

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is sitting on a bed with white linens. She is wearing a black bra and black lace underwear. She is looking off to the side with a slight smile. The background features a brick wall and a window with warm light coming through.

My
Roommate
Took my Girl

(And all I did was watch)

Emilia Steele

MY ROOMMATE TOOK MY GIRL

And all I did was watch

EMILIA STEELE

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FOREWORD

Want to be kept up to date with my newest releases? Sign up for my newsletter! You'll get an exclusive **free story**, and I'll drop you a line when I launch a new book. All you got to do is sign up here:

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Happy reading,

Emilia.

“Hey, scoot over, bro. Make some room. I’m sleeping in your bed tonight.”

With those words **Tom’s roommate takes control** of the **young, submissive couple**: The dominant jock Brad needs a place to sleep, and he slips into bed with Tom and Lizzy uninvited.

They don’t complain. **Not even when he starts feeling up the hot girl right in front of her boyfriend.**

The roommate quickly realizes he can do absolutely anything he wants.

He’s going to start with claiming Lizzy as his own.

And making her boyfriend watch.

CHAPTER ONE

“Hey, scoot over, bro. Make some room.”

Tom opened his eyes, groggy and dazed. He was less than pleased to see Brad, his asshole roommate, standing in his room and removing his shirt, showing off his impressive abs in the process.

“What? Go to your own room,” Tom hissed. “You’ll wake Lizzy.”

“I’ve got some people crashing there, come on, move,” Brad yawned. He slurred his words and reeked off booze.

Tom had only moved into this flat a week ago, and he had taken an instant disliking to his roommate, Brad. He was everything Tom wasn’t.

Rich. Sporty. Attractive.

Tom wouldn’t let the jock sleep in his *empty* bed — he surely wasn’t going to allow it *now*, with his girlfriend right next to him!

“No, get out!” Tom said, raising his voice.

"Tom, it's okay."

That soft voice came from Lizzy. To Tom's surprise, she moved the covers to the side — exposing her body to his asshole roommate in the process.

Lizzy slept in only a thong and a shirt, so Brad could see basically everything. Tom was happy the room was so dark.

"What? No!" He hissed, but his girlfriend shook her head.

"He's your roommate, be nice," she whispered back. "He's drunk and he'll pass out in seconds."

Tom didn't want to lose his cool in front of his girlfriend. They'd only been dating for a few months, but Tom was completely head over heels for her. She was so far out of his league he had to pinch himself every day just to make sure it was all real. He wasn't about to make a fool out of himself in front of his girl and ruin his chances.

"Fine," Tom whispered. "But you'll face the other way."

"Whatever bro," Brad chuckled to himself as he kicked off his pants and climbed into the small bed wearing nothing but his boxers.

All three of them were smushed together, with Lizzy right in the middle. Brad's smell quickly filled the room, a potent mixture of booze, sweat, and cigarettes.

Tom made so much room he nearly fell out of bed. He laid there in the darkness, biting his lip and suppressing his rage at his arrogant roommates' gall.

He focused on Lizzy's face, her gentle features, her beautiful blue eyes and her perfect smile.

"See, not so bad?" She mouthed.

"You're right," he mouthed back.

She was so kind, gentle and caring. Tom could learn a lot from her.

And then Brad turned around and wrapped his arm right around Lizzy's waist. Tom's eyes grew big with shock, surprise and anger, and he waited for Lizzy to elbow the jerk in the side and then kick him out of the room.

But Lizzy didn't move.

Tom's eyes traveled up from the hand which rested right on her breast to his beautiful girlfriend's face. Her eyes were wide open as well.

Right as Tom was about to clear his throat and spring into action, his girlfriend whispered: "He's asleep. Listen."

She was right. He could easily hear the deep snore of his roommate. This, along with his girlfriend seemingly relaxed attitude, stopped him from springing into action. If she was okay with this, then perhaps, it *was* okay.

And then Brad started squeezing Lizzy's tits.

His hand roamed her chest, his fingers sinking deeply into her soft flesh. Even in the dark room, Tom could see his roommate's fingers contract around her round, gloriously full breasts. Her hard nipples almost poked through the soft fabric of her shirt.

Tom was flabbergasted. He stared open-mouthed as Brad openly fondled his girlfriend in front of him, while seemingly asleep.

"Mmm yeah," Brad groaned, his voice slurred, half-asleep still. He moved his hand under her shirt and continued groping Tom's girl.

Tom looked up, and what he saw on his girl's face was even more surprising than his roommate's sudden actions.

Lizzy's face was flushed bright red. Her mouth was hanging open, a soft moan escaping her lips.

Tom had seen that look of pure, unfiltered arousal only once before on his pretty girl's face — that was when he ate her out until his jaw

locked up.

That look of pure sex, with her mouth hanging open and her tongue wetting her lips was burned into his retina. It was one of his proudest moments.

And now, his girl gave him that same look.

As his cocky roommate roughly groped her big tits right in front of him.

The surprises didn't end there. Lizzy grabbed her boyfriend's hand and squeezed. Not knowing what to do, Tom scooted closer to his girl. And when his cock brushed against her naked leg, Tom noticed that he was as hard as a fucking rock.

Adrenaline coursed through his veins. He should be angry. He *was* angry. Seething!

And he was also harder than he'd ever been in his life. When Lizzy dropped her hand down to his cock and squeezed the base, a switch flipped in Tom's head.

The sexual high was too damn high to come down from. It overrode all logic. Rather than kick up a storm, he leaned in and kissed Lizzy.

She returned the kiss, hungrier and more ravenous than Tom had ever experienced before. She pushed her tongue into his mouth, swirling it around, and Tom's cock pulsed and throbbed hard.

He didn't care that his girlfriend usual pleasurable scent was overpowered by Brad's potent musk. All he wanted to do was kiss his girlfriend and enjoy this strange, sexual situation to the fullest.

Brad groaned and adjusted his position, pulled his arm away from Lizzy's chest, and stuck it under the cover. All Tom could see and hear were covers shifting around.

Brad's eyes were closed, his mouth open. If he was really awake then he deserved an acting award.

And then Lizzy gasped audibly.

The sound made Tom's cock squirt a bit of precum all over his girlfriend's legs.

Whatever was happening, Tom *needed* to know.

He *needed* to see.

With his hands trembling he grabbed the covers and lifted them slowly, not knowing what to expect.

Brad had forcibly yanked Lizzy's thong down to her knees. His hand roughly kneaded her naked ass.

And rather than flee from his grasp, Lizzy instead gave him better access, pushing her hips out at the roommate, hungry for his touch.

The scent of Lizzy's sex filled the small bedroom. It was a scent very familiar to Tom, but he had rarely smelled it this strongly. Not even when he was nose-deep inside of her.

He lowered the covers again, but Tom still had to know for sure that he wasn't dreaming. He slid his hand between her legs.

Never had he felt her this wet. Her entire thighs were soaked with her juices. Lizzy, in turn, grabbed Tom's cock and squeezed hard again, soliciting a stifled moan from him.

Brad adjusted himself again. Tom knew those movements by heart. *His cocky, asshole roommate was pulling down his boxers.*

In a second, Brad's cock would press against his girlfriend's naked ass, mere inches away from her soaking wet cunt.

Tom sprung into action. He lifted the covers again, just in time to see Brad's ridiculously large cock slap against his girlfriend's ass with a wet thud.

Lizzy shuddered at his touch. "Holy fuck," she whispered, eyes closed, mouth agape.

Tom was not small by any means. Average, and he was more than okay with that. But compared to the monster Brad was packing, Tom was miniscule. He had never felt as small in his life as he did in that moment.

Nor as incredibly, insatiably aroused.

Brad rubbed his cock against Lizzy's ass in his stupor, spreading his pre-cum all over her, which glistened in the little light there was in the room.

Lizzy made small movements, almost imperceptible minute, as she angled her hips. Tom spotted it right away, and he knew what his girlfriend wanted.

She wanted to feel that monster cock split her tiny wet cunt right open.

To his own surprise he grabbed Lizzy's ass cheek and pulled it up, giving his asshole roommate a target he could impossibly miss, not even in a deep, drunken sleep.

And Brad didn't miss.

In that moment, which seemed to last forever, Tom made eye-contact with his girlfriend. He had never seen her look sexier than right now.

And then it happened.

Lizzy moaned deeply the moment Brad penetrated her wet cunt. His big cock stretched her wide open, filling her more than her boyfriend ever could.

"Oh fuck, you're so big Brad," she moaned as she bit down on her bottom lip. "Jesus fuck."

She grabbed her boyfriend's hand and squeezed so hard that Tom had to stifle a groan.

"He's inside of me," she breathed, her eyes gleaming with wicked energy. "Your roommate is inside of me."

"How big is he?" Tom whispered back.

He had just seen it, glistening with juices, but he wanted to hear her say it. Luckily for him, his girlfriend had no qualms telling Tom the truth.

"Huge," she answered. "He's huge."

The sound of her wet pussy squelching around Brad's giant cock etched into Tom's mind. Never had he heard sex sound so wild, so sloppy, so primal in nature.

Brad still seemed asleep, eyes closed — although there was a big grin on his chiseled face.

Lucky bastard, Tom thought to himself. Luckily, he's so drunk he won't remember a thing tomorrow morning.

Brad picked up his pace and started slamming his cock into the willing, young girlfriend. One hand held her waist while the other snuck around her waist and squeezed her tits roughly, mauling them as he pounded her sopping wet cunt with all his strength.

The bed buckled under the collective strain, and Lizzy's moans turned to screams.

In order to silence her — before she woke up the entire damn building, or worse, someone came to complain and found Brad with his big dick buried deeply inside his girlfriend's cunt — Tom kissed his girlfriend.

She grabbed his hair and pushed her tongue into his mouth wildly. Their tongues entwined, danced, swirled around, all the while Brad fucked Lizzy from behind.

The scent of their combined juices filled the small room, and Tom's cock dribbled with pre-cum. He brought his girlfriend's hand down to

it, but she was so lost in a trance, so well-fucked that she didn't care or notice her boyfriend's throbbing erection.

Lizzy trembled, soft sounds leaving her lips. Tom could barely believe it, but it was happening: His girlfriend was coming from penetration alone.

A feat he could only accomplish with a combination of his tongue, his fingers, and a magic wand.

He kissed her girlfriend as she came, in awe of the beauty on her face, the way her eyebrows tensed up and her lips pouted ever so slightly as pure bliss ran through her perfect frame.

Brad produced a sound beyond deep breathing — a deep, primal growl that stiffened Tom's muscles.

The jock slammed his hips into Lizzy's naked ass a few times before groaning and then collapsing.

Tom knew what had happened. His mouth felt dry, his hands shaking as the realization set in.

Brad had just come inside my girlfriend. He has just emptied those big, tennis-ball sized balls of his inside my girlfriend.

Tom had always pulled out, at Lizzy's insistence. No matter how much Tom asked, pleaded, prodded and cajoled, Lizzy had remained steadfast. She didn't want to be creampie'd, and so, it didn't happen.

It seems the same rules didn't apply to Brad. He had just done it.

And Lizzy was still bucking her hips, eager for more, hoping to drain Brad's big balls of every last drop.

Slowly, silence returned to the small room as the frantic moans died down, replaced by deep, heavy breathing.

Tom looked his girlfriend in the eye, who returned a sheepish smile. Emotions raged through the young man — anger, jealousy — but again, arousal won out.

Once again, he had to see.

Tom slowly lifted the covers once more, careful not to wake Brad, who must have had the best deep of his life, Tom reckoned, as his girlfriend scooted forwards. Tom leaned forwards, eager to see the proof, and what he saw caused his blood pressure to sky rocket.

With an audible plop Brad's cock slipped out of his girlfriend's cunt. His cock was still magnificently big, and now completely coated with a mixture of their juices.

The scent wafted into his face, the sex of pure sex, of sweat and cum and balls and wet cunts.

It was an *addictive* scent.

"Jesus," Tom whispered to himself as he laid back down, his heart racing.

Never in a million years did he expect to see that sight as he retired for bed that evening.

He didn't have time to dwell on this for long. Lizzy's hand now found his cock — still trembling, still hard — and she took charge and climbed on top of her boyfriend, moving slowly as to not wake her brand new lover.

Tom felt like he should protest, or at least say *something* as Lizzy sat on top of him, her hand holding his cock, her pussy leaking Brad's cum on his cock, but he didn't.

And then she sank down on his hard shaft, and Tom was in heaven.

The wetness was beyond description. Sure, he had made his girlfriend wet before, but this was beyond anything he could recall. Her pussy was scorching hot, and so slick, so smooth, so...

So filled with Brad's thick, potent cum that it leaked out of her with every thrust of his hips.

Lizzy leaned down and kissed her boyfriend deeply, his hands holding her ass as he thrust into her, savoring every millisecond of this extremely erotic situation.

The couple were careful not to wake their neighbor as they made love.

"I love you," Tom breathed.

"You do?" Lizzy whispered back.

"Never more."

The answer came from Tom's very being. Before tonight, he would have punched his roommate in the jaw if Brad even *hinted* at fucking Lizzy in front of him, but now, as his hard cock slid into his girlfriend's used pussy, as he felt both their hearts pound and pound, as he experienced eroticism beyond anything he had ever dreamed possible, Tom realized there was a big, big world out there, with more than experiences than he could ever count, and he wanted to experience every single one of them with his beautiful girlfriend, with the love of his life by his side.

Sure, he wished it hadn't been his cocky, asshole roommate that popped their threesome cherry, nor was he pleased that Brad got to fill her with his cum before he ever got the chance to, but that's life, Tom reckoned.

And tomorrow, Brad wouldn't remember this anyway, but this erotic high, this fever pitch was Tom's and Lizzy's forever.

"Oh baby," Lizzy crooned. "I love you, too. You're the best boyfriend ever, Tom."

"And you're the best girlfriend ever."

"Even with your roommate's cum inside of me?"

A thrill ran right through Tom. Fuck, she really knew how to push buttons he didn't even know he had. Even if he wanted to deny it,

his cock just hardened up, soliciting a knowing smirk from his out-of-breath girl.

Where was this going to end, he thought. Or was this only the beginning?

CHAPTER TWO

Tom could barely believe the words he was about to utter, but the sexual high pushed him way beyond any limits he thought he had.

"I love you, baby, *especially* with my roommate's cum inside of you," he whispered back with a hoarse voice.

"You're so kinky, baby," Lizzy whispered, resting her forehead against Tom's as she ground her hips. "I *fucking* love it."

"I never knew you were such a freak," Tom said, his fingers digging deeply into her ass.

He was *this* close to cumming.

"Neither did I," she answered. "I guess your roommate's big cock broke me."

"Oh fuck," Tom groaned.

"Oh yeah, you're going to cum now?"

"Yes."

"You're going to add your load to your roommate's?"

"Uh huh."

Tom was in such a state that he could only answer in groans. His beautiful girlfriend, his *innocent* girlfriend, the girl who got top grades, who never skipped a class, who has an intricate system of color-coded markers she uses to study — that same proper girl, the type to volunteer at the animal shelter, who helped seniors cross the streets, who made such a good impression on Tom's parents — *that* girl?

That girl was just pumped full of his arrogant roommate's cum. *That* girl was just used as a cumdumpster by Brad, who squeezed her tits, yanked down her panties, and rammed his giant cock into her until he exploded deep inside of her.

And that girl fucking *loved it*.

Tom could do nothing but watch. Breathless. As the most erotic experience in his life unfolded in front of his very eyes.

Just like he could do nothing but cum right now, and add his load to Brad's. As his orgasm built up inside of him, one sentence burned on his lips.

"What is it?" Lizzy asked, knowing that look on her boyfriend's face. "Tell me and cum inside me."

"I love—," Tom gasped. Was he really going to utter these words?

Fuck it. There's no turning back now.

That ship sailed a long time ago.

"Yes?" Lizzy coaxed.

"I love that the first time I cum inside of you, it's sloppy seconds," Tom gasped, the words coming out in fits and starts.

Lizzy broke into a deep, wide smile. She pushed her hips back, slamming her butt down on her helpless boyfriend, fiending for his seed.

"Fuck yes, cum inside of me, Tom, add your load to my sloppy, used pussy," she hissed.

That did it.

Tom came so hard he saw stars. His moans stifled, his hips tensed up, and all he could do was grunt as he came, over and over again, his balls pulsing until they were well and truly empty, and Lizzy's cunt was filled to the brim with seed.

The well-fucked girlfriend collapsed on top of her boyfriend, both of them breathing hard, as they hugged tightly.

"Do you still love me?" Lizzy whispered.

"I do," Tom answered truthfully. "I love you more than anything, Liz."

"I love you, too, Tom. Holy fuck. I can't believe we just did all of that. That was crazy."

"Neither can I. Lets talk about it tomorrow, okay?" Tom whispered back. "Let's get some sleep."

Right now his emotions were still caught in a maelstrom — and Brad's loud snoring to their side didn't make it easier to focus.

"Okay," Lizzy said as she slipped off her boyfriend, returning to her place next to his sleeping roommate.

The couple held hands as sleep took Tom, the hot sex draining him from all his energy.

His sleep was deep, peaceful, perfect. When he awoke, hours later, it took him a moment to remember all that had happened.

"Oh fuck yeah, take that dick you little slut."

It was so erotic, so amazing it all felt like a dream, but something told him it wasn't.

"You look great with my big cock inside your slutty little mouth."

His nose.

He could still smell sex, that distinct, pungent smell that was so strong last night.

Strange. Did it linger in the room?

"I can't believe your boyfriend actually spread your ass for me. Yeah, you like that, baby girl? You like sucking my dick in front of your sleeping boyfriend?"

His ears, alerted him, too. There was a sound.

A sloppy, rhythmic sound. And gags.

It was the sound of a proper slut worshipping a giant cock.

Tom opened his eyes. He turned to his side, expecting to see his lovely girlfriend staring back at him, but that wasn't the case.

"Hey, look who finally woke up," Brad sneered.

His big hand was holding a fistful of Lizzy's hair as he forced her head down on his giant cock. From the sounds of it, Lizzy was struggling to fit it all in her mouth.

"Wh-what," Tom stammers, licking his dry lips. He sat up and looked down.

"Tell your boyfriend good morning, slut," Brad commanded.

Lizzy looked up from her spot between Brad's legs, and plopped his thick cock out of her mouth. A strand of saliva still connected her lips to the monstrous cock, which now rested against her face, obscuring half of it.

"Good morning, baby," Lizzy said, her usually pale features now flushed bright red with arousal.

"Hey," Tom said, not knowing what else to stammer.

Last night was a feverish dream, an erotic high, enhanced by the darkness. Now the sun was up, his room was bathed in light, and the harsh truth was staring him in the face.

It wasn't a one off.

Brad didn't forget.

He wasn't even sleeping.

Tom's cocky roommate had groped, fingered, and fucked his girlfriend right in front of him.

And he wasn't going to stop anytime soon.

"Brad wants me to finish him off with my mouth, that's okay, right?" Lizzy said, her tongue already darting at the base of Brad's thick, huge cock. Jesus, the veins on that thing.

"Uh, yeah. Sure."

Brad chuckled as he grabbed a fistful of Lizzy's hair and forced his cock back down her throat. The sounds of his girlfriend chocking on Brad's cock made Tom's cock throb painfully hard, much to his own surprise.

"Yeah, that's it, baby girl. Take it all. I gotta say, Tom, I've had a lot of sluts suck my dick, but your girlfriend has got to be one of the best cocksuckers I've ever had."

"Uh. Thanks?"

"Don't mention it. Go get me a glass of water, huh, champ?"

"Sure."

Tom rose as if stuck in a trance, feeling in his bones that this very situation was ridiculous — why was he obeying his roommate instead of socking him in the jaw? — but feeling powerless to stop following his commands all the same.

As he returned and saw the sight of his girlfriend's naked ass high up in the air, her puffy pussy slick with juices as her blonde hair bobbed up and down Brad's lap, Tom instantly forgot any and all reservations he had.

He handed Brad the glass, knelt behind his girlfriend, and tongued her pussy and ass as deeply as he could, inhaling her scent, losing himself completely in the moment.

Brad groaned as he shot his load down Lizzy's throat, and Tom couldn't help but squirt his seed all over his girlfriend's ankles, his tongue buried in her ass.

"Thanks for the blowjob, slut," Brad said as he got up and patted Lizzy on the head. "We're going to have a lot of fun, you and I."

He strode out of the room as Lizzy and Tom looked at each other, both of them breathing hard, both of them aroused beyond belief.

They were both silent, looking for the right words, none knowing what to say.

Tom decided to just show his love, and kissed his girlfriend deeply. She returned their kiss, happy that her boyfriend hadn't exploded in anger, and they hugged tightly.

Tom didn't care that his girlfriend's mouth tasted like his roommate's cock. He just wanted to kiss his girl, prove to her that he still loved her, no matter what.

That he meant every word of what he said last night.

"I'm sorry," Lizzy started. "I woke up still, you know, and then Brad just pulled the covers away, and, well, you know."

"You sucked his dick," Tom said matter-of-factly. "He offered you his cock and you accepted."

"Yes," Lizzy answered. "I sucked his dick. He didn't even have to ask. I just saw it, that giant thing, and I just.. had to have it in my mouth. I wanted to talk to you first, of course, but there it suddenly was, and, well. That's what happened."

"You're such a slut," Tom chuckled. "Don't get me wrong — I love it."

"Do you really? I never thought, I never..."

"Neither did I," Tom said. "But it happened, and I'm... happy for it?"

Lizzy smiled broadly and kissed her boyfriend hard. "How did I get the best boyfriend *ever*?" She stammered. "You're so fucking kind and caring and understanding and kinky, *Tom*. Jesus."

"So are you," Tom smirked. "So are you."

The couple hugged in silence for a few moments, as Lizzy planted small kisses all over her boyfriend's chest.

"What happens now?" Lizzy asked.

Tom shrugged. "Let's just take it a day at a time and we'll find out, right?"

Brad's booming voice broke the silence.

"Yo Tom, get your ass down to the kitchen and make me some eggs! Send your girl down, too!"

The couple exchanged a look. They both waited with bated breath to see who was going to answer first.

Tom took the lead.

"I guess... it's time for breakfast?"

Lizzie's nipples hardened visible. "Yeah. Let's go downstairs."

As Lizzie grabbed her panties, Tom stopped her and handed her a bathrobe.

"Just wear that," he said, his voice croaking.

Lizzy's eyes glimmered with excitement. "Nothing else?" She whispered.

"Nothing else."

"Okay," she said. "Just know that you're going to eat more than just breakfast."

Tom splashed some cold water on his face and stared into the bathroom mirror. Now that he was out of the funky sex smell, away from his girlfriend's beautiful naked body, the reality of his situation crashed in hard.

What the hell was he getting himself into?!

This was all going so fast. He ought to pump the brakes and take Lizzy away somewhere. Have a long weekend, reconnect, find a new place to stay.

Sharing his girlfriend sexually was incredibly arousing, but with his asshole roommate? Of *all* people, he would be his absolute last choice.

And then he heard Lizzy laughing downstairs, followed by Brad's growly, dominant voice. What were they talking about?

Were they laughing at him?

Tom tip-toed downstairs, his cock hardening instantly, his decision already forgotten. He *had* to see what Brad was doing with his girlfriend.

Brad sat at the kitchen table in nothing but his boxers, his impressive, muscled, tattooed body on full display. The bulge in his boxers was unmistakable — *did the man ever go soft?!*

His eyes were glued on Lizzy who was making coffee, wearing nothing but the white bathrobe tied loosely around her waist. They were obviously flirting, and Tom just stared and drank the scene in.

All thoughts of leaving had already disappeared. His asshole roommate had put a spell on the couple, a spell that Tom couldn't possibly break.

Simply watching his roommate's hungry eyes pass over his girlfriend's body put Tom in a state of delight. He felt proud of his girl, and strangely, proud of himself as well, for landing such a hottie.

"Tom, stop staring and make me an omelet," Brad barked. "I haven't got all day."

Tom snapped back to reality.

"Yes, sure," he stammered.

Lizzy chuckled as her boyfriend grabbed a pan and a couple of eggs and started cooking. Tom focused on preparing the meal, and blocked out the whispers and stifled laughter going on behind his back.

"Got any plans for the weekend?" Tom asked, trying to lighten the mood.

"Yeah. Coming inside your girl," Brad growled.

Lizzy sucked in an audible breath, and Tom whirled around, ready to cuss out this roommate for the blatant disrespect. Instead, Tom froze in place when he saw what was happening right behind his back.

Lizzy's bathrobe was wide open, and Brad casually twisted her sensitive nipples as the jock glared at him, daring him to say something.

If Tom so much as grazed Lizzy's nipples, she always complained about them being 'too sensitive'. It seemed the young girl had a different tolerance of pain for Brad.

His girlfriend's eyes were closed, her mouth hanging open as she moaned softly, like a bitch in heat.

That look of pure pleasure, or pure surrender to Brad; that sealed the deal for Tom. There was no way he was going to put a stop to this, not when Lizzy was obviously enjoying every second of it.

Not that he felt he could if he even wanted to.

Tom's eyes darted to the stairs. Their other roommates could walk down the stairs at any moment, and that was something that did deeply worry him.

Playing with Brad was one thing.

Outing himself to all their roommates as his bitch? That was too much.

"Can we do this someplace else?" Tom whispered. "Before someone sees."

"The sooner you make me my breakfast, the sooner I'm done," Brad snarled.

Tom turned around, his heart hammering in his throat as he continued with the omelets. His hands were trembling as he placed the plate down in front of Brad, whose hand was still casually groping Lizzy's naked body right in front of him. Her robe was opened, her thighs literally dripping with her wetness.

Tom never realized Lizzy liked being manhandled and ordered around like this — and he never knew *he* liked it as well.

"Thanks, Tom," Brad said with obvious disdain in his voice. "Slut, you know what to do."

Without another word Lizzy dropped to the floor and pulled down Brad's boxer. His giant cock flopped out, slapping her audible in the face. She looked at his monstrous cock with a look of sheer adoration, and then proceeded to open her mouth as wide as possible and wrap her beautiful lips around Brad's cock.

Tom stared in amazement as Lizzy bobbed her head up and down furiously, spit drooling down the side of Brad's cock, her hands kneading his giant balls as she absolutely worshipped his roommate's cock.

Meanwhile, Brad ate his omelet and sipped on his coffee as if this was all completely normal. He took obvious joy in ignoring all the hard work Lizzy was putting in, which only spurred her on to gag herself even harder, to fuck his cock with her own throat.

"Good girl," Brad said finally, and a shudder of pleasure visually travelled through Lizzy's body, her eyes fluttering, one hand clamped between her legs.

Holy shit, Tom thought to himself. Did she just come from Brad's words alone?

"Here's your load."

Brad's big balls contracted as his cock filled Lizzy's hungry mouth to the brim. The young girlfriend swallowed as much of Brad's seed as she could, but it spilled down her chin and onto her chest regardless.

Brad quickly grabbed the cup of coffee Tom was nursing, squeezing the last drop of his seed into the cup of java.

"Here's your coffee with cream," Brad said with a shit-eating grin.

Brad patted Lizzy on her head like a dog. "Good girl," he said. He then slapped Tom on the shoulder hard and walked back up the stairs, leaving the befuddled couple behind.

Lizzy looked absolutely destroyed — tears streaked down her face from when she choked herself on Brad's monster cock, which was now mixed with a thick load of cum dripping down her cheeks and chin.

Tom knelt down in front of his girl. The smell hit him in the face, a strong, pungent smell — the scent of Brad claiming them both.

Lizzy looked at him through half-open eyes, but he could see she wasn't really there. Her hand was still between her legs, flicking her clit, rubbing herself to another orgasm; her body trembled every few seconds with another after-shock.

Tom kissed his girlfriend.

Ignoring the smell, the taste and texture of Brad all over her. He kissed her, to let her know he still loved her. More than ever, in fact.

No matter what would ever happen.

CHAPTER THREE

The slamming of the front door awakened Tom. His eyes flew open, his heart rate immediately sky rocketing. He knew exactly what that sound meant.

The creaking of the stairs confirmed his suspicions.

Brad was home.

Under the covers he grabbed his girlfriend's hand and squeezed it. She returned the squeeze, rolled over towards her boyfriend, and pecked him quickly on the lips.

Next time the young couple would kiss, her breath would reek of Brad's cock.

The door opened. Tom closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep. It was the easiest thing to do. Having his arrogant roommate use his girlfriend like his own personal cumdumpster was one thing.

Staring into his eyes and having to hear his taunts was another.

No, Tom pretended to be asleep. He liked it better this way. Having to strain to hear what was going on, his imagination running wild, only heightened the sensations.

The door closed. Footsteps got closer to the bed. A belt unbuckled.

Lizzy gasped.

And then she gagged.

Brad didn't say a word. He didn't have to. Everyone's role was clear without having it spelled out for them.

Lizzy was Brad's to use. His own personal fucktoy, as he liked to call her. Tom had accepted it. He had no other choice, and deep down, the young man understood his girlfriend perfectly well.

Following Brad's orders came naturally to Lizzy, and to Tom as well. He wondered why, as the bed rocked ever so slightly, and Brad groaned.

Was it because Lizzy had grown up without a father? Is that why she wanted to please Brad so much? It seemed to make sense, but Tom's parents both loved him. He had no complaints in that department.

And yet, under the covers, he gently stroked his girlfriend's thigh as encouragement as his roommate fucked her mouth. He too wanted to make Brad happy — he wanted the both of them to be happy, in fact.

"Oh, fuck yeah, that's it. Lick my balls too. Oh yeah. You love my sweaty balls, don't you?"

"Mmhmm."

"Fuck, that's it. Lick my taint, girl. Shit, I've been training you well, chocking on my nutsack with your boyfriend right next to you. Shit. I ought to let my mates take a turn on you. You'd love that, wouldn't you, you little cumslut?"

“MmMHM!”

The excited moans coming from Lizzy’s throat confirmed it. The thought of Brad sharing his girlfriend freely made Tom’s cock dribble precum all over the sheets. He reached down and squeezed his bulge involuntarily; a movement which Brad spotted instantly.

“Look whose awake. Open your eyes, bitch boy.”

Tom hated his new nickname, but Lizzy seemed to gag herself even harder on Brad’s cock whenever he used it.

Pretending to be asleep now was even more humiliating than fessing up to it. Tom opened his eyes and blinked theatrically, as if he just wake up, hoping it would save a shred of his dignity.

Brad held Lizzy’s hair with one hand as he pumped her mouth, every thrust of his powerful hips causing Tom’s girlfriend to gag. It was the most amazing scene to wake up to.

“Good morning, bitch boy. Why don’t you give your girlfriend a kiss, huh?”

Brad pulled away and turned Lizzy’s face towards Tom.

Drool dribbled down her full lips. Her eyes were glazed over, as a few tears rolled down her cheeks. The scent of Brad’s cock wafted from her.

Lizzy looked beautiful. And sluttier than ever.

Tom swallowed the lump in his throat and puckered his lips. He leaned in for a gentle kiss, but Lizzy had other plans. She pushed her tongue right into her boyfriend’s mouth, swirling her tongue around, spreading the taste of Brad’s cock everywhere.

Tom gasped and his cock twitched.

“Yeah, you like the taste of my cock as well, don’t you? Shit, you’re probably as much of a cumslut as your girl, if not more. Do you want

some straight from the tap? Forget about it bitch boy — you're only eating my cum out your girlfriend's well-fucked holes."

Lizzy reached under the covers and wanked her boyfriend's cock as she kissed him. Hearing Brad bully her boyfriend like that right in front of her made her horny as hell. She had no idea why, but there was just something so primal about Brad, so aggressive, so alpha. He truly didn't give a shit about anyone or anything — he just wanted to bust his nut.

The first time Lizzy met Brad, she hated everything about him. His smug smile, his washboard abs he flashed at every opportunity, the arrogant and condescending way he spoke to her boyfriend and to her.

Now, she was sharing the taste of Brad's cock with her boyfriend, and enjoying those same very same qualities she thought she hated.

It was like a drug.

"Wait," Tom gasped, but it was too late to hold back his orgasm. He spurted all over the sheets, his body trembling involuntarily, embarrassing himself in front of Brad and his girlfriend once more. It's like Lizzy suddenly thrived on emasculating him in front of the alpha that was Brad.

"Haha, I can't believe you, bitch boy. No wonder your girl is addicted to my cock. Let me show you what a real cumshot looks like."

Brad grabbed Lizzy's hair and roughly turned her face back to him. Lizzy closed her eyes and stretched out her tongue, exactly like Brad trained her to do.

Tom watched in awe.

He never got to cum on his girlfriend's face. Even now, after Brad has perfected the art of painting his girlfriend's face with thick goblets of seed, Tom is still denied that pleasure.

"That's it! Fuck, yes, take my cum, you horny little slut!"

Brad spurted his seed, thick ropes of it, all over Lizzy's face. The white stands dripped down her cheeks as she toyed with her own cunt, rubbing her clit as she savored the feeling of Brad's warm cum all over her.

Getting doused with cum in front of her boyfriend got her off every single time.

She trembled as her orgasm washed over her, smiling up at Brad, one eye closed because of all the white cum dripping down her face.

"What do you say then?" Brad asked as he used the head of his cock to smear the cum all over Lizzy's face.

"Thank you, master," Lizzy answered obediently.

"That's right," Brad said, pushing back his shoulders. "Good girl. See you two lovebirds tomorrow."

Brad left now that he had gotten his nut. Lizzy laid back down on her back, her chest heaving up and down with every breath, the cum still rolling down her cheeks. She didn't care if it stained her pillow. She loved having Brad's scent around her at all times.

Tom pulled the covers to the side and crawled between his girlfriend's legs. He knew what he had to do now — lick his girlfriend's sopping wet pussy until she came again. Serving Brad got her indescribably drenched, and even though he had just come, tasting his girlfriend's juices got Tom as hard as a rock in an instant.

"I'm such a bad girl," Lizzy moaned under her breath as her boyfriend licked her pussy. "You're so bad as well, watching your roommate use me like that."

"Uh huh."

"What would your mom say if she saw you now?" Lizzy's eyes flew open, a wicked glint in them. "Or your dad? What if your dad knew you just tasted your roommate's cock on your girlfriend's tongue, hm?"

Tom's cock twitched. Lizzy was always openminded, but Brad had really flipped a switch. Now she would say what ever came to mind, no matter how dirty and wrong it was.

Lizzy grabbed her hips and leaned back, opening her pussy and ass to her boyfriend, who greedily licked her wet holes.

"What would your dad think if he knew he raised a cocksucker?"

Tom looked up, surprised, his girlfriend's juices dripping down his chin. "I'm not a cocksucker."

"Not yet, but I you know you want to suck Brad's cock with me, don't you?"

Lizzy grabbed his hair and pushed Tom back into her cunt, smothering him.

"You kiss me after he throatfucked me, you eat my pussy after he's fucked me, face it baby, you're as addicted to Brad's cock as I am," Lizzy gasped as she squeezed her own nipples.

Tom disagreed, but he was in no position to reply. He loved his girlfriend, he loved pleasing her, he loved doing whatever aroused her — and if that was kissing her or eating her out, that's what he did. Brad's smell and taste didn't factor into it, as far as he was concerned.

Lizzy had other ideas.

And to his own surprise, his girlfriend's mean words gave Tom a raging erection.

"I wonder if your dad would punish me for being such a bad girl," Lizzy continued. "He'd know how to treat a slut like me, right? He's a real man."

Lizzy didn't say it, but Tom heard it loud and clear: *Unlike you.*

He ate his girlfriend out with renewed vigor, probing her asshole with his tongue, licking all the way up and sucking on her clit, his fingers

sinking into her wet cunt as his own cock throbbed against the sheets. He humped the bed as his girlfriend's pussy smothered him, every word from his girlfriend's mouth bringing him closer to orgasm.

"Oh, fuck yeah, eat my pussy baby, eat my slutty pussy. I'm such a slut for him baby, oh yeah!"

Lizzy trembled, her thighs clamping around Tom's neck, and that was enough for him to shoot his jizz all over the sheets, humping the bed as he came right there and then.

He came up for air, gasping, and Lizzy pulled him in right away for a hot, sweaty, passionate kiss.

"I fucking love you, baby," she said.

"I love you too, oh my god," Tom panted.

She wrapped every limb around her loving boyfriend and smothered him with affection, counting her blessings. When their heartbeats had simmered down, she spoke.

"I had no idea you got off to talk like that."

"Me neither?" Tom said. "But I'm honestly going along with it for your sake."

Lizzy scrunched her nose. "You didn't just come twice for *my* sake, baby. Don't be shy. I want you to be open with me, and honest, like I'm being with you."

"I am open," Tom insisted. "It's just... all going a lot faster than I anticipated."

"You don't want to pump the brakes, do you?"

The look on Lizzy's face nearly broke Tom's heart. He would never stop her from doing something she enjoyed.

"No, not at all," he hastened to say.

"Good, because I think we're just getting started." Lizzy clapped her hands enthusiastically. "I've been doing some reading online."

"Oh god. Nothing good comes from the internet, you know that."

"Shut up," Lizzy laughed. "There's some really interesting stuff on there, about polygamy, female-led-relationships, BDSM... there's a whole world out there that we don't know about. I'm now reading this book called *Guilt Free Slut*. It's really helping me change my perceptions and challenge my worldview."

Tom licked his dry lips. "Are you sure you're not getting brainwashed?"

"Stop teasing me, I'm serious," Lizzy said. "All the things I said — I got that from the book."

"You're getting your dirty talk from a book now? That's the Lizzy I remember!"

"Shut up," Lizzy laughed. "I didn't mean it like that. It didn't literally tell me what to say. It just sparked some thoughts as to how we can use role-play to make things even hotter. And it worked like a charm."

She playfully pet his penis as if it were a small dog.

"Dicks don't lie."

"I'm not sure about that, my dick is not someone I would go to for advice," Tom said, trying to wrestle back this conversation.

"That's because you haven't accepted your inner-self yet," Lizzy said manner-of-factly. "You ought to read this book too, babe, there's a lot you can learn from this."

"I do accept myself!" Tom's voice rose up, annoyance now creeping in. He just let his roommate have his way with his girl right in front of him and now she's telling him he doesn't accept himself?! *Bullshit!*

"Then tell me you love Brad's cock." Lizzy crossed her arms over her chest, her eyes daring her boyfriend to speak the fateful words.

"What? Why would I?"

"See. Because you do. We practically swap his cum. Do you know how you look at me when I got Brad's cock in my mouth? Like you're jealous."

"Of course I'm jealous!"

"No, you're not jealous of him, you're jealous of *me*," Lizzy insisted. "You want his cock as well."

"This is ridiculous." Tom got out of bed in a huff. "I have no problem exploring whatever *this* is, but I won't sit here and let you call me a...a..."

"A what? You can't even say it because you're so afraid it might be true."

"A cocksucker! Okay? I won't let you call me a cocksucker!"

Lizzy leaned forward and playfully slapped his dick. "Then why is your prick all hard now, hm?"

"Unbelievable!" Tom grabbed his clothes and stormed out of the room. He slammed the door behind him as he headed into the city for a walk.

It didn't take long for his adrenaline to fade away and for regret to sink in. Why was he fighting with his girlfriend? He loved her with every pore, he worshipped the ground she walked on, and yet... Nothing ever seemed enough.

No bridge they crossed seemed enough to sate her curiosity. Lizzy wanted to explore everything life had to offer.

That wasn't the girl he first fell in love with — or maybe it was. She was sheltered, nerdish and bookish, but always interested about the world, eager to explore sex with Tom.

The spark had always been there. Brad just took that spark and ignited a raging inferno.

That fateful night, that first extremely erotic encounter had simply changed everything in the blink of an eye.

Now Tom had a choice to make.

He could leave his girlfriend. Move out. Forget all about her.

That simply wasn't an option. His heart beat only for her — he wanted to stay by her side for the rest of his life if he could. Her smile made his heart sing, her beauty made him happy to be alive. There was simply no other girl quite like Lizzy out there.

That left only one choice.

Following her wherever their journey took them. Having to face his own fears with an open-mind.

Tom returned home to an empty room. He grabbed his phone, and his heart skipped when he saw the text.

Im in brads room. hes got a friend over so don't come in. Love you ttyl <3 xx

Tom sprinted up the stairs. Bedsprings creaked, and a girl moaned on the other side of the door. It was Lizzy alright, there was no doubt in Tom's mind about it.

He sank with his back against the wall. This was the first time he hadn't been there. The emotions were even tougher this time, raw, painful, like sandpaper against his heart — and yet it felt good at the same time.

Perhaps I gotta read this fucking book and make sense of it all, he thought.

Tom scrambled back up to his feet when one of his other roommates passed by. It was Alex, who towered over Tom. They hadn't spoken much before.

"Waiting for your turn?"

"What?" Tom stammered.

"I asked if you were waiting for your turn. It was a joke, my man."

"Oh, haha, nah I was just walking by, and, uh. Got distracted."

Alex smirked. "Brad's a fucking player, he's always got chicks over, man. Maybe you can ask him to take you under your wing. He can teach you a thing or two."

"Uh, haha, maybe."

"Talk to you later, dude. Let me know when Brad's done so I can get my turn," Alex winked.

"Yeah, see ya, haha."

Tom slinked back down to his room and hid his face in a pillow. He jerked off right there and then, the pillow still thick with Brad's scent.

CHAPTER FOUR

Serving Brad quickly became second nature for Tom and Lizzy. Every night they would wait for him to come home. The moment the front door closed, Lizzy assumed the position.

On her knees by the door.

While Brad fucked her mouth and berated him, Tom would help out by holding his girlfriend's hair so that it wouldn't get in her face, or he would wait patiently with a towel to catch any drops of cum threatening to drip onto the carpet.

It was a routine that worked for them. Tom had accepted his position at the bottom of the totem pole.

His resolve was about to be tested.

"I've got some friends coming over tomorrow night," Brad growled as he fucked the young girl's mouth.

There was nothing he liked more than making Lizzy gag on his cock as her pathetic and impotent boyfriend sat right next to her. How Lizzy managed to train her boyfriend so well that he'd hold her hair as Brad fucked her mouth, he could never understand — but he didn't mind enjoying the fruits of her labor.

Fucking other people's girlfriends was second nature to Brad, but having the boyfriends watch, and be willing participants? Now that was rare, even for a voracious stud like him.

When he first met Tom, Brad disliked him right away. Tom barely looked him in the eye, didn't mingle at the house parties, and barely got out of his room. This was college, the wildest years of his life, and Tom was wasting it all on video games.

How that nerd managed to land such a smoking hottie as Lizzy was anyone's guess.

The day Lizzy first walked into their shared flat, Brad had tapped his roomie Alex on the shoulder.

"I'm going to fuck her. She doesn't know it yet, but look at her. She looks like a nerd but there's a slut underneath those bookish clothes. I can just tell." Brad licked his lips and nodded at Lizzy. She looked away, disgusted.

Alex shook his head. "You're a fucking dog, Brad. You know that's Tom's girl, right? What will he say when he hears you talk like that?"

"He'll probably go hide in his room and jerk off. Shit, I might even make him watch. Show him what college is really about."

"You're fucking crazy, Brad. No way you'll pull that off."

"Wanna bet?" Brad said. "Put your money where your mouth is."

"Sure, you bastard," Alex replied.

"Loser buys a keg for the next rager."

"You're on."

They shook hands, and Tom's and Lizzy's fate was sealed in that moment. In the next couple of days, he made sure he was shirtless whenever Lizzy was around. He'd bump into her in the bathroom or the kitchen, never wasting a moment to show her what she's missing out on.

With the seed planted, the next step was remarkably easy. He pretended to be drunk and just stepped into their bed.

Like expected, neither of them were assertive enough to kick him out. He thought he'd press his cock against her, make her all hot and bothered, to ramp up the tension even more...

But it turned out that wasn't even necessary. Emboldened by the couple's inaction, Brad decided to grope her right in front of her boyfriend under the guise of being asleep.

The rest was history.

Lizzy moaned like a bitch in heat, pushing her ass back into him, practically dry-fucking him right there.

All he had to do was peel her panties off. Shit, Tom even leaned over and held her girlfriend's ass open for him, paving the way for Brad's cock to slip into that tight little cunt and make it is.

Alex was going to pay up. He hadn't just fucked Lizzy; he had made her his own personal fucktoy, and Tom his manservant.

He hadn't told Alex yet, though. No, he had a big reveal planned. He was going to break any resolve the young couple still had and truly make them his.

"Tomorrow night," Brad repeated as he grabbed a fistful of Lizzy's hair and made her gag on his cock. "Poker game in the common room. You're going to serve everyone. Is that understood?"

He pulled Lizzy's head from his cock.

"Yes sir," she panted, spit drooling down her lips.

“Good girl.”

“The common room?” Tom hesitated. “Won’t everyone see?”

“The other roomies will be out,” Brad lied. “It’s a Saturday night. Don’t worry about it.”

Tom did worry. He hated Brad, but at the same time, loved what he did to Lizzy and him. He accepted that Lizzy needed his big cock, as long as no one knew about it.

But hosting a poker game for all his friends? What did Brad have in mind?

Tom raised his concerns with Lizzy who dismissed them outright. “It’ll be fun,” she said. “It’s just a poker game. I’m just going to serve some drinks, deal some cards. It’ll be fine. Besides, you love watching me parade around in a short dress.”

That was the end of that conversation, and Saturday evening rolled around quicker than anticipated.

“Here’s your dress for tonight.”

Brad handed Lizzy a slutty maid costume, the type you’d wear for Halloween. If you were a slut wanting to show off just about everything.

Tom’s eyes widened. “She can’t wear this.”

“And why the fuck not?” Brad barked.

“It’s s-s-slutty.”

Brad slapped Lizzy right on her round ass as he looked Tom straight in the eye, daring him to say something.

“Exactly. I want everyone to see what a hot piece of ass Lizzy is. You want that as well, don’t you, babygirl?”

Lizzy looked down at the floor, her cheeks flushed. "Yes," she mumbled.

"Say that again."

"Yes, sir. I want everyone to see what a hot piece of ass I am."

"Good girl."

Brad squeezed her ass, and she whimpered softly. He was going to have a lot of fun with her tonight.

"We'll say she lost a bet," Brad explained to the submissive couple. "Oh, and I hope you know how to shuffle Tom, cause you'll be dealing cards."

"What?" Tom gasped. He wanted to stay in his room, and perhaps peek around the corner. Not to be the right in the thick of things. "I can't do that."

"Then you better fucking learn real soon, because my friends are almost here. Common room in half an hour."

With that command Brad left and closed the door behind him. Lizzy barely looked at her boyfriend. Her eyes were glued to the slutty dress, her body shaking with anticipation.

A fact that wasn't lost on Tom. He wanted to get the hell out of there, but he couldn't leave his girlfriend behind... and he knew by now there was no way Lizzy wasn't going to follow Brad's commands.

"Are you okay with this?" Tom asked.

Lizzy nodded demurely. "If it's okay with you."

"I guess. If we really say you lost a bet, then I think it's okay."

Lizzy's hands shook when she slid into the slutty dress. It was even sexier than she feared. The hem of her skirt barely reached past her ass, and the top was way too small to contain her tits.

If she leaned forward, both her big tits and round ass threatened to spill out of the sexy garment. It was everything she hated and everything she wanted.

As a self-proclaimed feminist, hating on sexy Halloween costumes was second nature to Lizzy. She was deaf to the argument that owning your sexuality was, in itself, a feminist act. No, it was much easier to hate on the girls who showed off their legs, their ass and their tits, who invited stares, who reveled in the attention of men.

Of course, deep down, the bookish girl knew she was actually jealous. She, too, wanted to be lusted after, praised for her beauty, her youth, her body.

And now Brad, the cocky asshole, was making her biggest fantasy a reality. As if he could read her like a fucking book.

"How do I look?"

She twirled in front of Tom, who has been fidgeting on his bed the entire time.

Her skirt flared up, showing off her round ass perfectly. Tom saw the way her ass swallowed her thong and swallowed the lump in his throat.

Mere minutes from now, she would parade around his shared flat in that outfit. Anyone who would see her would think she was a proper slut.

Lizzy, his shy girlfriend, would be fully transformed into the slut of his dreams.

All thoughts of running away left Tom's mind in that instant. He had to see this play out. No matter what.

"Good," he croaked. "You look hot."

"Thank you." Lizzy kissed her boyfriend on the lips. She loved how understanding and kind he was. She'd be lost without him.

At that moment, the door bell rang. The moment of truth had arrived.

Tom sat in stony silence at the head of the table, nervously shuffling a pack of cards. Poker chips littered the table, and Brad had closed the curtains and put on a hip-hop playlist. The mood had been set, and the game was about to begin.

The guys arrived one by one. They were exactly the type of people Tom imagined they would be: rich, flashy and arrogant jocks, sporting expensive watches and brand-name polo-shirts that could barely contain their muscled biceps and wide shoulders.

Luckily, he didn't recognize any of them. He might have seen one or two of them on campus before, but the square-jawed jocks all looked the same to Tom. The young couple moved in completely different circles to Brad, so there was relatively little risk of their secret relationship coming out.

Unless Brad was planning on telling the whole table.

Tom's cock pulsed at the thought. Why he craved such humiliation, he had no idea, but the book Lizzy had recommended her boyfriend was right. The way Brad (and Lizzy) treated him gave him a natural (and addictive) high. Exploring that in the safety of their bedroom was something Tom was okay with.

This party? It was way beyond his comfort zone. Which only made it hotter.

"Let's get some money out, guys."

Brad threw a big wad of cash on the table. A thousand dollars, easily. The other men followed, and Tom took the cash and gave everyone their set of chips.

"Shuffle up and deal," Brad commanded.

Tom's hands shook as he shuffled and dealt out the cards. There were six guys in total playing, so excluding Brad there were five new

faces: Tony, Brock, Kyle, Trey, and Hunter.

Lizzy hadn't made her entrance yet. Brad was seemingly saving that for later. *Or he could have changed his mind.*

"What a weak fucking hand. Were'd you get this dealer from?" Hunter complained. "He's giving me trash."

"Be nice to Tom," Brad said as he winked at him. "He's my friend and I expect you assholes to treat him as such. Understood?"

"Yeah, yeah. Just give me some better fucking hands, amigo."

It felt good to be under Brad's protection. Tom's hands stopped shaking, and he dealt out the hands with confidence.

The drinks flowed easily, and the group got rowdier. Tom was so absorbed in his task that he almost forgot the reason he was even here.

And then Brad opened his mouth.

"Alright, listen up you assholes, I've got a surprise for you. But not a fucking word to this about anyone, right?"

"Is this your coming out?" Kyle said. "I always knew you were gay."

"Shut up, asshole. Or you don't get a turn."

Tom's heart leaped into his throat at that quip.

Brad clapped his hands. "Come in here, girl."

Lizzy sauntered into the room with a tray full of beer. She wobbled slightly on her high heels, and smiled, red lipstick adorning her full lips. The heels and the make-up added to the pure sex that was her maid outfit.

"Jesus!"

The guys all howled in unison at the sight of the hottie, slapping the table, punching each other on the shoulder, and slapping Brad on

the back.

Lizzy's heart pounded in her throat as she placed the glasses of beer on the table. Every one was staring at her, no, *leering*. They commented openly about her appearance, her body, her sex-appeal.

"Look at those tits, fuck. Those puppies are nearly falling out."

"Some nice fucking legs, too. What's your name, baby?"

"Yeah, Brad, where the hell did you get such a hot fucking babe from?"

"She owes me a favor. Don't you, sweetie?"

Brad wrapped his arm around Lizzy's waist and pulled her in close. She was happy to be standing next to him — he protected her from the feral pack that was ready to devour her.

At the head she saw her boyfriend. He was nearly invisible compared to all the tall and muscular men sitting at the table. There was a strange look on his face. His mouth hung open like there was a word hanging on his lips, but he made no sound. His eyes did speak to Lizzy, though. That was the look of pure arousal.

She was truly blessed to have a loving boyfriend who shared her exact fantasies.

"This is... we'll call her Sasha for tonight," Brad said. His hand slid up the back of her skirt as he talked. "Sasha is going to entertain us tonight. Aren't you, Sasha?"

"Yes, sir," Lizzy answered.

As Brad hand slid onto her ass a jolt of pleasure raced straight to her clit. He squeezed her ass right on front of the men as he spoke, and Lizzy barely heard a thing anyone said.

"Listen up, you horndogs. No pictures. If I see you on your phone, I'm throwing you the fuck out. Now, Sasha is going to make sure our

drinks are all topped off, and if you guys throw in a bit more cash, well, the night is still young, eh?"

Brad barely finished his sentence when the guys were already grabbing their wallets and throwing down as much as as they carried. Tom harked it all in, his entire body now trembling.

What was happening? Was Brad actioning off his girlfriend right in front of him? He hinted to a lot of things, but what was really about to happen was still unclear to Tom.

All he could do was deal a new hand and pray.

CHAPTER FIVE

“*H*ow about we up the stakes?” Brad said. “The winner of every hand gets to have Sasha for the duration of the hand. How does that sound?”

Sasha giggled. “Sure thing.” Her eyes met Tom’s across the table, and he saw pure fire burning in them.

Kyle snapped his fingers. “Come on, dealer, we haven’t got all day. Give me a new hand, I want to have that fine ass parked on my lap.”

“Uh, sure.”

Tom’s hands were shaking as he dealt the first hand. After a quick pre-flop raise by Brad, everyone folded, and he shoved his seat back.

“Sit down right here babe,” he said as he pat his lap.

Lizzy sat down right on Brad’s lap, the dress sliding up so that all of her naked legs were visible. Brad rested his hands on Tom’s

girlfriend's thighs, but due to the table, Tom couldn't really see what was going on.

The nervous boyfriend dealt the next hand as fast he could, doing his best to get each round over with as quickly as possible. The table, however, had other ideas. The men hemmed and hawed and took it slow.

All the while Tom had to watch as Brad slid his hands across Lizzy's body and whispered in her ear. His girlfriend threw her back and laughed, a wide smile on her face, her cheeks glowing bright red.

"Two pair," Kyle said.

"Flush!" Hunter threw down his cards triumphantly. He patted his lap. "Come here, baby girl."

Lizzy sauntered over, and giggled when the strong jock pulled her onto his lap. His hands slipped up her legs immediately, kneading her soft flesh.

"Fuck, this bitch has a nice big soft ass," Hunter growled.

"Yeah, you like it?" Lizzy asked as she shook her hips.

Under the table Tom was as hard as a rock. He reached down and squeezed his cock as sneakily as he could.

Lizzy was passed around from one lap to the next. Some men openly fondled her tits, while others had their hands under the table, doing god knows what.

Lizzy, meanwhile, was in seventh heaven, as seven men lusted over her — six bulls and her loving boyfriend. She loved being passed from one lap to the next as their little plaything, their rough hands scouring her body; slipping into her top, squeezing her tits, tweaking her nipples, kneading her ass, and some even going as far as to slide a finger or two in her dripping wet cunt.

Her boyfriend couldn't see that Trey was finger banging her right under the table, a mere feet or two away from him. She looked her boyfriend in the eye and gave him a sultry smile as this total stranger had his index and middle finger buried inside of her cunt all the way to the hilt.

Being used like this in front of her boyfriend made Lizzy sopping wet — as did the feeling of the hard cocks pressing against her barely-clothed ass. She was thoroughly soaked.

"Jesus, this bitch's thong is dripping wet," Brock said when it was his turn. "I got a better idea. Take it off, girl."

Lizzy stood up with her legs shaking. She grabbed Tom's shoulder for support, and bent over ever so slightly to slip her panties down.

Behind her, all the men got a perfect view of her perfectly wet and naked pussy, as she held eye contact with her boyfriend.

"I love you," she mouthed to him.

And that moment, Brock, without warning, slid his finger right into her dripping wet cunt from behind. "She's fucking soaked guys, holy shit. I've never seen a pussy this wet."

"Of course you haven't!" Brad laughed.

Lizzy nearly fell, resting on Tom for support. Her hand brushed against his lap and she felt his hardness, and it reassured her that her boyfriend was perfectly okay with everything that was happening.

She straightened herself, turned around, and playfully wagged her finger at Brock. Tom nearly choked when he saw the juices dripping down his girlfriend's thighs. Brock wasn't joking.

Hunter slapped the table impatiently. "Come on dealer, deal! I want my turn!"

"Hold on, I've got a gift for our dealer," Brock said.

Tom looked up. Lizzy's wet thong hit him directly in the face.

The table erupted in laughter as Tom sat there, flabbergasted for just a moment, his girlfriend's soaking thong sticking to his face, her scent surrounding him completely.

Then Tom grabbed it and feigned anger, his face red.

"Now now, calm down," Brad grinned. "We can't play with our dealer. Let's be nice."

Tom placed the wet panties down on his lap and grabbed the cards to shuffle them.

Even Lizzy seemed to be smiling at him — was she laughing *with* or *at* him? Either answer made Tom's cock dribble.

He dealt the hands and the men were quick to place their bets and play their hands. No one was slowing down now: everyone wanted Lizzy on their lap.

Her top was pulled open, her naked tits spilling out as she was passed around like a cheap whore, her skirt bunched up around her waist, her cunt clearly visible and swollen as one man after the other plunged his fingers in.

It wasn't long until somebody got their cock out.

It was Hunter. Lizzy sat down on his lap only to feel his hard cock nestle between the cheeks of her ass. Her cunt dribbled her juices down on his thick balls as Hunter roughly grabbed her tits and thrust his cock between the globes of her ass.

In a state of extreme arousal Lizzy leaned forward, her naked tits pressed against the cold poker chips, completely ready for Hunter to lift her lap and guide his unprotected cock straight into her wanton pussy.

She felt his cock brush against her lips, and then the hand was over.

It was Brad's turn.

He grabbed her hand and pulled her over, and she stumbled forward.

"Are you having fun, Sasha?" He asked, using her stage name.

"Uh huh."

"Louder, so everyone can hear you."

"Yes, sir, I'm having fun," she said.

The guys sucked in a breath.

"What do you look like, baby girl?"

Lizzy glanced down. Her tits were hanging out, covered in red marks where the men had squeezed, groped and pulled. The dress was bunched around the waist, her red pussy clearly visible to all seven men.

"I look like a slut, sir."

"What happens to sluts?"

"They get punished," Lizzy answered, eyes closed.

"Exactly."

Brad pushed down on her shoulders. The young co-ed dropped down to her knees instantly, her mouth watering as Brad unbuckled his pants. She grabbed his boxers and pulled them down, his large cock flying out, and she quickly opened her mouth and took the head of his cock into her mouth, sucking him willingly and hungrily.

The other men stared on, filled with jealousy.

"Where the fuck did Brad find such a hot slut?" Hunter mumbled.

"Beats me," Kyle answered. "I've shared girls with my mates before, but I've never seen such a wanton slut like this one."

"Fucking based," Trey nodded. He unzipped his pants and took his cock out.

The other man followed suit. Tom stared in awe as five guys pulled out their cocks, one even bigger than the other, as they all watched Lizzy obediently worship Brad's cock.

Hunter caught Tom staring at his big cock and gave him a look. "You don't want a turn? You gay or something? It's cool if you are bro, you can fluff me if you want. A mouth's a mouth."

"You fucking degenerate," Kyle laughed.

"Doesn't hurt to ask," Hunter grinned.

"No, thank you," Tom croaked. If he took his cock out now he'd be emasculated.

"I've got an idea," Brad said. "Let's continue playing — the winner of each hand gets a blowjob. You lose if you're out of chips — or if you blow your load. How does that sound?"

The men all looked at Tom to start dealing in an instant as Lizzy crawled underneath the table.

Now that he couldn't see the action, it was somehow worse for Tom. He dealt the hand, and the game continued in silence — only broken by the wet, gagging sounds under the table, and the growls of pleasure of the men having their cocks sucked.

Tom's hand shook so much he dropped the deck of cards on the floor. The men groaned and complained as he quickly duck down to retrieve them.

Underneath the table, the smell of cock overwhelmed him. Lizzy sat under the table, surrounded by six throbbing hard cocks, each one glistening with saliva. She had one big cock in her mouth as she jerked two more, her hands dancing around so a cock was never untouched for long.

Her eyes were closed in a state of pure bliss.

Tom gathered the cards as quick he could, his entire body trembling. Lizzy's eyes shot open, and she smiled at her boyfriend — a strand of thick saliva connecting her tongue to someone's cock.

Tom couldn't even tell whose.

Lizzy leaned forward and kissed her boyfriend, pushing her tongue into his mouth. Tom was so surprised he couldn't move away — and the taste of six different cocks filled his mouth.

"What's taking so long? Deal the fucking hand," a voice growled.

Visibly shaken, Tom sat back up and dealt a hand. The taste in his mouth lingered.

Kyle was the first to lose. "Fuck!" He shouted. "Fuck! Nooo! Ah!"

The men laughed at him, and Tom ducked his head under the table just in time to see his girlfriend swallow his thick load.

"That's weak as fuck," Hunter said.

"Shit, this bitch sucks a mean fucking dick," Kyle panted. "She sucked my balls and everything. I bet you can't hold out either."

"The fuck? This bitch has been gargling my balls all evening, boy," Hunter replied.

The men spoke about Lizzy as if she was a cheap fucktoy. As if she was their own personal whore to use. *Which she was.* It made Tom's head spin.

Lizzy, his girlfriend, the woman Tom loved deeply and hoped to marry one day, was also this groups cumdumpster.

"Yo dealer, you okay?" Trey asked. "I think he's gonna pass out."

"He's just overwhelmed by the stench of your cocks," Brad joked. "Fuck this game, let's fuck this slut."

"Now you're talking."

Brad pulled Lizzy up from underneath the table. "You're ready to get fucked, girl?"

"Yes, sir," Lizzy replied obediently.

Tom was already feeling queasy, but the state his girl was in now made him nearly pass out. Her make-up was smeared, and saliva dribbled down her mouth and chin... or was that cum? The thick creamy liquid dripping down her face and cheeks, landing down on her big tits...

Brad looked proudly at the other guys. "Can you believe this slut has a boyfriend?"

The men laughed. "No way," Hunter said. "Does he know that she's your slut?"

Brad looked straight at Tom, but other guys were too busy staring at Lizzy's naked body to notice.

"I think he's got an idea. But how about we sent this little slut back to her boyfriend with cum dripping from every orifice, huh? I think that will send a clear message."

"That's music to my ears, my man," Hunter laughed.

Brad pushed Lizzy onto the table, the poker chips and cards spilling on the floor. He slapped her wet pussy with the head of his fat cock once, grabbed her hips, and slid his entire cock into her with one push.

The other men descended upon her like a pack of wolves. A cock was shoved straight down her throat, her hands finding two more. The men crowded around her so much Tom could barely see a thing — his vision was obscured by strong, wide shoulders, his loving girlfriend's body barely visible through the sea of man muscle.

The table groaned and shook as every guy took their turn fucking her wet pussy. Tom was completely ignored, the boyfriend reduced to being a mere spectator of his girlfriend's first gangbang.

For the next hour, Lizzy was filled with cock non-stop. One fucked her mouth and one her pussy the entire time, missionary, doggy, bent over the table — she ran the gamut. All Tom could do was watch, stunned at the complete transformation of his girlfriend from shy, nerdish girl to cum-filled sex toy.

After Kyle, Tony, Hunter, Brock, Trey and Brad had each dumped their cum deep inside of her, the wild sex party started to die down.

The men backed off one by one, finally revealing the full damage they had done to Tom. He got up from his chair and breathlessly surveyed what had been done to his girl.

Her body was covered in red marks. Thick loads of cum covered her entirely; her face nearly hidden under a layer of seed, her pussy wide open, with white cream dripping out there as well. The gang of men had completely used and wrecked her.

Kyle and Tony high-fived Brad and thanked him as the men headed out one by one, their balls drained. Lizzy, meanwhile, still laid on the table, breathing heavily, her eyes closed, practically passed out from sheer exhaustion.

When Brad was the only jock left he grabbed all the money and handed it to Tom.

"For letting me borrow your slut," he said. "You earned it."

Tom stared down at the cash. *Did I just unwittingly whore out my girl?*

"I've got one more surprise for you," Brad said as he glanced at his phone.

They heard keys in the distance, and the front door opened. Tom's heart raced, but there was no time to clean up, no time to hide

Lizzy. Someone was home, and they were going to see it all.

Alex, one of their other roommates, turned the corner into the common room and stopped dead in his tracks. His eyes traveled from the grinning Brad, to the shocked Tom, to the girl passed out naked on the table, legs spread, cum dripping out.

"No fucking way," Alex said.

He walked over to confirm it. Yes, that girl was Lizzy alright. Tom's girlfriend.

Alex turned to Tom. "What the fuck?"

Tom just shrugged. "Uhh."

"Pay up, my man," Brad said.

"No way." Alex's eyes dipped back to Lizzy. Fuck, she was hot. Especially like this. Cum dripping out. Was that cum on her face as well?

"Yo, I don't care how much spinach you eat, that's not one load!"

"I had some friends over," Brad shrugged. "No big deal. I'll cut you in next time, bro."

Alex shook his head. "You letting Brad share you girl, Tom? With his mates? Those fuckboys? *Really?*"

Tom was so humiliated he could barely speak. The secret was out — now Alex knew as well. It was only a matter of time before the whole campus knew.

"Come on Tom," Brad said, poking the humiliated boyfriend in the side. "Use that voice of yours. I know what you want to ask Alex. Come on, be a good host and ask. We're all roommates here, after all."

Brad's goading had awoken something inside of Tom. He was already humiliated, so he might as well dive in all the way. Before he

could realize what he was saying, Tom heard his own voice. "Do y-you... want a turn... Alex?"

Alex raised his eyebrows. "Damn, Brad. I'll never doubt you again. You really broke this couple in, my god. Fuck. I don't want sloppy sevenths, but... shit. Okay, if you want to be freaky, then I'm not going to complain. Tom, how about you clean up your girls cunt for me, huh? I'll add my load when you're done."

Tom nodded. "Yes, sir."

He knelt in front of his girlfriend, the sheer stank of the cum of seven making him both wretch and come in his pants. Behind him Alex and Brad spoke softly, but all Tom could do was open his mouth and accept the torrent of cum flowing out from his girlfriend's naked cunt.

As he tasted the mixture of her cunt and the seed, he knew that this was his rightful place.

His roommate completely owned his girl.

All he was could do was watch.

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