

Monica groaned softly as she shut off her alarm. It was only the second one, rather than the third, emergency “oh shit” alarm that meant she seriously needed to get her ass out of bed, but today she wanted to be sure she had time to check in with her boyfriend before heading off to class. She turned over, still a little bleary-eyed from sleep, and couldn’t help but smile as she saw Sam.

Normally people seemed much more calm and peaceful asleep than they did awake, but Sam was such a laid-back guy that he looked pretty much the same. Which was, obviously, gorgeous as far as Monica was concerned. Some people might say that his nose was a little too big. If they were idiots. Monica thought it gave his face a distinguished, inquisitive look. His wavy blonde hair was all over the place, pushed up by the pillow. Once it had kind of been a frizzy mess, but ever since Monica had pushed Sam into a stricter hair-care routine, it had really come into its own.

Her man. Her partner in crime. Looking at Sam still gave her the warm and fuzzies after two years of dating. He was a warm, supportive partner who always put her first.

He was also kind of a blockhead sometimes. Right now, he was getting over a nasty cold, but last night he insisted that he would be well enough today to go to classes and Gaming Club. Monica would be the judge of that. Sam could be such a boy: proud and stubborn and unwilling to admit when he needed help. He needed her to remind him of his limits sometimes, and if Monica had to guess, she thought today was one of those days.

She unceremoniously reached down and yanked the blanket off of her boyfriend’s body. Mostly in an attempt to wake him up... but it did give her the opportunity to get a look at him in his boxers. Sam was tall and lean, with just enough definition in his muscles to avoid looking like skin and bones. Maybe he could improve himself with just a touch more bulk... but still the sight of him in just his underwear sent a pulse of excitement through Monica. Especially the tent his morning wood was making in his boxers.

Sam grunted, shivered, then opened his grey eyes. “Ugggh, why do you do that?” he groaned, rubbing his eyes with his hands and yawning. “Can’t you just wake me up like a normal person.”

“Hmph,” said Monica, pretending to pout. “Well, the last time I tried to kiss you awake, you screamed, so this is what you get now.”

“I didn’t scream, I shouted,” said Sam stubbornly, reaching down to try to grab the blanket back. Monica held it just out of his reach. “They’re different. And you would too, if someone’s lips were on you when you were half-awake.”

Sam’s rough voice, glassy eyes, and ashy complexion told the whole story, but Monica still asked him anyway, just to see if he would admit the truth. “How are you feeling, Tiger?” It was her nickname of choice for him. A reference to his love of Spider-Man first and foremost, but she

liked its playful, teasing sound too. A lot of their dynamic involved her teasing and needling her stoic, gentle boyfriend, and "Tiger" hit just the right note.

At the question, Sam woke up enough to realize that he intended to pretend to be over his cold. He cleared his throat and straightened up in bed, putting on a look of almost comical casualness. "Oh... yeah, I feel great, babe," he said, trying to force his voice to sound normal. "All better."

Huh. So that's the way it's gonna be. Well then he won't mind if I put him through a little test.

Monica got up onto her knees on the bed, favoring her man with a smoldering glare. "Good... because you've been too sick to really take care of me the past few days, and I've been getting sooo horny..." She slipped her hands down to the hem of her oversized sleep shirt and slowly, teasingly pulled it up her body, first revealing her soft, feminine tummy, then the rounded undersides of her heavy breasts.

Sam stared up at her with wide eyes, and she could literally see the boner in his boxer jump a little from the sudden hit of intense arousal. Despite her sultry performance, Monica couldn't help but giggle at her boyfriend's obvious starstruck lust. He just couldn't help it around her; she was like catnip to him. Sam hadn't been her first, but although Monica had never pressed him on it, she was pretty sure she was his. That made her his perfect wet dream sexual fantasy, and she wouldn't have it any other way.

Even though Sam was never crude enough to admit it, his favorite part of her body was her big, round, perky tits. So, to push her test a little further, she was going to give him a nice good look at them. After pausing right at the bottom of her breasts, she pulled the shirt tight toward her and then up, releasing them with a tempting jiggling bounce.

Monica didn't blame her boyfriend for liking her tits. He had pretty good taste: they looked amazing, even if they were more trouble than they were worth. They were round and full, with just the tiniest hint of natural sag that made it obvious there was no plastic involved. Her big pink nipples were responsive and sensitive, already rising to full stiffness from the cool air and her growing arousal. Monica wasn't lying about getting a little pent-up due to Sam's prolonged sickness. She could feel the pulsing heat building up inside her as she shimmied her shoulders a little, watching Sam's eyes bounce back and forth, locked to her nipples.

She would actually be thrilled if Sam was able to pass this test, even though she doubted it.

"Sooo..." she purred, slinging her legs over Sam's hips to straddle him, enjoying the feeling of his hard cock pressing upward into her from below, "If you're all better, that means you can give me a little morning quickie before class... right, Tiger?"

"Yeah... of course!" said Sam doggedly, staring her in the eyes with an expression that told her he knew exactly what game she was playing. "I would love to."

That wasn't a lie, Monica was sure. She could feel how stiff and eager his cock was as it pressed upward into her pussy, just two thin layers of cloth separating them. She was sure that a few days without sex was hard for him as well. But the sickness had just taken all of his strength. When they had tried last night, he had been forced to give up part of the way through. That was when he had insisted in frustration that he would be better in the morning.

Well, if he was well enough to fuck her right, she would give her blessing for him to finally leave the house and go to class and Gaming Club. If not, she would push him to stay home another day.

She leaned down, whipping her pajama top all the way off and lowering her tits so they were just out of the reach of her boyfriend's mouth, waving her stiff pink nipples enticingly above his face. "Well Tiger, don't keep me waiting," she insisted. "If you feel well enough to show me a good time, then do it, Mr. I'm-all-better."

Sam just raised an eyebrow at her, then craned his neck upward and caught an erect nipple between his lips, sucking and circling it lazily with his tongue. His other hand raised to knead and pinch her other breast too, filling her with a warm, bubbling sensation of pleasant lust radiating through her, along with crackles of intense pleasure directly from the nipples he was servicing. As usual, her bratty taunts bounced off his thick skin, and he refused to rise to the bait and get annoyed at her. Sam was a cool, reserved guy with bottomless patience. It took a lot for Monica to really get on his nerves. Which was good, of course. It would be awful to have a thin-skinned boyfriend who was always snapping at her.

But part of Monica loved it when he just sort of... snapped and put her in her place. Not physically, of course... but when he did it sexually, it was deeply kinky in a way she couldn't get enough of. But it was pretty rare she was able to get his goat like that. Usually he just took her bratty taunts with a half smile and loved her with his usual, deep, gentle passion. Which was hot in its own way.

Monica ground her hips downward with slow, teasing motions, pressing his cock down into his belly with her panty-clad pussy. He responded by pulsing his hips upward into her, rubbing up against her as she was rubbing down.

His tongue and fingers felt amazing on her sensitive nipples, but Monica could already tell that her poor, sick baby wasn't going to be able to go the distance. He seemed to be straining to keep his head up and sucking, and sweat was beginning to bead his forehead even from the mild exertion he had gone through so far. It was just like last night. He was going to collapse in a shuddering heap before long.

"You sure you don't need a rest, babe?" she asked, with just a hint of exasperation in her voice. She understood that Sam wanted to be back up and at it, but sometimes his stubbornness was ridiculous.

But Sam pulled away from a swollen, shiny nipple with a wet pop, shaking his head. "Nope, I'm good," he insisted. They locked eyes; Monica disbelieving, Sam looking determined... and a little woozy. He was playing hardball now, but Monica wasn't just about to let him get his way. Firstly, if he was really sick, she wanted him to stay home and rest to get better.

More importantly, she wasn't just going to let him win with no pushback. Monica had a competitive streak a mile wide.

"Sounds great," she said brightly, rolling off him to the side, hooking her thumbs through her panties and wiggling her hips as she shucked them off. "Get over here and fuck me, Tiger. Your lady is all hot and ready for you." She winked at him and spread her thighs, revealing her plump, glistening pussy. Even if she didn't think that Sam was well enough to perform, that didn't change the fact that she was legitimately eager to fuck. Sam stared over with a hungry look in his eyes... but his cheeks were pale, and his eyes were glassy.

"Hey babe, I was wondering if maybe you wanted to be on top this time," he said faintly, his eyes locked on her enticing pink pussy.

Nice try. "Nope! Dr. Monica spent all week taking care of you, and now it's her turn to feel some love," she said firmly, reaching down to rub her throbbing pussy with softly swirling fingers, tempting her poor boyfriend further. "You told me you were all better, right? So prove it to me."

Sam bit his lip, then nodded, stubborn to the end. He awkwardly kicked off his boxers, revealing his stiff cock, bobbing beneath him as he rolled over on top of Monica. Monica stared at it with warm approval, feeling another little sizzle of heat at the sight. Sam's cock was a little over six and a half inches. And although she privately thought that he could be the tiniest bit thicker, she still liked to inflate his ego with the fact that he was the longest guy she had ever been with. And right now, she wanted nothing more than to get fucked deep and hard by the cock of the man she loved.

And, to his credit, Sam did his best. Wasting no time, he reached down, angled his hips, and slid his cock home inside her. Monica twisted the sheets in her hand with a little moan of satisfaction, relishing the feeling. She wouldn't say they fucked like rabbits necessarily... but when Sam wasn't down and out, they had sex more nights than they didn't. Three days with nothing had left her feeling needy...

Sam began thrusting, and Monica writhed beneath him, milking his cock with her hot pussy on every stroke. In the heat of their passion, she reached up to cup his cheeks and pulled him in for a deep kiss. For a moment, it was perfect. Sam's usual style of deep, passionate loving warmed Monica from her toes to the roots of her hair. She could feel his warm, tender love in every stroke. The rare times when she needled him into a reaction were volcanic and passionate... but this was just as good in its own way. A bonding moment that made it feel like they were merging as one.

She pulled from the kiss and whispered "I love you, baby," up at him, staring deep into his eyes. "I love you too," he said, with equal sincerity. But, despite how much Monica could tell he meant those words, his efforts were still falling apart. His eyes looked vague and exhausted, more sweat was beading on his face, and his legs were trembling with effort. As she watched, he bit his lip, struggled to hold back, then rolled over to the side, withdrawing from her, and falling into a fit of coughing.

Monica rolled to the side, propped herself up on her elbow, and smirked in triumph. Despite her frustration at the lack of fulfillment, she had been right that he was full of shit, and that was satisfying in its own way.

"I fucking knew it," she said smugly. "Busted, tough guy. You should stay home today and rest, and you know it."

Sam stared at the ceiling, running his hands through his hair, obviously frustrated. "I've missed too much stuff already this week, babe! And we have club today. You need me there to help run things. Besides, I'm tired of sitting around the house."

"Babe, if you're too sick to fuck me, your favorite activity in the whole world, you're too tired to walk around campus all day," said Monica firmly. "I can handle the club for one day anyway. Katie can help me out. I can't force you to listen to reason, Tiger... but I want you all the way better. Rest today. For me? "

Sam grumbled noncommittally, rubbing his eyes again... so Monica decided to sweeten the deal. She reached down and took Sam's still-hard cock in her hands, gripping the base and slowly rubbing up and down. "Maybe if my stubborn guy listens to his concerned girlfriend, he gets a reward..." she cooed, pumping his cock in her slim hands.

Sam chuckled, then let out a grunt of satisfaction as Monica's hands gripped a little harder. "I have to admit, this deal is sounding better all the time. Maybe you could give me an even better reward with your mouth..."

Monica rolled her eyes. "I don't know. Did you shower yesterday?"

Sam looked chagrined. "Well... I was feeling so sick that I sort of skipped it."

"Then I'm going to *sort of skip* sucking your dick until you aren't so nasty," said Monica tartly. "Take what you can get, Tiger."

Sam shrugged and chuckled, lying back and humping his hips upward into Monica's pumping hands, one twisting up and down his cock while the other gently cupped and rubbed his balls. She put every ounce of love she could manage into the handjob. "Do you like it when Doctor

Monica takes care of you?" she whispered into his ear, while her thumb swirled and played around his leaking cockhead.

"Fuck, I love it," groaned Sam, lying back and enjoying his girlfriend's loving care.

"Would you do anything for me?" asked Monica, her hand pumping faster and faster up and down his cock, squelching with precum now as she felt him grow closer and closer to the edge.

"Anything," breathed Sam, humping his hips upward into her hand. "Anything for you, baby."

It was frustrating for Monica to get her boyfriend off when he wasn't really up for doing the same to her, but Sam deserved it. He was always there for her when she needed it, so he deserved getting off with no strings attached sometimes.

And that's exactly what he would get... later this afternoon.

Monica wound Sam up almost to the breaking point... then pulled her hands away, leaving him gasping, shocked, and unfulfilled. "Then wait for me. Shower, rest up, and if you stay home from classes AND Gaming Club, I'm going to blow your mind when I get home. And your dick."

Sam stared at her in open-mouthed shock. "What?! Monica, you can't be serious! You're just going to leave me like this?" he asked in his rough, phlegmy voice, gesturing to his neglected boner.

"Mmmhmm," said Monica with a teasing grin, bouncing up off the bed and grabbing the caddy with her skin care routine in it. "Sorry, Tiger. I have to make sure you have a reason to rest... and not sneak out to go to the Club meeting later."

The guilty look on her boyfriend's face told her all she needed to know: just like she suspected, that had been precisely his plan: skip classes, then "feel better enough" to go to the meeting. She felt a little bad for getting him right up to the edge and denying him his orgasm... but she was horny and frustrated too. So her sympathy was at kind of a low ebb.

So, with a little grin, she pranced lightly over to him, took his face in her hands, and gave him a swift kiss, then slipped out of his grasp before he could pull her closer. "Tonight," she promised. "You'll get everything you want and more. Be a good boy and get better. I don't like it when you're sick any more than you do."

Sam collapsed back on the bed with a groan, his cock finally looking a little less angry and swollen. "I love you babe, but sometimes you can be a real bitch." His words were tired, but his lopsided smile was all warm affection, despite his frustration.

"I love you too, baby," said Monica warmly as she turned toward the shower. "I'll see you after Gaming Club!"

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Sam and Monica had met during their first week of college, although they disagreed about exactly which day they had first spoken. Monica swore that they hadn't introduced themselves until the icebreaker games for their dorm floor, the third night after orientation. But Sam knew that they had spoken on the night of the freshman mixer. He would never forget how she looked across the room, her teeth sharp and white and perfect as she threw her head back and laughed unselfconsciously at something her new roommate had said. Her lovely brown hair falling in dark curtains... and yes, he had obviously noticed the way her curvy little body filled out her clothes, although to his credit, it was after he saw how pretty she was. Sam had forced himself to walk over and introduce himself awkwardly, but they had barely exchanged a dozen words before the roommate had dragged Monica away to participate in the bingo game that was about to start. He wasn't surprised she didn't remember it.

They hadn't really hit it off until the icebreaker games that Monica did remember. They bonded over the fact that they had both been the only ones on the floor who had brought a gaming PC along to college instead of a laptop, and after that, they were fast friends.

But that was it. Just friends.

It was a situation that Sam had found himself in a few times throughout high school already. "The Friend Zone". He knew that it was sort of a sexist term, but it was still the way it felt to him. It wasn't that he felt like he deserved romantic attention from his female friends; he laid the blame squarely on himself. He was the one who had been too passive and cowardly, refusing to get out of his comfort zone and ask out girls that he was interested in. It was just so much easier to relax into a comfortable friendship... even though it pained him when they inevitably started dating other people.

And for most of freshman year, it had seemed like things were going exactly the same way with Monica. They would hang out and watch movies, play games, and order pizza, but even though they were close, Sam struggled to take that extra step and ask her out. It felt like he was falling into the same old mistake, and it was especially excruciating this time, because he had never felt that strongly about anyone before Monica. It wasn't just that she was hot. It was the way she loved to tease him. The dirty sense of humor that seemed at odds with her cuteness. The way she locked in and got solemn and serious about topics that interested her. Sam was head over heels. But it was impossible to tell her. He didn't just value Monica as a potential romantic conquest. She swiftly became his best friend, too. A clumsy attempt to explain his feelings might put up a wall between them, and he wouldn't be able to stand that.

But in April of freshman year, everything came to a head. Monica kept mentioning a new friend from her PolySci class more and more, and one day she came to Sam looking for advice. Her new friend had asked her out for coffee, and she wasn't sure if she should say yes.

Sam had seen two choices in front of him, as clear as day. He could be a good friend. Tell her to go for it, and watch as another girl slipped through his fingers. Or he could gather his courage and finally break out of the friend zone.

He had admitted how he felt to her that night, his heart beating out of his chest and his mouth dry as a desert. Taking the step he had never been able to before was one of the hardest things he had ever done. But, to his shock, Monica was all smiles. She said that she had suspected that was how he felt for a while, and had been wondering why he had never bothered to ask her out. They went on a few dates before the end of the semester, feeling out how different it was to relate to each other romantically rather than as just friends. They followed that up by texting constantly over the summer, and by the time they came back to campus in the fall, they had agreed to start dating officially.

It wasn't until almost a year later that Sam had found out that the PolySci friend had never existed. Monica had laughed so hard she was nearly in tears when she finally admitted her clever ruse. She had just wanted Sam to make the first move, and engineered a situation to light a fire under his ass before the semester was over and they went home for the summer. It was very much like her. Monica had a way of leading him around by the nose without him ever realizing what she was doing.

But that was just part of why he loved her. Sam had finally broken out of the friend zone, and into a zone that he was fully satisfied with. He and Monica were in it for the long haul, and he was thrilled that the one time he had been able to be assertive and take what he really wanted, it was the time that really counted for everything.

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Sam smothered himself in the blankets, half awake on the couch as he stared at the TV, only sort of watching one of his favorite old anime. He was still technically getting over his nasty cold, but at this point he had taken enough medicine to more or less feel ok, and he was just sort of cruising in a pleasant funk until his girlfriend got back from Gaming Club.

Normally, he would have joined her, of course. They had both been elected joint presidents at the end of last year, after all. Gaming Club was usually the highlight of his week. But Monica, after administering her teasing test, had insisted in the end that he should stay home for another day and rest. That meant no classes, no meeting for lunch at the campus cafe like they had tentatively planned, and no Gaming Club. She was probably right that it was better to stay home and kick the illness for good rather than wearing himself out and prolonging it, but still, it hadn't made Sam happy. And leaving him with blue balls had been particularly cruel. Sam had considered jerking off just to take the edge off a little, but he knew that it would be much more satisfying to wait for his promised reward... no matter how frustrating that might be.

But even apart from his sexual needs, what Sam missed most about staying home all day was that he had no chances to hang out with Monica. Sam knew that he and Monica were still in the “honeymoon” phase, as they called it, but even after two years of dating, he still wanted to spend all the time he could with her. He couldn’t help it; she was just the best. Monica was Sam’s first serious girlfriend, and, he privately thought, probably the only one he would ever need.

Just as he had slipped into pleasant thoughts about his girlfriend, Sam heard the door open and close, and the clattering sounds of Monica hanging up her keys and kicking off her shoes. Even years after they had started dating, the opportunity to see her again filled Sam’s belly with warm butterflies. After his third straight day of wallowing in sickness, he was more than ready to turn off the anime he had seen a dozen times at this point and hear about her day.

The instant that Monica turned the corner into their apartment, Sam couldn’t help but stare in wonder at the sight for sore eyes. Monica was a petite woman with curves in all the right places. She was currently hiding her tits beneath one of her signature oversized hoodies, emblazoned with the stylized double E and Z of her favorite competitive game, Ethereal Edge Zone. She had confided in him once that she preferred baggy tops because of the way men tended to stare at her chest when she wore tighter clothing. That suited Sam just perfectly. It meant that her breasts were usually reserved for his eyes alone.

But if Monica was self-conscious about wearing tops that were too tight, the same obvious didn’t apply to bottoms. She was currently wearing black leggings that encased her shapely legs and plump butt enticingly. Not that they were obscene. You could see worse in the campus gym any day. Sam knew that Monica wore them because she thought they were comfortable, not to show off, so he did his best not to let it bother him that every guy who walked behind her was probably drooling.

But Sam had no time to enjoy the sight of his girlfriend’s body today. Because instead of the little grin she normally wore, Monica’s expression now seemed almost worried. That troubled expression only intensified as Sam sat up on the couch. Her eyes seemed to swerve to avoid his gaze, and she reached up to curl a strand of her dark brown hair around a finger.

“Hey, babe,” said Sam, eyebrows drawing together a little in confusion as he picked up the odd expression on his girlfriend’s face. “It’s good to see you.” She had been all smiles and giggles and teases this morning. What had happened since then to spoil her mood?

Monica did her best to flash him a warm smile as she slung her bag onto the chair, but it wavered, and Sam could tell that there was something on her mind. “Hey, Tiger,” she said lightly, her smile looking a little strained. “It’s good to see you, too. How are you feeling?” Her finger continued to tightly curl, then release a lock of glossy brown hair as she spoke, and she nervously turned, digging around in her messenger bag, still without having looked him in the eye.

Sam knew his girlfriend well enough to read her body language like a book. Normally, he was the one who screwed up and had to beg forgiveness, but her expression was unmistakable. Right now, Monica looked guilty about something. A prickle of disquiet raced through him.

“Hey,” said Sam slowly, trying to keep his tone neutral despite his growing suspicion. “What’s the matter? What did you do?”

Monica stiffened and finally turned toward Sam to look him in the eyes. A flash of annoyance crossed her face at his accusatory tone. Her cheeks flushed, and she opened her mouth with a sharp intake of breath, ready to deny that anything had happened. But then she paused, staring at Sam’s worried expression... and deflated with a sigh. She crossed the room to the couch and plopped down beside him, resting her head on his shoulder.

“That obvious, huh?” she asked in a small, rueful voice.

“Yeah,” agreed Sam, raising his arm to wrap it around her shoulders. He wanted to be comforting and supportive over whatever had ruined Monica’s mood, but it was kind of hard when he didn’t know exactly what had made her upset. “Now... what’s wrong? Don’t keep me in suspense here.”

Monica sighed again, then tilted her head to look up at him with a miserable, embarrassed expression. “Ok, ok... Something happened at Gaming Club today. I’ll tell you, but you have to promise that you won’t be mad...”

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Earlier that day...

Monica texted Sam as she made her way up the stairs of Gerhardt Hall, on the way toward the media lab where they hosted Gaming Club.

[Hey Tiger, hope you’re feeling better! Was that soup I left you alright? If you want, I can pick up something else for you on the way home. See you after club! XOXO]

She was tired of his sickness after three days, and just wanted him to be well again already, probably even more than he did. It was just a lot less fun to talk and joke around with him when he was all fuzzy-headed from cold medicine. Also, as much as she hated to admit it as a fiercely independent, intelligent woman, she had gotten used to relying on Sam’s rock-solid dependability and even keel. She was a free spirit with high highs and low lows, and Sam was her anchor and rock. When he was feeling weak, it made her feel a little... untethered.

Oh, and it totally sucked that he had been too exhausted to fuck for the past week too.

But she had to press on. The Gaming Club needed her. It warmed her heart a little as she approached the media lab and saw that the club was buzzing with new faces. When she and Sam first joined the club freshman year, there had been less than a dozen members. Now, after they had built up the club's activities and resources and promoted it relentlessly to incoming freshmen, the Gaming Club was one of the most popular clubs on campus.

There was still room for improvement, though. Although the club mainly served as a place for people to hang out and play games together, Monica had ambitions of forming a competitive gaming team that the club could send to competitions. She had been training in the announced games for the CEL regional gaming competition in December, just in case she was able to scrounge together enough other interested and skilled club members to compete.

But that was in the future. For now, she needed to make herself seen and check in with the freshman. It was still early in the year, and it was important that the new members felt welcome. Katie, one of her best friends in the club, looked up from where she was plugging a console into the TV and waved as Monica came in, and Monica smiled back, heading over and greeting other members as she went.

But Katie wasn't all smiles when Monica arrived. The tall, lanky blonde leaned forward, pushing her square glasses up her nose nervously, and whispered, "Did you notice the *guest of honor* today?"

Her tone made it obvious what she meant. Monica hadn't noticed, actually. Her stomach sank as her eyes scanned the room. No wonder she hadn't noticed him. Gus Pfeiffer was surrounded by a crowd of freshmen, listening to him hold court.

Shit. It looked like their club advisor had decided to show his face for the first time in almost a year.

Monica understood in theory why the club founder had asked Professor Pfeiffer to be the advisor for the Gaming Club a few years before she joined. He was the darling of the computer science program, after all. Gus Pfeiffer had founded a successful tech startup years ago before exiting and cashing out his stocks. For some people, that by itself was enough to worship the ground he walked on. He taught almost as a hobby, since he clearly didn't need the money, and that gave him a sort of untouchable confidence that made him compelling to some people, including the college administration.

But to Monica, he was just an old creep.

Monica decided, for now, that the best solution to Professor Pfeiffer's intrusion was to ignore him completely and hope that he lost interest. She strode to the center of the room and clapped her hands with a wide welcoming grin on her face, calling out, "Hello all, welcome to Gaming Club! We have a couple of tv's set up for the Super Scuffle tournament we talked about next week, which I know people were excited for! We also have a sixteen-person split-screen setup

for War is Hell 4, if anyone is interested in that. We'll be ordering pizza in a few minutes here, so be sure to get your money and preferences in to Katie before we do; she'll be filling in for Sam today, since he stayed home sick."

The crowd let out a chorus of sympathetic "Awwws", which Monica waved away. "Ok, ok, enough," she said with a roll of her eyes. "He has a cold; he's not dying. But I'll tell him you guys missed him. Ok, that's it, people! Have some fun. Oh! And if anyone has given some thought to the competitive team idea, come see me!"

With that, everyone broke up and turned away, toward the set up TVs and computers. Another club meeting had begun. Now all Monica had to do was circulate around and talk to the freshmen a little, and after that, maybe she could get a few practice rounds in on EEZ before the club wrapped up.

But, to her distaste, as the other members streamed away, Gus Pfeiffer was approaching, with a big, shit-eating grin on his face, as usual.

Gus Pfeiffer was big. Not just fat, although there was a swelling gut beneath the polos he constantly wore. He was big in every dimension. Taller than most of the other guys in the club, but with shoulders broader than any of them as well. He sometimes bragged about being a star football player in college, and even though he was often full of shit, his physique made Monica tend to believe him. He looked like one of the giant men that they put on a football line to crash into each other. And atop this massive, beefy body sat a face that was constantly covered in rough stubble, along with an expression of sly superiority. Gus Pfeiffer's deep brown eyes always seemed like they were looking down on everything he saw. Ironical, considering his thinning hair and the way he had let himself get fat.

If she had just met him in the hallways or something, Monica would have told him to fuck off. But not everyone in the club knew him like she did. To many, he was still the cool, rich professor who taught the best computer science courses, because he had actually succeeded in the field. So here, Monica had to play nice. Which was no doubt why he had come today.

"Professor," she said with brittle politeness, crossing her arms over her chest and staring daggers up into his grinning face. "I'm surprised that you could make it. You're usually too busy to come to meetings."

Gus waved his hand with an earthy little chuckle. "Oh, you know me, Monica. I have a hard time focusing on things that don't hold my interest. But I had something very interesting that I needed to take care of today. So here I am." Just looking at the man, you might expect him to speak in a rough, sinister rasp, but Gus's voice was oddly cultured and resonant.

Monica couldn't hold back the annoyed twist of her lips. She hated that he was speaking like he knew her. "Fine," she said impatiently, trying her best to keep a tight leash on her anger. "Let's just cut to the chase then, Professor. What was so interesting about club today?"

Gus chuckled again. "Ah yes, a woman of action as usual. That's fine. I hate small talk anyway." His eyes glittered as he leaned in a little closer. He smelled like leather and spices. Probably some sort of fancy cologne. "I'm here because I heard you like making bets, Monica. I want to make a bet with you."

A chill ran up Monica's spine. Gus's tone had been low, but even so, some of the club members who had been waiting nearby to talk to her stiffened in surprise, glancing backward between the club president and the club advisor as if they were unsure what would happen next.

Professor Pfeiffer had heard accurately. One of the club's dearest traditions for the past few years was challenges and bets between members, and that was largely thanks to Monica. They would bet who would go buy soda for the other. Who would clean the other's bathroom. Who would wear an embarrassing t-shirt all next week on campus. Monica loved a good bet, and was vigilantly serious about making sure the loser paid up. To her, they were a great way to promote friendly rivalry between members... but mainly she loved them because of her own competitive streak. She had fostered a reputation of paying up when she lost and never turning down a bet... unless the terms were obviously ridiculous, of course.

Her enthusiasm for wagers didn't extend to the old creep in front of her, of course. But now the other club members were watching, and Monica hated backing down from a challenge. Still, she tried her best to play it off, rolling her eyes and saying, "Well, I like making bets with other club members, yeah. But I'm not sure that making a bet with the club advisor is..."

"Nonsense!" said Gus jovially, cutting her off. "It's just a bit of fun, right? Who's to say that I can't join in? Anyway, I guarantee that you'll be interested once you find out what you can win." He leaned in a little closer again, this time murmuring low enough that even the nearby club members couldn't hear him.

"I'll finally sign that paperwork and let someone else take over as advisor."

Monica paused right in the middle of getting ready to refuse. As much as she hated to admit it, Professor Pfeiffer was right. That offer was certainly tempting. She and Sam had been trying to kick Gus out of the position almost since they first joined, but that turned out to be more complicated than they thought. The system wasn't set up for club members to change their faculty advisor if the advisor wasn't willing, and technically, Gus hadn't broken any rules that would warrant him being kicked out against his will. Monica wasn't even sure why the arrogant jerk wanted to be the advisor, considering he showed little interest in video games, but he had squatted in the position for years despite being unwanted and useless. Probably out of pure spite.

But Monica still didn't trust the crafty older man. He was playing some game here, she just couldn't see it yet. "And what are we betting on?" she asked sarcastically. "An arm-wrestling

match?" She didn't trust Gus to choose any game he wasn't sure of winning. He wasn't the type of man to play fair, she was certain.

"Gus scoffed, leaning back against a table, which groaned lightly in protest at his weight. "Video games, obviously. I mean, this is the Gaming Club, isn't it?"

That made Monica frown, more confused than ever. More people were gathering around now, interested in the confrontation between the club president and one of the most famous professors on campus. They were both popular figures in their own way. Pfeiffer because of the mythology built up around him of the self-made genius, and Monica because she was the secret crush of most of the male members of the club. If she wasn't publicly committed to Sam, she would be fielding male attention on a near constant basis, and even as it was, she had been forced to become pretty good at shutting down flirtation from random men. Once Sam had even been forced to come to her rescue, in fact, staring down a persistent upperclassman and making it clear that his attention was unwelcome. He had never seemed hotter to Monica.

One of the many reasons that Gus Pfeiffer was a poor fit as the faculty advisor of the club was that, despite his roots in the tech world, he had next to no interest in video games. Monica, on the other hand, could handily beat almost anyone in the club at any game they cared to pick. It was just about as balanced a competition as if he *had* suggested arm wrestling, but in the other direction. It made no sense.

"What game?" she asked suspiciously, uncomfortably aware that the interest of more and more club members was being pulled toward their conversation. Her competitive nature and policy of accepting bets were well known in the club, and the watching eyes of the members were beginning to weigh on her. But still, she had to be careful. There was something here she wasn't catching; she just knew it. "I'm not going to play some forgotten classic from the 90s or something, the last time you picked up a controller."

"Oh don't worry about that," said Gus, crossing his arms and resting them on his gut with a smile he probably thought was charming. "I'm sure you've heard of it. Reign of Fists 4 Deluxe."

A murmur went through the students who were eavesdropping. This was just getting more and more confusing. Reign of Fists wasn't some obscure game he could catch her out on. It was still one of the top tournament staples for fighting games. Monica had even been pretty good at it, although she hadn't been playing it for a few months, ever since she had started practicing for the CEL conference.

The idea that this old creep, who never even played games, could beat Monica at it was laughable. No... not just laughable.

Insulting.

“Come on now,” said Monica testily, trying to keep her anger under control. “You know you can’t beat me in a fighting game, professor. I can run circles around you in Reign of Fists.”

“I guess then it will be easy for you to win!” he said with a smirk. “That’s good luck for you! But I wouldn’t be too confident. I mean, you’re an enthusiastic gamer girl, I’ll give you that. But there’s a reason there aren’t many women on the top esports teams.”

Monica saw red for a second, and the only reason she didn’t verbally tear the fat, infuriating prick a new asshole was that Katie moved forward and put a steadying hand on her shoulder. Monica suddenly wished bitterly that Sam was there. He was always the calm influence that managed to talk her down when she got too heated... and it was obvious now that Gus was trying to push her buttons. That was clear from the shit-eating grin on his face alone. But just because she knew he was messing with her didn’t mean she was any less angry. Sam sometimes called her a glass cannon. She could be a teasing little nuisance sometimes. It was just part of her personality. But she had a hard time dealing with being needled back.

She couldn’t just let this insult stand.

“If you want to lose that badly, I guess I’ll have to show the club what their president can do,” Monica said grimly. The murmurs around her swelled in excitement as it became clear that their president wanted to accept the challenge from their famous club advisor. “Just one more thing to get out of the way... What will you get if you win?”

Gus straightened up from the table, approaching her suddenly, looming over her with his massive bulk. “I want that to be a secret between you and me,” he said in a low undertone.

Monica had to force herself not to take a step back. No matter how much disdain she had for Gus Pfeiffer as a person, it was difficult not to be intimidated by him physically. “Why?” she asked sharply, trying to cover up the mild discomfort of his looming presence with bravado. “Why not just spit it out, Professor?”

Gus shook his head. “Trust me. You’ll prefer this one to be a secret.”

Monica glared up at him suspiciously, but it was clear that he would only tell her his proposed terms if she let him whisper them. Finally she sighed and rolled her eyes, turning her ear toward him and motioning him forward.

Gus’s breath was hot on her ear as he cupped his hand and named his terms in a deep, rumbling whisper.

“If I win... You have to go on a date with me.”

...

“What the fuck?” said Sam, his voice dripping with disgust. “The Ogre is up to his old tricks again, huh? That’s so fucking pathetic.”

“I know,” agreed Monica with a twist of distaste to her lips. “He really is a pig.”

But, as pathetic as it was, this sort of behavior was nothing new from Gus Pfeiffer. It was the main reason that Sam and Monica had grown to loathe him in the first place. They had both been wide-eyed fans of the biggest professor on campus just like everyone else, right up until Gus had hit on Sophia, another member of the gaming club, right in front of them.

It had been a huge shock to the system to learn that the famous, genius professor had a ravenous taste for younger women. Initially, they thought that misconduct like that would be enough to kick him out of being the club’s advisor, if not get him fired. But it turned out that Professor Pfeiffer had a deep knowledge of the university guidelines on relationships between professors and students. Although all forms of fraternization were discouraged, the only relationships that were outright prohibited were between supervisors and employees, and between professors and any students they were responsible for grading. “Club advisor” wasn’t mentioned, so the old pig was within his rights to hit on students he didn’t grade or supervise as much as he wanted.

A little digging proved that this was far from the first time he had pursued female college students on campus. He was notorious for it, in fact, if you knew who to talk to. Any other professor who made a habit of routinely dating and having one-night stands with underclassmen would have been reprimanded by the administration, gray area or not. But their golden boy was beyond reproach. Having a tech genius on staff was worth enough that his unseemly habit of fucking college girls was swept under the rug completely. He was careful to toe the line and never go after students in his classes, and otherwise the leadership looked the other way.

So there was nothing they could do. Sam and Monica were forced to put up with a man they despised as the advisor of their club. Luckily, he usually had no interest in showing up after Sam and Monica had resolutely fucked up all his attempts to use the club to pick up women.

Sam sighed and shook his head. Well, that answered one question. It was obvious now why Monica had had a bad day. “So how did he take it when you turned him down?” he asked, pulling Monica’s tight little body closer to his side. “Did you tell everyone about his sick request and expose him, or did you let him slink out with his tail between his legs?”

Monica’s body was stiff against his. He looked down at her, and she refused to meet his eyes, biting her lip. A sudden twist of discomfort crawled through Sam’s belly. “Monica... you told the Ogre that you wouldn’t take the bet... right?”

“You promised you wouldn’t get mad,” said Monica miserably.

Sam's arm slid off her shoulders as he turned to stare at her open-mouthed. Monica, usually so full of spunky life, looked totally defeated and dejected. "You took the bet? *That* bet?" he said in disbelief. He wasn't sure if it was shock or cold medicine that was making him feel light-headed, but for a second Sam considered the fact that he might be having a nightmare. But even in his worst dreams, he couldn't have imagined his girlfriend making a bet that might result in her going on a date with the man they both loathed. "Why?" he finally asked, utterly confused and hurt.

"You don't understand!" said Monica, straightening up with a sudden flash of defiance. "He was being so insulting, in front of everyone at the club! I couldn't just let that stand. What would all the other girls in the club think if he said a woman would never beat him and I backed down from the challenge? And besides, it was so obvious that I was going to win that it felt like it didn't matter what I would have to do if I lost."

But Sam could already tell just by how miserable and guilty Monica looked that things hadn't gone the way she wanted. He didn't know how that could be, but he knew that if Monica had won and ousted Gus from his position as club advisor, she would have come in crowing in triumph and only half-apologetic about the disturbing prize she had wagered. Sam ran his fingers through his hair, swallowing around his suddenly dry mouth, and asked, "How? How could you lose to the Ogre in a game that you know? The man barely knows his way around a controller!"

Monica winced, then groaned and collapsed backward onto the couch, putting a hand over her eyes. Normally it would have looked like an over-dramatic gesture, but Sam could totally understand her despair. In this moment, he shared it. "He fucking cheated, that's how!" she spat bitterly. "I haven't been keeping up with news about Reign of Fists lately, since I haven't been playing. They accidentally created an exploit when they buffed Satoshi in the last patch. With the right combo, you can stunlock your opponent infinitely. The community has been in an uproar over it apparently. I don't know how Gus heard about it, but he must have practiced it enough to cheese me out. I still almost got him! But it just wasn't enough to beat the exploit."

Sam shook his head, disturbed. "It was a trap," he said with dawning disquiet. "The perfect storm of circumstances. That creep heard about the exploit, then came in to make the bet, counting on the fact that he knew and you didn't."

Monica nodded wearily, her hand still covering her eyes. "And he picked a day when you weren't there either. He knew that you would have talked me down if you had been there." She opened her eyes, and Sam saw that they were shiny, brimming with tears. It wasn't surprising to see. Monica was an emotional person. Sometimes it felt like her tears were just beneath the surface, even though she hated crying.

"Do you hate me?" she asked in a wobbling voice. "I'm sorry, babe. I really thought I was going to win. I would never want to go on a date with anyone else."

Sam still felt all of the frustration and exasperation at his girlfriend for charging straight into Pfeiffer's trap like a raging bull, but he couldn't stand to leave her hanging when she was so upset. He pulled her up by her hands, wearing a rueful expression, and went in for a kiss. "Of course I don't fucking hate you," he said with a sigh, pulling her in and resting her head on his shoulder while he patted her back. "I just wish you would think things through a little sometimes. And I know that you don't want to go out with other men. Least of all the Ogre."

Monica clung to him for a little while silently. Sam could feel her sobs, but knew better than to try to comfort her further. Even in these circumstances, it would probably only earn him a punch in the ribs and a furious insistence that she was *not crying*. Finally, she seemed to pull her emotions back in a little, and straightened up, planting a hot little kiss on her boyfriend's lips and scrubbing the back of her hand across her eyes. "I'm sorry again, Tiger," she said in a thick voice, coughing a little to try to clear away the emotion from it. "I know that it's going to be awkward, but I'm happy that I can always count on you no matter what."

Sam paused again, the frown reappearing on his face. "What's going to be awkward?"

Monica stared at him as if he had just asked what color the sky was. "Uhh, when I have to go out on a fucking date with the old creep with both hate, of course."

Sam stared at her, wondering if she was just teasing him like she always did. But she was just staring back at him with a matching look of incredulity. "Baby, you aren't actually going to go through with it," said Sam slowly. "You're going to tell him to fuck off."

Monica looked affronted. "What? No I'm not. You know how I always get on people's case if they try to wiggle out of paying up on bets, Sam. If I refuse, the other club members will lose all respect for me. I would never live it down. I have to go through with it. That's the whole reason I'm upset."

"But your part of the bet is a secret!" insisted Sam. "No one would know if you didn't pay up!"

"I thought of that," said Monica, looking down and picking at the frayed cuff of her hoodie, avoiding his eyes once again. "But so did Gus. He told me that he would let everyone know if I didn't pay up... and then they would also know that I bet him a date in the first place."

That stopped Sam in his tracks. It would make it look like Monica had been totally open to dating the Ogre, even if that wasn't actually the case. Everyone learning the details of the bet might hurt Monica's reputation more than knowing she tried to get out of it.

Monica read the expression on his face, and added softly, "Hey, at least he promised to keep the whole thing a secret if I pay my end of the bet."

Sam stood from the couch, fighting the sudden wave of weary sickness that washed over him, a combination of his illness and disgust at the situation. He paced back and forth, running his

hands through his hair. "So... what? You're going to go on a date with that perv? What if he tries to kiss you? What if he tries... tries...?"

Monica stood too, stepping up to Sam and taking his face in her hands. "Then I kick him in the fucking balls and get him fired," she said calmly. "I already laid some pretty firm ground rules for him. He can take me out to dinner. Nothing before. Nothing afterward. If he tries to touch me, he'll wish that he hadn't. Relax, Tiger. It's not like Gus fucking Pfeiffer is stealing me away from you. I hate the man's fucking guts. It's going to be an awkward little speedbump. One unpleasant evening that we will laugh off years from now."

Sam stared into her lovely, clear blue eyes, and felt nothing but love. Despite how she had fucked this up, he trusted Monica implicitly. No matter what schemes the dirty professor tried to pull, he would never be able to get between them. In that moment, Sam was certain of it. But still... the idea of another man taking his girlfriend on a date filled him with a dark, burning jealousy. After all, who would be happy with something like that? He knew in his soul that, even if it had no chance of working, Gus would definitely try something on the date.

Trying to convince Monica to get out of the bet wouldn't work. That much was clear. But that didn't mean that he had to just let Gus do whatever he wanted. Like Monica had said, if he had been at the club today, things would have turned out very differently.

"Ok," he said slowly, staring into Monica's eyes with a determined glare. "We can make this work. But I have one condition..."

“Little Sammy wants to chaperone, huh?” said Gus with a snort of amusement, arms crossed lazily over his broad chest. “Well, that’s a first.”

Sam felt a flush of anger, but kept his emotions on a tight leash. Monica shot him a pained look, so he gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. Getting mad and flying off the handle was what had gotten them both into this mess in the first place, and staying calm was what would get them out. Monica normally spoke for herself, of course, but Sam had convinced her to let him do the talking for this negotiation.

Luckily, or unluckily depending on how you looked at it, there had been no need to track Professor Pfeiffer down. He had shown up at the next club meeting as well, just as eager to negotiate the claiming of his prize as they had been. It had been as simple as getting him to stay after the meeting.

“That’s right,” said Sam calmly. “I want to be there to make sure that you don’t try anything. After all, who knows what some sicko obsessed with asking out girls half his age might do?”

If the barb meant anything to Gus, he didn’t show it. Instead he rolled his shoulders with a thoughtful look on his face. “Hm. I’m not necessarily opposed. But are you sure you want to see your girl having a good time with another man? Don’t you think that might hurt your feelings a little? Cause some strife between you two?”

This time Monica couldn’t hold her tongue. “Nothing about this is going to be fun for me, asshole,” she said tartly. “And Sam isn’t going to get his feelings hurt by seeing me miserable with an old creep for an hour.” Sam squeezed her hand again, reminding her to stay cool. Monica bit her lip, shooting her boyfriend a frustrated glare in return. Sam could already tell that Monica was going to vent for hours about what was a fucking jerk Gus was when they got home.

Gus waved his hand as if it made no difference to him. “Sure. If that means Monica will be a little more relaxed, then I don’t mind being the bigger man and accommodating you. But I have a condition of my own. I won a date with Monica, not a group hangout with her and her boyfriend. I don’t care if you watch, but you’re going to stay back at least twenty feet at all times. Does that work for you?”

Sam grimaced. He had actually wanted to do everything he could to make the date feel less date-like if he could. But on the other hand, he and Monica didn’t have much leverage. The fact that Gus was agreeing at all was a concession on his part. Sam would just have to stay sharp and watch carefully. Twenty feet was close enough to step in if Gus made some sort of unsavory move. “Fine,” he said in a tight, controlled voice. “I can work with that.” Monica glanced over at him again, her expression confused and a little annoyed. But now wasn’t the time to argue with her about it. Sam squeezed her hand hard, and Monica let her concerns go with a little roll of her eyes. Sam was certain he would hear about them later.

“Great,” said Gus warmly, clapping his broad hands together. “Does this coming Friday work for you?”

He was talking directly to Monica now, speaking past Sam as if he didn’t exist. Monica stared back at the older man with a withering, unimpressed glare, then said sullenly, “I guess so. Might as well get this out of the way sooner rather than later.”

“Perfect,” said Gus smugly. “Sounds like we’re all set then. We’ll meet up at Le Bijou at 7. Dress up nice.” Sam felt another wild pulse of dark, corrosive jealousy as the professor’s eyes flicked downward from Monica’s eyes for a moment, obviously checking out her body.

Sam tried to squeeze Monica’s hand again, but this time she dropped it, tired of being held back, even if it was a good idea. “Like hell I’m going to get dressed up so some old pervert can ogle me,” she sneered, cocking a hip and raising a stiff middle finger to Gus. “Sorry. If it embarrasses you to be seen with me in my normal clothes, then that’s too fucking bad. You’ll have to get over it.”

Gus narrowed his eyes a little at the outburst, then shrugged. “Hey, your call. But it’s an upscale place. If you show up in a big floppy hoodie, you’ll be the only one there wearing one. Anyway...” He turned toward the exit with one last flick of his dark eyes up and down Monica’s body, making Sam flinch and Monica flush. “I think we are all set then. I’ll see you on Friday at 7. Can’t wait.”

Before Sam or Monica could say anything, he was already out the door of the media room, leaving the couple alone. Monica turned to Sam, fuming. “Did you see the way that asshole looked at me?”

Sam had. It had been impossible not to notice the... hungry look in the older man’s eyes. It filled him with powerful, molten jealousy so badly that he couldn’t even speak. He looked his beautiful, angry girlfriend in the eyes, and a sudden wave of possessiveness came over him. *Mine. Not his. No one else’s.*

“Sam?” said Monica, a little put off by the look in his eyes. “What’s the matter? Did you...”

Sam didn’t let her finish. He pushed forward, wrapping his arms around his girlfriend’s curvy little body and pulling it close, pressing his lips against hers in a possessive kiss. For a second she was stiff in his arms, confused by his sudden passion. But an instant later she melted into his embrace, returning his kiss and snaking her tongue between his lips to tease and swirl with his. Her hands reached down to cup and squeeze his butt, a habit of hers that drove him crazy.

Sam maintained the deep kiss for a moment, relishing the feeling that Monica was his woman. That he was the one she chose, not fucking Gus Pfeiffer. Then he broke away, suddenly ashamed of the powerful compulsion that had made him kiss Monica while she was upset.

Luckily, his spontaneous move seemed to have improved his girlfriend's mood significantly. "Wow, Tiger!" she giggled, suddenly all smiles and shining eyes as she reached up to cup his face. "You sure do know how to cheer a girl up!"

Sam laughed sheepishly at himself as the bubbling jealousy and impulsive possessiveness faded away. "Sorry, sorry. I just thought about what he wants from you and... ugh. I don't know. I don't want to be that guy, but you're *mine*, you know? I mean, not that I own you! We belong to each other, and..."

Monica put a finger to his lips, a little smirk lighting up her face. "Shut up, dork," she said warmly. "That's exactly the sort of attitude I want to see from you when another guy starts sniffing around. You passed the test."

Sam snorted, tension leaving him as he held his girlfriend in his arms. "So it was a test, huh?"

Monica slipped away, grabbing his hand and pulling him along toward the door. "It's always a test, Tiger. And now I want to take you home and test you a little more..."

Sam let himself be pulled, and they spent a very enjoyable evening reconnecting and venting about what an awful creep Gus Pfeiffer was. But no matter how in sync Sam felt with his girlfriend, he couldn't help but have a bad feeling about the date. And his disquiet only grew as the week went on, filling him up slowly with that troubled sense of possessive jealousy.

...

By the time Friday night came around, Sam was a nervous wreck, pacing and fretting while Monica got ready. Monica herself seemed to have exactly the same feelings she had shown initially: exasperation and a desire to get the whole thing over with, no better or worse.

It didn't help Sam's feelings that Monica had apparently decided that Gus was right about dressing up. She looked devastatingly good in the black dress she was wearing, and Sam couldn't help but peeking in at her as she did her makeup in the bathroom mirror, eyes lingering on her body in the tight black dress. But no matter how amazing she looked, it was spoiled by the fact that she was wearing it for another man. Gus was going to see Monica in her dress. He was going to be the one out in public with her on a date, not him. This was all for Gus's benefit. Or at least that was the way that Sam saw it. The gnawing jealousy inside him was getting so strong he could barely stand it.

Finally, as he saw Monica apply a layer of pink lip gloss with a kissing motion, Sam couldn't hold back any longer. "Why don't you ever dress up like that for me?" he asked, leaning in the doorway with his arms crossed.

Monica turned and raised an eyebrow at his tone. "Maybe because you don't take me out anywhere this fancy, Tiger," she said dryly, tossing the gloss back into her makeup bag. When Sam didn't crack a smile, she sighed and clicked over to him on her high heels, reaching up to drape her arms over his shoulders and stare up into his eyes. "Sam, I can tell this is hard for you," she said softly. "And I'm sorry. You know I'm as unhappy about this as you are. And this...?" She looked down at the dress briefly, then back up to him with a wry expression. "I'm wearing this for me, not him. Gus is an asshole, but he wasn't wrong that it would be embarrassing to walk into a fancy restaurant wearing a hoodie."

"It still doesn't feel great," muttered Sam. For some reason, suddenly he wasn't just feeling upset... he was feeling horny too. It must have been the proximity of his girlfriend in the cute dress... It wasn't that it was super revealing or anything. It wasn't even particularly low-cut. But considering that Monica normally wore baggy, shrouding tops, the dress showed off the ripe roundness of her breasts a lot more than Sam was used to seeing in public. Once again, he tried to bite back his words and be supportive, but he couldn't help but ask, "Don't you have something nice that isn't quite so...?" He moved his arm in a vague, curvy way that made Monica snort... but also flash him a warning look.

"I'm afraid that the..." she sarcastically moved her own hands in an even more exaggerated hourglass shape as she turned away. "Has more to do with my body than the dress, Sam. Besides, it's not like I have a ton of dresses to choose from. You know dresses aren't really my style, and I'm sure as hell not buying a new one just for Gus fucking Pfeiffer."

Well... that explanation did make Sam feel a little better, but he still couldn't help but watch Monica's ass sway on her high heels as she went back to the bedroom to grab her phone, stewing over the fact that soon their pervy professor would be getting the same view.

"What about you?" asked Monica as she returned to the living room, her dress and makeup making her like a sexy, sophisticated grown-up woman in a way that made Sam's heart hurt. "What are you wearing?"

Sam stared at her blankly, then indicated what he already had on. His typical outfit of a hoodie over a t-shirt printed with a retro game cover, and a pair of jeans ripped out at the knees. "Really?" said Monica with a hint of exasperation in her tone as she pulled her phone out of her clutch.

Sam frowned and shrugged defensively. "I mean, it's not like I'm the one who's going on a date." There was no way he was going to get all dressed up to sit back and spectate a date his girlfriend was having with someone else. That almost felt like dignifying it or condoning it in a way he couldn't explain.

"Fine," said Monica with a sigh, looking down at her phone, "I don't want to argue with you. Are you ready then? If I don't call the rideshare now, we'll be late."

Sam felt anything but ready, but there was nothing he could do about that. How can you be ready to watch a guy you hate take your girlfriend out to dinner?

...

Monica glanced over toward Sam as he stared out the window at the city passing by, brooding. She didn't exactly blame him for being upset. Heck, she would be kind of annoyed if he was fine with what was going on, considering the circumstances. But it was unusual for her to have to be the strong one. This whole thing with Gus was making Sam into an insecure man she didn't recognize.

She wished that he would understand that this was even harder for her. She was the one who had to go on a date with an older creep, after all.

But, even if Sam was being a little shortsighted and insecure about the whole situation, Monica's heart still went out to him. She snaked her hand beneath his and threaded their fingers together. He looked over at her, his eyes troubled, and in a fit of spontaneous affection, Monica leaned over and planted a swift, warm kiss on his lips. That evaporated a little bit of his angst at least. "Come on, Tiger," she said, leaning her head on his shoulder and squeezing his hand. "I know this sucks, but it's all going to be over in an hour or two." She cupped her hand over his ear and added, so that the rideshare driver couldn't hear, "And when we get home, you're going to fuck me so hard that it's the only thing I remember about tonight. How does that sound?"

Monica pumped a fist internally as she saw the broad smile cross her boyfriend's face and a little of the tension dissolved from his shoulders. It wasn't that complicated in the end. Sam already knew in his brain that the date with Gus was meaningless to her. He just needed to feel that in his heart. And if Monica had to totally rock his world after they got home, then that was a price she was more than willing to pay.

Now that Sam's feathers had been unruffled, at least to some extent, Monica's thoughts turned to her own predicament.

An evening in the company of a man she had nothing but disdain for. Truthfully, she didn't know Gus Pfeiffer very well. She preferred it that way. She had learned everything she needed to know about him on the day he had cornered a gorgeous senior girl named Sophia in the club and pushed her to go on a date with him. And now Monica was in a position similar to what Sophia had been in that day, although Gus had been forced to work quite a bit harder to ask her out.

The worst part about that messy situation, and the part that Monica had decided not to tell Sam, is that Sophia actually ended up going on the date with Gus. More than one date, if the rumors were true. Monica had no idea why; Sophia had stopped coming to the club after that, and graduated at the end of the year without speaking to Monica again.

What would possess a girl to willingly go out with a professor in his forties? Was it just because it was rich? Monica had no idea. All that she knew was that, whatever it was Sophia saw in the Ogre, Monica couldn't see the same thing. She was here to settle a bet and nothing more.

Her anxiety grew a little as she saw that they were pulling up to the restaurant, nestled in a cute area of the city with broad promenades and park benches.

Well, she thought ruefully as she stared at what looked like an actually pretty nice restaurant, *At least the food will be good.*

...

Sam looked up at the gathering clouds as he stepped out of the car and extended his hand to help Monica out as well. They were steel gray in the light of the setting sun, rolling in from the west on a chilly breeze. A reminder that summer was over and fall was getting started in earnest. It looked like they were in for some rain, which, along with the cold wind, sounded like some pretty miserable weather.

In contrast, the restaurant looked warm and inviting. Through the large windows, an elegant dining room could be seen, with well-dressed men and women sitting and dining on expensive-looking French cuisine. Sam had to grudgingly admit that Monica had made the right call. If anything, her simple black dress left her looking just a touch underdressed. If she had shown up in her regular street clothes, she would have been totally humiliated.

Monica shivered in the cold wind, and Sam put an arm around her, holding her close. He opened his mouth to make a joke about the hoity-toity restaurant, but was interrupted by a deep voice from behind them.

"Good evening!"

Monica and Sam turned to see Gus standing on the curb with a big shit-eating grin on his face. Sam had half expected him to just show up wearing one of his usual polo shirts and jeans, since that was the only thing he ever seemed to wear on campus, but it seemed like Gus had taken his own advice to heart. He wore a suit jacket and tie that fit his huge upper body so well that it must have been tailored.

"Hey," said Monica unenthusiastically. She pursed her lips a little as she took in Gus's outfit, and even though it was easy to read her distaste as she saw her date for the evening, Sam couldn't help but watch as she had the same realization that Professor Pfeiffer was actually pretty well dressed.

Even with his arm still over Monica's shoulder, Sam had the sudden, powerful sense of being the third wheel in the equation. He stood there on the tree-lined walkway in his normal, slouchy clothes while the two people actually going on the date were dressed to the nines.

The feeling was only intensified as Gus reached his hand out for Monica, ignoring Sam completely as if he didn't exist. "Can I just say... you look stunning tonight, Monica," he said in a low rumbling murmur. "Ready to get started?" Once again, just like that day after the club meeting, his slimy gaze traveled downward, taking in the sight of Monica's beautiful body without even making an attempt to hide it. Sam felt his girlfriend's bare arm pebble in goosebumps beneath his. It felt impossible that she would willingly reach out and take this jerk's hand... but that was what the terms of the bet dictated.

The awkwardness hung in the air for a long moment, with Gus extending his hand and Sam unconsciously clutching Monica closer to his side, reluctant to give her up. But a moment later Monica seemed to reach a decision. With a light sigh, she turned to her boyfriend and pulled him in for a kiss. Sam felt a savage rush of joy as her soft lips pressed against his and their arms snaked around each other, pulling them close together.

That's right. Feast your eyes, you dirty old creep. You might have cheated your way into a dinner in Monica's company, but I'm the one she loves. You'll get a few minutes of conversation, but nothing more. I'm the one taking her home.

Gus didn't react to the obvious statement from the couple. He just stood there with his hand extended, confident that Monica would have to join him in the end. And he was right. All too soon, Monica's arms loosened, and she pulled away from the kiss with a wry smile. "It's going to be ok, Tiger," she whispered confidently. "I'll be bored and thinking about you the whole time."

Then she slipped out of his arms and moved toward the man they both despised. She didn't take his hand, of course, she just walked past him toward the restaurant, her hips swaying and her heels clicking against the pavement in a confident stride.

Sam glared at Gus, his hands balling up into fists and impotent jealousy boiling inside him. "I'm warning you... if you try anything..."

Gus ignored him completely, turning away as if he hadn't even heard Sam speak, and Sam felt a flush of hot blood rush to his face. On campus, it felt like the professor was forced to at least try to be polite to students, but the only reaction Sam had gotten at all was a flash of cold indifference in the older man's eyes. Tonight, Gus only cared about Monica, and her boyfriend was beneath his notice.

Gus's long strides let him catch up to Monica quickly, and he moved ahead of her to hold open the door of the restaurant. Sam scrambled after them, then remembered that he had agreed to stay twenty feet away at all times. The last thing he wanted to do was push the boundaries and have Gus claim that this date didn't count somehow because he broke the rules. He watched with furrowed brows as Monica and the professor moved into the restaurant, tapping his foot impatiently. Finally, when he thought that they were far enough away, Sam pulled open the door to the restaurant and entered.

The Maître D' looked up from the host stand, and Sam could instantly sense that there was going to be a problem. The tall man looked Sam up and down with just the faintest hint of distaste in his expression and asked gravely, "Reservation, sir?"

Sam shook his head. "No, I'm actually not here to eat. Could I just, I don't know... sit somewhere out of the way? Maybe order a drink or something? I'm here to support my girlfriend, but I can't actually sit at the same table with them."

Once again, the suave man's expression was muted, but he looked at Sam as if he were dangerously insane. "Not without a reservation, Sir. This is a fine dining establishment, not a Denny's. I'm afraid that people don't come here to simply... *hang out*. Besides... I'm afraid we do have a dress code at this establishment. We simply won't be able to accommodate you tonight."

Sam opened his mouth to try to convince the man, then shut it with a snap. The Maître D's eyes were cold and closed off, and Sam could sense that the man was simply looking for a reason to have him thrown out at this point. There was no way that he would be allowed into the restaurant. He really should have thought things through more carefully.

Sam turned on his heel and left the restaurant into the cold twilight. Part of him suspected that Gus knew this would happen, which was why he was fine with Sam's demand to chaperone. But Sam should have seen it coming. It was his fault for assuming that following them would be easy. He was on the fence about pulling the plug on the date altogether... or maybe insisting that the venue had to be changed. The bet had never been about going to this restaurant specifically, after all. He decided to text Monica about the situation and let her decide. But when Sam slapped his pocket, it was empty.

No fucking way.

Sam buried his face in his hands and groaned. Of course. Of course he had forgotten his fucking phone. He had been so distracted and annoyed in the lead-up to the date that he must have left it sitting on the table in the apartment.

Now he had an even more difficult choice ahead of him. He could march into the restaurant and speak to Monica directly, probably making a scene, embarrassing her, and getting thrown out... or he could swallow his discomfort and take the L, waiting for them to emerge from the restaurant. Or maybe... Sam walked around to the front of the restaurant and peered through the large windows looking in on the dining room. Gus and Monica sat there in clear view at one of the tables, looking down at their menus.

There was a park bench nearby where Sam could get a clear enough view. It obviously wasn't ideal... but as long as they were doing this, Sam preferred to get it over with. He would watch

from the bench outside, and step in if Gus crossed any lines. Which seemed sort of unlikely anyway, in an upscale restaurant with lots of other people watching.

So Sam reluctantly sat back on the hard bench, clutching himself against the cold and preparing to watch an old horndog wine and dine his girlfriend.

...

Monica studiously ignored the Ogre lurking behind her as she followed the waiter to the table, but she could feel his gaze on her ass the entire time.

Fucking pig.

Gus was such an asshole that he didn't even bother to hide his open attraction to a college student nearly half his age. And in front of poor Sam too! She was certain that her boyfriend would be a furious, sad wreck of emotions after this travesty of a date, and she wouldn't blame him. Speaking of Sam...

She looked around the restaurant, trying to see where her boyfriend might be sitting.

"Looking for your boytoy?" asked Gus with a wide grin. "I think he's set up out there."

For a second, Monica had no idea what he was pointing at, since Sam clearly wasn't at any of the tables on that side of the room. Then she looked further out, to where Sam sat on the bench outside the window, looking cold and miserable. He was clearly still watching them closely, because as she looked out at him, she saw him wave and mouth "I love you!"

"Why the fuck is he out there?" she asked blankly, just talking out loud rather than intending to address Gus. She had thought the plan was for Sam to come into the restaurant with them. It didn't look particularly comfortable on the bench.

"Maybe for the best," said Gus with a shrug. "He's a little underdressed after all."

Monica privately agreed with him. Maybe she should have insisted that Sam change before they left, bad mood or no. But she wasn't going to let Gus engage her that easily. She would rather die than just chime in and agree with him. She instead picked up the menu, trying to form a barrier that would help to separate her from the obnoxious jerk across the table from her.

"Oh come on now," said Gus with a chuckle. "Is that the way it's going to be all night?"

Monica lowered the menu and glared at the older man over it. Although she would never say it to him in a million years, she had to grudgingly admit that he had cleaned up fairly well for the occasion. The polos and dad jeans he wore on a daily basis didn't do him any favors at all, emphasizing his gut and making him look dumpy despite his height. The sharp suit he was

wearing now had the opposite effect, slimming him a little and making his natural bulk look even more imposing. He had even shaved off his constant stubble and styled his thinning hair for the occasion, making him look younger and revealing a strong chin.

None of that made Monica like him any better, of course, but it did throw her off her game a little. It was like she was talking to a completely new person she had never met before rather than the older slimeball she knew too well. She had to concentrate on how much she disliked him rather than get sucked in by the atmosphere. “What, did you think that once you got me into a nice restaurant I would bat my eyelashes and giggle at you across the table all night? You tricked me into this, *Professor*, but you won dinner with me, not a magical evening of flirtation.”

Gus held his hands up placatingly with a laugh. “Mercy, mercy! You’ve made your point. I know you don’t particularly care for my company. But think about it this way: You’re currently in the best French restaurant in the city. Who knows when you’ll have the chance to go again. You could spend your evening glaring and pouting and screwing yourself up into a ball of indignant rage... or you could relax a little, enjoy the food and atmosphere, and still tell me to fuck off at the end of the night. Which one sounds more fun?”

Monica stared at him with pursed lips for a moment, then sighed and rolled her shoulders. He did have a point. She and Sam were broke college students; he had a part-time job at the local comic shop, but she spent enough time on club activities and practicing for esports that she didn’t work at all. This place was totally out of their price range. She didn’t have to enjoy Gus’s company in order to enjoy the experience a little.

“I don’t even know what half of this stuff is,” she said ruefully, her eyes flicking back to the menu. She had heard of some things, obviously, like foie gras and ratatouille, but the rest of the menu was in French as well, and didn’t have explanations beneath the dishes to let her know what to expect.

“Well, my recommendation would be for us to order the shared roast duck platter,” said Gus thoughtfully. “With soup and salad to start. The French onion soup here really is world-class. You should try it as long as you’re here.”

Monica raised an eyebrow at him. “So... what, you’re a big connoisseur, huh?” Gus had always struck her as a sort of fast food kind of guy. The sort of man who was constantly having to suck Cheeto dust off his fingers. But right now, he didn’t seem like that at all.

Gus nodded, leaning back in his chair, shutting the menu with a soft snap and picking up the wine list. “Uh huh. I got to be a bit of a foodie back in the startup days. Most of the guys were so focused on work that they just ate endless takeout, but I figured, hey, I’ve got the money, why not eat something really good? Most of the restaurants here don’t hold a candle to the ones they have out on the west coast, but this one is decent.”

Monica hesitated, then closed her menu. Why not trust the recommendation of the expert? He didn't have to be a good person to have good taste in food. "Sure. I'll try what you recommended then," she said primly, smoothing her dress over her thighs and realizing in the process that her palms were sweaty.

"Great," said Gus, looking up and snapping his fingers with confidence to call over a waiter. "I promise you won't regret it."

...

Sam hugged himself a little tighter as the cold breeze swirled around him. He thought he felt a few raindrops, and pulled his hoodie up over his head. But he didn't get distracted. He kept his eyes laser-focused on the pair sitting at the table in the restaurant, making sure he didn't miss a thing.

It hurt a little bit when Monica started clearly relaxing and talking to Gus, rather than stonewalling him completely. Maybe it was unfair of Sam to expect her to sit for over an hour ignoring the man across from her completely, and she still didn't look exactly friendly toward him, but it still hurt to see them chatting away in the opulent warmth while he was stuck outside in the cold, unable to even hear their discussion.

That sense of denial and isolation felt like it was boiling in Sam's blood as he continued to watch, alone and ignored while his girlfriend apparently had a great time with someone else.

...

Monica made a sound of mild discomfort as Gus leaned over and poured a stream of dark wine into the glass in front of her.

"Professor, stop," she protested. "I don't turn twenty-one until February. You could get me in trouble."

Gus just let out his regular, self-satisfied chuckle and kept pouring. "No one is going to notice a thing, chickadee. You look all grown-up and sophisticated tonight. Not a soul would suspect you're not of drinking age."

Monica rolled her eyes, but felt the compliment hit home despite herself. As a petite woman, sometimes she struggled with people treating her like she was younger than she really was. She had been going for a more mature look tonight, and it was a little gratifying to hear that it had worked... despite the source of the affirmation. She felt good enough about it to pick up the wine glass and take a little sip.

She was no wine connoisseur, but it tasted pretty good.

"What's your major?" asked the older man abruptly, setting down the bottle and carving himself a slice of the roast duck.

Monica slowly took another deep sip of her wine, studying Gus closely. He chewed away happily on his slice of duck... which had turned out just as excellent as he said. There didn't seem to be any cunning shiftiness or ulterior motive in his features as he looked toward her. His expression was open and honest. She considered just ignoring the question. But maybe it would help the time pass faster if she indulged him in a little small talk. Where was the harm after all? Talking about her academics wasn't like she was encouraging him in any way.

"I'm going into Civil Engineering," she said briskly, setting down her glass and picking up her knife and fork. "Just a few upper-level courses to go."

"Mmm," said Gus through a mouthful of duck, nodding his head approvingly. "Smart. Lots of demand there, and government contracts are stable work."

Monica couldn't help but roll her eyes. Unlike Gus, she took her time, chewing and swallowing before replying. "Thanks, I guess. I'll be honest: I'm not really interested in your approval."

"And yet you have it anyway!" said Gus with a shark-like grin before sucking down a large mouthful of wine. "Too many people your age are so caught up in the moment that they can't even consider the future. It's refreshing to meet an ambitious young woman like you, who knows what she wants."

"I do know what I want," she said pointedly, slicing through the duck breast on her plate with quick, efficient movements. "For example, my boyfriend. I'm dead certain on that." She glanced toward the window again, but at this point, she couldn't see anything looking from the bright restaurant out into the dark street. She could only trust that Sam was still there supporting her.

Gus made a noncommittal noise with a shrug. "Sure. I mean, a lot of people think the same thing in college. But life can look a lot different when you're both out in the real world. What's lover boy's major, for instance?"

"Game design," said Monica without thinking, then instantly considered the fact that maybe that was something she should have held back.

Her instinct was only confirmed as Gus nodded, pointing at her with his fork. "There, you see? That's what I'm talking about. Making decisions based on feelings rather than realism. The video game industry is in a terrible place for new hires. You two might really struggle."

"I don't want to talk about this anymore," said Monica coldly. She should have known that the topic was just bait to talk down her relationship with Sam. Gus wasn't to be trusted.

“Fair enough,” said the older man lightly. “Let’s move on to other topics. You mentioned something about a conference at the club the other week. Tell me about that. Maybe I can help out with sponsorships or something.”

Reluctantly, Monica opened up a little over two glasses of wine, discussing safer topics. She had to grudgingly admit that Gus could be a good conversationalist when he wanted to, listening intently when she spoke and asking good follow-up questions. Although she was on guard for it, he didn’t return to making veiled shots at Sam, and eventually she let her guard down. Before she knew it, the check had arrived, and the dinner had finished up, far more painlessly than she had assumed it would. It almost felt too easy.

Gus stood from the table after leaving a jaw-dropping amount of cash for the tip, and extended his hand to Monica. She hesitated, then accepted the offer of help up from her seat. Except for that one minor slip up, he had actually been a complete gentleman for the duration of the dinner, and it felt petty and pointless to snub little gestures like this anymore. She released his hand as soon as she was on her feet, of course.

“Well, I would say it was a good evening,” she said with a tight smile. “But I was tricked into it, after all. I guess with that, I’ll say goodnight and...”

Gus held up a finger. “Oh come on now, chickadee! Just dinner by itself hardly counts as a date. I had one more thing in mind, if you would indulge me.”

Monica crossed her arms and gave Gus a withering glare. “I have no idea what you’re trying to pull, but if you think I’m going anywhere with you, you can...”

Gus laughed again, and after talking to him for an hour at dinner, Monica actually found it a little disarming. “No, no, I know better than to think you would fall for that. There’s an overlook about a three-minute walk from here that I wanted to show you. Walk over with me and take a look, and I’ll call us even.”

Monica hesitated. She would prefer to just go home with Sam...

“Come onnn,” said Gus, pressing his hands together in supplication. “I promise you you’ll love the view. And then you can take your guy there next time.”

Monica wasn’t sure why she said yes in the end. Probably just because walking for three minutes felt easier than listening to more of Gus’s attempts to convince her. Anyway, at this point she felt like she had the old creep figured out. He wasn’t going to drag her into some alley, no matter how attracted to her he was.

“Fine,” she said with a sigh, making her way toward the exit. “I’ll walk there and check it out. Then we’re done.”

...

Sam perked up as Monica and Gus stood from the table. Finally, this torture would be over. Every minute had been like eternity as he felt more and more isolated and left out, watching his girlfriend with another man, talking and laughing.

He recognised, at this point, that he was spiraling a little and getting his feelings hurt over pretty innocuous behavior from his girlfriend, but that didn't change the wave of relief over the night finally being over. He was ready to get home and have Monica tell him all about what an awful, boring creep the professor was.

Sam stood as the two made their way to the door, preparing to throw his arms wide and pull his girlfriend close.

But as they exited into the windy night, Gus jerked his head to the left and said, "This way."

Monica shot Sam an apologetic glance and held up a finger in the "one minute" gesture, mouthing "almost done", before turning to click after Gus as he strode away.

Sam stood in stiff shock, his growing feelings of denial roiling inside him and his face flushing. Wait... his girlfriend had decided to spend more time with the old creep? What the fuck was wrong with her?

Fuming, Sam followed behind them, keeping the required twenty feet back as they made the walk up a little hill. He wasn't sure what was going on between the two of them, but he didn't like it.

...

Monica was uneasy about the look on Sam's face as they passed by, and she instantly felt that agreeing to Gus's offer was the wrong choice. But at that point it felt too late. She had already agreed to briefly check out the lookout he was talking about, and it would be too awkward to back out now. Her only choice was to try to get the little jaunt over as quickly as possible. Sam would understand, even if she had to smooth it over with him later.

So she clicked along beside Gus, hugging herself in the chill wind. It had picked up since dinner had started, and it looked like it was going to rain soon. All the more reason to make this quick.

"I would offer you my jacket, or even hug you close... but I think Mr. Grumpy back there wouldn't like it much," said Gus with an amused grin.

It surprised a snort of laughter out of Monica, which she quickly covered up with a scowl. "Yeah. I'm good," she said flatly. "How far away are we from this overlook?"

"It's right here," said Gus with a grin, taking a left.

Monica followed him, and her eyes went wide. The city spread out beneath them, lights blazing beneath the gathering storm clouds. Gus hadn't been bullshitting her: it really was an incredible view. As determined as she was to stay closed off to Gus, she couldn't help but say, "Wow..." under her breath.

"I know, right?" said Gus, walking to the edge of the small park and leaning on the railing as they stared down at the city spread beneath them. "I like to come up here when I'm feeling... ambitious. Helps the mood to look down at the world like this."

Monica rolled her eyes, but walked up to the railing next to him. "Why am I not surprised that you love to look down at people? And what's so ambitious about teaching at a moderately prestigious regional University? Your glory days are behind you."

Gus looked over to her with a smirk. "That's what I want them to think. I've been cooking up something new behind the scenes for years. When it's finally ready, I won't step foot on that campus ever again." He waved out toward the massive city below them with a dismissive gesture. "This city will be too small."

Monica had never heard such a load of shit in her life. But somehow the old creep said it with such conviction that, for a second, you almost believed it. Out of the corner of her eye, she realized that Sam had just skulked into the park after them. But now, despite herself, her curiosity was piqued. "Everyone knows that you're rich," she said with a quirked eyebrow, staring up into his dark, calculating eyes. "So why did you even come here in the first place?"

Surprisingly, Gus broke the eye contact between them and stared out at the city. "I had my pick of shallow supermodels back at the peak of my company," he said gruffly. "There were any number of gold-diggers more than happy to hitch their wagon to me. But I didn't want just a pretty face. When I make my comeback, I want the perfect woman at my side. Looks and brains and charms. The whole package."

For a second, Monica envisioned it. What it would be like to be the girlfriend of a rich, powerful man. Wining and dining like they just had every night of the week. Having the finest things in life. Famous and envied by all.

Then reality hit again, and she recognised what he was saying for the pick-up line that it was. She should have known that Gus would try something eye-rollingly cheesy in a pathetic attempt to get in her pants. She opened her mouth to tell him to fuck off.

And that's when the rain hit.

Cold, stinging, and overwhelming. A wall of water dropping straight from the sky. All thoughts about their conversation dropped away instantly, replaced by an urgent need to find cover.

She noticed Sam sprinting toward a small pavilion on the other side of the park, and was about to head in the same direction. But just at that moment, Gus strode toward the street instead, raising his hand and making a cab speeding by screech to a halt.

Monica looked back and forth between Sam and Gus, who stood holding the cab door open and gesturing toward her.

She made her decision in a split second. The cab was a lot closer than the pavilion. It was only a few feet away. The rain was freezing and coming down in buckets. She cupped her hands around her mouth and yelled, "Come on, babe!" then hurried to the cab and crawled inside, shivering.

...

Sam saw his girlfriend climb into the cab and hustled reluctantly out into the rain toward her. He couldn't exactly blame her. He wanted to be out in this downpour for as little time as possible too. He didn't mind being the one to sacrifice a little and run the longer distance to the cab.

But as he made his way through the rain, Sam could already tell that something was wrong. Gus, who had been ignoring him all evening, flashed him an evil grin, then ducked and entered the cab himself behind Monica. It felt like Sam was moving in slow motion as he ran toward the cab, not fast enough to reach it in time.

The look on Gus's face was pure, lustful evil as he waved mockingly at Sam, then slammed the door behind him. Sam arrived at the spot where the cab had been a second too late as it sped off into the night.

Sam stared after it in the rain, suddenly pulsing with jealous dread. Gus and Monica were all alone in the back of a dark cab, and Gus's taunting eyes had made it precisely clear what his intentions were.

Who the fuck even knows where they are going? whispered a snickering voice in Sam's mind. *Is Gus planning to drop Monica back off at our apartment? Or are they heading to his place?*

The rational part of Sam's brain knew that was crazy. It didn't matter if Monica had talked civilly to the Ogre at dinner; there was no way she would go home with an old creep like him. But the part of his brain that had fermented in tortured jealousy while watching his girlfriend dine with another man flashed terrible images in front of him.

Monica giggling and holding one of Gus's meaty paws as he pulled her into his bedroom. Demurring at first as he kissed her tender neck, but then draping her slim arms over Gus's broad shoulders and accepting a kiss on the lips, as his hands slipped down to feel up her curvy little body.

The unrealistic thought filled him with dull, throbbing panic for some reason. His heart was in his throat, and his pulse was thumping a mile a minute as he stared dumbly at the red taillights of the cab retreating into the rainy gloom. He couldn't call or text Monica. He couldn't even call a fucking cab without his phone. The street was deserted now anyway, so there was no chance of just hailing one like that lucky son of a bitch did earlier.

And who knew what might be happening in that cab while he was stuck here in the rain?

There was just one thing Sam could do. He sprinted back to the restaurant and burst in, dripping and panting, half-delirious with desperation. Maybe Sam had misjudged the Maître D' earlier, because at least the man had enough of a heart to call Sam a cab and let him wait in the entryway until it arrived.

But it didn't come soon enough. For the long ten minutes of waiting for the cab, and for the ride home through the rainy city, Sam's mind went wild, torturing him with images of what Gus might be trying with his girlfriend now that the Ogre had slipped his supervision.

And, even though he knew the thoughts were crazy... he also couldn't stop thinking about what Monica might be allowing to happen.

...

By the time Sam made it home, his eyes were wild, and he felt like he was going crazy with dark, consuming jealousy. He stormed up to their apartment and burst in the door, still dripping onto the floor from the rain outside.

It was at least a little relieving to see Monica there waiting for him. She stood in the living room, obviously a little anxious, her eyes wide and her brown hair sleek and dark with rainwater, looking as tempting and curvy as ever in her tight black dress and heels.

At least she hadn't gone over to Gus's apartment. But that didn't change anything about all the wild things he had imagined might have happened with the two of them alone in the back of that dark cab speeding through the city. The mocking smile Gus had flashed him as he ducked into the cab still haunted Sam.

"Hey babe," said Monica, taking a step toward Sam, clearly relieved to see him. "I'm so sorry! It was fucked up that Gus wouldn't wait for you! I told him to stop, but..."

"What happened?" said Sam in a strangled voice, striding forward toward her, his pulse thumping wildly in his ears. "What did he do when you were alone without me?"

Monica gave him a shocked, wide-eyed look, shaking her head in confusion. "What? Nothing, babe. Do you really think that I would let him...?"

Sam stepped forward and pulled Monica close, pulling her into a passionate, jealous kiss. Despite her words, his mind was already running wild. Not just from the fact that Monica had been alone with the Ogre in private while he got left behind, but from the feeling of being left out and sidelined that had been building all night. His head swarmed with dark images.

Images of Gus looming close in the dark back seat of the taxi as the rain drummed loud against the windows. Of his stubbled face pressing into the tender crook of Monica's neck, kissing and licking and sucking. His hand dropping to Monica's thigh, squeezing, then inching higher. A dirty old man, taking what he wanted. And Monica, whimpering and blushing, but unable to resist. Unable to hold herself back from her professor's dominant magnetism.

Her thighs parting slowly, granting access...

After a second of surprise and a shocked little gasp at his sudden passionate surge forward, Monica kissed him back, matching his energy by pressing forward against him, feeling the rapidly pounding of his heart in his chest. Sam's hands roamed her body hungrily, gripping and squeezing with iron-hard fingers, as if he could possess her completely with just the strength of his grip. His cock was a hard, throbbing bar of iron in his pants, surprising Monica as he pressed it needily against her hips, sending a little extra spark of lust crackling through her.

Sam suddenly pulled away from the kiss. His hands fell to her ass, kneading her cheeks through the tight material as he pulled her close, grinding his cock against her belly. "How do I know?" he whispered in her ear, his voice dripping with a dark, jealous heat that sent a jolt of unexpected lust pulsing between Monica's thighs. "How do I know that nothing happened? I know that fucking perv would do anything to have you..."

Sam was normally a passionate but tender lover. This kind of aggressive heat from him was something totally new... and honestly, pretty fucking hot. Monica knew that it was coming from from his negative feelings of denial and jealousy from the date, and it probably would have been better to calm him down instead of riling him up. But Monica had always been an instigator. When she found a button that got such an unexpectedly sexy rise from her normally stoic boyfriend, she couldn't help but push it.

She whispered back in his ear, soft and sensual, with just a hint of a tease, "... hmmm. I guess you can't know for sure, can you?"

Sam let out a soft sound of disbelief, his brain fizzling as the softly whispered words registered. *What the fuck is she saying? Is she really implying that...?* Sam pressed forward harder until Monica's back was pressed against the wall. She giggled, throwing her arms around his neck, her eyes suddenly blazing with mischief that tied his stomach in knots with jealousy. He kissed her hard again, reaching down with uncharacteristic forcefulness to run a hand up her thigh and beneath her dress, touching the surface of her panties... pressing them into the soft, hot flesh

beneath. He could feel a wetness there beneath his fingers. Was it because of him? Or was it from something earlier on the car ride home?

His fingers pressed deep, and he felt the vibration against his lips as Monica moaned into his mouth, spreading her thighs and swirling her hips down against his fingers, clearly enjoying his jealousy-inspired passion. Sam couldn't take it anymore. He knew that she was probably just teasing him, but he had to know. He pulled away from the kiss, panting heavily. "Did he touch you?" he demanded, his voice rough and strained, his cock almost tearing a hole through his pants for reasons he still didn't fully understand. "Did he...?" His fingers impatiently yanked her panties to the side, feeling the wet, eager heat of his girlfriend's tight cunt directly beneath his fingers. He couldn't stop imagining Gus's blunt, powerful fingers in this same position, touching and feeling and taking what wasn't his.

"No, Tiger, of course not," said Monica, her voice a hot, wet whisper in his ear. Then she nipped his earlobe gently, a move that she knew could drive him wild, and said, "But then again, if he had, I don't know if I would be able to tell you. I mean, it would make you so upset to learn that he had taken advantage of your sweet girlfriend."

Sam slid a finger deep inside her, feeling her hot pussy contracting around his finger as she let out a delicate little moan. The powerful, heated arousal inside him seemed to grip his mind like a fist. Was this another tease? Was she dropping hints? Had Gus actually done something during his perfect opportunity to indulge his pervy desires? "Tell me," he insisted, thrusting his finger slowly in and out of his girlfriend's pussy, her breath hot and sweet in his face as they stood nose to nose. "Stop playing games with me, Monica. Please."

She had been squeezing her eyes shut in pleasure, but they flashed open, beautiful, deep blue, and blazing with lust. Her hand reached down to squeeze Sam's cock through his pants, sending another bolt of sensation blazing through him, twining and mixing with his raging jealousy. "I don't know..." she purred, her hand gripping and pulsing up and down his cock, "It feels like maybe this is a game you like playing... even if you can't admit it, Tiger."

"Tell me the truth," he insisted hotly, his finger moving faster and faster as it plunged in and out of her.

"Make me!" she fired back in a moaning voice as she began to jerk him off through his pants.

Monica's stomach flipped, and her pussy throbbed with needy heat as Sam leaned down and picked her up in a bridal carry. All she could do was gasp in shock and hang on weakly to his neck as he carried her toward the bedroom, his eyes blazing with troubled heat. She had never seen him like this before, impulsive and forceful and... dominant was the only word. Maybe she was going a little too far by needling him this way. But it was undeniable. Even though Sam was a fantastic lover, she had never been more turned on by him than she was right now, helpless in his arms as he carried her into the bedroom and tossed her roughly onto the bed.

It kind of made her want to see how far she could push him...

Sam moved to join her on the bed, but Monica rolled over and pushed him back, biting her lip with amusement as she unzipped him and freed his straining cock, already dripping with precum. *Let's see if I can turn the heat up just a notch higher...*

"I don't know why you're so upset, baby," she said in a voice dripping with false innocence. She batted her eyelashes and leaned forward to plant a soft, hot kiss right at the tip of her boyfriend's twitching cock. "I'm here with you now. You're the one who gets my lips, my tongue... my hot little pussy. Does it really matter if that bad man snuck a little feel? Not that I'm saying he did... but you get sooo much more than him after all." She loved to tease Sam normally, but he had never given in to her teasing like this before. It was like catnip to her, seeing him all riled up and horny for her like this.

"You're my girlfriend," said Sam heatedly, cupping the back of her head and pulling her in close to his cock, rubbing its leaking head over her soft cheek and leaving a smear of precum. "Not his. You're mine, baby. Mine." This was totally unlike him. He had always treated Monica as her own woman, not some kind of possession. But tonight had awoken a green-eyed monster in him. A blazing possessive lust that broke all chains of propriety and selfishly screamed "MINE!"

"Then show me," Monica fired back in a horny, rasping taunt. She slowly ran her fist up and down her boyfriend's pulsing shaft, staring up at him with a teasing little smirk, then sticking out her tongue to swirl around his swollen, purple head. "Teach me who I belong to, tough guy. I've been acting confused about that, haven't I?"

Sam let out a growl that sent a thrill through Monica, then his hand grew tight, pulling her close and shoving his cock between her lips and into her mouth. She looked up at him with submissive eyes, swirling her tongue around his cock and sealing her lips tight around his shaft as she began to bob up and down, slow and sultry and deep. She had adopted the role of a teasing brat for this heated encounter, but internally, she was cheering her boyfriend on. He had probably had a pretty shitty evening, left out in the cold. Letting him be the big man was a price she was more than happy to pay.

Besides, he was hot when he got all dominant and manly like this. It only made her want to tease him more.

"Fuck!" hissed Sam in a combination of frustration and pleasure, "I saw you... sitting in there enjoying yourself with that fat creep. Ignoring me."

Monica grabbed his cock and jerked it off a little as she popped up off it and batted her eyelashes at him with an air of false innocence. "Sorry baby, but that fancy food just tasted so good that I wasn't even thinking about my poor boyfriend in the cold all alone." She slapped his cock against her smooth cheek, pouting cutely. "I guess I've been a bad girl. Maybe you should find some way of making me forget all about that taste..."

Maybe she was going a little too far... she didn't want to actually hurt his feelings after all, just needle him enough to keep him topped off with frustrated, jealous lust. But it seemed like she had gone just far enough. "I think I know how to get that taste out of your mouth..." he rasped. With that, Sam shoved his cock between her lips again, this time maintaining his grip and keeping control. Monica's thrilled, her body filling with weak, wet lust as Sam, her kind, sweet boyfriend, took control and fucked her mouth with short, tight little strokes. Her toes curled as she felt him lose control in a way he never quite had before. It was fascinating, and a little scary, and deeply, deeply erotic.

She felt like maybe she could get used to this.

Sam pressed harder. Deeper. Monica did what she could to serve him with her mouth, slurping and sucking and reaching up to play with his balls. Treating him like a king. It was what he deserved after what he went through. But Monica had her limits. When her boyfriend's cock pressed against the back of her throat, she gagged, and Sam, even in his haze of jealous lust, backed off immediately, withdrawing and letting her catch her breath. It made her feel completely safe, to know that she could trust the man she loved even when he was furiously reclaiming her.

It made her want to give him even more.

Sam stared down at Monica, breathing heavily as she rolled over and laid on her back, staring at him with hooded bedroom eyes as she spread her thighs. He had never been so fucking horny in his life. It felt like there was powerful new energy inside him. Possessing him. Driving him forward relentlessly. Every teasing word from his girlfriend's lips seemed to drive that manic energy inside him wild. He wanted to claim every inch of the beautiful woman beneath him. He wanted to prove to her and himself, and somehow, spiritually, The Ogre, even though he wasn't here, that she belonged only to him.

Monica slipped off her panties from beneath the dress and tossed them to the side, then lifted up its bottom hem to display her pink, dewy pussy, obviously swollen with arousal for him. "I'm yours, Tiger," she purred, her eyes electric blue as they stared upward, locking with his, wide and soft and welcoming. "Come and get me."

Sam needed no further encouragement. He shucked his clothes off so fast that he was in danger of ripping them to pieces, then dived onto her, falling into her arms as they wrapped around him. He pressed the woman he loved down into the mattress with a deep, hungry kiss. His hands roamed her as their tongue tangled, fierce and hot between their lips. He yanked down the top of her dress as well, taking her bra off with a little assistance from her and exposing her soft, round tits and gripping them needily, feeling their weight and shape in his palms, teasing and pinching her throbbing nipples in his fingers. Then his hands moved lower, flowing over her wide hips and thighs, then toward the center, parting her lips and feeling the wet heat at her core.

Was this body only for his enjoyment anymore? Probably. But could he know for certain?

Monica broke away from the kiss, her hips squirming beneath him. One of her hands dropped between his thighs, tugging on his cock as she moaned, "I don't want to wait, Sam. Fuck me. Fuck me now."

With a shuddering breath, Sam complied, unwilling to hold back any more either. He shifted his hips forward, and Monica's hand guided him home. He sank deep into the wet heat of her pussy, and in an instant he felt a powerful sense of victory. Gus probably hadn't felt Monica up in the car, but even if he had, he didn't get this. Sam was the only one Monica wanted to fuck. He was the man she had chosen. And in the perfect moment when he slid all the way in to the hilt, going balls-deep while his girlfriend moaned in approval beneath him, Sam's insecurities dropped away, and he felt like the luckiest man on earth.

"I love you baby," he said roughly, kissing her tenderly as he began fucking her, slow and deep. "I love you too, baby," she said in a breathy voice, her hands gripping his shoulders tight in ecstasy. He could feel her pussy squeezing around him, like a tight hug. They were one, completely in sync. Sam's hips began pumping a little faster, and Monica's hips pulsed up to meet him with every stroke in a familiar dance of sensual satisfaction.

But this session didn't go exactly the same as any other time. There was still crackling, troubled heat in the air that hadn't been dissipated entirely by the words of love. It was obvious that Maya could feel it too. She pulled Sam's head down closer, whispering in his ear. "Fuck me hard tonight, Tiger. Take me. Claim me. Prove that I'm no one else's." Then she bit his ear. Hard.

Sam felt the boiling energy pulse up inside him once again. His hips moved with new purpose. Drilling deeper. Harder. Faster. Monica moaned beneath him, her fingers becoming claws on the skin of his back, tracing stinging lines of sensation as he stretched her pussy again and again. The bedroom filled with wet slapping noises as Sam pinned Monica down to the bed with his cock over and over, joined by her growing moans of pleasure at the rough, wet fucking.

"You're mine," grunted Sam. "You're all mine, Monica. Say it."

Although he had never done it before, his hand rose to grip his girlfriend's throat. Not squeezing tight, but just holding there, feeling her rapid pulse beneath the skin. Monica's eyes blazed with love and devotion as moans poured from her throat. Sam noted, as her tits jiggled and bounced with the force of his thrusts, that there was no mischief in her gaze anymore. All of her bratty teasing had been temporarily be fucked away by his dominant roughness.

"Yooours," she moaned in a sweet, feminine whine. "Only yours, Sam! God, make me fucking cum, Tiger!"

Sam did as she asked, maintaining his pace and breathing heavily through his nose, concentrating so that he didn't cum too soon. Monica moaned and writhed beneath him, body coiling up like a spring as her orgasm rose inside her. Her little black dress was bunched up around her waist, exposing most of her beautiful naked body as Sam thrust deep and hard into her once again, reigniting their bond in the most primal way imaginable. In seconds, she came, legs locking around Sam's hips and pulling him deep as her back arched up and her moans rose to a fever pitch. Her hot cunt seized him in a tight, pulsing grip and it was all that Sam could do to hold on and not cum himself. He had other ideas for where he wanted to put his load tonight...

So, just barely holding on, Sam kissed his girlfriend as her toes curled behind him, and she came all over his cock. They stayed there for a solid minute, sloppily making out as Monica rode the waves of a prolonged orgasm, pressing her curvy little body against him while her pussy milked his cock.

And then, as she fell back against the mattress with a happy sigh, it was Sam's turn. He withdrew and scrambled up the bed toward her, pumping his slick cock in his fist.

Monica had never let him give her a facial before, but here in this reclaiming moment, it felt right. Perfect in fact. A way to assert his ownership in a powerfully dominant way.

Monica looked up in muzzy, post-orgasmic confusion. "What? You didn't finish? What are you...?" she seemed to realize what he had in mind as he paused, pumping his cock over her face, and a look of reluctance flashed across her expression.

"No, babe," she said firmly. An instant later, she seemed to realize that this was a pretty unfair way to kill the mood after getting her orgasm. She instantly reworked it into a compromise, hefting her juicy breasts in her hands and purring. "I want you to cum all over my tits instead, Tiger."

Sam was horny enough that he was able to brush off the denial of a facial, aiming his pumping cock downward just in time to release a thick rope of hot, sticky semen across the beautiful globes in his girlfriend's hands. And another. And another, painting her heaving tits in pearly white cream, marking his territory in a way deeper than words. He came so hard it felt like the muscles in his belly were cramping. So hard he grew lightheaded. He didn't think he had ever made this amount of semen in his whole fucking life.

Finally, the last dribble fell from his cock, and he looked down to admire his handiwork. Monica giggled, rubbing the hot goo all over her skin, smearing the rank, pearly liquid across her stiff nipples with no shame or restraint.

"Wow, Tiger," she said with a grin and a wink as she continued to play with the thick mess on her chest. "I didn't think you had it in you!"

...

A few minutes later, after Monica had taken a quick rinse in the shower, the couple spooned together in bed, cooling down both physically and emotionally.

“So,” said Sam behind her, his voice back to its normal calm, “What really happened on the cab ride?”

Monica briefly considered teasing him some more... but she had done more than enough to needle him during sex. He deserved a serious real answer. She seized his hand, kissed it softly, and said, “What really happened is that I cursed that asshole the fuck out for leaving you behind, then sulked the whole way home when he refused to turn back. Oh, and tried to call you about a dozen times! What happened to your phone?”

“I left it behind,” said Sam sheepishly. “...and in retrospect, that’s probably why I went so nuts back there.”

“Speaking of which,” said Monica, turning over so she could look her boyfriend in the eye. “What the fuck was that? What came over you back there? Did you really think I would let the Ogre feel me up in a fucking cab?”

Sam looked down, avoiding her eyes with a thoughtful expression. “I...” he gulped, shaking his head. “I mean, I knew that you wouldn’t. In my mind at least. But you don’t understand how it felt.” His eyes flicked up to meet hers, and she saw a ghost of the fierce, dominant man who had so satisfyingly manhandled her a few minutes before in his gaze. “When I had to watch you with him. Separated from you. All by myself while you were with him. It made me feel angry and scared and...”

“...and turned on?” probed Monica. It had to be true, if his first instinct upon seeing her again at home was to fuck her brains out rather than yell or sob. The idea was strange, but oddly intriguing.

Sam flushed and looked away. “Fuck, I don’t know,” he muttered, all but confirming her guess, but too embarrassed to address it directly.

Monica hugged him tight and kissed his nose. “Well, just as long as you know that I’m yours,” she said warmly. “No matter what.”

“I know,” said Sam with a relieved sigh. “I’m sorry I got so crazy that it seemed like I didn’t trust you.”

Monica giggled. “Don’t apologise! It was fucking hot! If that’s the way you fuck me after I go out on a date with someone else, maybe we should do it more often!” she teased.

Sam snorted. "Don't fucking joke."

They snuggled back into each other, talking softly until Sam's breathing evened out and he fell asleep, lulled by Monica's warm body and the sound of rain still drumming on the windows.

Monica stayed awake a little longer, thinking. She felt a little bad for keeping something back from Sam that had happened on the ride home. But it would have caused more trouble than it was worth to reveal it. It wasn't anything bad like Sam feared anyway. Just another example of Gus being a rude ass.

As she had left the car, he had called after her, "I'll take you out somewhere even better next time!"

All that it had earned him was a chilly look and a raised middle finger. Monica was never going to be stupid enough to accept a bet from the old creep again, and she would never go on another date with him intentionally.

But the tossed-off farewell stuck with her as she tried to sleep. Sometimes, even when Gus said ridiculous shit, he had a way of sounding so confident you could almost believe he could pull it off.

...

Gus opened the front door of his penthouse apartment and flicked on the lights. The clean, modernist, expensive-looking lines of the furniture and artwork felt like they were missing something. Some spark of life that other people had in their homes, but his lacked. That was nothing new, though, so he ignored it and headed to the kitchen to pour himself a double of scotch.

Tonight had been... frustrating. But he had known that it would be going in. Gus's father had been an avid fisherman, and although the hobby had never really rubbed off on Gus, he had learned over the course of many trips that sometimes inaction and patience were essential parts of landing a big catch.

It had been essential that tonight didn't set off any major warning bells for Monica or her little boyfriend. They had to end the night with the impression that their pervy old professor wasn't as dangerous as they thought. Sure, the temptation had been there when he was alone in the cab with the hot little slut to let his hands wander... maybe even give his home address instead of hers and see how far his charm could take him. But, even if Monica had given in, and there was no guarantee of that, it would have been a one-night thing, and afterward she would hate him even more than she had before.

And Gus didn't want a hot young slut just for the evening. He was playing for all the marbles this time.

He slumped back into his office chair and checked out the list he had posted to the bottom corner of his computer screen. "Econ girl". "Cafe girl." "Protester girl". All women he had met on campus who had caught his eye in one way or another. But "Gamer girl" was underlined twice and circled. Gus chuckled to himself as he took another sip of scotch. He really had made things as hard as possible for himself. She was the only girl on the list who had a boyfriend. Not to mention the only girl on the list who already hated his guts.

But Gus was ambitious to a fault, and he had decided long ago that he wasn't going to deny himself the finest things in life. Whether that be the best restaurant in town, scotch aged to perfection, or the ideal woman for him.

Monica wasn't just a hot piece of ass (which was essential after all), but she was whip-smart and could hold a conversation. He had seen during his rare appearances at the club that she could hold the attention of a room and charm others. She would be the perfect queen on his arm when he made his comeback, charming his friends and rivals, letting him know her thoughts on next moves...

And, of course, obediently draining his balls every night in bed. Monica was going to be his eager, submissive slut as well as his impressive woman. A lady in the streets and a freak in the sheets, as they used to say.

She was a little immature now, maybe. She needed to be cured of her attachment to her college sweetheart and taught how to submit like the good little slut he knew she could be for him. But that would all happen in due time.

After tonight, Monica and what's-his-name were probably less wary of him than ever. After all, he had just proven that he wasn't as dangerous as they suspected. Like a good fisherman, he had to sit back and wait silently.

So he could make the catch of a lifetime.

Sam blinked and stretched in the early morning sunshine, reaching over to check his phone. He had woken up a little early, as it turned out. It wasn't unusual. Sam wasn't the type to rely on his alarm, unlike Monica.

And speaking of his beautiful girlfriend... If Sam was up early, that meant that maybe they could fool around a little before class. For the past two weeks, their already-satisfying love life had taken on a spicy, volcanic quality that Sam couldn't get enough of. They had always been passionate together, but now sparks had really been flying.

Sam just wished that the source of that heat was a little less embarrassing.

He rolled over and reached out a hand, intending to slip it around Monica's waist and pull her close to rub his morning wood up against her soft butt. But his hand made contact with empty sheets instead. Sam frowned, confused. His half-awake mind conjured jumbled, unlikely explanations for where exactly she could have gone in the night.

Before he could grow too worried, the bathroom door opened, and Monica stepped out, hair stringy and wet from the shower and looking half-awake herself. "Looking for someone?" she asked in her raspy morning voice that Sam couldn't help but find irresistibly sexy. She snorted as she flopped back onto the bed and snuggled up to him. "You should have seen the panic on your face! Where did you think I would be?" Her hand reached playfully between her boyfriend's legs, giving his cock a squeeze through his boxers. "Maybe I snuck out to meet up with another guy, huh, Tiger?"

Fuck... as much as Sam wished it didn't, Monica's teasing words made his cock twitch and throb in her hand. This was the source of the newfound heat in their bedroom games. Monica had always liked to push his buttons, and after that forced date with the Ogre, she had found a shiny new button that got a rise out of Sam every time, both figuratively and literally.

"Babe, I thought we talked about this last night," said Sam warningly, despite the eager stiffness beneath his girlfriend's slim fingers. "You said you were going to lay off with that 'other guys' teasing."

Monica giggled, biting her lip as her deep blue eyes sparkled with mischief. They were practically nose to nose now in bed, as her hands rubbed faster and faster up and down his shaft. "Nuh uh," she insisted. "What I said was, maybe you could make me stop talking about it if you filled my mouth with cock. My mouth's empty now Tiger; nothing's stopping me from wondering out loud about what you would do if I went out to get coffee and met some tall, handsome..."

Sam pressed forward, finding a different way to silence her now, this time with a kiss, wrapping his arms around his girlfriend and pulling her tight to him. He really did wish that she would cool off with all this teasing, goading talk about other guys. It felt a little... disrespectful that she could just joke about cheating on him. He knew she didn't actually mean it, and she would never do

anything to betray him. It was all just dirty talk designed to make his jealous side flare up. The worst part, though, was that it worked. Even though Sam found the whole thing embarrassing, Monica's little joking teases had exactly the effect that she wanted. Every time she started talking about sneaking out and dating other guys, Sam got annoyed and flustered and powerfully horny.

It led to some of the most satisfying sex they had ever had, but getting there through his girlfriend's bratty teasing was a trial each and every time. It had all started two weeks ago after the date that the Ogre had tricked Monica into. The date itself had turned out to be unexpectedly harmless. Maybe Professor Pfeiffer was a creep who pursued younger women, but they had to be girls a lot easier to convince than Monica.

But even though Gus Pfeiffer had gotten nowhere, just the fact that Monica went out with another man had driven Sam into a jealous frenzy. A few days later, the first little taunts had started, and they had only ramped up since then, ever since Monica had discovered that they were a cheat code for drawing a little more rough dominance out of her boyfriend. Although Sam had told her to stop, even he had to admit he was giving her mixed signals. Every time she teased him, sparking sexual energy crackled between them, and it led to rough, amazing sex. So it was hard to blame Monica if she didn't think his annoyance was completely earnest.

Even from her brief, vague teasing this morning, Sam could feel the sexual tension blazing between. Their tongues tangled and hands explored each other's bodies. His cock was straining in Monica's hands, and he pressed forward harder as his arms pulled Monica close, trying to grind his length between her thick thighs.

But, much to Sam's annoyance, Monica squirmed out of his grasp, pulling away from the kiss. He stared at her with an exasperated expression, only to be met with an apologetic smirk and a shrug. "Sorry, Tiger," she said lightly as she jumped up out of bed. "It's shark week, I'm afraid."

Sam usually found his girlfriend's euphemism for her time of the month pretty cute, but he was way too frustrated this time to find it amusing. "Seriously?" he groaned, rolling onto his back and rubbing the heels of his hands into his eyes with his boner stiff enough to tent both his boxers and the sheets. "Then what did you get me all riled up for?" It felt like a major break from the routine they had established over the past two weeks. Instead of the dominant sex that usually broke the tension Monica's teasing caused, he had been denied.

"Yeah... sorry, that is kind of fucked up," said Monica, the wind going out of her sails a little bit as she realized exactly how frustrated her boyfriend was. She sat back on the bed again, gently touching his shoulder with a genuinely apologetic expression. "I should have held back a little... you know, considering."

Sam uncovered his eyes and tried not to be too mad. Monica got carried away sometimes with her jokes. It was just part of the package deal with all the other stuff that made her an awesome girlfriend. "It's fine," he sighed, trying to move past it. "But maybe we should just stop doing that

kind of teasing altogether, you know? It's sort of embarrassing." He felt the embarrassment even more keenly now that sex was off the table... His girlfriend's joking quips felt twice as sharp when he couldn't silence her with his cock afterward.

Monica ignored the suggestion, but her hand slid down his chest, beneath the sheets, and toward the tent he was pitching. Sam's breath caught as his eyes flicked back to her lovely face, surrounded by her wet, hanging hair. She was breathtaking in the warm morning light sneaking in around the curtains. "Tell you what, Tiger," she said with a little heat creeping back into her voice. "I can take care of you right now. A sweet, loving handjob from your pretty girlfriend with absolutely no teasing."

Her hand paused at the waistband of his boxers, which she pulled up to lightly snap back down on his belly. "Orrrr, you can be a good, patient boy for me, and I'll do something a lot more spicy for you tonight after we get home from Gaming Club."

Sam eyed her dubiously. He couldn't help but notice that she hadn't promised there would be no teasing during whatever "spicy" thing she had planned for later.

...but he also knew that whatever she had in mind would probably be a lot better than a quick handjob before class. And, although he wouldn't admit it to her in a million years, even if her teasing was embarrassing, it was also incredibly hot.

"Maybe you can break out that cosplay outfit you have sitting in the back of the closet," he suggested hopefully, rolling away from her and getting out of bed himself. Monica let out a soft laugh. "How many times do I have to say it, Sam? I had the outfit made custom, and I don't want you to accidentally get cum on it. I shouldn't have even let you fuck me in it the first time."

Sam knew not to push that particular subject. He wasn't kidding about wanting Monica to bring the cosplay outfit into the bedroom again, but last time he had pushed, it had turned into an argument. He decided to change the subject. If he wasn't careful, she was just going to break into some more teasing talk, and that was the last thing he needed right now. "So, did you talk to Katie about the LAN setup for club today? Did she find enough Gameportals, or do we need to track down another console?"

Monica shook her head and sighed, stepping toward the mirror hanging over the bedroom door and picking up her hairbrush. "I guess it depends on how many people want to play. If the idea of an old-fashioned LAN splitscreen of Vertex 3 is boring to people, we're probably fine. But if people are interested..."

Sam nodded as he pulled on one of his many graphic tees. "I have a little time over lunch. I'll head over to Retro Paradise. They probably have a dozen Gameportals lined up gathering dust for like, twenty bucks or something."

“Come on,” said Monica with a tone of exasperation, glancing at Sam in the mirror as she began to tame her stringy wet hair into silky smoothness. “You don’t need to do that. What are we even going to do with it when we’re done? It’s a twenty-year-old console.”

Sam came up behind her with a smile, and when he hugged her from behind, it was with only pure love in his heart, not the wild, intense heat that his jealousy had inspired in him the past couple of weeks. “Hey, what good is money if I can’t spend a little to make my girl happy? We’ll dig into some retro games together just the two of us. Well worth the money.”

Monica turned to give him a sweet, simple little kiss over her shoulder as he hugged her from behind. “Oooh, ok big spender,” she giggled. “You sure do know how to make a girl feel special. Go forth and hunt the wild retro console to provide for your poor, helpless woman at home. I guess that means that we won’t be able to meet for lunch then. So I’ll see you at Club.”

“Uh huh,” said Sam, kissing Monica on the cheek, then turning to pick up a discarded pair of jeans and hop into them. “I might be a minute late. I wanted to talk to Dr. Friedrichs after class today.”

“Well maybe I’ll have a special guest show up to fill in for you.”

Monica’s voice was light, but when Sam looked up sharply, her eyes were twinkling once again in the mirror. Despite how and why the teasing had started in the first place, Gus Pfeiffer hadn’t been the subject of Monica’s teasing over the past two weeks. Probably because it might feel a little too real; hitting too close to home with the actual situation that had happened. But that had to be who she meant when she talked about a special guest at the club. Monica was playing with fire now, and Sam’s cock, which had finally begun to calm back down, rose back to full stiffness.

“Careful now,” he said, his mouth suddenly dry. He was at a loss for other words. If he made too big of a deal about how she shouldn’t use Gus to make him jealous, he knew from experience that that might just encourage her to do it more.

Luckily, Monica just smiled to herself and said, “You’re right. I’m writing checks I can’t cash again. I’ll have to save my energy for later.”

With that, they were forced to both fully commit to getting ready so they weren’t late to class. A few minutes later, Monica was out the door, with Sam just a few minutes behind her. He still felt a little off balance from her latest barb, but he congratulated himself on not rising fully to the bait.

Now he just had to get through the day so that he could claim the reward that his girlfriend had dangled in front of his nose. Being denied sex still stung, leaving a lingering feeling of humiliated dissatisfaction lingering inside him as he started his day.

...

Gus scanned through the projects on his screen, taking note of the grades that his TA had assigned and making a few minute adjustments.

It was a little tedious, but Gus prided himself on being careful. He couldn't say he really cared all that much about being a good professor, but he did care about giving the impression that he was. And that meant not cutting corners too much, even when it would be easy. He could leave most of the grading to his assistants, but not all. His position as respected professor was too useful to him at the moment to risk it by getting sloppy.

And that also meant controlling himself in other ways. His TA Zoe leaned over the desk, doing her best to give him a look down her sweater as she practically purred, "Well, Professor? Does everything... look good?"

Gus pointedly ignored her latest embarrassing attempt to throw herself at him and stared straight into her heavily outlined brown eyes instead of down her shirt. "Yep, we're all good," he said briskly and professionally. "Great work as usual, Zoe. Next time you can just email them over and save yourself a trip."

Zoe's face crumpled in obvious annoyance, and she opened her mouth, like she was going to say something else... maybe make her offer a bit more explicit. Gus merely leaned back in his chair and raised his eyebrows at her, crossing his arms over his gut. "Well, Miss Cooper?" he asked stonily. "Will there be anything else?"

Finally the little slut seemed to take the hint, turning with her too-short skirt whirling and striding out the door, muttering something under her breath. Gus watched her plump ass wiggling as she left, his annoyance giving way to relief. If she had actually come on to him, he would have been forced to report it to the administration, and that would be a major headache.

It wasn't that he didn't want to fuck Zoe Cooper. Quite the opposite. She was a tall, pale minx with curves in all the right places and a sort of gothy aesthetic that really worked for her. True, she was a little too dumb for Gus to stay interested for long, but Gus had fucked girls way less hot and more dumb than her.

No, the issue was that she was his TA. Gus considered the university his hunting ground for young pussy, and, more importantly, the perfect mate. But that meant he had to follow the rules religiously. No messing around with girls he taught or supervised. Otherwise, he would have the goth bimbo under the desk right now, covering his cock and balls in black lipstick prints.

Gus's train of thought was interrupted by a text. He scooped up his phone; a faint smirk lit up his face as he opened it and saw that it was what he had been waiting for.

[I mean, I'm still not sure if the publicity is worth the expense. But what the hell, like you said, I owe you one. Send me the details, and we can make it work.]

Perfect. Soon Gus would have a little slut even hotter than Zoe Cooper beneath his desk, giving his cock and balls a worshipful tongue bath. And the fact that Monica was a lot smarter than his goth TA would only make it hotter.

Gus turned his chair and stared up at the clock. He had plenty of time to get to the meeting of the gaming club he was technically the faculty advisor for. He heaved himself up out of his chair and snapped his laptop closed, ready to depart with a spring in his step. The best thing about being a club advisor was that there were no rules against dating students in the club. He had triple-checked.

On the way across campus toward Gerhardt Hall, Gus could barely contain his excitement for what was to come. He had been patient so far. Monica and her little boyfriend hadn't heard a peep out of him in the two weeks since the date. It had been hard to wait. Gus had worked his way down the list of his little black book in the past week, pumping almost all of the hot young sluts he knew full of cum just to take the edge off. But it was worth the restraint. Giving Monica the impression she had nothing to worry about from him had been crucial.

But now that the young couple had cooled off, it was time for the next step forward. Gus had pulled a few strings from his old startup days, and he had the feeling that Monica was going to be more than willing to hear him out once she realized what he had in store.

And after I get my hooks in Monica, I can just throw my little black book away. When I'm through with her, she's going to be personally responsible for draining my balls on a daily basis.

In a matter of minutes, Gus was strolling through the open doorway of the media lab where the game club held its meetings. He repressed a twinge of distaste as he looked around the room at all the students absorbed in their games. He understood why he had been asked to supervise the game club a few years back, at least in theory. He was by far the most prominent professor in the computer science program. But the club president at the time had badly missed the mark in assuming that his aptitude for programming made Gus a fan of video games.

Gus had a theory. Every human was programmed to achieve. They had a drive to better themselves and accomplish something. Video games felt like they fulfilled that need, giving the player a little dopamine hit that told the player that they had accomplished something, but without any real accomplishment.

Gus preferred to keep his ambitions focused on the real world. He typically had nothing but disdain for those who wallowed in the world of placebo success.

Gus's searching eyes found his quarry across the room, chatting casually with a tall blonde. As he watched, Monica laughed unselfconsciously, her eyes shining and her silky chestnut hair bobbing as she made some passionate point. A spasm of intense hunger pulsed through Gus as his eyes flickered over her ripe young tits... the rounded, womanly curve of her hip... the

swell of her round, squeezable ass. He had to have her. And he would. Today was going to bring him that much closer. Gus started across the room toward her, working hard to keep the predatory hunger he felt boiling up inside him from reaching his expression.

Monica was different from these other pathetic gamers. Gus could sense a spark of quick intelligence and steely ambition in her that most girls her age didn't possess. She wasn't perfect, of course. Not yet. She needed an older, wiser man to mold her into the perfect woman she could be. Not just in life, but in bed too. Gus relished the prospect of turning her into a pathetic slut in bed, thirsty for thick, throbbing older cock.

Gus was in "well-behaved mentor" mode today, but as he approached Monica he couldn't stop his eyes from dipping downward temporarily to soak in the sight of her lovely body once again. Petite and curvy. She was designed by God himself to please cock with her wicked little figure. It was such a fucking waste that her perfectly sculpted body was put into the hands of her dorky little loser of a boyfriend on a nightly basis.

But all in good time. She wouldn't be receptive to a straightforward pursuit at this point. That was why he had formulated his strategy so carefully to be ready for this next step.

The eyes of the tall blonde talking to Monica grew wide as she saw Gus approaching, and she must have said something to Monica, because Gus's future mate turned toward him with a look of mild surprise on her pretty face.

Gus was all prepared to give her the friendly disarming speech he had prepared... but then Monica did something interesting that Gus didn't anticipate. Her eyes left Gus, staring past him somewhere across the room. A quick glance told Gus that she was looking toward her boyfriend, who was sitting on a couch deeply engrossed in one of the juvenile games he so enjoyed. For a second, Gus was worried that Monica was looking for help, still intimidated by her professor despite his best efforts to seem non-threatening. But when he looked back toward her face, Monica's lips were pulled upward into the faintest of smirks.

The response made no sense to him, but Gus knew better than to pause awkwardly when he was working a scheme. He would just have to press on and feel out exactly what was going on in this girl's head.

"Good to see you, Monica," he said with his grade-A, thousand-watt smile, acting the part of the helpful professor to a T. "I was hoping we could discuss a little club business. I was thinking a lot about what you told me last week, and I think I might have an exciting opportunity for you."

Monica's deep blue eyes finally tore away from her boyfriend across the room and met his, sending a little zip of excitement through Gus. His mind immediately imagined those beautiful eyes looking up at him as she knelt at his feet, preparing to suck his cock. He had to will himself to stay calm. God, this little minx was hot. "Oh? Yeah, sure, let's talk," said Monica easily,

leaning back against the table she had been standing near and crossing her arms under her breasts in a way Gus had to force himself not to look at. "Katie, can you give us a minute?"

Katie, the blonde that Monica had been speaking to, looked bewildered by the request, and although he hid it much better, Gus was nearly as surprised as she was. He had hoped that Monica had stopped registering him as a threat after he played nice on the date, but he had expected her to insist on a friend or maybe even her boyfriend staying with her for this conversation. As Katie reluctantly walked away, Monica's eyes slid past Gus once again, seeking out Sam across the room, and once again that ghost of a smirk pulled at her full lips.

It was almost like she wanted Sam to notice that she was over here talking to her dirty old professor...

Gus's mind chewed on that, but his mouth continued with his original plan in a smooth, even tone. "I was thinking a little more about how you wanted to start a competitive gaming branch of the club, and I thought, hey, that's actually something I can help with for once."

That finally pulled Monica's attention fully away from her boyfriend. Her eyebrows shot up in pleased surprise. "Oh really? I didn't think you were listening when I talked about that. But you don't really know anything about competitive gaming. How are you planning to help?" Her tone was still a little wary, but it was miles better than the open disgust and hostility she had once held for him. Gus was thrilled that he had successfully made himself seem less threatening since the date.

"Well, you're correct there," said Gus with a self-deprecating chuckle. "I don't know my ass from my elbow when it comes to video games. But I do know money, and I know that in order to go to competitions, you need transportation, hotel rooms, team jerseys... maybe even upgraded mice and keyboards if you really want to give it your all."

Monica looked a little disheartened. It was obvious that the same thing had occurred to her. Finding people willing to give competition a shot might not be that hard, but if she had been asking them to pay their way as well, that had probably been a hard sell. "Well... yeah," she admitted. That's true." A flicker of curiosity flashed through her innocent blue eyes. "But you think you've found a solution...?"

"I don't think, I know," said Gus confidently. He judged that now was an appropriate time to be just a little bit bolder. He leaned forward as if he was going to tell Monica a secret, even though there was no particular reason that other people shouldn't know. Monica took the bait, leaning closer as well, until they were right in each other's personal space. Gus imagined pulling her closer, claiming her sweet lips with his own in front of everyone while his hands roamed her body. He stuffed the impulse down. All in good time.

Monica didn't even realize the proximity between them she was so focused on what he was saying. "I've gotten your new team a sponsorship!" said Gus warmly. "I'm old buddies with the CEO of Zizzle, and he's over the moon for the idea."

Monica looked like she couldn't believe her luck. "No way! Zizzle... the dating app? He really wants to sponsor us? Like, for everything? Hotels and a bus and... you know, everything?"

"The whole enchilada," said Gus with a trace of smugness, relishing the giddy excitement that Monica was clearly experiencing. If she connected him with that feeling enough times, she wouldn't even remember that she used to think he was a dirty old creep. He would just become the guy who snapped his fingers and got her whatever she wanted. "You put the app name and logo on your jerseys, and you're good to go."

Monica bit her lip and bounced a little in adorable excitement... a movement that made her tits jiggle enticingly. She was so happy she didn't even notice the swift glance that Gus shot toward her full chest. Gus made a mental note to have Monica wrap her big, round funbags around his cock as soon as he had charmed her into bed.

"Oh my God, that's going to make this sooo much more doable! Thank you so much, professor!" For a second, Monica spread her arms. It looked like she wanted to hug Gus. Then she thought better of it, just smiling awkwardly and letting her arms fall to her sides instead. She might be happy now, and much less intimidated by him, but Gus knew the young woman didn't truly like or trust him.

Baby steps. Gus pretended not to notice the awkward consideration of a hug followed by the obvious snub. "Don't mention it," he said warmly. "Consider it my apology for being such a useless club advisor for so many years."

Just then, Monica's eyes flicked past him across the room once again, and, just like before, Monica got distracted. Gus glanced over in the direction she was looking to see that her little lover boy had finished his game and was staring over at them talking with an expression of almost comical horror. And yet... Monica didn't have a look of concern or guilt on her face when she saw how upset Sam was. The little smirk at the corner of her lips was there again, and her eyes sparkled with mischief as Sam got up off the couch and began rapidly crossing the room toward them.

No... it couldn't be. Monica certainly seemed like she could be a little brat sometimes, but there was no way that she would actually treat the young guy she thought she loved like that... could she?

But Gus trusted his instincts. He probably only had a second until the boyfriend got close enough to hear what they were saying. There was a time to be patient and hold back, and there was a time to seize opportunity and pounce. If he just pushed a little bit more, he could confirm the exact nature of the strange tension between Sam and Monica that he sensed.

“Uh oh,” he said in a low murmur. “Here comes your man. Hope he doesn’t think that we were setting up another date.”

The little quip could have gone badly. It could have set Gus back weeks if Monica took it the wrong way. But Gus’s instincts paid him off richly this time. Monica’s eyes stayed locked to her approaching boyfriend, but Gus’s joke surprised a wicked little giggle from her, as if she was sharing his joke at her boyfriend’s expense, if only subconsciously. It was music to Gus’s ears.

But he didn’t have time to follow up on Monica’s intriguing response to his test of the waters, because Sam approached and slid his arm around his girlfriend’s waist, pulling her tight against his waist and glaring at Gus with obvious hostility.

It was clear that the date and its aftermath hadn’t improved the little guy’s opinion of Gus. In fact, he seemed more on edge around the older professor than ever, and if Gus’s developing understanding of the situation was correct, he knew exactly why that was.

“Hey babe,” said Sam in a tight, controlled voice, an unconvincing smile painted on his face. “What are you two talking about?”

“Nothing important, Tiger,” said Monica, the smile growing on her face as she snuggled into her boyfriend and laid a hand on his chest. Monica’s coy answer and overall cheeky attitude all but confirmed the suspicion growing in Gus’s mind.

Enjoy having Monica to yourself while it lasts, pretty boy. She’s going to get a taste of a bigger, better cock soon enough.

“Just a little club business,” said Gus briskly. Nothing good could come from continuing this conversation. Sam was too on edge, and Monica seemed to relish throwing fuel on that fire. If Sam blew up, Gus was sure that Monica would take her boyfriend’s side at this point. Better to make a graceful exit. “I have my office hours next week between two and four Tuesday and Thursday,” he said in a warm, professional tone to Monica, pretending that Sam didn’t exist. “Stop by then, and we can hash out the details.” Despite not wanting to provoke Sam too badly at this point, Gus couldn’t help prodding the bear a little by speaking in vague terms.

“I will, professor,” said Monica sweetly, acting a lot more friendly now that her boyfriend was watching.

With that, Gus turned and retreated, leaving the two little naive lovebirds to discuss what had just happened. And he was certain they would. Because Monica, that bratty little minx, had apparently turned her boyfriend’s jealousy into a game. And if Sam’s flustered reaction was any indication, it was a game that Monica usually won.

Gus couldn't believe his luck, and this time, as he walked across campus toward where he had parked his Rivian R1S, he couldn't conceal the evil grin that lit up his face. The two young lovers probably didn't realize they were playing with fire by introducing that sort of jealousy play into their relationship, but it was good news as far as Gus's plans were concerned. He couldn't say he was thrilled with a little brat like Monica using him as a pawn in a sex game with her boyfriend. But that was the thing about games... if you didn't understand the rules, it was easy to lose control. Monica didn't realize that by putting Gus on the board, it gave him more power to influence her and her wimpy little boytoy.

But it was too early to stick his foot directly in that situation right now. He had already made a strong move with the sponsorship. He would just have to observe the situation further and see how he could turn it to his advantage.

As he got into his SUV and pulled out of his premium parking space, Gus Pfeffier was feeling confident in his chances for success. As long as he took this carefully, step by step, Monica was as good as his already.

God, he needed to cum... as Gus drove back to his cold, sterile apartment, he ran through his list of options in his mind to take care of his inflamed libido. Maybe Faith and Jenna at the same time? They were both freaky little sluts. They would probably be into it. Two women at once still wouldn't give him the satisfaction that sinking his thick cock into Monica's cheating pussy would... but it might get him close enough for tonight.

...

"So what *were* you two talking about during the meeting?" asked Sam, doing his best to sound casual.

Monica had to hold herself back to avoid laughing. She really couldn't handle how cute her boyfriend was when he was jealous. She was in an excellent mood, not just from teasing her poor man, but from the exciting news from Gus as well.

She had to admit that she had been wrong about Gus. He was still a pervert who ought to know better than to go after younger women, obviously. But he was a lot more harmless than he seemed at first, and now it seemed like he could actually use his powers of wealth and connections for good!

But maybe the best thing about the old creep was the effect that he had on Sam.

"Hm? I don't know who you mean," said Monica innocently, leaning her head on Sam's shoulder and squeezing his hand as the bus jolted over a pothole. "Katie? I was trying to convince her to join the competitive team I'm putting together, as usual. She's been getting a lot better at Strike Team 4."

"You know that's not what I meant," said Sam with a touch of impatience creeping into his voice.

Monica looked up at him and batted her eyelashes, feeling a little thrill go through her as she saw how flustered and annoyed he was getting. "Well, I'm afraid you're just going to have to spell it out for me, then, Tiger." She knew she had really been pushing her boyfriend's buttons these past few weeks ever since that stupid date with Gus had exposed his glowing weak point, but she just couldn't help it. It wasn't in her nature to leave buttons unpushed. And besides, the way he got all horny and possessive and fucked her rough made her wet just to think about. If she wasn't on her period, he would be getting the ride of his life tonight.

Sam pursed his lips, blushing. He was clearly hoping that he could just clear up his insecurity around Gus by casually asking, but he should have known it wouldn't be that easy. If he was jealous over her talking to the Ogre, she was absolutely going to make him spell it out.

"Gus," said Sam finally, looking away out the window. "You were talking with Gus. What was it about?"

Ooh, fuck. And now there was a hint of steel in his voice. Monica could feel a little crackle of horny energy pulse through her as Sam stared into her eyes. He was so sexy when he got all serious. Could anyone blame her for pushing him when it made him man up like this? Without even thinking about it, Monica gave in to temptation and pushed a little further. *What had Gus joked about when Sam was coming over? That might be an interesting angle to explore.*

"Oh, that?" she said innocently, dropping her hand to trace up and down Sam's thigh. "Nothing to worry about, Tiger. Gus was just asking me if I wanted to go out on another date."

Monica felt her boyfriend go tense for a moment, his mouth falling open in shock. It was so adorable. It was like he lost all ability to tell if she was joking when she teased him about other men. "He... a date?" he asked hoarsely. Then he caught on and rolled his eyes impatiently. "Very funny. I know you would never go on another date with that creep, babe."

Monica chuckled, her hand growing a little higher as she continued rubbing her boyfriend's thigh. "How can you be so sure, hotshot? He got me to agree to a date the first time after all. And besides, I never said that I agreed to go... at least, I haven't yet."

Sam let out a breath through his nose, looking even more annoyed. "Monica," he said warningly, "You're going a little too far with this joke. Maybe you should take a deep breath and think about this."

Monica sighed internally. Sam was probably right. Like they said earlier, she was winding him up without the promise of sex later, although she had every intention of giving him a nice blowjob when they got home. One of the main reasons she enjoyed this new kind of teasing was that it made Sam fuck her hard, and that just wasn't on the table. But she couldn't resist one parting shot; she slipped her little hand under the baggy hoodie covering her boyfriend's lap and gave

his crotch a little squeeze. "Oh, you keep saying that, babe," she said with a laugh, "but I bet that you're rocking a chubby under..."

Her voice trailed off, replaced by an open-mouthed grin of amused delight. She was wrong; Sam wasn't just half-erect. He was sporting a full-grown, throbbing stiffy. From just a little light teasing about the pervy old professor.

Monica's decision to back down and lay off her poor boyfriend a little was immediately reversed. This was something she absolutely had to investigate. "Oh my God, Tiger," she giggled, wrapping her fist around the throbbing spike of desire pressing up through his jeans. "I thought you said that you didn't like my little jokes. But it seems like one part of you likes getting teased a *lot*."

"That's... it's just because..." muttered Sam miserably, squirming back from her grasping hand. His sudden spike of bravado had drained away, making him look painfully embarrassed. No matter how much she loved it when Sam was a big, tough man for her, acting all strict and possessive, this sudden turn toward bashful embarrassment was fascinating to Monica as well. Sam was normally cool, calm, and laid back, but Monica's discovery of his weakness for teasing was taking him on a rollercoaster of emotions that Monica was curious to explore.

"Because what?" she pressed, staring with fascination into Sam's grey eyes. Usually they were clear and confident, but right now they were clouded with troubled lust, making the fires inside Monica leap up a little higher. "Why does it turn you on that the Ogre is interested in your poor, sweet little girlfriend?" Monica was actually genuinely curious. Sam was hot whether he got angry and dominant or embarrassed, but she wasn't sure exactly what he got out of the deal. If she thought about Sam messing around with other girls, she got upset in a distinctly non-arousing way, so she couldn't quite wrap her head around the reaction.

Sam shook his head, looking out the window at the passing city to avoid her piercing gaze. "Fuck, Monica, I can't explain it. When I think of that creep with you, it just makes me feel crazy. Like I want to prove that you're mine. And also..." he trailed off and shook his head, not able to put whatever else he was thinking into words.

Monica felt like she was burning up even hotter than Sam was at this point. The fact that her teasing had caused this desperate arousal in him was like catnip to her. It was enough to make her do something a little reckless...

"Well, if you're still confused, I guess we have to explore this a little further," she whispered into his ear. Then her fingers slid up and began to unzip his jeans.

"Monica, what the fuck are you doing?" Sam whispered furiously, his eyes darting around the bus and his hands falling to his lap to try to push her away. Luckily, there was only one other person riding at this time in the evening, and the middle-aged woman was toward the front and utterly engaged in her phone. Monica kept her hands right where they were, refusing to be

deterred. "Come on, Tiger," she whispered in his ear. "Just play along for now. You know it'll be fun."

She stared into Sam's eyes as he wavered. If he really pushed back here and refused, she would obviously back down. But Monica had the distinct impression that her boyfriend liked this teasing way more than he was willing to admit. His hands loosened on hers, then fell away. He didn't say anything, but he visibly swallowed, then nodded shakily.

I knew it. He wants this teasing after all.

Monica's fingers swiftly finished unzipping her boyfriend, then fished in his boxers and extracted his throbbing cock through the fly, making sure to keep it and her hand covered by his baggy hoodie. "Good boy," she purred softly, right into her boyfriend's ear. She could feel her man's rapid heartbeat, pulsing through his stiff cock, and her own pulse rose to meet it, thumping hard through her body. This whole thing was so... wrong. She knew it was. But that was what made it so hot. As her slim fingers wrapped around Sam's cock and began stroking his hot, velvety skin, she let the words bubble up out of her, saying whatever dirty things popped into her mind.

"Why do you think that Professor Pfeffier is so interested in me?" she asked in a wicked, teasing tone, her lips close enough to Sam's ear that they were nearly touching him. The bus turned, pressing Monica close to him. She squeezed his cock even harder, and, seeing he was too flustered and tongue-tied to even respond, said, "I mean... it has to be because he wants to fuck me, right?"

"What the fuck, Monica?" Sam's eyes had been squeezed shut, but at that they flew open and stared straight at her in disbelief, shocked that she would go there. His cock twitched so hard that Monica thought he might cum right on the spot. She paused for a second to make sure that didn't actually happen, but she wasn't finished yet. A second later she began stroking her boyfriend again, slow and loose, just enough to provide a little teasing pleasure.

"Don't act so shocked... we were both thinking it, weren't we? That dirty old pervert wants to strip off all my clothes and make me his little plaything."

Sam shook his head, his breathing ragged and his cock leaking precum onto his girlfriend's pumping fingers in the quiet, but public setting of the bus. Monica tightened her grip a little, moving faster. It would only be a few minutes until the bus reached their stop, and she was having too much fun to let Sam get off the hook just because they needed to get off.

A filthy thought occurred to her, and once it was in her head, she couldn't hold back.

"Do you think the ogre has a big cock?"

Sam groaned. "Monica..." he said in his warning voice that meant he was at the end of his rope. But the cock in Monica's hand told her all she needed to know. Her boyfriend was as hard as

steel and leaking precum like a faucet. If she kept pushing him, he was absolutely going to cum. Monica's stomach roiled with the delicious taboo filthiness of the moment as she realized that that was exactly what she wanted. She was going to jerk off the love of her life in public until he came all over himself. And she was going to do it while dirty talking about a man he hated. It was soooo bad... and somehow it was making her feel just as turned on as him.

"What?" she breathed in a mock innocent voice as her hand picked up speed, squishing with precum. "It's a genuine question. With those broad shoulders and big hands... He kind of looks like he's packing a monster, doesn't he? It's a good thing I would never, ever consider cheating on you, because he might break a poor little girl like me."

Sam seemed beyond words. His eyes and mouth were shut tight again, and hot breath whistled through his nose. Monica could tell that he was right on the edge of cumming, and she held him there, slowing down and speeding up... loosening her grip and tightening it, doing her best to keep him right on the ragged edge of orgasm. "You didn't answer my question, Tiger," she whispered into his ear as her slim hand continued her torturous, teasing handjob. "Tell me. Do you think our club advisor has a big fucking cock? Or not?"

"Monica," gasped Sam, squirming in his seat as the pleasure got to be too much for him. "Ease up a little. If you aren't careful, I'm going to fucking...."

"Good," hissed Monica, her hand moving faster, and her heart beating a wild rhythm in her chest. Her whole body pulsed and sang with adrenaline. This was the craziest sexual thing she had ever done, and it thrilled her to her core. "I want you to. I want you to cum for me, Tiger. But before that, I want your fucking answer. Don't make me ask again. Do you think Gus Pfeiffer has a big dick?"

"Fuck! Yes!" hissed Sam, his hand gripping Monica's thigh convulsively as his cock shot hot squirts of semen upward into his hoodie. Monica continued milking him, her body burning and pulsing with a strange new lust she had never felt before. The gooey heat of his semen dripped down over her fingers.

"That..." said Sam in a dazed voice, his grey eyes still hazy with confused desire. "Was so fucked up."

"Oh my god, it was, wasn't it?" gushed Monica, biting her lip in excitement. "But you know you fucking loved it." Her boyfriend might have gotten a little relief with his climax, but she was still burning up. It was a shame that she didn't like to have sex on her period, or she would make Sam fuck her all night long when they got back. She pulled her hand out from under the baggy hoodie that had hidden the illicit handjob, and considered wiping it off on her pants. But she discarded that idea almost immediately. Even if their apartment was close to the bus stop, she didn't want to walk around with cummy pants. And besides, she thought that Sam deserved something a little more titillating, since he had allowed the embarrassing public handjob.

Maintaining eye contact with her boyfriend, Monica raised her dripping hand to her face and extended her pink tongue, using it to performatively lick the thick, pearly sperm from her fingers. Sam watched in stunned silence, clearly fascinated. Monica wasn't one to eat cum usually. In fact, she had to keep herself from wrinkling her nose at the smell and taste now. But the look on Sam's face was worth it.

Monica had been furious when that date with the Ogre happened two weeks ago, but she had to admit that the kinky new horizons it had opened in her sex life with Sam were exhilarating.

The bus was pulling up to their stop, and Sam shook himself, wincing as he reached under his hoodie to stow his deflating cock back in his pants. "Shit," he said weakly. "What the fuck am I going to do? I'm covered in fucking cum." Unlike Monica, he did choose to wipe off the leftover cum from his hand onto his pants.

The bus screeched to a halt, and Monica bounced up onto her feet. She held out a hand to help her boyfriend stand, giggling and saying, "Oh, come on now. It's like a five-minute walk from the bus stop. It's not like anyone is going to notice the inside of your sweater is all jizzy in that time." She wrinkled her nose a little, unable to resist getting one last little tease in. "They might smell it though."

Sam rolled his eyes, but despite still seeming shell-shocked by the intense, unexpected sex play, a smile tugged up the corner of his lips. "Very funny," he said grudgingly, accepting her hand and getting to his feet, hunching over awkwardly over the mess beneath his sweater. "I can't believe we fucking did that."

Monica was a little relieved that he used the word "we". Now that her erotic fever was fading away, she realized that she may have gone off the rails a little there. She gave her boyfriend a kiss on the cheek and gestured toward the retro console that he had stowed beneath the seat. "Don't forget the Gameportal, Tiger. You promised me an evening of retro gaming, and I intend to collect." Sam shook his head and chuckled, picking up the console so they could hurry off the bus.

...

After Sam had cleaned himself up a little, they spent the rest of the evening just like they had planned, exploring the game catalog of the old console Sam had purchased.

"I can't believe they stopped making Dragon Magician games," said Monica as she snuggled right up into her boyfriend, her legs over his lap and her head on his shoulder as her eyes focused on the screen and her fingers clicked rapidly over the old, worn controller. "It was such a classic."

Sam's writhing dragon swirled across the screen, firing projectiles from its mouth, but it was clear that he simply wasn't at his girlfriend's skill level. She was going to make it to the end of

the level, and he wasn't. But that was fine. Sam just enjoyed her company... the faint apple smell of the shampoo in her hair and the feeling of her warm body pressed against his. He didn't need to have sex with her to feel close to her. It was simple, warm moments like this that made their bond feel special. There was no one else that Monica would snuggle up with and spend the evening on an old game that no one played anymore. It was something special that they shared just between them.

In the end, it didn't matter if Gus Pfeiffer had a big cock, and Sam knew it. He and Monica were perfect for each other. For the moment, Sam felt at peace, and the jealous angst he had been feeling faded into the background. He kissed the top of Monica's head and pulled her tight to his body. "I love you, babe," he murmured, not even noticing as his dragon crashed and burned on the screen.

"You're going to make me loseeee," whined Monica, squirming in his arms. But after another minute of intense concentration on the game, she tossed the controller aside and turned her face up to kiss him. "Ok, ok, sorry," she said with a grin. "You know better than to interrupt me when I'm on a hot streak. But I love you too, babe."

Her finger rose to trace the game logo on the fresh hoodie that Sam had donned. "Don't ever doubt it, ok?" she said shyly, displaying a rare moment of vulnerable sincerity. "I know that I can be a lot to handle sometimes. I've always been one of those girls who tries to mess with the guys she likes. In elementary school I used to kick my crush's shins, like, every day at recess."

"My shins are feeling a little kicked right now..." admitted Sam with a chuckle. "But you know I can handle your teasing, babe. I always have before." he was putting on a tough face, but he knew that this was the right answer. What was he supposed to do, say that the teasing hurt his feelings too much? It would have been hard to swallow, considering her teasing had also made him cum in public.

"That's why you're the perfect guy for me," said Monica happily, kissing him again then reaching up to ruffle his hair. "Now... let's get back to the game. I'm going to need you to start pulling your weight. You can't just leave me to deal with the second half of every level. So *get good*, Tiger."

The rest of the evening passed in cozy, romantic closeness, with no more teasing, just fun and video games and affection.

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Despite that calm he had felt the evening after the bus handjob, Sam found himself frowning and staring into space a lot over the next few days. If he wasn't careful, he would find his cock rising to half-stiffness as he remembered how Monica had teased him over the brink on the nearly-deserted bus.

It had been hot. There was no denying that. Sam hadn't just cum from the sensation of Monica's hand pumping up and down his cock. He still didn't understand why, but when Monica talked about the Ogre, it just reached deep into his brain and flipped a switch. Actually, she didn't even need to talk about it. Even just seeing them talking earlier that day had been enough to trigger him.

But even if Monica talking about their pervy old professor was hot (God, even admitting that to himself made Sam flush with embarrassment), Monica had gone way too far on that bus. It was like discovering Sam's embarrassing new kink had awakened a thirst inside her that she couldn't quench. In the days since then, she had tested the waters with more little passing comments about Gus. So far, Sam had been able to shrug off the little barbs, but he knew that part of it was that she was just playing nice until they could have sex. It was only a matter of time until Monica really teased him again, trying to set him off and bait him into putting her in her place with rough fucking.

It sounded hot... but Sam was also becoming aware of a growing pressure in his mind. A feeling of buzzing, angry inferiority. He knew that Monica was only teasing him, and that she would never actually cheat on him. But Gus? Gus was dead serious in his pursuit of Monica. Sam was certain of it. And that certainty only hardened after Monica finally let slip what she and the Ogre had actually been talking about.

"Can you imagine it, babe?" she asked breathlessly, grabbing his arm excitedly as he spooned her from behind. "My dream is actually going to happen! I mean, Gus might be an asshole, but he really came through here!" She was so excited that, for once, she didn't take the opportunity of Gus coming up to tease Sam. He was grateful for that, at least. But the fact that Gus had invited Monica to meet with him regularly at his office sent a cold thrill of jealous terror spiralling through his heart.

"I... don't know," said Sam slowly, his mind rioting with images of his girlfriend all alone in an office with the hulking professor. "I mean... do you really want to work that closely with a guy like that? You know he isn't just doing it out of the goodness of his heart."

"Oh yeah?" said Monica in a mischievous voice, rubbing her butt back against his crotch in a way that immediately sent a surge of blood straight to his cock. "Why exactly do you think he's helping me out then?"

Sam could see where this was going, so he immediately tried to cut his girlfriend off from her train of thought before he got too horny to stop her. "I'm serious, babe," he insisted. "It might not be smart to accept any help from him. He isn't someone you should trust."

Monica wiggled out of his arms and turned to face him, an annoyed look painted across her delicate features. "Ok. If you want to be serious, let's be serious. I think that this spicy little roleplay we have going on is really fun. But it's not attractive for you to take your jealousy too seriously. I honestly don't really care what Gus's motivations are. If he can make the competitive

gaming team happen this year, before I graduate and lose my chance for good, then that's a chance I'm willing to take."

"But..." spluttered Sam, "you know that old perv is just getting you to meet him in his office so he can try something."

Monica rolled her eyes. "Oh come on now, Sam. He had the best chance he would ever get in the back of that dark cab, and he didn't do anything! I have no doubt that he will try to flirt with me, but trust me, I have experience dealing with flirtation I'm not interested in."

Sam just stared at her, stunned. She wasn't teasing right now; she was being totally serious. And she was saying that she knew Gus was probably interested in her, and might try to convince her to be interested in him, and she planned to go to his office alone anyway. For some fucking reason, Sam's cock was still stiffening in his pants.

Monica's frown deepened as she studied her boyfriend's expression. "Sam... you know that, no matter how much I tease you, I would never actually want anything to do with that creep, right? I thought you understood I was just dirty talking."

Sam let out a breath, his guts roiling with anxiety and strange lust as he remembered the professor's face, grinning across the room at him as he talked to Monica. "I'm just worried about you," he said, reaching up to tuck a strand of Monica's hair behind her ear in a tender gesture.

Monica sighed and pulled her boyfriend into a hug. "I know you are, baby. But you also need to trust me. I'm not some wide-eyed naive innocent. Gus can't charm his way into my pants, because the only one I want is you. So don't worry so much, ok?"

As she pulled away, Sam saw the bratty glint in her eyes and sensed that the temporary truce they had called to have a serious discussion was now over. Monica confirmed his fears a moment later when she said, "And that's why it won't be a big deal if he asks me out on another date, right, Tiger? You know that I'll turn him down when it really counts. I mean... probably, at least."

She let up on him a few minutes later, but by then, the opportunity for sincere discussion was gone. Sam still wasn't exactly comfortable with the idea of Monica meeting Gus regularly, but, even when putting the teasing aside, Monica had laid out her opinion in stark terms: she could deal with any unwanted advances perfectly well, and she was willing to put up with a one-sided flirtation if it meant her dream coming true. Also, no matter how turned on she was by Sam's jealousy when it came to the bedroom, she had no patience for any resistance from him that might actually control her behavior in the real world.

Sam felt a little trapped. He was turned on by his girlfriend's teasing, but he still felt like things were getting quickly out of hand. And because he got so flustered and horny when she pressed him, it was hard to speak up in the moment.

The fact that they hadn't had sex in a few days didn't help either. Normally, he would just get so frustrated and annoyed that he would fuck Monica hard and release all of his negative emotions at once. The temporary pause in their sex life had made that impossible. As Tuesday approached, the first day when he knew that Monica was going to go meet with Gus during office hours, Sam felt more and more pressure building up inside him, until he thought he might explode.

And so, Sam decided that he would let off some of his steam at the gym on Monday evening. He didn't hit the gym all that often, although like every student he had access to it as part of his tuition. Mainly he got his exercise through jogging, but tonight, he felt like lifting weights until his muscles burned and he stopped thinking about the idea that Gus might be coming after his girlfriend.

Sam hadn't lifted weights since high school, and he had only done it then because it was what his older brother had always done. But it was like riding a bike. Once he got started on a few sets, the dull throb of arousal and suspicion in the back of his mind calmed down, smoothed and moderated by the burn in his muscles. It was just the relief that Sam had wanted. He planned to get himself nice and tired, then go home and get a good night's rest. Monica was dead set on going to her meeting with Professor Pfeiffer tomorrow afternoon, but she said that she would be ready to have sex with him afterward. Sam was looking forward to it, but he also anticipated a lot of teasing. He wasn't sure if that made him more anxious or horny. Right now, he let those thoughts flow out of his head as he sank back into the familiar rhythm of lifting.

It seemed like it had been an inspired decision that would finally give him an outlet to release his stress...

Right up until he saw the Ogre.

Gus Pfeiffer swung open the door from the basketball court. A dark semi-circle of sweat stained the front of his loose grey tank-top, and his face was red and shiny. As Sam watched, he unscrewed the top of a water bottle and held it under the bottle filler at the drinking fountain just outside the doors. It wasn't unusual to see a professor at the campus gym, so Sam knew there was no reason to be shocked. But still, it was like the source of all of his anxieties had stepped out of his mind into reality.

Sam didn't realize he was standing up from the weight bench until he was up and already striding across the gym, his legs shaking with adrenaline and his hands bunched into fists.

It wouldn't do good to confront the smug prick, but Sam couldn't hold back. From the beginning, Gus had been disrespecting him. Even setting aside the fact that he was going after a college girl much too young for him, Gus had flirted with Sam's girlfriend as if he didn't exist. That was one of the main things that bothered Sam about the older prick. Gus didn't even seem to think of Sam as a rival. He thought Sam was so below his notice that he could be ignored completely.

Well, Sam wouldn't stand for it. He was going to win some of his dignity back right here and now, and prove to the Ogre that he couldn't just be ignored.

Gus looked up just as Sam reached him. His eyebrows shot up a little, but he took his time screwing on the lid of his water bottle before turning and addressing the clearly furious younger man. "Hey buddy," he grunted, taking a sip of his water and casually turning to move back toward the gym. "Anything I can help you with?"

Sam wasn't about to let him just walk away and ignore him again; he followed Gus through the door into the gym, bristling with anger. "Yeah! Yeah, you can. You can leave my girlfriend alone!"

He had been loud enough that the group of guys playing a game of pickup basketball looked over, their conversation going silent. For a second, Sam felt embarrassed by their attention... but he reminded himself that Gus was the one who ought to be ashamed of himself right now. He couldn't back down.

Gus gave Sam a flat, unimpressed stare, utterly unintimidated and unashamed. They stood looking at each other silently for a moment, then the older man shook his head with an annoyed sigh. "Look... what's your name again?"

Sam felt his fingernails digging into his palm. "Sam," he said through clenched teeth.

"Listen, Sam, does your girl know that you're here having this little outburst? Do you think she would approve?"

That scored a direct hit, making Sam flush. He was certain that if Monica knew what he was doing right now, she definitely wouldn't approve. And the fact that Gus knew that as well didn't make him feel any better about it. "It doesn't matter," he insisted, trying to keep his voice calm. Normally cool confidence came easily to him, but this entire situation made it hard to remember what that felt like. "She's my girlfriend. I'm not just going to stand by and watch you pursue her."

There it was. Sam felt like he had pushed a heavy weight off his chest. Sam didn't think of himself as the kind of swaggering macho man who would get set off easily, but what sort of man would he be if he just sat back while this older creep tried to steal his girlfriend? It felt good to take a stand. He glared at the Ogre, itching for a confrontation.

Sam expected the older man to let out an evil laugh, or perhaps mock him as a stupid kid who didn't know anything. But Gus Pfeiffer surprised him. His broad, ugly face looked genuinely confused. "What? You think I'm after Monica? What gave you that impression?"

Sam narrowed his eyes, thrown off guard by the unexpected reaction. "You made her go on a date with you..." he said suspiciously.

Gus shrugged his massive shoulders, folding his thick arms to rest them on his belly. "Yeah, I did. It was a bust. Weren't you there watching most of it? She clearly wasn't interested. I have plenty of other prospects without chasing girls who dislike me."

Sam scoffed. The other men on the court had drifted a little closer, listening in on their public argument, and he was feeling a little bit under the spotlight. "Don't play dumb with me. You invited her to a private meeting in your office!"

Gus was shaking his head with an expression of pity on his sweaty face. "Listen here, Scott..."

"It's Sam!" At this point he felt like he was on the edge of snapping. This confrontation was starting to feel less and less like he was standing up for himself and more and more like he was an immature idiot flying off the handle. The group of middle-aged men behind Gus were looking at him like he was crazy.

"Ok, ok sorry," said Gus, holding up his hands placatingly. "Look Sam, I don't know if she told you this, but I invited your girlfriend to my office to discuss a sponsorship for the club. It's nothing nefarious."

"She... well yeah, she did tell me that," admitted Sam grudgingly. He felt like the situation was slipping away from him rapidly. One of the men behind The Ogre chuckled as he spun the ball on his finger. "But I know that that's just an excuse so you can get close to her!"

"Look, buddy," said Gus, drawing closer and suddenly throwing a heavy, sweaty arm over Sam's shoulder to get right up close to speak softly, "I don't know what to tell you. I gave up on trying to date Monica after the date went badly. I haven't approached her since then except for club business. Are you sure this isn't about... something else?"

Sam angrily wriggled out from under Gus's arm, his heart pounding and a fiery blush staining his face. "I have no idea what you're talking about!" he snarled. There was no way that Gus could know about the mixed-up sexual tension that had been crackling between him and Monica since the date, but somehow the hulking man's eyes twinkled knowingly.

Was Gus implying that it was all in his head? That Sam was somehow just imagining that Gus was after his girlfriend because of the insecurity and jealousy that the initial date had stirred up? No. No way. Sam shook his head a little, trying to get his mind straight. Gus was just trying to confuse him.

"I want you to stay away from Monica," he insisted, trying to sound serious and even a little intimidating. "Cancel your meetings. Whatever you have to do."

But Gus was already turning back to his friends with a smirk on his face. "No can do, Steve. What kind of club advisor would I be if I crushed her dreams like that?"

Sam couldn't for the life of him remember why he did what he did next when he thought back to this moment later in regret. Maybe it was just a desperate bid to get Gus to take him seriously. Maybe it was an effort to derail whatever scheme he thought Gus had cooking. Or maybe it was just an attempt to get back the feeling of equilibrium that he had lost ever since his girlfriend had agreed to a date with another man. But whatever reason it was, he opened his mouth and said,

"I heard you like bets... what if we play for it?"

Gus paused, turning to look back at Sam with a frown. "I'm not sure what you mean," he said in a low, dangerous voice.

Sam strode up and snatched the basketball from the balding man next to Gus. "Simple. One on one. First to ten. If I win, you tell Monica that you changed your mind and you'll be conducting all discussion about the sponsorship over email." It was a rash offer, but one that Sam felt reasonably confident in. He was younger than Gus, and although he had never played for the high school team like his older brother, Sam had hundreds of hours of practice on his backyard hoop growing up. Besides, Gus was a tub of lard. How hard could it be to run circles around him?

Gus turned fully back toward Sam, a considering look on his face. His eyes looked as cold and hard as iron as he stared down his nose at Sam. "No deal," he said gruffly. "I can see what you get out of it, but I don't think you have anything I want. Maybe I do like bets... but I don't take wagers when I can't win anything good."

His words were dismissive, but his tone was prompting. He wanted a counteroffer. A suggestion. And if he didn't get one, the older man would refuse to play ball and walk away, leaving Sam looking like an idiot. Sam froze for a second, his mouth suddenly dry. He knew that there was one thing that Gus wanted, no matter how much he pretended that he had given up.

It was the very thing that Sam had been terrified of for two weeks. It was what haunted him... and made his cock frustratingly stiff for reasons he still didn't understand. Sam felt the sudden, overwhelming need to stand up to his fears and shameful desires and defeat them. To put it all on the line and end his horny confusion once and for all.

Monica had loved it when he had taken charge and insisted that she was his alone. But he had lost that fire since that night after the date. For the past two weeks, he had been confused and anxious instead of confident and commanding. He needed to change that now. He needed to be a man and force Gus to back off, and if that meant taking a huge risk? Well, it was worth it to defend his pride, his relationship, and his woman.

"How about this..." he said, his voice sounding tinny and far away in his ears. "If you win, then you can take Monica on another date."

Gus's face broke into a wide, evil grin. "Are you sure that's what you want to bet, kid?" he asked in a low, oily tone.

Got you, you fucker. I knew that you hadn't actually given up.

"It doesn't matter what I bet. I'm going to win anyway." To Sam's relief, his voice sounded firm and confident again. He could almost imagine that the strange sexual funk he had been in was over. All he had to do was beat Gus, and he could go home to Monica the calm, laid-back guy that he had always used to be.

"Big words," grunted Gus. He snatched the ball from Sam's hands and dribbled confidently toward the half-court line. "Since you proposed the bet, I'll start. Sorry fellas, give me a second to trounce this kid, then we can get back to the game."

Sam took a deep breath and bent his knees slightly, keeping an eye on Gus and preparing to defend.

Gus rolled his neck, bounced the ball a few times, then thundered forward in a surprisingly fast drive. With Sam's slender body, it was like trying to stop the charge of a wild elephant. Just when Sam had sucked it up and spread his arms wide, determined to stop the heavier man's drive, Gus stopped dead and faded back for a perfect jump shot.

It sailed through the hoop with a swish. Nothing but net.

The men watching from the sideline whooped and clapped, and Gus pumped a fist, grinning over toward them. "That's two!" It looked like Sam had made a major miscalculation by thinking that Gus was too fat to have any skill on the court. Gus was pouring sweat, but he clearly had a lot of experience.

The older man caught the look of alarm on Sam's face and laughed, slinging the ball toward him and taking a wide-legged defensive stance between his opponent and the hoop. "Wasn't counting on me to know what I was doing, huh?" he asked with a lopsided grin. "Sorry to burst your bubble, but I played basketball every day on my lunch breaks when I had my company. Team-building exercise. Football was always my best sport, but I know more than enough about hoops to trounce a rank amateur."

"We'll see," said Sam grimly, checking the ball to Gus, then receiving it back. He flashed down the court, hoping to use his superior agility to slip past Gus and sink an easy layup. But Gus's massive reach made that harder than it seemed at first. It only took the huge man a pivot and step to get in Sam's way, and Sam was forced to retreat back up to the top of the key.

"Hmmm. Let me guess. You've had lots of practice with backyard basketball. Older brother maybe?" rumbled Gus, rolling his neck while keeping a close eye on his opponent dribbling a few feet away.

Sam had to bite his lip to keep from angrily responding. Sam had no idea how Gus could possibly have known that...

The Ogre let out a bark of a laugh. "I'm right on the money, aren't I? I knew it. You give off major little brother energy, Scott. Always trying to compete with bigger fish."

"Shut up," growled Sam, driving forward once again. But once again, Gus was able to pivot his much bigger body to cut off Sam's path easily. Sam did his best to imitate Gus's play and fade back for a jump shot, but the larger man stepped forward cleanly swatted the ball out of the air.

That was the moment that a creeping sense of disquiet crept through Sam, and he realized that winning might not be as easy as he thought.

The rest of the game was an exercise in humiliation. Sam didn't get shut out completely at least. As he had hoped, Gus started huffing and puffing and looking fatigued by the end of the game. But it was too little too late. When Gus swished his final shot through the hoop from the three-point line, Sam was still stuck at six points.

He had gambled big and lost. And he couldn't imagine the shit storm that he was about to stir up now that he had to somehow pay up.

After getting high-fived by his friends, Gus approached, a huge shit-eating grin spread across his blunt features. Sam felt like he couldn't breathe as his nightmare scenario unfolded. He had started out so confident, but now a hopeless dread gripped him. And the worst part was he could feel that strange jealous arousal coiling in his belly as he saw Gus's triumphant expression. Luckily it wasn't enough to actually give him a boner... Monica's presence still would have been required for that, but just the fact he felt it at all was intolerable.

"Time to pay up," Gus said jovially, his friends gathering behind him with matching grins. Sam even saw one man holding up a phone to record the interaction. "Because I won, that means that I get to take your pretty little girlfriend on another date, right?"

"Listen Professor," Sam said miserably, "I shouldn't have bet that. I made a mistake. Maybe we could work something out?" He didn't hold out much hope. Gus Pfeiffer was an evil bastard who couldn't be trusted.

That was why Sam was totally shocked when Gus threw back his head and laughed, then clapped him hard on the shoulder. "Ha! Relax, little guy! I'm not going to claim my prize. I told you, I'm not interested in Monica anymore. And besides, even if I was, I don't think she would be very happy about going on a date based on a date her boyfriend made."

Sam just stared at him in disbelief, not sure if he was joking. But there was no deception on Gus's ugly face, just stark, disrespectful mockery. Despite the embarrassment of getting talked

down to by a man he despised, that annoyance was drowned out by a powerful wash of relief. Sam had stepped into the mother of all landmines, and somehow escaped unscathed.

It made him look at the professor in another light too. Sam still didn't like or trust the Ogre at all... but it seemed like he must be wrong about the old pervert being after Monica. Otherwise, why would Gus turn this down? Even if Monica was upset about two guys betting over her, she respected bets enough that Gus could probably convince her to go on the date. As humiliating as it was to admit, Sam had just been unreasonably paranoid and fixated on the jealous lust that Gus caused inside him.

As if echoing his thoughts, Gus pulled Sam closer by the back of his neck, his voice dropping to a rough whisper. "But you might want to think long and hard about why you wanted to bet that in the first place, little guy... I mean, everyone has their fetishes, but if you let that shit out in public, you might embarrass yourself."

Sam stiffened in horror as Gus just came out and said it. It was a word he had been avoiding thinking about in the past two weeks. He knew that it fit... his strange sexual jealousy when he thought about Monica and Gus wasn't some normal, wholesome sexual appetite. But he couldn't see himself as some pervert who had a jealousy fetish. And he certainly wasn't about to discuss it with Gus. Sam struggled out of Gus's grasp and turned toward the door, his face flaming. Despite his relief, he had an overwhelming desire to punch something... But he had embarrassed himself enough for one evening. It was time to retreat before he made another mistake.

Sam could hear the quiet laughter and murmurs about him as he walked stiffly out of the gym. It stuck with him on the bus ride home. *Fetish? I don't have a fucking fetish. I'm just a little mixed up and confused because I'm so turned on by Monica. And I certainly don't want to see Monica and Gus interacting in any way.*

That night he felt a little awkward and strained, and he could tell that Monica picked up on it. Well... at least he had been wrong about Gus trying to steal his girl. But he was still left with a lot to think about. Despite the fact that it was now obvious that Gus wasn't actually after Monica, it still made him feel vague anxiety that she was going to meet with him the next day...

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"I guess I don't get it," said Mark as the door clicked shut behind the retreating college senior. "I mean, if I know you, you do want to fuck his girlfriend. Why not take the easy win and go out on another date with her?"

Gus flashed the weedy middle-aged man an unimpressed look. Mark was a facilities manager, not a professor like most of the men that joined the pickup games. And sometimes, it was easy to tell. "Think it through, dumbass," he said with a sigh. "If I take the date, the girl goes into it

pissed. I confirm to the loser that I am someone he needs to worry about. That second date is probably the last time I speak to either of them, and I'm certainly not getting laid at the end of it."

Mark chuckled wryly, then checked the ball to Gus. "I guess that makes sense. But on the other hand, it sort of feels like you are going to be at a dead end if all you are trying to do is convince them that you're harmless."

"I'm not interested in discussing my love life with you, Mark," said Gus brusquely, dribbling forward to begin the play. The facilities manager was wrong, of course, although he didn't need to know that. The two lovebirds were discovering a brand new fetish. Provoking Sam's little outburst had given Gus exactly the angle of attack he needed to trap both members of the little couple.

All he had to do was set his trap tomorrow and wait for the two horny, naive idiots to walk right into it.

He could practically feel Monica's tight young pussy wrapped around his cock already.

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By the time Tuesday rolled around, Monica was feeling a little frustrated. Sam had been weird the night before after getting back from the gym, and instead of having a nice relaxing evening together, things had felt tense and uncomfortable.

And Monica was frustrated in a different way too. She had been simmering with low-level horniness for the past few days, since she didn't like to have sex on her period. That was probably why she had been teasing Sam so relentlessly. But she had realized after thinking about it the night before that it wasn't just the lack of sex that was bothering her.

The sex they had after she got back from her date with Gus had been electrifying. Monica had been riding the high of that encounter ever since. She loved it when her man got all strong and dominant and possessive like that. That was why she had been teasing him since then. She was trying to get that same rise out of him, transforming him into a powerful, swoon-worthy force of masculinity. But Sam hadn't really been reacting that way to her teasing since that night. Even though it turned her on when he got all embarrassed and flustered, what she really wanted was for him to snap and put her in her place sexually.

It was probably just because they hadn't had a chance to have sex and he was holding back. Tonight she would pressure him with a little more teasing and see if she could get him to pin her down and fuck her senseless.

God knew she needed it. And she thought Sam did too. They needed some kind of catharsis after this massive buildup.

But before she could sort that out, she needed to meet with Professor Pfeiffer. Monica found herself not looking forward to it as she looked up Gus's office in the directory and made her way through the computer science building hallways. No matter what teasing words she had poured into her boyfriend's ear, Professor Pfeiffer was still not her favorite person. She wasn't really worried about him relentlessly pursuing her anymore. He had backed off after the date, after all. But that didn't change the fact that he was an arrogant blowhard who thought he was God's gift to women much younger than himself.

So she hoped this would be a short meeting.

Gus's office actually impressed her a little as she poked her head in the door and softly knocked. A lot of the professors' offices that she had visited in the past had been cramped spaces filled with old yellowing books and stacks of papers to be graded. Instead, Professor Pfeiffer's office was spacious and airy, with large windows that looked out on the campus, sleek, modern furniture, and art on the walls that looked like it had probably been expensive. The suspicions that Monica had about the college administration playing favorites were more than confirmed. She doubted any other professor on campus had an office this large and nice.

Gus looked up at her knock, and his broad face broke into a wide grin. He stood from his desk, gesturing her forward as she said, "Monica! Come in, come in. So good to see you. Ready to talk sponsorships?" For just a fraction of a second, Monica saw Gus the way she assumed that all the girls who fell for him had. As he extended an arm in welcome, she noted that it looked powerful and muscled. The smile on his face beamed, like there was no one else in the world he would rather see walking into his office. It was almost charming. Then Monica caught herself, remembering this was a creepy old professor, and the illusion dissipated as it had never been there.

She returned his greeting with a polite smile, sinking into the chair across from his desk. "Absolutely, Professor," she said briskly, trying to move the meeting forward as quickly as she could without being rude. That weird flash of seeing him in a different light left her feeling a little off-balance. "What info do you need from me?"

Gus leaned back in his chair, his dark brown eyes staring straight into Monica's for a moment. For a second, her heart skipped a beat, and she was worried that he planned to start flirting with her... something that Monica was totally opposed to if Sam wasn't here to see it so she could tease him. But instead, Gus's gaze softened a little, and he asked, "Ok, so I obviously understand the idea that you will be forming a team to play against other college students in video games. But other than that, I don't know the first thing about competitive gaming. If I'm going to be the go-between for you and the sponsor, I need to be up to speed. Give me the gist."

Monica sighed and glanced at the clock. It looked like this was going to be a longer meeting than she thought. She had told Sam that she would be back soon when she left. He would probably be frantic when she got back. Then again... maybe that was a good thing. "Ok, so

every year, the Collegiate E-sports League, CEL for short, selects three games for competition well ahead of time. This year, they've picked Strike Team 4, a shooter, Ethereal Edge Zone, a MOBA, and Boostrotrons, which is a physics-based brawler and sort of a wildcard pick. I'm good enough to represent us in EEZ, and Katie is really good at Strike Team, but finding someone who plays Boostrotrons at the right level might be tricky."

Gus nodded his head. "Great. What's a 'MOBA'?"

Monica sighed. She wasn't going to be getting back to Sam any time soon.

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The sun was already setting outside the large windows when Monica was finally wrapping up her meeting with Professor Pfeiffer. He had been perfectly pleasant the entire time, and in a way, his interest in Monica's expertise was flattering, but Monica was more than ready to go after spending a few hours in discussion with the older man. Something about being one-on-one with him caused a certain tension in her she couldn't quite explain. She stood with a smile painted on her face, ready to say a few formulaic words about how she was excited to be working on the competitive gaming project and to let her know what the next steps were.

But Gus stopped her, holding up his hand with an odd, intense expression on his face. "Hold on a moment, please, Monica. I know you're eager to get out of here as soon as you can, but there was one more... personal matter that I wanted to discuss with you."

Monica felt a wave of discomfort. Part of her had sensed this coming from the beginning of the meeting. There had just been a certain energy in Gus's eyes. She wasn't really worried anymore that Gus would pursue her aggressively, but the very fact that he was trying to bring up interpersonal stuff at all was sort of frustrating.

"Look, Professor, I would prefer if we keep our relationship strictly professional from now on. As I keep telling you, I have a boyfriend." She kept her voice calm but firm, and stared Gus straight in the eyes, making sure that there was no room for ambiguity. It was fun and oddly arousing to pretend to like Gus when she was talking to her boyfriend, but Monica would never pursue anything with Gus. She didn't want him to get the wrong impression. It would only encourage further attempts in the future.

But Gus didn't look angry or offended like she feared. He just chuckled, shook his head, and for some reason pulled out his phone. "I think you have the wrong idea," he said mildly, focusing on his screen for a second as he pulled something up. "It's your boyfriend that I needed to talk to you about actually."

He pressed play on his phone, then passed it across the desk to the confused young woman opposite him. It showed Sam on a basketball court, facing Gus. Both of them were sweaty and worn out, but Gus looked triumphant and Sam looked a little panicked. Her confusion only

deepened as she watched the video, but now it was joined by a sense that something was wrong. That was definitely her boyfriend, but Sam had never told her about any confrontation with the Ogre.

"I don't understand," she admitted when the video ended. "Why are you showing me this? You two bet made a bet?"

Gus wore a sympathetic expression. "I'm afraid that your boyfriend had a little outburst, and in the heat of passion bet me another date with you that he could beat me at basketball. I won, but obviously I decided not to enforce the conditions of the bet. I'm not interested in a date that I won from a woman's boyfriend without her knowledge."

Monica opened her mouth, shut it, then watched the video again from the beginning. It made a lot more sense with Gus's explanation.

What the fuck? Sam bet Gus a date with me? And he didn't even tell me?

"Thanks for letting me know," said Monica sharply, sliding the phone back across the desk to him. "I think he and I have a lot of talking to do." She turned to go, boiling with confusion and frustration. She needed to get back to Sam and settle this. To find out what explanation he had for himself.

But once again, the older professor stopped her. "Listen, Monica... don't be too hard on the poor guy. I've been in a similar position myself. I understand why he bet me a date with you."

Monica paused in the doorway. She wanted to get back to Sam and hear what he had to say. On the other hand, she was totally lost at sea with this. Right now, any lifeline that could tell her what was going on was tempting. And it might save her from going off on Sam when she was confused and hurt. With a huff, she turned back to Gus.

"You understand what he was thinking? Great, let me know, because I don't have a clue."

Gus shrugged, looking a little uncomfortable as he swiveled to stare out the window. "I mean, isn't it obvious? Your man has a fetish. He gets off on the jealousy. On a certain level, he was hoping he would lose, so that he would have "no choice" but to let you date me again."

Monica sank back into the chair, her mind working a million miles an hour. "That can't be true. I mean, no offense, but he doesn't like you at all. He would never want you to go out on another date with me. Besides, if he felt that way, he would have told me, not made a secret bet to force the situation."

Gus turned back and steepled his fingers, giving Monica a wry look over the desk. "Not if he's ashamed of what he wants. I mean, I get it. He loves reclaiming you, doesn't he? But how can

he tell you that he wants to see you go out with another man so he can claim you back? Maybe he can't even admit what he wants to *himself*, let alone you."

Monica unconsciously raised a hand to play with her hair, curling it around a finger and letting it loose again and again. She was lost in thought for a moment. It was certainly true that Sam seemed to get immense sexual satisfaction from dominantly reclaiming her after her date with Gus... If he wanted to experience that again, would he really be able to ask her? She could see how that would be an embarrassing thing to ask your girlfriend. She might have even misunderstood his intentions if he had been straightforward about it.

"But if that's true, what can we even do about it?" she asked slowly. She was reluctant to discuss an issue this personal with Gus, but that ship had already sailed. "He's too ashamed to ask for what he wants, and when I've teased him recently, it turns him on, but it makes him stressed and embarrassed too. Even if some part of him wants it, it also makes him unhappy."

"I'll admit it's a tricky situation," said Gus seriously. "For a lot of couples, this kind of fetish can spell the end of their relationship if they don't handle it well. Luckily, I think I might have a solution that will help you two approach this in a healthy way."

Monica wasn't the type of person to uncritically accept unsolicited advice from people. Especially people as untrustworthy as Gus Pfeiffer. But on the other hand, his words did have a certain ring of truth, and it wasn't like she had any idea what to do about the strange sexual quagmire she and Sam had found themselves tangled in. There was nothing wrong with at least hearing Gus's perspective on it and deciding what to do for herself.

"Fine," she said cautiously, staring across the expensive, hardwood desk into Gus's gleaming eyes, "tell me what you had in mind."

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Sam was already anxious about his girlfriend going to meet with the Ogre on her own. And the fact that the meeting apparently took hours didn't help him at all.

Eventually, he couldn't help it anymore. He just had to jerk off. He wasn't proud that that was the only thing that made sense as a solution to his negative feelings, especially since Monica had made it clear they would be having sex when she got back. But he couldn't think of any other way to clear the entwined feelings of arousal and worry from his mind.

As Sam sat back on the couch, he didn't pull up any porn or other source of stimulation. He didn't need it. His mind was going crazy as it was. His imagination could provide more than enough material to make his cock hard.

The images filled his mind with anger, jealousy, and clinging shame, yet waves of sexual energy poured through him as he pumped his cock in his frantic fist, sitting back on the couch with his eyes squeezed shut.

Fevered images rushed through his imagination.

Monica walking wide-eyed and innocent into Gus's office. The door swinging shut and locking behind her.

Monica, stripped to just her panties and kneeling on the ground beneath Gus's hairy thighs. Gus's hulking form above her, naked, with a massive, throbbing cock.

Monica's glossy lips parting. Her beautiful blue eyes looking upward with helpless arousal into Gus's hard, dark gaze. Her tongue extending to run curiously up the length of his monstrous cock.

Gus sweeping aside the contents of his desk to scatter to the floor and lifting Monica's curvy, petite form to the desk. Spreading her thighs, diving between them with his blunt face to savor the sweet wetness there.

His thick, veiny cock nuzzling at her tender, dripping lips as she moans and writhes beneath him, until he slams his cock deep into....

The door of the apartment opened, and Sam startled, shoving his hard cock back into his pants and snatching up a pillow to cover himself just as Monica came around the corner.

Sam could tell that something was wrong right away, and for a second, the wild images he had just been jerking off to seemed to merge with reality. Was the concerned expression on his girlfriend's face guilt? Had Monica actually done something with Gus during their private meeting?

But Sam shook himself out of it as his girlfriend came into the room and sat on the couch without her usual light-hearted greeting. The look on her face wasn't guilt. Monica looked frustrated and determined. Which didn't seem like great news.

Normally, Monica would sit hip to hip with him, but this time, she was on the other side of the couch, creating a distance between them. She cut right to the chase, her voice dry and serious. "Gus told me about the bet that you made with him, Sam. We need to talk."

Sam felt the world drop out from under him. At least the news that Monica had learned his shameful secret made his erection wilt, so that the pillow over his crotch was less necessary. But he found himself at a loss for words, looking into his girlfriend's unimpressed expression. She didn't look angry, which is what Sam had feared and expected. The silence dragged on, and Sam realized that Monica was waiting for him to speak.

Well... maybe that was better. Sam had been too embarrassed and confused to say his true feelings in the past two weeks. This wasn't a great start to the conversation, but maybe it was a conversation that needed to happen. He took a deep breath, organized his thoughts, and got started.

"I mean, I'm sorry I did that," he said with a sigh, unable to look his girlfriend in the eyes, "I know that it was pretty fucked up. But I just... I had a bunch of stuff building up inside me, and when I saw the Ogre there, it all just sort of bubbled up to the surface."

Monica nodded, her expression still neutral. "Ok. What kind of stuff was building up inside you?"

This was the hard part, but now was the time to get things out into the open, while Monica wasn't in a teasing mood. Sam forced himself to spit it out. "All of the stuff with you teasing me about him. I mean, I knew in my brain that you weren't seriously interested in him, but all of that stuff just built up in my subconscious, especially when we weren't having sex."

Monica sighed, then reached out and took Sam's hand. He felt a wash of relief. For a second there, he thought she might be breaking up with him. He didn't know if he would be able to handle that. Monica was the love of his life, and nothing about the strange sexual tension between them had changed that.

"I'm sorry too. I mean... I knew you were getting embarrassed, but since you always got so hard when I teased you, I just sort of assumed that you liked it."

"I did like it," said Sam with an embarrassed laugh. "It's just that I hated it too. It's hard to explain. The jealousy and arousal are so tightly wound that it's hard to see where one stops and the other begins."

"This is what we need to talk about," said Monica, her eyes burning into his. "Clearly, this... new thing we've discovered is hot for both of us. And I don't know about you, but I don't think we can just sweep it under the rug at this point. We need to explore it and understand it."

Sam wasn't sure about that. As hot as the teasing and jealousy were, part of him just wished they could go back to the way things had been between them before the date with Gus. But if this was something that Monica needed... he was willing to go further. "Sure," he said, trying to sound confident.

Monica squeezed his hand again, and Sam could detect a flush of excitement on her cheeks. She was really enthusiastic about whatever idea she was working up to here; he could feel it. "But the problem is that we've been coming at this all wrong," she said firmly, scooting closer to him on the couch. "It's been really fun teasing you, I'll admit it, but what I've been wanting ever since that night is the dominant, powerful man who took control and showed me that I belonged to him."

Sam winced. She was right. On that night he had been jealous, but at the same time he had felt powerful. He had known with absolutely certainty that Monica was his when he had fucked her after the date. He hadn't been able to get that feeling back when she teased him all week. "I think I was just too embarrassed and flustered to take charge."

Monica nodded rapidly. "Exactly! We have been fumbling around in the dark, when what we really needed to do was reproduce what we did the first time!"

Sam frowned. He had no idea where Monica was going with this, but suddenly he was a little worried to find out.

Monica took a deep breath and gripped Sam's hand tight, as if she was working up to something.

"Baby... I think I should go on another date with Professor Pfeiffer."

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Monica stared across the desk at the Ogre with a look of disgusted disbelief, her heart rate suddenly jumping. "Not going to happen," she said flatly, crossing her arms and legs in a defensive position. "What about our first date gave you the impression that I was interested in a second?"

Gus unexpectedly laughed, leaning back in his chair and putting his arms behind his head. "Come on now, sweetheart, haven't you been listening? This isn't about me; it's about your relationship. You two need someone that pushes your boyfriend's buttons, that there is no risk of you actually falling for, and that you know can be discreet. That's the only safe way to explore this new fetish. And finding someone who fits all three of those criteria isn't going to be easy, trust me."

Monica paused, jiggling her foot on her leg irritably. She was feeling a little flustered, but she kept her voice as calm as possible. "Why can't I just pretend that I'm going on dates with you and not actually do it?"

"Did that work for the past few weeks? Did it do the same thing for you two that the real date did?"

Monica fidgeted with her hair, looking away. It made a twisted sort of sense... and Gus, despite being a scumbag, had proved that he was capable of keeping his mouth shut and respecting Monica's boundaries. He wasn't wrong that, in some ways, he was the perfect candidate to inflame Sam's manly, jealous side without being a serious risk to their relationship.

"I'm not saying I want to do this," she said cautiously, searching Gus's expression for any signs of nefarious intent. "But even if I wanted to, I can't just go up to Sam and tell him you asked me on another date. He already thinks you might be up to no good."

"Well, all you'll have to do is tell him that it's your idea. Trust me, when you explain what this could do for your relationship, even he will see that it makes total sense..."

...

Sam looked at her like she had just suggested that they go live in the sewers.

"Wha... excuse me?" he gulped, his fingers growing limp in hers. Monica didn't let him disengage. She gripped his hand tighter and scooted closer until their hips were touching.

"Ok, I know it sounds crazy," she said rapidly, trying to get out ahead of Sam's crashout. "But hear me out before you judge. I'm NOT doing this because I want to date the Ogre. Obviously. Even if he isn't as bad as I thought, he's still a creepy old man."

"But it sounds like that's exactly what you want to do," protested Sam, his eyebrows furrowing. "You just said you wanted to go on another date with him!"

"But not for his benefit! I want to do it for us. Listen, baby, I know this is a lot to take in, but can you trust me for one second and let me explain?"

Sam glared at her, took a deep breath, then pursed his lips and nodded reluctantly.

Monica knew that everything was riding on this pitch. Gus was right that this was the only safe and healthy way to contain and explore this volatile new fetish they had discovered. Now she just needed to convince Sam of that.

"We need something structured. Specific times when you reclaim me, and I tease you. Otherwise it might take over our whole life. More importantly, I think we need to try this all the way, without half-measures. Remember how hot it was on that night after the date?"

Sam nodded reluctantly. "Yeah. It was hot."

"We can have that every time if we just do it right! We know that it turns you on and makes you jealous when Gus talks to me. We also know that I'm not actually interested in him. I can just go on a date or two, and then we get to have incredible sex when I get home. It's almost like we're using him."

Sam was silent for a long moment, a conflicted expression on his face. "I don't know, baby," he finally said in a strained voice, looking away. "You're right that seeing you with Gus turned me

on. But part of that is because it feels dangerous. Maybe that isn't something we should explore. It isn't right for me to feel turned on like that."

His voice cracked a little on the last sentence, and Monica's heart went out to him. Monica pulled her boyfriend into a tight hug. "If the danger is what turns you on, then that just means that Gus is the perfect guy to use for this," she insisted gently, murmuring into his shoulder. "Because he feels dangerous, but he isn't. You know I can deal with him. And as for right or wrong..."

She pulled back and planted a deep kiss on her boyfriend's lips. "I know this whole fetish is embarrassing for you. But I need you to understand that I don't think less of you for it. I know that the reason you get turned on is how badly you want to defend me when other guys are after me. Honestly, even though I was a little upset when you made a bet trying to scare Gus away, I was a little turned on too. I love it when you get possessive of me. Maybe that makes me a pervert too! But I think it's better if we embrace this, and enjoy it together instead of being ashamed of it and letting it come between us."

Sam nodded, but he was having trouble responding. Monica could see him wavering, but it was obviously still too embarrassing to admit he would be ok with his girlfriend going on another date with their professor.

Her hand slid beneath the pillow on her boyfriend's lap, and she told herself that if he was cold and flaccid down there, she would just apologise and drop the whole thing. But of course he wasn't. Throbbing stiffness met her fingers, and Sam's face turned red as she confirmed that the whole idea of another date turned him on.

"I'll tell you what," she said softly, rubbing the front of his pants. "If it's still too embarrassing to say yes, I understand. But let me make you a deal. For tonight... just don't say 'no'. Think about it. We can talk when you've had the time to decide. I'll even sweeten the deal. I know this is embarrassing... so if you just don't say 'no', *I'm* prepared to do something embarrassing for you in return."

Sam's conflicted expression dissolved into delight. "Oh... does that mean what I think it means?"

Monica giggled. "Ok, ok, yes. Cosplay sex. But don't get used to it! This is a one-time deal!"

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It took Monica almost an hour to get completely ready. She couldn't just sling on her cosplay outfit. It needed the proper makeup and hair to go with it.

It gave Sam a little time to cool down and consider the offer that Monica had come to him with out of the blue. He still wasn't sure what to think of it. In a way, everything that his girlfriend said made sense. It might be better to explore the teasing and jealousy in a more structured and contained way. And, while Sam still didn't like Gus all that much, he had to grudgingly admit that the man had proven to be... predictable and manageable. Monica could handle him.

But on the other hand, Sam didn't know if he would be able to live with himself if he agreed to another date. It felt like handing Monica over to another man, and even though he knew she would come back to him afterward for hot reclaiming sex, and nothing would happen on the date, he thought that his pride might not allow it.

But no matter how concerned Sam was about the idea Monica had brought to him, none of his concern could survive the wave of lust and affection that swept over him when Monica finally opened the bedroom door and stepped outside, her costume faintly jingling.

Khalida, the Desert's Whisper was Monica's main in her favorite game, Ethereal Edge Zone. Khalida was a haughty princess of a desert kingdom who fought with two massive scimitars and sand magic. Monica had originally chosen to play the character because of her powerful AOE abilities and the stun that her ultimate caused rather than her looks, but there was no denying that the character's design was... alluring.

On top, Monica wore a small sky blue bikini top that hugged her round tits tight. The triangular cups were lined with hanging golden coins, and she wore a belt with more dangling discs at her waist. The coins and the bangles she wore on her ankles and wrists let out faint jingles as she moved toward her boyfriend on the couch. Normally, the costume called for a set of fairly conservative bikini bottoms beneath the gauzy, sheer blue skirt with slits running all the way up its sides, but Monica had left them off, leaving her pussy clearly visible through the thin, see-through cloth. Luckily, it seemed she had left the massive plastic swords in the closet.

She made an utterly tantalizing sight as she prowled forward, her swaying hips jingling as she came. When she finally reached Sam, she knelt swiftly at his feet, staring up at him with a heated gaze through the delicate blue veil that covered the bottom of her face. As usual, she had done her hair up with Khalida's signature ancient Egyptian-like headdress, and applied an elaborate cat-eye makeup. She looked stunning. Sam's cock had been rock hard before she had even made it all the way across the room, and now that she was on her knees looking lovingly up at him, he felt like he could almost cum on the spot.

"I've been a real tease this past week, Tiger," she said gently, reaching up to run her hands up Sam's thighs. Every time she spoke, the light gauzy veil in front of her mouth puffed out gently. "You know how I like to be a little brat. I feel bad that I ever made you doubt that you were the most important man in my life, even as a joke. So... tonight I want to remind you of how much I love and respect you, so that you never forget it."

Her hands reached up to work Sam's fly, and in moments she had stripped his pants and underwear completely off, revealing his powerfully throbbing erection. "Tonight, you're the boss, Sam. What you say goes."

Sam opened his mouth to excitedly ask that she give him a blowjob while keeping the veil on, something she had been extremely reluctant to do last time. But she raised an eyebrow and cut him off apologetically. "With one exception. I'm not going to do anything that will ruin my costume."

Sam was a little chagrined by that, but he had to accept it. Monica very rarely wore her cosplay, since it was only really appropriate at cons where other people were wearing similarly revealing outfits, but she had paid a good amount to have it custom-made. On the rare occasions she wore it, Monica refused to even eat while it was on. So Sam wasn't really surprised that she considered cocksucking completely off the table.

"But other than that," said Monica in a purring tone, reaching up to unhook the veil and carefully set it to the side, "Tonight, you're the master, and I'm just the humble servant. Use me however you want."

With a savage joy in his heart, Sam reached forward to cup the back of his girlfriend's head and pulled her downward toward his cock. Monica obeyed his physical command without question, parting her pink, rosy lips and swallowing her boyfriend smoothly, her tongue playfully tracing every inch of his swollen cockhead. Her free hand came up to jerk the base of his shaft with soft, rhythmic sounds of clinking bangles as her head began to bob, taking his cock into her hot, wet mouth.

Monica didn't have the same kind of flawless blowjob technique that some of the girls Sam had seen in porn had, but it was hard to complain when a beautiful woman was on her knees in a sexy costume, doing her best to pleasure you. Sam could see the faint pink blush on his girlfriend's face as she stared up at him lovingly, her mouth stuffed with his cock. He knew that part of the reason that Monica didn't agree to cosplay sex frequently was that she found it a little embarrassing. And yet, she was doing it for him anyway... because she knew it turned him on.

That gave Sam a surging feeling of confidence. This beautiful woman was here for him. Because he was the one she chose. Tonight she wanted to submit and serve him. The burning feeling of possession and pride that he felt was the same sensation that had taken over him the night after Monica's date with Gus. Sheer, intoxicating dominance.

Sam tightened his grip on the back of Monica's head, being careful not to dislodge her headdress, then pressed his cock deeper into her willing mouth. Up and down, Monica's lips gripped his shaft, giving him complete control as he fucked her mouth in short, shallow strokes. Although Sam loved his girlfriend dearly, it was perversely satisfying to fill the sassy mouth that had been teasing him all week with dick, putting her sharp little tongue to work serving his cock rather than making quips about other men.

Monica leaned into the performance of slutty service, locking her hands behind her back and staring up with soft, submissive eyes as her boyfriend let out all of his jealousy and frustration on her. As kinky and dominant as the act was, Sam never stopped feeling the intense affection that radiated between them.

Monica's throat made soft, wet sounds as Sam pressed his cock even deeper, drunk on the feeling of his beautiful girlfriend's slutty submission. Monica wasn't able to deep throat, and the one time that she had tried had ended in disaster. But she didn't stop Sam as he pressed his cock deeper. Monica maintained the vacuum seal of her sweet lips, the sleek chestnut hair in her updo bobbing with the thrusts of Sam's cock into her wet, willing mouth.

But Sam couldn't bring himself to push things further, even though his whole body was pulsing with lust, and he craved to feel his girlfriend's tight, wet throat wrapped around his cock. Firstly, because thick saliva was beginning to drip down her chin, and no matter how submissive Monica was feeling right now, she would take it out of his hide later if she got drool on her cosplay. But more importantly, he couldn't bring himself to hurt the love of his life, and he just wasn't confident that she could handle deepthroating.

So instead, he released the back of her head and let Monica rise up, panting and flushed and a little teary-eyed. He cupped her cheek and leaned down as she rose to meet him, pulling her into an intense, passionate kiss, their tongues tangling wetly between them. Normally he might have felt a little squeamish about kissing Monica right after she had his cock in her mouth, but right now he couldn't give less of a shit. All he wanted was to feel the crackling sexual connection between them that had gotten so intense, but so tangled throughout the past week.

Sam pulled away, staying forehead to forehead with the woman he loved, staring deep into her clear blue eyes and feeling the love he had for her reflected back to him, pure and bright. He couldn't believe that he had thought she actually cared about other men, even subconsciously.

"You are so fucking sexy," he whispered to her, almost delirious with lust and love as he planted another kiss on her lips.

Monica giggled and bit her lip, then batted her eyelashes at him cutely. "Why thank you, Master. Is there anything else I can do for you?" Her voice was alluringly rough from sucking cock, and for a second, all that Sam wanted to do was stick his rock-hard dick back inside her mouth and finish the job. But that would be a waste. After a few days of denial, he needed her pussy in the worst way.

"Come here," he growled, relishing his dominant role as master. "I want you to ride me." He reached down to offer her a hand as Monica stood. Maintaining searing eye contact, she spread her thick, shapely thighs to straddle his lap, lifting the gauzy blue skirt, making sure it was well out of the way to her front and back before lowering her hips and beginning to rub the slick heat of her pussy over her boyfriend's swollen cock. "Mmmm," she purred, sliding her dewy lips up

and down his rock-hard length, grinding into him while throwing her head back and closing her eyes in rapture. "You're soooo fucking hard for me. I love this cock so fucking much Tiger; you have noooo idea."

Sam reached up and gripped Monica's wide, sexy hips, enjoying the feeling of her feminine softness as he sunk his fingers in. The sheer, flowy material of the skirt between them showed him a tantalizing glimpse of her pussy as it pressed and slid against his cock, pinning it against his belly. Her sweet cunt was so hot and wet where his sensitive cock touched it that it was obvious how deeply and completely horny his girlfriend was. Right now all of her coy bratty teasing was stripped away, leaving only raw, submissive arousal and sincere love.

"Well, if you love it so much, I guess you had better ride it until you cum," said Sam in a deep, confident voice. Monica let out a rich chuckle, but there was no mockery in her heated gaze as she moved forward, pressing his head back into the sofa with a wicked little kiss.

Her hand reached between them, seizing his cock and maneuvering it into the correct angle as she raised her hips just a touch, allowing his tip to barely pierce her hot, throbbing entrance. "Your wish is my command, master," she breathed, then lowered her hips with aching slowness, sheathing his length in her tight, slick pussy.

An involuntary groan left Sam's lips as Monica's thick ass pressed down on his thighs, and he slid balls deep into the juicy cunt of the beautiful woman above him. Her warm walls squeezed around every inch of him as they stared into each other's eyes, and Sam was reminded of his deep, passionate connection with the love of his life.

"You want me to fuck this big cock until I cum, master?" she purred as her hips began to slowly pump up and down, her hot, wet walls clinging to his cock every inch of the way. "Fuck... I was hoping you would say that. I've been craving this dick all week, you know that? Every little mean tease I made, I was just getting so turned on by thinking about how you were going to put me in my place with your thick cock when we could fuck again." She took a deep breath, rolling her hips in a circular up and down motion and staring down into his eyes with a smoldering heat. "Is that what you wanted too, Master? Do you want to put your bad little girlfriend in her place?"

Sam tightened his grip on Monica's hips and thrust upward into her, feeling her walls part as his cock speared upward into her. She let out a low, rich moan, and Sam felt himself spurred forward, thrusting into her again and again as her soft butt ground downward to meet his pumping cock. The bangles and coins of her outfit blended with the wet sounds of her pussy as their pace increased, fucking each other and reestablishing the bond that had been strained between them over the past two weeks.

Monica began bouncing higher and more athletically, with breathy moans puffing from her lips every time his cock sank to its deepest point. Sam was mesmerized by the sight of his girlfriend's tits, bouncing heavily with each humping rise and fall of her hips. The coins dangling from the edge of the blue bikini flashed and shimmered and jangled with every lithe, straining

movement of her body, right in front of Sam's face. But, as hypnotizing as the sight was, Sam could think of something that would look even better. And, after all, he was supposed to be the master tonight. He should get exactly what he wanted.

"Take off your top," he growled, surprised at the hard, demanding tone in his own voice. "I want to see those tits."

Monica sank her hips down and simply rocked them back and forth, squeezing his cock tight with her internal muscles. "You're so... crude, master," she said in a throaty voice, clearly aroused by her boyfriend stepping into the dominant role she had prepared for him. Her hands rose behind her, working the clasps of the sky blue top. "I fucking love it. You want to see this big fucking tits bouncing in your face, Master? It's my pleasure to obey."

She shrugged the tight top off her shoulders with a jingle of coins and set it carefully aside, revealing her perfect tits to Sam's greedy gaze. Monica's breasts were mouthwatering; heavy, round, and perfectly formed, with big, sensitive pink nipples that stood out stiffly from the perfect orbs, throbbing with obvious desire. Sam loved seeing, touching, and tasting them whenever Monica allowed it. But now, with his cock buried deep inside her hot, tight pussy, the sight was even better than usual. A nearly unbearable wave of lust washed through him as his girlfriend arched her back and provocatively thrust her tits into his face.

One of Sam's arms raised to circle around Monica's back, drawing her forward and pressing her tits directly into his face. She must have applied a little sweet-smelling lotion, anticipating Sam would want to do this, because her tits smelt amazing. Their skin was soft, warm and supple against Sam's face. For a minute, Sam just enjoyed this incredible sensation, rubbing his face unselfconsciously all over his girlfriend's glorious naked tits, enjoying the contrast between the perfect smooth softness of their rounded edges and the hard, throbbing heat of her stiff nipples. Monica began slowly moving her hips again, just enough to send waves of volcanic heat blazing through Sam's body.

But Sam wasn't satisfied with just nuzzling Monica's tits forever. He seized one blushing pink nipple in his mouth and swirled his tongue around it, feeling it rise further to pebbly stiffness between his lips. Monica moaned again, and she began to hump and grind faster down into Sam's cock. She braced herself with one hand against the back of the couch while raising the other to tangle in Sam's hair, squashing his face harder into the softness of her breasts. It hardly felt like something a humble servant would do to her "master", but Monica's obvious arousal was so fucking hot that Sam didn't even consider complaining.

"God... I love you so much, Tiger," gasped Monica in a voice wobbling with intense pleasure. Her hips began to pump faster and faster, and Sam could feel her thighs trembling around him. Monica's tits were bouncing in his face now, the nipple that wasn't currently being lashed by his tongue scraping up and down his cheek. "Fuck... you're the only man for me. The only man I need."

Monica's breaths here coming in shuddering gasps now, and her pussy gripped him tight every time it pulled upward from his cock, like it was desperately trying to claw him back into her. "Uhhhhn..." moaned Monica, pressing Sam so tight into her breast that he could barely breathe. "Ohhh, Goddd, Sam right there. Right fucking there!" Her hips ground and swirling in rapid little pumping motions, and Sam could feel Monica's soft, curvy body arch and tense in his hands, her pleasure peaking as she impaled herself on his cock again and again. "Make me cum with that big fucking dick, Tiger! I love you so fucking much!"

Sam couldn't respond with his tongue and teeth busy teasing his girlfriend's nipple, but he thought she could feel him return her passionate love through his mouth and tightly gripping hands. Monica's hips worked themselves to a fever pitch, slapping wetly down onto his crotch a few more times before she let out a whimpering moan, her eyes closing and her pussy clamping around Sam's cock like a silky vice. Her hand became a claw, pressing Sam's mouth into her nipple so hard that her soft tits squished over his nose and left him momentarily unable to breathe.

As Monica moaned and strained in Sam's lap, her thighs trembling and her Chest heaving with passion, it was a temptation for him to cum... but Sam held out. As long as he was in charge, there was one other thing he wanted to do. Something that never failed to make him feel dominant.

Monica sighed in rapture, releasing her boyfriend's head before he started to suffocate, then craning her neck down to kiss him. This time, as her lips met his and her tongue slipped through to fawningly stroke his, it wasn't with the fiery lust of a woman who needed to get fucked. It was slow, and sensual, and velvety soft. And the whole time, Sam's cock stayed buried in Monica's pussy, throbbing with growing desire.

Monica finally pulled away, her eyes hazy with love and satisfaction. "Oooh, Tiger," she said in a husky whisper, rolling her hips a little and clenching her pussy tight around his cock, "You're still so hard! Don't tell me that..."

"That's right," said Sam, bucking his hips upward into his girlfriend's well-fucked pussy and making her bite her lip at the unexpected little surge of pleasure. "I'm not finished yet. I want to cum taking you from behind."

Doggy-style wasn't the position that Monica usually preferred. She said that it felt a little too demeaning to her. But Sam was counting on the fact that tonight, his girlfriend would submit and grant him the rare treat, just like she had with the cosplay costume.

His command actually went over even better than he thought. Monica bit her lip again hard, staring at him with heat rising in her beautiful blue eyes once again. "Oooh. I love a man who knows what he wants and isn't afraid to ask for it. Where do you want me, master?"

“Get on the bed,” directed Sam, and in seconds they were both up and heading for the bedroom, Sam’s hard cock wagging and dripping with their combined juices as he pulled her forward by the hand. As they reached the bed, Monica removed the gauzy skirt and set it on the dresser; too much chance of something dripping down onto it in doggy style, Sam guessed. Now the only parts of the costume she had left were the headdress, the coin belt, and the bangles on her wrists and ankles.

Monica mounted the bed with a sultry look over her shoulder, arching her back, spreading her thighs lightly, and thrusting her ass upward into the air, swaying her hips side to side a little to display her perfect pussy to Sam’s wondering eyes. “Mmmm,” she purred, her eyes glowing as they stared at her loving man. “See something you like, master?”

She had a point. Monica’s pussy looked absolutely mouthwatering. It was delicate pink against her pale skin; its smooth lips flushed and lightly gaping from getting so vigorously fucked just a moment before. Thick, syrupy fluids slid down her thick thighs in heavy droplets, evidence of how much she was enjoying herself. Monica balanced awkwardly on her head and shoulders to reach back and pull her cheeks apart with both hands, giving him an even better view. It was hard for Sam not to stare at the tight, puckered pink hole just above her pussy too. Sam had dreamed of doing a little assplay with Monica. What guy wouldn’t, when he had a hot girlfriend with a round, bouncy ass? But that was something that Monica had drawn a hard line on... hard enough that Sam suspected that even this evening of “anything goes” dominance wouldn’t grant him access.

“That look in your eye,” rasped Monica, her voice a little muffled by the sheet as she arched her back further and pulled her cheeks apart, “You almost look... hungry.” Sam caught the implication in Monica’s heated words, and he knelt down at the edge of the bed right behind her, eager to take this chance to bury his face between her thighs and feast.

Sam gripped his girlfriend’s hips and pulled himself forward, diving deep to run his tongue up her juicy slit, tasting her dripping arousal. Soon he was making her sigh and gasp again as his tongue thrust deep inside her and juices started to drip down his chin.

Sam loved eating out Monica’s pussy. It made him feel like a stud. With one careful movement of his tongue, or a little suction applied in just the right place, he could make her writhe and moan. In a way, it felt like her body was under his complete control when his mouth was on her pussy. It made him feel so good, in fact, that he attempted a little experiment, licking upward until his tongue tentatively circled her tight, virgin asshole.

“Don’t stop eating my pussy, master!” moaned Monica immediately. “It feels soooo good.” She was phrasing it in a way to not break his illusion of control, but Monica was drawing a boundary nonetheless. Like Sam had suspected, her ass was completely off-limits.

Despite her plea, Sam decided that that was as good a time as any to proceed to the main event. His cock was throbbing insistently between his thighs, and he was ready to cum. “Sorry

babe,” he said, pulling her to the side so there was room for him to join her, kneeling behind her on the bed, “I think you’re warmed up enough already. It’s time for me to cum.”

“Yes sir,” said Monica meekly, sticking her ass out even further and offering her pussy up to his cock. “Please drain your balls inside me, master.”

Sam held Monica’s wide hips with one hand while he lowered the other to grip his cock and slide it up and down her slit, covering it in her slick nectar. He considered teasing her a little more as payback for all of her taunting words in the past week, but at this point Sam was desperate to cum, and it would have been torture for him more than it was for her. Instead, he just followed his instincts and sank his cock deep into Monica’s pussy, once again reveling in the tight warmth that engulfed him.

He started to pulse his hips forward immediately. After fucking Monica to orgasm once already and eating her out from behind, there was no need to warm her up. Her hot cunt welcomed his cock all the way to the balls in one smooth stroke, and within moments, Sam was fucking her hard and fast. He dug his fingers deep into her hips, slapping against her fat ass with every stroke. Monica gave as good as she got, panting with ecstasy and tension as she bounced backward into her boyfriend’s cock. The room filled with a symphony of filthy sounds. The wet slap of skin on skin. The jingle of Monica’s belt. The grunts and moans of mixed male and female pleasure.

The sight beneath Sam was breathtaking. Monica’s plump butt, stuck in the air and pressing back softly into his hips, jiggling as he slammed forward. Her back arched dramatically to offer him the perfect angle for penetration. Her fat tits swung beneath her, pink nipples tracing tight little circles in the air as the force of their lovemaking made them sway alluringly.

Sam could see why Monica found this position a little degrading. Even though he didn’t actually think she was beneath him, this position made him feel like a conquering king, powerful and superior. His girlfriend was submitting to him fully, and it felt fucking amazing. In this moment, all of Sam’s feelings of inferiority and anxiety over other men burned away in a massive feeling of catharsis. It was the same thing he had felt the night after the date... and Sam suddenly saw exactly why Monica had suggested the crazy plan to date the Ogre.

He could feel like this all the time. By letting Monica pretend to dance on the edge of danger, they could both have the pleasure of proving exactly where she really belonged.

Sam’s pace increased, and in the spur of the moment, his hand flashed down, cracking against his girlfriend’s bouncing, bubbly ass in a spanking. Monica yelped, but her pussy gripped tight for a moment, and she never stopped humping backward onto Sam’s pumping cock.

Sam felt the words tumble out of his mouth as he charged recklessly toward orgasm. He was barely thinking as he spoke. “You say that I get whatever I want tonight? Well, here’s what I want. You’re going to go on a fucking date with that prick of a professor. You’re going to be

bored and thinking of my cock the entire time. And when you get home, you're going to tease the fuck out of me until it makes my cock hard enough to fuck the old creep right out of your mind. Got it?"

"Oh... oh Goddd," moaned Monica, clearly approaching her second orgasm of the night. "Yes, baby. That's what I want. Let me be a bad girl, and then put me in my fucking place with your cock. Show me who I belong to, Master!"

"You're mine, Monica," growled Sam, feeling his balls tighten and his cock swell as he plunged deep into the heated depths of his woman over and over.

"Yes, I fucking am! Make me yours! Claim me, Sam!" gasped Monica breathily as her thighs began to shake.

They came together, Monica howling in deep satisfaction and Sam going lightheaded with the power of his release as fireworks detonated in his brain and he pumped Monica's cunt full of a thick, backed-up load of cum. He could see Monica's toes curl with complete satisfaction, her moans muffled between her teeth as she bit a mouthful of sheets. His fingers sank deep into her hips, holding her in place as he released spurt after spurt of hot semen deep inside her.

Finally, they both collapsed back on the bed, arms wrapping around each other and indulging in another slow, passionate kiss as their fiery passion slowly cooled.

They lay together like that for a long moment, breathing slowly, calming and evening out and cum slowly leaking down to make cool puddles in the sheets. Finally, Monica looked into Sam's eyes with an expression of cautious excitement on her face. "You know..." she said slowly. "I'm not going to hold you to anything you said during sex, Tiger. If you still want time to think about my plan, I totally understand."

Sam chuckled and kissed her on her sweaty forehead. "No, I was serious. I've made up my mind. Yeah, it was sort of tough dealing with all that teasing recently... but if this is the payoff I can look forward to afterward, I can put up with teasing. I think it actually made it even hotter that I couldn't get what I wanted for a couple of days."

Monica giggled in glee and hugged him tight. "I have a good feeling about this, Tiger!" she said excitedly over his shoulder. Then she pulled away to add more seriously, "But if things ever get a little too intense, we can always stop. The last thing I would ever want is to lose you."

"That's not going to happen," said Sam confidently, feeling it down to his bones. "After tonight, I know it for sure. Nothing could ever come between us."

Sam took another sip of the green tea he'd ordered, trying to look nonchalant. But still, he had the feeling that everyone around them was staring at them... giggling at the dumbass who was planning to allow his girlfriend to date another man.

Monica's hand rested on his thigh and squeezed gently, her meaning as clear as if she had whispered it into his ear. *Relax. It's going to be ok.* Sam wished it was that easy. Some part of him just refused to let his guard down around Gus Pfeiffer.

The older man sat across the table with an oversized cup of black coffee steaming in front of him. Gus had made a show of discussing the roasts available that day with the barista behind the counter, holding up the line, but his scrutiny had apparently paid off. He took slow, noisy sips of the scalding brew with obvious satisfaction. The venue had been Gus's suggestion; a coffee shop so upscale that Sam and Monica had never even heard of it, let alone visited. The amount they had charged for a black coffee and two teas had been eye-popping. Gus had covered the bill himself, a generous offer that still managed to set Sam's teeth on edge for some reason.

"Ok, then, to business," said Gus after one last sip of his massive cup. "I understand that you two are interested in an... arrangement."

Sam's arm, which was lying possessively over his girlfriend's shoulders, tightened for a moment, and suddenly he had the strong urge to tell Gus that he had no idea what he was even talking about and drop this whole thing. But Sam held his tongue. He and Monica had talked this to death over the past few days. Sam knew that his girlfriend would back him up if he got cold feet, but she had convinced him that this was the right choice for their relationship. It was just hard to remember that when looking at the Ogre's smug face.

Monica spoke for them both while giving Sam's leg another reassuring squeeze. "That's right. We want you to take me on some additional dates. Just like you did the first time."

Sam jumped in before Gus could respond, eager to prevent any misunderstandings. "These dates would be purely platonic," he said sharply, probably a little louder than he needed to. He cleared his throat, shifted in his seat, then added in a lower tone, "We wouldn't want you to think that Monica is interested in pursuing you romantically. That's not what this is about."

Gus calmly regarded the young couple across the table, then took another deep sip of coffee. Sam didn't know how the professor was able to handle it. His tea was still too hot to drink. Finally, Gus said mildly to Monica, "So... you want a man from outside the relationship to take you on dates. I'm assuming that you're counting on these dates being just as expensive and luxurious as the first. And on top of that, you want to make it clear that these dates will never go anywhere, either physically or romantically."

Sam bristled. "Of course not! What would you think that...?"

Gus held up a hand. "No, no, don't get me wrong. I understand why you wouldn't want another man expecting things like that from your girlfriend. I get it. I really do. I'm just trying to lay out for you how unreasonable this is from my end. I'm the one spending time and money on a woman who has absolutely zero intention of ever paying back that investment."

That put a frown on Sam's face and made the angry words die on his lips. To him, it had been obvious that Gus would want to go on dates with Monica. He hadn't even considered that it might be a bad deal from the Professor's perspective. Monica spoke for them again. "If that's how you feel, then we can just all walk away and forget this conversation ever happened," she said serenely. "But it's non-negotiable. We don't want you to misunderstand. These dates aren't about you and me. They're about something private between me and my boyfriend."

Sam had no idea how Monica could be this calm right now. She was staring across the table at Gus with her luminous blue gaze, her hand still gripping Sam's thigh firmly. She seemed completely in control, and the sight soothed Sam's turmoil. The woman he loved was more than a match for Gus.

Gus pursed his lips and seemed to consider carefully. Finally he shrugged with an easy-going grin. "You know what? Sure. Why not. Going out with a cute girl beats staying in on a Friday night, even if it isn't going to lead anywhere. Don't worry, kid, I'll show your girlfriend a good time."

He said the last sentence while staring right into Sam's eyes, and Sam bristled. It was bad enough that Monica had convinced him to go through with this, even light mockery from the man who would be escorting her out on dates felt like too much to handle. Monica stepped in smoothly, heading off Sam's anger by saying, "There are going to be some rules, of course. We want everyone to have a good time, but we need to keep things safe and respectful."

Gus nodded, leaning back in his chair with an easy confidence that Sam wished he felt in this moment. He took another slurp of overpriced coffee and grunted, "Uh huh. Shoot."

"You can't touch her," said Sam grimly, his hand clutching Monica's shoulder. "Absolutely no physical contact."

"What, no pats on the back? No handshakes?" asked Gus with a mocking grin. Seeing that Sam was about to snap at him, he waved his hand dismissively with a chuckle. "Ok, ok, don't get bent out of shape, kid. I get it. No touching. Understood."

"Also," said Monica, calm and collected with her cup of black tea in hand, "we obviously can't have all our friends asking questions about why I'm dating another man. All dates have to be in locations where my friends are unlikely to see us. If we're noticed, we'll simply say that we're discussing club business. And it goes without saying that you aren't allowed to spread the word that you're taking me on dates."

Gus shrugged. "Sure. Mum's the word. I won't tell anyone if you don't." He shifted suddenly in his seat, leaning forward. The energy sparking from his piercing brown eyes suddenly changed, going from casual indifference to something almost predatory. "Is that all you have? Because I actually have a stipulation or two of my own."

Sam shook his head, feeling needled. "Listen, man, you should be grateful that you even get to..."

Monica elbowed her boyfriend in the side. "Sam, come on. This is an agreement. We all need to understand each other. Let's hear him out," she insisted.

"Firstly, I can tell that this is a struggle for you two," said Gus smoothly, his expression nearly but not quite sympathetic. "But I'm not going to be jerked around by an indecisive young couple. If we set a time and place for a date by mutual agreement, I expect Monica to honor that commitment. No cold feet once we've agreed. Does that make sense?"

"That's fine," said Monica smoothly, not giving Sam the time to get upset again. "Once we set a time and place, I promise to follow through. Anything else?"

"Yeah, one more thing," said Gus, his eyes flicking over toward Sam. "After every date, I want your boyfriend to text me and thank me for taking you out."

"Oh fuck you," snarled Sam. He looked over at Monica, shaking his head angrily. "Do you hear this guy, babe? He clearly isn't going to be able to handle this. He's already trying to make fun of me!"

Luckily, Monica didn't look much more impressed with the older man across the table from them. Her hand tightened reassuringly on Sam's thigh. "He's right, Professor," she said warningly. "Don't misunderstand what we're asking from you. If you can't respect Sam, then this just isn't going to work."

Gus held up his hands in a placating gesture. "Whoa, whoa, whoa," he said calmly, favoring them both with a calm smile, "I think it's you two who are misunderstanding. This isn't meant to be some sort of power play. I just think that your man and I need to be in touch and not just communicating through you. I need to make sure he is still happy with the arrangement and that I'm not causing any hurt feelings. That's why I need him to give me the heads up after every date."

Monica glanced over at her boyfriend, her eyes calculating. Sam glared back for a second, then breathed out and nodded. He decided he really was being too uptight about this. Gus could be a bit of a cocky asshole, but he was also discreet and willing to play by the rules, if the first date he had taken Monica on was any indication. Sam knew he was just being insecure right now,

and it wasn't a good look. He and Monica had already agreed to try this, and he needed to be more on board.

"I can text you after the dates," said Sam with a tight smile. "But it's not going to be 'thanking' you. Just a message that everything is cool on my end."

"I can live with that," said Gus magnanimously, leaning back in his chair with a look of satisfaction on his face. "This sounds like it's going to be a lot of fun. I'm excited. Are you two excited?"

Sam and Monica looked at each other, then answered at the same time.

"Yes."

...

Monica had butterflies in her stomach all afternoon on the day they had agreed on for the first date. She couldn't believe that she had ended up actually going on another date with an older man who wasn't her boyfriend. It was scandalous and exciting. All day long, it felt like she was keeping a naughty secret from the world.

But even though it felt kinky, her date wasn't nearly as wicked as the bare facts made it sound. Sam had agreed to it, even if he was having a little trouble now that the day was finally here.

Her boyfriend looked nervous and miserable, moping around as she got ready for the date, just like last time. On the one hand, Monica felt a little bad for Sam... on the other, she knew the telltale signs now that she was looking for them. Sam wasn't just feeling annoyed; he was horny too.

Monica's preparations for the date didn't take as long as they had the last time. Gus had suggested a more casual venue for their second date, so she just dressed in her regular streetwear: a pair of leggings and a hoodie. When she was done, Monica plopped down on the couch next to her boyfriend and cuddled up to his stiff form. "Hey babe," she said gently, planting a tender kiss on his neck. "How are you feeling? Are you ok?"

Sam sighed, loosening up a fraction. "I... I'm trying to feel ok about it. I know that I agreed to this, and everything you said about safely exploring our fetish together makes sense. But it's just a gut reaction, you know? I get this instinctual feeling like he's going to try to steal you."

Monica nudged him with her shoulder, a teasing smile pulling up her lips. "I mean... that's sort of the point, isn't it, Tiger? I want you feeling super riled up and jealous when I get home. Don't worry, you're going to get to take all those negative feelings out on me later, I promise." It was probably better not to pour more fuel on the fire at this point, but Monica couldn't help herself.

She slid her hand over into her boyfriend's lap... and felt the throbbing hardness that she was expecting.

Monica tried to hold back the giggle, but it burst out anyway. This was all so new and kinky and exciting. Sam blush heavily, trying to squirm away from her grasping hand. "Jeez Monica," he murmured, clearly embarrassed by his physical reaction to the angsty arousal filling him to the brim, "leave me alone. I'm trying to be serious here."

But Monica wasn't going to let him off the hook that easily when she was getting just as horny as him. She followed him, keeping her hand in his lap and purring, "Where do you think you're running to, Tiger? Isn't this little guy stiff for me?" Sam finally gave in and snorted with amusement, and turned to try to tickle her; a well-known weak point of hers. They rolled together on the couch, until Sam got the upper hand, pinning Monica down by her wrists and staring into her eyes. She stared up at him, feeling the heat crackling between them. His cock was a hard point of insistent sexuality pressed into her thigh. She bit her lip, silently daring him to put his foot down. To insist that she wouldn't be going anywhere tonight. If that was what he wanted, she would give in, and tear up their tentative agreement with the professor.

But instead, Sam leaned down and kissed her hard, then whispered in her ear, "The whole time that you're with that old creep I want you to be thinking about me. When you get back, I'm going to prove that you're mine."

The heat in his voice made Monica's skin break out in goosebumps. This was the sort of forceful dominance she wanted to see from Sam. It was a shame that it took a huge amount of angst and embarrassment for him to work himself up to it. "Yes, sir," she said in a heated tone. "And I want you to be thinking about me the whole time I'm gone as well. Work yourself up until you're so horny you can't think straight. Then I'll come home and take away all of those bad feelings... but speaking of which, I think it's time for me to get going."

The heat in Sam's eyes dimmed a little as he released his girlfriend's wrists and helped her up. It looked like he wasn't going to be putting his foot down and refusing the date tonight. He looked a little lost, so Monica patted his cheek and gave him another kiss, saying cheerfully, "Don't worry Tiger. You just need to get used to this. You already know I'm all yours up here." She tapped his forehead. "But you know how it goes by this point. Tonight, you'll get to be the big man and convince this little guy I belong to you as well." She flicked the bulge at the front of his pants lightly with her finger and straightened up. "Now I really do have to go, Tiger. Try to relax. But don't relax too much. I'll be home in a few hours, and I expect you to give me the time of my life when I do."

Sam could only sigh and give his girlfriend a conflicted half-smile. "Ok babe... but hurry back. I'm going to be going crazy the whole time."

"I know you will, Tiger. That's how I want it," said Monica with one last wave and a teasing wink. "I'll see you soon!"

...

Waiting for Monica to finish her date was harder than Sam thought it would be. He had prepared beforehand, getting one of his old favorite farming simulators ready to play and ordering takeout from their favorite greasy hole-in-the-wall Chinese place. He was hoping that the comfort of gaming and eating would distract him from what his girlfriend was doing across town.

In reality, Sam never even bothered to start up the game, and the General Tso's and crab rangoons cooled uneaten on the living room coffee table. Instead, his thoughts were consumed with what Monica and Gus were up to at that moment. His mind flashed back to the last time, when he sat outside the restaurant and watched Monica slowly warm up to Gus. If she was willing to laugh and talk with him then, when she had been forced to go on a date with him, how much more friendly would she be now, when she was dating him on purpose? Last time he had felt powerless, looking in but unable to interfere. He had hoped that if the date was out of sight it would also be out of mind, but not being there only made his feelings of isolation and powerlessness worse.

After a few hours of moping, Sam couldn't take it anymore. He sent a text to Monica reading [How are things going? Wrapping up soon?]

He wasn't sure if she would actually answer. After all, Monica loved nothing more than to tease him, and it might be more effective to let him stew for the time being.

But it seemed like he had underestimated her.

The text came through first; short and simple. [Having a great time! See you later, Tiger! Xoxo]

That wasn't so bad. About what he had expected, really. But that wasn't the part that bothered him. What really got him was the photo that came through right afterward. Sam's heart stopped as it popped into the chat between him and Monica. The picture showed Gus grinning into the camera while they took a selfie. Monica had her slim arm thrown over his broad shoulders... and her lips pressed to the professor's stubbled cheek in a teasing kiss.

Sam couldn't believe his eyes. What happened to the rule about no touching? He immediately jumped up from the couch and dialed Monica, running his fingers through his hair as his body pulsed with adrenaline. The call rang and rang, but Monica didn't pick up. Sam looked down at the photo again, a pit forming in his stomach. It was pretty innocuous, even if it was a blatant tease trying to get his goat. Just her lips barely pressed against the Ogre's cheek and her arm thrown casually over his shoulders. If she took this sort of photo with a male friend, it might be mildly over the line, but more in a way that Sam would joke about than something he would have a serious problem with.

But with the Ogre? After laying out specific rules that they weren't allowed to touch? It set alarm bells off in Sam's mind. If they were breaking this rule, how much further might they be going? What else was happening across town while he sat at home alone?

"Fuck!" Sam cursed softly and slumped back onto the sofa. His cock was rock-hard, a throbbing spike of embarrassing lust in his pants. His girlfriend was across town doing God knew what with her pervy old professor and he was hard as a fucking rock.

Focusing on eating or a video game was even more impossible after that. Sam sent his girlfriend text after text, but the photo was the last thing he got from her. After a while, he started jerking off. He couldn't hold himself back anymore. His tension was just too high. But he kept himself from cumming. Even in the depths of his angst, Sam knew this was all part of the game. He held on to the bright, smoldering ember of lust inside him, waiting for his girlfriend to get home so that he could reclaim her.

...

Even though Monica had said she would wrap up dinner as quickly as she could, it was almost nine before Sam heard the rattle of her keys in the lock. Sam tucked his cock hurriedly back into his pants and stood, his heart beating fast and annoyance blended with lust pulsing through him.

Monica came in from the entrance with flushed cheeks and a lopsided, apologetic smile. Just the sight of her sent a pang of desire and jealousy through Sam, stronger even than the jealousy and suspicion he had been feeling ever since she sent the video. "Monica..." said Sam in a choked voice. He wasn't sure what to even say first. To ask why she was so late. To question what exactly was going on in the photo. To scold her for not answering his texts.

Monica's eyes were filled with smoldering heat and a lurking sense of guilt as she saw her boyfriend standing there, almost vibrating with tense energy. Her eyes flicked downward to Sam's crotch and she walked forward with a fluid, hip-swaying gait, saying softly, "Is that for me, Tiger? I missed you tonight. Did you miss me? Have you worked yourself up into a sexual frenzy, just like I asked you to?" She slid her arms around Sam, who felt paralyzed and tongue-tied by the powerful emotions running through him, and pulled him forward into a sultry kiss. Her mouth tasted strong and sweet and alcoholic as her tongue writhed energetically against his. Even feeling as conflicted as he did, Sam couldn't resist the passionate kiss. His arms rose to wrap around curvy little body, pulling her close with greedy strength.

They stood tangled together for a long, heated, brain-scrambling moment, mouths locked and hands all over each other. Even though Sam had so much he wanted to say, he couldn't force himself to hold back. He needed Monica's touch just as badly as he needed answers. The soft curve of her hip and the round heft of her bubble butt squished beneath his grip. One of her hands slid up over his neck while the other wormed between them to rub up and down the front of his pants. They made out for what felt like an eternity, the heat between them peaking toward

the boiling point. Finally, Monica broke away, her eyes blazing and wild as she said, “Well, are we going to kiss all night, or are you going to fuck me?”

“I need to know,” said Sam, equally fiercely, almost panting with lust and frustration. “You need to tell me everything that happened tonight. Have you been drinking? What the fuck was with that photo you sent?”

Monica bit her lip and looked away, looking guilty for a second. Then she smiled again and took him by the hand, leading him toward the bedroom. “Oh, don’t worry, Tiger. I’ll tell you every little detail, I promise. But let’s multitask. Half the fun is how it makes you feel to hear everything, right? I still need to tease you...”

Sam felt the fraught jealousy filling him up inside as Monica pushed him back onto the bed and began. “Well, from the beginning, Gus was really laying on the charm...”

...

Monica wasn’t really sure what to expect when she pulled up to the place Gus had suggested. Her enthusiasm had drained away as she took the rideshare across the city. The fun part of this whole arrangement was the spark that ignited between her and Sam whenever her boyfriend felt like another man was after her. But if she looked at it that way, the actual date with Gus was the boring part. She would have to spend a few hours with a guy she wasn’t interested in so she could enflame Sam’s jealousy, and if she was being honest, it sounded a little tedious.

Monica eyed the large neon sign, curious as she exited her ride. She hadn’t heard of Rally’s Adventure Zone before, but it gave off an interesting vibe. The sign outside the warehouse-sized building advertised indoor mini-golf, laser tag, an arcade, drinks and food. The atmosphere was a little kitsch and cheesy, but despite the entertainment on offer, it obviously wasn’t intended for children; the numerous neon beer signs in the windows made that obvious.

She was just about to text Gus when the door opened in front of her, revealing the grinning older man. He held the door open for her and gestured her inside. “Come on in, sweetheart! Good to see you.” Monica nodded and awkwardly shuffled past him into the dark, neon-lit interior of the cavernous building. Gus let the door swing shut behind her and said jovially, “I would give you a hug, but rules are rules, right?”

“That’s right,” agreed Monica, eying her date for the evening warily. She wasn’t sure exactly how to interact with the professor now. It wasn’t like last time, when he had forced her to go on the date. Now he was practically doing them a favor. Despite that, her baseline distaste for Gus Pfeiffer remained. He was a massive man with a heavy belly and a broad, ugly face; not the type of man that Monica went for, and honestly someone it was a little embarrassing to be seen with on a date. She might know that dating him was all a ruse to make her boyfriend horny, but everyone else that saw them saw out together in public wouldn’t. They would just see a young college-aged woman on a date with a man twice her age.

The fact also remained that Gus was a pompous old shit who pursued women much too young for him. Even if she didn't consider him a threat anymore, Monica couldn't forget that fact so easily.

But, on the other hand, Gus could be strangely charming, beneath the air of sleaze. He had even managed to strike up a conversation with Monica last time after tricking her into the date. And really, now that Monica had gotten a little more used to him, she could grudgingly see why some women might find Gus attractive. His hulking form gave off the impression of power just barely contained, and it was easy to see that he had hard muscles beneath the outer layer of fat. A girl who liked her men built like a caveman would probably be into him. Not that Monica would ever be.

"Monica swept forward, trying to cut through the awkwardness with a joke. "So, is bringing me here some sort of joke? Making fun of me for being younger?" She turned back to the older man with a cautious smile touching her lips, "I thought you said last time you would take me someplace even nicer on our next date. I'm not sure this qualifies."

Gus laughed good-naturedly. "What do you take me for? I like fancy restaurants and the fine wine quite a bit, but that doesn't mean I can't cut loose and enjoy some good old fashioned fun. As far as being even nicer than the last place, why don't you hold your judgment until the end of the evening. This place has the best nachos in the city, after all."

Monica snorted and rolled her eyes. "Well... with a pitch like that, how can a girl refuse. Lead the way." It seemed clear that, no matter how Gus dressed it up, he didn't see her as the type of woman who was at home in the kind of fancy restaurant he had taken her last time. That rubbed Monica the wrong way. She had thought she did a good job blending in as a mature, sophisticated lady. It made her want to prove Gus wrong somehow.

The sprawling entertainment center was loud, and raucous; a large, cavernous space that was lit with the flashing neon lights of the arcade. It smelled like pizza and cheap beer, and although the music was tuned low enough that conversation was possible, the whole room buzzed with the sounds of the many customers taking advantage of that. It was honestly a little surprising to see a place that had seemed so immature at first glance so packed with people on a Friday night. Monica realized that maybe she had judged this place too hastily. Besides, she wasn't against the idea of minigolf. It sounded kind of fun. And it seemed like the rest of the attendees agreed with her. The indoor putt-putt course was obviously popular, with a line of customers waiting for their turn in little knots of two or three, sipping drinks, laughing and chatting.

It looked for a moment like most of this date would consist of waiting in line to play minigolf... but to Monica's surprise, Gus gestured her forward with a grin, leading her past all of the waiting people to the front of the line.

Monica got a little flustered as they paraded past the line of waiting people. They all stared at her with a mix of envy and annoyance as Gus confidently led her to the front of the line. But the feeling wasn't entirely unpleasant. Here tonight, with Gus, she was a cut above the rest of the crowd. Maybe that was unfair to all the other people, but she had to admit that it was a bit of a rush.

...

Sam couldn't help letting out a groan as Monica engulfed his cock in her warm, wet mouth. Her wicked tongue curled around his throbbing stiffness, teasing and pleasuring him as her head began to smoothly bob up and down. She was kneeling beneath him as he sat on the edge of the bed, pants and boxers shucked off and tossed to the side, already doing his best to concentrate so he wouldn't cum too early.

More importantly, right now he was listening intently to the story of what Monica had done that evening.

"He took you to go mini-golfing?" Sam asked, shaking his head with a sense of relief. It sounded a little juvenile, honestly. "I thought it was going to be something a little more... sophisticated than that."

Monica stared up at him, his cock still held tightly between her soft lips. She raised an eyebrow, then released his stiff shaft with a pop, replacing her mouth with a pumping fist up and down his saliva-slicked cock as she spoke. "I actually think it was pretty thoughtful of him. He was meeting me halfway. It was an adult spot with gaming elements. Something that he knew I would like. It felt like he had a real interest in picking something appropriate for both of us."

Sam could tell what Monica was doing. She had seemed a little conflicted when she first came in the door, but now there was a gleam in her eyes, and a teasing smile playing on her lips. Whatever little twinge of guilt she had felt over leaving him alone all evening was fading away, replaced by growing lust. Teasing her boyfriend was Monica's favorite aphrodisiac, and it was obvious she was just getting warmed up.

Her mouth returned to his cock, this time planting a wet, hot kiss on the root of his shaft, just above the balls. His cock overshadowed her face, and he could feel the hot puffs of the panting breaths through her nose. There was a seductive heat blazing in his girlfriend's eyes, hungry for his reactions. This whole thing with Gus felt like it had exposed a raw nerve of frantic, almost animalistic lust between them. That raw arousal didn't always feel good. But fuck, if it wasn't compelling. Sam felt drawn toward that look in Monica's beautiful blue eyes like a moth to the flame.

Maintaining that smoldering eye contact, Monica dipped her head, poking out a bubblegum pink tongue to lick and slide over the rough skin of his balls. The sight of her passionate service set Sam's heart on fire with dominant lust. He had never been the type of guy who tried to push

Monica around in bed... until recently that is. Something about her going on dates with Gus made Sam want to put his girlfriend in her place, and it was obvious that Monica loved every second of it.

So much so that she couldn't help provoking him. Monica's hand moved smoothly up and down Sam's slippery shaft as she gently sucked one of his balls into her mouth and bathed it with her tongue. She planted another lingering kiss on his cock as she released it, and said in a raspy, lustful whisper, "I'm sorry... but it's hard not to imagine it, Tiger..."

Sam groaned, feeling his cock twitch in her wicked, pumping hand as his jealous lust flared up once again. He knew that she was trying to get a rise out of him, but he couldn't help but take the bait. "What? What are you imagining?" he gasped, as Monica took the opportunity to nuzzle and lick his sensitive balls once again. He knew what *he* was imagining. He was imagining what liberties the older professor might have taken with his girlfriend while they were away. In theory he knew that Monica would never cheat on him, but on the other hand she had sent that photo of the kiss, which was already crossing the lines they had set. Sam imagined Gus's heavy paws crawling all over Monica, squeezing and touching what should be his alone...

Monica took her time in answering, first planting a few more hot, sloppy kisses all over Sam's scrotum, her eyes half-closed in obvious sexual ecstasy. Sam felt a twisting sensation of pure fiery arousal deep in his belly as he saw that Monica's free hand had dived down to slip beneath her leggings, bunching up the material as it worked frantically between her thighs. Monica wasn't just teasing him to be cruel... this bratty taunting was red hot for her as well.

Finally, Monica raised her head again with a smirk. "I meant that I couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to go on an actual date with a man like Gus," she murmured in mock innocence, her petite fist squelching up and down Sam's cock. "What did you think I meant, Tiger?"

Sam felt a hot blush stain his face, but he ignored the question. Admitting that he had imagined Gus feeling Monica up would turn the conversation down an even more embarrassing path. Instead, he scoffed, seeing if some bravado would get him out of the cruel teasing that Monica had already begun. "Huh. I can't imagine he would be that impressive a date if he was taking you mini-golfing."

Monica fist tightened, pumping faster and faster up and down Sam's cock as her burning gaze locked with his. "Oh. So that's what you think, huh? Well, if you still think the venue sounds a little too immature," she purred teasingly, sending a ripple of troubled arousal through Sam's heart, "just wait until you hear how he got me liquored up."

...

The employee brought over the first tray of drinks when they were on the second hole. Monica was so deep in the zone she didn't even notice them approaching at first. She was so naturally competitive that beating her date in minigolf had suddenly become a big deal for her. The

courses themselves were quite small, as usual for an indoor course, but they were trickier than they looked. The second hole took a strange bend that looked like it might be difficult, and Monica was peering at it warily, club in hand, as the employee approached and dropped the two drinks off in Gus's hands.

Gus waited until Monica had lined up her shot, then took a long slurp just as she swung the club, throwing her off and making her ball veer off course and ricochet back and forth off the walls of the course. Monica turned to glare at him, her eyes narrowing at the two drinks in his hands. "I hope those are both for you," she sighed irritably. "I told you, Gus, I'm not twenty-one yet. I don't drink."

Gus shrugged. "You drank at dinner last time, so I figured you might be interested. I got you an amaretto sour. Try it; it basically just tastes like candy."

Monica folded her arms and gave him an unimpressed look. It was obvious that he was trying to ply her with alcohol. Gus was a sly old dog. He wouldn't drive Sam so crazy with jealousy if he wasn't. But Monica was wise to his tricks. She wasn't some naive girl he could get all drunk and giggly and loose. "Are drinks even allowed on the course?" she asked archly. "How are we supposed to play with just one hand free?"

"By getting a helping hand, of course," said Gus smoothly. He held forward the Amaretto sour and his own glass of amber liquid with a grin.

Monica considered refusing to help him, but there was no point in being a spoil sport. She was going to have to go on these dates if she wanted to explore this new jealousy fetish with her boyfriend, and it was probably better to have a pleasant relationship with Gus if this was going to be an ongoing thing. She leaned her club against the wall and accepted the two drinks with a sigh as Gus lined up his putt. "You didn't answer my question," she said dryly. "I know I'm not, but are you even allowed to drink here?"

Gus had a look of fierce concentration on his face as he shuffled, changed the angle of his club, then tapped the ball expertly, bouncing it through the odd bend and getting it within an inch of the hole. Finally he looked up at Monica with a deadpan expression and winked. "Other people aren't. But I go way back with the owner of this place. I can basically do whatever I want here."

"So that's why we skipped the line," said Monica with a disapproving shake of her head. "What, you think that just because you're rich, you can do whatever you want?"

"Uh-huh," agreed Gus bluntly as he wandered over and took his glass of liquor from Monica's hand. "That's one thing that you'll learn about me right off the bat, sweetheart. The average man plays by the rules and thinks that staying in line is a virtue. I'm not an average man, and I know that rules are for the weak. The second you realize that life is a game and cheating is the only way to get what you want, the sooner you start getting ahead. I don't have to wait in line and

drink in the designated areas. So I don't. People who go without the privileges within their grasp are suckers in my book."

"Might makes right. How original," quipped Monica with a snort. But she had to admit that the Ogre's blunt hedonism was... compelling. Not impressive necessarily, but fascinating in a savage sort of way. It was like watching a nature documentary about lions and seeing one with blood all over its maw. Disgusting, but powerful. On the spur of the moment, Monica tried just one sip of the drink her date had bought her.

He was right. It did taste pretty sweet.

But she had no qualms about handing the drinks back over and picking up her club again. "That's the issue with men like you, Professor," she said airily. "You can't accept any limitations. Sometimes no just means no!" Out of the corner of her eye, she saw that Gus's gaze was focused on her ass as she leaned over, trying to line up her shot. It sent a little thrill of excitement through her. Even though Gus was an obviously unsuitable partner, it gave her a sense of power to know that he wanted her. It was like the feeling she got when she teased her boyfriend, except even stronger, because she knew that Gus would never, ever get what he wanted. She subtly stuck her tempting rear out a little further.

Take that, you old goat.

She managed to get a lucky shot and sunk her ball into the hole. Not too bad for someone who had royally fucked up the first shot.

"Looks like I might be in trouble," said Gus with a chuckle, striding forward and handing her the drinks again. "I thought I was going to walk all over you after that first hole."

Monica frowned. "I got it in two. Just like you," she said, trying to get a handle on her flaring competitive instincts. She took a little sip of the drink Gus had bought her to steady herself.

Gus grunted non-committally as he swiftly and accurately sunk his putt. "Yeah, but your form was sloppy. That'll work for the first hole or two, but then you'll be toast."

"Wanna bet?" asked Monica, cocking a hip and an eyebrow defiantly.

Gus leaned forward on his club, overshadowing her.

"I thought you'd never ask."

...

"What?" Sam sat up, his eyes wide and his heart thundering. "Are you serious right now, Monica, or are you just fucking with me? Did you seriously make a bet with him again?"

Monica didn't answer immediately. Instead, she rose to her feet, gripping the bottom of her baggy hoodie and slowly lifting it, revealing the tight tanktop she wore beneath. Sam's breathing was ragged. He could feel every beat of his heart in his iron-stiff cock, making it jump and twitch. Now that she stood in just her tight leggings and tanktop, he could feast his eyes on his girlfriend's delectable body. She ran her hands up her curves to emphasize the erotic sight, her fingers flowing up over the rounded curve of her hips, stopping the press tight against the swell of her breasts. Sam was spellbound, but also desperate to hear her answer.

"I want to hear what you're thinking I bet him before I just tell you..." insisted Monica in a low, raspy murmur, slowly pulling up her undershirt to reveal her soft, feminine belly. "You aren't assuming your poor girlfriend would lose, are you?"

Sam swallowed down the desert dryness of his mouth. Now that Monica had opened the door to speculation, his mind went wild with what Monica could have bet. As she reached behind her and unclasped her bra, revealing her perfect round tits, nipples stiff and proud from her teasing lust, Sam wondered if he had been the first man to see them tonight...

But that was crazy. Monica was just freaking him out on purpose. Making him jump at shadows and assume the worst. He already knew something that happened tonight which fit the story a lot better.

"You kissed him," breathed Sam. "Fuck Monica, you kissed him and sent me a fucking picture of it."

Monica giggled, sticking her thumbs through the waistband of her leggings and wiggling them down her hips, taking her panties with them. Sam's eyes locked between her thighs as she stood naked and proud before him. Monica's tight little well-groomed pussy was an even clearer sign of her arousal than her stiff nipples. It was pink and blushing, dewy with arousal. A small voice whispered in Sam's mind, wondering if all of that arousal was for him, or if it was partially for her date...

Before Sam had time to fully examine that awful thought, Monica strode forward, tugging up his shirt to strip him as well. "Well... you're close," she said with a wink. God, she looked so fucking hot standing above him, brassy and lustful with her nipples standing up stiffly from her big tits and wearing a look of mischievous mockery on her lovely features. Monica was so short that Sam didn't look up at her normally, but the angle only intensified his feeling of helpless arousal. "The bet was actually for me to loosen up about following rules... but yeah, it did lead to a kiss."

Her hand traveled down to play with Sam's cock, just barely teasing and rubbing with the very tips of her fingers as she leaned over to plant a kiss on his lips. Now that they were both naked, the sexual heat crackling between them was so strong that Sam could barely breathe. Monica pulled away, almost gasping with lust. Her tits heaved with passion. "But you aren't upset that I bent the rules with the big, bad Ogre, are you, Tiger?" she breathed, her eyes locked with his,

just inches away. Her fingers slid up and down the tip of his cock in a pinching motion, smearing slick precum up and down his shaft. "Because it just turns you on more than it upsets you, doesn't it? It gets you all hot and bothered when you aren't sure exactly what we did."

Sam's hands slid down her curves, gripping her waist convulsively tight. "What happened?" he asked pointedly. "Why did you kiss him?" He could feel the switch flipping inside him. He was going to move from shame to jealousy quickly. And Monica was going to let him take control. He would fuck her hard and show her who she belonged to. Just like she wanted.

But it looked like it wasn't quite time yet.

"I'll tell you all about it," whispered Monica into his ear. Suddenly the hand on his shoulder pressed him back onto the mattress. "But first I want you to lie down for me."

...

The game went predictably enough. Gus must have had years of practice putting from his business days. He finished eight strokes under Monica. Monica realized afterward that she had risen a little too eagerly to Gus's taunting comments. But it truly wasn't that big of a deal. She knew better than to accept slanted bets from the older man ever since the disastrous bet that had led to their first date. This time Monica made sure that what she lost was something she had no issues paying.

If she had won, Gus would have had to foot the bill for her next date with Sam. The only thing that Gus had won was a promise from her to "loosen up and not worry so much about following the rules". Apparently, the interpretation of that was up to her. So she decided that her payment would be having a few drinks. In the end, it wasn't a big deal for her to drink anyway. If Gus knew the owner, she wasn't actually going to get in trouble, and it wasn't like she hadn't spent a few nights drinking at the occasional college party she attended.

Monica was now feeling pleasantly warm and happy, sitting in one of the booths in the dining area of the entertainment center and stuffing her face with nachos. Gus was right. They were some of the best she had ever tasted. The eating area was raised, and from the high top table, Monica had a great view of the golf course where Gus had just completely destroyed her. As if she needed reminding.

"So do you think your boyfriend is going to enjoy what you're doing for him tonight?" asked Gus, peering at her over his drink as she polished off another cheezy bite.

Monica side-eyed him suspiciously while she chewed, washing down the rest with the last of her third amaretto sour. "I'm not sure what you mean," she said carefully. "Why would he like it if I went on a date with someone else? I'm sure he's at home pacing the floor, waiting for me to get back."

Gus snorted and polished off his drink as well. "Let's not play coy, sweetheart. I was the one who suggested this whole arrangement in the first place, remember? I agree that your boytoy is pacing the floor, but I bet he's doing it with a massive hard-on, thinking about the fun that you're having with me."

Monica gasped, shocked that Gus had said something like that in the semi-crowded restaurant. She looked around, worried that someone might have overheard him, but everyone nearby was focusing on their own conversations. "Gus..." she said warningly. But the older man didn't seem embarrassed in the slightest, just continuing to stare at her with a cocky grin. It was clear just from the look on his face that he wasn't about to be put off by worries about propriety.

"I don't know if we should talk about my love life, Gus. It's too much," she finally said stiffly. From the beginning, Gus had seemed to know that she was going on this date to facilitate kinky sex play with her boyfriend. Just like he said, he had been the one to suggest the strange arrangement in the first place. But that didn't mean she needed to discuss it with him like it was no big deal.

But Gus waved away her discomfort. "Oh, it's fine. Nothing you say is going to shock me. And besides, maybe I can help you two out a little. You seem to be completely new to this whole thing."

Monica made a face and took another bite of nachos. But her curiosity got the better of her. This new type of play with her boyfriend was new and strange, and she was interested in getting as much info as possible. "What *thing*?" she asked cautiously. "What is it you think we're doing?"

"Cuckolding," said Gus confidently, signalling a waitress closer to order another round of drinks.

Monica had to wait until the waitress had taken Gus's order and walked away before she could respond. "You don't know what you're talking about," she finally hissed as the waitress walked away. "Are you being serious right now? What we're doing is NOT cuckolding. I can't believe you would even say that."

Monica's main exposure to the concept of cuckolding was the way weird people on the internet disparaged weak men as "cucks". It had something to do with guys who liked to watch their wives get fucked by other men or something. She couldn't imagine that Sam would ever want to do something like that.

Gus shrugged, a lopsided, unapologetic grin painting his broad, ugly face. "I mean, call it what you want, Monica, but you just said yourself that the guy probably has a hard-on right now just imagining another man taking his girl out on the town. That sounds like cuckolding to me, even if you two are just dipping your toe in."

Monica scoffed and leaned back in her seat, folding her arms and shooting Gus an unimpressed look. "You don't get it at all. Sam isn't turned on by you dating me. That just makes him jealous, and the jealousy makes him want me even more."

Gus took a big clump of nachos and crunched down on them, mumbling through the mouthful, "Uh-huh. It's called 'reclaiming'. Pretty typical stuff. And jealousy is sort of the name of the game when it comes to cuckolding. What else do you think all those poor guys are thinking about while another dude goes to town on their wife?"

Monica hadn't thought about it that way. It was sort of troubling. Sam was a great guy. Fun, loving, supportive, smart... Handsome too, although he was tall and rangy rather than broad and muscular. He didn't fit with the image Monica had in her head of a cuckold; a sad pathetic man jerking off to his own defeat. She wasn't sure she liked talking about him that way. She had a little time to think about it was the waitress brought their new drink and Gus finished off the nachos.

"I see what you're saying... But Sam and I aren't interested in that kind of extreme stuff. Just me being here with you is enough." She hoped that that would put the matter to rest. The image of Sam sitting at the bedside and watching while Gus slowly stripped off her clothes had popped into her mind, and she wasn't really sure how to handle it. Her eyes flicked down to the Professor's broad, powerful hands and she shivered lightly. Just the thought of those all over her body made her feel strange.

"I mean, you know me," said Gus lightly, leaning back and stretching. "I'll only go as far as you two want. But you're also only at the start. I'm not saying that I know where you two will end up with this, but you can't really think that this will begin and end with the dates. It never goes that way. Eventually Sam is going to want to see more."

Monica shook her head firmly. "No, I really don't think he will. I agreed to everything he proposed, but he was the one who came up with the rules, Gus. He barely agreed to this dating thing at all. There's no way he would want me to do anything more with you."

Gus's eyes sparkled in the moody lighting of the restaurant, faintly lit by the flashing neon of the arcade across the cavernous building. "Should we put that to the test?"

Monica licked her lips, her stomach suddenly erupted in her butterflies. Her eyes flickered over Gus's grinning face. Part of her wanted to ask what exactly he meant, but part of her was afraid of what his answer would be. Her mind flashed once again to the filthy image that Gus had suggested to her. Sam watching, sitting at the side of the bed with his cock in hand, wearing that expression of jealous arousal that Monica already knew so well.

She tried not to think too hard about what might be happening on the bed that would make Sam that turned on and horny and angry... but the thought kept tickling at the edge of her brain.

Gus seemed to sense her pained indecision, and he spoke up once again, his voice soft and persuasive. "Look, it doesn't have to be a big deal. Just a little tease. Pushing things just the tiniest bit forward. That way, you can know if he really wants to keep things within the rules, or if he wants more. He wasn't able to admit that he even wanted the dates at all, right? Maybe he doesn't even know what he wants. Let's find out."

Monica bit her lip. "I mean... what do you have in mind specifically?"

Gus pulled out the chair next to him and patted it. "Come over here. Let's see if we can't make your boyfriend's night."

...

Sam was breathing heavily. It felt like his mind was on fire. Monica's slick, lust-plump cunt hovered right over his face, trapping him in a cave of hot feminine lust. After pushing him down, Monica had immediately straddled his face, planting a knee on either side of his head and lowering her pussy until it was just out of his reach. Sam licked his lips as he stared up, enraptured. Monica's tight pussy was juicy and dripping with her arousal, her lips parting lightly to reveal the wet pinkness within. Her could feel its heat even from inches away.

It was hard to focus on what Monica was saying with her aroused pussy so close. Not to mention the fact that her own head was down at his crotch level, taking slow, teasing licks up and down his cock. Sixty-nine wasn't exactly a common position they took in bed, but Sam had to admit that it worked well with Monica's storytelling. He had never been more turned on in his life.

"So anyway... Gus said that if I gave him a little kiss on the cheek and sent you the picture, it would send you absolutely wild with lust." She giggled and waggled his cock with her hand, making it bounce, uncomfortably stiff from Monica's hot little mouth and wicked words. "And I have to tell you, Tiger, it looks like he was right! Even though you were all upset when I came home, your cock was still hard enough to hammer nails."

Fuck... Monica had talked about their relationship with Gus. Had they laughed, thinking about the poor boyfriend sitting at home alone? Sam tried to stammer a reply, but apparently this wasn't the time for him to speak. Monica lowered her hips, pressing her dripping, red-hot cunt onto his protesting mouth and silencing him. "Ah, ah, ah," said Monica, planting a kiss onto her boyfriend's cock as she began to grind her wet pussy downward into his face. "You still haven't heard what it felt like to kiss the Ogre. Just listen for now, Tiger."

For a moment, Monica took Sam's cock in her mouth, swirling her tongue and milking his shaft with her lips as she slowly ground her wet pussy into his mouth. The feeling of connection between them was so strong that for a second, Sam forgot all about Gus and the kiss and the whole humiliating evening. He slid his tongue upward through Monica's folds, finding her clit and circling it with the tip of his tongue. He could feel her moan vibrate against his cock, and he

almost came right there and then, filling her mouth with creamy sperm. Maybe he should have. It would have been a good moment, when everything else about the evening faded away, and it was just the two of them there, in sexual harmony.

But the moment passed. Monica pulled herself up off of his cock, planting a kiss on the slippery tip while pressing her hips down harder, mashing her drooling pussy downward into her boyfriend's face. "It was... not as bad as I thought," said Monica in a dreamy, heated voice. "I mean, he's ugly, but Gus has a certain charm. It wasn't disgusting to kiss him."

Sam groaned, thrusting his hips upward needily as he kissed and slurped between Monica's thighs. In theory, everything she was saying was innocent, but he couldn't stop the tidal wave of jealousy roaring upward from deep inside him. She had kissed the Ogre right on the cheek... knowing that just the thought of her and Gus touching drove him crazy. And the worst part was that she was completely right... he had never felt more turned on in his life. He burned with desire to make her his again, and he channeled all of that frustrated lust into his tongue and lips as he passionately kissed her overheated cunt.

"I mean..." purred Monica, pausing to extend her tongue and swirl it around Sam's throbbing cockhead, "It was hard not to imagine what it would be like to be with him. Like, to really be his girlfriend for real. Obviously I'll never know. You're the only man I want, Tiger. But I realized why all those other girls don't mind so much."

She pressed her pussy downward so tightly that, for a second, Sam couldn't breathe. Her thighs were so tight around his ears that Sam barely caught what she said next.

"He smelled really nice, Sam. Expensive. I bet his cologne costs more than most people make in a month."

Then her mouth swallowed his cock again, and Sam was back in heaven. Physically at least. His mind was still reeling from the admission that his girlfriend had thought about what it would be like to date Gus. The twisted mixture of jealousy and shame and lust swelled up inside him, stronger and stronger. His tongue delved deeper as he felt the hot, wet embrace of his girlfriend's mouth around his cock. He reached up and cupped her thick, jiggling asscheeks in his hand, pulling her closer, sliding his tongue deep inside to feel her velvety depths squeeze around it. He suddenly couldn't take it any more. He needed to feel his cock in her pussy, not his tongue. He needed that reconnection with her. He let his head, which had been craning upward to reach her, fall back to the bed, panting and covered in the juices of her arousal.

At the same time, Monica came up off of his cock, breathing just as heavily as Sam. For a second, he thought that they were on the same wavelength. That she was going to change positions, turn around, and welcome him into the heated depths that his tongue had been exploring a moment before. But instead, strangely, she hopped up off the bed, crossing the room toward Sam's computer chair for some reason. Sam stared after her in bewilderment,

alone on the bed, his cock throbbing and dripping with her spit as she dragged the chair over and set it to the side of the bed.

She locked eyes with him, looking more beautiful than ever, eyes wild, chestnut hair sleek and lovely, nipples rock hard on her heaving tits and pussy leaking down her thick thighs. "Sit," she said, pointing at the chair on the side of the bed. "I want to try something. While you do, I'll tell you about the rest of the date."

...

Gus Pfeffer was having a fantastic evening. True, it was a little frustrating being forced to tiptoe around and get Monica to warm up to him, but she was already coming along nicely. Even a week ago, it would have been unthinkable to imagine her willingly kissing him, even on the cheek.

She was showing just the right responses to his cautious feelers as well. A lot of girls would have been furious if he brought up the idea of cuckolding, and Monica had just been a little guarded. The idea clearly intrigued her, even if it did have negative associations for now. Her pretty little eyes had nearly popped out of her head when he joked about cucks jerking off in a chair by the bed. Gus swore it to himself silently as his cock approached half-stiffness beneath the table. He would get the two innocent little lovers in exactly that situation. He would put the nerdy little loser in his place, jerking off at the bedside while Gus sank deep into his girlfriend's tight cunt. It wouldn't be the first time that Gus turned another man into a cuck, but it would be the most satisfying.

Every couple needed a cute origin story, after all. And when Monica was his woman, they could look back and laugh at how they started out: by cucking the loser she used to date.

Gus watched Monica down the last of her latest drink and tuck a strand of hair behind her ears, giving him a distracted smile when she noticed him staring. Getting her to drink was an unexpected victory as well. A little wine over dinner was one thing, but now the girl had downed a few drinks and was clearly feeling tipsy. It seemed like she had taken the idea of loosening up and not caring so much about the rules to heart.

Monica kept looking down at her phone and biting her lip. Her boyfriend was calling and texting over and over. "I don't know," she said guiltily as she read yet another text questioning the kissing picture they had sent. "It still feels a little mean. I'll probably just text him and let him know that I'm coming home soon."

Gus shook his head. "No way. Trust me, he might be freaking out, but this is going to make your teasing later ten times as hot. Just let him ride. Lover boy gets his turn later tonight, but for now, I've got you all to myself... and you'd be lying if you told him you'd be home right away anyway."

Monica raised an eyebrow, but she put her phone back in her purse, and Gus could see by the little smirk tugging at her lips that she was willing to entertain his suggestion to stay out later. Gus was divided on exactly how far he should take things tonight. His instincts told him that Monica was ready to go further, but she had surprised him before. He had made good progress tonight, and it would be frustrating if he crossed the line and threw all of that away.

“Oh... I would be lying huh?” asked Monica challengingly. “I don’t know... I already had my nachos and got beaten at golf. Maybe it’s time for me to go home and spend some time with my poor lonely boyfriend. Why should I stay?” Gus decided he wanted to push his luck a little more. Luckily, he already had the perfect idea in mind for how to do it.

“Why, the arcade of course! It’s the whole reason that I brought you here in the first place. It’s a lot more famous than their mini-golf. People say that it’s one of the best arcades in the city.”

That got Monica’s attention, although she tried her best to play it cool. “Really? I don’t play arcade games all that much anymore...” Despite her reluctant tone, Gus could see that she was hooked. She scooped up her purse, already looking off curiously toward the arcade section of the building.

“Let’s check it out,” said Gus companionably, gesturing her forward. Gus preferred to follow behind Monica, of course. That way he could watch her fat ass wiggling with the sway of her hips as she walked. The banked lust smoldered deep inside Gus as his eyes locked to the innocent college girl’s fat little cheeks. He was being as patient as he could, but it was only building up the desire inside him higher and higher. One day he was going to take the little brat over his knee and teach her a lesson for all of the disrespect she had shown him. He would sink his powerful fingers deep into that bouncy meat and pull her down onto his cock while she screamed for more.

Soon. Soon she’ll go a lot further than a kiss on the fucking cheek.

Monica was just as enchanted with the sprawling arcade as Gus had hoped. All thoughts about heading home early to her boyfriend disappeared as she moved from one machine to the next, playing a game or two before moving on. It was endearing, if a little immature. Once Monica was his woman, Gus was going to wean her off all the gaming shit. He was sure that once he got her hooked on more mature pursuits, she would be just as enthusiastic about those.

Gus lost his train of thought as Monica gasped, a look of delight crossing her face. She rushed over to a large machine tucked away in a dark corner of the arcade floor, and Gus trailed after. It was titled “Area 56”. Two guns were holstered at the front of the machine, and on the screen, a video showed alien invaders popping out only to have their heads splatter into green slime. It looked similar to all of the other shooters in the arcade to Gus, but Monica seemed to consider it special for some reason. She picked up one of the guns attached by a cord to the front of the machine and clicked the trigger experimentally with a big grin on her face.

Finally, she seemed to recognise that Gus was standing there watching her, and her smile turned sheepish. "Sorry," she said with a cute, self-deprecating laugh, "it's just that I didn't know any more of these machines were still around. Apparently there's a common default with the triggers, and the company went out of business."

She looked wistful as she stared at the machine. "I used to play Area 56 with my cousin every summer vacation. We swore we would beat it some day. But it was expensive. We probably had enough money to play it twice per vacation or something, and we were both pretty bad. I don't think we even got close. And then, one year, the machine was gone."

Gus felt a grin spread across his face. Monica had already reacted pretty well to him flashing some cash in the past. She tried to pretend that the fancy restaurant and his ability to cut the line hadn't impressed her, but Gus could tell how she really felt. In his experience, all women were gold-diggers deep down. He didn't blame them. It was just human nature to want money and power. If you waved that beneath a woman's nose in the right way, it was like catnip to them.

And, as strange as this particular case was, Gus thought he had just found the perfect way to show Monica the attraction of unlimited resources.

Gus pulled out his wallet and took out a thick sheaf of bills. "Well," he chuckled, "It doesn't matter how much it costs tonight. Want to see what the end of the game looks like?"

...

"But... why?" asked Sam blankly, staring at the chair and then back to his girlfriend. He looked so cute that Monica just wanted to eat him up... well, either that or pull him close and have him fuck her until she came her brains out. His cock had been standing at stiff attention ever since she walked in the door, and right now his eyes were glazed over with lust, his whole body tense with overwhelming arousal. Gus had been right. The picture of the kiss, followed by ignoring him for a few hours, had only made her boyfriend hornier.

"Because I want you to watch me. I want you to look in your eyes and see how much you love me... how much you missed me... how much you want me." Monica could hear how much her throaty voice vibrated with sincere passion... but she wasn't telling the full truth. She did want to see Sam's desire, but she also couldn't get something that Gus had said out of her head. The idea of Sam sitting and watching, driven crazy with lust and jealousy but held back and unable to participate. Monica needed to see it. Maybe it would be weird, and neither of them would like it. But Gus had a point; wasn't that kind of teasing denial just a more extreme version of what they had decided to do with the dates?

She had to know how it felt to see him watching and jerking off.

Sam seemed to accept her explanation, even if he didn't fully understand what she planned. He reluctantly got up from the bed and sat on his computer chair facing her, his cock standing at full attention in his lap.

Monica felt her heart beat speed up, her pulse throbbing against her skin. It felt deliciously wrong and kinky to take her place on the bed, facing her boyfriend and spreading her thighs to reveal her pussy, dripping wet and aching for sensation. By doing this she was denying herself the satisfying penetration she knew Sam could give her. But more importantly, she was denying Sam his prize, at least for the moment. She wanted to see how he would react. Would it turn him on more? Or just make him angry?

Monice slid one hand down between her legs, teasing apart her lowering lips with her fingertips and beginning to rub in gentle circles.

Sam's eyes were wide and every muscle in his body seemed to be straining and tensing as he stared at her body, breathless. Monica knew that she was a feast for the eyes right now. Her curvy body was flushed with desire, her legs spread wide and her big tits softly splayed over her chest. She felt an answering lustful energy pouring off her boyfriend in waves as he watched her begin to touch herself. Despite the fact that she wasn't letting him touch her right now, she had never felt this close of a connection with him.

"Monica..." said Sam in a choked voice, his eyes focusing between her legs. He sounded lost and confused, but Monica could still hear the desire dripping from his voice.

"Shhhh, just listen to me now, Tiger," cooed Monica, her hips wriggling a little as the fingers circling her clit sent fiery crackles of pleasure coursing through her body. "Listen and touch yourself. Can you do that for me, Sam? Can you stroke that cock while you watch me and listen?"

Sam gulped, then reluctantly nodded. His hand fell to his crotch, wrapping tightly around his cock and beginning to stroke.

Monica let the moment hang in the air as she watched the curious sight. Sam in a chair by the bedside. So close yet so far. Aching to be with her, yet forbidden. Jerking off as he watched her writhing in pleasure on the bed. It was just as kinky as she thought it would be. A new, dark twist of lust bloomed between her thighs as she saw that Sam was wildly turned on by this new form of denial. His hand pumped up and down his cock frantically as his eyes roamed his girlfriend's perfect body, who was only feet away, having fun all by herself. Technically, it was mutual masturbation, but it didn't feel equal at all. It gave Monica a dizzying sense of power to hold her boyfriend back like this, and she couldn't help but twist the knife a little.

"I promised to tell you how the rest of the date went, didn't I, Tiger?" teased Monica in a voice that was dripping with pleasure. Her fingers made soft wet sounds now as they arched and swirled between her soft, splayed thighs. Her free hand rose to cup and squeeze and pinch the

stiff nipple of one ripe breast as she watched her boyfriend's torment. "Well... Gus made one of my dreams come true! It sounds dramatic, but he did. He must have paid a couple hundred bucks to help me beat an overpriced arcade game that I've wanted to finish ever since I was little."

She could tell that Sam was having a hard time focusing on her words, and it was hard to blame him when he had the erotic sight of her beautiful naked body right in front of him. But right now she needed him to focus. She needed to gauge his reaction to what she was about to say. For a moment, she stopped the movement of her fingers on her overheated pussy, waiting until Sam's eyes rose to meet hers.

"Tonight, Gus did something for me that you wouldn't have been able to. And I really liked that. How does that make you feel?"

She could read the answer in her boyfriend's eyes. Shame and anger layered over a bottomless sea of arousal. He suddenly moved as if he was going to stand and approach her, but Monica's hand rose from between her legs, shaking a dripping finger. "Uh-uh. Use your words, big boy. I want you to tell me exactly how it feels." Her eyes zeroed in on his crotch, where Sam's hand was still wrapped tight around his throbbing erection.

"And keep stroking while you tell me. I know you want to."

...

Sam had no idea what was going on. All he knew was that he had never been hornier in his life. Monica was lying back on the bed, facing him, her wet pussy spread and on display between her lovely, parted legs, and yet she insisted on holding him back. It was humiliating to tug his cock and sit back when all that he wanted to do was fuck his girlfriend... but somehow that humiliating denial was hot too, for reasons he didn't really understand.

And now Monica had just dropped a bombshell. Up until now she had been very careful to reassure Sam that he was superior to the Ogre in every possible way. But she had just said that Gus had been able to give her an experience that Sam wouldn't be able to. And, as much as Sam hated to admit it, she wasn't wrong. He and Monica were broke college students. There was no way he could just drop a couple hundred bucks on an arcade game. But that was nothing for Gus. He had resources Sam simply couldn't match.

"Well, Tiger?" purred Monica, her blue eyes sharp as her delicate fingers began circling her clit once again. "Gus showed your lady an incredible time tonight. He really impressed me. Don't be shy now. Tell me how that makes you feel."

Sam felt hypnotized by the sight of his girlfriend's working hands. One made soft wet sounds as it parted her pink lips, rubbing again and against in precise little circular rubs. The other worked on her breasts one after the other, much more forcefully than the one between her legs, pulling

and palming and pinching and squeezing, truly mauling the soft, ripe orbs. Sam wanted his hands there, not hers... but he was trapped in the game she insisted that he play.

"It makes me feel annoyed," said Sam heatedly. But even as he said it, his hand began stroking up and down his hard cock once again. "It makes me feel disrespected and small. Even if you're just appreciating him for his money..." Sam's throat worked as he tried to put his feelings into words. "... I don't know, it makes me feel like you are taking him too seriously! He's an old creep Monica. You know that. You can't let him in like that."

Monica smirked. "You're getting all worked up, baby," she said. Her eyes flicked down to her boyfriend's hand on his cock, then back up to his eyes. "In more ways than one. It really turns you on when I talk about him that way, doesn't it?"

Sam groaned, but his hand sped up. "Monica..."

"Don't deflect," she said with a giggle, her hand increasing speed to match his, "It's true! We both know it. It drives you crazy when I act like I appreciate Gus. Why is that, Tiger? I kissed his cheek tonight. I ignored your calls while he spent a bunch of money on me. But all of it just makes you harder. Why is that?"

"I don't fucking know!" groaned Sam, breathing heavily. "Every time I think of you with another man..."

"*With* another man?" asked Monica, with a wicked gleam in her eyes. "What an interesting way to put it. What do you imagine me doing *with* another man?" Her hand moved a fraction lower, two fingers dipping into her pussy and slowly pulsing in and out.

"I... I..." Sam couldn't breathe. His hand pumped furiously up and down his cock, squelching with precum. He couldn't stop staring at the way Monica was fingering her tight pink pussy. It felt like something inside him would break as the images rushed upward in his mind, filling him with dark, twisted lust. Gene's hulking, shadowy form pulling Monica's petite body close, feasting with his massive hands. Monica panting with desire, pinned under Gus's body as his massive cock positioned itself between her legs, then slid forward...

A growl slipped from Sam's throat and he lurched to his feet. Monica paused her enthusiastic self pleasure, grinning and saying, "Ah, ah, ah, Tiger. Not until you answer my..."

But Sam had run out of patience for his girlfriend's teasing game. He moved forward, mounting the bed aggressively and pinning his naughty girlfriend down to the mattress with a searing kiss. She made a sound of disapproval and tried to wriggle away, determined to continue with her taunting game, but Sam had had enough. His hands found Monica's wrists and pinned them down as he deepened the kiss, his tongue sliding forcefully into her mouth.

Monica surrendered with a muffled chuckle, melting into the kiss and wrapping her legs around her boyfriend's hips, pulling him close. Sam pulled away a little, staring down into his girlfriend's grinning face. "You don't need to know where my mind went, because none of that is ever going to fucking happen," he said in a heated voice. His cock was already teasing the entrance of Monica's wet pussy, and he knew that he wouldn't be able to hold himself back for long. "It doesn't matter how much money that old, fat fuck has; he's never going to fucking have you. Because you're mine. Understand?"

"Talk is cheap," whispered Monica, looking up at him with bedroom eyes. Her chest was heaving with passion, calling attention to the erect, rosy nipples tipping her perfect tits. "If you feel so strongly about it, why don't you show me?"

Sam didn't need any further invitation. He thrust forward with a savage grunt, spearing his girlfriend's hot wet pussy in one thrust. She was so warmed up and ready for him at that point that he sank in like a hot knife through butter, balls deep in her welcoming wetness in an instant. He kept her arms pinned down to the bed as he began thrusting in deep, confident strokes, leaning down once again to capture her sweet lips in another kiss.

Suddenly, Sam remembered why all of the teasing and distress were worth it. He could feel Monica's slick, silky walls gripping him tight with every stroke. It set a savage joy burning in his heart. No matter what terrifying, strangely erotic imagery his mind conjured up, the fucking Ogre would never have this pleasure. Gus was just a tool that he and Monica were using to spice up their sex life.

"You're mine," growled Sam, plunging into Monica's pussy over and over, pushing into her deepest depths with his thrusting cock. "I want to hear you say it."

Monica bit her lip and giggled, rolling her hips to squeeze him even tighter with her internal walls. "Make me," she said in a bratty tone, her blue eyes sparkling in the dim bedroom light.

Sam took her up on the challenge. His hands moved instinctively to grip his girlfriend's knees, bending them back toward her ears and letting him penetrate even deeper into her tight pussy. His body and mind were on fire with desperate, dominant lust. Monica moaned beneath him, reaching up to cup the back of his head and pull him back into a kiss.

Their tongues tangled wetly, their hot breath mingling as Sam pushed railed Monica's wet pussy. He could feel the hot, hard points of her nipples press into his chest as their bodies rubbed against each other, glowing with sexual heat and gleaming with sweat from the exertion of the rough sex.

Sam was possessed by a desperate need to reclaim what was his. He needed Monica to give in and break the teasing character she had adopted. He wanted to hear her say that he was the only one, and that the only interest she had in their gross old professor was as a tool to tease him. He channeled that need into his pumping cock and his swirling tongue, hot breath whistling

in his throat as his hips snapped forward over and over, driving his cock between the clinging lower lips of the woman he loved.

Monica writhed beneath him, moans building in the back of her throat, muffled by Sam's swirling tongue. Sam could sense her resistance breaking down, dissolved by sexual pleasure. He felt a rush of power. He was the one doing this. He was the only one who could make her feel this way. The only man for her. He pulled away from the kiss, never stopping the deep, steady rhythm of his hips. His hand rose to softly grip his girlfriend's delicate throat as he looked down into her arousal-hazed eyes. It was time.

"Who do you belong to?" he demanded roughly. "Who's your man, Monica?" He could tell they were both on the edge after the long session of teasing, but he held himself back. Reestablishing their connection was essential before they orgasmed together. This powerful moment had been what the whole date was about.

For a second, he thought that Monica might refuse. She stared up at him biting her lip, clearly trying to decide whether to give in and submit to the pleasure rolling through her or continue to defy him and tease him about Gus.

It was a beautiful thing to watch as the pleasure of the cock pounding into her, and the dominant gesture of the hand on her throat broke her will. Finally, Monica submitted, gripping Sam's cock tight with her pussy as she moaned, "You Sam... Oh God, only you. He's nothing to me. I only went out with that old slob to make you jealous. You're the only one I want."

It was the answer Sam had been dying to hear. He bore down harder now, his balls slapping wetly against Monica's ass with every desperate thrust. He gasped for breath, kissing Monica's neck. He was right on the edge of cumming now, and he could feel that Monica was right there as well.

"Fuck the Ogre," he growled into Monica's ear.

She let out a light gasp, her pussy pulsing around his cock. "Wh-what?"

"Fuck that guy," insisted Sam heatedly. "I want to hear you say it." His whole body was flushed with dominant heat, his cock swollen and ready to burst. He wanted to hear Monica say one last time how little Gus Pfeiffer meant to her.

"Fuck the Ogre," whimpered Monica, her hips griding upward into Sam's pumping cock, milking him with every stroke. Her thighs were trembling now. She was mere moments from cumming.

"Fuck that guy," agreed Sam as he began to tip over the edge into orgasm. "Fuck his money and his weasely plans and his smug fucking face! Fuck the Ogre!"

“Fucck Gussss,” moaned Monica, her whole body tensing as she began to cum. “Oh fuck! I’m cumming, Sam! Fuccck! I love you! I love you sooo much!”

Her breathy moans sent Sam over the edge as well, grunting in satisfaction as he continued to thrust. He felt his balls tighten, and then the blazing release of orgasm overtake him. Monica moaned beneath him, reaching up needily to tangle her fingers in his hair and steal another deep kiss. Sam could feel the bond between them reforged by the powerful shared climax. He filled his girlfriend’s pussy to the brim with a hot load of cum while her back arched and her pussy clung to him, squeezing every drop from his balls. In that moment, everything was perfect. The rest of the night had been torture, but this just reinforced why Sam had agreed to this in the first place. Nothing beat the rush of danger and jealousy, followed by the massive catharsis of proving Monica was his once again.

When every last drop of cum had drained from Sam’s balls deep into Monica’s greedy pussy, Sam sighed and fell to the side, limp with sexual satisfaction and emotional relief. Monica rolled over with a lazy grin, snuggling up to his side and throwing a knee up to drape over his thigh possessively. The position made Sam feel like a stud... a sensation he welcomed at the moment.

“Fuck that was hot,” panted Monica, giggling breathlessly and kissing his sweaty shoulder.

Sam laughed as well, throwing his arm around her and pulling her close. “It was, wasn’t it? You were really merciless this time... But what was that thing with the masturbating and staring at each other about?”

“I just thought that denying you a little might get you even more desperate,” she said warmly, caressing his heaving chest with gentle fingers. “And I think it worked! Did you not like it?”

Sam shrugged. “No, it was fine. I mean, obviously it got me pumped up to sit back and watch you finger yourself. After a while I just had to pounce!” He was smoothing over the truth, at least a little bit. It had been sort of a strange request on Monica’s part... but all was well that ended well. This session had ended up just as satisfying as the first date.

“Mmmm, yeah, that was hot,” purred Monica, snuggling closer. “I loved it when you just took over. I want to see more of that next time.”

Next time. The words seemed to echo in Sam’s mind. It was something they had been dancing around a little. Had this just been a one-time experiment, or were they planning on doing this kind of thing as a long-term arrangement? Monica seemed to have made up her mind, but Sam wasn’t so sure. On the one hand, he couldn’t deny how hot it had been. On the other, sometimes in the course of the evening, Monica’s teasing had felt almost dangerous. Sam wanted to trust his girlfriend, and everything had turned out fine in the end, but there was still a sense of disquiet that he couldn’t quite shake.

He decided to worry about it another time. For now his woman was at his side and all was right with the world. Unpleasant thoughts could wait. But before he forgot...

Sam reached out and picked up his phone and sent a text to Gus with a little twist of distaste to his mouth.

[Hey. We're all good.]

...

Monica snuggled against her boyfriend, feeling the warm, reforged connection between them as his breathing slowed and evened out. This evening had gone exactly how she wanted. A little harmless fun with Gus, some spicy teasing of her loving boyfriend, then the deep sexual satisfaction of Sam taking charge and putting her firmly in her place with his perfect cock.

Well... there had been that one little wrinkle. But it wasn't a big deal. Just a mistake, both by her and Gus. She had been about to tell Sam after sex, just to put everything on the table and prevent any misunderstandings.

But now, when the heat of the moment had passed, she decided it was a mistake to tell him. After all, what had happened was unintentional; just a product of high spirits and too many drinks. It wouldn't happen ever again, and hearing about it would just freak Sam out unnecessarily.

Monica felt a little pang of guilt over keeping it from Sam, but she consoled herself with the fact that she hadn't technically left anything out.

After all, she *had* told Sam that losing her mini-golf bet had led to a kiss... it wasn't her fault that he assumed she meant the kiss on the cheek.

...

"Fuck!" snarled Monica as the machine flashed the word "*CONTINUE?*" in bloody red letters once again. She had always thought that the machine was sort of a rip-off, but the final boss encounter proved it. It was completely unfair. You could barely get a few shots in at the Alien queen before fast moving minions popped up and erased your health. If Gus hadn't been bankrolling the playthrough, she would have given up several lives ago.

Gus was unperturbed. He fed yet another five dollar bill into the machine with a wink. "You think that I'm going to need to go break another hundred, princess?" he asked with a plummy chuckle. "Because it sort of seems like you might need it."

"Very funny," grumbled Monica, trying to focus on the game through the unfamiliar haze of alcohol. This time she managed to pop one of the monstrous alien queen's bulbous eyeballs,

but a second later, the minions were back. Monica tried to track and destroy them, but she missed multiple times, and a second later her health was depleted once again. She glared at Gus as he leaned down and fed yet another five into the blinking machine. "Well if it looks so easy to you, why don't you help me out?" she asked sourly.

"Gladly," said Gus with a shrug of his massive shoulders, sidling closer. "I thought you would never ask." Monica turned back to the screen ready for the fight to restart. She expected Gus to take his place beside her, picking up the extra gun.

Instead, alarmingly, he moved right behind her, reaching out to put his broad, strong hand over hers as she aimed the gun at the screen.

Monica immediately jumped back as if burned, dropping the gun and staring at Gus wide eyed, her heartbeat suddenly thumping in her chest. "Gus! You can't do that!" she protested weakly, rubbing her hand where he had touched her. "It's against the rules." In other circumstances, a touch on the hand like that might be almost innocuous... but for a moment, the sensation of the Professor's massive body looming behind hers had sparked a feeling inside her that she couldn't explain, and the touch of his hand on hers had felt dangerous.

Gus reached down and picked up the gun that Monica had dropped in her panic. On the screen, the minions were already making short work of the health bar. "Oh come on, sweetheart," Gus said with a disarming grin. "You're making a big deal out of nothing. You want to win, don't you? I used to put in a lot of hours at the shooting range as a hobby. If I help you out, you can claim victory and go home happy."

He held the gun out to her as the continue message flashed onto the screen once again, counting down from twenty. Monica bit her lip. Winning had always been important to her... and the rule against touching was about sexual stuff, not Gus helping her out at winning a video game. Would it really be a big deal?

"Come on," said Gus softly. "You remember what I won from the mini-golf game? You're not supposed to worry this much about following the rules."

Monica hesitantly reached out and accepted the gun from his hand. Gus pulled out another five and fed it into the machine just in time before the continue countdown ended.

The bombastic music of the final boss battle started up once again. This time, when Gus settled in behind her and put his hand on hers, Monica didn't flinch away. Her skin tingled where his rough skin touched hers. It was a little hard to focus on the screen with his massive bulk looming behind her.

"Alright, pay attention now, princess," came his gravelly voice in her ear, sending a tingle down Monica's spine. "I'm going to help you out a little bit, but you're going to do most of the work. Just relax and go with the flow."

Monica nodded, and the alien queen emerged from her cryopod once again. This time it did feel different. Monica had expected that with Gus's heavy bulk crowding behind her and his hand on hers, she would be too distracted to make any progress at all, but for some reason she was in the zone. The queen's eye was destroyed in what felt like a second, and when the fast-moving minions appeared, Monica was able to effectively track them for the first time. Gus's touch was light and sparing, but he hadn't been lying about being an effective marksman. His subtle guidance helped Monica hit the targets with ease.

Monica felt the rush of approaching victory as she burst the boss's other eye. More minions appeared, but now she was confident that they couldn't beat her anymore. With Gus's help, she was invincible. They didn't stand a chance. When the last of the minions were cleared from the screen, a glowing gem appeared in the middle of the alien queen's forehead, and Gus's hand helped her to aim true. The final boss exploded in a shower of green gore, and it was all over. Monica crowed in delight as the victory screen popped up, complete with showers of confetti.

Without even thinking about it, she turned and threw her arms around Gus. It could have been the warm buzz of the alcohol in her system. More likely, it was the rush of victory; a feeling that Monica lived for. In the moment, it felt perfectly natural to celebrate with the man who had made her hard-fought victory possible, both with his financial support, and his guidance at the end.

It was only when her arms had wrapped around Gus's bulk and his massive arms engulfed her in turn did Monica fully realize how far she had gone, blowing completely past the agreed upon rules. Her breath caught in her throat, and she stared up with wide eyes into Gus's face. His features no longer held his usual infuriating smirk. Instead he smoldered with a hunger that made Monica's belly fill with butterflies.

There was suddenly a dangerous, crackling tension between them. Monica could feel the power resting in this older, larger man's body. She felt weak and delicate in his arms. The warm fuzziness of the alcohol and the thrill of victory already had her body pulsing with adrenaline.

Monica had never considered Gus an attractive man. In fact, she had laughed at the very thought that other college girls agreed to go on dates with him. But in that strange, heated moment, she got it. All night Gus had demonstrated his confidence. His power. His resources. He wasn't traditionally attractive, but he was a man who was bold and daring enough to reach out and take what he wanted, rules be damned. And right, now Monica was what he wanted. That thought had an odd heat all its own.

Monica couldn't explain why she didn't pull away when Gus craned his neck down. She should have. She knew that. She didn't have any interest in Gus; it wasn't right. But still, something kept her frozen as Gus's lips met hers and his powerful, muscled arms pulled her soft body tight to him.

As she turned the memory over in her mind over the next few days, Monica wished that she could say she was simply shocked and frozen as it happened. But that wasn't the truth. She made a mistake in that moment. She kissed him back. Her lips gripped his. Her arms returned his squeeze. And when his thick tongue slipped experimentally into her mouth, her tongue flicked curiously to meet it.

One of Gus's hands moved, seeking and grabbing her wrist... tugging it downward between them to his crotch. Monica was caught in his spell, not thinking at all, just going with the flow and letting herself be guided just like Gus had done a few minutes before with the gun. Gus moved her hand down to a shockingly large bulge, throbbing and rock hard.

Her fingers hesitated, then gave it a light squeeze...

"You can't do that here," said a tired voice.

The outside observer made the reality of the situation hit Monica like a ton of bricks. She leapt away from Gus, blushing furiously and unsure what had come over her. A thin, bored-looking employee stood nearby with a broom and one of those dustbins on a stick. "I mean... you guys should know better than to... you know... in public."

"We weren't...!" began Monica, almost dying of embarrassment.

Gus cut her off with a hand on her shoulder, saying, "Sorry about that, buddy. Won't happen again."

The employee grunted and moved away, and Monica awkwardly shrugged off Gus's hand. She didn't even know what to say to him. How had she let things go that far? She couldn't even look him in the eyes. Her stomach flipped and squirmed.

"Monica," said Gus calmly, calling her attention back to him. "I'm sorry."

That settled her a little. She had been half-worried that Gus would try something else with her, but an apology was a good sign. She managed to take a deep breath and look into his solemn brown eyes, wringing her hands. "Gus... that was bad. That kind of thing just can't happen. I'm only doing this whole thing for my boyfriend."

"I agree. It was a mistake," said Gus firmly. "We both just got carried away with the drinks and winning the game. It won't happen again."

Monica stared at him with a conflicted expression, then nodded. "Right. Yeah. It had better not. A kiss on the cheek is one thing, but something like that..." For some reason, the spark of heat she had felt wasn't completely going away. Monica closed her eyes and cupped her hot cheeks in her hands. She felt all mixed up now. *How the fuck did that happen? With Gus? He's gross! Isn't he?*

"I think it's time you got home," said Gus gently. "You still need to show your man the time of his life, right? I bet he is all heated up and ready for you at this point."

Monica nodded, the spark of heat inside her growing hotter. That was right. This whole evening was all about Sam, so when you thought about it, it was really just starting. "So... that was just a little mistake right?" she confirmed, looking sidelong at Gus. "One that we won't repeat?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die," said Gus solemnly.

"The last thing I would want is to get between you and your boyfriend."

“Oh no you don’t,” growled Sam, leaning forward and locking in. “You think you can get away from me that easily? You’re mine, Monica.”

Monica giggled, rapidly mashing buttons on the controller as her floppy-limbed character fired its jetpack in a desperate attempt to escape Sam while he still held the power up.

It was no use. She was cornered, and a moment later her character scattered in a colorful explosion as Sam caught up to her.

Monica pouted cutely and tossed aside the controller. Sam felt a swell of affection for his girlfriend as he took her in his arms and kissed her obnoxiously over and over. After a few minutes of playfully resisting, she caved in, laughing and kissing him back.

“I don’t know why you’re struggling to find someone to play Boosternauts. It’s fun!” said Sam as Monica lay with her head resting on his chest. For a second there, he thought that the little play fight was going to turn into sex, but Monica was obviously a little distracted. He wasn’t that worried about it. They had been having incredible sex lately, and he was sure that he would get his chance before bed.

Monica sighed and frowned faintly, staring into space. “That’s the problem, though. It’s fun, but it’s silly. People don’t take the game very seriously, so it isn’t the kind of game that most people train for.”

Sam nodded, running his fingers through his girlfriend’s hair and thinking about what he could do to support her in her quest to field a competitive gaming team. There was only one obvious solution.

“Hey, I mean, I could train for it,” said Sam lightly. “Maybe we could be on the same team then.”

Monica raised an eyebrow at him skeptically. Normally she would tease him at this point, but Sam could tell she was holding back her true thoughts about his idea. While Monica was a competitive player at several games, Sam had always been more of an... enthusiast. He loved playing games, but he wasn’t exactly crushing the competition when he played. He was maybe just a little above average.

“That’s sweet, babe,” said Monica, craning her head upward to plant a kiss on his lips. “I’ll bring it up when I meet with Gus tomorrow.”

The mention of the professor’s name sent a rapid succession of feelings pulsing through Sam. Anger, excitement, jealousy, lust. Monica herself seemed completely unbothered. Just as promised, she hadn’t teased or taunted Sam about Gus the past few days, outside of the sex they had right afterward. She obviously hadn’t intended it as a tease at all to mention that she was meeting Gus in his office again the next day. To her, those meetings were just business.

But Sam couldn't be so blasé about it. Letting his girlfriend go out with a man he disliked still filled him with volatile, volcanic lust. The fact that Monica treated the whole thing so casually almost made it worse. She saw absolutely no issue with meeting Gus alone in his office. To her, the dates were a completely separate thing.

Sam still had a sneaking suspicion that the Ogre was up to something, but he wasn't sure if that was just paranoia and a lingering effect of his explosive sexual jealousy. Gus had been following all the rules so far... or at least, he had come pretty close. There had been that picture of Monica kissing the professor's cheek, which still made Sam uncomfortable to think about. They hadn't really talked about the picture after that night. Sam had rationalized that since it was Monica touching Gus rather than the other way around, it didn't even count as a violation in the first place.

Concerning, but not a deal breaker. And, honestly, Sam couldn't argue with the results. Each time Monica had gone out with Gus, it had led to the best sex they had ever had, and their relationship was as strong as ever otherwise. He probably needed to relax a little and save the angst for when it was actually sexy: during the days when they had dates.

Sam sat stroking his girlfriend's hair, all these thoughts flashing through his mind. He didn't realize the physical reaction he was having until Monica reached down and squeezed his crotch with a little affectionate scoff, her eyes sparkling as she asked, "Really, Tiger? You can't even hear his name without getting worked up?"

Sam didn't exactly have a raging erection, but he was definitely at half-mast. He spluttered and blushed, trying his best to deflect the question. "Jesus, Monica! No, I was just thinking about... something else!"

"Something else. Right," said Monica with a giggle. "Ok, well, I promised not to tease you outside of date nights, but speaking of which..." Even though her tone was still casual, Monica's beautiful blue eyes were serious as she asked, "Do you think we should set up our next date at the meeting tomorrow?"

The question sent a shock through Sam, and, embarrassingly, he felt himself growing hard beneath Monica's grasping hand. He wasn't sure what to say. On the one hand, another night of pacing the floor and wondering what was going on with his girlfriend and the Ogre across town sounded like sheer torture. On the other, part of him craved the wild, passionate reclaiming sex he knew they would have afterward.

Monica seemed to answer for him, rubbing her hand up and down his now fully-stiff erection and saying with a smirk, "I guess I'll take this for a yes." Then she saw the conflict on his face and her teasing expression softened. She reached up and touched his cheek, making eye contact with him. "Hey... don't worry so much, Tiger. This is all for you. For us. I'm doing it because we find it hot."

Sam nodded, doing his best to put aside the angst already rising inside him. Monica was having a blast with the kinky arrangement; he could tell. He was the anchor in their relationship, but the thing about anchors was that they could sometimes be a drag. There had to be a balance. Sometimes he needed to let Monica be wild and have her fun. Otherwise he would just be the boring guy who was always saying no. He knew that if he really objected and put his foot down, Monica would drop the arrangement with Gus in a heartbeat, but Sam worried that it would go on an invisible “cons” list that Monica wasn’t even consciously making.

The dates could be distressing, but he would get the catharsis afterward. Besides, he had to admit that the whole thing was hot, even if he didn’t fully understand why.

“Let’s do it,” said Sam, attempting to sound casual. “I’m sure the old man is lonely. I can throw him a bone by letting him take you out again.”

Monica found that hilarious. “Ooh, how generous! I’ll see what he thinks. But for tonight...” She gripped his cock tight as she planted another long, lingering kiss on her boyfriend’s lips. “I want you to be generous to me. Come to bed, Sam. I want you to give me everything you’ve got...”

...

Meeting with Gus was no big deal. Today wasn’t even about the whole dating arrangement. It was mainly about club business.

But still, Monica’s heart beat faster as her engineering lecture let out and she realized that it was time. She was headed for the Ogre’s office for their meeting, to see him for the first time since their date.

The date where they had made out.

Well, maybe “made out” was an exaggeration. The whole kiss couldn’t have lasted longer than a minute. But that minute had felt like forever, and, when it came to kissing an older man who wasn’t your boyfriend, even one minute was too long.

It had been a mistake. Gus had said so right afterward. And Monica had actually been able to put it out of her mind that night and have the sexy fun with Sam that she had planned. But forgetting the kiss completely wasn’t as easy as she had thought. The memory of it had been eating away at her for the past few days. Not just because of the guilt, either.

The real issue was that the kiss had been kind of hot.

Not because Monica found Gus attractive. He was built like an overweight neanderthal. But something about the way the crude older man had just seized what he wanted, not even giving a fuck that it was wrong... Monica knew it was fucked up, and she would never admit her

feelings on the matter, even under pain of torture, but when she thought back to the sudden stolen kiss, a little spark of heat kindled inside her.

The only way through was to pretend it wasn't a big deal and fake it until she made it. Gus had said it was a mistake and apologized, and what Sam didn't know couldn't hurt him. Other than that one little glitch, the last date had worked exactly how they wanted, building Sam up into a frenzy and unlocking a smoldering dominance in him that Monica couldn't get enough of.

And that meant Monica had to go ahead with the next date. If she tried to call it off, she would just be blowing the kiss out of proportion and making it a bigger deal than it really was.

Gus's spacious, well-furnished office was empty as usual as Monica knocked on the open door. Gus smiled at her over the laptop he had open on his desk.

Monica felt her heart skip a beat as their eyes met, a reaction she swiftly crushed as soon as she recognized it. *Nope. We're not doing that. He's a pompous old creep I'm using as a tool to tease my boyfriend. That's where my interest in him ends.*

Monica forced herself to keep eye contact with the professor and smile casually as she crossed the room and sat in one of the chairs across from his desk. "Good afternoon, professor," she said calmly. "You wanted to talk logistics for the tournament?"

"That's right," said Gus smoothly, flashing her a shiny smile and tapping a pen idly on a legal pad he had laid out next to his laptop with a few bullet points. "I wanted to talk a little bit about the sponsorship, and see where you are at with building the roster."

"Sure," said Monica, hesitating a little. The team sponsorship was a good thing. A necessary thing, considering that the club funds wouldn't be able to cover the expense of travelling to the tournament, and that there was no way they would attract enough team members if they made them pay their own way. But still, Monica was hoping that the money wouldn't come with too many strings attached.

Gus laughed, reading the nervous reaction on Monica's face. "Oh, don't worry so much! I just wanted to let you know that my friend at Zizzle sent over the stipulations for the team jerseys, and I made a mockup to show how they'll look."

He turned the laptop around on his desk and Monica made a face before she could stop herself. The uniforms were very... pink. Well, to be fair, pink *and* black. They also featured the Zizzle logo prominently on the chest. Zizzle was a dating app, although Monica had heard it was mostly used for hookups rather than people looking for long-term partners. The logo matched the app's reputation. It was a pair of luscious hot-pink lips, with the lower lip slightly distorted by teeth biting it lightly.

The resulting jersey left quite the impression, to say the least. “I... might have a few notes,” said Monica faintly.

“I know, I know,” said Gus with a chagrined sigh and a shrug. “The issue is that Zizzle won’t budge on using the app’s color scheme and the logo. Maybe I can make it look a little more subtle.”

The rest of the stipulations weren’t as concerning as the flamboyant shirt. If the team was interviewed by anyone, they would have to give a shout-out to the company, thanking them for the sponsorship. It didn’t feel especially likely, considering CEL was only a college-level tournament and wasn’t likely to be big news. There was also something about keeping the option open for the team members to film an advertisement for the app, but Gus explained that that would probably only happen if the team won the whole thing, and even then would probably just be a short video for the website bragging about sponsoring the winners.

The conversation felt a lot easier than Monica had feared. Gus, as he had promised, wasn’t pushing things further, and if he remembered that the last time they saw each other, they had locked lips, he gave zero indication of that.

Eventually, the discussion turned to team members. “Katie’s on board to play Strike Team 4,” said Monica confidently. “She needs a little more practice, but she’s worried about her courses this semester, and that has made her hesitant to say yes at all, let alone spend all her time practicing. We might need to take what we can get with her, but I’m confident she can do well.”

“Sounds like a plan,” said Gus cheerfully, leaning forward and tenting his fingers. “How about Boostro-nauts? I remember you saying that one is a little tricky.”

“That one is tougher,” admitted Monica.

“I took the liberty of asking around the Gaming Club to see if anyone was interested. One of the members seemed pretty confident he was the best Boostro-nauts player in the Club.”

Monica raised her eyebrows in pleased surprise, but then her enthusiasm curdled as she realized what Gus was likely talking about. “Oh God, tell me it wasn’t Aiden,” she groaned.

“I think that was the kid’s name, yeah,” said Gus, tilting his head in curiosity at Monica’s exasperated reaction.

“Aiden thinks he’s the best player at *every* game,” said Monica with a roll of her eyes. “And he’s wrong. He’s not the guy we need.”

It would really take someone with no knowledge of video games to assume that Aiden was telling the truth with his empty boasting. He was an obnoxious little shthead of a sophomore who thought he was God’s gift to women and gaming, in that order. His immediate assumption

that girls were inherently worse at games and his obvious infatuation with Monica from the very beginning had combined to make the underclassman walking, breathing nails on a chalkboard to Monica. Sam had been forced to set the annoying kid straight last year, and he had been sulky around both Sam and Monica ever since.

“Well, he certainly seems eager,” said Gus with a shrug. “And when push comes to shove, the top priority is filling that spot. Is there anyone else who showed any interest?”

Monica hesitated for a second. Sam had offered to train for the game just last night, but she still wasn’t completely sold on the idea. It was a sweet gesture, but she knew that Sam wasn’t the ideal person for the team. Besides, this competitive gaming team was her dream. She and Sam had done everything in the club as co-captains so far, and she knew that if he joined her on the competitive team, that’s how people would see it again: a venture by the two co-captains rather than something Monica made happen on her own.

But she also knew that reaction was a little petty, and besides, Gus was right. The number one priority had to be filling the slots on the team. “Actually,” she said pleasantly, “Sam said that he might be interested. He isn’t exactly a big player of the game right now, but he still has some time to train.”

The mention of Sam clearly caught Gus’s interest, and Monica didn’t think it was because of her boyfriend’s offer to play Blastronauts. Monica’s belly flip-flopped at the sight of the smirk that crossed her professor’s broad face.

It looked like they were leaving the safe topic of club business.

“Ha! I’m not surprised that he wants to tag along to the tournament,” said Gus, pushing back from his desk and standing to pace the room. “A controlling guy like him? The thought of you crossing state lines to hang out with a bunch of nerds more skilled than he is probably has him shaking in his boots!”

Monica crossed her legs and glared up at Gus as he moved to a bookshelf and began fiddling with an abstract sculpture on display there. The dynamic felt a little different now that she was sitting and he had stood, and she wasn’t sure she liked it. She recognized the little barb for what it was; Gus was trying to get a rise out of her for some reason... probably because he was sort of an ass and couldn’t help it. “Sam isn’t controlling,” she said stiffly, keeping herself cool with an effort. “And he knows that he has nothing to worry about when I take a trip. But you already know that. It takes a secure man to trust their girlfriend with our little arrangement.”

Gus turned to look over his shoulder at her, raising an eyebrow and sporting a cheeky grin. “Right.” It was a simple word, but it seemed to carry a lot of freighted meaning. A hot blush rose to Monica’s face. Was he implying something? Before she could reply, Gus was already moving on. “Well anyway, I’m happy I could help spice up your evening the other night. Speaking of

which, I never got a chance to ask. Did lover boy enjoy the experience? Did the pic turn him on just like I said?"

Monica bit her lip, but this time it was to hide a smile. Gus had just tried to push the envelope, but as usual, pushing back had brought things back to safety. He was back to his helpful self. She had to admit that Gus's suggestion to send Sam a fairly tame photo, then not text him back, had worked better than Monica ever expected. She didn't really want to encourage the Ogre's cocky attitude, but she reluctantly admitted, "Alright, alright, you were on the money with that one. He was really worked up by the time I got back. I guess I never thanked you for the date. So thanks."

Gus turned with a big smile, drawing closer. Without warning, he reached out and laid a broad palm on Monica's shoulder. She shivered at the contact, but didn't pull away. It was breaking the rules once again, but they had already broken the rules much worse than this... and besides, it was a fairly innocent gesture. "Don't mention it," said Gus in a low voice. "I'd be happy to help out again. Are you interested in another date?"

Monica swallowed and composed herself. *Fake it till you make it. Don't give him any indication that you're thinking about that kiss. This is all about Sam, not Gus.* But even after reminding herself of what this was all about, Monica didn't meet Gus's eyes as she said in a false, bright voice, "Yeah, actually. We were thinking it was about time to try another."

"Perfect!" said Gus warmly. "What about a lunch date? Doing it in the middle of the day might add an interesting twist." His hand actually gripped a little tighter, massaging Monica's shoulder as he loomed over her. It was sort of unbelievable to her that he was just touching her that confidently, as if he was sure she wouldn't mind. But then again, she wasn't exactly calling him out either. Monica had never had a problem speaking up before, but for some reason she couldn't bring herself to call Gus out. His confidence reminded her of how he acted on their last date; just doing whatever he wanted without worrying about right or wrong. Strangely, Monica found that she didn't mind his hand on her shoulder as much as she should. It felt weirdly right.

Monica realized that she had been zoning out, focusing on the feeling of Gus's hand as it rubbed her shoulder and not answering what he said. Just as she had that thought, though, Gus's hand slid over and lightly touched her chin, tilting it upward and forcing her to make eye contact with him.

"Monica? Lunch Date?" His voice was deep and relaxed. Monica felt a strange energy crackle between their eyes as their gazes met.

"Yeah, sure," she said, her breezy brightness a little forced. "That sounds like fun." Gus's thumb and forefinger lingered there on her chin, and Monica realized that she had let things go too far. By staying quiet when he rubbed her shoulder, she had given the Ogre the green light to touch her whenever he wanted. She needed to course-correct; otherwise, this could be bad.

Monica stood, feeling flustered and uncertain, breaking eye contact once again as the professor's fingers fell away. The sudden awkward tension felt totally foreign to Monica; she was used to being confident and in charge. She was the one who flustered other people. She had worried that things would feel awkward after the kiss... but for some reason Gus himself seemed totally unaffected. Maybe just because he was an adult. One little kiss probably seemed like small potatoes to him. Monica cursed herself for feeling this flustered about a little mistake and not being able to move past it. She didn't even like Gus! He was an obnoxious, ugly old man.

Maybe this whole arrangement needed rethinking. Dating Gus might be more dangerous than she thought if she was going to feel this mixed up around him. Either way, right now it was time to go.

Gus just stood watching Monica with a polite smile on his face, as if touching her shoulder and tilting her chin up had been nothing, and filling Monica's stomach with butterflies was completely unintentional. Monica forced a casual smile onto her face and said coolly, "Well, Professor, unless there is anything else you would like to discuss, I think I had better be going. Need to get back to my boyfriend."

The reference to Sam was awkward and shoehorned in, but somehow Monica felt like it was essential in this moment. Tension filled the air, and Monica was eager to leave and let it dissipate. Then maybe she could figure out what the hell she was feeling and consider what her next steps should be.

But Gus didn't immediately and politely say goodbye like Monica had been hoping. Instead, he took a step closer, until his powerful bulk was looming over her. Monica felt frozen in place, her personal space invaded by Gus's powerful, assertive presence. She opened her mouth to ask what the fuck he thought he was doing, but Gus beat her to the punch, speaking first.

"Have you been thinking a lot about our last date?" he murmured, his warm brown eyes seeking and finding hers.

Such beautiful eyes in such an ugly face. When Monica looked into his confident gaze, she almost forgot what a prick he was. "Yeah. It was fun. I love minigolf." She was babbling, spitting out the first thing that came into her brain in a feeble attempt at controlling the situation and remaining nonchalant.

Gus brushed aside her attempt with ease. "That's not what I meant," he said, his voice a deep rumble that vibrated in Monica's chest. His hand reached out again, tilting her chin upward, even though she had already been looking him in the eyes. Everything seemed to be happening in slow motion. The spark that Monica had been desperately trying to crush since before the meeting started leapt into a full flame.

"I was talking more about the kiss," said Gus, his neck craning downward.

Monica realized what was about to happen. She wasn't stupid, just frazzled. Gus was trying to kiss her again. That was bad in and of itself, but what was worse than the pervy old professor wanting to kiss her was that part of Monica wanted it as well. Recognizing that desire finally forced Monica into action. She pushed away from Gus, eyes wide and heart fluttering. She opened her mouth to say something, then just shook her head and turned to leave the office, mind whirling with confusion and a shameful spark of arousal.

Gus didn't say anything as she left. When Monica glanced over her shoulder on her way through the door, the Ogre was just staring after her, face neutral and eyes burning.

Monica sat in the library for a few minutes afterward, hoping to calm down and process what happened, but it didn't help. She would have to go back to Sam soon, before he got worried about what was taking her so long.

One thing was for sure... she would have to be more careful around Gus. Not just because of him, but also because of how she felt.

...

Gus waited until Monica was well out of earshot before softly cursing and turning back to sit behind his desk. He pulled out the bottle of scotch and one of the glasses he kept stashed in his bottom drawer and poured himself a finger.

It had been a major misplay. There was no getting around that. Gus felt an impulse to reach out through text. To try to put a little aftertouch on what happened and soften his fuckup, but he knew that that would just make it worse. It had been a bold move to go for another kiss, and he had underestimated the girl a little.

He knew that Monica was already coming around. He could see it in her eyes. The way her gaze lingered a little longer than it used to. The date had planted the seed, just like he had intended it to. It just hadn't sprouted enough for another kiss. Now he might have scared her off for good.

Gus took a sip of the Amber liquid and felt the burn slide down his throat. He closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. The only thing to be done now was wait, as frustrating as that was. If he tried to force things, Monica would get more spooked than she already was.

If the seed he had planted was still growing, she would be back. Patience was key when trying to break down a high-quality woman like Monica.

...

Sam was just about to send Monica a text asking where she was when the door flew open, and she stormed inside. Sam frowned and sat up, setting aside the controller. He had been practicing with Blastronauts after class, but based on the wild look in Monica's eyes, the game would just have to wait.

"Babe? What's up?" he asked, concerned by the strange gleam in his girlfriend's eyes. He couldn't tell if she was upset or wildly excited by something.

Monica just shook her head, then mounted the couch next to him on her knees, grabbing his head without warning and pulling him into a sudden, passionate kiss.

Sam revved up from zero to horny instantly, his cock rapidly pumping to life in his pants as his girlfriend's hot lips and tongue worked on him. He kissed her back, pressing eagerly forward into her, his tongue snaking out to meet hers even as her hand reached greedily between his legs, kneading and rubbing his stiffening cock.

Sam pulled away, panting, staring deep into Monica's blazing blue eyes. "Did something happen?" he asked nervously. "In your meeting with..."

Monica pressed forward again, cutting him off with an insistent kiss, nipping at his lower lip with her teeth. "No talking," she hissed as she pulled away from him again, her hands already fumbling at his belt. "I want you. Now."

Sam was still a little weirded out by his girlfriend's strange mood right after coming home from a meeting with the Ogre, but he also wasn't the type to look a gift horse in the mouth. There was plenty of time to discuss what had happened afterward, and right now he didn't want anything to get in the way of a steamy encounter with his beautiful, horny girlfriend.

Finally, Monica managed to roughly strip Sam's pants and boxers down to his ankles, allowing his raging erection to bounce free. Monica's hand wrapped around it instantly, milking her fist up and down its throbbing length and giving her hand a little twist every time it reached his leaking head. Sam moaned into her mouth as she continued to kiss him deeply, and his hands rose to grope and squeeze her chest over the clothes.

Seeing how enthusiastic her boyfriend was getting, Monica let out a muffled chuckle and arched her back, pushing her tits forward and presenting them for Sam's hands to explore. They felt amazing... soft and heavy and round beneath his hands. For a few minutes, the couple just enjoyed each other, Monica's hand pumping up and down in a tight, slow handjob, and Sam squeezing and rubbing and palming handfuls of his girlfriend's amazing tits while they made out. But her bra was still in the way, and Sam wanted to feel her warm skin and stiff, throbbing nipples directly on his fingers, lips, and tongue.

When he reached down to begin tugging Monica's shirt upward over her head, though, she pushed his hands away impatiently.

“No. I can’t wait anymore,” she gasped, pulling away from the kiss again, cheeks flushed and eyes shining. “You deserve a special treat, Tiger, and I’m going to give it to you.”

She slipped to her knees between his legs, her hands returning to Sam’s throbbing cock as soon as she got into position. Sam could feel his heart beating a thousand miles a minute, slamming against his ribs as Monica stared up at him, her eyes burning with turbulent energy. The sexual tension that crackled in the air between them as they locked eyes was intense.

Just as powerful as it had been after Monica’s dates.

That thought sent another twist of disquiet worming its way through Sam’s belly, but the feeling had no opportunity to grow. Before Sam could even think twice about why she was so horny, Monica leaned over and took his cockhead between her lips, maintaining her smoldering eye contact all the while.

“Oh fuuuck,” groaned Sam, pushing his hips forward into the incredible sensation. Monica began swiftly bobbing her head up and down his throbbing shaft, shining chestnut hair swaying with the frantic rhythm. She wasn’t wasting any time today. There were no soft kisses or teasing words or any sort of build-up. Her neck just bobbed up and down while her tongue swirled over every inch of her boyfriend’s cock, sucking and slurping wildly as she stared up at him with her beautiful blue eyes. The eyes that still brimmed with some emotion that Sam couldn’t quite place.

It felt absolutely incredible, but it was too much, too fast. Sam prided himself on lasting long enough for Monica to have fun as well, and he was about to cum even though she was still in her clothes. If she wasn’t careful, he was going to finish in her mouth before the fun had really started.

“Babe, slow down,” he grunted, taking deep breaths through his nose and trying as hard as he could to focus and not cum. “If you don’t, I might...”

Monica popped up off his cock, her lips shiny with saliva. Her hand took her mouth’s place, pumping up and down his cock with obscene squelching noises. “Give it to me!” she rasped in a warm, sultry purr. “Don’t hold back. I want you to blow your fucking load right down my throat, Tiger. Fucking do it.” By now she didn’t look troubled so much as she did horny, and Sam’s cock twitched in her hand at the erotic display of his gorgeous woman serving him on her knees.

Shit... well, if she wanted him to cum, Sam certainly wasn’t going to insist on holding back. Slow and sensual was fun in its own way, but if Monica wanted to give him the gift of a fast, intense, red-hot orgasm, Sam would happily accept. Monica saw the eagerness in his eyes and grin split her face. “That’s it, baby boy,” she murmured with a little teasing lick to the tip of his cock. “Drain those balls for me.” Then she engulfed him once again in the wet, welcoming warmth of her mouth, swallowing him deep, then rapidly bobbing her cock up and down his dick, her soft lips

forming a vacuum seal around his throbbing shaft. Her tongue swirled and licked as she went, sending flickering jolts of pure sexual ecstasy radiating out from Sam's cock.

Sam gave in completely to the pleasure of his girlfriend's tongue and lips, not bothering to hold himself back anymore. Monica had been getting a lot more practice at blowjobs the past few weeks, and he could already feel the improvement. Her swirling tongue and gripping lips propelled him right to the edge of orgasm in minutes.

"I'm gonna cum, babe," gasped Sam out of habit. Although Monica had just been dirty talking about letting him cum down her throat, he didn't assume that she meant it. Normally, Monica finished him into her hand rather than let him cum in her mouth. But this time she didn't stop. She maintained her swift pace, locking eyes with Sam as he felt his climax grip him. He groaned, reaching down to hold the back of Monica's head instinctively, feeling his cock twitch and release spurt after spurt of hot, sticky cum to pool on her wicked little tongue.

Monica stopped the sinuous bobbing motion of her neck, slowly swirling her tongue around the head of Sam's cock, coaxing out every last drop of cum as a hazy look of satisfaction settled over her. Finally, when Sam was utterly drained, she rose from between his legs and made her way silently to the bathroom. No doubt she was going to spit out the load Sam had just filled her mouth with. Dirty talk was one thing, but Sam wasn't exactly shocked that Monica didn't want to swallow his cum when the heat of the moment was over.

Sam stared at her retreating back with a frown. Now that the heat of the moment was dying down for him as well, the sudden intensity from Monica right after her meeting with Gus felt strange. Sam stewed on the issue as he heard Monica brushing her teeth, and the more he thought about it, the less he liked it. By the time Monica returned to the couch and snuggled up to him, he was in a funk.

Monica, for once, seemed to have no intention of starting a conversation. She hugged her man close, laying her head on his shoulder, eyes closed as she seemed to relax completely. Sam tried to think of a way to bring up his concern, but there didn't seem to be any elegant entry point to the conversation. Finally, he just came out and asked.

"So, what happened at the meeting?"

Monica let out a bitter sigh, pressing her face down into his shoulder. "Gus was an asshole. As usual. I really should have known it wasn't that easy for a guy like him to change his ways."

Sam's frown deepened. Monica clearly wasn't enthusiastic about this topic of conversation, but he had to know. "So what exactly did he do?"

Monica paused long enough that Sam thought she might be refusing to answer, and for a second, jealousy and despair writhed in his guts. Then Monica said dryly, "He said something sort of rude about you in passing. That you're controlling. I didn't appreciate it."

“Controlling?” Sam scoffed. “I’d like to see a controlling boyfriend trust their girlfriend going out with another man!” *What the fuck? Gus is trying to badmouth me in front of my girlfriend?* It was deeply annoying, and now Sam knew exactly what had set Monica off.

“That’s what I said, babe,” agreed Monica fervently. “Trust me, I’m not just going to let some cocky asshole talk shit about my boyfriend.” She kissed him on the cheek, and Sam felt the tension inside him unwind. He should have known. Gus couldn’t be trusted, but Monica could.

But even as Sam relaxed and wrapped his arms around his girlfriend, drawing her closer, she surprised him once again. “Hey,” she said tentatively, looking up at him with a worried expression, “do you think maybe we should give up on this whole Gus dating thing?”

Sam froze as conflicting impulses flooded through him. On the one hand, it was gratifying to hear the suggestion from Monica. If she was considering halting the arrangement, that meant that he was all that she needed, and the extra spice of jealousy and teasing was just icing on the cake. In some ways, part of him had wanted to hear those words from her for a long time.

But Sam was shocked to feel another reaction rise up inside him, more powerfully than he ever would have thought.

Disappointment.

It was absurd to feel disappointed after being so angsty and troubled by the whole dating arrangement with Gus, but Sam couldn’t deny the strength of the feeling welling up inside him. Watching Monica go on her two dates with the cocky old creep had been emotional torture, but also deeply erotic. Painful, yet satisfying, like picking a scab or scratching a bad bug bite. And a shameful part of his brain was unhappy with the idea that the crazy rollercoaster might be over.

Unhappy enough that he found himself digging a little deeper.

“That’s a surprise,” Sam commented mildly, picking a loose thread on the cuff of Monica’s hoodie. “You seemed to be really into the arrangement up until today. Why the change of heart?”

Monica sighed, avoiding her boyfriend’s eyes just as much as Sam avoided hers. “I don’t know... Gus is just such an asshole. Like I said, I thought for a second that I had misjudged him, but I’m not so sure anymore.”

Sam shrugged. “I mean, I’ve known that since the beginning. To be honest, that’s part of what makes it so hot, knowing that you’re going out with a sleazy creep.”

Monica sighed and threaded her fingers through Sam’s. She was silent for a moment, then her blazing blue eyes rose to meet his. Sam was struck by how beautiful she was, with her soft

brown hair framing her perfect face. It almost distracted him from what she asked next. "Tiger, what would you do if Gus crossed the line? What if he tried to push things? Actually pursue me?"

Sam could tell that this was the heart of Monica's worry. And he couldn't say that it was misplaced. Gus had pressured Monica into the first date in the first place. He had been interested in her at some point, and he really was an arrogant prick sometimes. It wasn't out of the question that he would try something sneaky. That was where some of the thrill came from.

But there was a difference between erotic jealousy and paranoia and the truth. Sam planted a kiss right between his girlfriend's creased brows and said, "I don't think that's going to happen, babe. You wouldn't let a guy like the Ogre get anywhere, and we both know it. What does it matter if he tries something if he has absolutely no shot at succeeding? I know he's a jerk, but I don't think he would... You know... refuse to take no for an answer."

But Sam's words obviously didn't reassure Monica. She shook her head with a scowl, straightening up and pushing away from Sam a little bit. "But we already did break the rules, didn't we?" She demanded. A pink blush was creeping into her cheeks, and Sam couldn't help but find it cute, despite how serious Monica was being. "When we sent you that picture of me kissing his cheek, I mean. How do you know that he won't cross the line again? I went along with it last time, and you thought it was hot, but where is the red line? When does it stop?"

She brought up a good point. Maybe Monica was right, and this whole arrangement was too dangerous to continue. But Sam was realizing, to his surprise, that he wasn't ready to be done yet. Monica's teasing mention of another date this morning had raised his anticipation, and he was hungry for more of the agony of jealousy, followed by the catharsis of reclamation. Sam never would have expected that he would have to defend the arrangement, but now that he was in this position, he couldn't help it. He had to see how deep this erotic rabbit hole went.

Sam reached out and cupped Monica's cheeks, pulling her into a tender kiss. Then he stared into her eyes. "I might act like I'm worried, babe, but I know the truth. You know where the real line is, right here." He tapped her chest. "I know that, no matter how many games you play, no matter how badly you tease, you would never really betray me. So it doesn't matter how Gus pushes, or even if you cross a line to make things a little spicier. We're in this together, and I trust you completely."

It was the right thing to say. Monica let out a deep sigh, then kissed him back. "You have a way with words; you know that, Tiger?" she said with the hint of a grin pulling up the edges of her lips. "But I think maybe you're just saying all that because the whole thing with the Ogre gets your dick hard."

Sam laughed, glad that the strange, fraught moment was past. "No comment. Did you set up the next date that you said you were going to?"

“Not yet,” said Monica with a shrug. “I just peaced out of there after the Ogre got rude. But I can discuss it with him when we meet on Thursday. I’ve got to set the guy straight. Like you said, I’m in charge of the line, and I’m not going to have the man disrespect our relationship.”

Sam was going to delve a little deeper into what exactly Monica wanted to do on the next date, but a moment later she made it obvious that she was done with the topic for now. She smiled at him and gestured toward the paused game on the screen. “So you’ve been practicing, I see! Good boy. Show me what you’ve learned. If you can’t even beat me, there’s no way I can bring you to the tournament.”

“Bring it on,” growled Sam, grabbing the controller and leaning forward with an exaggerated attitude of determination.

The topic of Gus could wait. He and Monica were on the same page again, and the dating game would continue. As long as she was able to get the Ogre back into line, that was.

...

Gus was surprised, but pleased to see Monica keep her appointment with him just a few days later. He had actually prepared a little backup plan in case she didn’t show up, but it didn’t look like that would be necessary. Monica marched into the room with her back straight and her jaw set. Today she was wearing ripped jeans and one of those baggy hoodies she seemed to love. Gus made a mental note to excise the shrouding clothes from her wardrobe once she was his. He wanted every other man to see her hot little body and fume with jealousy over what belonged to Gus alone.

Determination burned in Monica’s eyes as she took her seat across from Gus in front of his desk. She obviously intended to tell him off, but that wasn’t a problem. Gus’s main concern was that she would decide to ignore him completely. Opposition was still engagement. It still gave him a chance to sink his hooks deeper. So he was more than willing to hear any complaints that she had.

“Welcome back,” said Gus pleasantly, refusing to react to her clear displeasure. “Ready to talk club business? I want to discuss the registration paperwork for this big tournament.”

Monica glared at him, then let out an angry little breath through her nose, and cut impulsively right to the heart of the matter.

“What you did yesterday was fucked up.”

Gus prepared to play dumb, but Monica could see the look on his face and headed him off before he could even get the words out of his mouth. “You can’t just kiss me like that, Gus. It’s not ok.”

She was breathing heavily and had a righteous determination in her eyes, glaring at him with her arms firmly crossed beneath her juicy little tits. Gus had a sudden impulse to shove her against a wall, pin her wrists above her head, and kiss her until she apologized for being such a brat, but he restrained himself. He would get his kiss... unless he was very much mistaken he would get it today. He thought the lady was protesting a little too much. Her angry defiance covered up a sea of her blossoming attraction for an older, more forceful man who knew how to handle her much better than her immature, dorky boyfriend.

But the situation called for a light touch, not brute force. Monica needed an excuse to give in. And luckily, she had a kindly old advisor ready and willing to give her one.

Gus tilted his head and put a look of polite confusion on his face. "Oh! I'm sorry then, I must have gotten the wrong impression. I really didn't think it was that big of a deal."

That did the trick. Monica was pulled up short right before the lecture she was planning to give. The look on her face was now sheer affronted exasperation. "What? Not a big deal?" she demanded in disbelief. "You know that you were completely breaking the rules, right? The ones you agreed to?"

Gus shrugged, maintaining his air of polite confusion. "Well, sure, but we were also breaking the rules when you kissed me on the cheek. I'll admit that the lips are quite a bit more intense, but it's all in service of turning up the heat for your boyfriend, right?"

Monica was quickly growing flustered. "It's not the same thing, and you know it," she insisted hotly, a pink blush creeping into her cheeks.

Gus leaned forward over his desk, lacing his fingers. "Why not?"

Monica didn't respond, but Gus already knew the real answer. The kiss on the lips was different because it had set a flickering fire burning right between the little cock-tease's legs. To admit that was to admit that she had been aroused by Gus, though, and it was still too early for that. If he had his way, Monica's pouty, kissable lips would be wrapped around his thick cock, not just meeting his... but putting Monica's natural dick-sucking lips to their intended purpose would have to wait for now. Kissing was the path forward for coaxing this little slut deeper under his spell, and he knew just the way to guarantee that Monica would allow the kissing to continue.

Time to play his trump card.

"Well, if that's the case, then I apologize," said Gus solemnly, standing from his desk and making his way to the door. "If it truly is a big deal, then I think it's best we cut this arrangement short and stop meeting like this. I can work with someone else on the competitive team. Oh... and I'll contact Sam directly to apologize for overstepping my bounds."

Monica froze with an adorable look of panic on her face that she tried and failed to conceal. Gus's dirty mind once again flashed to an imagined image of Monica in orgasm, glossy lips parted, eyes wide just like they were right now as his conquering cock made her feel ways her boyfriend would never be able to. With difficulty, he returned his focus to the present rather than the future. Gus was sure that Monica was smart enough to realize she was being manipulated. The question was, was she smart enough to find a way out of his snare?

I don't think so. Checkmate.

...

Monica stared at Gus as he gestured her out the door with a shit-eating grin on his face. Only now did she realize how neatly she had stepped into his trap.

If she had just told Sam about the kiss at the end of the date, this would be a non-issue. Sam would already have blown up and ended the arrangement. The problem was, at the time, Monica had convinced herself that the kiss truly wasn't that big of a deal, and it was something they could just move past. If Sam found out at this point that she had kissed Gus, whether she or the Ogre told him, it would be obvious that she kept it a secret from him initially. To make matters worse, Gus was also implying that the competitive team might be dead, or even that he would move ahead with it while cutting her out!

It was becoming clear that Gus was a lot more sly than Monica had first suspected. He had her over a barrel. She would have to play it cool.

"I mean, it isn't really that big of a deal," she muttered grudgingly. "Let's not blow this out of proportion."

Gus stalked forward, the smile on his face never wavering. "I agree completely. Kissing isn't a big deal. Heck, if lover boy knew, he would probably cream his jeans! Why make a huge stink over something inconsequential?"

Monica was furious with the cocky older man, yet for some reason, she felt that little flicker of heat growing inside her again as Gus took his seat behind his desk. The Ogre had gotten his way this time as well. He had established that kissing on the lips wasn't a dealbreaker, and Monica had been forced to agree with him. She had marched into the office intending to put the old creep in his place, and he had effortlessly flipped it on her. His ability to take what he wanted was as compelling as it was frustrating.

Well, if he thought this was going to work out in his favor, he was sorely mistaken. Monica was done underestimating Gus Pfeiffer. She glared at the grinning idiot across the desk and made up her mind: maybe she would kiss him in order to keep the peace, but it wouldn't go any further. She was positive that his plan was to parlay this into further... involvement, but she wouldn't let him. Kissing was the red line, and she wouldn't go further.

She would find some way to break the news that they were kissing to Sam too, and then all of Gus's leverage would be gone. She would stop the arrangement immediately anyway if Sam hadn't just made it clear that he wanted to keep going. Her boyfriend was trusting her, and she could handle Gus Pfeiffer no matter how sly a dog he was.

"So," said Gus, clapping his hands and rubbing them together, "to business. Let's talk about tournament registration deadlines."

Monica was a little surprised that the Ogre was just moving on from the topic instead of immediately going in for a kiss like he had tried at the end of the last meeting, but she welcomed the respite. Over the course of fifteen minutes discussing uniforms and the cutoff date for registration paperwork, Monica almost let herself forget about the kissing altogether.

But she knew better than to think that Gus would forget about it entirely.

"I think that wraps up what we needed to discuss," said Gus briskly, closing his laptop. "Except for one last little bit of business..."

Monica tensed, narrowing her eyes warily.

"We talked about setting up our next date last time, but we got interrupted. How does Friday two weeks from tomorrow sound?"

Part of Monica wanted to tell the pervy creep the date was off, or at least that she needed some time to think. After his display of strong-arming her into accepting kissing, who knew what he might try on another date? But refusing wasn't in the cards. Sam wanted to continue, and if she turned Gus down, she might have to explain why. "Ok, sure," she said testily. "We'll get lunch. Anything else?"

"Mmhm. One other thing." Gus nodded, then pulled back from his desk and beckoned her forward. "Come over here for a second."

Monica could see what was coming from a mile away. She wished she could say that she only felt anger and disgust as she rose reluctantly and circled around the desk toward the smug older man, but her belly was filled with butterflies again, remembering the illicit kiss he stole on their last date.

He was about to steal another, far more brazenly. "What?" she asked with a raised eyebrow as she approached. "What exactly do you need?" The answer was laughably obvious, but she was morbidly curious to see if he would come right out and say it or if he would play coy and try to surprise her.

“I want you to show me that kissing really isn’t that big of a deal to you,” said the older man with a smirk, sitting back in his chair and watching her with lazy satisfaction as she drew closer. “And to show me that there aren’t any hard feelings.”

Well, there you had it. He wasn’t even bothering to hide his intentions. Monica refused to give him the satisfaction of token, whining resistance. With her cheeks burning and her stomach writhing with embarrassment, she marched up to him, leaned down, and gave him a swift peck on the lips. She had a sudden, fleeting impression of the warmth radiating off him, the woodsy scent of his cologne, and the slight rasp of his stubble, and then she was straightening up again.

She had tried to keep it as quick and clinical as she could, but the feeling of his lips on hers still seemed to burn and tingle as she pulled away, and the little spark of fire inside her got just a tiny bit brighter and hotter. She hated the fact that kissing an old, ugly creep like him got a reaction from her, but there was just something so shameful about having to kiss a man like him that it was almost... as strange as it was to say, arousing.

Gus didn’t object to how brief and dry the kiss had been. He just smiled, immensely pleased with himself, and said, “Alright, well I think we’re all wrapped up then.” He gave Monica a wink and made a shooing gesture. “I’ll see you next Tuesday.”

Monica turned and stormed out, feeling humiliated and horny and confused. She was in trouble, and for the time being, she didn’t see any easy way out of it.

But her anger and panic cooled over the next few days away from the Ogre. Between Thursday and the following Tuesday, she had some time to think, and she decided that there was no reason to lose her head over this. Gus could scheme and push all he wanted, but at the end of the day he was still a creepy old man. The reason that kissing him was strangely erotic was because it was taboo. It tied back to her desire to tease her boyfriend and make him jealous. When she kissed Gus on the lips, she was just thinking about what that would do to Sam. And on that point, Gus was right even if he was being a prick about it; she was reasonably certain that if she introduced it the right way, the idea that she was kissing the Ogre would make Sam hard as a rock.

She just needed to find a way to break the filthy news to her boyfriend while softening the blow that she had kept it from him initially... but she was sure she would figure it out.

By Sunday, Monica was feeling confident once again that she had the situation completely under control. Gus might be a scheming snake, but he was right about one thing...

Kissing wasn’t actually that big of a deal.

...

When Monica knocked briskly on Gus's office door the following Tuesday, she was looking a lot less flustered. Her sharp eyes locked with Gus's without a shred of hesitation, giving him a cool, unruffled smile. Gus was pleased to see that she had chosen a T-shirt today, with some game character he didn't recognize. It was still a little baggy, but it showed off the shape of her fantastic tits a lot better than her massive hoodies. It would look even better crumpled on his bedroom floor... the first time that Gus laid eyes on his future woman's magnificent bare tits, he was going to savor the sight like a fine fucking wine.

"Afternoon, Professor," said Monica breezily. "I have good news. Like I hoped, rosters for the tournament don't need to be finalized before sign-up. Since we have a team captain locked, we can be a little more vague about who exactly is coming with until a month out."

Gus had to admit that he was impressed. When he had seen Monica's reluctant, embarrassed arousal on her way out of the office last time, he had started to think she was already crumbling. But it looked like he had been underestimating her. It would take more than one conversation of swinging his dick around to get this little firecracker to submit. He wouldn't have it any other way. Her intelligence and resistance to his manipulations would make it all the sweeter when she finally broke, moaning for more while she bounced on his cock...

But still, that resistance meant it was time to turn up the heat a little.

He played nice for the rest of the meeting, even keeping his eyes from wandering over the little slut's luscious body. He was all smiles and professionalism. But once again, when the meeting drew to a close, he beckoned Monica forward toward him.

The little brat actually rolled her eyes and sighed as she stood this time, shaking her head and saying, "Why do you even want to kiss me anyway? Wouldn't it be more fun to kiss a girl who was interested? I obviously don't like it. Did you get the wrong idea and think I was going out with you because I was interested in you or something?"

Gus actually disagreed on both counts. Maybe at the very beginning of the second date, Monica was just going in order to tease her loser boyfriend, but her interest was deeper now, even if it was still only subconscious. And as far as her disliking his kisses... well, even he had been surprised when Monica tentatively squeezed his cock that night in the arcade. He had expected her to jerk her hand away. He idly wondered if the feeling of his thick, throbbing erection had been intruding on her thoughts lately. Another image popped into his mind, of Monica rubbing her wet kitty, fingers frantically swirling as she thought back to how his cock had felt beneath her delicate fingers... He had to control his thoughts. Monica had a way of making his filthy imagination run wild. All in good time. If he wanted to earn the prize, he needed to stay focused.

Smugness wasn't the play here. He had pushed pretty hard last week in order to keep her on the hook. Now was the time to go a little softer.

“Can you really blame me?” He asked, glancing down at his hands. “I mean, I know you don’t understand this, considering you’re right in the prime of your life, but sometimes it’s hard to look at all the pretty girls who I will never be attractive to again. You’re using me as a tool to play with your hot young boyfriend. Is it really that unfair of me to want a little thrill of my own out of this arrangement?”

Monica snorted and rolled her lovely blue eyes again, flipping her silky chestnut hair. “You’re not even fifty, Gus, so don’t give me that old man crap. And it’s pretty rich to give me the ‘poor me’ speech after strong-arming me yesterday.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” said Gus loftily, risking a cheeky little grin as Monica rounded the desk toward him. Although Monica’s response had been harsh, he could tell that she was considering his words. Even for a smart girl like her, his argument made sense: if you looked at the dating arrangement on its face, the two little lovebirds were kind of screwing him over.

“You can believe whatever you want,” said Gus with a shrug. “As long as you keep kissing me, that’s all I care about.”

Monica wasn’t able to hide a little smirk as she leaned down and planted a kiss on Gus’s lips, just like last time. Gus wasn’t just bullshitting her for no reason. There was a method to his madness. He could tell that Monica enjoyed needling men. She did it all the time with her boyfriend, and as far as Gus could tell, that had been the main sexual draw for the little brat in this arrangement; Dating Gus had given her a prime opportunity to tease Sam.

So giving her the impression that her dirty old professor was desperately lusting after her but unable to act on it would pique her bratty interest, making him an irresistible target for her teasing. Or at least that was the hope.

Gus could tell that his subtle manipulation was working, at least a little. He still didn’t get any tongue on this kiss, but it was a little longer and a little warmer, and he could see a gleam in her eye as she pulled away, studying his face closely for his reaction. Gus put on his best expression of frustrated desire, and he saw Monica’s smirk increase a fraction of an inch.

She was a smart cookie, but arousal can lead to a lot of poor decisions, no matter how smart you are.

As they said their goodbyes and Gus watched Monica’s fantastic little ass wiggle out of the room, he planned his next move. He had laid the foundation by locking her into kissing him every time they met, then smoothed it over by presenting himself as a horny simp.

But he needed to turn the heat up on her further. If he could overload Monica’s arousal and, more importantly, her competitive spirit, he could get her to ignore logic and her instincts and go even further.

And, based on what happened on their last date, he thought he knew exactly how to do it. But it couldn't hurt to let things lie until next week in order to lure her deeper into her false sense of security.

...

The Thursday meeting went even more smoothly. There wasn't even any discussion about the kiss after the meeting. Monica simply rose from her chair, gave Gus a little peck on the lips and walked right out the door. When she peeked over her shoulder and saw the dirty old man staring at her retreating form hungrily, she couldn't resist giving him a little wink.

She had been much more worried about this situation than she needed to be, and she spent the following weekend focusing purely on Sam, video games, and friends. For the first time in a while, The Ogre wasn't even on her mind at all.

...

Monica breezed into Gus's office the following Tuesday with a spring in her step and a carefree smile on her face.

The previous week's meetings and brief kisses had made everything clear in Monica's mind. Gus was a conniving worm, but his motivations were simple, and that made him easy to predict, and even control.

He was just a horny old man, completely smitten with a woman half his age and willing to act out to achieve the smallest amount of sexual connection to her. Now that Monica understood that, it wasn't going to be hard to deal with him. She just had to toss out little breadcrumbs to keep him on the hook, and fend off any more desperate attempts to get closer.

It actually sounded pretty fun...

So by the time she went to the meeting, Monica was no longer really worried about the Ogre. Once again, just like with the first date, he had shown a tendency to be cunning, but predictable and blunt. Monica could handle that now that she understood him a little better. Besides, Monica had already thought up a plan for how to ease into telling Sam about the kissing. If she teased Sam about the possibility before the next date, then told Sam about that "first kiss" afterward, Sam would never have to know that she and Gus had actually started kissing a little earlier than that.

The meeting today wasn't even going to be particularly long. They had already discussed most of the preliminary planning for the tournament trip last week, and unless Gus had heard something new, they would likely just check in for a few minutes, then Monica would give Gus a

little kiss to keep him happy, then she would be free to go home to her boyfriend, get ready for their club meeting tomorrow, and forget all about the pervy old creep.

But, oddly, Gus was waiting for her without his usual grin. He had a sour look on his broad face as she stepped in the door, and waved her forward quickly. "Monica. Afternoon. Listen, I don't actually think we have much to discuss today until we hear back from the sponsors again and we know more about the team members."

Monica frowned. Something had definitely changed in Gus's attitude toward her. Before, he would have been eager to keep her there and talk to her even if there wasn't any explicit business for them to discuss. But now he seemed almost impatient to get rid of her.

Well... it wasn't like it was that big of a deal. Monica knew that she should be happy to shrug off Gus and go back to Sam early. They could have a night in that was just about them without Gus tainting their thoughts, just like they had enjoyed the past weekend. But something about Gus's clear disinterest annoyed Monica. She had just wrapped her head around the idea that Gus was a lonely old perv desperate for her attention, but here he was, eager to kick her out of his office immediately for some reason.

It was unquestionably better not to be lusted over by a creepy older man, but it was still annoying to see someone lose interest in her so easily. It stung Monica pride the tiniest bit. But that same pride would never allow her to protest. If Gus wanted to be alone, fine. "I agree," said Monica, with just a trace of displeased tightness in her voice. "I think we can cut this one short." She let a little teasing smirk flicker across her face. She knew one part of their regular routine that she was sure would capture Gus's interest. "But we still have one last order of business, don't we, professor?"

Gus blinked, his eyebrows furrowing. "Oh yeah? And what would that be?"

Monica had to hold herself back from rolling her eyes. Was he being dense on purpose just to piss her off? "I meant the kiss, of course," she said, taking a step toward him to deliver the light peck that she knew always drove him wild.

But once again, Gus's reaction was completely different from what she expected. A little grimace crossed his face, and he waved his hand dismissively. "Oh... actually, Monica, I think I'm good. We don't need to go through that today. You can just head out."

That froze Monica in her tracks, and this time she wasn't able to conceal the open incredulity on her face. "You just... don't want to anymore?" she asked in disbelief. "I mean... that's great. But why not?" Monica's mind rioted with conflicting impulses. She felt a certain sense of relief that the whole problem of kissing Gus behind her boyfriend's back was now a moot issue. But, washing over and tainting that relief was a feeling of annoyance. Being a younger, hot woman that Gus obsessed over was a position of power. It had felt good to tease him with little scraps of affection he would never otherwise earn.

And now it turned out that he wasn't that interested after all. Being too busy for a meeting was one thing, but being totally uninterested in a kiss felt insulting. It was good news, but also left Monica feeling pissed off.

Gus gave her a tight, almost apologetic smile. "Sorry, sweetheart. I know I was the one who pushed the idea in the first place, but, well... There's no easy way to put this, so I'll just say it bluntly. It's just not doing it for me. You aren't a very good kisser."

Monica gritted her teeth. Part of her realized that Gus was doing his best to get a rise out of her, but knowing that wasn't enough to blunt her annoyance completely. Not when he was deliberately insulting her.

"You know that I'm not giving you my best," she said flatly, crossing her arms and glaring at him. "Even a smug prick like you has to realize that. I mean, you remember the kiss we had in the arcade. I'm deliberately holding back, idiot. I'm a fantastic kisser when it's with a guy I actually want."

Gus simply shrugged, a look of disinterest painting his ugly face. "I mean, if that's true I haven't seen much evidence of it. A few dry little whispers of a kiss are hardly impressive. And as for the kiss in the arcade, I think we both know that I was the one taking the lead on those. Doesn't take much kissing skill to stand there like a dead fish and let a guy stick his tongue in your mouth."

Monica took a deep breath and counted to three. It was an obvious provocation. A throwing down of the gauntlet. Gus still had an expression of disinterest on his face, but Monica could see the gleam in his eyes. He was practically daring Monica to prove that she wasn't the cold, sexless innocent that he was insisting she was.

The best way to win in this situation was not to play. Monica could see that the best option was to walk away and deny Gus the satisfaction of getting under her skin. Obviously. But she never had been any good at backing down from a challenge, and part of her needed to get that sense of power back from Gus lusting after her.

She would show this old perv who was a dead fish.

She marched forward, eyes blazing and blood pumping with anger and a little twist of arousal at what she was about to do. Gus watched her cross the room with a raised eyebrow, but pushed back from the desk to give her room as she approached.

Monica wasted no time. She was going to show this cocky prick what he was missing; the volcanic kisses that were saved for just her boyfriend. Give him something to crave and put a little of the greedy longing back in his eyes. She grabbed Gus roughly by the collar and dragged him forward into an angry, aggressive kiss.

She could feel the sexual heat crackling between them flare up immediately. That raging flame would normally be something she avoided, but this time she leaned into it. Today, she wanted to turn the heat up on Gus. She wanted to get the dirty old man hot and bothered, then leave him in the lurch; frustrated, horny, and desperate for just one more taste of her sweet lips. Her tongue slipped teasingly into his mouth as her wet lips gripped his, flicking over his, then dancing away, leaving him wanting more. She lightly nipped his bottom lip before leaning in harder, gliding her hand through his thinning hair to the back of his head, then pulling him forward to seal him in an intense, sexual kiss. She was really pulling out all the stops, teasing Gus with her feminine allure and blowing his insulting claim that she was a bad kisser out of the water.

And if that had been the end of it, she probably could have gone home to Sam smug and happy, reassured that she had the upper hand in their little power struggle.

But Gus wasn't the sort of man who took teasing lying down.

A wave of electric shock washed over Monica as Gus surged upward from his chair briefly breaking the kiss as he loomed above her, then boldly leaning forward and wrapping his arms around her.

Monica let out a light gasp, utterly overwhelmed as Gus pulled her close to his powerful bulk, leaning down to press a hot, greedy kiss into her full lips. The aggressive, masculine forcefulness of the move immediately prompted a response from Monica's subconscious, lighting a fire inside her. Her brain was so scrambled that, for a moment, she just went with the powerful heat that suddenly roared through her, returning the forceful kiss, completely forgetting that she had been trying to make some kind of power play.

It was only a second later that her conscious mind caught up to exactly what was happening, and she pushed Gus away. He disengaged from her willingly enough, staring down at her with an unrepentant grin and hungry eyes while Monica panted and blushed. *Fuck... why are my nipples hard all of a sudden?*

"Gus, what the fuck?!" she gasped, eyes wide and staring. She pulsed with adrenaline, her heartbeat thundering in her ears. Gus, in contrast, looked cool as a cucumber, even though Monica could see the filthy desire burning in his eyes.

"What's the matter?" asked Gus innocently. "You were the one who kissed me first. I was just returning the favor. I don't really see the issue."

Monica scowled at him. The deep, hot kiss she had just planted on him was only to prove that she was a good kisser. She had only been intending to shut him up; that was it. But now her body was pulsing with dangerous heat, and Gus was looking at her with predatory eyes. She could feel the tension of the situation rising. She opened her mouth to set the bastard straight

and let him know in no uncertain terms that she was the one who would decide how and when they kissed, but Gus simply moved toward her again, his thick arms wrapping around her curvy little body. It appeared that the dirty professor had no interest in another verbal sparring match today. He wanted them to use their mouths for a different purpose entirely.

Monica thought about pushing him away again. Turning her head to the side and refusing to engage. Even calling for help. But her body betrayed her. Her conscious mind didn't want anything to do with Gus, but a heated undertone whispered beneath the surface.

He's taking what he wants again. He wants my lips, and he won't let anything stand in his way. He's an arrogant bastard who always gets what he wants when he wants it.

The idea filled Monica with pulsing, shameful heat even while it infuriated her, and she found her neck craning upward on its own, her lips meeting his. For one last defiant moment, she kept her lips tight and sealed as she felt Gus press forward, but then they softened... then gripped his.

Her overheated mind swam with half-baked justifications as she began to return the kiss. I already decided that kissing was ok... I'm going to tell Sam about the kissing soon anyway, so this really isn't a big deal... This is just a little more proof that I am a good kisser; after today, he'll be desperate for more, and I'll leave him wanting. I'll stop him right away if he tries to do anything beyond just kissing...

But part of her knew the truth. All of those explanations were bullshit. The real reason that her tongue cautiously flickered out to meet his when it slipped between her lips was that it felt fucking good. The feeling of being wrapped in his powerful arms, kissed thoroughly because that was what he wanted and what he wanted was what he got... It was intoxicating. Her nipples weren't just hard now; they were two points of throbbing heat, pressed up against Gus's bulk. She felt like she was melting, overpowered by Gus's iron will, swooning into his arms. It was just like it had been in the arcade that night.

But unlike that time, Gus's arms held her tight, but they didn't wander. There was no repeat of how he had grabbed her hand and brought it to his crotch. Just a deep, thorough kiss, stronger and hornier and more demanding than any Sam had ever given her, leaving her weak and confused and aching with forbidden heat.

Time stopped. Thought stopped. Monica closed her eyes and her world filled with the sensation of a brutally strong body holding hers, the masculine scent of the professor's cologne, and the obscene sensation of her tongue writhing against the tongue of someone who wasn't her boyfriend.

It felt like an eternity later that Gus pulled away again, leaving Monica breathless and overheated. "You know what?" murmured Gus mockingly. "I take it back. I guess you are a pretty decent kisser after all." He finally released Monica from his grasp, and she took a step back, finally coming back to the real world and realizing what happened.

It scared her a little how turned on she was. She considered getting mad and confronting Gus over his presumption once again, but she didn't dare. She wasn't in any condition for an argument right now, and worse, she was positive that Gus knew exactly how horny his aggressive kiss had made her.

The only choice was to retreat for now and cool off. It would be easier to push back against him when she had a clearer head... and drier panties.

Gus's dark, calculating eyes followed Monica as she bolted from the room, and she thought she saw a gleam of triumph there.

...

"Mmmnnnnfff, More! Harder, Tiger! Fuck me like you fucking mean it!"

Sam was panting and shaking as his hips hammered forward again and again. He was already pumping his cock into and out of Monica as hard as he could go, and yet it still seemed to not be enough.

It certainly wasn't for lack of trying. Sam thought he was hornier than he had ever been before in his life. Monica was a sinful vision of feminine beauty beneath him, her skin gleaming with sweat as she worked just as hard as he did. Her heavy tits jiggled with every thrust, stiff pink nipples making little circles in the air from the force of Sam's plunging cock. Her thick thighs spread, and her wide hips rolled in little liquid motions of desire, meeting his every thrust and gripping his tight with her pussy on every back stroke. Her normally sharp blue eyes were hazy with powerful lust as she grunted and moaned, lost to the frantic rhythm of hard fucking.

Something wild had possessed her tonight. This was their third round of sex, which was a new record for them. Sam wasn't sure that he could keep up with the powerful hunger that had gripped Monica. After the second round, he had tried to talk to her and find out why exactly she was so horny, but she had brushed aside the questions impatiently and started slowly, teasingly sucking his spent cock, coaxing it back to life.

Sam was doing all he could, but after more than an hour of athletic, enthusiastic coupling with only a couple of short breaks, he was reaching his limit. He had a certain sense of pride for being a generous lover with plenty of endurance, but he could feel his breathing growing harsh and his muscles giving out. He had to bring this to a close quickly, or he simply wasn't going to make it.

He strained, pushing himself to go faster and harder, just like Monica was begging him for. He braced himself on one hand, the other falling to squeeze and grope his girlfriend's bouncing tits as sweat began to sting his eyes.

“That’s it. Oh fuuuuck, that’s it, Sam! Right fucking there! Don’t stop!” Monica’s voice was becoming a breathy whine, and her hand reached up to grip his hair, pulling him down painfully into a sloppy, deep kiss, tongues tangling and sweat-slicked bodies writhing together in perfect harmony.

Sam felt an immense relief as Monica moaned into his mouth, her pussy clamping around his cock like a slick, velvety vice. He had done it. He had satisfied his girlfriend even when she was insatiable. He could feel her back arch beneath him, and her thighs delicately tremble. The delicious sensation and sense of triumph sent him over the edge into his own orgasm as well. After already shooting two loads, he could feel that almost nothing was coming out, but the mental stimulation was even more intense than the first two times, if that was possible.

Sam leaned into the kiss and enjoyed the fiery sensation of orgasm pouring through his veins. They remained like that for a few long, heated minutes, their fiery passion cooling to a warm golden glow and the sloppy, deep kiss softened into something more romantic. Finally, Sam rolled off, his rapidly softening cock slipping out of her well-fucked pussy to dribble down onto the sheets, which were already damp with sweat.

Monica immediately wrapped her arms around him and nuzzled into his shoulder, letting out a happy sigh. Sam wished he could feel just as carefree. But now that Monica’s wild lust had finally burned out, they needed to talk, and he had a feeling it wasn’t going to be an easy conversation.

He waited for a minute more so that he didn’t spoil the moment too much, but he couldn’t wait forever. Finally, Sam sighed, looked down at his dozy girlfriend, and said, “Ok, enough dancing around it. What has been happening in the meetings with Gus?”

He could see Monica’s eyes snap back to life, and couldn’t quite bring himself to believe the innocence he saw reflected there. “I don’t know what you mean,” said Monica slowly. “He’s being his usual asshole self.”

Sam sat up, withdrawing his arm from around her. “Seriously, Monica? You really expect me to believe that you are coming home from your meetings with him just as horny as you are from the dates, and that’s just... totally meaningless?”

Monica turned away. “You’re just being jealous,” she said stonily. “That can be hot sometimes, but don’t push it.”

Sam scoffed. “Do you really think I’m that dumb?” he asked incredulously. “Something is happening at those meetings, Monica. I don’t know what, but I know it’s not just discussion of competitive gaming.”

Monica shrugged. "I don't know what to tell you, Tiger," she said in a light tone, still facing away from him. "There's nothing to talk about. I go to the meetings, Gus is insufferable, then I come home."

Sam was stymied. It felt like he was arguing with a stone wall. Part of him insisted that his girlfriend was hiding something from him, but could she be right? Could it just be the paranoid jealousy speaking to him again? Part of him had also been sure Gus groped her in the back of that cab on their first date, and that hadn't been true at all.

Sam reached out and took Monica's hand. She turned to raise an eyebrow at him, her eyes cool and distant, but she allowed the gesture, waiting for him to speak. Sam took a deep breath and organized his thoughts. He was often the one who backed down and made peace between the two of them, but he couldn't afford to do that here. "Listen, babe," he began tentatively. "We can deal with this together. But you can't keep me in the dark. If something is happening at those meetings, I need to know."

For a second, it seemed like Monica's eyes were softening. But then her eyebrows furrowed, her eyes hardened, and she pulled her hand out of Sam's. "Babe, this is getting old. Do you really not trust me?"

"No..." said Sam, starting to feel annoyed. "That's not what I..."

"What I'm telling you," said Monica patiently, "Is that you have nothing to worry about. Can't you just leave it at that?"

Sam felt aggravated and ashamed. But no matter how much he loved and trusted Monica, he still couldn't bring himself to trust Gus. That was the real issue here. The suspicion that the Ogre was trying something at the biweekly meeting ate at him, and he couldn't just put it aside, even with Monica's reassurance.

He sat staring down at Monica, troubled, and finally she rolled her eyes and turned over in bed again, turning her back to him and shutting him off. "You know what? I can't deal with this today," she said in a tight voice. "I'm tired, and it feels like we both need time to think. Go sleep on the couch tonight. That will give you a chance to cool off."

Sam thought about arguing. After all, he was the one who was mad; it didn't seem fair that he should be kicked out of bed. But there was no point in starting another fight over something even more petty.

Aching with wounded pride and confusion, Sam slouched out of the bedroom door for a long night on the couch.

...

Sam stared across the room at Monica through the crowd of chattering club members, wearing a faint frown. They had been short with each other this morning. It looked like the fight from last night hadn't completely blown over. To be honest, he wasn't sure he wanted it to yet. He wasn't sure he was in the right, but at very least Monica was being a little suspicious.

He yearned to get back to the regular, loving relationship they had, but right now he wasn't quite ready to climb down from his position and make up.

A ball of anxiety had settled into Sam's stomach. And this time, because he was so spent after three rounds of sex the night before, the arousal that came with it was dulled and muted. Monica, normally a social butterfly at club meetings, had grabbed a handheld console and curled up on one of the beanbag chairs in the corners. Her thumbs clicked the buttons occasionally, but her eyes seemed to stare through the console, distant and thoughtful.

Katie walked up and leaned against the table beside Sam, playfully checking him with her hip. "Sam the man," she said cheerfully. "Why the long face?"

Sam did his best to put on an unconcerned smile. Katie was one of his and Monica's best friends, and the last thing he wanted was to make her concerned about their personal drama.

Katie was a tall, willowy girl with short, pixie-cut blonde hair and mellow green eyes. She had been Monica's roommate freshman year, and even though Monica and she had sort of diverged in their interests since then, they remained the best of friends. Monica was focused on video games, and Katie was very much into social activism, campus protests, and smoking a staggering amount of weed. She liked video games, but Sam had always had the impression that she had gotten more deeply involved in the club mainly as a way to stay close with Monica.

He had also always gotten the impression that Katie was kind of interested in him freshman year, until it became clear he only had eyes for Monica, but that was an issue that was long, long in the past at this point.

"Nothing," said Sam with a loose shrug, pointedly looking away from his girlfriend and pretending to survey the rest of the members of the gaming club. "Just a little worried about what will happen to all these scrubs once their fearless leaders graduate."

Katie giggled. "Yeah, they'll be nothing without us." But it appeared that Sam wasn't quite off the hook after all. A moment later she pursed her lips and added delicately, "But for real. Is something up with Monica? She's been acting kind of weird lately."

Sam wasn't sure what to say. If Katie had noticed, it probably wouldn't do any good to flat-out deny it. Monica's best friend could be very perceptive. On the other hand, he couldn't just tell her the truth in this case. That would be beyond embarrassing.

Finally, he settled for sighing and admitting. "Yeah... we're dealing with something right now. A relationship thing. Sorry, I can't get more specific than that."

Katie nodded and looked across the room at Monica with a worried frown growing on her face. "Oh! Ok. I'll just have to ask if there is anything on her mind later."

Sam wished that Katie could just drop it, but he couldn't be mad at her for trying to be a good friend. He searched around for a way to change the subject, and settled on, "So Monica told me that you're going to be our Strike Team 4 champion at the tournament! That's pretty impressive."

Katie giggled again and rolled her eyes. "The things I do for your girlfriend, bud... And unlike you, I don't even get sex out of the deal!"

It was Katie's style of irreverent, dirty humor, and it meant that she was willing to move past the more personal topic of discussion. Sam relaxed, making some more small talk about the tournament. A few minutes later, Katie moved away, leaving Sam to his brooding. He couldn't just spend the entire club staring across the room at his girlfriend, so he eventually joined a co-op game on the couch. But he still glanced over occasionally, watching how Monica frowned at her handheld console, eyes distant.

Hopefully whatever was bothering her wasn't serious. Sam wasn't used to being on the outside like this.

...

Monica walked into the meeting with Gus on Thursday filled with conflicting emotions.

It had hurt a little to lie to Sam after Tuesday's meeting. She should have known that coming back wildly horny from her meeting with Gus would make him suspicious. His keen jealousy was the reason they had started the whole complicated arrangement with Gus in the first place. But she simply hadn't been able to help herself. The deep, sultry kiss from a man she shouldn't be involved with had filled her with powerful sexual heat, and in that moment, she needed Sam's cock more than air itself.

And it was magical! Amazing fucking sex, as good as they had ever had, three times in a row. Why couldn't Sam just be happy with that and not look his fucking gift horse in the mouth? He had talked a big game about trusting her to decide how far was too far, and then the second she started making some executive decisions about how to proceed with Gus, he threw a huge fit over it.

If he had just been able to wait a few more days, the whole issue would have been moot, since she was planning to introduce the idea that she and Gus were kissing after the date anyway. But now things were awkward between them. Monica could tell that Sam was slowly getting over it, which was normal for him. He just couldn't stay mad at her for long. But they had barely spoken

at all yesterday, and even today things had been a little stiff between them. Monica was hopeful that tomorrow's date would straighten things out and get them on the same page.

But Sam's growing suspicions weren't the only issue. She had spent all day Wednesday stewing over how Gus had kissed her at their last meeting. It had been arrogant, disrespectful, and, worse of all, arousing. Monica had grudgingly agreed to allow some kissing, forced by Gus's strong-arm tactics. But up until that point, Gus had led her to believe she would set the pace and decide exactly what kind of kisses he would receive.

Another trick. Another manipulation. Monica was only now realizing that, when she was with Gus, she would always have to have her guard up, unless she wanted to lose a game she didn't even know she was playing. The problem was, as much as she hated to admit it, part of her *wanted* to play the game with him.

It was a challenge, and Monica had always appreciated competition. A part of her wanted to face Gus and beat him at his own game. Going into his office without being sure what he was going to try next was a rush.

The whole thing left Monica feeling off balance. She couldn't wait until Friday afternoon. At that point, she could get everything on the same page with Sam. Then all of the stress of the arrangement would be gone, and she could finally just begin enjoying the kinky jealousy play again without keeping secrets.

In contrast to the turmoil in Monica's mind, Gus looked completely unbothered. He looked up at Monica as she entered with a welcoming smile, as if he didn't have a care in the world.

Well, of course he doesn't fucking care. He just made out with a taken woman half his age a few days ago. He's probably feeling on top of the world! Monica stepped forward warily, trying to ignore the sudden pulse of heat that the sight of Gus's blunt, grinning face provoked inside her. Her mind flashed with memories of how it had felt to be trapped in his strong arms... She was able to banish the thoughts only with difficulty as Gus spoke up.

"I'm glad you weren't scared off by last time," he said with a jovial wink. "Considering that I actually have some business to cover with you today."

Monica scoffed. "Yeah, right. Sorry to break it to you, professor, but you don't have what it takes to scare me," she said, putting on a brave face. "I don't do things if I don't want to. We kissed on Tuesday because I wanted to. Simple as that."

Gus raised his eyebrows, but didn't express his obvious disbelief beyond saying, "Noted. I could absolutely feel that you wanted to kiss me, so that checks out."

“Prick,” muttered Monica, fighting to keep her cheeks from flushing and trying her best to avoid the professor’s eyes. “Anyway, I want to keep things... short today. What exactly did you want to show me?”

“Zizzle sent over a new pitch for the uniforms,” said Gus briskly, returning to business mode. “Come take a look.” He beckoned her closer, and Monica circled around the desk, not even thinking about the fact that he usually turned his laptop around to show the things he wanted her to see, rather than making her look over his shoulder.

Monica moved up until she was standing right next to Gus, leaning down to get a closer look at the uniform design on the screen. But she quickly found that it was hard to focus. She could feel Gus’s interest rolling off of him less than a foot away. Feel his eyes glancing sidelong at her, stealthily taking in the sight of her hanging tits as she leaned forward toward the screen.

It was a little annoying, but also empowering. Gus’s ploy from last time of pretending he wasn’t interested had obviously fallen flat. It gave Monica a smug sense of victory. She had known all along that the dirty old man was obsessed with her.

Maybe that thrill of power explained what happened next. Or maybe it was her confusion and frustration from being at odds with Sam. Most likely, it was just the red-hot memory of how Gus had kissed her during the previous meeting. Monica couldn’t explain it. All that she knew was that Gus murmured something that her heartbeat was pounding too loud for her to understand, then she turned her head to look into his eyes...

And they were drawn together like magnets.

Before Monica even knew it, the distance between them had disappeared, and they were kissing again, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Their lips locked hungrily, and Monica felt her conscious mind slipping away with only a faint protest. Monica was shocked and disgusted with herself for a second, but it was easier to excuse the behavior this time. She had already kissed Gus. That bell couldn’t be unrung. What did it matter if she kissed him again?

But this time felt different too. Gus’s lips on hers felt greedier. More demanding. His arms wrapped around her, just like last time, but now they pulled her forward... It felt wrong to give in and let herself be pulled down to sit in his lap, but it was wrong in the same way that making out with him was: forbidden and exciting.

Before she knew it, Monica was cradled in his arms, sitting sideways on his broad lap, snuggled against his swelling gut, body burning and mind hazy with smoldering lust as her tongue tangled with Gus’s. She could feel her nipples pressed, bullet-hard and throbbing hot, against her bra. Wild heat was growing stronger between her thighs. It wasn’t about attraction to Gus in particular. It was about the filthy taboo of sitting in another man’s lap, making out with him before going home to her boyfriend.

Maybe telling Sam about the kissing would ruin the forbidden thrill. Maybe it would make it even hotter, once Sam erupted with aroused jealousy. Either way, right now Monica was powerless to resist the siren call of the illicit kiss.

But there was one element that felt a bit too dangerous. And that was what was happening beneath Monica as they continued kissing.

She didn't really blame Gus for getting hard. She was turned on by the taboo kiss as well. But feeling his cock firm up and begin pressing upward against her ass reminded Monica of just how inappropriate this really was.

Kissing Gus might be excusable. Sam had given her permission to determine the line of betrayal in their little game, and it was possible that kissing wasn't actually an issue. Sam would probably be horny as fuck when she finally broke the news to him. But why was *she* getting so turned on by making out with this pervy old creep? It was a question that Monica didn't want to examine, and the hard dick pressing upward through the layers of cloth seemed to make that question unavoidable. The hard, throbbing length made the growing heat between her thighs uncomfortably intense...

But even though kissing Gus began to feel more and more wrong as his cock pressed demandingly against her ass, Monica still found it impossible to break away completely. Gus's strong arms weren't physically trapping her in the kiss... but psychologically she felt like she was under his sway, unable to resist.

She did, however, wriggle away a little, further toward his knee, trying to solve the issue of her professor's physical arousal by ignoring it completely.

But Gus pulled away with a chuckle. "Don't be afraid, sweetheart," he growled, a shark-like grin lighting up his ugly face. "You aren't doing anything wrong. If you happen to accidentally touch me over the pants, then so what? It isn't like you're doing anything on purpose."

It was a paper-thin excuse, but Monica was in no state to argue at the moment. She was just as turned on as Gus was, even if it wasn't as obvious. She was on the fence about leaving now that things were getting weird, but when Gus's broad hand slid back up to the nape of her neck and pulled her forward again, she allowed it to happen. Somehow, just giving in felt kind of good.

She closed her eyes and shut off her brain, ignoring why it felt so good to kiss this ugly, infuriating brute and just enjoying the sensations. The slide of her wet tongue against his. His masculine scent. The massive bulk of his body. *I shouldn't be doing this*, a weak voice inside her insisted, but that protest only made it hotter. Gus was a man who pushed aside protests and took what he wanted...

The wet heat inside Monica built higher and higher, like a pressure cooker. She didn't realize what Gus was doing until his hand was already gripping her wrist, moving her hand just like he had done on their last date, drawing it forward slowly but firmly between his legs.

Monica whimpered against his lips as her palm met his throbbing bulge. This was so fucking wrong... And yet, with aching guilt and shame overwhelmed by the torrid heat inside her, Monica's fingers tightened, gripping the bulge, feeling the masculine power of the turgid length beneath. Her chest heaved with hot, labored breaths. Gus never backed down from his aggressive kiss, his tongue exploring her mouth and not giving her a second to cool down and think. Her body worked purely on instinct, her hand rubbing and squeezing curiously. Something about the iron hardness beneath her made her melt into weak, helpless heat...

Then, without warning, Monica's world exploded.

The door to the office flew open. Monica's hand moved away from Gus's crotch instantly, but her head only pulled away from his a second later, leaving a glistening thread of saliva between them.

Shockingly, terrifyingly, Katie stood in the doorway, mouth hanging open and white-faced in shock. Her hand hung on the doorknob as she looked in on the office, where her best friend sat on the lap of the pervy old creep she had once hated, making out with him.

"I would suggest that next time, you knock before entering," said Gus calmly, his arm still around Monica.

"I was just coming to talk to you about the team," said Katie faintly. "They said at the reception desk that these were your office hours and you would be in here."

Monica finally unfroze and struggled up off of Gus's lap. Every ounce of the powerful arousal that had been coursing through her veins had been replaced by clinging shame and white-hot panic in an instant. Had Katie seen what she was doing with her hand? She had definitely seen her kissing Gus and sitting on his lap, and that was bad enough.

"Katie... it's... it's not what it looks like. I can explain." The words sounded laughably trite and inadequate to Monica's ears, but luckily, her relationship with Katie was apparently enough to buy her just a shred of allowance.

"O...kay," said Katie reluctantly, "but I am going to need that explanation. Like now."

"Yeah, of course," said Monica swiftly, trying to hold back the panic that threatened to swallow her whole. She didn't even turn back to Gus as she crossed the room and took her best friend by the hand, leading her out the door. "Let's get coffee, and I'll tell you everything."

...

Gus watched his future woman leave with narrowed eyes. He wasn't sure he was happy with this new wrinkle, but there was nothing he could do in the moment.

Katie was an unknown variable. A skinny blonde girl that Gus had immediately dismissed as not really his type the moment he had seen her. She seemed sharp enough to appeal to Gus's love of smart girls, and her face was cute, but she was practically flat-chested. Gus liked a woman with something to grab and squeeze.

Now Katie was part of the situation, whether Gus liked it or not. Monica was a smart girl. She had already proved to be pretty effective at tricking herself with a little encouragement from Gus. Surely she could mollify her bestie too.

Maybe Gus had better start working on the skinny blonde himself... just as an insurance plan in case Monica couldn't quite calm her down.

Gus's mind started working at the problem immediately as he leaned back in his chair, his cock still throbbing with frustrated lust.