanted her.

The eager stiffness of his cock, lightly touched through his pants on the drive to his apartment.

The feel of his cock's naked, throbbing skin against her pumping palm as she jerked him to completion last week.

With a shudder, Monica stopped herself and hung the loofah back up. *What's the fucking matter with me? I can't masturbate in Gus's shower. I need to get out of here.* Moving quickly and doing her best to ignore her lingering arousal, Monica stepped out of the shower and toweled off. She had rinsed off her own perfume as

well as any scents from the club, so there was still a possibility that Sam would be suspicious, but it would have to do.

As she exited the bathroom, she saw that Gus had indeed taken the opportunity to remove her dress, presumably to use the steamer he had offered. With a sigh, she sat back on the bed and checked her phone.

Shit.

[Hey babe! How's dinner going? Did you make up with Katie yet?]

Sam, as usual, was being a good boyfriend and checking in. And here she was, wearing only a towel in another man's apartment. She tried to compose a response, but after three attempts, she gave up. It just felt wrong to text him right now. She would send a message back once she was out of the apartment.

It felt like Gus was taking a long time with her dress. He had claimed it would only take a minute. Monica checked her towel to make sure that it was sitting properly in case Gus took her voice as an opportunity to burst into the room again and called out, "Hey, is that dress almost finished? I think I really ought to get going!"

There was no answer.

Monica sighed and checked the time on her phone. It was past ten already. She was already pushing the amount of time a dinner would usually take. She didn't really have time to waste.

Well fuck it. Like it or not, Gus had already seen her naked. Seeing her in a towel wasn't that big of a deal anymore. She marched over to the door and entered the dimly-lit sitting room, saying, "I *said*, what's going on with the dress? I need to…"

Gus was leaning back on the leather couch, pants stripped to his ankles and massive, stiff cock in his hands, eyes closed as his fist pumped slowly up and down his shaft. Monica stood in the doorway, eyes wide and hand to her mouth in shock. Despite how wrong she knew it was, she couldn't keep her eyes from Gus's cock, following the progress of his hand up and down its thick shaft.

A deep, needy heat began to throb between her thighs, fed by the tension of the evening and her brief self-pleasure in the shower. She had to fight hard to stuff her growing arousal deep down inside of herself and take control back.

"What the fuck?" she asked in a voice that felt too loud and screechy. "Gus, what the fuck are you doing?"

She expected him to panic, cover himself, and apologise, just like he had reacted when he had accidentally walked in on her naked, but this time, he simply opened his eyes slowly, staring across the room at her with a calm, almost grim expression. His hand never ceased its movement up and down his cock as he growled, "What the fuck does it look like I'm doing? Don't worry, your dress is steaming as we speak. I just need a little relief while I wait."

“But Gus… you can’t just… I mean, I’m right here!” spluttered Monica. She felt a crimson blush staining her face, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t avoid the way Gus’s thick, throbbing cock drew her eyes like a magnet.

“Who do you think I’m jerking off to?” asked Gus with a smirk. Monica opened her mouth to respond, but Gus kept going, speaking over her like a steamroller. “You tease me all fucking night. You tell me it’s over. That this is the last time you’ll ever go out with me. That you’ll never touch me again. And then you call me into the room for one last fucking tease. To give me a look at the incredible body that I’ll never, ever get to touch. It’s cruel. Heartless. So yeah, I’m going to jerk off while the memory’s still fresh. Because it’s the most I’ll ever get from you.”

Monica’s breaths were coming in gulps now. The rough, angry, yet desperately horny tone of Gus’s voice felt like it flipped a switch in her brain, calling all of the volatile lust that had been building deep inside her to the surface. “But… but you can’t just…” fuck, the sight of his cock was turning her on. Just like it had when he sent her that picture last night. She couldn’t stop imagining what it would feel like to touch it again.

“Monica.” The heated, horny way he said it tore Monica’s gaze away from his cock to make smoldering eye contact with the man who had been tormenting her for weeks.

“Come here.”

Monica licked her lips, her mouth suddenly dry and her pulse pounding against her skin from the inside. The whole world felt fragile, like any wrong move could spoil everything. “I can’t,” she said in a small, weak voice. “It’s wrong. You and I are done, Gus.”

“One last time,” said Gus. It wasn’t a question or a plea. It was a command. Somehow he was absolutely certain she would obey. “Come on… you’re throwing me away like trash. Sam will get you for the rest of your life. Can’t you give me one last thing to remember you by?”

Monica hesitated, but what he was saying did make a certain amount of sense. She was cutting things off with Gus after tonight… and she had already made out with him and jerked him off. Was doing it again that big of a deal? She had to admit that the thought of getting her hands on that cock one last time was tempting.

“You’re always overthinking things,” said Gus in a low, persuasive voice, his hand gliding up and down his cock. “Don’t you deserve to cut loose and do something just for fun for once instead of being a good, perfect angel all the time?”

Fuck it. It was a little naughty to have one last make-out session with Gus, but it was no worse than everything she had done with him before. And since this would be the last time they ever did anything together, it barely counted anyway. By tomorrow, this would all be water under the bridge just like all of their other encounters.

“Fine,” said Monica with a roll of her eyes. “But it’s just because I feel sorry for you. You had better engrave this into that perverted brain of yours, because it’s the last time I’ll ever touch you, just like you said.”

She crossed the room, feeling a powerful tingle of anticipatory arousal, and sat on the couch next to Gus, reaching out toward his cock. Before she could wrap her hand around it, though, Gus snorted. “That won’t do. You have to get a little closer… here, let me help.” Before Monica realized what was happening, his strong hands gripped her around waist, lifting her up and setting her on his knee. Monica gasped as another hot, wet jolt of lust pulsed through her. Gus was fucking strong… he had lifted her like she was nothing, and now she sat sideways on his strong thigh, feeling as tiny as a little doll in his grip.

“Now…” whispered Gus in her ear, sending a tingle down her spine, “get started.”

Monica bit her lip hard, her insides twisting with the shame and guilt and overpowering arousal of doing this yet again. But despite her mixed feelings, she did as she was told, reaching out and wrapping her hand around Gus’s meaty cock. A shudder went through her as she felt the hot, pulsing life of the professor’s manhood against her palm. It was exactly how she had remembered it. Monica’s hand began moving on its own as she savored the sensation, slowly milking his shaft up to the top, swirling her thumb around his swollen head, then traveling down to the base once again. Then again, a little faster, growing in confidence as her arousal swelled and her reluctance faded.

“Fuck you’re good at that,” rumbled Gus in her ear. His deep voice, so close and hot, sent another thrill through Monica’s core. Her hand picked up speed, smoothly stroking up and down the long length of his cock in a sultry rhythm. Gus’s hands began to move, rubbing up and down her sides over the towel as Monica worked. Monica turned to look at him, and just like she had been craving subconsciously, he pressed forward to meet her in a kiss.

Now Monica fell into a horny daze, mind clouded by lust and body aching with desire. Her hand pumped up and down, feeling every hot, veiny inch of Gus’s cock. Her tongue tangled wetly with his as she sat on his knee, feeling the heat rolling off his bulky body. The arousal that had been building inside her all night coiled like a spring, growing stronger and stronger, begging for release. She thought, dimly, that she would have to finish Gus off quickly so she could get home to her boyfriend and cum.

Just as she had that thought, Gus’s hands, which had been slowly rubbing up and down her sides, drifted a little higher. Before Monica’s lust-addled brain quite knew what was going on, his fingers were plucking at the fold that was holding the fluffy white towel to her body, swiftly loosening it.

“Stoppp,” she whined, using her free hand to clutch the towel closer. “If you can’t behave, then we can’t do this, asshole.” But even as she complained, her hand continued to glide up and down Gus’s cock. Now that she had started, she wasn’t able to stop herself. It just felt too good to milk his girthy cock with her delicate fingers.

Gus softly kissed her neck, his fingers still pulling gently at the towel. “It doesn’t matter. I’ve already seen everything, right? Give me another look. It will make me cum faster, I fucking guarantee it.”

Monica still maintained her grip, refusing to give in, but the next thing Gus said completely broke her resistance.

“Come on, princess… don’t you want to give me a tease of what I’ll never get? Don’t you want to drive your pervy old professor crazy?”

Fuck… the thought of Gus sitting and stewing over the memory of this was inexplicably hot. He would remember this night forever with searing jealousy and sexual frustration. Monica's fingers loosened, then fell away as the horny pink haze filled her brain again.

Gus’s fingers made short work of her only covering. Between one breath and the next, she was sitting stark naked on the professor’s lap. She could feel Gus’s cock grow somehow even harder in her hand as he feasted his eyes once again, this time not by accident, but practically at her invitation. His hand slid back down, wrapping around her and resting gently on the naked skin of her hip.

A wave of goosebumps broke out over Monica’s skin as she felt Gus’s hungry gaze roam her naked body. Her hand tightened on his cock, moving faster and faster as she felt her arousal spiking

out of control. It was a good thing the towel was still covering Gus's thigh beneath her, or she was sure he would feel her leaking hot juices down onto his leg.

With a little growl of lust, Gus pressed forward again, capturing her in a kiss… and coincidentally scraping one stiff, sensitive nipple against the fabric of his shirt in the process. Monica lost herself in the heat of the encounter once again, this time made so much hotter and more wrong by her nudity. Gus's tongue met hers, his cock throbbed in her stroking hand, and his fingers teased up and down the bare, sensitive skin of her waist and hip, sending tingles of ticklish pleasure racing through her.

Monica felt like she might explode from arousal. Everything that Gus was doing was winding her up more, but not giving her any direct stimulation. She almost wanted to go as fast as she could just to make him cum and get things over with. Then she could finally go home and cum with Sam's help. But another part of her never wanted this steamy encounter to end. Just like Gus, she had the feeling that this memory was going to burn bright for her…

Just as Monica realized how frustrated she was becoming, Gus's fingers slid slowly down off her hips and onto her thigh, still trailing back and forth lightly, but in new territory now. Monica's pulse thundered in her ear. She still jacked Gus's cock, and kissed him back fervently, but now her attention was laser-focused on her thigh and the light sensation of the professor's fingers as they slipped higher and higher with each trip back and forth. The gentle, gliding movement was almost hypnotising… and when

Gus's fingers finally grazed her pubic hair, Monica was so lust-drunk she allowed it. The ticklish feeling of his rough fingers trailing through her intimate hair seemed to blend perfectly with the sensation of his throbbing cock in her hand and their locking lips. The blending sensations only did more to feed the lust burning through her.

But when Gus's hand began to stray lower, even in her deliriously horny state, Monica had to object. She pressed her thighs together warningly, then pulled away from Gus just long enough to whisper, "We can't. No. That's too far, Gus."

But the wily older man was ready for her. He kissed her ear and pressed his fingers downward. Not forcing his way between her closed thighs, but doggedly requesting access. "Why not? You deserve it, princess. I feel bad that I get all this service from you and I've never once paid you back. It's the same with your loverboy, isn't it? Really, this arrangement has been all about me and him. When do you get to have fun? I've never made you cum once, have I? It's just not fair. Let me pay you back. Then we'll be even."

Monica moaned and squirmed, clutching Gus's cock for dear life as she considered the offer. In a way, he was right. Gus had taken and taken from her without giving back. And sure, she reaped the reward with Sam later… but didn't she deserve to get something fun out of the situation? She was so horny she could barely think straight. She needed some relief, and maybe she didn't want to wait until she got home to get it this time.

It was just hand stuff. It wasn't that big of a deal anyway. Monica's tightly sealed thighs loosened… then bloomed like a slutty flower, spreading wide to allow Gus's greedy fingers to slide down to the prize he craved.

Monica sucked in a hot breath as Gus's rough, thick fingers slid between her sensitive lips, and then Gus was kissing her again, and her moan slipped out into his mouth. Her whole body burned with pleasure as Gus swirled a finger gently around her clit, then traced lower to seek and press against her hot, wet entrance.

She clung to him, grabbing a fistful of his shirt with her free hand as Gus slid his finger inside her, making her weak with unexpected pleasure. Fuck… she was so horny that just his finger felt almost as good as a dick. She gripped his dick tighter, continuing to stroke Gus's powerful cock as he slowly began to explore her with his finger.

Monica mewled against Gus's lips as his rough digit slid deep inside her, then pulled out, leaving her feeling needy and desperate for more. Her own hand pumped hard up and down the thick, throbbing pillar of his cock, trying desperately to spur him on to greater urgency. Her hips squirmed forward into his thick, rough, manly finger, trying desperately to increase her sensation. Gus simply continued with his slow rhythm, deeply penetrating her pussy with his finger as they sloppily made out for a few long, torrid minutes.

Come on, you fat old pervert. Fuck me with that finger. Make me cum on your fucking hand while I jerk your cock. Don't fucking tease me!

But Monica realized that that was exactly what Gus was doing. He was keeping her right on the edge of orgasm without letting her plunge over. She tried to fight back. Tried to slow down the pace of her hand to tease him right back, but his cock felt too good in her grip. Soon her speed had picked back up, until her fist was a squelching blur, pistoning up and down his shaft. Still, his finger never changed speed, slipping deep into her, then back out in a steady, achingly slow rhythm.

Finally, just as Monica was preparing to curse Gus out for teasing her, he pulled back from their kiss, staring at her with a look of powerful lust written all over his face. He was breathing so hard he was practically snorting like a bull, and his eyes were wild with lust. Seeing him this horny made it almost unbelievable that he had managed to stay in control so long, teasing her with the slow, sensual fingering.

"Princess…" he rumbled softly, his face so close to hers now that their breaths mingled. "This is the last time we'll be together. I'll never fucking forget you as long as I live. Just… give a little more. Just for this one last time. A memory to jerk off to when you've forgotten me completely."

Gus's tone was rough with arousal and emotion, and in that moment, despite his usual cocky confidence, Monica had never seen him so raw and vulnerable and needy. Her brain flooded

with pleasure and adrenaline and confused thoughts as she stared into the intense depths of his heated gaze.

I deserve to have fun.

Don't think. Feel.

This is the last time, and then I'll never do anything with him again.

Sam doesn't even know I'm with Gus, so he won't be suspicious about what we did.

I've already gone this far. Does it even make a difference if I go a little further?

Fuck, I need more. I need to fucking cum.

Don't think.

Feel.

When Monica was on the dance floor earlier that evening, she had banished all thoughts from her mind and worked on pure instinct, letting her body move according to deeper impulses and going with the flow. It felt exactly the same way as she turned toward Gus, slinging one leg over his other thigh to straddle his lap.

She could feel her blood thumping in her ears. Her mouth was dry as a bone. Her pussy sang with a sweet, needy ache; a hollow feeling that needed desperately to be filled. Her nipples were as hard as diamond, throbbing as they pressed forward into Gus's chest.

Gus looked up at her with a shocked expression on his face. She could feel his cock nestled between the plump cheeks of her ass, thick and hard and hot, pulsing with masculine power. She paused for a second, and Gus asked in a stricken voice, "Holy shit, Monica, what are you doing? I mean, are you sure that…?"

"Shut the fuck up," whispered Monica roughly. She didn't want him to ruin this; didn't want his words to call her back to reality when she was acting on instinct. She knew what she was doing right now was monumentally stupid, but the part of her that recognised that had been locked away deep in her mind where she didn't have to listen to it. Her pussy was in the driver's seat right now.

And her pussy needed to get stuffed full of hot, hard cock.

All it took to change Monica's life forever was a few seconds. She lifted her hips, her thighs trembling with strain and anticipation, fumbled beneath her for a moment to grab Gus's pulsing cock and slip in between her slick, sensitive lips, and then lowered herself before she could change her mind and chicken out.

Holy fucking God, he was thick. She could instantly feel a satisfying stretch as his swollen cock head eased into her,

spreading her wide. She only got an inch or two down his shaft before she had to slow down. Although it felt good, she knew if she forced her hips down before she was ready, that pleasure would transform into pain.

“Oh fuck, princess,” groaned Gus beneath her, reaching out to greedily sink his fingers into her hips, holding her in place. “You’re so fucking tight! Fuck! Take a second. Go slow. Let me help you…”

Monica had no idea what he meant, but it became clear less than a second later as one of his rough hands slid up her body, cupping and lifting a breast as he craned his neck downward.

Monica let out a low, raspy moan, arching her back forward as Gus sucked one of her big, sensitive nipples between his lips. At the same time, she began swirling her hips, not going any deeper, just shifting around in a tight, circular motion, letting her tight pussy get used to Gus’s massive girth, getting wetter and hotter and looser by the second as her lust boiled over inside her.

It was slowly dawning on Monica what she had just done. She had pounced on the Ogre. Stuck his thick fucking cock in her pussy. They were having sex. She was fucking Gus Pfeiffer. It was such a strange, twisted thought that it felt almost like a dream. But it was as real as the thick cock splitting her open. Real as the hot, lashing tongue that was slithering all over the sensitive, throbbing nub of her nipple. The whole situation was so fucking wrong… and yet that wrongness only made it that much hotter.

Monica could feel herself opening up, her tight young pussy molding like a glove to fit around the massive cock inside it. The shifting, circular movements of her hips became short, tight bounces, and Gus's cock began to pierce further and further, stretching new depths of her pussy. She couldn't believe she was doing this… but now that she felt Gus's cock sinking into her, she never wanted to stop. Regret could come later… but she would cum first.

"Oh fuck, you like that?" she breathed in a moaning whisper. The words just tumbled from her lips, not thinking, just feeling. "Is this what you wanted, you old pervert? To be deep inside a young college girl?"

Gus nipped the sensitive nub in his mouth, drawing a yelp from the curvy slut on his lap before pulling back and saying, "Oh my God, you're so fucking hot, princess. That's it, ride my fucking cock, Monica. I want you to take every fucking inch."

She was working on it. Every bounce of her hips was taking Gus's cock deeper and deeper inside her. She already felt stretched open and packed full by the thickness of his shaft, but there was a bottomless craving for more inside her. "Ohhhh Godddd, you do this a lot though, don't you, you creep?" she hissed as she pushed her hips down slowly and steadily, the juicy lips of her cunt gripping in a tight seal around his cock as it disappeared inch by inch. "You fuck dirty little sluts like me all the time."

Gus’s hands returned to her hips as they both concentrated on Monica’s attempt to take every inch of his massive cock. “Not like you,” he grunted. “Never like you. You’re different.”

Monica let out a groan part-way between pleasure and pain as her hips sank all the way down, filling her completely as she took every inch of Gus’s cock. She stared into his eyes, feeling her pussy flutter and clench around the biggest cock she had ever had inside her. Her legs were already trembling, ready to cum from the stimulation of doing something so filthy and wrong. But now that she was here, she wanted to experience every last scrap of taboo pleasure this new experience could bring.

“Tell me how much you fucking want me then,” she moaned. “I want to hear how fucking perfect I am while I make myself cum on your cock.”

She raised her hips upward, making her pussy feel needy and empty for a moment, then slammed them down again, impaling herself on Gus’s cock in long, slow strokes that sent powerful bolts of pleasure sizzling through her body.

As she set into a rhythm that she knew would make her cum, Gus spoke.

“You're the hottest fucking girl on campus. A fucking goddess. The second I laid eyes on you, I knew I had to have you. You know how I am, Monica. I only want the fucking best. And that’s you. Just one look from those bratty, teasing eyes is enough to

get me hard as a rock. I'm the luckiest fucking man in the world that you think I'm good enough to fuck."

Monica let out a breathy laugh, tossing her head back and letting her shining, chestnut waves sway and shimmer in the dim light as she began to ride faster and faster. Her tits bounced heavily with the smooth, circular motions of her hips. *Spell coconut…* she had read that in a sex tip article once. She wanted to be the sex goddess that Gus saw in her, so she tried it now, swirling and humping her hips through the curves of the word as she eagerly rode the professor's thick cock.

God, it was magical… every time Monica's ass slapped downward against Gus's thighs, it was like it hit a button deep in her pussy that lit her whole body up with pleasure. The way he filled her was so deeply satisfying that the feeling of wrongness began to fade. She might regret this later, but in the moment, the pleasure was so overwhelming she couldn't consider it to be wrong.

And then, Gus almost spoiled it. "Am I better than him?" he growled.

"Wh-what?" asked Monica, struggling to concentrate as her hips pumped up and down, slapping her ass wetly against Gus's thighs in a frenzied rhythm.

"Fucking tell me. I'm better than him, right? Your little boyfriend?" Gus's voice was a possessive growl, his eyes shining with a low,

predatory glint, his cock throbbing and twitching deep inside her. Monica could tell that he was getting just as close as she was.

Maybe that was why he was spouting nonsense. “Fuck no!” moaned Monica automatically, without much thought. Riding this massive cock felt incredible. There was no denying that. But when she stacked up the feeling against the close, intimate lovemaking she had with Sam, there just wasn’t any comparison. “You’ll never be as good as him.”

For one second, she thought she saw a spasm of anger across Gus’s face, then it smoothed back out into focused arousal. But Gus’s question had made her think. *Sam.* She had sort of just pushed him aside in her mind. Ignoring the issue of betraying him rather than facing it. Suddenly the fact that she had another man’s cock deep inside her began to feel a little less hot and a lot more shameful, and the orgasm that had been rushing toward her seemed more distant.

Her bounces began to slow down, but before she could lose her focus entirely, Gus grabbed her hips. “Well then,” he said with a cocky grin, “I guess I had better show you what I can really do.”

Up until that point, Gus had been sitting back and letting Monica do all the work, impaling herself on his thick cock at her own pace. Now he began thrusting up into her. Monica could sense the difference immediately, as powerful new pleasure fizzed in her veins. Her hips began moving as well, flexing and swirling downward into Gus’s thrusts, but it was clear now to both of them that the professor was in control. She could feel the power of his

cock as it speared upward into her, stretching and claiming deep inside her.

Thoughts of Sam were shoved to the background once again, replaced by a greedy, instinctual need for pleasure.

slapslap**slap**slap**slap**

They were just rutting now. Two animals joining their bodies in a frenzied pursuit of pleasure. Monica's tight cunt squeezed and gripped Gus's towering cock every time he hit her deepest depths, and every time he pulled out she felt empty, desperate to be filled once again. Gus's hands guided her and set the pace, firm on her hips as their bodies writhed in perfect, filthy harmony. The room felt muggy now, humid with sweat and breath, thick with the scent of sex. The climax that had retreated from Monica for a brief moment was now closer than ever. She could feel the pleasure and tension building in her core with each deep, commanding thrust, peaking like the top of a rollercoaster. She longed to take that plunge, roaring into powerful, cathartic orgasm.

"Are you going to cum for me? Are you going to cum on my big cock?" grunted Gus beneath her, breathing heavily as his hips snapped upward again and again in a mechanical rhythm.

"Fuck… yeah…" whimpered Monica, her chest heaving with the intensity of the pleasure zipping through her nerves. Her thighs trembled, and her whole body burned as she felt the first waves of pleasure begin to wash over her.

The spank came out of nowhere. Just a swift, light slap against her fat, bouncing ass. Enough to send a strange bolt of sensation blazing through Monica, but not enough to linger on. She gasped, her pussy clenching hard around Gus's plunging cock. "Then tell me," growled the Professor. "Moan my fucking name as you tell me who's making you cum!"

Monica took a deep shuddering breath, feeling the intense pleasure of Gus's cock filling every inch of her. Sweat dripped down her tits, and her legs trembled with the strain and first edges of the climax she knew was about to wrack her body and soul. She didn't even consider refusing Gus now. His firm hands were tight on her hips, and his commanding tone seemed to speak directly to her soul. She did exactly as she was told as she frantically bounced on the thick cock penetrating her, seeking the orgasm she so desperately craved.

"Fuck! I'm cumming on your fat cock, Gus! Fuck me! Make me… cuuuuummm… Gussss!"

The last word burst out of her as a sloppy, breathy moan as she finally came. Her pussy seized like a slick, hot fist around the throbbing thickness of Gus's shaft, and her brain burst with fireworks of pleasure. She kept riding, throaty moans pouring out of her now as her back arched and her eyes stared down into Gus's dominant gaze. Every last ounce of the sexual tension that had been building up between her and Gus for weeks seemed to blaze between them in a feedback loop as their frantic, sweaty coupling continued. Gus continued to work, thrusting upward, his

strong hands urging Monica to continue grinding downward into his cock.

As her climax continued, Gus's lips captured hers in a searing kiss, adding a whole new dimension to her pleasure and chaining together another orgasm onto the first one. Monica's climax went on for a long minute as their tongues tangled and Monica's hips ground downward in slow, firm circles. She whimpered against his lips as wave after wave of pleasure convulsed her body, leaving her utterly wrung out and blissful as her climax finally faded away.

Monica barely reacted in time when she felt the twitches inside her. With a start, she pulled up and off Gus's cock just before he came. With a dissatisfied grunt, Gus swiftly reached his arm around her, rapidly jacking his cock. Monica bit her lip as she felt the hot spurts of cum erupt all over her ass from behind, marking her with a huge load of Gus's hot, thick cum.

And it was only then, ass dripping with cum and her orgasm cooling, that Monica's feelings faded away and the thoughts came crowding back in.

Holy fuck. I fucked Gus.

She had intended to end everything with him tonight, and instead, she had somehow ended up fucking him. There was no taking that back. Even worse, this time she hadn't even had Sam's permission to hang out with Gus. He didn't know she was here.

…Here with another man's thick, gluey cum slowly cooling on her ass. Here with her pussy still sore and throbbing with deep satisfaction from the way another man's cock had stretched and filled it.

Fuck, I'm a monster, aren't I?

Gus snapped his fingers in front of Monica's face, calling her attention to him. "Hey. Monica. Look at me. Things got a little out of hand. We did something bad. But it's not the end of the world. Everyone makes mistakes."

Part of Monica felt a spasm of hate for the smarmy, ugly man she was still straddling. But at the same time, his voice was calm and even, and felt like a rock to cling to right now when she was on the edge of panic. It made her feel like they were in this together, and she badly needed an ally right now.

"What the fuck am I going to do?" she whispered to him as a tide of shame rose inside her, threatening to swallow her whole.

"None of that," said Gus sharply. "It's not going to do you any good to lose your head. You have a lot of choices for where to go from here, but first you need to be in the right state of mind to consider those choices. So here's what you're going to do: jump back into the shower to rinse off. I'll finish steaming your dress. For tonight, you're going to swallow all those bad feelings and go home to Sam as if nothing happened."

Monica shook her head, feeling the prickling of tears start to surge upward inside her, but Gus pressed a finger to her lips, silencing her before she could protest. “I know. I know it's hard. And I’m not telling you you need to keep this from him if you think it’s best to tell him,” said Gus in a low, gentle voice. “But that’s a… delicate conversation, right? Right now you’re panicked. If you try to tell him tonight, you’ll mess it up. This is something you can fix, but not tonight.” He cupped her cheek, and Monica leaned into it. Maybe that was fucking wrong, but she needed all the comfort she could get right now to avoid coming to pieces entirely.

“You can fix this, Monica. Don’t worry. I’ll help if I can. This is just as much my fuck-up as yours. Maybe we can meet for lunch tomorrow to go over strategy?”

Monica wasn’t sure if that was a good idea. It felt like every time she was around Gus, everything got fucked up. But she didn’t have the strength to argue right now. She could always just ghost him if necessary.

“Maybe,” she said with a shrug. She finally got up from Gus’s lap, and only then did she realize how sore and worn out she felt. She had really put everything she had into sex with the perverted old creep she used to hate.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

“I’ll just take care of the dress real quick while you shower,” called Gus after her. “Shouldn’t take more than a minute or two to finish.”

She didn't answer him or even look back. She just jumped back into the shower and turned the heat up as far as it would go, trying to mask the turmoil raging inside her.

…

When Gus heard the shower turn on, he stood up and slipped silently back into the master bedroom.

Fuck… that had been intense. When Gus was pushing Monica to give him a little something more as a going-away present, he had only expected to get as far as a blowjob. Apparently he had underestimated how horny he had been making Monica, and had somehow succeeded beyond his wildest dreams.

It wasn't exactly how he had planned his very first conquest of Monica's perfect pussy to go, but a win was a win was a win. Fuck, he could still feel the contractions of her tight, wet cunt as it sealed greedily around his cock… he had never been more certain in his fucking life that he had made the right choice. Monica was destined to be his woman. Their explosive sexual chemistry tonight confirmed it.

But tonight had also highlighted some annoying roadblocks. There was a disadvantage to fucking Monica unexpectedly early. She was still highly attached to her boyfriend, and the massive guilt she would feel over cheating on him might get in the way of deepening her bonds with Gus.

And speaking of Sam…

Gus's jaw tightened as he thought of Monica's answer when he had pushed her to compare Sam and him during sex. She hadn't even thought about it before choosing her boyfriend. She still saw Sam as her true man, and Gus as a bit of fun. It had been stupid to ask, really, but Gus had been caught up in the moment, confident that he was doing something to her Sam could never manage.

Gus found what he was looking for on the bed. The cheap little heart pendant that lover boy had bought Monica. He scooped it up and held it up to the light with a sneer. A symbol of love. How precious. It was obvious that if Gus wanted to be Monica's man, he would have to smother the puppy love between those two. In theory, he could just use Monica's cheating sex to break them up instantly… but that was a trap. Monica could never forgive or love a man who had caused her that kind of pain. Like always, Gus needed to play the long game. He had to drive them apart with small, subtle cracks, not tectonic shifts.

Moving with purpose, Gus crossed the room, opened his sock drawer, and stuffed the pendant deep inside. Tonight was the start of great things. Monica would never forget how a real man fucked her.

And he was sure Sam would have a lot of questions about how Monica had lost the precious pendant he had bought for her.

…

Sam controlled any lingering suspicion and anxiety pretty well for the first few hours. He knew that he couldn't just go wild with suspicion and arousal every time Monica left the house alone. But his niggling feeling that something was wrong grew as the hours ticked by. Something about her wearing that dress… Just the thought of the other men at the restaurant checking her out in the stunning, skimpy outfit was driving him crazy. It wasn't just some hypothetical. In that dress, Monica would be the center of attention no matter what.

At ten, he sent Monica a casual text asking how dinner was going, but he didn't get an answer back. It wasn't a big deal. Monica wasn't the type to check her phone obsessively.

But around eleven o'clock, Sam was starting to go a little crazy. I*s she still at dinner? She said she needed to go over some stuff with Katie, so maybe they went back to Katie's place?* He still hadn't received any answer to his text, and now he was getting anxious enough that he could no longer concentrate on the game he was trying to play.

Texting Monica again would just make him look desperate. At best, it would earn him some teasing later; at worst, she would be annoyed. But luckily, there was one other option.

Sam pulled out his phone and texted Katie instead. They very rarely communicated with each other directly; the last chat they had exchanged was a month back, setting up some sort of club logistics. But it wouldn't be weird for him to reach out and just make sure that his girlfriend was doing ok.

[Hey Katie! Just reaching out to make sure Monica is doing ok. She hasn't been texting me back.]

Unlike Monica, Katie apparently had her phone in hand when he texted. Dots appeared at the bottom of the chat immediately as she began responding. Sam sat waiting to read the response, and he didn't have to wait long. Unfortunately, Katie's answer sent the prickle of anxiety inside him into full-blown overdrive.

[Sorry Sam, but she and I aren't really on speaking terms at the moment, so I'm not sure I can help you. Do you know where she is? Sometimes she forgets to check her phone, so if you're really worried, you can just go meet her.]

Sam felt his pulse quickening as he stared down at the message, worry rising in his gut, so strong he could barely breathe. He texted back, his thumbs flying, hoping that there had been some sort of confusion.

[I don't understand. Isn't she with you? The sushi restaurant?]

Her answer came swiftly, but it only confirmed Sam's worst fears, sending his spiral of anxiety even further.

[No, Sam. Monica isn't with me tonight. We never made plans to hang out. Tell me exactly what she told you. This is important.]

Where the fuck is my girlfriend?