

Naomi's Use 1

Elliot
Silvestri

A FMMM Kinky and
Erotic Love Story

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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Naomi steadied herself with one hand on the wall and the other on Will's shoulder. He was holding her hips with both hands, letting her ride him, letting her take charge. He couldn't believe his good luck. It wasn't that he had trouble meeting women and getting them back to his place, it was that Naomi actually came back to his place...and it wasn't the first time.

She wasn't incredibly gorgeous or so wild that she stood out from the pack. While she did have above average looks and a great body, she would most likely be defined as cute by any of the men he knew. Will wasn't an idiot; he knew at best he was attractive only because of his striking green eyes and well-above average stature. He knew this was going to be a one-time thing and that she was just looking for a quick roll in the sack for her own purposes. That wasn't going to change the fact that he intended to enjoy every minute of her.

He had been staring at her across the dining area of the over-priced on-campus coffee shop; she had been sitting by herself which was rare. It seemed like she was always with her new boyfriend. When she saw him looking at her, she got up and came to his table, sitting down without even being invited. Naomi was like that, very forward. They got to talking about their previous short lived relationship and she said she was in the mood and had the afternoon free. That was all Will needed. His shared apartment was just off campus and they practically ran back there. So what if he was missing a class? It was an elective and he could easily make it up. He doubted he'd ever have the chance to fuck Naomi again.

They had stripped down and fallen into bed with a single purpose in mind. To Will, everything was going great. Naomi was much more aggressive than he remembered her from two years previous, but that was fine with him. She insisted on being on top and told him he didn't need to use a condom, that she was safe. He knew it was a bad idea, probably everything about the afternoon was a bad idea, and so he went ahead and did it raw.

"Oh fuck, oh God, oh fuck, oh God, oh fuck, oh God," she started repeating over and over. That hadn't changed about Naomi at all. She always said the exact

same thing when she was about to cum. Everything else about her was exactly the same as well: her face, her perfect tits that other guys said were too small, but naked they were perfect to Will's eyes and hands, her body that seemed like it was born for no other purpose than to have sex.

When she came, her pussy got incredibly hot and seemed to clamp down on his cock. That he remembered as well. Since he was already on the edge, it was easy to just let go and cum inside her.

She didn't object at all. When he came, she actually shuddered again, savoring the sensation of him filling her pussy. She rested atop him for a minute before either of them spoke. "Okay, yeah, that's exactly what I remember. It was that good."

Will laughed lightly. "Glad I could help you reminisce." He inhaled deeply, relishing the pleasant feeling of his cock within her. "The sex was always good, wasn't it? Too bad we didn't click better, but I was young and stupid."

Pushing back on her elbows, she lifted up her head and looked at him. "It was good," she agreed. "I should have kept fucking you and not broken up."

"I wouldn't have objected." He gave her a kiss and she didn't pull away or complain. "I thought you were dating some other guy."

She looked away. "Yeah. Reid. We actually moved in together for senior year."

"Really. Huh. That seems...fast."

After letting out a sigh of frustration she said, "I needed a place to stay. He said he'd let me stay at his place, no rent, because we were in love. Or I thought we were in love. I couldn't say no. He's got family money and the place he's staying in...it's fantastic."

Will tensed up. "Were in love?" he asked her.

"Yeah, past tense. We broke up."

Will didn't know what to say. "And you're still living at his place?"

"No. He kicked me out."

“Where...where have you been living?”

Naomi sighed and rolled off him. He hated the feeling of disconnecting, but she was clearly ready to be done with him. “Haven’t you heard? Being a homeless college student is the latest craze. We stay in our cars, with friends, sometimes we even hide in the library all night because the private study rooms are decent places to sleep.”

“You’re kidding.” He knew that Naomi’s family wasn’t well-off, but he didn’t think she was couch surfing and going to college full time as well.

She glared up at the ceiling. “I wish I was.”

“Where do you keep your stuff?” It was an incredibly practical question and ridiculous at the same time.

“Here and there. My friend Carol is part of a group that’s renting a house. Most of my stuff is in their garage.”

Before the words were out of his mouth, he knew it was a bad idea, yet he couldn’t stop himself. “Okay, we’re renting this place, Jim, Fred, and me, but there’s a fourth bedroom, really small, but you can stay there until you find some other place.”

“Really?” Her eyes were shining with glee. That was all the thanks he needed, but she thanked him more anyway.

Chapter Two

“No. Absolutely not.” It was Jim that objected. “She’ll upset the balance of the apartment and increase costs of electricity and water and everything else.”

Naomi was on the verge of tears. They were in the apartment’s small kitchen to discuss Naomi moving in. It was Jim who was in charge of the financial affairs of the group. He had graduated last year and had an actual job. Will and Fred were still seniors but contributed equally to the rent and other expenses.

“If she’ll pay a portion of the rent,” said Fred, “I wouldn’t object. It’ll save money for all of us.”

“Her name’s not on the lease,” said Jim. “That’s reason enough to say no.”

Naomi stood up. “Forget it. I don’t have any money for rent. I wouldn’t be able to help out. I shouldn’t have let Will ask you two.” Before anything else could be said, she walked out of the apartment.

Will was about to complain to Jim and his ham-handed treatment of Naomi, but Jim spoke first. “I can’t believe you you’d ask if your girlfriend can stay with us for free. Fucking ridiculous.”

“She’s not my girlfriend,” Will said defensively. It was a stupid thing to say. He wished she was his girlfriend, but he managed to get ahold of his tongue before he uttered those words.

Jim perked up. “No? I’d definitely fuck her. If she let me fuck her, I’d let her stay here a week.”

“Don’t be fucking crude. She’s not a prostitute.”

Jim shrugged. “I’m just saying.”

Fred stood up. “If she can’t contribute money,” he said. “I mean, maybe if she’d clean up and take care of the cooking and everything. Then maybe...”

It was too much for Will. “Whatever. I’ve got a study group to go to.” It was a lie and they all knew it. He grabbed his backpack and headed out the door.

He was only slightly surprised to find Naomi in the stairwell crying. He sat

down next to her and put an arm around her shoulders. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” she said between tears. “I shouldn’t have gotten my hopes up and I shouldn’t have even asked you. It was wrong.”

“It’s probably not a good place for you to stay anyway,” Will told her. He snorted in disgust. “Jim actually said he’d let you stay a week if you’d fuck him. Fucking pig.”

“Really?” she asked between sniffles.

“Crude, huh?”

“Yeah...” she half-heartedly agreed and let out a rueful laugh.

Chapter Three

When Will got home from class, Jim's bedroom door was shut. Muffled music was coming through the door, but that didn't stop the sounds of sex from escaping as well. Jim had slept with a variety of women since they rented the apartment. It didn't surprise him.

What did surprise him was what happened next. He was in the kitchen making a sandwich when Jim's door opened. He figured the girl or Jim was headed to the bathroom for a bit of post-coital cleanup. It was Naomi who walked out of the bedroom.

"Shit," she said upon seeing Will and froze in place.

"Hey," he said. He didn't know what else to say. He just stared at her wrapped up in Jim's bathrobe.

"Um...hi."

"What are you doing here?" he asked. The moment after he said it, he realized how stupid the question was.

She didn't answer the question directly. "I mean...you were going to find out eventually, right?" She let out a little breath of surprise in herself. "It would be impossible to hide it from you."

Will, showing all the power of a liberal arts education, connected the dots. "You fucked Jim for a place to stay." It came out half as an accusation and half a statement of disappointment.

"Not exactly," said Jim as he walked out of his bedroom. He was wearing sweatpants and nothing else. Will was glad Jim had something on, even if he was bare-chested. "I think I cut a pretty damn good deal for all of us."

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," Will said as the four of them gathered in the kitchen at evening.

"It's empty space," said Jim. "Why let it go to waste?"

“You can’t prostitute someone for a place to stay,” Will objected.

“This is my decision,” Naomi interrupted. “I can do what I want with my body and life!”

Will glared at her a moment while Jim spoke again. “Look. It’s all perfectly fair. She spends one week fucking me, then a week fucking you, and a week fucking Fred. Everyone gets a fair shot at her every month. It’ll be like a month-to-month lease.”

“What about the fourth week?” asked the ever practical Fred. He looked around the table nervously, as if this mutually agreed upon bit of modern prostitution disturbed him more than it should have.

“Period week,” said Jim. Naomi rolled her eyes.

“I don’t want your leftovers,” Fred said sourly. It sounded like a lame excuse, even to Will.

“Don’t talk about Naomi like that,” Jim objected. “This is perfect. I’m getting us all a woman to have sex with whenever we want at no additional cost, plus she’ll help keep up the apartment. And if you don’t want her your week,” he grinned lasciviously, “I’ll be happy to take her off your hands. No additional charge.”

Fighting to keep from punching Jim in the face, Will turned to Naomi. “You don’t have to do this,” he said to Naomi.

“I have to stay somewhere,” she said. “Besides, I’ve done worse for less.”

That shocked Jim. Was it true or was she just putting on a brave face for him? Or herself?

“What if—what if—what if,” Fred repeated trying to come up with an objection. He often folded in front of Jim, but this time he came up with something. “What if she’s a lousy lay?”

“She’s not,” Jim told him. “I can assure you of that.” He gave them all an overly broad wink.

Will remained silent, hating himself for silently agreeing with Jim.

“Look, we’re going to try it for a week, and then we’ll reassess.” Jim, older and with a job, had made the decision for the apartment.

Will wasn’t sure if he was angry at the decision, or thrilled that he’d be able to continue to fuck Naomi. It wasn’t like she had been faithful to him during the month they were together as sophomores.

“I suppose you get her for the first week?” asked Will, glancing back and forth between Naomi and his friend. Fred said nothing, his objections having faded away.

“Of course. She’s already started on that.”

Naomi didn’t look at him.

Chapter Four

It took Naomi a surprisingly short amount of time to move in to the tiny room. She only had a pair of suitcases, some boxes, a few small plastic totes, and a giant laundry bag. Added to that was a laptop and some books. She had no furniture, no bed, and no desk. It didn't really matter because the tiny bedroom that was supposed to be for her was barely big enough for a bed.

Will said nothing to her for the first couple of days, not that she had time to notice him ignoring her. Between moving in, going to class, cleaning the kitchen and bathroom, along with fucking Jim, she had no free time at all.

Will heard her and Jim having sex in the bedroom all the time. And by all the time that meant in the morning before Jim left for work and at night when he went to sleep. Jim had graduated the year before, landed a halfway decent job, and stuck around the college to hang out with younger friends and live a party life. If nothing else, Jim was determined to get as much value out of Naomi as possible before he handed her over to Will and Fred.

Because of the vagaries of his class schedule, Will was often home in the middle of the day. He didn't expect to find Naomi in the kitchen wearing an oversized nightshirt while eating cereal. It was well into fall and they hadn't turned on the heat yet. He could clearly see the outlines of her nipples through the nightshirt but she wasn't complaining about being cold.

He was hungry and he didn't want to hide in his room to eat, so he grabbed a bowl and cereal as well. "Hey," he said as he sat down. "Aren't you...cold?" he asked, indicating her chest.

Naomi glanced down at herself, saw the small bumps projecting through her shirt, and shrugged. "No, not really." She didn't even bother to try to hide her nipples.

"You don't mind...being like that?" he asked, fascinated and uncomfortable at the same time.

She shrugged again. "You've seen me naked before. What does it matter?"

They ate in silence.

When she finished, she rinsed out her bowl and put it in the sink for later

washing. Turning around, she leaned back against the counter and looked at Will while he pretended to read an accounting textbook. The nightshirt barely reached mid-thigh on her and she tried to present herself at an attractive angle to Will, but he was using all his concentration to ignore her. Naomi tried a more direct approach.

“Wanna fuck?”

He looked up at her in surprise. “What?”

“Wanna fuck?” she repeated. “Jim was in a hurry this morning and didn’t get me off, but he left me horny. So...do you want to have sex?”

It was hard for Will to wrap his head around what she was offering him. “Aren’t you supposed to be having sex with Jim this week?”

She nodded. “And I am. But I can have sex with whoever I want. I’d ask Fred, but he’s not here. I’d like to fuck him. I mean, I’ve already had sex with you. It’s not anything new. I’m looking forward to doing him. It’ll be fun. But right now I need to get off. I’m horny. And if you don’t want to fuck, then I’ll just jill off and go to class.”

He almost wanted to tell her to jill off and be done with it. He was on the verge of telling her to fuck Jim for the rest of this week, fuck Fred the next week—if he was willing—and then spend the following week in her tiny bedroom because he was done with her.

But Will was a horny twenty one year old man and just her offer had made his cock hard.

“You’re going to get a reputation as a slut,” he told her.

“God I hope so,” she prayed. “I’m horny all the time and not only are you three a godsend for giving me a place to live, but I’ve got three guys willing to fuck me at the drop of a hat.” She paused. Or two guys at least. Jim’s been fucking me and I keep catching Fred staring at me drooling. You however...you’ve been ignoring me.” She lifted up her nightshirt and tossed it on the small kitchen table.

Will looked over her body. Her short brown hair was arranged in a messy style,

most likely because she hadn't yet showered. Her tits were still amazing. There was the small gold ring she always wore through her belly button. Since she had started fucking Jim, she had carefully shaved her pubic hair into a neat, one inch wide landing strip. Everything about her was sexy.

"Are you sure?" he asked her.

Naomi opened up her stance a little bit and slid her hand up and around her thigh to cup her pussy. From where he was sitting it was obvious that she had pushed her middle finger up into her pussy. "For God's sake, yes."

There was a pause as he watched her finger go in and out of her pussy while she stared at him, waiting for him to crumble.

"Sure," he agreed. "My bed?"

"Yes. Not in Jim's. He needs to change his sheets and there's no bed in my room."

She led the way and he watched at her firm ass swayed back and forth on the short walk to his bedroom. He didn't give her a chance to turn around and just shoved her to down to her hands and knees on the bed while he unbuttoned his pants to get his cock out.

"Hurry up," she urged him. "I'm really horny. I need to be fucked."

He did exactly as she asked. He held her in place on her hands and knees while he knelt behind her. His pants were down around his knees and he still had his t-shirt on while Naomi was completely naked. She was panting and arching her back. His cock was already between her legs but not in her pussy. The way she was acting, it was like she was a desperate animal in heat.

Impatient, she reached down between her legs, grabbed his cock, and slipped it up inside her body. She was wet and hot, which wasn't a surprise, but Will couldn't help but think that maybe she was so wet because Jim had fucked her that morning and his cum was still inside her. She obviously hadn't showered but how carefully had she cleaned up afterward? Had she cleaned herself at all? He found that it didn't matter...at least not to his cock.

But then his hips started moving as if on their own and all thoughts beyond pure

sex vanished from his head. It was easy to fuck Naomi, mostly because she liked to fuck. Everything about her seemed to exude sex and that only pushed him—and presumably other men—to want to fuck her more.

It was all about getting a physical release, but Jim found that he still wanted to please her. He managed to hold out long enough to hear her groan loudly and deeply and felt her pussy contract tightly on his cock, letting him know she had cum. Only after that did he grab her hips and pump her as hard and fast as he could. The sound of flesh slapping on flesh was loud, almost as loud as Naomi's moans, and eventually he came. He came hard enough to drive her forward, face down into his pillows, almost smothering her, pinning her down to the bed with his weight.

"Should we have used a condom?" he asked after he rolled off her body.

"I'm safe," she told him. "And clean. So I should be safe...unless you've given me something."

He chuckled ruefully. "Yeah...I've had sex with two different girls since you, both times with condoms. I think we're good." He was thinking about Jim, but he refused to say his roommate's name.

"You're thinking about Jim," she said. Naomi had always been very perceptive.

"Um..."

"I make him use condoms."

"Oh. Good to know."

"Thanks for the fuck," she said as she rolled off the bed and headed to the door. "Mind if I shower first?"

"No. Go ahead." Will glanced at the clock. He'd barely have enough time to make it to his second class that day if he hurried. Would it make a difference if he didn't shower? He already had showered earlier in the day. The idea of going to class with the smell of Naomi's body on his made his cock stir.

He got ready to leave, but waited until the last minute, listening to Naomi in the bathroom, the shower running. When it was finally too late he called through the

bathroom door, “Naomi? I’ve gotta go to class. I’ll see you later.”

“Okay.” He was upset with her answer but just nodded to himself and left.

It only occurred to him when he was halfway to class that she might have been waiting for him to join her in the shower.

“Fuck,” Will cursed.

Chapter Five

The apartment had four bedrooms, a bathroom, a tiny kitchen, and a common living room area that was the center of the apartment's social life.

Will was mildly surprised to come home late from class to find Jim fucking Naomi over the back of the couch. They didn't acknowledge him at first. It was possible that they didn't even hear him because they were so wrapped up in the moment of sex. While he didn't mind seeing Naomi naked in the living room, he could have done without seeing Jim's bare ass fucking her from behind. Naomi was making her usual groaning and moaning sounds, obviously enjoying what Jim was doing for her, while Jim was muttering under his breath. It took Will a few seconds to understand what his roommate was saying.

"You like that, don't you, slut? You like being a whore. You like sleeping around. Fucking tramp. Whore. Slut. Jezebel. Tramp. Moll. Doxy. Fucking whore. Fucking slut!"

It was just a series of insults—though Will was impressed with Jim's vocabulary of derogatory terms for women—and to each one of them it sounded like Naomi was agreeing with Jim. "Uh-huh. Yeah," kept coming out of her mouth.

He didn't know what to do. Jim had the right to fuck Naomi—and she wasn't complaining—but Will was uncomfortable at them fucking in the living room. If nothing else, it seemed rude and very unsanitary and inconsiderate. But he didn't want to interrupt them and at the same time he didn't want to cause a scene. Instead he just went to his room, passing through the edge of the living room as he did so, and closed his bedroom door to drown out their noise.

It didn't work. He could clearly hear them through the thin, hollow core door. Will put in his ear buds and listened to music as loudly as possible for the next ten minutes. When he turned off the music, it was silent.

Figuring it was safe to leave his room, he opened the door with the intention of making something to eat in the kitchen. He ran smack into Jim who was headed from the living room to the bathroom. He was buck naked and his cock hung soft and wet between his legs. Will's eyes went to it and then to his friend's face as Jim reflexively coved up his nudity with his hand.

"Fuck dude! What are you doing?" he demanded of Will.

“I was going to make a sandwich,” Will had enough presence of mind to say.
“You’re blocking the way.”

Jim stepped aside because he didn’t want to cause a scene. “I’d ask what you’re doing,” Will continued, a sly smile on his face, “but it’s pretty fucking obvious.” He walked by Jim and glanced into the living room before turning to the kitchen.

Naomi stood next to the couch wearing only a shirt that reached her hips but didn’t really cover her pussy. She smiled and shrugged at him, her expression not at all uncomfortable with him knowing what she and Jim had been doing. “The moment took us,” she explained as the sound of water from the shower started running.

“We need to have a meeting,” Jim sighed.

“About what?” Naomi asked. She didn’t scramble for her clothes. He found himself staring at her crotch. Her pubic hair was damn.

“About people having sex in the living room.”

The meeting was uncomfortable to say the least, but Will was determined not to let Jim be an asshole and run wild in their shared space just because he had talked Naomi into prostituting herself for a place to sleep.

“You’re fucking lying,” said Fred later that evening when they all sat down at the small table in the kitchen.

“Why would I fucking lie about Jim and Naomi having sex in the living room?” asked Will.

Before the conversation could get off the rails before it started, Naomi spoke up. “It’s true. We were home alone. Jim wanted to have sex in the living room. I said yes. I mean, I can’t so no, right?”

They all looked at Jim because it was supposed to be his idea, his grand plan to get all his roommates laid at least once a month. “Well, strictly speaking, no...”

“And that’s fine,” interjected Will. “But you need to confine it to your bedroom. No common areas.”

“That kind of takes away from the fun of spontaneous sex, doesn’t it?” asked Jim.

“Be spontaneous in your bedroom,” Will said flatly.

“What about the bathroom, in the shower?” he pressed. “It’s basically self-cleaning, isn’t it?”

“No sex in the common areas,” Will repeated.

“Yeah, I’m in favor of that,” Fred quickly agreed. “Bedrooms or nowhere.”

“What about Naomi’s room?” Jim asked.

That caught Will off-guard for a second. He shrugged. “It’s not a common area, so it’s fine for sex, I guess.”

“There’s no bed,” said Fred. “Why would you want to have sex in there?”

“All I have is boxes,” Naomi pointed out. “Not even a desk.”

“I’ll get us some sex equipment, maybe a swing and some restraints, and it’ll be glorious.”

“Whatever,” said Will, standing up from the table. “If you want, fine. Any damage to the walls or ceiling comes out of your security deposit.”

Will went to sleep that night with the sounds of Naomi loudly crying out in the middle of sex. Sex that was punctuated with the semi-rhythmic thump of Jim’s bed against the wall. It was probably unintentional on Jim’s part, but it had never happened before. Will pull his cock out of his pajamas and jerked off in rhythm to Naomi and Jim’s coupling.

Chapter Six

Will came back from his Tuesday afternoon class to find Naomi sitting up on his bed, her back against the pile of pillows mounded against the wall, and a thick mathematics textbook laying against her inclined thighs. She had a notebook on the bed next to her where she jotted down equations. When he opened the door she barely glanced up at him.

“Hi,” he said, feeling like an intruder in his own room.

“Hey,” she replied, her eyes barely flickering over to him. She was wearing jeans and gigantic sweatshirt with the college’s seal emblazoned across the front. Her feet were bare.

“What are you doing?” he asked as he set his backpack down next to the desk. Normally he would have just tossed it on the bed, but she was in the spot where it usually rested.

“Studying. Test tomorrow.”

Sometimes Will forgot that Naomi was still a student like he was. She was a student in addition to being their maid and their sex object.

“No. I mean, why are you doing it on my bed?”

That question made her look up. “Because it’s Tuesday.”

The answer made no sense to him. Will just looked at her in confusion.

With a sigh she said, “Monday is the day I moved in here, a week ago. Remember?”

“Uh...yeah.”

“So I switch today. Jim had me last week, you have me this week,” she explained patiently to him like she was talking to a toddler.

“Oh. Right.”

She started to go back to her studying but then looked up at him again. “Do you want to have sex?”

“What? Right now?” Her question made him jittery and he had to fight the urge to dance out of the room.

“Yes,” she replied calmly. “Jim liked to fuck me when he first got home from work, but you were usually out then.”

“No. I’m good for now.”

She shrugged. “Suit yourself.” She went back to her book and wrote out another equation in the notebook. “Thanks. I’d like to finish this first. I appreciate it. Let me finish my homework and then I’m all yours.”

Somehow the thrill of having a willing sex partner living in his bedroom didn’t seem so thrilling at the moment. “Okay,” he agreed and realized that his cock was soft and even Naomi, ready, willing, and able Naomi—didn’t seem all that appealing to him at the moment.

Was it because she had fucked Jim or was it because it was a fucked up situation?

He didn’t want to talk about it at the moment and instead threw himself into his homework. The fake accounting spreadsheet he was supposed to design and turn in tomorrow wouldn’t get itself done.

It was easy to lose track of time when he was deep in his work, so when Naomi spoke to him, she disturbed his concentration. “I’m done. Want to fuck now?”

Will was actually embarrassed at the amount of time it took him to process the question she was asking him. “Uh...now? I’m not done with my homework yet.” It was a stupid response; he knew that, but he said the words anyway.

“So what? Let’s have sex and you can finish your work afterwards.”

He turned his whole body to more easily look at her. It was almost like she was asking if he wanted to have dinner. “Aren’t I the one who’s supposed to be asking for sex from you?” he asked her.

She shrugged. “Yeah, but I got used to having sex with Jim every morning and evening. It’s been almost twenty four hours. I’m getting really horny.”

He stared at her for a long moment. “Less than a day and you need sex again already.”

She smiled brightly at him, “Yeah. Don’t you like to get laid once a day...or more?”

“Sure?” he answered with uncertainty. It suddenly explained a lot about his past relationship. While they had never agreed to be exclusive, Will hadn’t dated anyone else during their past relationship, hadn’t had a chance to have sex with anyone else. He had his suspicions that she was at least flirting with other guys, maybe keeping her options open. Looking back, he realized it was very likely she was fucking other guys, and probably going out on dates as well.

“Great!” she said cheerfully and she pulled up her sweatshirt, and everything underneath it, to reveal her small but perfect tits. Will found himself mesmerized by the way her nipples were already erect and pointing straight at him. There was some bounce to them as they were revealed, but she was still so young that the only way to describe them in his mind was perky. There wasn’t any flabby flesh on her body, let alone her tits.

His body started to respond just by viewing her body. His cock stiffened inside his jeans making the space cramped and uncomfortable. It would have been so easy just to open them up and let his cock out. He could feel his skin getting warm, especially his face. In contrast to Naomi’s near-perfect body he felt too tall and lean and lanky. While he wasn’t really skinny, he didn’t have the bulky muscle tone he felt most women liked, that was why he was thrilled when Naomi had shown any interest in him at all.

Unconsciously he adjusted his cock in his jeans. Naomi watched him and smiled broadly. “Don’t just play with it,” she told him. “Pull it out and let me see it. Do you want me to suck you first?”

Will became nervous. It was one thing to invite Naomi back to his place for a quick fuck. He’d found the sort of confidence he needed to accomplish that in the past year. It was another thing to fuck her when she was only supposed to be fucking Jim. He liked that he was able to get her to cheat on the man she was supposed to be with. But now, confronted with her in his room, he felt like if he did the wrong thing, he was going to screw things up and lose her.

And he was going to lose her anyway because next week she was going to spend

it fucking Fred.

That made him laugh and she furrowed her brow in confusion. “What?”

“Nothing,” he said with a shake of his head. It was too much to resist, so he took off his shirt, kicked off his shoes, and stepped out of his pants. His underwear tented out with his erection, but that wasn’t a problem because Naomi scooted forward on the bed and pulled them down. As soon as his cock was revealed, she leaned in and took the head in her mouth, sucking gently on him with a little groan in the back of her throat. Why she liked giving head, he’d never figured out.

As she sucked him, she managed to remove her jeans and panties with limited difficulty. When she was ready, she drew him onto his bed, by pulled on his cock, and laid back with him between her legs. As much as Will wanted to fuck her, he paused with the length of his cock resting against her slit. He could feel her warmth and her wetness. It took a superhuman effort to resist not just plunging in.

“What are you waiting for?” she moaned, grabbing his cock and trying to insert him into her pussy. He stayed high enough on her body that his cock wouldn’t bend enough to enter her.

“Should we be doing this?” he asked. It was the wrong time to get philosophical. He knew why he was asking the question, but she didn’t. Or she didn’t care.

“Fuck yes,” she said. “Put your fucking cock in me right now or the whole deal is off!”

Will found it difficult to believe that Naomi would go back to being a homeless student just because he wouldn’t have sex with her, but he decided not to risk it. He adjusted his hips and plunged into her.

“Oh fucking Mary, Jesus and, Joseph,” she groaned profanely. “I fucking need that.”

“You do, huh?” he asked as he started to fuck her.

“I need cock at least once a day,” she whispered in his ear. “More than once a day,” she moaned. As he started thrusting faster, she moaned familiarly. It was

the sound she always made when Jim was fucking her. It was probably the same sound she made when anyone was fucking her. Will found himself oddly disturbed and oddly turned on by that thought.

“You’ve got God’s own dick,” she whispered in his ear as she wrapped her legs around him, to hold him in place.

Her words made him pause. “What?”

“You’ve got a fucking perfect cock,” she clarified.

“God’s own dick?” he asked. He wasn’t offended at the comparison, just amused.

“A better dick than Jim,” she said, grabbing one of his ass cheeks with her hand and pulling him into her. “Better and bigger,” she groaned and he pressed more deeply into her hot pussy.

“Bigger?” he asked, pleased with the comparison. Knowing his cock was bigger than Jim’s delighted him more than her telling him that he had a cock better than God, because he knew she had fucked Jim, but doubted his slutty bedmate had actually fucked God.

“Uh-huh,” she said in a pleased tone. “Big and thick. You fit me perfectly.”

He was certain she was flattering him. Will wasn’t stupid. He’d seen enough porn and done enough Google searches to determine that at best he was slightly above average. But if nothing else, it was bigger and better than Jim’s, and that gave him a boost of confidence.

“You like big cocks?” he asked, falling into the pattern of bawdy talk.

“Uh-huh. Not huge. Big enough to fill me up.” Her eyes were closed. Maybe she was fantasizing about someone else’s cock, but Will went with the fantasy.

“You’re going to love Fred’s cock then,” he said, teasing her. Making her think of another man she’d soon be fucking...maybe.

“Why?” Even as they fucked her curiosity about sex couldn’t be subdued.

“I’ve seen his cock. It’s big. Bigger than mine.” Will wasn’t lying. He and Fred had shared a mandatory gym class in the college and he’d seen what Fred was hiding in his pants. While his roommate wasn’t a three-legged man, he was damn close.

“I might like fucking him more than you,” she told Will, an enticing grin on her face. “I can’t wait.”

“You’ll have to tell me all about it,” he said with a knowing grin on his face.

“Sure,” she readily agreed. “You’re a dirty pervert for asking.” He looked at her in shock and was about to accuse her of being a wanton slut and a pervert but before he could speak, she added, “I like perverted people.”

He nodded with a grin because he didn’t know what else to say. They had gotten far enough into fucking that the moment was overtaking them. He ground his cock down into her.

“Oh FUCK!” she burst out. Her pussy clamped down on his cock, making it harder to thrust even though she was well-lubed. He still managed to rail in and out of her, even when her legs circled around his, holding him in place. “Oh fuck, oh God, oh fuck, oh God, oh fuck, oh God!” she practically screamed right before she came. Her pussy became incredibly hot and it was too much for Will. He came as well, emptying his aching balls into her while he realized that maybe this wouldn’t be the worst way to have a freeloading roommate.

The next morning Will was glad that he had managed to pull himself away from Naomi long enough to finish his homework before rejoining her in the bed. They had slept together a tangle of hot, sweaty limbs, but didn’t actually have sex again. When she woke up, her hand was around his cock, already hard from the call of morningwood, and she started pumping her fist up and down around it.

“When do you have class?” she asked.

He squinted at the alarm clock next to his bed. It was hard to see without his glasses, but he managed to determine they had some time before he needed to get up. “I’ve got a good hour,” he said.

“Me too.” She shifted around until she was on top of him, ran her already engorged labia along the length of his cock, before slipping it into her body. She smiled down at him as she settled into position. Will reached up to cup her breasts. They were small things, but perfectly shaped for her body. A wave of pleasure crossed her face when he gently rolled the nipples between his forefingers and thumbs. “I like waking up this way,” she said.

“Fucking?” he asked.

“Fucking,” she confirmed. “Better than coffee.”

Naomi’s hair wasn’t very long and it fell forward now to nicely frame her face. He pushed it back a little as she started riding on his cock. Was she prettier when she was having sex or was that just his brain being affected by all the endorphins rushing through his body?

“I like it short,” she said as he tried to run his fingers through her tresses, but they really weren’t long enough for that. “Long hair gets in the way of sex.”

Even with his somewhat limited experience, Will had to agreed. Long hair in the face was just annoying.

The sex they had that morning was fast and efficient, a way to start the day. It felt good and he imagined it was like going for a morning run before going to school or work, though it probably only had half the benefits. Naomi was one of those wonderful women who never had a problem cumming and did so twice before he got off. “Come on,” she said as she climbed off his body and out of the bed, pulling on his hand to get him to follow her.

“I just need to rest a minute.”

“Let’s shower together,” she said with great enthusiasm. “It’ll be fun.”

“No sex in the common areas,” he reminded her.

She winked at him and said, “But we won’t be having sex. We’ll just be showering together.”

“That’s...bending the rules,” he told her as she slowly pulled him along the length of the mattress to the edge.

“But not breaking them. Come on! Before Fred or Jim hog the bathroom.”

He gave in because it was the easiest thing to do. When they got together in the cramped quarters of the shower, he realized that the fantasy of shower sex was a lot less exciting than the reality. Plus he didn't know exactly what to do. He got the distinct impression that Naomi had showered with a partner before. She took the lead and soaped him, taking special care to make sure his cock was clean. The extra stimulation started to get him hard, but only just barely.

Her cleaning him was just a tease and she let go of his cock when he started to get hard. “Hand me my razor,” she said to him, pointing to the top ledge of the shower wall where her pink razor perched. It was something they all had to adapt to, the presence of her girly possessions slowly infiltrating their apartment. He reached up and passed the small tool to her. Her body was already covered with soap suds but with Will in the shower it was impossible for her to bend over to shave her legs, nor could she put her foot on the ledge, making the shaving exercise impossible.

“I'll step out,” he said since he was already clean.

“No,” she said quickly and handed the razor to him. “Why don't you shave me.”

“How?” He was confused.

She showed him. Either she had definitely done this exact thing before or she was very inventive. Will tended to believe it was the former.

With her back against the wall opposite the showerhead, she put her foot up on Will's shoulder as he knelt. From there it was fairly easy to shave her from ankle to knee. He had the benefit of being able to look up at her and see her puffy pussy dripping with water and suds. When both legs were smooth and slick, he made to get up.

“What are you doing?” she asked, disappointed.

“You don't shave your thighs,” he said. This was obvious. There were fine blonde hairs on her upper legs, but they were hardly noticeable and if she had ever shaved up that high, it was impossible to tell.

“But I shave my pussy,” she pointed out. The strip of dark blonde hair stood out

in contrast to her skin, but there was a bit of stubble on the rest of her pubic mound. “I just need a quick touch up.”

“Are you sure?” He was nervous about such an operation. Yes, he shaved his face every few days, and shaving her legs was a simple operation, but maneuvering the sharp razor around her most delicate lady bits was something else entirely.

“I trust you,” she said. “Don’t you want to make my pussy pretty?”

The hot water was striking Will’s back and the view was undoubtedly gorgeous from his point of view. His cock wanted to rise up, but his nerves were keeping it soft. “Yes, but...I don’t want to hurt you.”

She laughed at him. “Don’t worry. You could never hurt me.” She rubbed a sudsy bath puff between her legs, leaving behind a good deal of lather and spread open her stance. “Go ahead. Make me yours.”

With those words he thought that maybe Jim had been in this exact position, shaving Naomi’s pussy and he tried to remember how she groomed herself during their relationship a year ago and found he couldn’t. It didn’t matter. He liked her the way she was.

Moving in close he carefully scraped away the tiny bit of stubble on either side of her landing strip, going up high enough to remove any stray hairs that were unsightly, and low enough to get rid of the ones that didn’t help during sex. When he figured he was done, he looked up at her to see Naomi gazing down at him, a look of contentment and lust in her eyes.

“Don’t stop,” she said, her voice low and husky. “You’ve gotten me all excited. You need to finish me off.”

Did it count if he got her off with his fingers? His mouth? Was oral sex actual sex? Was manual sex, sex? Did it matter?

He slipped his fingers up into her waiting pussy, fitting only three into her, index to ring, while his pinky softly penetrated her anus. She gasped at the unexpected intrusion, but didn’t shy away from him.

“You like that?” he asked overly aggressively.

“Fuck yes.”

His thumb found her clit, swollen and hard. It was easy to rub her that way as she rode on his hand. She was ready to climax and it took him very little effort to make her peak. The only way to stifle her cries of passion was to bite firmly on his shoulder. He didn't mind the pain.

“I want to make you cum,” she whispered in his ear as she finished.

“Not here,” he said. “Not now.”

He rinsed her off, somewhat to her disappointment, and they exited the bathroom, her first, him a minute later. Only as Will reached his bedroom door did Fred exit his room complaining. “Took you fucking long enough in there. You'd better left hot water for me.”

Naomi was waiting for him in his bedroom, naked and on her knees. The moment he walked in she pushed open his robe and found his cock, semi-turgid and ready to respond to attention.

“We don't have time,” he said to her as her mouth engulfed his cock. As much as he wanted to push her away, he found that he didn't have the strength and so he allowed her to fellate him for a minute. “There's always time for a blowjob,” she told him, taking a quick break from sucking to pump his cock for a minute with her hand.

Will had forgotten how skilled a fellatrix Naomi was. Obviously she had gotten the experience with other men, but the way she bobbed her head up and down on his length, combined with the right amount of suction while cupping his balls and massaging his perineum was too much too resist. Even though he had cum less than half an hour before, he soon found himself climaxing, filling her mouth with his semen, which she happily swallowed.

Naomi knew how to use just the right amount of pressure to keep remove all the semen from his cock without causing him undue pain. It was an incredible blowjob and he knew if he died right then, he'd be eternally happy.

When she was done she smiled up at him, got to her feet, drank a little water from the bottle on his desk, and said, “See. No muss no fuss. I think women underrate how much fun blowjobs can be.”

“Really?” Will stumbled over to the edge of his bed and sat down for a minute.

“Yeah. I mean, you have a man at your mercy, if you do it right, he really appreciates it, it’s half the effort of regular sex, plus it’s fun to give someone else pleasure.”

“I’ll try to remember that for my next girlfriend,” Will said. He wanted to go back to sleep, but class was looming. One orgasm in the morning was a great way to start the day; two was one too many.

Naomi quickly got dressed. She must have grabbed some clothes from her room before coming back to his room to give him the blowjob. “I’ll see you later,” she said and gave him a light kiss on the lips. He could smell his cum but didn’t refuse the kiss.

It made him wonder if Jim received the same type of kiss from Naomi.

Chapter Seven

The week that followed exhausted Will to the point where he was almost wishing for Tuesday to roll around so that Naomi wouldn't be in his bedroom and his bed every day and night. While their previous relationship had been short and intense, he couldn't remember having this much sex with her. It was frequent, yes, but now it seemed like she was determined to fuck him beyond the point of exhaustion and into the grave.

While it was true his course load was heavier than last year's, he was certain studying wasn't the reason he was exhausted. It was Naomi's sex drive. He was certain that though Jim strutted around the apartment the previous week because he had been fucking Naomi, she had to of been the one instigating most of the sex. She seemed insatiable.

She insisted on sex every morning, of if not sex, then she wanted to give him a blowjob. If he didn't want a blowjob, she'd insist that he go down on her and make her cum, or at the very least, jill her off so she could start the day on an orgasmic high. If he came home in the middle of the day, she'd often be there and want to have a quickie to tide her over until the end of the day. He usually complied, and they broke the rules on two occasions, having sex in the living room and then the kitchen, because they knew that neither Fred nor Jim would be home anytime soon.

Once he came home for lunch later than usual and found her on his bed, pants off but her shirt on, legs splayed, and working a vibrator in and out of her pussy. She looked at him when he walked in to investigate the noise. He wasn't particularly shocked at seeing her like that, but he didn't know what to do. Naomi stared at him a minute, obviously on the brink of orgasm, worked her mouth like she wanted to speak, but then couldn't and finished herself off.

"You should have been here five minutes ago," she said as she pulled her panties and jeans back on. "I wanted to fuck."

"Yeah," he said with regret he didn't feel as she hurried out the door to make it to her next class.

It was the sleep deprived nights that proved to be the most trying. She expected sex when they went to bed together. Will was actually okay with that. It was a good way to unwind from the day and relax so he could easily fall asleep. While Will wasn't a true insomniac, he often had trouble falling asleep at night. Sex

with Naomi helped fix that. The problem was, she would often wake up in the middle of the night and initiate sex again. Because he, like most men, got sleeping erections, they would often be halfway through the act before he was fully awake to what he was doing.

The next morning it would start all over again.

The weekend was the most trying part of the agreement. While they weren't trapped in the apartment, because they were both busy with studying, she was often there and horny. Since she had already fucked Jim and Will, Naomi started to become even more casual with her nudity and while she didn't parade around the small space naked, she wasn't the least bit shy about wearing nothing more than panties and a t-shirt, or just a t-shirt if it came down low enough on her hips.

Tuesday morning Will woke up with Naomi riding on his cock. This wasn't unusual for her. His hands automatically went to her hips as she rocked back and forth on him.

"I wanted to give you one last fuck before I have to move into Fred's room," she told him as she ran her hand up her chest and played with one of her tits, giving him a little show.

Will fully woke up and grinned up at her. He was happy because he'd finally get a little rest and not have to provide a constant source of sex for Naomi. That was going to be Fred's problem for the next week.

That realization made him grin all the more. Naomi was going to be in for a surprise. Fred had been visibly nervous on Monday and Will knew why. The moment of truth was coming and he was eager to see how it would play out

He was certain it was going to be a shit show.

"Why are you grinning like that?" she asked him as her continued to grind her hips on him.

"I like watching you fuck me," he said. "I like watching your tits."

She paused and squinted at him, evaluating his words. "Uh-huh."

“And I’m glad you’re going to Fred tonight,” he said. “It’ll give me a break from your incredible sex drive.”

Her hips moved faster and she leaned down so he could push his cock in and out of her. “That’s the problem with men,” she whispered in his ear. “No sexual stamina.”

He grinned and held onto her ass as he drove hard up into her pussy, making her cum. “Right,” he agreed.

By the time he got home from class that afternoon, the few personal items that Naomi had kept in his room were gone. When he walked by Fred’s room, he saw her reading a book but his male roommate was nowhere in sight.

“Any idea where Fred is?” she asked Will upon seeing him.

“No. But he’s usually back from class by now.”

“Huh. I told him earlier I was going to make him that chicken he liked so much from last week.”

“Maybe you scared him off with that promise,” Will teased her.

She rolled her eyes at him. “I doubt it.”

“Did you promise him sex?” Will asked, unable to help himself. “Maybe he heard you fucking me and Jim and got scared away by your...enthusiasm.”

Naomi was taken aback. It had never occurred to her that Fred, or any man, would be intimidated by her over sexuality. “Do you think I actually scared him away?”

Will shrugged. “Maybe. But probably not.”

“He’s not...he’s not a virgin, is he?” Naomi actually felt bad. She had just assumed that all three roommates would be equally eager to fuck her, that’s why she had agreed to their arrangement.

“I honestly don’t know,” said Will. He hadn’t really considered that possibility, though he hadn’t specifically asked Fred that question.

“I’ve never fucked a virgin before,” she said, her eyes getting a little dreamy. “Maybe I did scare him off. Fred seems like a sensitive guy. Maybe he’ll be flattered.” She smiled a bit more. “I could show him the right way to do everything. This might be fun.”

“It might be,” Will agreed.

“When do you think he’ll be back?” she asked.

“Why? Are you too horny? Looking for a quick fuck?”

“No,” she said and then changed her answer. “Maybe.”

“Jim is always home by five thirty. He’ll be happy to fuck you.”

“Tired of me already?”

“No, but Jim’s been mooning over you all week. Usually he has some girl in his bedroom during the week and as far as I know, he hasn’t bothered to even try.”

“Ugh. No pity fucks from me.”

“I thought you liked sex with him.”

She shrugged. “It’s fine. I’ve had better.”

“His cock too small?”

“Ha. No. He’s fine in that department. But he’s definitely in it for himself. He told me to be loud so I was—”

“You always are,” he interrupted her.

She gave him a sour look. “Only when it’s good. But he acts like he’s performing for someone and he’s only in it for himself. He doesn’t care if I get off or not.”

“So did I get you off enough?” Will asked.

Before she could answer, the front door banged open to admit Jim with a girl Will had never seen before.

“Excuse us,” said Jim. The smell of alcohol then hit Will and it all made sense. Jim must have gotten off work, met the girl at a bar, and brought her home. Or some variation of that. It didn’t really matter. “I just need to show Eileen something in my room.” Will and Naomi stepped aside as Jim escorted his new conquest to his bedroom. He ushered her inside and then stuck his head out into the hallway. With a huge grin on his face he turned to them and said, “I need to show her my dick. I’m showing her my dick in my bedroom. And soon it’ll be in her.” There was a fake angry shriek from the room, followed by a slam of the door and lots of giggles.

Naomi turned back to Will. “Yeah, you got me off plenty.”

The door opened a second time and Fred walked in.

“Speak of the devil,” said Will.

“What?”

“I’m going to make dinner,” said Naomi as Jim started up music in his room that didn’t really cover the obvious sounds of sex. “Want to eat?”

“Sure...?” Fred looked back and forth between them, uncertain what he was missing.

“Yeah, let’s eat,” said Will. “I’ve got a study group later tonight.”

Will knew he was avoiding Fred’s first encounter with Naomi. He took a walk around campus for no good reason other than getting out of the apartment. He wasn’t sure if he was avoiding the situation because he was annoyed that Naomi was going to have sex with someone else, or if he didn’t want to deal with the problem once Naomi tried to get Fred naked. Or whatever it was they were going to do.

He was embarrassed for his friend, for Naomi, and for himself.

It was stupid, but he didn't know what else to do.

Because there was very little happening on campus, eventually Will had to return to the apartment. He dreaded it and practically snuck in, being as quiet as possible. There was music coming from Jim's room, which was no surprise. Either he was fucking the girl he had brought home or they were done or he was hiding just like Will. It didn't matter.

Pausing at Fred's door, Will could hear some muted conversation coming from the room. It had to be Fred and Naomi, but he couldn't make out what they were saying. Were they done having sex? Were they building up to it? He had no clue.

The one small bright point in the whole affair was he could tell they weren't have sex at that moment—at least the loud sex that Naomi liked to have.

He snuck into his room, flopped on the bed, and pulled a textbook out of his backpack to tell himself he was studying. He wasn't studying. He was staring at the words on the page.

He didn't even hear Naomi approach his partially open door.

"Can you come help us for a minute?" she asked. She was dressed in a t-shirt and leggings. The two points on the front of the shirt told him that she was braless under the thin cotton. His cock stirred even though he didn't want that.

"What?"

"Can you come help us a minute?"

"Help you do what?" he asked suspiciously.

She rolled her eyes. "Just come into Fred's room, would ya?"

With a sigh he followed her into Fred's room. On the short walk his eyes automatically went to her ass and he hated himself for that. Fred was on his bed, shirt open, pants on, looking terrified.

"Did you know that Fred hasn't had sex with a woman before?" Naomi asked after she shut the door. She kept her voice low enough that Jim wouldn't hear them.

“You weren’t supposed to tell him!” Fred said, louder than he intended. His face was bright red.

Will tried to keep from bursting out with laughter. He had suspected many things of Fred...and this was one of them. “Ah...I had my suspicions, but I didn’t know for sure.” Will shook his head. “Just go ahead and pop his cherry. I know you know what you’re doing. I’m sure Fred will be a good student.”

She rolled her eyes again. “Did you know that Fred’s gay?”

“I’m not gay!” Fred burst out, his voice rising high enough that if Jim had been listening, he would have definitely heard. “I’m...I don’t know what I am.”

“He had sex with a guy his freshman year,” Naomi told Will, breaking whatever confidence Fred had sworn her to. “He’s...confused.”

“I’m probably bi,” Fred said quickly, as if that label was any better than confused.

Will found that he didn’t care. “I thought you were asexual,” Will said, trying to get out of the situation. “You never dated anyone and...what does it matter to me?”

“It matters to me,” said Fred.

Will looked back and forth between Fred and Naomi. She looked a bit shaken, like she didn’t know what she was doing. Maybe this was new territory to her as well. Probably every guy she had slept with up to that point had been eager to fuck her. Confusion in the bedroom wasn’t a skill she had ever worked on.

“Do you want to fuck her?” Will asked. “That’s the real question here.”

“Yes,” he said with a touch of over-eagerness that gave Will more than a few doubts.

“So go ahead and fuck her.” He turned to Naomi. “Just be gentle with him and everything will be fine, I’m sure.”

“Would you stay in the room while we do it?” Fred asked quickly as Will turned to leave.

“Excuse me?” he asked.

Fred’s already red face turned scarlet. “Just to watch us in case I do something wrong,” he muttered.

For a moment Will didn’t know what to say. While he wasn’t interested in seeing Fred have sex for the first time, nor was he interested in seeing Naomi have sex with someone else, he couldn’t abandon a friend either. And he could just pretend to watch them. Why Fred wanted a man to watch was beyond him, but maybe that’s what he needed to figure out what his sexuality was going to be. It would be not just unkind to say no, but emotionally crippling to Fred as well.

Heaving a sigh, he said, “Okay, but don’t expect me to join in.”

End Part One

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

Contact us for a free ebook from Green Bush Publishing.

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