

Naomi's Use 2

Elliot
Silvestri

A FMMM Kinky and
Erotic Love Story

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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter Eight

Naomi held Fred's erect cock in her hand as she swung her leg over his hip to straddle his body. His eyes were still screwed tightly shut. That was the only way he could relax enough to enjoy the blowjob she had given him to get him hard. Actually getting him hard wasn't that difficult. Once his pants were off, she barely had to suck on him at all to make his cock rise like magic. He became rock hard and throbbing so quickly that Naomi was worried he would cum in her mouth.

Not that she would have minded. That was one of the many delightful side effects of fellatio. Long ago she had learned to enjoy sucking a man off and letting him cum in her mouth, and then swallowing as an extra reward. It would have been fun to taste Fred's semen.

But she wasn't into pleasing just Fred tonight. She wanted sex; she wanted to fuck; she wanted to have his cock in her pussy.

Although she had been warned about his size well beforehand, when she actually got his pants off, he was only slightly bigger than average. After she was done giving him a blowjob, the cock she was rewarded with was easily the biggest she had ever had. Even so, he wasn't so hugely endowed that he was gigantic, but large enough to please all but the most aggressive size queens. Naomi wasn't a size queen, though she did like a cock to fill her up.

Fred's eyes opened just as his glans made contact with her entrance. She knew she was warm and wet. She could practically feel herself dripping. He wanted to say something and his hand reached for her body just as she began sliding down his length. That was more than enough to silence him into a deep moan. Naomi wanted to moan as well. She resisted until half his cock was in her and then it was too much. The noise that issued from her throat was mortifying, but Fred didn't seem to notice.

"Fucking fantastic," she muttered as he settled all the way into her pussy.

This time Fred had a little more control. He reached up for her body, briefly held her sides, and then slid his hands back to cup her buttocks. Naomi took the hint and started raising and lowering herself on his cock, pumping her thighs up and down to start the friction.

"Oh god," Fred moaned.

She could feel him throbbing inside her pussy so she paused in pumping her thighs. "Are you going to cum?" she asked. Naomi was an experienced woman and Fred had all the warning signs of a man on the threshold of ecstasy.

"Fuck yes," he groaned as he grabbed her ass and pumped hard upwards once, twice, and a third time before he released his orgasm. His body shuddered and the liquid heat of his orgasm filled her pussy.

It wasn't that Naomi was angry with Fred. She knew he was inexperienced and this was always going to be the result.

But she still wanted to cum.

"Oh fuck that was good," Fred said. He was breathing deeply, trying to stop himself from shaking from the force of the orgasm. While Naomi was happy to have given him such great pleasure, she was miffed as well. She needed to get off, just because she was a woman didn't mean she didn't have needs.

"I'm glad you had a good time," Naomi said while making it sound like she was completely sincere.

"Oh shit! I'm sorry, Naomi. I didn't mean to cum so fast." Fred's face had turned red the moment she had started taking off her clothes and it had remained bright red the entire time, partly from feeling awkward about the whole experience and partly from the somewhat limited exertion of sex (he was on the bottom, after all).

"That's okay, it's fine," she reassured him and looked over her shoulder.

Will had watched the whole sordid affair, which had taken less than two minutes, from the plastic chair that Fred kept shoved in front of his desk. He was vaguely aroused and vaguely annoyed. It had been exciting to watch Naomi fuck his roommate, but even with his big cock, Fred's performance had been disappointing in every way, which annoyed Will because he felt that Naomi deserved better.

"What?" he asked when she looked at him, a sly smile on her face.

Glancing at his crotch, she saw the obvious signs of an erection. "Why don't you come over here and finish me off," she said. "I could really use a good fuck."

Will stood up, uncertain what to do. Naomi was still straddling Fred's hips. Seeing Will move was enough for her. She lifted up her lips, letting Fred's still mostly engorged cock slip wetly from her pussy. Angling her body, tilting her pelvis, she knew exactly what to do to entice him. Will didn't even think about it. The buildup to the moment had been far too much. He opened up his jeans and pulled out his cock. It was smaller than Fred's but not embarrassingly so.

Naomi reached behind her and grabbed him, guiding his length into her wet, sticky pussy. Only when Jim was all the way in did he realize that all of Fred's cum was still inside Naomi. He could have stopped, but he didn't. It was too late. Even with Fred still underneath Naomi, Will still wanted to fuck her. Since Fred wasn't complaining and Naomi was probably getting off on the fact that she was sandwiched between two men, there was nothing to worry about.

Resting her chest on Fred, Naomi kissed him, nuzzling his slightly too long blonde hair and Will began to rail into her, eager to climax but not before he made her cum first. Though he tried to push from his mind that her pussy was full of Fred's cum, the thought wouldn't go away. And the more he thought about it, the more it inflamed and excited him. He was going to cum too fast. He slowed his pace and reached around her body, groping for her pussy, finding her clit and rubbing the way she liked. He looked at her and Fred. They were kissing now. Will got the distinct impression that Naomi had done this before.

She broke the kiss with Fred and bit down on his shoulder. The noises she was making told Will everything and a few more vigorous rubs and thrusts and she was cumming, her hot pussy clamping down on his cock. That was all he needed and he let loose his load, combining it with Fred's. He was proud he managed to finish and stay on his feet.

Neither Naomi or Fred complained.

Chapter Nine

Naomi came out of Fred's room the next morning and found Will eating cereal at the kitchen table. For some reason Will couldn't meet her eyes and purposely looked down at the bowl of milk and cereal in front of him. He pondered that old question: was it just milk and cereal or was it a cold soup?

"Thanks for helping out last night," she said to him as she headed toward the bathroom.

"Yeah...no problem." What else was he going to say?

After they had finished having sex, Will had awkwardly pulled out of Naomi and retreated to his bedroom. There didn't seem to be any more action coming from Fred's room that night.

She paused at the table, and it looked like she wanted to say something, but she didn't know how to say it.

Will was going to ask how her night was, actually sleeping with Fred, but suddenly their roommate dashed out of his room and into the bathroom. "Fuck! I'm going to be late for my early class!" he cursed and two seconds later the shower was running.

That seemed to give Naomi the courage she needed. "Did you know that Fred was gay...or bi...or whatever the hell he is?"

Will half-nodded. "I had my suspicions, but it's his life and well...it didn't seem to matter last night, did it?"

She shook her head. "Not after you showed up. He barely touched me after you left. And we slept together in a fucking twin bed!"

That made the both of them laugh.

"I've never done that before," Will confessed. "Have sex with a girl right after she...you know."

"Fucked another guy?" She grinned at him. "Personally I love it. Gang bangs get a bad rap in the feminist community, but sometimes I feel like I'd only ever be satisfied if a dozen guys pounded me all night."

Will did all he could to keep his spoon from falling out of his hand. “You’re... kidding, right?”

She smiled wanly. “Sort of? I’ve only every fucked two guys in one night.” She winked at him. “You and Fred weren’t the first.”

The shower stopped and a second later Fred dashed out of the bathroom, still soaking wet, a towel wrapped around his middle. “Shit, shit, shit!”

“I’d better shower as well,” she said to Will. “I’ve got a morning class too.”

Naomi smoothly stood up and headed for the bathroom. It was only then that Will noticed she was wearing one of his old t-shirts. It covered her ass, but just barely.

She looked good in it.

The girl that Jim had brought home the night before stumbled out of his room. She was stark naked. Will had almost all but forgotten about her. She had two rather poorly done tattoos, tits too large for her frame, and a shaved pubis. Her hangover was obvious to Will, even all the way in the kitchen. “Bathroom?” she asked, seemingly unaware of her nudity, or maybe she just didn’t care.

Will pointed at the door that Naomi had just entered. The girl nodded and barged in. Maybe Naomi hadn’t bothered to lock the door, maybe she didn’t care. Will continued to eat his cereal. A minute later the toilet flushed and Naomi screamed from the shower. Will grinned.

Will first class that day wasn’t until later. He saw the battle for the bathroom as Naomi, Fred, Jim, and the naked girl all battled to use the limited facilities. Fred left the apartment first, followed by the naked girl and Jim. Before she left Naomi paused at the door right as Will was headed to the shower to use up the last of the hot water.

“Fred didn’t fuck me this morning,” she said to him.

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“I’m horny.”

“I’m not surprised. You’re always horny.”

“I’d fuck you right here and now but...” she didn’t finish the thought. Will wondered if she saw his bathrobe being disturbed by his stiffening cock.

“But you’re supposed to be fucking Fred this week,” he finished for her.

“I can fuck whoever I want,” she said boldly. “I’m supposed to be sleeping with Fred this week.” She absently rubbed her pussy through her jeans. “And I’m horny enough to fuck right now.” With a wink she walked out the door.

Jessica was a pretty girl who Will barely knew, but had been in several of his classes over the past few years. She changed her usual seat in the classroom and sat next to him. “Hey Will.”

“Jessica.”

“You know Naomi Spiers, right?” She blew a breath of air upwards to get a stray lock of hair out of her eyes. “Of course you know her, she’s your new roommate, right?”

He hated how she said right at the end of every sentence. It was a verbal tick that was annoying and grated on his nerves.

“Yeah. She moved in with us a few weeks ago.” Was this public knowledge? Did it matter?

“She’s a lesbian, right?”

The question annoyed Will. Not only was it wrong, but what business was it of Jessica? Will just lifted his hands in confusion, showing a lack of comprehension of her question.

“Well, she’s living with three guys, right? That must make her a lesbian, right? Unless she’s one of your guys’ girlfriend, right?”

Will just stared at her for a long moment before he said anything else. “She not my girlfriend. She’s not the girlfriend of Fred or Jim. She’s just living with us.

She needed a place.”

Jessica nodded but Will was certain she didn’t believe him. “Right,” she said one last time before the professor started the class.

When Will returned from class he found Fred and Naomi in the living room, Naomi on the ancient and sagging couch, and Fred in the oversized beanbag chair that had been leaking stuffing for the past five years.

“Hey,” Will said upon walking into the apartment. “Why aren’t you having sex?” he asked them as he collapsed on the couch next to Naomi.

“We were waiting for you?” she answered.

“Ha. That’s very funny.”

“She’s not kidding,” said Fred, glancing up from his book, but he was a terrible liar and couldn’t keep a joke going. “Okay, she’s kidding.”

“I heard a rumor today,” Will reported.

“Yeah? If you’re going to tell us the president is a pee fetish, but everyone already knows that and it’s not a rumor.”

“No. Not that. Word on campus is that you are a notorious lesbian who is shacking up with us as a means to scoring more women.”

Fred laughed. It was a ridiculous statement to him because Naomi was sexy and everything a woman should be.

“That’s just plain crazy,” Naomi said. “You fuck a girl just one and suddenly you’re a notorious lesbian.”

The two men looked at her. “What?” was all Fred could say.

“I slept with Jona Hilden one time, just to see what it was like,” she admitted. Looking back Will believed she said it with some pride.

Fred was staring at her in disbelief. “What was it like?” he asked, stunned.

“Nice,” she said with a smile. “Soft. It was more like masturbation than the sex I’m used to. I liked it, but I think I like a cock pounding into me more than I like kissing a pretty girl.”

Will and Fred didn’t know what to say. Will directed his eyes at Fred who was still staring at Naomi in disbelief. “She wants to get laid, dude. Take her to your room and fuck her.”

Fred glanced nervously back and forth between Naomi and Will. “You don’t have to,” he said.

Will laughed. “You don’t get it, do you, man? She fucking loves sex. Jim fucked her at least twice a day for the week she was in his room, same for me. The same should be for you.”

“He’s nervous,” Naomi announced unnecessarily. “I’d love to have your cock again, Freddie. You don’t even need Will to be there. You did just fine on your own.” She stood up and walked over to Fred, grabbed his hand, and pulled him to his feet. “Let’s go,” she said. “I’m more than eager to keep up my end of the bargain.”

Fred went along willingly with Naomi while Will watched. It was the strangest feeling in the world. He had somehow gotten both Naomi and Fred laid—got them to fuck each other—while excluding himself from the bargain. At that point in his life he was certain that while he had a high GPA in his classes, his common sense was zero.

Five minutes later Naomi was making her usual loud sex noises. Will went to his bed and jerked off in time with her moans. It wasn’t as good a fucking her, but it wasn’t as humiliating as having her after Fred had already cum in her.

Chapter Ten

Friday night Naomi made them dinner. Jim went out to his usual haunts with the intention of bringing back someone to fuck. He barely spoke to the rest of the apartment. After she cleaned up the kitchen, Naomi came to Will. “Your room or Fred’s?” she asked him.

“What?”

“Your room or Fred’s?” she repeated. “I’ve got something kinky planned and we need you.”

“What could you need me for?” he asked, though he had a good idea.

“Fred made a little confession to me last night while we were fucking. You’ll find out all about it in a couple of minutes.”

Somehow, even in a sweatshirt and jeans, Naomi managed to look sexy. Not overtly sexy as if she were trying hard to impress someone, but subtly sexy that made her seem dangerous and alluring at the same time.

Will was wearing the exact same thing as she was—jeans and a sweatshirt—but he doubted he looked anywhere near as good as she did.

While her invitation wasn’t exactly a siren call, it was more than enough to stir his loins and make him want to go along with her. He’d easily do anything she asked of him—and that was dangerous.

Fred was waiting nervously in his bedroom. He was sitting on the same cheap plastic chair that Will had been in when he watched Naomi and Fred fuck for the first time. “So what’s the plan?” he asked Fred.

“He wants to watch us fuck,” Naomi said flatly. “His own private sex show. If you’re into that sort of thing.”

Will felt like he didn’t have much say in the matter. Naomi came over to him and kissed him and started to help him out of his clothes. He didn’t mind, but it was a little strange to have to perform in front of Fred when Fred was the one who was supposed to have her this week. Neither Will nor Jim had shared Naomi during their weeks, but Fred was a different sort of person.

In short order Will was naked and Naomi was down to a pair of cute little green panties that wasn't quite a thong, but definitely wasn't a bikini-cut either. She went down to her knees and started sucking his cock while Fred sat only a few feet away, watching intently. It wasn't difficult to get Will hard. Just the mere presence of Naomi was enough to start the process and the application of her lips to his cock just brought him to full attention.

Before he could really start to enjoy her skillful fellatio, Naomi unexpectedly backed off and turned to Fred. "Your turn," she said to him.

For just a second Will thought that she was going to give Fred a blowjob and then the two of them would take her on at the same time, one in her pussy and one in her mouth, or some similar combination.

He was wrong.

While Naomi kept a firm grip on his cock, Fred leaned forward and took Will's hard cock in his mouth. Will didn't resist, but he was surprised. There was no hesitation on Fred's part. He wanted to do this. It was the little confession that Naomi had hinted at earlier. Will could have stopped everything, but he didn't

Fred knew exactly how to suck cock in a way that Will found to be perfection.

He was better at it than Naomi.

It made Will wonder if Fred had done it before or if, because he was a man, he was just naturally more talented at fellatio.

After the initial surprise, Will didn't know what to do. While he enjoyed Fred sucking on his cock he would have preferred it was Naomi doing it.

But did it really matter? A mouth was a mouth and what really mattered was how good it felt when he came.

There was a difference between cumming in a mouth and cumming in a pussy. Will knew the difference. He assumed there was a different feel in cumming in an ass, but he'd never had the opportunity to do that.

While his experience was limited, in Will's opinion cumming in a pussy was better than a mouth...unless whoever was blowing him was extremely talented.

As it turned out, Fred was extremely talented.

Will groaned without meaning to.

“Fuck you’re good,” breathed Naomi. She was still holding Will’s cock. That’s what felt different; the hands of two different people on his cock. Naomi’s left hand on one side and Fred’s right hand on the other. He was pretty sure it was Naomi who was cupping his balls, but that didn’t matter. “I bet you’d be fantastic at eating pussy.” She grinned and leaned in close enough to kiss Fred on his forehead. He backed off Will’s cock just enough for Naomi to move in quickly and lick Will’s glans. Her tongue was rough enough to make him shiver.

She didn’t keep going and Fred moved back in to suck on Will a little more.

“I want to fuck you,” he said to Naomi.

“I want to see Fred suck you off,” she replied.

“Can’t we do both?” he asked.

“Maybe,” she promised. He noticed her hand was inside her panties. She withdrew her fingers and sucked on them. “I’d let you fuck me first, but you’d probably just blow your load and spoil the fun.”

She backed away from the two men, flopped on the bed, and struggled out of her panties, tossing them aside. Her knees went to the ceiling and her fingers went back to her pussy, teasing and rubbing her clit. “Will you?” she asked Fred. “Let him fuck me. Let him make me cum. Then I want to watch you finish him off.”

Will didn’t know if this was all part of their plan or if they were making it all up as they went along, but when Fred stopped sucking him off, he knew he had to go to Naomi.

Climbing on top of her body, she guided him into her. As always her pussy was hot and wet. It was amazing; she was constantly ready for sex. Will’s previous girlfriend—not that Naomi was his girlfriend—needed a lot of warm up and foreplay to be ready for sex, on the too few occasions she actually wanted to have sex with him.

“Make me cum,” she encouraged him, bending her legs upward, letting him

thrust deeper and harder into her. It wasn't the size of his cock or the deep thrusts that did it for her. It was the impact of his body on her pussy, the vibrations that reverberated through her body, but especially the ones that were centered on her clit...those were the ones that made her cum. Will had showed a special talent in hitting her in all the right spots.

Balancing himself on his forearms, Will started thrusting harder and faster into Naomi. She grinned up at him with satisfaction. "Make. Me. Cum!"

He slammed his body into hers as hard as he could.

It was what she wanted and needed. Her body twisted and her legs went around his waist, hooking together at the ankles, and squeezed him hard.

He hated to do it, but Will thought about his ex-girlfriend. She hadn't been a terrible person, she was nice. But she was terrible in bed. Sex with her had been at best dull, at worst...terrible. He focused on the terrible moments. That made the impending orgasm wilt away.

Naomi refocused on Will's face. Her orgasm had left her happy. "You didn't cum," she told him.

"I wanted to make sure you came first."

"Liar," she laughed. "You want Fred to suck you off, don't you?"

Will said nothing. He didn't know what to say.

Naomi laughed at him. "You'd have rather cum in me, but you're trying to make me happy." She kissed his cheek. "Thank you."

"For what?" Will was confused.

"For trying to make me happy."

"I do what I can," he said, somewhat recovered from the confusion of the moment.

"Do you know what will make me really happy?" she asked.

He knew. But he didn't want to say the words. He let her keep talking.

"I want to watch while Freddie sucks you off."

It was too much to ask. Almost.

Will levered himself off her body. He would have been happier to have kept fucking her, to make her cum one more time, to let himself cum, but he wanted to keep her happy. He wanted to make her happier. If watching him get sucked off by Fred was what worked, then he'd do that.

Stupidly, he realized he would do anything for Naomi.

Fred was either down with the plan or he didn't care or he just loved sucking cock. Maybe all three. And while it might make things difficult for the roommates later on, Will had to go along with what they wanted. Fred grabbed Will's cock and resumed sucking and Will remembered how good Fred was at sucking cock.

"The jocks and bros have it wrong," said Naomi as she watched them. "Two guys having sex is fucking hot and fucking manly." She was still on the bed, legs sprawled, her fingers back in her pussy, gently rubbing. "Keep going. Make him cum." Her fingers got busier and busier. Will watched her masturbate while Fred sucked him off. This he could do. It didn't matter who was sucking on him. He was still having sex with Naomi.

When he finally did cum, it was so good it actually hurt. Fred kept sucking. With each spurt that filled Fred's mouth, the other man swallowed. It was almost too much. Will wanted to fall to his knees, but in the small room, cramped between the bed and the desk with both Fred and Naomi watching, there was no way for him to fall down anyway.

"That was the best blowjob I've ever gotten in my life."

Chapter Eleven

Strangely, things didn't get awkward or uncomfortable in the apartment. Over the next few days, Jim brought home two different women, one of which Will had seen before. Naomi continued to sleep in Fred's room, which Fred didn't seem to mind, but even so, they invited Will into their shared bed every night. It was strange, because sharing a woman in this way seemed very wrong to Will, but he wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to continue to fuck Naomi.

She wasn't shy about anything and relished everything their little group did in Fred's bedroom. Her praise of Fred's large cock sometimes grated on Will's nerves, but she seemed to enjoy sex more with him rather than Fred. She insisted that Will watch while Fred fucked her, which at first he found uncomfortable, especially when she held his hand, but quickly got used to it. Then just holding his hand wasn't enough. She had to have both men at the same time and the easiest way to do that was to have one fuck her while she sucked off the other. Sometimes that didn't work and she offered up a handjob instead. Neither Fred nor Will complained.

When she asked if either of them ever tried anal, they both quickly said no. her reply confused Will. "Huh. That's too bad. I think you two would be great at it."

"What?"

She looked at him with the sly confident look that always made his stomach quiver. "I've done anal in the past with other guys, but I've never done it with two guys. You know, one in the back and one in the front." She shifted her gaze to Fred who was lying on his back staring at the ceiling. He was spent; his cock lay limply against his thigh. "Maybe that's the final act that'll make me...that type of woman. It's one thing for a porn star to take a guy in her ass and a guy in her pussy at the same time, but someone like me..." She trailed off, not completing the thought. Will got the impression that she'd like to be thought of as that type of woman.

"Do you want that?" asked Fred. He didn't seem terribly interested, but was only curious because she brought it up. Why would she bring it up unless she was interested in doing such a thing?

"Not really," she said dismissively. "I mean, I'm not saying no. But I'm tired right now and it's the sort of thing that takes a lot of planning and coordination, right?" They had just finished having sex and Will doubted he'd be able to get

hard again that night, let alone have enough endurance and skill to fuck Naomi the way she wanted. The way she deserved...

Fred got up to go to the bathroom. He didn't even bother to put on a robe or otherwise cover up in any way. That made Will wonder what Jim thought about him and Fred fucking Naomi. Did he care? Was he just waiting for it to be his turn again to have her alone? Was he upset that he didn't get invited to use Naomi along with the other two roommates?

Naomi reached out and caressed his cock. "I like your cock the best," she said. From anyone else, that would have been a slightly disturbing, even disgusting, declaration, but from Naomi it was sweet and sexy. "Not too big and not too small. You fit me just right."

Will laughed nervously. "Okay, Goldilocks."

"No, it's true," she insisted. "Jim's a little small—but don't tell him that because he's the sort to get upset—however he really knows how to use it. Fred's huge—as you know—but he's so inexperienced and I think he likes boys more than girls. But you, Will, you are the perfect size and you really know how to make love to a woman."

Shaking his head, Will looked away. "Don't say things like that. You know all three of us are just using you for sex."

"Just like I'm using you for a place to live?" she asked. "I know and I don't care."

Before Will could say anything else, Fred came back from the bathroom. His cock was limp but still huge. Getting up from the bed, Will pulled on his jeans and shirt.

"Leaving so soon?" asked Fred. Was he eager for more sex or was he just being polite?

"She's your bed warmer for the rest of the week," said Will. "I'm going to stretch out in my bed and have a good night's sleep."

Chapter Twelve

Naomi had acquired a futon mattress that was small enough to fit in her tiny room. There was no frame which was good because it was unlikely it would have fit into the space available. Will had helped haul the mattress up the stairs with her when he found her struggling with the ungainly cushion.

“Found this just in time,” she confided in him. “It’s period week,” she announced and fell on top of the new mattress with a satisfied giggle. She rolled around experimentally, trying out her new sleeping location. It was Tuesday. Naomi was moving out of Fred’s room and would be in her own for the rest of the week.

“Timing worked out well,” Will commented.

She snorted. It was unladylike but it made her seem so much more human rather than the object of desire that Will had transformed her into. “Right. Jim’s an idiot.”

“I always thought so,” Will agreed.

“I’m on a hormonal IUD,” she told Will as if she was revealing an obvious truth of the universe. “My periods usually last two days and are hardly noticeable. I got it yesterday and it’ll be over by tomorrow morning by the latest.”

“Oh.” Will was dumbfounded. “At least you get a week’s break from having to have sex with us.”

She shook her head at him. “I don’t want a break from sex,” she told him. “I’m horny all the time. And now I’m going to have to fuck on this mattress because if I sleep in your room or Fred’s, Jim’s going to flip his lid.”

“So why don’t you fuck him?” Will asked, leaning against the doorjamb.

She awkwardly shrugged while still on the floor. “I probably will. He’s a good fuck, even with his small dick. But he’s such an egotist. It’s not worth it in the long run.” She grinned at him, raised her knees toward the ceiling, and ran her hand down the inside of her thigh. “Want to fuck me right here and right now?” she asked as she rested her hand against her crotch. She was wearing black leggings and showed nothing but revealed every curve.

“We probably shouldn’t,” he said. “It’s a bad idea.”

Her grin didn’t waver as her hand went up the bottom hem of her shirt and down into her leggings. He couldn’t tell if her fingers were in her panties or not, but she was blatantly teasing him and at least pretending to masturbate.

“That’s why we should do it,” she told him. “It’s a bad idea. Trying out a bad idea is always a good idea.”

Will hesitated. He could see her eyes on his crotch. He could feel his erection growing and was certain she could see it through his pants. “I don’t know...”

She sighed. “Fine. If you don’t want to fuck me, close the door on your way out.” She kicked her legs up into the air and stripped her leggings off. Underneath she wore a pair of sporty and surprisingly large pair of black cotton panties. “I’m going to jill off.” Rolling to her side she rummaged through one of her plastic bins until she found the vibrator she had hidden away in the box and turned it on.

He watched as she pulled her panties down and tossed them aside. It was fascinating to watch her slowly introduce the liberator into her pussy. Each time she pushed it in, it went a little deeper. Her eyes were closed and she had to know he was there, watching. Will figured that she liked him watching her.

Without thinking about it, he opened up his pants and got out his cock. It was already hard, so stroking it was an easy act. He didn’t want to cum too soon, that would spoil everything. After only a few seconds, Naomi was moaning as she pumped the vibrator in and out of her body. Even while jacking off, Will couldn’t help but notice that the volume and tone of the vibrator’s buzzing changed as it went in and out of her. It had to feel good, he reasoned, otherwise she wouldn’t do it and the sounds she made while jilling off were almost the exact same ones she made while having sex with him. Or Fred. Or Jim. Or probably anyone.

There was no warning when Naomi suddenly gasped and her eyes flew open. Her knees came together and she rolled to her side with her thighs clamped together, the vibrator buried deeply in her sex. The orgasm lasted a long time, long enough for her to see and study Will as he continued to pound away at himself, cock in fit.

“Are you going to cum?” she asked him.

Will just nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

“Soon?”

“Uh-huh.” He cock was rigid, standing up through his fist.

“Cum on me,” she encouraged him. She didn’t ask Will to fuck her, she just wanted to see his ejaculation up close and feel the wet heat of his semen hit her body.

Once again Will was under her spell. He would have done anything she asked of him. He’d done everything she’d asked of him so far. This was an easy ask to agree to. He staggered a step forward and fell to his knees next to her, his body perpendicular to her. There was no easy way to aim his cock. She was on the floor and he was on his knees with his cock pointing into the air, but he did his best.

While staring at her fingers still manipulating the folds of her pussy, he pumped himself a few more times before letting loose the jet of thick, white fluid. His spunk flew through the air in a gentle arch before falling victim to gravity and splashing onto Naomi’s skin. He gave her several puddles all over her stomach and down low enough to mix with the strip of pubic hair she maintained. Naomi didn’t seem to mind at all. Will realized that if he had been living in a cheap porn film, he would have been asked to cum on her face. Naomi wasn’t that far gone in her life, not yet.

“That’s fucking hot,” she said as she wiped up his spunk with her fingers. She didn’t taste it or lick it away like he had thought she might, but instead wiped it on a used towel she had lying on her floor. “We should do this more often,” she told him as she pulled up her panties and then her leggings. The fact that she didn’t bother running to the bathroom to sanitize herself from Will’s cum made the episode that much more erotic to Will.

“We should?” he asked as he tried to get his erection to go down so he could tuck his penis back into his pants. Even after coming, just being in Naomi’s presence was enough to either get him hard or keep him hard, whichever applied to the situation.

“Fuck yeah. But I needed this little break. It was good.” She laughed as she struggled back to her feet. “This is going to be the first time in weeks I’ve had a bed all to myself.”

Chapter Thirteen

Will wound up fucking Naomi on her makeshift bed almost as much as he had fucked her on his own bed. Fred joined them once, but seemed nervous to be having sex outside his room, even if Jim was well away from the apartment and they both wanted him there. What surprised Will the most was when he came home from his early evening class to find Naomi in Jim's bedroom riding on top of Jim's cock. They had left the door open, either because they didn't care or because Jim wanted to show off.

She was riding Jim reverse cowgirl, maybe because she didn't want to face Jim, maybe it felt good to fuck that way, maybe she was waiting for Will to come along and stare her in the eye while she fucked. That's what happened and Will was certain that Naomi felt no shame about what she was doing. Why should she? She was her own person.

That didn't mean that Will didn't feel jealousy. He knew he had no right to be jealous of Jim—he'd fucked Naomi more than he had and she had told him he was better in bed than Jim and had a better cock as well. Fuck! She had told him she preferred his smaller cock to Fred's gigantic one...and he didn't feel jealousy toward Fred. Probably because Fred wasn't nearly as interested in Naomi as Will was. Fred was definitely bi, maybe gay. It wasn't for Will to know for certain. But more often than not, Will was there when Fred was having sex with Naomi, which really meant that Will was having sex with her as well. Even though Fred had sucked off Will plenty of times now, Will knew he was straight. Or mostly straight. Yeah, he'd handled Fred's cock, but he hadn't done anything with the other man. And when Fred sucked him off, it was because Naomi liked to watch the two of them together. She said it was hot.

And it was hot. Will had to admit that Fred sucked cock better than Naomi. Not that it was a contest. Once the two of them had taken turns sucking Will's cock. He'd liked that—the contrasting styles and sensations—but that was more a stunt for Naomi to do in front of them rather than for him to really enjoy. If she asked Will to go down on Fred so she could watch, he knew he'd say yes. He didn't want her to ask, but he knew what he was capable of and he knew that he would never refuse a single request from Naomi.

He'd heard Fred and Naomi fucking alone behind a closed door when he hadn't been invited in and it hadn't upset him. Maybe that's because he didn't see Fred as a threat? Maybe because he knew that Naomi only had sex with Fred to tempt

and tease Will? Both were possible. Maybe it was because he knew that Fred possibly preferred sex with men and Jim would never even consider that. Jim was extremely straight to the point of homophobia. Was Naomi trying to make a point?

Or maybe she was just horny and Jim had been available when no one else was and she had hopped into bed with him. That sounded like Naomi. She'd rather have sex and worry about the consequences later on.

After they made eye contact and it was obvious that Naomi was enjoying herself, Will kept on moving down the hall. He went to his room and silently closed the door. Neither the walls nor the door were thick enough to drown out Naomi's siren song of sex. She wasn't being obnoxiously loud; she was being herself.

Will resisted the urge to pull out his cock and jerk off. He wanted to. He wanted to more than anything in the world. He wanted to cum when she was cumming...but he wasn't going to humiliate himself like that. Instead he put in his earbuds, turned up the volume all the way, and pretended to study while Naomi fulfilled the obligations of her living contract.

She might be a slut and she might like to experiment with her sexuality, but she lived up to her word and did exactly as she promised. She'd fuck all three of them at once if necessary to live up to her part of the bargain. She was a woman free of any of society's restrictions on how she should behave.

Will liked that.

Will hated that.

Will didn't know how to process his feelings about her.

Chapter Fourteen

“I’m sorry you had to see that,” Naomi told him the next morning. Jim had already left for work. Will was eating breakfast and Fred was still asleep. Naomi sat down across from him at the small table. Her hair was still wet from the shower, though she was dressed to go to class.

“See what?” Will said innocently.

She sighed and blew a stray wet hair out of her face. “See me fucking Jim last night.”

“I...uh...I didn’t...” he started to lie, but then stopped. She wasn’t stupid. She’d seen him and he’d seen her. He understood his place in relation to her.

“You saw me,” she interrupted him before he could complete his lie. “And I saw you. It was kinda hot, you watching me fuck Jim. He said he wanted to stare at my ass while we fucked. That’s why I was riding him that way. I liked you watching me. It felt like we had a special secret we were keeping from Jim. Like I was cheating on him.”

Will just nodded but didn’t say anything. Naomi abruptly changed the direction of the conversation.

“Would you mind if I fucked other guys?” she asked him.

“What?”

“Would you mind if I fucked other guys?”

“You’re already doing that with Fred and Jim.”

She rolled her eyes. “Besides them. In addition to them.”

Will didn’t know what to say. “Uh...sure. You can do that. It’s not like we said you couldn’t see other guys.”

“Fuck other guys,” she clarified with a sly smile. “I’ll still keep all my obligations to the apartment, but I need variety.”

“And three guys aren’t enough for you?” Will asked. What he wanted to ask was

I'm not enough for you?

Her smile broadened. "Right now? No." She looked up at the ceiling, only the slightest pink on her cheeks showing she had any embarrassment at all. Or maybe the pink was from the hot shower that lit up her skin. Will had no way of knowing. "I know I've got a terrible reputation of a slut, but I can't help myself. Sex is too good to turn down, especially with guys who know what they're doing...and I can't resist saying no to a new guy. Maybe he's going to be the best fuck of my life, right?"

"That's dangerous thinking," Will said.

Naomi came back to herself. She had been lost in thought while examining the ceiling. "Yeah. I know. But this is probably the safest time in my life to do this. College is a protective cocoon from the real world. If I'm going to sleep around and be crazy, this is the time for it." She smiled at him. "Wanna have a quick fuck before class?" she asked.

Immediately Will's cock stiffened inside his jeans. It had slowly been awakening because of Naomi's presence—that's all he needed of her—and now the offer made him stand up. His automatic answer—the answer his body wanted to give—was yes. He was ready to fuck her. But he stupidly glanced at the clock, hoping he wouldn't have enough time, or that he'd have more than enough time. As it was he would have just enough time to fuck her and if he hurried he'd make it to class, but it would have to be a quick fuck, like she asked.

Naomi stood up to unbutton her jeans. Will just stared at her. "What are you doing?"

"You just said yes."

"I didn't say anything," he insisted as she pulled down her jeans and panties. Will felt himself get harder as she leaned forward on the table, giving him just the barest view of her cleavage down inside her shirt as she spread her legs while bent over, waiting for him.

"Yeah, and by not saying anything, I know what that means from you. Just fuck me, please," she said politely. "Make it quick." Her grin became almost feral, as if she were in heat. "I want to go to class with your cum leaking out into my panties."

The smart thing would have been to walk away. To grab his backpack and run out of the apartment and to his class. When it came to Naomi, very rarely did Will make the smart choice. He stood up. “We can’t do it here,” he said. “Not in the kitchen. We made an agreement.”

She wiggled her hips. “Fuck the agreement. No, wait. Fuck me. Fuck me right here and right now.” Her hand went down between her legs and Will heard the unmistakable sounds of her masturbating.

Will gave in. He already knew he was going to give in. He always gave into whatever Naomi wanted.

Fred was asleep in his room. Will hoped he was asleep in his room. While Fred might not complain about him fucking Naomi in the kitchen, it was still a breach of trust and that was wrong on every level.

Coming around the table, Will unzipped his jeans and pulled out his cock. There was no need to get fully naked. She didn’t expect it and they didn’t have time. Once he was in position behind her, Naomi reached back between her legs, found his cock, and guided it into her waiting pussy.

It always felt good to be welcomed back inside Naomi. She was always eager to welcome him. The angle was a bit off-kilter, but that didn’t matter. They both just wanted—just needed—to fuck and get off and then go to class a little bit better relaxed. That’s all Will needed. He tried not to focus on Naomi’s needs for once. He just grabbed her hips and started pounding away at her, giving her exactly what she needed.

It was raw and unskillful. It only took him two minutes at the most and he came and was done. If she came, he had no idea. She had been actually biting her forearm to keep quiet and not wake Fred. He pumped his cum into her, filling her pussy, and then he pulled out and set about getting himself in order. By the time he was dressed, Naomi had also gotten her jeans back on. She gave him a peck on the cheek as he walked by and said, “I’ll be thinking about you all day while you leak into my panties.”

Will wasn’t sure how he felt about that.

Chapter Fifteen

It was surprisingly soft. Will could feel the hardness underneath but there was a velvety softness to the head and on the surface. It had just enough give to make it pleasant but was also hard enough that he knew what to expect from it.

All of this wasn't a surprise. Will had handled his own cock more than enough times. He knew what it felt like to jerk himself off, but to do it to someone else was different. And Fred was bigger than him. That he already knew, but it was another thing entirely to realize that the man's cock he was holding was significantly bigger than his own. How did gay couples do it? Did they go looking for a partner who was roughly the same size? Surely there had to be couples that went for dom/sub relationships and enjoyed the sized difference. Will wasn't sure how he felt about that. Although Naomi had praised his fucking technique and said he was above average in the length and girth department, there was no use lying: Fred was bigger than him in every way. It was strange.

And not just strange because he was actively having sex with another man for the first time, but extra strange because Naomi was right there watching him.

"Take it in your mouth, Will," she almost whispered to him.

He glanced her way and saw her eyes shining with lust as she licked her lips in anticipation of what he was about to do. How she had talked him into this situation he couldn't figure out, but here he was and it was going to happen. It wasn't like he was shy about it and he couldn't deny he had a certain curiosity about sucking off another guy, but when faced with the reality...he knew that he needed Naomi right then not just encouraging him but forcing him along.

Will closed his eyes and going by feel alone, he guided Fred's cock into his mouth. His roommate had been surprisingly quiet up to this point. As always, Fred went along with whatever Naomi wanted, much like Will did. Will didn't think he was nearly as submissive as Fred, but maybe he was. Fred was without a doubt bi, and maybe gay, unlike Will. Will was just curious.

That's what he told himself.

He tasted Fred's precum. It wasn't terrible. It was like his own precum. More times than he was willing to admit, Will had tasted his own precum before. It was slippery, of course, and almost without flavor. There was some saltiness there, and maybe a hint of someone else's saliva, but not much overall. Fred was

big enough to fill up his entire mouth. Will had to loosen up his jaws and pull his tongue back. There was no way he was going to be able to deep throat the huge cock, but he didn't think he was expected to do such a thing. This was his first time after all. He was a novice, even if he didn't want to be.

"Back and forth," Naomi encouraged him. "Slow and steady, like the tortoise... at least at first," she said with a smile. He spared her a glance. While he and Fred were naked—Fred because he pretty much had to be to get a proper blowjob, and Will because...because he wanted to be—Naomi was still dress. Or rather, she was mostly dress. She was wearing a white camisole where he could easily see the outline of her erect nipples and a pair of tiny white panties. Were they actually panties or were they a thong? It was impossible to tell from where he was on the floor, on his knees. Naomi's clothing always seemed maybe a half size too small for her. The camisole didn't come down to her panties. Her smooth, flat belly was exposed. That was good because it gave her the opportunity to show off her gold navel ring. Naomi more than just dabbled with exhibitionism.

"Move your fist up and down his cock. Do it in time with your head," she instructed him. This Will already knew. He had received plenty of blowjobs in his life, even a bunch of good ones—most of those were from Naomi and Fred—so he knew what to do. Plus he had watched more porn than he cared to admit.

It was a lot of porn.

It took him a minute, but eventually he got the rhythm down. It wasn't just moving his head back and forth. There was some effort of rocking back and forth at the waist. Giving a good blowjob was tougher than going down on a woman. When he did that all he had to do was get into position to lick and suck his way around her clit and vulva. There was technique, of course, but it wasn't such as physically demanding. Maybe that's why gay guys liked sucking cock, it was tougher to do well. Or maybe that was his imagination. He didn't really know anything about being gay. He'd never even had anal sex.

"Oh, that's beautiful," Naomi gushed. "You're a natural," she added, encouraging him further. "There's nothing like seeing too men fuck. It's fucking hot." Will gave her another glance. Her eyes were wide open unlike his. She had one hand on Fred's hip, steadying him slightly, and the other was buried down in her panties. Will paused a moment to hear the unmistakable sounds of fingers

busily playing with clit and pussy. That was more encouragement to him than any words from Naomi.

It almost felt like Fred was stabbing him in the mouth. It didn't hurt but because Fred was so big he was stretched to his limits. It made him wonder what it would be like to give head to smaller guy, like Jim. Men always said about how having a bigger cock was better, and there were good arguments for that, but he'd heard plenty of women complain that if a guy was too large sex was if not painful then at least it was uncomfortable. Maybe being average sized was better in the long run.

"Keep going," Naomi said. She wasn't jilling off to cum, she was doing it to enhance her viewing pleasure. Will could feel Fred starting to throb. His cock actually got harder and Will found that he wanted to be the one to finish him off. He gripped Fred's balls with his free hand, the hand that had been resting on Fred's thigh, just under Naomi's hand. He was probably more aggressive with his grip than he needed to be, but Fred didn't complain.

When he finally erupted in his mouth, for a long moment Will didn't know what to do. He didn't want to swallow; the flavor was a little too salty and a little too bleachy to be easily palatable, but he didn't gag and spit it out, but neither did he swallow it. There were three and then four heavy jets of Fred's cum filling his mouth and Will sucked hard to enhance Fred's pleasure, but he didn't know what to do with the cum.

Naomi solved that problem for him. She pushed Fred aside, forcing his cock out of Will's mouth, aggressively kissed him, pushing her tongue deeply between Will's lips, taking the place of the cock he had been sucking. Unexpectedly she backed off and looked at him queerly. "Give it to me," she told him. "Don't hog it all to yourself."

She kissed him again—he couldn't ever remember her kissing him like this before—and then he understood. He pushed Fred's cum into her mouth, sharing it with her. She greedily sucked it up and swallowed, smacking her lips. Will did the same, clearing his mouth of the strong-tasting fluid, but refraining from smacking his lips. It didn't seem appropriate in the context of the moment.

Using one finger Naomi wiped up a little of the cum that remained in the corner of his mouth. She glanced at the open door of her bedroom where she had

seduced Will to suck off Fred and grinned as she licked up the last of Fred's cum. They had all heard Jim enter the apartment just as they were getting down to business. Maybe he had seen them having sex, maybe not.

Will was certain Jim had seen everything.

He wasn't ashamed.

At least that's what he told himself.

Coda

“Stop staring,” said Jessica.

Will stopped daydreaming and dragged his eyes away from the attractive girl sitting and laughing with her boyfriend, Naomi. He’d had a few classes with Naomi. She was one of the those people who were either extremely upbeat or seriously depressed. Right now she was upbeat. She was wearing a sweater that didn’t quite come down to the tops of her jeans which showed off her gold navel ring. The sweater was tight enough and it was cool enough in the -campus coffee shop to reveal the outline of Naomi’s nipples through the thin material.

Jessica never dressed that way.

“She dresses like a slut,” Jessica commented, glancing at Naomi and twisting her lips into a sneer. “Acts like one too, from what I’ve heard. You’ve heard it too, right?”

“Really? What have you heard?” Will tried not to sound too interested. Too much talk about sex would sour Jessica, but this was denigrating another woman who she perceived as too sexy, too slutty. It was a fairly safe gamble.

“Ugh. Why would you want to hear about that?” Jessica asked, and then immediately launched into a tirade of gossip. “All I really know is she’s got the reputation of a slut. Different boyfriend every semester that she always cheats on. She’s living in an apartment with three guys...and she probably sleeps with them all, right?”

“You really believe that?” Will asked quietly.

Naomi and her boyfriend—or at least Will believed it was her boyfriend, she had kissed him and was openly flirting with him, maybe he was just another guy she was sleeping with—started to get up from the table. Will wished he had on a pair of sunglasses so he could slyly watch her. He managed a couple of glances her way and admired her ass. Her jeans were tight enough to make Will wonder if she was wearing a thong or maybe no underwear at all.

Jessica shrugged. “It’s probably true or mostly true. One of the guys is her boyfriend.” She turned her head far enough to see Naomi laughing with the companion. “Yeah. That’s him. Reid. Weird name for a guy. I bet she’s the sort of girl to let two guys do her at the same time. Gross, right?”

“As long as she’s not hurting anyone else...” Will started to say and then shut up when Jessica gave him a withering look.

“Doesn’t matter. Just doing that sort of thing is dangerous to everyone, not just her, right?”

Will didn’t see how that could be the case, but he let it go. He had learned to let a lot of things go if he wanted Jessica to remain his girlfriend. Maybe, just maybe, they’d get to have sex before graduation. If he was lucky. If she changed her mind about sex.

Maybe.

If he could just stop fantasizing about Naomi to get through the year, then maybe, just maybe...

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.

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