

THE FEM DOM



FITNESS



BY
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PLAN



The Femdom Fitness Project

A Comic Erotic Novel

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Contents

[Title Page](#)
[Chapter 1: Resolution](#)
[Chapter 2: Recovery.](#)
[Chapter 3: The Second Day is the Hardest](#)
[Chapter 4: Culinary School](#)
[Chapter 5: The Bet](#)
[Chapter 6: First Date](#)
[Chapter 7: This Never Happens to Me](#)
[Chapter 8: Night Tease](#)
[Chapter 9: Uphill Battle](#)
[Chapter 10: The Challenge](#)
[Chapter 11: Can't Help It](#)
[Chapter 12: Caged Animal](#)
[Chapter 13: The First Day of Chastity.](#)
[Chapter 14: Two Plate](#)
[Chapter 15: Karen](#)
[Chapter 16: Dinner Party.](#)
[Chapter 17: Back in Bed](#)
[Chapter 18: Old Uniform](#)
[Chapter 19: On the Road](#)
[Chapter 20: The Muller Classic](#)
[Chapter 21: Natalie Steps Up](#)
[Chapter 22: Cool-Down](#)
[Chapter 23: The After Party.](#)
[Epilogue](#)
[About The Author](#)
[Books By This Author](#)

[OceanofPDF.com](#)

Chapter 1: Resolution

For most people, New Year's Day is the day to decide to get in shape. Stuffed from holiday food, nursing an NYE hangover, and facing the anxiety of seeing yet another year added to the calendar, that first day of January seems like the perfect time for a lifestyle change. But back before I met Natalie, I was so lazy I couldn't even make a resolution on time. It wasn't until the sweet spring sun began to penetrate the musty curtains of my incel lair that I realized I needed to make some major changes in my life if I was ever going to get a girlfriend.

All the advice I got on the internet told me that if I wanted to start getting laid, I had to get in shape. And as I sat at my computer, reading advice on workout routines while sipping my third tallboy of the afternoon, I reached down and pinched a flab of stomach fat between my greasy fingers. Those anonymous internet guys were right. I was a skinnyfat weakling.

I'd had halfhearted dalliances with exercise before. I did some push-ups now and then. Occasionally I'd go for a half-assed jog around the block. And there was an embarrassing teach-yourself-karate phase that nearly ended in a hernia. But I'd never actually set foot in a gym. And from what I was reading, going to the gym was the only way to get *jacked*. And getting jacked was the only way to get laid.

I know now that the advice I got was wrong. It takes a lot more than muscles to impress a girl. But in my case, joining a gym did help me finally break my dry spell, because joining a gym is how I met Natalie.

I'll never forget the first time I saw her. It was Monday morning- the day I finally convinced myself to visit a local gym. I shuffled through the door in my droopy shorts, bleary-eyed and nervous, took one look at the front desk, and stopped dead in my tracks. A girl was working there. Not just any girl. A girl so gorgeous it nearly made me sick. Soft cheeks, a cute full mouth, shining eyes, and long sandy-blond hair that cascaded in beachy waves over her shoulders. And she was *fit*. Her black polo was tucked into her pants in a sharp line, emphasizing a taut stomach, just before curving out into a full, pert butt and thick thighs that strained in her

jeans. Even her upper body looked stronger than mine; her arms firm and shaped with lean muscle.

I was already intimidated before walking into the gym. And when I saw the gym was staffed by a girl who looked like she could be a prom queen *and* break me in half, I almost turned and ran out. I was horrible at talking to girls. Especially pretty ones. Approaching her to talk seemed about as safe as approaching a wolverine to see what it had in its mouth. But before I could chicken out, the girl's eyes flashed up and caught me like a prison-yard searchlight.

"Morning!" the girl called over with a friendly wave. "Haven't seen you around. You new?"

"Oh," I stammered. I jabbed my thumb behind me toward the entrance. "I'm just--"

"Come closer, silly," Natalie laughed. She crooked a finger in a single sharp gesture, beckoning me to approach the desk. It was like a lasso pulling me across the linoleum floor. Against my will, I approached the desk, my face already turning red.

Natalie flashed a gentle, disarming smile at me. "Membership card?"

I could hardly hold eye contact with her. Suddenly I was aware of everything. My awkward posture. My ultra-baggy shorts. The way my shirt clung to my pudgy stomach. My eyes that kept breaking away from hers, only to settle upon some part of her that I should not be looking at- her slender waist, her full breasts mounding the polo, the thick butt and thighs stretching her jeans, her lean and powerful arms. And what was I supposed to do with my hands? "First time here," I managed, shoving my hands in my gym short pockets. "I was hoping to get a membership."

"Excellent." Natalie produced a clipboard from beside her computer and snapped open her pen with a little flourish. "Do you want the standard membership, or the deluxe?"

"I guess the standard one is fine."

Natalie's eyes narrowed slightly, more from curiosity than anger. She was scanning me, her eyes flickering over my soft body and ill-fitting clothes. I'd never felt more weak and flabby in my life. "Are you sure?" she asked gently. "The deluxe option comes with personal training."

Personal training. Just the words were incredibly intimidating to me. They conjuring images of some meat-head bro screaming at me like a

drill sergeant, veins bulging out of his forehead. “I don’t know,” I said, looking away again. “I think I’ll just do my own thing.”

A thin little smile flickered across Natalie’s face. “Well, there’s plenty of equipment,” she said, sweeping her hand to show off the gym. I blinked into the cavernous, hanger-sized gym and experienced a feeling of vertigo. The place was lined with every kind of machine and piece of crazy equipment I could imagine. And it was *packed*. Giant, swollen-up men hauling barbells, their animal grunts mixed with the cacophony of clanging iron. Yoga-pant clad girls dotted the rows of treadmills, their ponytails bouncing along to the rhythmic whirr of the belt. Everyone looked so fit, and so... *confident*. They at least seemed to know what all the different machines were for.

And just as I was contemplating how out of my depth I would be, Natalie sensed my weakness. “So,” she said casually. “What program are you going to be running?”

“Program?” I asked, still transfixed by the chaos going on around me.

“What kinds of equipment are you looking for?”

My forehead was hot. I had no idea how to answer that. Should I make something up? Instead, I opted for a lameass joke and slapped my pudgy belly. “Do you have a machine turns this into a six pack?”

Natalie actually laughed at that one, a sweet, heartbreaking sound., like she was looking at a stranded turtle on the side of the road. “That’s funny.” She pushed the clipboard toward me, and her face suddenly became serious. “Listen. You’re free to use anything you want in here. But if you really want results, I suggest you use a personal trainer.” She pointed to her badge in an exaggerated gesture. “We have some *pretty good* ones here.”

I looked down at the nametag perched just above her left breast. *Natalie Brooks, Personal Trainer*, it read.

“Oh,” I said, suddenly taking her meaning. I looked up at her uncertainly. “So you-”

“That’s right.” Natalie laid down the pen. “Tell you what. First session is free. Come with me and let me show you around.”

Before I could answer, she turned to scan the room until she located another girl in a black polo. This other girl, a raven-haired Latina, just as gorgeously curved and muscled as Natalie, was patrolling the gym floor. Natalie snapped her fingers in the girl’s direction.

“Hey, bitch,” she called over at the girl in a tone that startled me in its rudeness. “Get your ass over here and watch the desk for a minute. I’m gonna break in the fresh meat.”

The raven-haired girl responded by raising a middle finger high at Natalie. “Eat my ass, Brooks.”

Natalie giggled at my shocked expression. “Relax,” she told me. “Maria’s my roommate. We talk shit all the time.”

Maria sashayed toward us, her sculpted ass and thighs practically exploding out of her jeans. “You be careful,” she warned me with a wicked grin. “*This one*,” she said, punctuating her remark with a sharp slap on Natalie’s pert butt that drew a surprised squeal from her, “will eat you alive.”

“Don’t scare him off!”

All I could do was stare like a helpless puppy, my mouth hanging open with no chance of any words forthcoming. I’d never been in the presence of two girls as gorgeous as these, nor had I ever felt so self-conscious in my life. Natalie, seeing my uncertainty, gave a rueful shake of her head. “Come on,” she said, cocking her head into the gym. “Let’s get you started before you run away.”

Considering it was my first day ever stepping foot in a gym, I thought Natalie might take it easy on me. But I was sorely mistaken. Emphasis on *sore*.

Natalie ran me through a gauntlet of iron. Squats, lunges, presses, swings, and deadlifts... exercises I didn’t know existed shredded muscles in my body I didn’t know I had. I wanted to quit before I passed out. Or lost control of my bowels. But I couldn’t give up. Not with Natalie watching me. That would have been humiliating. So I pushed on through the pain, praying after every set that Natalie would tell me we were done. And all the while, Natalie urged me on with a playfully sadistic grin.

When we finally finished, Natalie walked me through some basic cooldown stretches. My body creaked and cracked through the moves like a geriatric. Every limb in my body weighed a thousand pounds. All I wanted was to go home, lay down on the couch, and never move again. But Natalie insisted that the stretching afterward was just as important as the workout.

Natalie giggled as she watched me groan through a butterfly pose. “You did pretty well today.”

I looked up with surprise. Natalie's big green eyes were sparkling with a teasing but genuine sweetness. It was hard to believe a girl this gorgeous was even speaking to me, let alone complimenting me. She was sitting right across from me, her legs spread wide on the floor as she guided me through the stretch. Her skin was flushed, giving her cheeks a rich red glow, and the lines and curves of her shapely body were tempting my eyes to linger on every bit of exposed skin. Small damp patches formed under her arms, and the sweet tang of her fresh sweat was a bewitching aroma.

Natalie snapped her finger. "Hello?" she said, calling my attention back to her. "Ground Control to Major Daniel!"

"Sorry," I said, quickly tearing my eyes from her taut legs. "I just--"

"Don't worry," Natalie laughed, waving away my excuse. "I put you through the ringer today. I'm surprised you're still standing."

"Were you trying to kill me?"

Natalie folded her arms over her chest. "If I was trying to kill you, you'd be dead," she told me with a little smirk. Then she pushed herself back up to her feet. "That was just the first day. The real challenge will be coming back for our next session."

Our next session! I felt a surge of excitement at the thought of working with Natalie again, even though she'd put me through absolute hell. She obviously knew what she was doing in the gym. And she was so gorgeous, I would do burpees for an hour straight just to spend another morning with her. "Tomorrow?" I asked hopefully.

"Psh," Natalie scoffed. "You're not going to be able to walk tomorrow. Just like after prom night, right?" She flashed a reassuring grin. "Don't worry. Take tomorrow off. Work on these stretches. Flush out all that lactic acid we built up today. Then when you come back on Wednesday, we can do it all again."

Natalie punctuated this last remark by reaching down and gently squeezing my shoulder. Her warm firm hand on my flushed skin set my

stomach fluttering like crazy. She *touched* me! It was the first time a girl had touched me in... God, I didn't even want to think about it. But as I sprawled on the gym floor, exhausted and soaked in sweat, I looked up and saw Natalie looming over me like she was ten feet tall. I was enveloped by her presence, her twinkling eyes, her hand on my shoulder. The contact only lasted for a moment, but one moment was all it took for me to fall absolutely head-over-heels in love with this girl.

Suddenly, a voice broke in, tearing my attention away. "Brooks!"

It was Natalie's roommate Maria. She was standing nearby, arms akimbo, with an angry scowl fixed on her pouty lips. "I'm done covering for your ass. You better get back up to the desk."

"Your pussy's way too dry to be riding my dick like this, Maria," Natalie shot back.

I stared in horror at her

Catching myself staring up at her like a helpless puppy, I tried to scramble up to my feet and found I could hardly move. It was like someone had turned the gravity up. Natalie laughed as she watched me haul myself painfully to my feet, groaning the whole way up.

"Told you," she said.

Then she flashed me one last dazzling smile. "See you Wednesday, stud," she said me with a little wink. And then she whisked away to the front desk, faster than my aching legs could possibly hope to chase her.

Chapter 2: Recovery

I grinned like an idiot the entire drive home. My muscles were drained, but my heart was full. I couldn't stop thinking about Natalie. It had been so long since I'd talked to a girl that pretty. And she was so nice to me! *And* I was going to see her again in two days!

There was something about Natalie that just did it for me. It wasn't just her body, although her body was incredible. It was her *attitude*. The way she knew every piece of equipment and how to use it. The way she said *lactic acid*. She was sweet and sharp at the same time, never shy to point out a mistake here and there, but sweet when she did it. She was the kind of girl you felt just had it all figured out, and something about that was very sexy to me.

But she was also just... sexy. I'd never seen someone so fit. Even the black polo she wore showed off her full figured curves and powerful shoulders. So many times I had to force myself not to stare. Like when she lay down on the floor to show me stretches in a pair of jeans that clung so tight to her delicious thighs that I thought the denim may rip to shreds. And the moment she bent over the water fountain for a drink and I saw that tight, firm ass sumptuously curved out in a perfect, gravity-defying "D".

Of course, the first thing I did when I got home was jerk off. Yep. It's embarrassing to admit it. But back then I was jerking off pretty much all the time. It was a compulsion. I didn't smoke. I didn't party. I didn't even get drunk that often. My thing was jerking off. And I was good at it. Multiple times a day, usually.

Usually, if I had time, I started with a quick one in the morning. I loved to squeeze one out before getting in the shower. Occasionally, I'd jerk off at lunch in my office bathroom, holding my phone sideways in one hand and my unit in the other as I hunched over the toilet. I'd definitely jerk off a couple times when I got home from work. The way some people vegged out to Netflix shows or sports, I watched porn.

As you can tell, I pretty much had sex on the brain constantly. And while I'd had some luck with girls in college, I was on a dry streak that was getting longer than I liked to admit. And so what had started as a harmless

adolescent secret grew into a compulsion. Masturbation was my addiction. Instead of reaching for a cigarette or another drink, I'd fire up an incognito window and start browsing the 'hub.

But hey, porn doesn't kill you or give you a hangover! That's what I told myself, anyway. And I definitely wasn't worrying about any of that stuff when I got home from working out with Natalie. All I could think about was her. And so I laid down on the a mattress on the floor that served as my bed, grabbed a bottle of coconut oil, and let my imagination wander back to her gorgeous body. *I would sell my soul to see her naked*, I thought, and I spent the next forty minutes trying to imagine it.

It wasn't the last time I jerked off that night. I was so revved up, it wasn't long before one I found myself opening up the old incognito tab again. And I did it one more time, right before I fell asleep. as I lay in bed, my thoughts drifted back to Natalie, and my hand drifted back to my dick. I fell asleep in the afterglow of my third orgasm of the night, dreaming of Natalie.

Chapter 3: The Second Day is the Hardest

Natalie was right- I *did* feel like death the next morning. It felt like someone poured concrete through my mouth and into every one of my limbs. Every step took effort. Every move took pain. It even hurt to swing my arms when I walked.

Somehow, I was even more sore the day *after* the day after, when I showed up for the next training session with Natalie. To my great pleasure, Natalie perked up as soon as she saw me walk through the gym door. She was just as pretty as I remembered, and the bright smile that lit up her face when she saw me made my heart sing. “Well, hello,” she said. “Look what the cat dragged in! How do you feel, stud?”

“Like I fell off a garage.”

“Well I’m glad you showed up,” Natalie said with genuine enthusiasm. “I was afraid you’d chicken out.”

That was never going to happen. I didn’t care how sore I was- I was going to get back to see Natalie as soon as I could. And the reason why was right in front of me. She was wearing a skintight tank-top that clung to her hips and chest and bared her powerful arms. I was shocked at the smooth, sinew on display from her softball-sized shoulders down to her bulging arms. She looked like she could rip me right in half, and I would have been happy to let her. Completing the ensemble was a pair of dolphin shorts, the kind with that little V at the thighs that just drives your brain crazy. Her tanned toned thighs, bare for the first time in front of me, had a bronzed glow that accentuated the rippling muscle of her thoroughbred legs. She looked even better than I imagined her those three times after our first session. And the four times the day after. And once that morning, but-

“Alright, stud,” Natalie said, miming cracking her knuckles. “Let’s get to work.”

Our second session was even more painful than the first. Natalie led my aching body through an exhausting barbell routine, starting me off with back squats that made my dead legs tremble. She made me struggle with both arms on the bar until I managed one measly little pullup. And she had

me dumbbell incline bench until I thought my arms would fall right off from my chest.

All the while, Natalie's encouraging words kept me from giving up. And her proximity to me in her tight little tanktop that showed off her slender waist and toned arms and those damn dolphin shorts kept a steady supply of blood flowing down south. At times I was afraid I wouldn't be able to stand up due to the effect her knockout body was having on me. Even the scent of her sweat was an intoxicating aroma.

But after enough pull-ups, I was in so much pain I couldn't even think about sex. All I could do was focus on one rep at a time. That was as much as my poor, beat-up body could handle. I pushed on just because failing seemed worse. It would be too embarrassing to give up while Natalie was coaching me. I had to keep pushing myself.

Afterward, as we were stretching out, Natalie gave me an approving nod. "You did great today," she told me. "Your form has improved a lot. Keep it up and you won't believe the progress you make."

"Thanks," I said. "Helps that I've got a great coach."

Natalie waved the compliment away. "Oh, stop," she said modestly. "Every day I work with fluff-brains who can't follow basic instructions. You actually have focus. I wish everyone was as good of a student as you are."

I couldn't hide the lip-biting grin that spread across my face. I was a good student! That made her my teacher. My sexy teacher, Miss Brooks. I suddenly pictured her with her hair done up in a severe bun, leaning over my desk in a short skirt to check my homework.

Natalie shook me out of this fantasy just as it was getting good. "Daniel," she said. "What did you eat last night?"

"Last night?" I repeated, trying to pretend I hadn't just been picturing staying behind in detention with her. "Let's see... well, there was half a frozen pizza from lunch that I put in the microwave, plus a box of corn fritters, and--"

Natalie chewed the inside of her lip. "Do you always eat like that?"

She probably only drinks green crap in smoothies, I thought, eyes lingering on her slender waist again. "I put ketchup on it," I said. "Doesn't that count as fruit?"

Natalie smacked her palm to her head in an exaggerated gesture. "Oh, boy," she said despairingly. "The stuff we do here is only half of it."

Your body needs the right fuel to make gains. If you want to get the most out of our sessions, you're going to need to tweak your diet."

"Where does mac n' cheese fit in to all this?"

Natalie looked stern, but a little smile played about the corner of her lips. "First of all, you need some protein," she said. "Chicken, fish- good stuff like that. And I'm guessing you don't have a lot of fresh veggies around the house either."

"Do frozen onion rings count?"

Natalie shook her head with despair. She stuck a hand into her pocket. "Here," she said, pulling out her phone. "I'll send you a shopping list. What's your number?"

This can't be real, I thought. This incredibly gorgeous girl was actually asking *me* for *my* phone number! It had to be a dream. Nothing that good could ever happen in real life. But I quickly swallowed my shock and managed to blurt out my number as she tapped it into her phone screen. Then she tapped out a little message that I couldn't see, smirked, and pressed send.

"Ok," she said, rising back up to her feet. "That's enough for today. Great work, stud."

I tried to rise, but every muscle in my body seemed to be on strike due. "God," I groaned, pushing myself to my feet. "You're a real sadist."

Natalie flashed a mysterious little smirk. "You ain't seen nothing yet."

Chapter 4: Culinary School

Again my heart was soaring when I left the gym. Even the pain from the workout couldn't bring me down. She gave me her number! I sat behind the driver's seat of my car for a moment, beaming like an idiot to myself as I recalled every detail of our afternoon together. And then I let out a happy little whoop and pounded on the steering wheel.

And then I realized it. I was falling in love with Natalie. Or maybe not love. But I was crushing on her in that aching schoolboy way I hadn't felt in years. Her presence brought something new to my life that I never knew I was missing. And just as I realized it, I suddenly felt a great wave of sadness wash over me. *Come on*, I chided myself. *She's way out of your league*.

This realization hit me like a truck. Natalie was gorgeous, fit, smart, with a good job- guys had to be falling over themselves to get with her. She would never date a dork like me. She was probably already dating some jacked-up meathead. Helping me out was all part of the sales pitch. She was just using her charms to lure in another clueless personal training client. Playing me like a fiddle.

With a sad sigh, I retrieved my phone from the car console. My heart stopped when I saw there was the message waiting for me from a new number. "Nice work today, stud ;)" it read. "Go to the grocery. Text me when you get there."

Natalie's text brought a glimmer of hope to the darkness of my despair. Maybe there still was a chance. I zipped over to the grocery store, driving with the windows down and the music up, my mind a jumble of excitement and nerves.

I let her know when I pulled into the parking lot. Before I'd even entered the store, she had responded with a list of ingredients I had to get. Raw vegetables. Whole milk. Chicken. Oatmeal. Peanut butter- *all natural*, *not the sugary kind*, she warned me sternly. Berries. Dry rice. Tuna. Weird beans. And *NO SODA*.

Natalie's list took me to corners of the grocery store I'd never visited before. As I piled up the cart, I shuddered at the thought of how

much all this stuff was going to cost. And for a brief moment I wondered if I could just ignore her instructions and get whatever I wanted. *She'll never know what I ate*, I told myself. But something compelled me to obey. Probably the fact that I knew she would ask me how the trip went, and I sucked at lying. So I filled my cart with everything on her list and crossed my fingers my debit card would go through.

Between work, the brutal workout at the gym, and then the long and confusing shopping trip, I was beat. Even unloading the groceries wiped me out. As soon as I stuffed the last bag of vegetables into the crisper, I trudged over to the couch and collapsed. At first I was too tired to even realize I was hungry. But as I scrolled aimlessly on my phone, the gnawing emptiness in my stomach began to howl. I glanced into my freshly-stocked kitchen and realized I had no idea how to prepare all the unfamiliar items filling my pantry.

Your health kick can start tomorrow, I told myself, opening an app. *Tonight can be a DoorDash night*. I was all set to order up some General Tso's for delivery- *chicken and rice, it's basically health food*- but found a surprise waiting on my phone screen. It was another message from Natalie. "*How did it go?*"

"Great," I responded right away. "*Got everything on the list.*"

"Good work," Natalie responded. And before I could reopen my food delivery app, another message came through, "*What are you making tonight?*"

My eyes bugged out. It was like she could read my thoughts and knew I was about to do something bad. I thought longingly about the crispy fried sweet and spicy General Tso's I had planned to stuff my face with and sighed. *Just ignore her text*, said the devil on my shoulder. *You don't have to respond to her*.

Then I realized how crazy this thought was. *The hottest girl you've ever met is texting you, and you're going to ignore her?* There was no chance I was going to slip now and screw something up. Not when she was texting me in the evening, after hours. Not after her genuine enthusiasm she showed for my training.

"*Thinking about some chicken*," I typed back. Not technically a lie.

Instantly, three bubbles appeared. She was working on a response. I waited, watching the screen until it came through. "*How are you going to cook it?*"

I considered my little stove and sad, neglected collection of pots and pans and sighed. Then I picked up my phone and fingered out a response. “*I have to COOK it, too?*”

Natalie responded to my dumb joke with a couple laughing emojis. Then the next thing I knew, she’d texted me a recipe for baked chicken. “*I use this one all the time,*” she said. “*Maria loves it too.*”

I remembered the other girl at the gym, the one Natalie had playfully teased when I first came in. Her roommate, Maria. The olive-skinned, raven-haired beauty who was just about as fit and sexy as Natalie. *Is she the only person Natalie cooks for?* I wondered, suddenly wondering if Natalie had a boyfriend.

I opened up the recipe and started skimming. And skimming. And skimming. *This is way longer than a Mac n’ Cheese box,* I thought. But there was no turning back. And so I awkwardly set about dumping the slimy raw chicken in a brine to soak while I made some rice and chopped vegetables.

It took over an hour to prepare everything, and by the time it was ready I was starving. My stomach felt like it was sucking against my spine from hunger. But I had to hand it to Natalie. As I looked down into my bowl of chopped up chicken and rice, the hot delicious scent of roasted meat and spices wafting into my nose. This was *way* better than General Tso’s. So I took a moment to photograph the bowl in an Instagram-worthy top-down angle and sent the picture to Natalie.

I set my phone down and prepared to dig in. Just before I lifted up my fork, my phone lit up with Natalie’s response. “*Good boy!*” she said. “*Nice work. Enjoy!.*”

Good boy. It was such a strange thing for her to say. I might have found it condescending coming from somebody else. But something about the way she combined it with saying she was *proud* of me instead sent a little thrill down my spine. It was almost hard to eat because I was smiling so much.

Chapter 5: The Bet

Over the next few weeks, Natalie grew into my life more and more. After a while, she was almost the only thing I thought about. Every other day, I went to the gym and suffered through one of her brutal training sessions. The way her face lit up when I walked through the door always made the pain worth it. The harder I pushed myself, the sweeter and more flirtatious she became with me. And even on my days off, she was there for me.

Every evening, she texted me to check in on my diet. It puzzled me that she was willing to go so above and beyond to make sure I was sticking to the program. Surely a beautiful girl had better things to do in the evening than worry about me. But I came to count on her little check-ins, and I always took a strange joy in giving answers that satisfied her. I never lied; I didn't dare. Somehow I knew if I did she would catch me. She always seemed to text me right when I was considering slipping from the plan. Her message came just in time to get me back on the right track.

I was shocked at the improvement I saw in just a few weeks of lifting weights. My bench, squat, and deadlift increased every time I went in as a new strength flowed through my arms and legs. I went from dangling helplessly from the chin-up bar to actually being able to do multiple pull-ups in a row, something I never believed I could do. Weights I wouldn't have dreamed of touching when I first walked in became my warmup sets. I was getting there.

My body was changing, too. Each time I recovered from another grueling session, I felt fitter. I walked taller. I slept better. The difference between my old life and the new was night and day. I used to wake up bleary eyed each morning after staying up late on the internet and eating boxed crap. But with a good night's sleep, exercise, and a healthy diet, I was practically springing out of bed. It felt like I'd developed superpowers.

One thing didn't change though, and that was my masturbation habits. In fact, my constant horniness only got worse as my body got fitter. I fought boners all the time; from the moment I woke up touching my dick til the moment I fell asleep after the day's last jerk-off session. Natalie was constantly in my thoughts, torturing me with her incredible body and her sweet but insistent control.

And I didn't just jerk off to the thought of her. I found myself increasingly lost in daydreams about her. And I started to go a little bit crazy wondering if there was any way I could actually make her my girlfriend. My heart sank whenever the thought occurred to me. It just didn't seem possible that she could *actually* like me back. She was so far out of my league.

But it wasn't just my total lack of confidence that prevented me from asking Natalie out. We had a great thing going with the coach-student dynamic, and I didn't want to screw that up. If I made a move on her and she shot me down (which I was sure she would), all our hard work would be out the window. She might even kick me out of the gym for being a creep. I'd invested too much time in our training to throw it away on something as hopeless as trying to ask her out. So I told myself to keep it professional.

But then one day, everything changed. We were in the middle of a hard workout, and I was doing my best not to stare at Natalie. She was wearing a lycra tank top that clung to her skin like a glove, with a tiny crack of cleavage like a crevice that my eyes kept falling into. She had the flush of a recent workout on her, and once again I caught the scent of fresh sweat drifting off her in a bewitching aroma. Out of nowhere, she directed me over to the pull-up rig.

"Ok, stud," she said, smacking the metal rigging. "How many pull-ups in a row do you think you can do?"

"Pull-ups?" I said doubtfully. My legs were already sore from squatting, and we had just finished a long and tiring set on the bench. I was used to doing lots of pull-ups for Natalie, but never more than five at a time. "I don't know. Maybe six?"

"Six?" Natalie scoffed. "Come on. You could do way more than that."

"You think?"

"Of course," said Natalie. "You could definitely do ten."

"Ten?" I scoffed. "No way."

"Oh, come on," Natalie insisted. "You've been ripping them out, I know you could get ten in a row."

I rubbed my already sore shoulder. "I don't know..."

Natalie folded her arms across her chest. "Wanna bet?"

"Bet?" I said. "What's the bet?"

A little smile twitch across Natalie's pursed lips. "If you do ten in a row," she began. Then she glanced around the room and leaned in secretively. "If you do ten in a row," she repeated in a husky whisper. "I'll let you take me out on a date."

"A date?" I choked, certain I'd misheard her.

Natalie's face fell when she saw my consternation. "Aw," she pouted. "You don't want to?"

"Uh," I said. "No, it's not that- just--"

Natalie looked hurt. "Jeez. Let a girl down easy next time."

"No!" I broke in. "I mean, I would, but--"

"Oh- you have a girlfriend, don't you?"

"No, I don't--"

"Then why don't you want to go on a date with me?"

"I do- I just--"

Natalie gave me the *gotcha* look. "So you *do* want to go on a date with me, huh?" Natalie grinned watching me squirm. "How bad do you want to?"

I swallowed. It felt like it must have all been a cruel joke. But there was a playful earnestness in her expression that gave the glimmer of possibility she was serious. And if she was serious- well, then that meant a date with the girl I'd longed for so many nights, yet thought I would be cursed to never have. I had to leap at the chance, even though it was more nerve-wracking than walking into the gym for the first time. So I took a steadying breath and looked into her shimmering eyes. "I would love to go on a date with you,".

My candid admission drew a big smile from Natalie's face. I could swear I saw a blush reddening her soft cheeks. But then that mischievous look returned. "Well, you'll have to earn it. Get up on that bar."

There was nothing I could do but follow through with it. Ten pull-ups seemed like an impossibly high number to me. But Natalie *did* sound confident. And the reward... a date with Natalie. I had to try.

So I took a deep breath and jumped onto the bar. I made sure I was hanging fully from the bar just like Natalie had taught me before I went for my first rep. And then, imagining a pulley system through my shoulder blades, just like in Natalie's cues, I hauled my body up until there was daylight between my chin and the bar.

The first couple pull-ups were easy, as usual. I moved slow and steady, picturing my forearms as hooks to focus on working the muscled

deep in the back, just as Natalie explained. And breathing deeply all the while, inhale-exhale as I traveled up and down, straight as an arrow, as she'd reminded me time again.

I felt the sting of sweat on my forehead when I passed the fifth pull-up. "Good," Natalie encouraged. "Keep going."

I breathed deep and powered through the sixth, trying to keep my body moving. But after the seventh rep, my momentum had ground to a halt. I hung from the bar, stretched out like a slab of meat in the butcher shop. Then I squeezed shut my eyes. If I was going to fail, I was going to fail trying. I sucked in another breath through my teeth and heaved myself up. Every muscle strained from my shoulders to my waist as I pulled my chin up over the bar. Deadening pain shot through my back as soon as I dropped back down from the bar.

"Keep it up!" Natalie barked. "Two more!"

I didn't think I could manage *one* more. I hung from the bar for a moment, legs dangling like two anchors. But I had to at least try. And so I managed it, struggling through every inch as I brought my chin above the parallel.

"Good!" cheered Natalie. "Last one!"

I took a long time to recover from the ninth. For a moment I was afraid I would just slip and fall to the floor. It was like I was stretched on a medieval torture rack. Everything was on fire. I could hardly see straight. But in that hypnotic state, the only thing I saw was Natalie. The date. A date with Natalie. I couldn't possibly fail.

And so with power beyond the strength in my failing muscles, I pinched my back together and drove up hard through my waist. My eyes passed the bar. Then my nose. And then- ugh, just there, just at the top, just below my chin.

I strained hard, forcing myself higher, fighting what had to be a losing battle with gravity. "Go!" Natalie cried. "Push it! You can do it!"

Her encouraging words ringing in my ears, I somehow managed to pull myself the last inch to crest my chin above the bar.

And then I was down, down to the floor below. My knees buckled when I hit the ground, and I collapsed onto the floor, clutching my aching lats like I was hugging myself.

"That was amazing!" Natalie squealed happily as she rushed over to me.

“Oh my god,” I groaned, sitting up. “Am I still alive?”

I looked up and realized that if I was dead, I’d definitely ended up in heaven. Natalie was standing over me, beaming down like an angel at my crumpled heap on the floor. Her thighs were beautiful and smooth but utterly devastating, glistening with sweat and straining the legs of her skintight lycra shorts. And happy look on her face was sweet enough to melt any heart.

“I’m impressed,” she said. “I didn’t think you could actually do it.”

“What?” I gasped. “But-”

But there was no stopping Natalie. “Ok,” she said. “That’s plenty for the day. Go stretch out. I’m gonna head home early and get ready.”

“Get ready for what?” I panted.

Natalie rolled her eyes, but her eyes twinkled playfully. “Our date, silly,” she said. “Pick me up at eight. I’ll text you the address.”

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Chapter 6: First Date

I jerked off as soon as I got home. I'm sorry, I know that's gross. But it's important. Of course, I'm embarrassed to admit it. I raced home, went to the bathroom, and rubbed one out over the sink while the shower heated up. I must have cum in seconds. I don't know what it was- anxiety and excitement and nerves all got me jumpy as a cat. Jerking off was the only way to take the edge off. Some guys would have had a couple drinks or chain-smoked to deal with it. For me, it was hunching over the bathroom counter and cranking out a load.

When I finished showering, I tore my dresser apart looking for something to wear. My wardrobe was mostly oversized t-shirts with scabby words. I dug out a flannel shirt from a forgotten corner of my closet and found my one pair of jeans without holes in them. Then I went to the mirror to see what I could do about my hair. Instead I noticed the wiry uneven mat of facial hair that was creeping across my cheeks and lip.

Ready for Dateline, I thought, stroking the bristly corners of what could almost pass for a moustache. I thought a moment. Then I whipped off my shirt and ran for the razor.

Only slightly scarred from my shave, I headed down to the car. I slipped into through the driver door, took one look at the passenger seat, and jumped right back out. How did I manage to get so many pretzel crumbs all over? I raced around the car and hastily swept as much as I could into the gutter. *I should have shop-vac'd it*, I thought. But there was no time. I sighed, checked my look in the mirror one more time, and headed off to Natalie's.

Natalie lived in an apartment in the yuppie part of town. The kind of neighborhood I made fun of because I wasn't cool enough to hang out there. Her street was lined with bistros and bottle shops, and every restaurant patio was packed with well-dressed young people enjoying the spring evening. I found her address and managed to squeeze into a spot on the street nearby. Then I took a few breaths, chewed a mint, and headed up to the door. My mind was screaming at me to turn and run from the inevitable disaster. But I closed my eyes and pressed the buzzer.

After a moment, Natalie's voice crackled over the speaker. "One second." The clip-clip of her feet toward the door. The lock clicked, the

door swung open, and there she was.

I'm sure I made a sound when I saw her. I must have. It probably sounded like some kind of half-whispered gasping yelp. Totally involuntary, of course. It was only a natural reaction to seeing something so beautiful. It must have been the kind of sound people make when they see Yosemite Valley for the first time. That's the scale of spectacular we're dealing with here.

I'd only ever seen Natalie in her workout gear. It had never occurred to me how casual her appearance was day-to-day, because she was so gorgeous that it didn't matter what she wore or how she did her hair. But seeing her dressed up for the first time, put together just the way she liked, was like seeing her for the first time all over again.

Her golden hair was a shimmering curtain around her head, framing her delicately made-up face. A hint of rouge brought a lively color to her soft cheeks, and she'd done some trick with mascara and eyeliner that made her wide eyes dazzling pools of green. Everything about her face was soft and vibrant, right down to the hint of lip gloss that accentuated her plump lips.

Then there was her outfit. Instead of her usual gymwear, she'd gone for something far more dressy and girly. And yet its femininity only enhanced her fit, muscular body. A white camisole clung up from her slender waist and shaped the curves of her two full breasts, leaving a teasing divot of cleavage I knew I'd be trying to avoid staring at all night. Above the camisole she wore a thin button-down shirt with a flannel pattern, insouciantly French tucked into the hem of her skirt.

Beneath a chunky belt, she wore a soft black pencil skirt that instantly drew my eye. Skirts were kind of my thing, and this one got my eyes popping out of my head. It ended in a sharp black line just above her knee. On a normal girl it would have been past the knee, but the skirt was unable to resist the power of Natalie's gloriously thick ass pulling the hemline higher like a gravitational field. This gave a glimpse of the tops of her stockings wrapped around the base of her thigh, encasing her shapely legs in a clinging nylon squeeze that only emphasized their erotic power. And her feet were bound up in a pair of sharp black heels that made her almost as tall as me.

As I stood there, trying to keep the eyes from popping out of my head, Natalie just up and burst out laughing. At first I assumed she was

making fun of my reaction to her all dressed up. And then I noticed it. The white-and-blue pattern of her flannel was absolutely identical to mine. “Twins!” Natalie giggled, pointing between our two shirts.

I put my hands on my hips. “Well, one of us is going to have to change.”

Natalie matched my stance. “Are you trying to get me naked already?”

“Oh-” I stammered, but Natalie immediately waved my concern aside.

“Come on,” she said. “Let’s get going.”

We could have been wearing matching dinosaur costumes and I wouldn’t have minded. I stepped aside and directed Natalie to my car. Then I broke into a little awkward jog to make sure I beat her to the passenger’s side door so I could open it for her.

“Wow,” said Natalie, looking appreciative but slightly bemused. “Such a gentleman.”

I was still wearing the flush of her compliment on my cheeks when I started the car. Before I hit the gas, I had to take a moment to appreciate what was happening. Natalie Brooks, the girl I’d spent so many days and nights pining over, was sitting next to me in my car, heading out on a date with me. I had a full tank of gas and we had the entire evening ahead of us. Life was pretty amazing.

We chit-chatted the whole drive to the restaurant, talking about our town and the neighborhoods we lived in. The conversation came easy. Normally I felt awkward as hell on dates, and I’d never been out with a girl anywhere near as hot as Natalie in my life. But Natalie was so upbeat and energetic that it was easy to keep a conversation going with her. She flitted from one topic to another like a happy hummingbird between sugarfeeders.

She picked a great restaurant, too. A little Lebanese spot I’d never heard of, in a part of town I’d never been to. The place was draped in bright tapestries and the low-slung booths were lined with comfortable pillows. Natalie knew everything good on the menu, and when the waiter came by she helped me bumble my way into a plate of spiced lamb and steaming hot flatbread. It was delicious.

And as we ate, I got to learn more about this mysterious woman who had suddenly become such a major part of my life. I wanted to know everything. “Well,” she told me between hearty bites of lamb- Natalie

always had an impressive appetite- “I was always a sporty girl. Soccer was my favorite.”

“Oh, yeah? I played select,” I said, trying to sound humble about what was probably my greatest sporting achievement, ever.

“Me too,” said Natalie. “And then I played in college a little bit.”

“In college? Where?”

“North Fork State.”

“Were you guys... good?”

Natalie gave a modest shrug. “We won the NCAA Women’s Tournament in back-to-back seasons,” Natalie said matter-of-factly. “I was college player of the year twice.”

“Holy shit.”

“State retired my jersey,” she added with a playful little smile.

“Wow. So you’re-”

“Hot shit?” said Natalie, looking proud. Then she laughed. “Kind of. But come on. It’s not like *you’ve* ever heard of me.”

“So what?” I said. “That’s really impressive.”

Natalie beamed. “Thanks,” she said, happy with her accomplishment as she was at my compliment. It was so striking the way she talked about her successes. It easily could have come across as arrogant, but Natalie had such a breezy way of discussing everything that you just knew it came from a place of total honesty, with a lighthearted flavor. “But all that’s over now. I got a couple offers from pro teams, but the money wasn’t there. Besides, I was burned out. Tired of kicking balls all day,” she added with a dirty little smirk.

“I can imagine,” I said. “How’d you end up working at a gym?”

“Well, after I gave up soccer, I picked up weightlifting. Hey, I had to find some other crazy thing to devote myself to, right?”

My eyes involuntarily flickered down at her incredibly fit, powerful body. Yep, her devotion definitely showed. “Anyway, our gym has a great barbell club. Lots of us compete at powerlifting and oly meets. I get free training and all access to all the equipment by working here. And the money’s not bad either.”

Then she set down her fork and leaned forward. “But do you know why I really do it?” she asked.

“Why?”

“It’s for clients like you,” Natalie said.

Her tone was casual, but it set my heart fluttering. “Me?”

“It’s watching someone get better,” Natalie explained. “When someone comes into the gym really ready to commit themselves to working hard and trying to be better-” she sighed and trailed off. There was a look of genuine content on her face. “I don’t care if they run a mile in ten minutes. I just want them sweating at the end.”

I struggled to think of something to say. But Natalie was still going. “You know why I asked you out?” she said.

My heart pounded. After all the lightheartedness of the date, suddenly things had taken a turn for the serious. Natalie looked so *earnest*. Her bright green eyes were spotlights on my soul. I was caught in the open, completely exposed.

“Why?”

“I like a guy who can listen,” she told me. “I deal with so many clients all day who won’t push themselves. They half-ass all their workouts and go home and pig out, then complain that they aren’t getting anywhere. So when someone comes along who really *commits* to the program like you do-” Her eyes glittered at me. “That’s pretty exciting to me.”

Just as I was starting to bask in this compliment, she hit me with this one: “I mean, you were a total schmo when you walked into the gym. No offense. But I thought I had you pegged. Another slacker who would probably give up after two days. Even after you pushed yourself that first day, I figured you probably wouldn’t be back. Most guys can stand a little punishment, but they hate taking orders. I was really happy when you did. And watching you get better has been really fun. You’ve come a long way.”

“I’ve been trying to impress you,” I admitted.

Natalie blushed and looked away. “Ok,” she said, biting her lip. Then she forced a cute little scowl. “Let’s stop right there. Remember, this is just a *date*. Just trying to keep you in practice.”

Before I could respond, Natalie picked up her fork. “What’s your favorite animal?” she asked, abruptly pivoting to a new topic. “Mine’s the bighorn sheep.” And just like that, Natalie was off on a new tangent.

And so we picked back up on the wave of easy conversation, riding it for the rest of the meal. But our little exchange was in the back of my mind the whole time. *Could she actually... like me?* It seemed impossible, yet all the signs were pointing to *yes*. At least *maybe*. And maybe she was just outgoing. Maybe she went on dates with all her clients. Maybe...

I couldn't stop staring at her. I was intoxicated by her laugh and her animated little way of describing things. And all the nice things she'd said made me feel ten feet tall. It ended up being one of the most fun nights of my life. And to my great surprise, she even insisted on picking up the check!

"I asked *you* out," she explained, slipping her credit card into the bill. "That's how it works."

"I'll get the next one," I said, emboldened by her praise.

Natalie pursed her lips. "Don't get ahead of yourself, stud. No promises"

And then at the end, I drove us back to her place. We were still chatting all the way, but there was a bit more tension in the air, like the nerves before going onstage. Maybe it was just me. But every time I looked over at her, I just wanted to reach over and grab her. But it seemed impossible. Was there any way I was going to end up getting laid? Why would anything that good ever happen?

We fell into a spell of silence just as I pulled up to her apartment. Then I killed the engine. There was a silence so deep you could hear all the birds chirping around the neighborhood. I cleared my throat. "I'll walk you up."

Natalie giggled. "'Oh, your mother would be so proud. Such fine manners!'" I opened her door and led her up the walk. I wanted to reach out and hold her hand, but I second-guessed myself out of it. Instead I just felt the distance between us like we were connected through an electric current.

Natalie stopped at the door and leaned against it with her hand. "Well, this is me," she said in a low voice. She saw the hesitation in my eyes and laughed. "Ok, stud," she said in a mock-serious tone. "Tomorrow's Saturday. Normally a day off for you. So you've got two options. Option one: sleep in. Option two: come for a morning run with me."

Easy call. I hated running. *And* waking up early. So the answer was obvious. "I'll come with you."

"Good choice," said Natalie. I didn't see her move coming. One minute we were staring at each other on the porch, me marveling at the way the moon shone in her eyes. And the next thing I knew, Natalie shot her arms out and grabbed me by the flannel collar. She jerked me toward her with a startling power and brought my face to hers. Then she planted a kiss on my lips that took my breath away. I was frozen for a minute, my arms

hanging at my sides like she'd just whacked me senseless. And then I slipped my hands to her back and kissed her back..

But just before I could settle in to the deeper kiss, Natalie broke it off. "Ok stud," she said. "We're getting an early start tomorrow," she said, reaching for her keys. It looked like my evening was over. Natalie pushed open her front door and turned to me. I expected her to say goodbye, but instead a mischievous smile crossed her face. "So, you should probably just stay here."

And before I could realize what she'd said, she seized me by the hand and pulled me through the front door.

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Chapter 7: This Never Happens to Me

It was too dark in Natalie's apartment to get my bearings at all. I didn't have a second to stop and think what was happening as we raced through her hallway up to set of stairs. I felt my way up the stairs as carefully as I could, trying to take my time without slowing down so much that Natalie jerked my arm out of its socket.

Suddenly I was so dizzy I thought I might pass out. My heart pounded in my head. I'd dreamed of a moment like this my whole life, but it was all happening so fast. I was breathless when we reached the second floor, feeling like Natalie had just put me through my paces on the rowing machine. My head was spinning as we entered the bedroom. Everything was moving so quickly and there was nothing I could do to slow it down. My nerves started overflowing in patches of damp sweat that prickled my forehead and armpits.

I mentioned this at the start, but I was on a major dry streak at this point. It had been at least two years since I'd been laid. And in the meantime I'd spent so much time jerking off to porn that I could hardly remember what the real thing was like. Suddenly my palms were sweating. I wanted to stop, take a break, pause everything just to catch my breath and get ahold of the situation.

But there was no stopping. Natalie took me by the shoulders and tossed me effortlessly onto the bed. I got one second to see the glint in her eyes before she pounced on me. Her hair rained down on my face as she planted her mouth into mine again. The sweet watermelon glossed lips pressed against mine, and her tongue slipped against mine.

This was different than anything i'd ever experienced. Usually I was the one pressing things forward, reaching for bra claps and zippers. At least that's how I *was*, before my last two years of inceldom. But now I was laying on the bed while Natalie had her way with me. It was exciting but made me terribly nervous.

Then to my shock her fingers snaked down to my waist and started feeling around my crotch as she kissed me. And too my even greater horror, there was nothing going on down there for her to grab! My nerves must

have been getting the better out of me, because I was flaccid as overcooked macaroni.

My breath caught in my throat as she masterfully unsnapped the clasp of my jeans. My mind was screaming on the inside. *God damn it, dick! Do something!* But the stupid thing just dangled there as all the blood in my body seemed to be pounding in my head. I wanted to say something, do something, but Natalie was kissing me so fully, so deeply, her tongue pressing against mine and her intoxicating aroma short-circuiting my mind, I was paralyzed.

Natalie pulled down my zipper and parted my jeans. I gasped as I felt her cold hand against my stomach. Her fingers slipped through the hem of my boxers and started tickling their way down my waist.

“Let’s see,” Natalie purred. “What do we have here?”

And with utter mortification, I felt her hand close around my limp penis. It felt tiny in her strong hand. She stopped, and I stopped, with the blood pounding in my ears. “Oh?” she said, pulling away from my mouth. She gave my junk a little squeeze. “What’s happening down here?”

My face was scarlet red with embarrassment. I thought about jumping out the window. “I’m sorry,” I said. “I think I’m just nervous.”

“Aw, it’s ok,” Natalie said, releasing my dick. “Why are you nervous?”

The first thing that came to mind was my long dry streak. It had been way too long since I’d had sex. But that was probably *too* honest. Nothing would turn her off faster than hearing me admit what a sexless loser I’d was. Meanwhile, she probably had guys all over her-the thought made me shudder, and I tried to shake it away. No, I couldn’t tell a girl like Natalie that I hadn’t had sex in over two years. So what could I say?

“Well, I did just jerk off,” I admitted. “So maybe it’s that.” It was dumb excuse I concocted out of nowhere to hide the true reason for my boner problem. At the time I thought it might sound better than admitting my dry streak. But it opened a Pandora’s Box I could never manage to close again.

“What?” said Natalie, putting her hands on her hips. “At the restaurant?”

“No!” I said quickly. “Before that.”

“When?”

Suddenly it seemed she was interrogating me, with her hand still dangerously close to my very soft vulnerable penis. “Um, like, right before I got in the shower,” I said, scooting nervously back on the bed while trying to keep my unbuckled pants from sliding all the way down.

At first I feared Natalie was actually upset. But then I saw the mischievous glimmer in her eye. “You bad boy!” she scolded, landing a playful swipe on my shoulder. “Just couldn’t wait for the real thing?”

“I didn’t think-”

“You should always be ready!” said Natalie. “Never take the chance!”

I was blushing so hard it felt like my face was melting. “It’s usually ready again after not too long-”

“Oh, *really*,” said Natalie, continuing to scold me in what I hoped was a playful way. “So, you’re used to it, huh? How many times a day are you jerking off?”

Oh god. Why was I telling her about this? The truth would shock her. But could I lie? “I don’t know,” I mumbled. “Usually like... one or two.”

“Yeah, right,” scoffed Natalie. “I bet it’s way more than that.” I tried to protest, but Natalie just shook her head and chuckled. “So *that’s* what you’ve do every evening. Explains a lot, honestly.”

“What do you mean?” I stammered. There was something exhilarating about being pinned, physically and mentally, down like this by Natalie. She was so powerful on top of me, and the way her knee was thrust between mine with her skirt riding up her thigh, her slender waist pressing against mine. And then her face, coyly teasing me with such innocent mischief.

“You’re a work in progress,” said Natalie. “That’s all. I’ll let this one slide. But you’re not off the hook yet.”

“Off the hook of what?”

Natalie folded her arms across her chest. Her knee snaked up between my thighs until it rested against my package through my jeans. “Well,” she said. “*One* of us managed to keep it in her pants today. And now I’ve got a set of blue balls like you wouldn’t believe. If you’re dick’s not ready, your mouth better be.”

“What?” I stammered.

Natalie flipped over onto her back and landed heavily on the bed with her knees bent. “Stand up,” she ordered.

I did as she said, hesitantly rising up from the bed to my feet. Natalie was splayed out on the bed, watching me between her parted legs. “Get that shirt off,” she told me.

I stood still for a minute, unsure if she was serious. Then her eyes lit up with a flash that told me she meant business. I snapped to work at once, clumsy fingers fumbling nervously with the buttons down my flannel. When I reached the bottom, I stripped the shirt off my back so I was naked from the waist up.

“Ow ow,” Natalie mock-howled, staring at my exposed torso with an exaggerated leer. “Look at that chest!”

I blushed. Truth was that I felt like a scrawny nerd. Every single day at the gym we were surrounded by meatheads with adonis-like proportions that put me to shame. Even though I’d been pushing myself hard, I was still only a few weeks in. And in the presence of Natalie I felt especially flabby and weak. But she seemed genuinely excited by the changes to my body.

“Your pecs are looking big, brah,” she said. “Now why don’t you flex those arms for me?”

I reluctantly struck a bodybuilder pose and squeezed the my biceps taut. “Damn!” Natalie squealed out loud. “The lady will have two tickets to the gun show, please!” Natalie leaned back against the headboard, resting her hands behind her head like she was at a strip club. “Take off your pants.”

I kicked off my shoes and sheepishly tugged the pants past my knees into a pile at my feet. I stepped free of the jeans, feeling quite exposed in just my boxer-briefs and socks. And again I cursed my nervous penis hanging loosely against in the fabric.

But Natalie was making a big show of ogling my body. It was already easing the embarrassment I felt about my failure a minute before. “Nice quads, bro,” Natalie said in a gruff imitation of a gym-bro. “Looking thick. Solid. Tight.”

Natalie ran her finger down her waist and took the hemline of her skirt in her hand. Then slowly she began pulling the skirt up her thighs. I watched transfixed as she pulled it past the tops of her stockings, exposing her creamy inner thighs. And she pulled it higher and dizzyingly higher up

her smooth legs until she flashed me the holy grail: a pair of tiny red ruffled panties that clung to her cunt in a delicious tight mound.

“Turn around,” Natalie said, pressing her fingers around her mound in a V-shape. “I wanna see that ass.”

Still blushing, I faced the wall, giving her a full view of my nearly naked body from the back. “Your back is looking jacked,” Natalie said. “Must be all those pull-ups. And look at that *butt!*”

Suddenly I felt her grab me from behind. She’d reached forward and seized both my butt cheeks in her hands. She shook my ass with her hands like a dog with a piece of meat, growling gutturally the entire time. It was embarrassing to be groped like that- a girl never touched my butt before, not like that- but it was *fun*.

Then Natalie released her grip. “Let me see that booty,” she said, and then quick as a whip she tugged my briefs down to my feet. I gave a little yelp as my ass was suddenly completely exposed. And then I yelped again when Natalie landing a swift hard smack on my bare ass!

“I knew you had some cake under there!” Natalie cried. She swatted my butt a couple more times, short sharp slaps that didn’t quite hurt but nevertheless had both sets of my cheeks burning.

“Ok,” Natalie finally said breathlessly. “Come here.” She lay back down on the bed, still almost entirely clothed. Her golden hair was disheveled around her head, and her cheeks were flushed deep red with excitement. Her entire body seemed perked up like an electric wire, and her nipples pressed hard through her camisole where they were exposed beneath her shirt.

“Do you know how to go down on a girl?” she asked.

“Definitely,” I lied.

“Wrong answer!” Natalie cried. Then she giggled and reached up her skirt to the waistline of her panties. “That was a trick question,” she said, shimmying her panties down her thighs. “You see, every girl is different. Some like a lot of pressure. Some just need a feather-touch. I knew one girl who could only cum by sitting under the bathtub faucet and running hot water on her pussy!”

She stripped the panties into her hand and held them out to me. “Hold on to these,” she instructed. I took the red panties in my hand. They were so cute and ruffled and soft. And more than that- they had just been nestled up

against Natalie's pussy. It was like she'd just casually handed me a thousand-dollar bill.

Natalie spread her legs back and pulled up the hem of her skirt. "Here," she said. "I'll show you what I like." Then she hiked up the skirt, slowly revealing her pussy. It was a smooth tight mound, slightly parted in the lips and swollen up. Natalie stroked a finger up the slit, parting her lips open in a silky-smooth motion. I just stared in awe at the glory between her legs.

"Don't just stare at it," Natalie laughed. "Come here."

I neared her hesitantly, slowly drawing closer to the bed. But Natalie, impatient, leaned forward and seized me firmly by the hair. "Closer," she said, roughly pushing my head down between her legs. "Get in there."

Natalie kicked her legs over my shoulders and scooted her butt so my face was just few inches from her pussy. From up close, her cunt was a glistening pink rose, and Natalie teased the petals apart with her fingers, rubbing and pinching her lips tight and then spreading them apart in a mesmerizing swirl. The heady scent of her cunt intoxicated me, drawing me in like nectar to a bee.

"Now take your two fingers," Natalie said, gently taking my hand, "and put them on other side of my pussy." She spread my fingers apart and pressed them against her outer lips. "Feel how swollen up it is?"

She was right. Her pussy was hot and firm like it was straight from the oven. The lips were swollen open, and where they parted gently at the base drops of liquid clung to her walls. Her cunt was absolutely ripe as a honeydew melon. Following her lead, I massaged her from the outside, rubbing her vulva in a circular motion.

"That's good," Natalie breathed. "Push harder. Yes, that's right. Don't be afraid." Her fingers tightened in my hair. "Ok," she said, gently tugging my face toward her. "Come closer. But don't lick it yet. Just breathe."

She held me just an inch away from her hot cunt and guided me to breathe full hot breathes against her. Every time I inhaled I caught the ripe scent of her cunt and every time I exhaled she shivered from the sensation of my breath against her pussy. She was starting to seem very turned on, writhing and grinding her cute bare butt against the bed below her and pushing her hips into me to press my fingers hard against her.

"Ok," she panted. "Now gently- *gently*- take your tongue and slide it all along the line." Doing as I was told, I licked up from the entrance of her cunt to her clit at the top in a long gentle gesture. She tasted sweet and

fresh, and the thick scent of her arousal was making me lightheaded. Natalie shivered as I teased my tongue across her. "Ooh, yes, that was very good," she said, her fingers digging into my hair. "Do it again."

She guided my tongue up her in impossibly gentle teasing touches, her breath catching in her throat each time I flicked up her clit at the end. Once she helped me find the rhythm it was easy to feel for her reactions. I slipped my other hand up her skirt and grabbed her ass. It was gloriously soft and full, perfectly designed for squeezing. I pinched her ass tight with one hand while the other massaged the outside of her cunt and my tongue gently teased her open.

And just like that, my dick came back online. Like its battery had just jolted back to life, my cock suddenly sprang out of my body, thickly unfolding as I was overwhelmed by the wonders up her skirt. I breathed a sigh of relief as I felt it stiffen, and pulled back away from Natalie's legs.

"Why did you stop?" she snapped as I sat up in the bed.

"Look," I said, squeezing my stiff cock in my hands. Finally it was in a condition I could be proud of, sticking stiff and hard out of my body and looking thick and fat in my palm. "I told you I'd get it back."

"Aw, that's cute," said Natalie. She reached out her stockinged foot and flicked my hand away with her toe, leaving my hard dick wagging stiffly in front of me. Gently she pressed her foot against my hard dick, sending a hot shiver through me.

"Not bad," she said, kneading my dick with her toes. She gave me an alluring look, laying back with her legs spread apart, skirt hiked up to display her glistening cunt, with her toes tickling my cock. "So you want to stick it in me?"

"I would love to," I said, squirming from the soft nylon teasing my sensitive cockhead.

Then a wicked glimmer came into Natalie's eye. She pressed her foot harder against my dick, forcing it down until it stretching at the base. It wasn't quite painful, but the suddenness drew a gasp from me. I was helpless beneath the tiniest pressure from her foot. "Well, that's too bad. We had a change of plans, and you're not done yet."

Then she wrapped her other leg around my waist and jerked me forward. I was caught off-guard and tumbled forward into her lap. And this forced my cock into her stockinged foot, pressing it hard against her and

drawing a little yelp from me. Natalie was on me fast. She gripped my hair tight and guided my head back between her legs.

“We can worry about your dick later,” she said, wiggling her hips into position. “*If* you can make me cum.”

Natalie pushed my head into her cunt, and my nose parted through her swollen lips. She was hot and humid as a rainforest inside, with a bewitching musky ripe odor that awoke an animalistic side in me. I began exploring her cunt with my tongue, gently licking up and down her walls to the rhythm of her happy gasps.

“That feels amazing,” she gasped, driving my head forward. “Here, press harder.” Soon I was pushing my tongue against her as hard as I could. She pushed right back against me, smearing her cunt into my face until her juices coated my lips and dribbled down my chin. Down beneath my legs my cock was painfully stiff, twitching helplessly as I burrowed deep into her heavenly altar.

“Push deeper,” Natalie urged, jerking her hips hard against my face to open herself. “Right there. Deeper.” Following her orders, I slobbered her cunt right up at her clit, drawing gasps from Natalie. Her whole body tensed as she pinched my face into her, pressing my face hard into her sopping cunt. I licked until my jaw ached, lashing my tongue over and over against her, drunk on the overwhelming aura of her pussy. It was so sweet and slick and beautifully pink, wet and hot and delicious in my mouth, I licked rapidly, following her body’s cues, and felt a tension start to rise inside Natalie.

Just as she neared the peak of her pleasure, Natalie gasped and roughly pulled my face away from her. It was like suddenly having my breath cut off; I just stared hungrily at her opened cunt, desperate to get my face back into it. But Natalie was taking a break. “Almost there,” she panted. “I had to cool off for a minute!”

Her eyes were shining, dilated like it was the first night of Burning Man. Her entire body was an electric wire, sensitive to the slightest touch across her flushed skin. I lay between her legs as she gently stroked my cheek, looking down on me with a look of happy pride. “Look at you,” she said, running a finger through the slick juice from her cunt that coated my face. She playfully smeared the wetness into my face with her fingertips, spreading her love from cheek to chin. Then her fingers teased against my

slick swollen lips and I caught the taste of her hot pussy on her fingers as she parted my mouth and slipped her fingers inside.

“Suck,” she ordered, and I obeyed without question, sucking her cunt juices from her fingers, so greedy for her hot musky ripe aura Natalie cooed with delight at my unabashed greed for her taste. “Good boy, Look at you suck it.”

This was by far the hottest thing I’d ever experienced, and my dick was feeling it. It stretched painfully stiff from my body, swollen tight and desperate to explode. As I sucked Natalie’s juices from her finger, my hand slipped down between my legs for my cock.

“Hold it!” Natalie scolded, freezing my hand just before it reached my dick. “Don’t touch that dick!” She pulled her fingers from my lips and scooted up on her hips. “Sorry, but I need those fingers. Let me see that hand.”

I let her take my hand between her legs, leaving my poor raging cock ignored. She guided two fingers up to her slick open hole. “Push there,” she breathed. “Feel how wet I am?”

I pressed against her cunt, stretching the hole open. Her pussy was opened up like a flower, purring along to my every touch. Natalie gripped my wrist and pushed my two fingers inside her. Her cunt stretched open for them, tightly gripping my fingers but yielding easily to the pressure. “Yes,” Natalie said in a husky voice. “Push them deep. In and up. Stretch me tight.”

I stretched my two fingers as far apart as I could, straining her elastic walls open. Following her guidance, I pressed my fingers in to the knuckle and crooked them up toward her pelvis, hooking my fingers back until they pressed against something soft and tight inside her.’

“That’s good,” Natalie moaned, bucking her hips against my fingers to force a tighter stretch. “Get it tight. Put another finger in there.” Soon I was stretching her with three fingers inside, my knuckles straining to press her open.

Natalie was starting to work herself hard against my fingers. “Ok,” she panted. “Now get that tongue back in there. Right on the clit.” I didn’t need to be asked twice. Right away I started gobbling her sweet spread open pussy as I probed her deep with my three fingers. Juices flowed from her like the gushing of fresh fruit, slickly coating my fingers and tongue as I

devoured her. I was pushed as hard as I could, pulsing my fingers hard on her g-spot while my tongue lapped at her clit until my jaw ached.

But there was no stopping. Not while Natalie held my head gripped tight by the hair, pressing my nose into her pussy. Not while she was writhing under me, moaning in absolute ecstasy. Natalie caught me staring at her gorgeous mounded tits bounce and raised a wicked eyebrow.

“Focus,” she snapped. She took the hem of her skirt and pulled it back down, trapping my head underneath it. I ate her pussy in the dark, covered up by her skirt, feeling her hand on my head through the fabric. Something about being trapped up inside her skirt drove me wild. I ate her in a frenzy, and Natalie responded right back, grinding her hips mercilessly into my mouth. My dick bounced between my legs, so hard I thought I might cum without touching it.

The tension was rising inside Natalie. “Right there,” I heard her muffled voice inside my tent of thighs and skirt. She pressed me hard against her, working herself against me in a frenzy as she crested the ridge. Every muscle in her body tightened, jolted into the air like electricity.

“Don’t stop,” she cried, riding the edge of the wave for what seemed like eternity. My jaw ached from exertion but there was no stopping now. I just pushed harder, reaching a kind of breaking wave inside myself that I rode along with her, knuckled to the bone inside her pressing as deep and hard as I could.

“Oh my god,” she cried, stiffening against me. A vast trembling wave shuddered out from deep inside her. Her entire body jerked and contracted around my hand inside her, her pussy suddenly contracting tight and squeezing my hand with an inhuman grip. Her cunt clenched tight around my hand like a living thing, squeezing and sucking my fingers inside as the orgasmic wave crashed over her body.

Natalie was crying out in a primal voice, raw and ragged from the ecstatic waves washing through her. I pushed her through the wave, licking furiously at her clit and stretching her sopping cunt with my fingers. I didn’t stop until the shuddering wave finished rocking her body and the apex of pleasure began to subside. Then, under her gentle guidance, I drew my tongue away from her clit and released the tension in my fingers.

It was hard to pull my three fingers out. Her cunt tightened so hard around them and sucked them in like a vacuum. I had to let my fingers slip

out one by one, each dripping with her nectar, opening her tight swollen hole as it twitched away the last eddies of her orgasm.

“Wow,” said Natalie. She whipped the skirt up from over my head and suddenly I could see her again. She leaned back against the headboard, her cheeks flushed bright red and a shining glow in her faraway eyes. It was like she’d been struck silly by pleasure. “That was amazing,” she said, absently stroking my hair.

Her touch on my scalp sent a shiver down my spine. I was out of breath too, my face soaked with Natalie’s juices, still laying between her legs with a front-row view to her deliciously opened cunt. My dick throbbed painfully between my legs, desperate to bury itself deep inside her.

Natalie, reading my thoughts, flashed a little smirk. “How’s that dick feeling?”

Wordlessly I rose up to my knees, pointing my stiff cock toward her so she could see it. “Oh my god,” she giggled. “It’s so hard!”

She reached her stockinged foot out again and chased my hand away from my dick. “Were you so horny while you were up my skirt?” She pressed her foot against my cock, massaging it with her toes. “I bet being so horny made you do a better job. See, that’s why we *wait* to cum,” she said, pushing hard with her toes and adopting a scolding tone. “Jerking off all the time just ruins the fun.”

Natalie released my cock and patted the bed beside her. “Lay down.”

I flopped right onto my back and scooted up my head to the pillow. Natalie leaned on her side next to me. Her fingers tickled down my stomach to my penis. With a feather-touch, she felt the swollen head of my stiff penis. “Look at you now,” she said. “No nice and hard. You’re just about to explode, aren’t you?”

She was right; I could feel it. After going from such a long dry spell to suddenly experiencing nirvana between Natalie’s thighs, my dick was strained tight as a sausage, engorged almost painfully with blood. I was already on the brink of orgasm. Almost anything could have pushed me over the edge. But Natalie handled my dick so gently, delicately teasing the head. Each touch sent twitches through my cock that made Natalie giggle.

“How fast do you think you would cum if you fucked me?” she asked. Before I could answer, she gave my cock a squeeze like she was testing a kielbasa at the store. It twitched with a hot pulse, straining in her hand. “I’d say four or five pumps, max.”

I was a little embarrassed by this appraisal. Natalie saw I was about to defend myself and quickly broke it. “Nothing wrong with that!” she assured me. “After that orgasm, you could cum in two seconds and I’d still call you again.”

Then her eyes flashed as a wicked idea crossed her mind. “Don’t move,” she said. Then she rolled gracefully off the bed and landed on her feet on the floor. She smirked and gave a playful wiggle of her booty, shaking her black skirt around her thighs. I watched as she teased her fingers down the buttons of her shirt, her body gracefully undulating like an erotic dancer as her eyes smoldered into mine.

She stripped the shirt off, then slowly slipped the white camisole over her head. I couldn’t believe the seductive power of her lewd display. She knew how sexy her body was and knew exactly how to show it off, twisting to bounce her perky breasts in her lacy red bra before reaching around the back to undo the clasp. She whipped the bra off in a playfully dramatic motion, revealing for the first time to me her gorgeous breasts. They were heaven. Perfect ripe-round globes, perky, round, and begging to be squeezed, with little pink nipples.

As I gaped open-mouthed at her perfect breasts, Natalie wiggled her skirt over her butt and down her thighs. And there she was, absolutely naked except for the stockings pulled up to her knees, her body every bit as perfect as I’d dreamed. Even better, for not even in my wildest imagination could I have pictured the perfection that was Natalie’s sleek, toned, firm, ripe body.

I watched in awe as Natalie walked toward me. My cock was standing stiff up from my waist like it was on the lookout, scenting her cunt drawing nearer. I started to rise but she pushed me back onto the mattress and threw her legs over me. She straddled me, her naked flesh pressed against mine. Her tits nestled up against my chest, full and ripe and gorgeously alluring. I could feel her cunt hot against my stomach like it was steaming.

Natalie caught hold of my twitching cock like lassoing a bronco. She delicately brought the head to the wet center of her dripping cunt, teasing my cockhead with her lovely wet nectar. “Hold still,” she whispered. “Don’t move. Just relax.”

And just like that, she pressed my aching cockhead against her cunt and pushed me inside. I entered with a long, achingly low delicious thrust. Her pussy gripped my cock like a sleeve, squeezing the entire way down in

warm dripping wetness that rubbed every inch of my cock. I gasped as she slid down me, taking me inside inch by inch, until she finally bottomed out her waist against me, grinding in with her hips to make sure every inch of me was inside.

I was going out of my mind from the pleasure of entering my dick inside her. That one thrust brought me right to the edge. But I did as Natalie instructed and lay still as she pushed herself against me. And Natalie held me close there on the edge, her cunt gripping my cock tight. She pulsed in waves that wracked through my stiff prick, squeezing and massaging like a muscle as she held me tight.

“Don’t cum,” she whispered, her hot breath on my ear sending a shiver down my spine. I squirmed under her gentle embrace as she held me tight to the bed. Then her teeth gently bit against my ear, making me gasp with surprise. She nibbled her way from my earlobe to my throat in teasing kisses. I writhed helplessly beneath her, my cock stuck deep inside her, shaking as she kissed up to my lips. I closed my eyes and opened for her kiss, letting her tongue invade my mouth. She kissed me deep and wet, slicking my tongue with her saliva. All the while her hips rolled delicately, teasing my prick ever so slightly.

“Are you close?” she whispered

“Yes,” I breathed. Hot waves were building inside my swelling dick, bringing me closer to the edge. If she moved a little more I would burst. “I’m so close.”

Natalie abruptly stopped right there, holding her hips still. I gasped, feeling myself rise up the crest of the wave. But just before it burst, the wave faltered. I needed the last push to put me over the edge, but Natalie didn’t move at all. And she had me pinned so tight beneath her powerful hips that I squirmed as hard as I could but couldn’t move my cock an inch in her. And so she held me tight and close as the wave receded, leaving me frustrated on the edge of orgasm with a painfully still cock.

“Good boy,” Natalie whispered hoarsely in my ear, her fingers stroking my hair. “I felt you get so close there. You’re getting all sweaty.”

“Please,” I begged.

“Not yet,” said Natalie. “Hold on. You’re starting to feel good inside me.”

She held me tight to the bed, breathless in my ear. Slowly she began to grind her hips into me. I felt my cock straining inside her, stretching her

pussy just the way she'd had me doing with my hand. Each time she reached the edge of the stretch, Natalie panted a little bit in my ear and pressed harder. She was starting to work herself up again.

As she rode me, I let my hands drift all over her body. I'd dreamed of touching her so many times that I hardly knew where to start. Her ass, her perfect round ass, which fit perfectly into my hands when I reached around her. I squeezed and kneaded her ripe peach butt, her ripe flesh inspiring a hunger in me that made me seize her cheeks roughly and pinch them. Then, her slender hips just where they curved into her thighs, with her pelvic bone like a steering wheel my fingers fit perfectly inside to guide her rhythm as she ground against my cock.

She pressed her tits into my face as she ground her hips to mine, smothering me in their life-affirming glory. And from up close I could catch that bewitching fresh sweat scent from beneath her arms that had intoxicated me so often at the gym. I was in heaven.

And Natalie seemed to be enjoying herself quite a bit, too. She ground harder against me, her breath coming in little panting gasps as she began to drive herself closer and closer to the edge of another orgasm. She grew rougher with me as the tension rose, her teeth sinking sharply into my throat as she ground me underneath her. The hot pulsing sensation of her swollen cunt against me was almost too much to handle.

"Oh god," I whispered. "I think I'm going to-"

"No," Natalie whispered harshly. She seized my hands from her waist and roughly pinned them to the bed above my head. "Don't cum yet!"

Her powerful arms trapped me to the bed with ease. I was helpless to resist as she pushed herself higher and higher, her ravenous cunt squeezing me like a python. Finally the orgasm broke over her in a massive shuddering wave. As she rode ecstatically through the first waves of her orgasm, the power of her hot pulsing cunt finally overwhelmed me.

"I'm cumming," I cried. "I can't-"

Natalie just pushed me tight to the bed, moaning in my ear. Unsure if I could cum inside her, I tried to reach down and pull my cock free. But Natalie pinned me to the bed so hard I couldn't move an inch. And so, unable to resist the pressure, I exploded deep inside her, cresting the wave into the most glorious sensation I'd ever experienced. Her cunt milked every drop out of me, squeezing me up and down as I unloaded cum in

burst after burst that twiched through my cock in pulses of unbelievable release.

We lay still for a moment, panting in each others arms in the afterglow of our mutually explosive orgasms, panting together. Natalie released my hands and wrapped her arms beneath my shoulders, clinging tight to me and shivering. I caressed her back down to her ass, squeezing and kneading her beautiful peach. Then Natalie suddenly pinched me tight and started giggling.

“Oh. My. God!” she cried in a happy coo. She pulled away and beamed down at me, her eyes shining with happiness. “That was amazing!” She lifted her hips into the air, and her cunt squeezed my cock out of her in a long smooth motion. My cock plopped out of her and landed on my thigh with a wet slap. My cum oozed out of her in a stream that dribbled onto my cock and dripped onto my balls.

She rolled off of me and jumped onto her feet. “Wow!” she said proudly. “Great job!”

“Thanks,” I said weakly. I felt completely destroyed, laying on the mattress like I’d just been mauled.

Natalie giggled. “Look at you,” she said, ruffling my hair. “You’re a total mess.”

Her soft touch on my hair send a purring warmth through my chest, I felt completely at peace in her hands, “Alright,” she said. “We should get ready for bed. I’ve got a spare toothbrush in the bathroom.

And then before I could even begin to recover from what had just happened, Natalie was already whipping on some sleep clothes to cover herself up. I watched her throw a tank top over her head then shimmy into a pair of skimpy dolphin shorts, the ones that stretch just a few inches down the thigh and feature that little v-shaped cut on the sides that just makes you crazy. Last she peeled down her stockings, knotted them into a ball, and replaced them with a pair of simple cotton socks.

When she finished dressing, Natalie folded her arms and stared down at me on the bed. “Come on, stud.” she prodded. “Time to get ready for bed.” Then she swept out of the room and down the hallway, leaving me scrambling to pull some clothes on so I could follow.

That first night at Natalie’s I found myself in the uncomfortable position of sleeping over at somebody’s place with nothing, not even a change of clothes. I wanted to kick myself for forgetting a go-bag in my car.

But how was I supposed to know I would end up spending the night with Natalie? Instead, I found the clothes I'd worn that night scattered around the room. Boxers, jeans, my white undershirt- a little dressy for a trip to the bathroom, but I had no option.

Natalie was buzzing around the apartment as I headed for the bathroom. "Toothbrush is on the sink," she told me as she passed me in the hallway. Then she sneaked her hand behind her and gave my butt a playful pinch. "I'll fetch you a glass of water."

It took my time in the bathroom, cleansing my disheveled face and scrubbing my mouth with the toothbrush. It was so quiet in the apartment. All the excitement of rushing through the door with Natalie on the way to the bedroom subsided, leaving me to realize I was in an unfamiliar place and a little unprepared.

I met Natalie back in the bedroom. She was sitting up against the headboard, the covers pulled up to her waist and her long hair tied back in a ponytail. As I walked into the room, she was just finishing up doing something on her phone.

"Ok, stud," she said, setting her phone aside. "Alarm is set bright and early. Well, probably not that bright." She patted the bed next to her invitingly.

I hastily shimmied out of my jeans again and left them in a pile on the floor. Then I crawled into the bed. Natalie whipped the covers over my body and then grabbed me beneath the blankets. She pulled me into her with irresistible force, pressing her soft yet firm body against mine so we were touching from chest to waist. She was so lovely warm against me, squeezing me tight and caressing my hair and back. I cuddled her right back, my hands delicately stroking her through her tank top.

Natalie pulled back my head and held me close, hypnotizing me with her eyes. "Thanks for coming out with me tonight," she murmured in the dark. Before I could answer, she pressed her lips into mine. Soon I found myself submitting to her deep probing kisses, her tongue invading my mouth. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced before in my admittedly unimpressive sexual history. I was used to feeling like I was the one in charge. But here, wrapped in Natalie's arms, her fingers playfully stroking and groping across my body as she pulled me tight into her deep probing kisses, was a completely different feeling. I was so helpless yet so safe and secure in her arms.

And soon I found myself drifting off to sleep in her warm embrace. Despite the hectic events of the day, I felt serene in her arms. There was nothing for me to worry about. I couldn't even focus on remembering the details of our night. My body was completely drained, slipping away into sleep in a warm hazy glow. Soon I was asleep in Natalie's arms with a faint smile playing on my face.

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Chapter 8: Night Tease

At first I slept like a dead one. The warm bed sapped the strength from my weary body and I slipped out of consciousness within minutes. But along the way my sleep became troubled. I always had difficulty sleeping in an unfamiliar place. And the chain of wild events that led me to Natalie's bed made my thoughts a jumbled blur. Soon began to tumble through layer after layer of dreams.

I can't recall the details of any of the images that haunted my sleep. I just know that Natalie was in all of them, guiding me through the dreamscape with a gentle calming presence. But at some point along the way in our dream, I found myself in bed with her. Her hungry mouth was planting kisses all over my body as my cock throbbed painfully. She settled down on top of me, moaning as though my dick had penetrated inside her, but something wasn't right. My cock wasn't inside her. I squirmed and squirmed, trying desperately to slip myself inside her, while all the while Natalie moaned and rode me like I *was* inside her. It was so frustrating, moving helplessly against her while she rode me from above, teasing and teasing my cock without ever truly taking it in.

I woke up in the bed to find that Natalie had turned away from me in the night. And then I realized what the sensation was that so disturbed my dreams. Natalie, seemingly sound asleep, had pressed her dolphin short-clad butt tight against my waist. The sensation of her silky-short clad ass rubbing against me had the obvious effect of teasing my dick until it was painfully stiff. When I came to, I found I was pressing it against her through my boxers, teasing it against her cunt through the shorts.

I froze at first when I realized what I was doing. Natalie was asleep, and here I was forcing my dick against her butt like a total creep. And so I stopped at once, cursing my stiff prick and telling myself to just relax and go back to sleep.

But Natalie gave a tiny moan when I stopped rubbing against her. Then she scooted her legs up to force her butt against me even harder. I felt the outline of her pussy clearly through the thin silky material of her shorts.

as she angled herself to grind it harder against my dick. Asleep or not, she was definitely getting horny.

Natalie pushed her ass in a circle, teasing against my cock around and around. I heard her muffled whimpers from where her face was buried in the pillow as she ground against me with increasing urgency. My hands drifted over her body, stroking her thighs and feeling up to her hips as she moved with me, undulating slowly beneath the sheets.

Growing bold, I slipped my painfully hard cock free from my boxers. It sprang straight out from my body and pointed toward Natalie. I pressed the tip against Natalie's cunt through her tight silky dolphin shorts. Her cunt was wet and swollen, delicately sensitive through the soft shorts. Pushing up against her entrance made her moan and squirm against me.

Her body felt so ready and yielding that I was tempted to pull her shorts aside and slide my dick into her. But before I could make a move, Natalie suddenly shifted. She was awake. She reached her hand between her legs and found my dick, thrust through her thighs from behind her. Holding her fingers flat, she pressed my cock against her cunt through the shorts, holding it tight up against her. And then she started moving.

The sensation of teasing her pussy through her silky shorts drove me wild. I squeezed at her perfect ass and thighs, sensually groping Natalie as she panted hard with my cock teasing her clit. Her breath came in soft little panting gasps that drove me wild. I was going out of my mind with horniness, desperate to fuck her but completely under her control with her hand firmly pressing my cock against her hole through the shorts.

And then Natalie reached a peak of her dreamy arousal. She turned over, facing toward me, and straddled me tight with her legs from the side. She pulled her hips up to me, feverishly rubbing her pussy against my cock. As she squirmed against me, her low erotic whimpers drove me wild. Clinging to my shirt at the shoulders for leverage, she desperately teased her pussy though the silky-soft shorts against my throbbing cock.

She seemed on the edge of orgasm for minutes at a time. But there was never quite enough stimulation to take her over the edge. And just as her frantic whines of frustration became too much and I was ready to split her on my dick, her breathing slowed.

With a long sigh, Natalie relaxed into me. Her heart pounded hard against my chest. The tension eased from her body, and she released my dick from her grip. It stuck helplessly stiff against her pussy, pressing into

the damp patch of her arousal. I was desperate to slide it into her. But Natalie just pulled the covers up tight and snuggled back against me. Though she never reached orgasm, she seemed to find a place of flushed contentment that let her drift off back into a slumber.

And so I had to lay there with my stiff cock throbbing painfully against her swollen pussy after being used to tease her. It was, a moment that was easily among the hottest experiences I'd ever enjoyed in my life. And I didn't even get to cum! I just lay there, stroking her soft body to the sound of her gentle deep breathing, unbearably horny. I spent the rest of the night drifting in and out of erotic dreams, teased endlessly by her perfect body cuddled up against me.

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Chapter 9: Uphill Battle

Natalie's alarm blared us awake what seemed like seconds after I had finally drifted off. The wretched beeping noise tore me from an erotic dream, and I found myself blinking in disbelief in the predawn darkness of her room. I reached over to cuddle her up against me, but Natalie was already out of bed.

"Morning," she whispered. "Ready to get some miles in?"

I was not ready. For many reasons. Never mind the fact it was somewhere around 5:30 in the morning, a time that didn't even exist until this point in my life. The real problem, which I just realized, was that I didn't have anything to run in. The only clothes I had were the jeans and flannel I wore on our date, and the pair of underwear currently being stretched out by my still-hard boner.

"Uh," I whispered. "I don't have any running stuff."

"You didn't bring a go-bag?" Natalie whispered, sounding incredulous.

"I didn't think I'd get this far."

"Never mind," said Natalie. She thought for a second. Then a little grin crossed her face. "You can just borrow my stuff."

"What?" I protested. "I can't-"

"Oh, come on," said Natalie, already rummaging through her drawer. "It's five thirty in the morning. No one's gonna see you. Besides, it's all workout stuff, anyway."

She tossed me a pair of white Adidas soccer shorts. They weren't *overly* feminine, but they looked much shorter and tighter than I was used to.

"Come on," Natalie urged. "Try them on. I'll find you a shirt."

I pulled the running shorts up over my knees to my waist. They were a little tight around the midsection. But they were even tighter in a more intimate area, where my rock-hard morning wood was tenting the front of the shorts.

"Well? Do they fit?" Natalie asked. She turned and looked at me, glancing down and instantly noticing the problem in my shorts.

Natalie stifled a giggle. “Holy morning wood!” she laughed, pointing at my erection tent straining her white soccer shorts. The force of the boner was strong enough to pull the shorts up to mid-thigh, higher than I normally would have felt comfortable.

I blushed and covered my boner tent with my hands. “Sorry,” I murmured.

“Don’t be,” Natalie said off-handedly. “I woke up crazy horny, too. I must have had a sex dream.” Instantly the memory returned of her grinding against me in the night, rubbing her pussy and crying out in such low erotic tones.

My cock twitched at the memory. Unfortunately it was at this exact moment that Natalie leaned down and caught my cock between her thumb and finger. I yelped, startled by the sudden grip on my swollen dick. “Morning, big guy,” Natalie cooed to my penis, talking to it like a puppy. “Nice to see you looking all perky. But we’ll see how you feel after seven miles.”

“Seven miles?” I groaned. I’d never run that far in my life.

Natalie flung an old baby-blue t-shirt at me. “Put this on,” she told me. “And let’s see if you can fit into my old sneakers.”

Squeezed into a once-white pair of new balance sneakers that by then were a muddled grey, and wearing Natalie’s slightly too-short white soccer shorts and her blue t-shirt, I followed her into the kitchen. Natalie instructed me to drink some water and talked me through a couple basic stretches. Bleary-eyed, my fingers feeling like fat useless sausages, I laced up the shoes. Then I followed her out the door into the world.

The predawn air was shockingly cool, sending gooseflesh prickling up all along my exposed flesh. My thighs, not used to bearing the open air, were particularly chilly. But there wasn’t much time to stand around shivering. Natalie set her watch to record us, then gave me a stern look. “Ready?”

She was off before I could answer. She stretched her long legs in her leggings and bounded off down the sidewalk. I stumbled after her, clumsily racing down the street in an awkward gait, just trying not to get left behind. I followed her golden ponytail as it bobbed up and down with each stride. I followed the bare sliver of skin between her shirt and the skintight leggings she wore up to her waist. And I followed that butt, that ripe peach of a butt, as it undulated rhythmically with each stride. And as the miles

piled upon miles and the rosy-fingered dawn began to light the horizon, that perfect ass was my guide.

Natalie glanced back every now and then, but only to make sure I was still behind her. Time after time when she turned I thought she was pulling up to a stop. But she would just glance at me, check that I was still close, and push on ahead, her stride smooth as a gazelle. I moved more like a racoon, scuttling along behind her and puffing for breath all the way.

Natalie turned a corner, and I stared up in horror as the street rose sharply into a wicked climb. Ahead of us looked less like a hill and more like a cliffside, rising from the ground with a ghastly prominence. The hilltop wasn't even visible from the curve in the road, but seemed lost high up in the morning mist.

"Oh, come on!" I cried as soon as I saw the hill. Natalie turned just long enough to flash me a little grin. Then she put her head into the wind and attacked the climb, barely breaking stride as she started up the hill. I tried to follow, and instantly hit the exhausting wall that only a steep grade can bring. Wheezing, my legs turned to lead, I chugged my way up the hill at an agonizing pace, just trying to keep one leg in front of the other.

Natalie drew further and further away from me, charging up the hill as I struggled just to keep moving. She stretched her long powerful legs and charged up the hill, every muscle in her body taut and perfectly straight. Soon she disappeared around the curve, leaving me to struggle on alone.

I pushed myself to keep driving through the pain. I managed not to stop, pushing forward even if at a crawl, as I slowly made my way up the hillside. I was pouring sweat by the time I reached the summit. I chugged my way around the final curve, pounding each step one at a time. And there I found a large, forested park. Its lovely tree-lined pathway glowed in the dawn's light. And then there was Natalie, leaning against a stone wall and looking fresh as a daisy.

"Hey slowpoke!" she called out as I puffed up to her. Natalie glanced at her watch. "Just kidding. That was pretty good timing!"

"Tell that to my legs," I panted as I tried to catch my breath.

"Well, I think the view is worth it," said Natalie. She swept her hand out down the hillside. And for the first time, I saw our town from this vantage point. It was brightly lit in the morning sun, every shop and home draped in a pleasant glow with the warm light. The surface of our lake glittered below, and in the faroff distance the hillsides stretched for miles of

forested terrain, alive spring green. There was something bittersweet in that beautiful expansive view of where we lived.

“Home looks good from up here,” I said.

But the view wasn’t the only thing that looked amazing. Natalie’s skin had a fresh glow of sweat that gave her an ethereal aura in the misty dawn. Leggings and a tank top flaunted her powerful, sexy body, displaying taut muscle and soft curves that made her so irresistible. My nose caught the dizzying hint of sweet fresh sweat drifting from beneath her arms. She looked more like a goddess than an ordinary human, glistening with a clean, otherworldly power.

Inspired by the beautiful dawn view of town and my adoration of Natalie, I suddenly wanted to tell her everything. How beautiful she looked. How much she had changed my life. How I was starting to think I might do literally *anything* for her. But before I could declare my love, Natalie interrupted with a giggle. She saw the serious, shining puppy-dog awe in my face, laughed, then swooped in and planted a soft kiss on my lips.

Her kiss took me aback. I felt caught mid-air, like a sparrow seized by a falcon. It was a short, sweet peck, but the soft indentation of her full lips and the teasing scent of fresh sweat that followed her drove me wild.

“What was that for?” I asked breathless

Natalie gave a mischievous smirk. “I could tell you were about to say something corny as hell,” she told me. “I figured that was the only way I could stop you.” And before I could protest at all, Natalie was on to something else. “There’s lots of trails at this park,” she said. “I run on them a lot. Wanna see?”

“Sure.”

And just as soon as the words left my lips, Natalie was off again. She turned and bounded off in the direction of the woods in one graceful movement that left me frozen in my tracks.

“Aw, crap,” I muttered, breaking off into a sluggish pursuit. Tingling pain shot through my ironbound legs with every step. Plus the little swelling she’d caused in my shorts when she kissed was bouncing up and down in my shorts like it was going through turbulence. Wincing, I chased after Natalie as fast as I could manage.

She led, nymph-like, into the wood. It was cool and dark within the tunnel of trees. Their luscious cover dimmed the faint morning sun, and a misty chill still clung in corners the light had not yet touched. I watched

Natalie gracefully leap over rocks and branches, hardly breaking her stride with her long legs pumping piston-like in the face of any obstacle. I stumbled along behind, praying an ankle would not be seized by some gnarled root like a vengeful forest spirit.

The running was easy now. The only sound was our panting breaths echoing through the trees. We wound our way through the woods, down switchbacks and over shaved logs and clever wooden bridges. After the first shock, my legs remembered how to work, and were carrying me through the pain with only muted complaints.

It was still a relief when Natalie finally pulled to a stop. We'd reached a meadow in the wood, a patch of yellow wildflowers on either side of a brook that trickled down the rocks in glittering sunlit streams. The air was cool and sweet, the mist freshly steamed away. It was still dark in the forest, but it was full-dawn here in the meadow. The little flowers turned their heads to face the sun and drink in its rising warmth.

Natalie waited for me at the edge of the brook with an urgent look on her face. "About time!" she called to me as I jogged up to her. She smiled mischievously. "I gotta pee. Watch my ass, ok?" Seeing my eyes widen at this crude comment, Natalie giggled.

"Not *literally*," she said, heading off the trail into the woods. "Just yell if someone's coming." Within seconds she was thick into the trees, nearly vanished but for her crunching footfalls snapping twigs and leaves.

I waited on the trail, my heart still pounding from the exertion, and looked around halfheartedly. The place was completely deserted. The trail from one end I could see to the other was desolate. It was a shame, I thought, that more people didn't know about how beautiful this meadow was in the morning. But also a blessing to have the entire place to myself with Natalie.

"Am I good?" she called from the woods.

My eyes darted to the trees, but I could not find her. Again I checked the trail. "You're good," I called back. There was a faint rustling of leaves from the place where Natalie'd disappeared into the woods, and then I saw her. Well not *all* of her. Just the smooth sliver of bare thigh, and the leggings pulled down to the knee. Just the barest glimpse of that skin was all, but it was enough to send a shiver down my spine. I turned away, afraid of getting caught staring like a creep, and turned my attention back to the empty trail.

Soon the crunching leaves and twigs announced Natalie was returning from her pit-stop. "You peeked, didn't you?" she called cheekily to me.

"No," I protested. "I was too busy playing lookout."

"What did you see?" Natalie asked. She approached with a determined stride, looking ready to walk right through me.

I winced as she penetrated my personal space bubble and brought her face dangerously close to mine. "I didn't see anyone," I said through pinched-shut eyes

"So we're all alone." Natalie's lips made contact first. Then her tight fists pulled my face to hers, feeding her little mouth on sharp hungry kisses. I was taken aback by her sudden attack, but soon I was kissing her back with full force with my arms wrapped around her.

Natalie's fingers snaked down to my stiffening dick. As soon as she touched it, she jumped back from me, abruptly pulling away from our kiss. "Look at that!" she said, pointing at the boner stretching the soccer shorts. "Just ran five miles and he's ready for action."

"That was only five miles?"

Natalie grinned. "And we've got a couple more to go," she said. She cast a furtive glance in either direction, then reached down for my cock again. Her gentle squeeze was heaven on my swollen dick. Ever since she woke me in the middle of the night with her needy moans that brought us right to the edge of orgasm, I'd been out-of-my-mind horny.

Natalie gripped me by the nape of the neck, her fingernails digging in to the sensitive skin just where the neck meets the head. She held me there, her eyes burning into mine, as she stroked my cock through the shorts.

"I know I felt this boner last night," she said with a firm squeeze of my shaft. "Did you get horny last night?"

"I wanted to fuck you so bad," I whispered.

"Then why didn't you?" Natalie said with a smirk.

My dick pulsed in her hand. "I didn't think--"

Natalie squeezed down to my balls, wrapping them tight in her hand. I gasped at the vulnerable yet incredible sensation of Natalie holding me by the balls, my stiff cock tucked tight against the shorts. "You were waiting, ?"

Natalie relaxed her grip on my neck, letting her fingers slide gently across my ear to cup my cheek. “You *are* a good boy,” she whispered sweetly. Between her loving gaze and the tender way she stroked my cheek, yet keeping my balls firmly squeezed in her fist, Natalie had me completely melted.

“You know how many guys would have tried to just stick it in?” she asked. Then she let go of my balls and slid her hand back up to my dick. “And hey. Some chicks want that shit. Maybe most of them. But me- well, this might surprise you, but I’m a bit of a control freak,” she said with a self-deprecating laugh.

I swallowed. Her tight grip on my dick felt good, but was just a hair away from hurting. “I hadn’t noticed.”

I swear there were fangs in Natalie’s smile. I suddenly felt like a mouse who had accidentally fallen asleep on the cat’s favorite pillow. “You’re sweet,” she said, stroking my cheek again. “Good at following directions, too. And a very hard worker. You’re basically exactly what I’m looking for right now. So if you’re on board, I think we can have a lot of fun together.”

“Natalie-” I whispered. I wanted to say *yes, yes, I want to be with you*, but there was no room for the words. Natalie was still going.

“There’s plenty to be gained from listening to me. You’ve gotten much fitter already. I could get you so freaking jacked you wouldn’t believe it.” She tickled her fingers up my shaft. “Plus, there are lots of ways I could reward you.”

My cock fully twitched at this comment, and Natalie giggled. “Down, boy!”

She glanced at her watch, and then flashed a wicked smirk at me. She’d already moved on from her almost-serious moment with me a moment before. “Ok,” she said. “You want to play a game?”

“What game?”

“The choice game.”

There was something ominous in the title. “What am I choosing?”

Natalie spread her hands. “Two choices,” she explained. “Choice One: I stop playing with your dick and we run back home right now.”

She squeezed my cock again, holding it tight up to my pelvis as she leaned forward, letting the neck of her tank-top hang open so I couldn’t help but stare at the curves of her breasts, still magnificent even when squeezed

into a sports bra. Natalie cleared her throat to let me know she caught me staring.

“Uh,” I stammered. “What’s choice two?”

“Choice Two,” said Natalie, firmly squeezing my shaft in her hand. “I tease your dick up like crazy right now. Make you feel amazing. And *then* we run home. But you are absolutely *not* allowed to cum.”

It seemed like a no-brainer to me. Only one of those situations involved her touching my penis. Besides, maybe it was a kind of a trick question or a test, and she’d change her mind along the way and let me have my orgasm. God knew it wouldn’t take much. I glanced around the clearing to make sure it was still empty, then blushed. “Touch me first,” I whispered.

“Are you sure?” asked Natalie. “You might not like it. Some people can’t stand that feeling.”

My thoughts immediately traveled back to last night when Natalie rubbed against me. That building up of tension to a point that only grew worse and worse until Natalie subsided, leaving me with that hot frustrated feeling in my stomach. It was pretty brutal. But would I rather have stayed asleep and not gotten to feel her perfect ass against me, or listen to her sweet erotic cries as she rubbed against me? Plus there was still the possibility that I could just cum anyway.

“It’s ok,” I said. “I think it sounds fun.”

Natalie smirked. “That’s what I like to hear.” She released her hold on my dick through the shorts. “Take it out.”

I glanced around the empty trail again. And then I tugged down the soccer shorts Natalie lent me, letting my cock spring out.

“*Hello*,” Natalie giggled. She reached out and teasingly stroked the head with her finger, making my dick twitch violently. “Look at that!” Natalie cried excitedly.

She looked up at me with shining eyes. “You’re really sensitive right now, aren’t you?”

“I just-” I whispered, but my words became a gasp as Natalie tickled my cock again, sending a tremble down me. I was fully hard, swollen, standing stiffly out from my body. Natalie gently traced her fingers down the sides of my rigid prick, making me jerk and shudder. The sensation was so delicate and sweet yet so hot that I felt the first blush of an orgasm on the rise.

Natalie, reading my thoughts, paused. “You better not cum,” she said. “I swear to God, if you cum-”

“I won’t,” I pleaded, although there was no way I could be sure. Her touch was taking me to places I’d never felt before.

“You better not,” she said. Then she swiped her fingers down my cock again, rocking me with another shudder. “Because if you do, even on accident, you’ll have to go down on me ten times before I even *look* at your cock again.”

I recalled going down on her the night before. How she threw back her head and moaned when she came, gooseflesh raising like braille off every inch of her body. The scent and taste of her delicious cunt. Ten times, huh? “Doesn’t sound so bad to me.”

Natalie’s eyes glinted. “Cocky boy, huh?” she said, raising her eyebrow. She began stroking my cock up and down, her hand so loose around me that she was barely touching my dick, just tickling up and down the shaft.

“No,” I pleaded, squirming under her delicate touch. “No, I won’t cum, I promise.”

“Good.” Natalie continued the torture, her feather touch against my dick making my toes curl. Her teasing was relentless, building me to the edge but never carrying me over the limit so that every single sensation on my cock was magnified. I moaned softly and writhed against her, trying to force a firmer grip, but Natalie’s hand eluded me.

Then, just as I reached the point where my dick was so overwhelmed by the gentle teasing feeling that it was starting to grow numb, Natalie let go of my dick. She held her hand underneath my mouth. “Spit.”

My mouth was desert dry from our run. I worked my chapped lips to try and generate a little saliva. Natalie kept her hand upheld beneath my mouth, an expectant look on her face until I worked up enough saliva. Then I let it drip in a long strand onto her upturned palm.

Natalie reached her spit-lubed hand to my dick and started stroking. Wetly gripping my cock, her squeezing fingers sliding up and down my shaft, she slowly stroked me back into a delirium. She kept her hand tight, forcing my cock through her spit-lubed hole like I was fucking a real cunt. And of course I went along, bucking my hips against her hand to push my cock through her hand.

“I love your little moans,” Natalie whispered hoarsely into my ear. “Does that feel good?”

“So good,” I breathed.

Natalie sped up her strokes to a dizzying height. “Do you want to cum?”

“Yes, please,” I begged.

Natalie instantly let go of my cock. It felt like being thrown over the edge of a cliff. I hung for a minute, suspending in space. And then the hot frustration flooded me. It emanated from my dick in waves like the most irritating mosquito bite I’d ever had, crying out to be scratched. Without even thinking I reached out to seize my cock.

Natalie batted my hand away with a stiff slap. “Uh-uh!” she scolded sharply. “Don’t you dare touch that dick. You promised not to cum, didn’t you?”

“Please,” I begged, my voice raw.

Natalie folded her arms. “Now, now,” she said through pursed lips. “A promise is a promise. You knew I wasn’t going to let you cum when we started this.”

“But-” I stammered.

“Fine,” Natalie said, looking cross. “You can cum. But you have to do it yourself.” She gestured off into the woods, back where she’d peed. “Go ahead. Go jerk off. Then take an Uber home instead of running. Quit the gym. Quit your job. Be another deadbeat with a gut, living life on easy mode and blaming all their problems on someone else.”

I raised my eyebrows, surprised at this sudden venom from Natalie. But beneath her anger there seemed to be a real well of sadness. The disappointment in her voice was heartbreaking. “Natalie, no,” I said. “I didn’t-”

Natalie waved away my words with an easygoing smile like the sunlight breaking through the parting stormclouds. “It’s ok,” she said. “That was a little hard. It’s just that everything is a series of tradeoffs. Short-term payoff versus long-term reward. I’ve known that my whole life. That’s why I spent so many extra hours taking free kicks on the practice field. It’s why I was always the last to leave the field. Every choice you make, every single day... it all accumulates.”

I listened to her explanation, feeling somewhat sheepish with my stiff cock sticking out from between my legs. “Sorry,” I murmured.

Natalie reached up and stroked my cheek again. Her warm tender fingers against my skin sent another shudder down my spine. “It’s ok,” she whispered. “You’re doing great so far. I’m really proud of you.” A little smile crossed her face. “I just want to help you be the best *you*, you know?”

There was a genuine emotion in her words that startled me. Nobody had ever talked to me that way before. It was so strange to listen to her telling me about what she wanted for *me*. And the incongruity of my dangling dick sticking out of my pants made the situation even stranger. I didn't know what to say.

But I didn't have to. For just beyond the edge of the trail, we suddenly heard the clatter of metal. I looked over to find two mountain bikers on hardtails crunching their way down the trail at rapid speed. Instantly I whipped the soccer shorts back up around my waist as Natalie leapt back from me.

"On your left!" cried the lead biker, and I swear I saw a knowing smirk playing on his lips.

"Ok," Natalie whispered. "Let's go home." Then she turned and raced off down the forest trail, once again leaving me for dead. My head still spinning, I turned and raced after her, bowlegged from the throbbing frustrated stiffness of my cock. It was going to be a rough two miles getting home.

Chapter 10: The Challenge

We finally made it back to Natalie's place after a painfully slow jog back down the hill. The morning sun had climbed high, and blazed down on us as we chugged our way along. Every drop of moisture in my body seemed to steam out of me like an opened pot of rice. My desiccated legs felt more like bloody stumps on the pavement, crying out with every step. Natalie, of course, was fine, but she did not leave me behind. She kept a decent distance up ahead, and turned her head to make sure I was keeping up along the way.

When I finally caught up to Natalie, she was waited outside the apartment building, flushed to the cheeks but otherwise looking nearly fresh as she did when we left. "Nice work," she called out to me as I rounded the corner and jogged the final steps up to her.

I held my wobbling thighs and looked up at her. "Thanks," I panted.

"Come on," she said. "Let's get you a glass of water."

So once again I followed her into her apartment. The night before, it had been too dark to notice many details about her place. But in the morning light I could see it was a cute, modern space, long but narrow, with wrought-iron railings leading up to the second floor. Everything in the high-ceilinged kitchen was steel or wood. It had obviously been redone by some yuppie HGTV enthusiast within the past five years.

And something else stood out to me, too. Natalie's roommate Maria was standing at the big kitchen island, dumping cups of fruit into a blender. She watched us with a bemused smirk as entered the apartment and headed into the kitchen. "Good morning," she said.

I didn't know Maria on a personal level at all. I just knew she was Natalie's roommate, and that she was almost as beautiful as Natalie. She didn't look the same as Natalie, really. Her hair was raven black, her skin glowing gold, her body athletic but thicker, without that soccer-player coltishness Natalie never seemed to lose. But she was pretty in that same terrifyingly unapproachable way truly gorgeous women have. I'd managed to get past my fear of speaking to Natalie- *somewhat*- but being around Maria still made me nervous.

Of course, Maria's knowing looks were meant to tell us that she knew we'd slept together. But Maria must have underestimated Natalie's

capacity for breezy, open-faced honesty.

“Whatcha been up to?” Maria asked, the opening cut of her playful inquisition.

“Just went for a run,” Natalie said, fetching glasses from the cabinets. “You remember Daniel, right?”

Maria cast a baleful eye over me. “Hello, Daniel.” I felt tiny under her gaze. She glanced down at my outfit. “Nice shorts,” she smirked.

“Oh, I-” I began, but then Maria noticed the rest.

“*And shirt. And shoes,*” she said, raising an eyebrow. I squirmed under her gaze, feeling incredibly uncomfortable in those soft white running shorts and the sweat-soaked shirt that clung just a little too tight to me.

“He didn’t have any running stuff,” Natalie said over her shoulder as she filled the glasses. “So he had to borrow some of mine.”

Maria raised an eyebrow. “You didn’t bring running things to go running/”

“We went out last night and he slept over,” Natalie explained off-handedly.

I blushed, and tried to focus my attention on the glass of water in my hand. But there was no way to pretend I didn’t feel Maria staring me down. “So,” she said, gesturing at my running shorts. “This is the *second* time you got in her pants, huh?”

Before I could answer, Maria was already turning to address Natalie. “Well, I guess that explains why you’re so distracted,” she said, sounding a little scoldy. “But we’re supposed to be heading to watch Rich and Doug. It starts in twenty minutes.”

Natalie slapped a hand to her mouth. “Oh my god,” she gasped. “I totally forgot.”

Natalie turned to me with an apologetic look on her face. “Sorry, but you’ve got to get going,” she said. “These guys have a powerlifting competition today, and we promised we would go cheer them on/”

“Oh,” I said. *Guys? Cheering? Powerlifting?* Suddenly I felt very uncomfortable with the idea of this happening. But it was happening so fast there was nothing I could do to stop it. I was just about to say something to Natalie, but she was already back on Maria.

“God, I don’t have time to take a shower,” she complained. “I stink like a polecat.”

“That’ll probably help,” said Maria. “Your pheromones will raise everyone’s testosterone.”

I swallowed at this comment. Suddenly I was picturing Natalie in a hot, sweaty room filled with beefy men, grunting and displaying themselves like animals. I knew guys like those- I saw them walking around the gym like mythical creatures, paths clearing before them. I might have been getting strong, but I didn’t look like *that*. I worried one of them might turn her eye and steal her away from me.

“Ok,” said Natalie, cocking her head to the stairs. “Let’s grab your stuff. Sorry to rush you, but I really do have to get going.”

“Good to see you, *Danny boy*,” Maria sang as we headed up the stairs.

I followed her to her bedroom and started collecting my clothes from where they lay scattered across the floor like a hurricane had blown up.

“Don’t bother changing,” Natalie instructed, handing me my shirt. “Just keep on what you have now. You can give it back to me later.”

“Ok,” mumbled, holding all my folded up-clothes in a pile against my chest.

Natalie suddenly stopped and sighed, looking at my face with an inscrutable expression. Then she popped her head down and pecked me on the lips in a sweet little kiss.

“You’re so cute,” she whispered. “It’s a shame I have to go. I had plans for you when we got back here.”

“Natalie-” I whispered, but she hushed me.

“Take the rest of the day off,” she told me. “Tomorrow, too. Your body needs it. Just come in Monday for our regular session.”

“But-” I began, ready to offer up any excuse for us to get back together later that day. Already my teased-up dick was unfurling again in my shorts from that one little kiss. Besides, there was also the twinge of jealousy I felt knowing she was going to the competition. But of course before I sputtered out an excuse Natalie was on another topic.

“Are you going to jerk off?” she asked me, eyes narrowed.

The question caught me off-guard. The honest answer was obvious- *yes, absolutely, probably the second I get home*- but something about the way Natalie asked me made it feel like this wasn’t really a question.

“Well-” I mumbled.

“Don’t do it,” Natalie said. She reached down and squeezed my fattened cock through the shorts again, making me gasp. Her eyes glinted with wicked promise. “Keep that feeling alive. I promise it will be worth it.”

“Ok,” I told her, as if there was any other answer I could have given her.

“Good.” Natalie planted another sweet kiss on my lips. Then she glanced at her watch again. “Ok,” she said. “You can find your way out, right?”

“Yeah, I-”

“Good,” said Natalie. She turned away from me, dismissing her from her presence. “I’ll see you Monday morning then.” She stripped off her tank-top, revealing her gorgeous, sweat-slicked body, her breasts tucked tight in a sports bra, her slender waist just sliding into her leggings.

“Get out of here,” Natalie said, playfully snapping the tank-top at me like a towel. I turned and scampered down the stairs. Natalie’s final words followed me down the hallway: “*Be good!*”

Chapter 11: Can't Help It

I was in bed the minute I got home. I didn't even take the time to shower the stale sweat from my body. The sheer physical exhaustion alone was enough to knock me on the ass. Not to mention all the other developments between me and Natalie that had taken place. But as I lay back in the bed, I found I could not sleep.

That was one way to bust a slump, I told myself as I lay beneath the sheets. When I left the house the day before, I had no idea I would end up in bed with Natalie. And the way it happened was like something out of my wildest dreams. Even *more* than my dreams. Natalie showed me things I never thought I would experience. It was still hard to believe it really happened.

And yet my mind was still disturbed. Disturbed by my aching body. Disturbed by the strange jealousy I'd experienced about Natalie going to the lifting competition. And most of all disturbed by the same sexual frustration that had been building up since the middle of the night before.

Even as I lay back in my own bed, exhausted and depleted, my dick was still bouncing up and down like it was warming up on the sidelines. It stretched thick and hard through Natalie's shorts- *shit, am I still wearing those?*- until I had to take it in my hand. It jerked when I touched it, like an impatient dog pulling on the leash at the start of a walk. That hot flustered frustration roared back in my stomach, begging me to purge it.

But Natalie was clear. *Don't do it*, she urged. I snorted to myself. When I was within her presence, her hand on my dick, how was I supposed to say no to a request like that? She was much less intimidating now that I wasn't actually in her presence. Who was she to tell me not to jerk off?

I promise it will be worth it, she told me. What did that mean? Besides I just came last night. What was the difference if I started saving up now or twelve hours ago?

I sighed and let go of my dick. *I'll try to be good*, I thought. It was like everything else I'd given up for her. Fast food. Ice cream. And those tradeoffs had led me to Natalie's bed. So far, my sacrifices had been worth

it. I'd trade away all the beer and ice cream in the world if it meant another night in bed with Natalie

But jerking off was kind of *my thing*. It was more than a hobby. It was stress relief. It was my anxiety medication. I didn't pop pills or smoke cigarettes or get drunk. I just jerked off. It had been that way since high school. And I didn't know if I actually *could* stop.

And as I lay there in the bed, all my jerk-off triggers were firing like warnings on a submarine. My unbearable horniness after Natalie's tease. The seared-in memories of her incredible naked body against mine, the way she cried out when she came, it was all torture to me. Not to mention the worries that were starting to bloom inside me, the insecure fears that I would lose her just when I first had her.

I tossed and turned underneath the sheets, trying desperately to make myself comfortable enough to drift off. But it was impossible. My mind couldn't stop. First I'd worry myself into a funk about what Natalie was doing. Was someone hitting on her at the competition? Somebody was *definitely* hitting on her there. She probably got hit on everywhere she went. Why would she stay with a guy like me when dudes would literally be lining up for her?

And that got me thinking about her incredible body again. Her unbelievable sexiness. The way she whispered in my ear, fingers tingling my spine. Even the way she *smelled*, that wild fresh exotic scent of sweat from her that I wanted to bottle and wear as cologne. I could still smell her, could still *taste* her on my lips, and it made me never want to shower again.

And as I fell into these memories, my hand drifted to my dick, pinching and stroking and teasing its swollen girth until it was rock hard again. And once it was, I realized I could not stop. It was like trying to hold in a piss or a sneeze. It was like my stomach was grumbling and I was facing down a big party sub sandwich. My will, drained by exhaustion and effort, was crumbling. My arousal was too maddening.

And then the orgasm trembled up within me. I tried to stop it by letting go of my dick. But it was too late. My aching cock twitched and jerked, spurting a fountain of cum all over my thighs and stomach.

I lay gasping as the wave passed through me. And then I experienced the moment every guy knows all too well. The sudden return from the plane of unearthly horniness back to shameful reality. I felt the

way my dog used to look when we came home from dinner and found he'd torn up the trash and was hiding underneath the kitchen table.

Oh fuck, I thought, pinching my eyes shut. Natalie's gonna be pissed.

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Chapter 12: Caged Animal

For a guy who had just slept with the hottest girl he'd ever talked to, I sure was a nervous mess for the next two days. I hardly heard from Natalie at all for the rest of the weekend, which didn't do anything to assuage my fears about her running off with some guy at the lifting competition. Secondly, I was dreading telling her about jerking off. I could already hear the incredulity in her voice. *You couldn't make it an hour?*

She checked in on Sunday, but her message was terse. She just wanted to know what I had been eating. I replied with the list of healthy foods I'd had since getting home- oatmeal, tuna salad, soft-boiled eggs, chicken breasts, lots of veggies.

"Good boy," Natalie texted back. *"6:30 a.m. tomorrow."*

I waited a minute. But that was all. There was nothing else from her. I wanted to confess it all, but I couldn't think of a way to do that that wasn't incredibly awkward. Besides... was she really insisting that I don't jerk off? Maybe that was some kind of joke. Although I knew deep down there was no joking in the way Natalie demanded dedication. Still, it was a comforting little fantasy to tell myself as I tossed and turned the night before going back to the gym.

Even though I'd jerked off the day before, I was still unbearably horny. In fact, I'd found myself insanely horny again just after waking up from my onanism-induced nap. I'd managed to resist jerking off again since then, but the tension had only built back up over the past few days. Once again, I spent the whole night trying to resist further angering my boner that just wouldn't quit.

I woke up bleary-eyed on Monday morning with a pit in my stomach. The dread followed me all the way to the gym. The parking lot was quicksand, slowing me to a crawl in the cool predawn air. I felt like those guys at the start of Saving Private Ryan about to storm Omaha Beach. *Here we go.*

The gym was deserted that early in the morning. Even the music was off. The whole place crackled with an eerie electricity you could hear

humming from the fluorescents. Other than that, there was nothing. Nothing except one sound. The rhythmic clank of iron.

I beeped my key fob in at the unoccupied front desk and tossed my gym bag into a vacant cubby. The clang of iron started up again nearby, echoing from the rafters. It had to be her. The clanking stopped. Then, just a minute later, it started up again.

I made my way into the belly of the gym, following the sound. It grew louder and louder, clanging and echoing like a locomotive. It filled me with nervous dread to hear the heavy plates clanking home. The entire silent gym seemed to shake like an earthquake. But I had to keep going. When the noise stopped, I had to follow the echo.

At last I spotted her. Natalie stood atop one of the deadlift platforms, facing into the mirror on the wall. She wore a loose white stringer tank top with big openings at the neck and arms, showing a generous amount of her pink sports bra. Her beautiful butt was bound up in a tiny pair of mesh shorts that displayed every inch of her gloriously thick thighs.

Just in front of her was a barbell loaded up with plates. It looked heavier than anything I'd touched in my life. I tried to add up the pieces of metal on the bar, but I always got my mind snarled up on the plates. Especially when there were so many of them. It had to have been over three hundred pounds. I felt like every muscle in my back would have gone snapping out like a broken rubber band ball if I tried to move it.

Natalie stood erect facing into the wall. I caught her face in the mirror's reflection. She was fully lost in concentration, sucking little breaths of air in and out in a practiced rhythm. The flush on her cheeks said she'd been busy for a while. Beads of sweat prickled her neck and the backs of her legs. All I could do was stare and watch.

Natalie drew in a deep breath. Then she bent forward, fitting her hands purposefully around the bar. This movement stuck her ass straight out, torturing me with how the lines of her thighs gracefully curved up into her shorts and shaped that perfect round ass that stood out tight and firm like a ripe peach.

Natalie bent her knees, lowering her ass until she was in a squatting position, her shins perpendicular to the ground. She released a tiny squeak of air then sucked another breath. Everything that happened next was in slow motion. I saw her start to move inch by inch. First, her upper back tensed up, tightening the muscles in her arms as she took the slack out of

the bar. The bar's force ran through her like water into an ice tray, gradually trickling from her lats to the tips of her toes and fingers.

Then, just as the weight reached maximum tension in her body, Natalie pulled. The movement was an explosive twitch, but the bar didn't move. At first. I watched Natalie strain against the immobile bar for a moment, sure her task was as impossible as trying to lift a mountain. And then, just as I thought it was over, the bar began to rise.

A hissing noise escaped Natalie's pinched-tight face as she deadlifted the bar. Her hamstrings strained like overflowing balloons as the bar slowly raised off the ground. She kept her form as it reached the air, moving the bar perfectly parallel to the ground as she slowly stretched out her body.

The hiss escaping from her lips became a throaty growl as the bar passed her knees. Her entire body shook from the exertion, and her face flushed beet-red from the tension. Her growl slowly rose into a sustained primal cry, filling the gym as Natalie struggled to bring the bar higher. Finally, at the apex of her growl, she snapped her waist forward, resting her thighs against the bar as she stretched her body out fully.

She held the bar there for a minute at the peak of the deadlift. Her shoulders bulged like baseballs and her hamstrings were taut ropes. You could have bounced a quarter of her ass. Everything was perfectly weighted, perfectly controlled, the bar's weight evenly distributed through her body as she held what must have been at least twice her bodyweight level. And just there at the top of the lift, I caught her eyes in the mirror.

She looked at me for a second in the mirror. The primal intensity vaporized into a cheeky little grin. And then she dropped the bar.

The loaded bar crashed to earth like a locomotive dropped from space. I jumped despite myself as the hundreds of pounds of metal slammed down. Its impact was like a detonation, sending a shockwave echoing through the gym.

"Morning," Natalie called over to me with a cheery wave. "Wanna help me strip?"

She let her question sit with me for a minute until she couldn't help but giggle at my stupid face. "The *bar*, silly," she said, kicking the stack of plates on one side of the bar she'd just lifted. "Help me strip these plates off."

I followed her lead and helped her take the weight off the bar, plate by plate. It was staggering to see the amount of weight she'd just lifted up close. "Jeez," I said, sliding another forty-five from the bar. "This is a ton of weight."

"Thanks," Natalie grinned. "But three seventy-five ain't special. I'll get you pulling this in no time."

I just stared in awe. "Three... hundred and seventy five?"

Natalie shrugged. "The world record is eight hundred something. Most chicks at the competitions can pull at least five."

I was speechless. I couldn't take my eyes off her. Sure, I knew she was strong- a damn sight stronger than me, at that. But she was also slender and supple like a doe, with smooth long legs that curved into a deliciously slender waist. And her face- she was so *pretty*, such a gorgeous, shining-eyed, soft-cheeked *girl*, with luscious golden hair playfully pulled into a ponytail. The fact that this girl was casually talking to me a second after lifting three hundred seventy-five pounds up off the ground blew my mind.

Natalie just kept going. "A good pull for a guy at a competition should be at least six."

"Hundred?"

Natalie laughed. "It sounds crazy. But you build up fast. Not saying we have to get you competition-ready, but I'm sure if you keep it up you'll eventually be pulling around four hundred."

I swallowed. The deadlifting Natalie'd had me do so far rarely exceeded two plates. But she seemed so sure. And then in classic Natalie fashion, just as I was starting to follow along with what she was saying, she abruptly changed the topic on me.

"Speaking of dedication," she said, her eyes glittering. "Did you make it?"

It was exactly what I'd feared. And she came right out and said it so fast I didn't have time to even try and think of an excuse. I opened my mouth and prayed the right words would come out, but instead I just sat there like a fish pulled out of water, gaping and staring.

I didn't even have to answer. Natalie could tell right away from my face. "Oh, my god!" she cried, reaching out and landing a painless but surprising slap on my shoulder. "You didn't!"

All my blood rushed to my face. "Natalie-"

Natalie clicked her tongue. “Bad boy,” she said, shaking her head with disappointment. “Couldn’t go two days without touching your dick?”

I looked for an excuse, any excuse, but couldn’t find any words.

Natalie stepped closer. Somehow she seemed to loom over me, despite being slightly shorter. Her entire aura overwhelmed me. And despite my fear, I couldn’t help but feel my cock twitch in my pants at the sight of her. She was so intense, her face still flushed from her monster lift, her eyes wide. I could even *smell* her, that ripe rich scent of fresh sweat that intoxicated me.

“How many times?” she demanded.

“Just once!” I answered. “Saturday. Right when I got home. But not since then.”

Natalie glared at me. I withered under her gaze. She pursed her lips tight as if evaluating me. The silence lasted ages. And then like the first snowmelt of spring, a little grin crossed her face. “So. You jerked off the second you got home, huh?”

I blushed furiously. “Yeah.”

Natalie grinned. “I thought this might happen.”

I blinked. “You did?”

“Sure,” said Natalie. “I mean, it was your first time. Everyone fails the first time.”

“Who’s *everyone*?”

Natalie ignored my question. “It’s hard. I didn’t expect you to make it.” Then she grinned again. “I mean, I thought you might make it more than twenty minutes,” she teased. “But I’m glad you only did it once.”

I wanted to figure out how upset she was. “So-”

Natalie just swatted away my words. “Don’t worry about it,” she said, lifting the now-stripped barbell and carrying it to the rack. “I have something for you that will help. But let’s get this workout in first. Get over to the squat rack.”

Natalie worked me out hard for the rest of the morning. There was nothing out of the ordinary about the way she directed me around. At first I wondered if she would bring up what happened between us on our date. More than anything, I wanted to know if we were going to go out again. But she gave no hint about her feelings on the matter. And after a while, I was too sore to care.

We spent hour clanging and banging our way through some weightlifting workouts. I was so dizzy from being around her, so filled with anticipation about what the “something” she had for me could be, that I had a hard time concentrating. I just tried to keep moving, to keep pushing my way through all the benching, squatting, pull-ups, and everything else she could throw at me.

When we were done with the weights, Natalie finished me off by setting me down on the rowing machine. “Give me twenty-five hundred meters, nice and steady,” she instructed. “Then stretch out and come meet me in my office.”

As she walked past me, she reached out and traced a fingernail across the top of my neck. The sharp scratch on my skin made me shiver, but when I looked back she was already gone. I sighed. *Her office?* I’d never been back there before. There was something intimidating about the thought of going back there. But if Natalie was going to be there-

I tried to keep a steady pace on the rowing, pulling back and forth in a rhythm. But my mind kept drifting back into thoughts of Natalie, memories and anticipations. And every time I drifted off with those thoughts, I got carried away and sped up until my heart was pounding. I’d have to catch myself and slow down to try and keep my heartbeat level as the meter counter crawled along.

I halfassed through my stretches as quickly as I could, just trying to finish up so I could go meet Natalie. Nervous anticipation built in me all the while. When I finally wrapped up, I started heading back through the gym. It was around 8 am now and the morning crew was showing up in droves. The entire gym felt alive again; the music was up and running again, a throbbing technobeat that mixed with the grunts and bangs of the gymgoers.

The gym office door was closed, and warned in large bold print that it was reserved for EMPLOYEES ONLY. I gave a furtive look around, feeling that there was something wrong about opening the door. But Natalie’s directions were clear. So I sighed, took a breath, and pushed open the door.

“Hey,” snapped an annoyed woman’s voice from inside the office. It was Maria, Natalie’s roommate, sitting with her long legs propped up on a desk and skimming idly through her phone. From her Amazonian thighs and cover-girl face, to her attitude of casual insouciance, she was totally incongruous in the setting of the dingy office.

“You’re not supposed to- *oh*.” She recognized me. Then a look of slightly sour mirth pursed her full lips. “What are you doing back here?”

“Natalie said-”

“*Hmph*,” Maria snorted. “I should have guessed. Is she trying to fuck you back here?”

“N-no,” I stammered, trying to come up with an excuse. But as I did, I realized I had no conceivable explanation for why Natalie asked me to come to the back.

Fortunately I didn’t have to, because someone else swooped in to save the day. It was Natalie, emerging from the private locker room inside the office area. “Don’t worry about it,” she said, sweeping into the room with an imperious wave of her hand. Then she pointed at me. “Come here.”

Maria rolled her eyes. “Gross.” She sighed, set down her phone, and pushed back her chair. “I’m going out to the floor,” she told us. There was an exotic scent in her hair as she brushed past me, like sweet fruit and wild spices. “*Have fun*,” she purred just before exiting into the gym. The door clicked shut behind her. I was alone with Natalie.

Natalie started coming toward me. I tensed, expecting her to pounce on me. But instead she walked straight past me to the door I just came through. With a little knowing smirk, she snapped shut the lock.

I swallowed. “Are you sure-“

Natalie laughed away my concern. “It’s an unwritten rule. *If the office door’s locked, I pity the fool who knocks.*”

“But isn’t-“

Natalie folded her arms. “Come on,” she said. “A bunch of meatheads work here. They’re pretty much the horniest people on earth. We have to have a little policy or people would walk in on each other banging all the time.”

I gulped again. Suddenly I had a twinge of a fear in me. *How many times had Natalie locked that door with someone else in the office?* It was thoughts like these that drove me the craziest. I tried to reassure myself- *it doesn’t matter, you’re here now, she’s with you in here you stupid bastard*- but I couldn’t fight the wave of jealousy that mixed with the pent-up frustration I was already experiencing.

Fortunately, before I could blurt out an embarrassing question about Natalie’s personal use of the office, Natalie interrupted me again. This time it was by planting a strong and totally startling kiss on my lips that caught

me completely off guard. There was lip gloss, and the sweat in her hair, and the force of a striking leopard in her sudden attack.

But just as I was getting used to it and ready to put my arms around her and return her kiss with interest, Natalie pulled away. Her lips separated from mine with an audible *pop* that seemed to suck all the breath away from me. I gasped and opened my eyes to find Natalie standing with her arms crossed and a playful smirk on her face.

“So,” she said, pursing her lips. “Couldn’t make it *one* day?”

I tried to say “well-” but the word only squeaked out as a gargled whimper. Natalie looked so *imperious*, with her strong arms, swollen up from that morning’s pump, crossed over her chest. Her body glistened like a plum and seemed to ooze with a fresh ripeness. Even her wild scent was intoxicating. And her body, from her long muscle-molded legs to her full rounded breasts and that heartbreakingly gorgeous little face that promised delicious agony... it was no wonder I was unable to resist when I got home.

That’s what I would have told her, anyway, if I wasn’t occupied trying not to swallow my tongue. But of course there was no need, because Natalie was already speaking again. “It’s ok,” she said, laying a gentle hand on my shoulder. Her touch made me want to close my eyes and sleep forever.

“I figured you’d have a hard time. Even though you’re *such* a good boy,” she said, and the words *good boy* made me shiver. “But that’s ok. I have an idea.”

She stopped and pursed her lips. “That is... as long as you’re interested.”

“Me?” I jabbered. *Of course I was-*

“Diet and exercise is one thing,” Natalie went on. “But not being allowed to jerk off is another. Do you really want to do that?”

I swallowed hard “I mean-”

Natalie rolled her eyes. “Come on. Is jerking off really *that* great?” She suddenly reached down and pinched my cock again, startling me.

“Well-” I gasped, but Natalie was bearing down on me. She held me in a firm but gentle grip like she was scruffing a puppy, and her glittering eyes kept me frozen to the spot.

“Besides,” she went on. “If you can delay your gratification, it will make it so much better when you finally actually get to cum.” She emphasized these words with some torturous squeezing of my shaft that

made me squirm from the hot insistent need building inside me. I felt like I might cum right there in my gym shorts.

"I know," I winced, trying to stay in control. "I just--"

Natalie suddenly released my dick and folded her arms, leaving me hanging with a rock-hard boner tenting my shorts. "So what do you say?" she smirked. "Want to try a little experiment? I *promise* it will be worth your while."

It was impossible to say no to her. Even though I was a total masturbation addict, I had to say yes. My cock was so stiff and needy, I would probably have chopped my own pinkie off with a rusty chisel if she'd asked me there.

A grin broke over Natalie's face. She planted another sudden surprise kiss on my lips, and by the time I came to my senses she was already wheeling toward the back of the room. "Come on!" she said, directing me to follow her into the office bathroom.

She led me through the door but did not follow. "Get your clothes off," she said. "And wait in the shower. Don't turn it on."

And that was all. She was gone. The door clicked shut behind her.

It was a good single-occupancy full-size bathroom, complete with a shower stall, sink, toilet, and a little bench. It was clean and well-maintained, far better than the ordinary gymgoer bathroom I was used to. But still, it was cold. And lonely. But it was too late to go back now.

I sighed and kicked off my shoes. Then I glanced at the door, hoping Natalie would come back in any second. That would mean I could undress in front of her, which would have been somehow better. *Then again, she did tell me to get naked and wait in the shower. I better not dawdle.*

So I pulled off my sweat-damp shirt and tossed it onto the bench. The cool air raised up my nipples like two prairie dogs. The flush in my skin from the workout was already fading, leaving my sweat to cool and dry against my exposed flesh. With a sigh, I wriggled out of my shorts and tossed them on the pile.

Wearing only my socks and underwear, I glanced at the door again. Still nothing. So I took a breath and slipped down my underwear and self-consciously tucked them under my shorts to obscure them.

Then I took off my socks. And I'll tell ya, it was the cold floor that got me. It was like standing on an iceberg. Immediately I felt a shiver run down my spine. *Hurry up Natalie*, I thought.

I perked my ears toward the door, trying to listen for the sound of Natalie coming. But instead I heard a different noise. A knock. Not a knock on the bathroom door, but a muffled knock that must have been on the office door. It followed shortly by a muffled male voice.

Oh shit, I thought, and then I scrambled across the tile floor into the shower. I heard Natalie push away a chair and move over to the office door. She clicked it open, and I could vaguely make out the sound of her talking to somebody.

I glanced at the bathroom door. *I should have locked it, why didn't I lock it*, I cursed myself. But I was frozen to the spot. I stood there, petrified, listening to the muffled sound of Natalie talking to some guy, while I waited naked and shivering in the shower nearby. What if they came in? Their conversation seemed to last hours. Every giggle I heard was like a knife in the heart.

Finally, I heard the office door close then lock again. And to my immense relief, it sounded like Natalie was alone. Her footsteps led her back to the bathroom door. Then she opened it and suddenly she was with me again.

"Sorry about that," she said breezily, closing and locking the door behind her. She stopped and looked at me for a moment, then unleashed a little giggle. "Oh my," she said. "Look at you."

I must have been a sight. Shivering and cold in the shower, completely naked. And after the startlement of Natalie's unexpected visitor and the freezing tile on my feet, I'm ashamed to say my dick wasn't looking quite its best. A particular episode of *Seinfeld* comes to mind here. My boy was scared, trying to hide itself against my balls or possibly disguise itself as a misplaced baby toe.

My hand shot down to cover up my shame, but Natalie stopped me with a sharp whistle. "Uh-uh," she said. "Don't hide. I need that."

She approached me, and I saw there was something in her hand. Something small and black and glossy. "Don't be embarrassed," she purred as she drew up to me. "I've seen how big he can get. And he looks so cute right now."

She took my shrunken dick in her hand and cupped it firmly with my balls. Her warm hand was like the warm sun breaking through on a cloudy spring day. Instantly I felt life returning to my tackle. Then Natalie kissed me again, hard and deep on the lips. I kissed her back, and found her tongue

slipping past my lips and invading my mouth. She squeezed my package as she kissed me, reviving my manhood, until I found myself starting to grow in her hand.

Natalie broke off the kiss but kept my dick and balls secured in her hand. She grinned and displayed what she was carrying in her other hand. It was a plastic black contraption, small and with a distinctive penis-like curve. "Do you know what this is?" she asked.

Before I could admit I had no idea, she was already explaining. "This is a chastity cage," she told me. "We lock your dick up inside it and it keeps you from jerking off. Or even getting hard."

"What-" I gasped. Locking away my dick? Was this girl crazy? But her grip on my balls was so heavenly, the look in her eyes so alluring, her body so devastating, even her scent so intoxicating, that the only protest I could offer was a tiny whimper.

"Don't worry," Natalie laughed. "There's a key. You can take it out when you need to pee, or shower, or workout- whatever. I'll let you have it. Honor system."

Then she leaned forward and purred in my ear. "Unless you're a bad boy," she whispered in a voice that raised the hairs on my neck. "Then I might have to keep it."

It was all happening so fast. I barely had time to even look at the little device in her hand before she gave it to me. The chastity belt was obscene in its simplicity. A cylindrical black sheath fitted into a smooth black "O". The "O" was to go around the whole package- dick, balls, the whole kit and kaboodle. The sheath obviously would enclose my dick. And that was it. Two pieces, one goal: restraining my dick to make sure I couldn't get a boner.

"Go ahead," Natalie urged excitedly. "Try it on!"

I regarded the two pieces of plastic with deep unease. There were a few reasons to say no. But the- *ahem*- biggest reason was currently held tight in her hand. I wasn't a guy who swung a monster cock, but Natalie's ministrations to my dick had swelled me far past the point I could hope to squeeze my shaft into the small sheath.

The look on my face gave away my dilemma. "I don't think it's gonna fit."

"Oops!" Natalie exclaimed. She released my cock, letting it fall heavily against my thigh. "That's right. You need to get it soft first."

Then quick as a flash, she reached over to the shower handle and snapped on the faucet. Instantly a torrent of ice-cold water burst from the showerhead, drenching me. I yelped at the surprise, leaping straight into the air. It felt like I'd just fallen through a frozen pond. My body was in complete shock.

Natalie was already sweeping her way out of the bathroom. "I'll give you some privacy," she called over her shoulder. "The key's on the sink. Knock on the door when you're done."

And before I could protest, she was gone, leaving me under the icy flow of the shower. I quickly switched it off, stopping the downpour. But I was still a shivering frozen mess standing there in the shower.

Natalie's trick did have the effect she wanted, though. The shock of the cold water had caused some serious shrinkage, shriveling up my guys into a tight frightened ball. It looked like it could be small enough to fit inside the device she gave me. I sighed. The faster I put on the cage, the sooner I could get dressed and warm again. *Better get it over with.*

But I had a devil of a time fitting the plastic "O" around my junk. I had to wrestle each one of my balls through the gap, terrified the whole time I would get one twisted up in the plastic. One wrong move and my day could get a lot worse. I had to struggle there, dripping wet and shivering, for a minute or more trying to slip my package through the ring.

Once I did, it hung snugly around my dick and balls. There was a slight pressure at the base of my balls, but the ring seemed to fit pretty easily, once it was on. Time for the next piece. I sighed and looked down at the little black sheath. *Here goes.*

It took a concerted effort plus a string of minute movements to wriggle and squeeze my cock into the sheath. Even after the cold shower-induced shrinkage, the shaft was still just about as thick as the sheath, and the plastic clung to my clammy skin. I had to push my penis in bit by bit at the sides, pushing and stuffing it all down the sheath in incremental little gains. When I finally fit my cock in far enough for the sheath to connect to the "O", I retrieved the key from the sink and fiddled with the lock until I heard a little click. That was it. I pulled the key out, and everything stayed in place. The cage was on.

I looked into the mirror by the sink and gasped. The black cage constrained me tight, making my package look tiny and shrunken hanging

between my legs. It was humiliating. *There's no way I can let Natalie see this*, I thought.

And then I looked at the rest of my body in the mirror and felt another surge of surprise. But this time there was no horror. Instead, I was looking at my body for perhaps the first time since I'd started working out with Natalie all those weeks before. Sure, I'd glanced at myself in the mirror to get ready, and there were plenty of times I could *feel* like I was getting stronger. But this was the first time I'd really looked at myself with no clothes on. And I was shocked at what I saw.

I was no bodybuilder. There was still too much softness. But compared to the man I was when I walked into the gym, I looked like an adonis. My chest and shoulders had *lines*, clear lines defining the curves of my new muscles. *Where did those come from?* I'd leaned up substantially, shrinking my waist down. My legs were strong and noticeably thicker. Even my neck and back seemed sinewed and powerful. I couldn't believe the transformation.

If this is what Natalie can do for me, I better keep going with it, I thought. *Even if it means wearing this stupid thing on my dick*. And so I sighed reluctantly and knocked on the bathroom door.

Natalie opened the door wide, sending me scampering for cover out of fear that someone else would see me. But there was nobody but her. She saw my nervous fear and flashed a grin. "It's ok," she said, entering the bathroom. She was carrying my black gym bag, which she slung down onto the ground. "Let me see you."

Face red with shame, I turned toward her and let my hands fall away from my caged cock. My humiliation was deepened ever further by the little coo Natalie made when she saw my locked-up dick. "Oh my gosh," she gushed. "It's so cute!"

I couldn't speak. My throat was closed up. Natalie grinned. "How does it feel?"

I tried to squeak out a response, but before I could Natalie was investigating for herself. She reached down and took the cage in her hand, making me feel completely helpless under her power. She examined me around the edges and gave a satisfied nod. "Like a glove."

"It's a little tight," I squeaked.

Natalie smirked. "Just you wait," she said. Her fingers tickled down to the base of my balls, sending an electric pulse up my spine. Her touch

felt incredible, pushing up against the base of my balls with a firm pressure. She leaned forward and kissed my mouth slowly and deliberately, pressing her tongue deep inside as she caressed my balls.

I felt a rush of blood run into my cock, the product of days of frustrated yearning without release. My penis began to swell in her hand, filling the plastic sheath. And then the grip grew tight against it, trapping my cock inside the plastic walls until it could grow no more. It just pulsed with frustration against the walls, my balls twitching in Natalie's grip.

Natalie broke off the kiss and pulled away. "See?" she asked, indicating my caged dick. The shaft at the base of the sheath was swollen up, but otherwise it looked the exact same way it did before she started touching me. Never mind the fact that ordinarily I would have been rock hard. The cage was my prison, keeping my dick limp.

I reached down automatically, gripping my dick through the sheath. But it was like trying to scratch an itch through a heavy winter coat. I could *feel* the sensation of my hand, but it was barely there. Almost just a slight warmth, and that was all. It would be impossible to make myself cum by stroking it.

I just looked up at Natalie, my eyes shining helplessly. "Aw," Natalie cooed, reaching out to stroke my cheek. "You look so cute." She planted another tender kiss on my lips, once again filling my nose with her heavenly scent. That alone was enough to make my dick squirm uselessly in the cage.

"Are you going to be a good boy?" she whispered.

"Yes," I said softly.

"Of course you are," said Natalie, patting my cheek. "Do you have the key?"

I displayed the small metal key. "Keep that safe," Natalie instructed. "I have a backup, just in case you need it... but it might be a while til I can come rescue you. So be careful with it."

"I will," I said.

"Good." Natalie glanced at the gym bag she'd brought for me. "Ok," she said. "I brought your stuff here. Now I've got a client coming in a minute, so I've gotta split. Go ahead and get changed and get out of here. I'll see you on Wednesday, ok?"

"Ok," I stammered, struck somewhat dumb by the whirlwind of events.

As usual, Natalie was too fast for me to ask any questions. She stopped my words with a final kiss on the lips. "Good luck," she whispered. She snaked her hand down and teasingly groped my caged cock again, making me want to melt into the floor. And then she whirled around and marched off, leaving me naked and alone with my cock throbbing helplessly in its cage.

Still trembling, I picked up my gym bag and hastily pulled out my clean clothes so I could get changed for work. There were my pants, belt, shirt, shoes, socks, and... *what the hell?* My underwear, the black boxer-briefs that were practically my uniform, was missing. No way. I remembered wrapping them up with the rest of my clothes just the way I always did.

I grabbed my gym bag and rooted frantically through it. It was empty. No, wait- there was something in there. Something soft. I pulled it out and found it was a folded-up piece of pink fabric. My heart leapt into my throat as I unfolded the soft cotton package. *Oh my god.* In my hand, I held a pair of soft cotton panties, periwinkle pink and lined with a tiny lace fringe around the legs.

As I opened them, a scrap of paper tucked inside tumbled out and fluttered to the floor. I snatched it in a haste and found a small scribbled note. My hands trembled too much to hold it still, and I had to take a deep breath before I could read the note.

"*Dear stud,*" it read. "*I wore these all night thinking about you. Now it's your turn.*"

No way. There was no way she expected me to actually *wear* her underwear. Soccer shorts and a t-shirt were one thing. But this-

Suddenly the image of the panties on Natalie leapt into my mind. She wore them last night. That waistband wrapped around her slender stomach. Those lace-lined leg holes stretching against her gorgeous thighs. The seat straining to contain the bounty of her magnificently full ass. And the soft spot in the middle mounded gently against her delicious cunt. And the rest of her, nude in the moonlight, back arched with delight, eyes closed, soft moans on her lips.

She wore them last night. *While thinking of me.* Did she touch her pussy through them? Did she press her fingers through the cotton to tease her slick cunt? Did she cum? And despite myself, despite all sense of where

I was or what I was doing or any sense of normalcy, I raised the panties to my nose.

I caught the scent of her cunt on the panties at once. It was the same as the ripe taste that coated my lips and tongue after she forced my face into her pussy. That delicious sweet wild scent of promises and life that made my head swim. I inhaled her aroma deeply, picturing her writhing through an orgasm on that bed, in these panties.

My cock squirmed in the cage as I sniffed the panties. It was like the cunt-scented air I breathed traveled through my nostrils straight into my cock. Normally I would have had a hell of a hard-on. But in this stupid little cage, my dick could only pulse helplessly against the plastic walls.

Fuck, I cursed, my hand shooting to my cock. But again instead of any relief when I grabbed the plastic sheath, all I felt was that frustrated helpless feeling. I looked down at the key sitting on the sink. *What if I-* The idea came and went in a flash. There was no way I was going to jerk off now. She would know. Just like she would know if I didn't put on her underwear.

I sighed. It was getting late and I had to get to work. And there was no way I was going to wear my old sweat-soaked underwear from this morning's workout all day. Besides, Natalie would be asking if I'd gone through with it. No way but forward. So I took a breath, bent down, and stepped inside the panties.

Natalie's pink panties snugged up tight against my waist. I expected them to burst from the strain of fitting around my boyish body, but fortunately the proportions of her hips and thighs blew me out of the water. To my surprise, the panties actually fit pretty nicely. They were soft and silky-smooth, too. And the material cupped perfectly around the chastity cage, lifting it slightly to keep my balls from the danger of getting crushed between my thighs.

I looked at myself in the mirror and blushed. There I was, ordinary looking guy with a bit of muscle on his frame, but wearing a pair of pink panties with a frill around the thighs that cupped a plastic chastity cage around his cock. *What the hell is happening to me?* I wondered. But then I took another look at my body- the muscles, the posture, the obviously improved confidence- and laughed despite myself. I'd spent my incel years wondering how to turn my life around. Now I was finally doing it. And if this was the way, and Natalie was a part of it, then so be it. And so I hastily

threw on the rest of my work clothes to cover my shame and raced for the door.

I flew out of the bathroom and almost ran directly into Maria. Maria was leaning against the desk, lazily stretching out her hamstring while scrolling through her phone. She startled hugely when I bust through the door, tossing her phone straight into the air and bobbling it. one two three times in the air like a hot potato, before she lost it and it clattered to the ground.

“Jesus Christ,” she cried. The fear she showed at first was quickly combusting into anger on her face. “What are you doing here?”

“Oh, my god-” I said, pulling back abruptly. “Sorry about that.”

“You scared the shit out of me,” Maria complained, retrieving her phone. I tried not to stare at the full curve of her incredible ass, bending around like a perfect peach in her Bret Hart-pink leggings. “What are you doing here anyway?”

“Oh-” I stammered. “Well, Natalie-”

“Still?” Maria asked. She’d retrieved her phone, and the anger in her face was cooling into something more predatory. She had a hypnotic beauty, with her gorgeous raven hair, soft olive skin, and otherworldly proportions. “What were you doing in there?”

I realized I was staring instead of speaking. And that unmistakable swelling was returning to my dick as it strained its cage. “Uh, I just-”

Maria wrinkled her nose. “Ew. Did you guys fuck?”

“Did we-?” I gasped. “What? No. She was-”

“Whatever,” said Maria with an imperious wave of her hand. I thought I saw her eyes flash down to my crotch, and suddenly I had the feeling Maria had X-ray vision that could see through my pants right to the embarrassing pink panties and the chastity cage they snugged.

“Whatever is going on between you two, I don’t care” Maria said with a warning in her voice. “But Natalie’s got a meet coming up. She’s one of our best.”

“A meet?” I said.

Maria pursed her luscious lips. “Just don’t get in her way. The last thing that girl needs is another distraction.”

I tried to respond, but Maria just pointed to the door. “Are you done here?” she asked in a tone that let me know it wasn’t a question.

I got the message, and scampered through the office to the door, to freedom, my dick throbbing in the stupid cage, and Maria's words echoing in my head.

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Chapter 13: The First Day of Chastity

And so, under Natalie's orders, I spent the rest of that day with my dick locked up in a chastity cage. The cage kept me squirming all day, and in more ways than one. From the coffee shop to the office, even the stores I ran into on errands, I felt like everyone *knew* about my shameful secret. *She knows I have my dick locked up in my pants*, I'd worried about the receptionist. *He can tell I'm wearing panties like some kind of pervert*, I thought when the mailman came. My face was scarlet all day from embarrassment.

But I was also ashamed of my absolutely unbearable horniness. The chastity cage tortured me by providing *just* enough stimulation to my shaft and the base of my balls that my dick was constantly full and warm. I wanted to touch it, stretch it out and stroke it, but all I could do was clutch helplessly at the plastic sheath. Rubbing the cage was like trying to scratch an itch through seven layers of blankets, and the dull sensation drove me mad with frustration.

On top of the constant physical stimulation, I was living in a walking daydream of love. Natalie filled my mind constantly. I'd start by thinking lovingly of how sweet she was to me. But before long, in my chastity caged-up dick would take over for my brain. I tried to remember every detail from the night we were together. Her scent, her taste, the way she felt when she pulled me tight and made me cum inside her...

My mind was an erotic carnival I could not escape. Even on my worst days of porn addiction, I'd never spent so much time thinking about sex. Natalie never left my mind. Her body, her curves, her attitude, her gorgeous face all swirled in my mind in a constant tease I could feel as surely as I felt her fingers tracing my balls in the cage. Maria was there, too, playfully scowling through her hamstring stretch, showing every inch of her taut thighs...

It was maddening. Every few minutes, I'd find my hand had drifted back to my cock, only to be repelled by the hard plastic sheath. My balls felt heavy as grapefruits. And as I writhed and pawed frustratedly at the

cage like a cat trying to work the can opener, I cursed myself for ever agreeing to this humiliating task.

Every time I went to the bathroom was an ordeal. But at least I was free for a second. I'd slip off the sheath so I could pee into the urinal. But the stimulation of my hand always got my cock swelling up right away. That meant squeezing and shoving it back inside the sheath before it got too hard. If I waited too long and my cock unfurled itself and started swelling up, I had to stand and wait while it pulsed between my thighs. Standing there unable to touch my full, dangling cock was a torture even greater than when it was locked up. Especially the knowledge that within probably one minute I could get myself off into the toilet and be done with it. But I *knew* that Natalie would somehow find out if I broke my promise. Probably because I would tell her..

And so I made it through the day without my resistance breaking, even though it was torture. But the evening was even worse. Without work to worry about, my cock was a big fat distraction swelling up my cage. I couldn't sit still for anything. I couldn't watch TV or play video games at all. My cock tormented me like a constantly barking dog

I decided to go for a run to clear my head. It also gave me an excuse to take off the cage. I unlocked the shaft from the o-ring and carefully slipped it off, letting my dick hang out. Then I jimmied the o-ring around my balls, releasing them one at a time until I could free my cock entirely. It was the first time all day my package was fully free, and everything felt very full and heavy. I knew I had to keep moving before I got distracted, so I slipped on some workout clothes and headed for the door.

The air outside was perfect. The midday heat was fading into a coolness that was lovely on my skin. I started out at a slow jog, heading toward the park Natalie showed me. I tried to keep my pace steady, but as my thoughts wandered back to Natalie I felt myself speeding up until my heart raced and the sweat poured down my back.

After a couple miles and one grinding hill climb, I reached the top of the park and stopped. As a breeze from the east cooled my skin, I took in the incredible view of our town. The evening redness in the west bathed the houses in a warm glow beneath the western hills. It was a lovely place for a rest. And best of all, nobody else was up there.

As I took in the view, it occurred to me that if I hadn't been dragged into Natalie's perverse game, I never would have experienced that moment.

I would have spent another evening jerking off. In a way, I was grateful that the cage had tortured me so badly I'd been forced to go for a run to distract myself. Strange, the added benefits of chastity.

Right on cue, my phone vibrated with a text. Natalie. *"Are you wearing your cage?"*

Feeling happy and a little mischievous, I responded *"Nope."*

There was a pause. What was she thinking? Was she angry? All she said was *"Why not."* The period instead of the question mark told me all I needed to know about how she felt about my response.

"I wore it all day. Just took it off to go for a jog," I replied. Then I snapped a picture of the gorgeous sunset over the red-veiled town and sent it to her. *"Nice view."*

Natalie responded at once. *"Awe that's great. I love that place. Good idea."*

"A pretty girl showed it to me," I responded playfully.

Natalie sent a grinning-emoji response to that one. Then she moved on. *"How was it today?"*

I thought through the crazy frustration I'd endured all day and decided to be honest with her. *"Tough,"* I admitted. *"But I made it."*

"Good boy,"

There was a pause. And then my phone received a picture message from Natalie. *Oh my god.* It was a selfie from Natalie. I couldn't see her face, but there was no mistaking that body. She was in her bathroom, angling her panty-clad butt toward the mirror. She wore a black lace thong that hugged her hips, displaying her ripe round ass in all its mouthwatering glory. Her slender waist was curved so I could see her breasts in profile. A matching lace bra cupped them to her chest, making my eyes bug out of my head. It was the first time anyone had ever sexted me, and it was one of the hottest selfies I'd ever seen.

My dick reacted instantly to this picture like a sleeping dog that just heard its leash clatter by the door. *"You look incredible!"* I responded. That hot frustrated hunger rose in me like a wave, and I found myself ravenous. *"I can't wait to get my hands on you."*

"Just a little treat," she responded. *"You better get home and get that cage back on before you get too worked up. Can't have you jerking off in the park like some kind of perv.."*

"Yes ma'am."

I took one final look at the red-drenched town before starting my way back. And quickly I realized Natalie's selfie was having an effect on me that would take a while to wear off. My cock was still almost hard, and slung around in my shorts like a salami as I ran, stretching against my shorts with every stride. It was painful how my package bounced up and down as I ran, but there was also something agonizingly pleasurable about the soft fabric rubbing on me. I'd been so desperate to feel anything on my cock that even the touch of my soft shorts while I ran felt good.

After a while, the feeling of my junk bouncing as I ran grew overwhelming. And with my eyes pinched shut and my dick bouncing up and down, rubbing in my shorts, I gritted my teeth to try and ride out the pleasure-pain of the sensation. And then to my shock I realized I was almost on the edge of orgasm. I had to stop at the side of the road and rest as my stiffened cock throbbed, desperate for me to grab hold and finish it off. I wanted to weep with frustration as I stood there on the street, my cock crying out for me to touch it as I tried desperately not to.

The slightest shifting of my hips, the readjustment of my legs- anything could trigger a sensation so strong it got my whole cock twitching, jerking desperately in my shorts trying to finish off. It took several minutes of deep breathing and concentration to reach the point where I could start to run again.

Chapter 14: Two Plate

Locked in chastity and helplessly aroused, I tossed and turned through the night and struggled through the next day too. The only way to take the teeth out of my frustration was finding ways to keep distracted. Running in the evenings. Cold showers. And work, lots of work, to keep my mind from wandering as I labored through the day.

Natalie checked in on me throughout that Tuesday, making sure I stayed faithful. Her texts kept me focused on the goal, but also distracted me with endless fantasies about her body. Each time I scrolled back through to find the booty pic she texted me, my dick thrashed so violently in the cage that I had to squeeze my eyes shut to ride out the frustration. It was torture.

Tuesday night was the peak of my misery. *I have to cum tomorrow*, I thought over and over as I tossed and turned beneath the sheets. I kept my dick locked that night, because I was afraid that if I didn't, I wouldn't be able to resist finishing the job that had been building up for days. I hardly slept.

It was easy to get up for my morning session with Natalie, because I was already awake. It felt like I'd been up all night. Bleary-eyed, my dick crying in its prison, I hopped out of bed and gathered up my outfit for our morning session. And I remembered to take Natalie's panties, shorts, and shirt, all freshly laundered, with me to give back to her. Maybe that would get me out of her strange little cross-dressing fixation.

I got to the gym at 6 am, sharp. Again the gym was deserted, and quiet as a tomb save for the constant hum of the flickering fluorescents overhead. And once again, I had to travel into the bowels of the facility to find Natalie.

At first I sensed Natalie's eyes on me like a tingling in my skin, but I could not see her. I glanced furtively around the empty gym as I made my way to the back like I was being stalked in a horror movie. *I know she's watching me*, I thought, but I could not see her. And then I heard her voice from the shadows.

“Morning,” she said in a low voice. I turned to locate where the voice came from just as she stepped out from behind the leg press.

Somehow, despite all the time we’d spent together, the first sight of Natalie in a day always stopped me dead. And this day was no exception. Natalie had an otherworldly intensity in an all-black ensemble; from the skintight shorts that hugged every curve of her spectacular thighs, to the black lycra top that squeezed around her slender waist, exposing a tiny stripe of taut skin around her stomach and pulling up her breasts. But what got me the most was the pair of socks she wore; black knee-high soccer socks with a pair of stripes at the top, leaving a gap of her tanned flesh from her knees to the middle of her thighs. Her golden hair, pulled back in a ponytail, and glowing skin contrasted with the all-black outfit to make her look assured, dominant, and incredibly sexy.

Instantly I felt a tug inside my shorts as my cock once again tried to rise to the occasion, only to be caught against the walls of the chastity cage. I knew my mouth was hanging open, knew my adoration was open and obvious and there was nothing I could do to hide it. Natalie saw it too, and giggled playfully before assuming a serious look.

“Well, don’t just stare,” she said. “Are you ready to work?”

“Y-yes,” I squeaked, trying to resist the urge to let my eyes plunge down her alluring *decolletage*.

As if sensing my gaze was drifting down to her breasts, Natalie folded her arms over her chest. She looked stern, but mirth twinkled in her eyes like she was proud of being ogled so blatantly by me. Then her eyes drifted down to my shorts, where my cage bulged through the fabric.

“You’re wearing it?” she asked, starting to move closer to me.

“Oh,” I said, rooted to the spot as she approached. My eyes darted in the direction of the changing rooms. “Should I-”

Natalie drew right up to me until her face was only inches from mine. I wanted to kiss her so bad, but also found I was frozen to the spot. “Not yet,” Natalie purred. Her hand snaked down to my shorts and brushed against the hard plastic cage. Though I couldn’t feel her fingertips on my cock, the pressure tugged the cage against the base of my cock, making my knees nearly buckle.

“It will get in the way of some of the... *movements* I have planned,” Natalie said, slipping her fingers around the plastic sheath. She gave it good

little tug that sent a spasm of lustful terror down my body. “But we can work around it for a while.”

Her shining eyes glittered into mine, and with her hand on my cage-bound cock I was completely under her power. She wetted her lips and I was sure she would kiss me, so sure that I closed my eyes and started leaning toward her. But just as I thought she would plant a kiss on my lips, her look grew serious

“Ok,” she said, turning about-face but keeping hold of my cock cage in her hand. “Let’s get over to the bench.” She walked forward quickly, her ass hypnotic in her skintight shorts, forcing me to waddle behind her to keep her from tugging too hard on my dick through the cage. I scampered after her, letting her lead me across the linoleum floor to the corner of the gym with the bench press racks.

She let me go unceremoniously once we reached the bench. I felt a huge relief when she released me, but a tingle of pain and the frustrated itch of arousal persisted in my cock from her rough fondling. But before I could dwell, she directed me to the bench.

“Let’s go,” she said. “Start warming up.”

I hurried my butt down onto the bench and lay down. The broken leather padding molded right into the contours of my back. By instinct, remembering all the cues I learned from Natalie, I fit my grips around the barbell’s rough knurling, pushed my feet flat against the ground to brace my legs, filled my chest with a breath, and raised the empty bar. Then with my mind focused on activating the muscles in my chest, shoulders, and arms, I started pumping the bar up and down.

I moved it with such ease now compared to when I started. Back then, even the empty bar felt heavy and awkward. I couldn’t raise it evenly and always struggled trying to fit it back home into the hooks. But thanks to all the cues Natalie had taught me, plus a little of my own worshipful devotion to following her instructions, I could pump the iron bar up and down with little effort.

And as I pumped the bar up and down, a shadow darkened my face. I felt something slip up over my waist. I clattered the bar back down against the hooks and looked up.

Natalie had thrown a leg over my chest. She stood straddling me, her ass poised just a foot above my waist, looking down over me like she’d just

defeated me in battle. Her body wasn't even touching mine, but I felt an electricity between our skin. My cock squirmed in its cage. "Natalie--"

Natalie held a teasing finger to her lips. "Sh," she cooed from her position over me. "Give me another set."

I obeyed at once, snapping the empty bar back out from its hooks and proceeding to pump it quickly up and down.

"Oh, yes," Natalie purred in a low erotic voice as I pumped the bar. "That's it, stud. Keep it up."

My face began to flush. Either I was starting to get warm, or Natalie's sexy voice was going to actually kill me. I tried to focus on the bar, but Natalie kept encouraging me with enthusiastic noises bordering on moans.

When I hit the top of my last rep, Natalie reached out and grabbed the bar in midair. "Here," she said, pushing it toward the hooks. "Let me help you with that."

She bent forward as she pushed the bar, arching forward as she eased it into its resting place. Continuing the motion while still holding onto the bar, she lowered her hips down until she was straddling me. I felt her thighs against my waist. And then, with the barest, lightest, teasingest touch, she glided the her lycra crotch over the shorts-covered tip of my chastity cage.

"Oh, god," I groaned as she gently teased against me. She moved her hips back and forth in a graceful swing like a dancer, every so slightly increasing the pressure. My cock throbbed helplessly in the cage as she teased me. Soon she was pressing up harder against me, pushing her cunt into me as she hung on to the bar for leverage.

At this point the lust short-circuited my brain. I tried to sit up on the bench so I could get my hands around her waist and pull her into me. But just as I started to move, Natalie released one hand off the bar and gave me a firm push right in the chest. I strained against her hand, but with her powerful body straddling mine around the waist I didn't have the leverage to fight through her push.

"Uh-uh," Natalie scolded gently, pushing me back down flat against the bench. She kept one hand planted on my chest with the other holding the bar as she continued grinding her cunt against my helplessly locked dick. Her face flushed as she pressed harder into me, and her breathing began to quicken.

“Fuck,” Natalie panted, biting her lip as she bucked her hips hard. “This is actually starting to turn me on.”

It was turning me on, too, but there was nothing I could do to show it. My dick writhed helplessly in the cage, and all the hot desire I felt seemed to boil in my stomach. I just lay back, letting Natalie use my body for her pleasure while the touch and tease of her skin drove me wild.

“Ok,” Natalie said, shaking her head. She looked at me with starry eyes, flustered from her arousal. “Stay there.”

She shifted her body off of mine with one last long slow teasing slide and stood up. As I lay on the bench, Natalie added weight to either side of the bar, working like she was in the pit of a Formula 1 race. She threw a 45-pound plate on each side and smacked each one into place. Then she moved behind the barbell so she was standing at my head.

“Hit a couple of those,” she instructed. “I’ll spot you.”

I could feel her legs tickling up against my hair as I lay back on the bench. I looked up and saw her angelic face smiling down on me over the luscious curves of her breasts. Senses swimming, I pressed the bar off the rack and brought it to the neutral position.

Natalie guided me through five long slow presses, speaking the cues aloud like an incantation. “Pull down. Keep those wrists and elbows stacked. Elbows in. Don’t bounce it now. Push away. Squeeze the elbows. Pull the chest together. Keep that back grounded. There you go.”

Natalie helped me guide the bar back into place. “Don’t move,” she instructed. “I’ll load you up.”

I lay back on the bench, feeling a nice burn in my chest. I was starting to get warm. Natalie fitted a ten-pound and a five-pound weight on either side of the forty-fives in place, raising the weight to one hundred sixty-five pounds. A month or so ago, it would have been impossible. But thanks to Natalie’s consistent training and instructions, I could move it with ease. There was something so satisfying about watching the progress literally pile

up on the bar, showing week by week as my body adapted to the increased weights, fueled by a healthy diet and an overwhelming devotion to my trainer.

Natalie guided me through two slow reps of the weight, repeating the cues as I focused on breathing through the bar. “Looking good,” she said as I finished off the set. “Here.”

She grabbed the bar and guided it back into the rack. But before I could let go, she put her hands on top of mine, holding me fast to the bar. I looked up at her inquiringly and found her smirking down at me. The mischief in her eye sent a pulse through my locked dick.

Natalie scooted forward with her legs until she was standing directly over me. I found myself staring straight up into the seat of her lycra shorts as she held my hands tight to the bar. *Oh god*, I thought. *Is she about to-*

Natalie bent down, sitting her beautiful ass down right on my face. I felt the mound of her cunt settle down onto my mouth and nose, filling my senses with the intoxicating scent of her arousal. It was all I could breathe in, her essence, and my breath was hot against her through the shorts. She rode my face gently, pressing her cunt against my face until I could feel my nose pressing inside her. All the while she kept my hands pinned to the bar, holding me fast.

Natalie closed her thighs around my ears, squeezing my head tight, but still I heard her muffled moans as she teased herself against my face. My cock throbbed inside the cage, helplessly caught in tight sheath and caught fast, driving me insane with frustration. I tried to break free, but she pinched down on my hands, pinning me to the bar as she rode my face.

Finally, Natalie pulled away from me, allowing me to gasp in a breath of fresh air. Her face was flushed and giddy. “Wow,” she said. “This is *too* much fun. How’s your dick feeling in there?”

“Oh, my god,” I moaned, her scent still tantalizing my tongue and nose. “I want to fuck you so bad.”

Natalie giggled. “Bad boy,” she teased. She rounded the bench again and started stripping weight off the bar. “Well, you’re going to have to earn it. I have big plans for you this morning.” She slapped a pair of twenty-fives on either side of the bar, raising the weight to one eighty-five. That was the weight I’d been using the last time Natalie had me bench, and it was the heaviest I’d lifted so far. She had me doing in for sets of five, though. This time, she only asked for one.

“One good one,” she said in her insistent whisper. “That’s it. Breathe. Good.” Her words in my mind, I pressed the bar and set it home with a heavy *clink*.

As soon as I finished, Natalie set about adding a pair of tens. “Two-oh five,” Natalie said.

“Most I’ve ever done.”

Natalie grinned down over me. “Lightweight, baby.” Then that mischievous look crossed her face again. “Do you need to smell my pussy again before you try it?”

My cock spasmed immediately in the cage at this suggestion. “Uh-” I gulped. There was only one answer, and Natalie knew it.

“Here,” she said, giving a furtive look around. She turned around, facing away from me, and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her lycra shorts. Slowly, she slid the shorts down over her perfect peach ass, its black lycra giving way to the glowing golden hue of her butt like a glorious sunrise. When she had the shorts down at mid-thigh, she bent forward, opening her thighs to reveal her ripe mounded pussy and her cute pink butthole.

“You’re already getting me so wet,” Natalie said, reaching a hand between her thighs. She pressed the outside of her lips apart to open her cunt just a foot above my head. Her cunt glistened with desire, and her hot pink hole was just begging for my cock to plunge inside. My cock thrashed in protest at this up-close view of the greatest thing I could ever desire.

“Smell,” Natalie commanded. She lowered herself down, bringing her cunt up to my nose. Again her bewitching aroma overwhelmed me. I breathed in deep, craning my neck inhaling her scent as she held her pussy tantalizingly just above my head.

“Tongue out,” she said. I complied just as she lowered her hips and brought her pussy right up against my mouth. My tongue slid inside her silky cunt, parting her lips and pushing up against her wet hole. She tasted like hot desire, triggering a helpless pulsing in my helpless dick.

I brought my hands up to cup her ass and moved them toward her pussy. But Natalie smacked them away before I could touch her. “Get those dirty hands away from me,” she snapped. “They’ve been all over this gross-ass bar.”

She took my head in her hands, fingers snaking through my hair to hold me fast. “Just use your mouth,” she said, and then began grinding her wet cunt into my mouth and nose. Natalie, Natalie, all I knew or saw was Natalie there, drowning in her essence as she rode my face. My tongue explored greedily wherever it could, pressing flat against her clit or pushing inside her hole and tasting her deepest flavors.

“Damn, I could almost cum from this,” Natalie moaned as she ground down hard. “But I’m gonna hold off. I’ve got something else for you to eat.”

She shifted her hips up and pressed her asshole down against my mouth. I’d never licked a girl’s ass before, but I was instantly overwhelmed by Natalie’s rich aroma. Soon I was burrowing my tongue inside, tasting deeply as she ground her cunt against my nose,

“Oh, good boy,” Natalie moaned, keeping my head held tight in her hands as she pressed her ass into my face. My caged cock was in agony from the overwhelming horniness of being used to serve Natalie’s cunt and ass like her personal facefuck toy.

And then we heard a beeping noise, the telltale sign of someone entering the gym. Natalie instantly raised her rump off my face and tugged her shorts back over her ass to cover up. I blinked up into the fluorescent lights, Natalie’s essence coating my lips and tongue, dizzy from her scent and deliriously horny.

“Oh, shit,” Natalie giggled, snapping the waistband tight on her shorts. “That was close! Ah, that felt so good.” She craned her neck around to try and see who was there. “Now who in the heck- oh!”

A figure emerged. It was Maria, bursting out of a sporty pink leotard that flaunted every inch of her long sleek legs. I jerked underneath the bench when I recognized her, wondering how much she had seen,

“Oh. You two,” said Maria with faint surprise. I couldn’t decide if she was disdainful or amused. She pursed her lips at Natalie. “How’s your little *side-project* going?”

“Today’s a big day for him,” Natalie answered. Then she glanced down at me. “Go ahead and hit that one.”

I dutifully unracked the bar, feeling its heaviness settle down on me. I’d never reached over two hundred pounds before, and the number was intimidating. But I took a breath and focused on the cues Natalie taught me, pulling the barbell into my chest, taking a deep breath, and pressing in out, bringing my chest together and driving through my feet.

I let the bar clatter back home and let out a breath, Natalie immediately headed to the sides to strip off the weight. headed back to the sides of the barbell and started stripping off the weight.

“Nice job!” Natalie crowed. “Ready to bench two plates?”

I gulped. Two- Two forty-five plates. On each side of the bar. Making a total of two hundred twenty-five pounds. Much more than I’d ever lifted before. I felt a sudden spasm of fear. “Natalie, wait, I-“

Natalie waved away my concerns. “No, no. You can do it. Let me load up the bar. I watched the taut muscles in her shoulders stand out as she heaved two more full iron plates onto either side of the bar. The plates clinked home with heavy menace.

“Pretty impressive,” Maria admitted. “I mean, for a total noob.” She headed over to the bench and stood a little to the side, her arms folded. She was looking down at me with a slight smirk that made me so self-conscious that she could just see Natalie’s cunt all over my face. I could still smell and taste Natalie all over myself.

Then Maria’s eyes flickered down to my shorts. I thought of my locked-up dick and the strange bulge it made inside my shorts. I saw her eyes widen with surprise for a moment. And then a look of recognition seemed to cross her face, making me feel completely exposed and naked on the bench. *Did she know about my chastity secret?*

Just then, Natalie slapped the middle of the bar, beckoning me to start. “Ok,” she said. “Go get it. Remember your cues.”

It was enough to try and focus as Natalie and Maria watched me work. I felt completely exposed before them, with Natalie’s cunt-taste all over me and the crazy frustration of the cage and Maria’s knowing smirk had me mad. And now I was supposed to bench press this giant weight?

But just as my hope was faltering, Natalie gave me a reassuring smile. “There’s a date in it for ya if you nail this one,” she winked.

Another date... that *had* to mean I would be able to cum. And who knows what else... With new determination, I set my feet flat against the ground and felt my weight brace through my ass and shoulders.

“A date,” Maria scoffed. “How sweet. You’ve got this one all twisted up around your finger, don’t you?”

Natalie shot Maria a look that surprised me in its intensity. “I know how to motivate,” she said, and her eyes said *stop it*. Then she turned her focus back to me.

“Come on, big boy,” Natalie said. “Lightweight. You can do it.”

I sucked in a deep breath and braced my feet against the ground. Natalie took hold of the bar between my grip to help me unrack it. Its weight was staggering in my hands. Natalie released her grip, and I felt the heavy power of its load of iron dangling in my hands, pressing down on me with a force that could crush me with ease.

But I did not falter. I emptied my lungs, squeezing them dry before inhaling again deep. *Ok*, I thought, elbows buckling under the weight. *Here goes*. I closed my eyes and pictured the bar traveling straight down as I brought it down to my chest. I took an effort just to bring it down slowly; the bar wanted to come crashing to earth with the force of gravity. But I kept it even and smooth, bringing it down until it touched my chest.

There it was. The deepest part of the lift. I tensed fully, feeling the weight tense my body all the way down to the chastity cage that locked my dick. I saw Natalie’s face in a halo of fluorescence, looking down on me like a guardian angel. And then I sucked a final breath and pressed.

At first the bar didn’t move, and I thought for a second I would burn up all my energy in a futile effort to not even lift it an inch. The weight crushed down on me, and it seemed all I could do was hold it steady to keep myself from being smashed. But I gritted my teeth and forced up through my feet,

tensing my entire body as I drove the weight up. Then, inch by inch, the bar began to rise.

“That’s it,” Natalie shouted. “Push!”

A ferocious cry tore from my chest as I forced the bar higher. Arms wobbling, I drove up fully through my chest until my elbows began to straighten. The veins stood on my head like cables, and my cock spasmed in the cage as every part of my body was tensed and activated driving the weight off me.

“Good boy!” cried Natalie as I reached the apex of the lift. She snatched the bar and helped me guide it back home into the hooks, where it fell with an almighty crash that shook the plates like a detonation.

“Heck yeah,” Natalie crowed. “Nice. You did it!”

I just collapsed back against the bench and lay flat, my chest rising and falling as I sucked wind. My entire body was sapped from the endeavor, feeling drained as a wrung-out cloth. Everything but my cock, which seemed just as painfully swollen as before, squeezing against the shaft walls in a steady pulse like my heartbeat.

Maria gave a low whistle. “Wow,” she admitted. “That was legit. How long’s he been training?”

“Let’s see,” thought Natalie. “He started in the spring, so-“

“Nine- weeks,” I panted from the bench. Had it been that long?

“Damn,” said Maria. “Nine weeks to a two-plate bench? From that doughy turd who walked in here? No offense,” she said. “I just didn’t know you had it in you.”

“I knew,” Natalie grinned. “I could tell right away he was a diamond in the rough.”

Maria pursed her lips. “I’m sure he’s benefitted from your *unique* training methods,” she said. Her eyes darted back down to my crotch, and I felt like she could see straight through my shorts to the chastity cage that mounded them,

“Anyway, I’m impressed,” Maria went on. “With both of you, I suppose. But don’t forget. You need to be training for *you*. I want you one hundred percent focused before the oly comp. You’re not going to get too many chances at this.”

“*I know, I know*,” Maria insisted. She shot me a meaningful look. “Women. Always nagging, am I right?”

“You love it,” said Maria. There was a sudden silence as something strange passed between Natalie and Maria. It was wordless, but their exchange of thoughts was so patently clear that you could hear it crackling in the air like electricity. It made the hairs on my neck stand up.

Natalie suddenly looked down at me. “Go on, get up,” she said. “Help me strip this bar.”

I rose as quickly as I could with my chest feeling like someone’d cut it open and hung me out to dry. I hurried to one side of the bar, pulled off the clip, and started shucking plates back into the rack, feeling Maria’s eyes on me the while time.

“Well, I’m going to get warmed up,” Maria announced. “I hope you join me soon.” And then she swept past us, leaving the faintest fragrance like a warm vanilla sugar spray, her perfect ass moving in her skintight leggings as she disappeared into the back room.

Natalie sensed my confusion over what had just happened. “Don’t worry about Maria,” Natalie reassured me. “She’s just very serious about training.”

“Sounds like someone I know,” I said, raising my eyebrows at her.

“Fair enough,” Natalie laughed. “I guess that’s why we make a good team.”

“What’s the *oly comp* she mentioned?”

Natalie frowned. She looked like she was about to say something, and then stopped. Suddenly her look of determination returned. “Alright. That’s enough chit-chat,” she said. “Good work on that bench. Let’s get you up on the pull-up bar to even it out, shall we?”

And so Natalie led me through the rest of my workout, keeping things professional. I wondered if Maria’s words had affected her. She seemed her normal, encouraging self, but there was no more erotic teasing. I was still so horny from tasting her pussy and her ass on the bench, but I had no opportunity to make a move. Natalie kept me too busy.

We did some pull-ups and some front squats, keeping moving without trying to put too much weight on the bar. I was still flushed with the success of my new personal best bench press, and generally just flushed by being around Natalie. All my senses were heightened to take in every detail of her that day. Her scent was in my nose, the sweet sweat mixing with the taste of her cunt that lingered on my tongue.

After completing about a half dozen different movements, Natalie directed me to the locker room. "Ok," she instructed. "Go take that cage off. Then give me a nice easy three thousand meters on the rower. After that, stretch yourself out and hit the showers." Mischief glittered in her eyes. "After you clean up, come find me in the office."

She looked around the gym, searching for someone. *Probably Maria.* "I'm going to get some work in. Take your time. Come find me in a bit." And then she walked off toward the lifting room in the back, the one I'd never been inside. I watched her go, then headed into the bathroom to finally free myself of that damn cage.

I squeezed into a vacant stall and slipped the cage off. Immediately my dick began to throb and stretch full of blood. Before I got any bad ideas, I stashed the cage in my gym bag and covered back up with my shorts. Then I headed back out to the floor to finish my workout alone.

My mind was dizzy with thoughts of Natalie as I completed the rowing. My dick, finally free, bulged against my leg like a hot blister just ready to burst. Every rhythmic pull of the rower into my chest made me gasp and set my dick straining against my boxers. Sweat beaded my forehead as I worked myself up on the machine, unable to keep myself from pushing.

When I finished, my dick was fully erect against my leg. My mind was almost completely flushed except for the constant thoughts of sex that dominated my brain. I felt like a zombie, wandering in a haze of lust as my dick raged inside my shorts. *I need to cum so bad*, I cried to myself as my desperation grew.

I hurried through my cooldown routine, trying to stretch out while wrangling a dick around that was hanging like it was on the wall of a butcher shop. It had never felt so thick and long before, and it seemed to pulse steadily with a warm rhythm. I tried to cover my obvious boner with my hands as I hurried over to the showers after.

Cleaning was another challenge altogether. Even just soaping up my cock and balls got me hard. I started trying to clean my dick, and before I knew it I had drifted into a fantasy about Natalie lowering her gorgeous ass right down onto my face, and suddenly I was rubbing my dick in pleasure and building myself closer to-

No. Using a trick borrowed from Natalie, I smacked the knob to trigger a torrent of cold water. The icy deluge made me yelp with shock, but at least it calmed my raging dick. I hurried through the rest of my shower and

dried off, feeling completely keyed up and on edge as I dressed in my work outfit of slacks, casual shoes, and a button-down shirt.

One last thing to do. I gathered my bag together, combed my hair in the mirror, and headed off to the gym office. *Even if she's busy, I thought, at least I can give her back these clothes.*

I felt a nervous twinge in my stomach when I reached the office door, worrying I would find Maria lurking inside and have to explain myself to her. But I pushed the door open and was happy to find it was just Natalie sitting with her feet up on the desk, playing with her phone.

She perked up when I entered. "Hey, stud!" she said, setting down her phone on the table. "Nice work today." She jerked her head toward the door. "Go ahead and lock that bad boy. I don't want anyone poking in here."

I knew better than to ask any questions. I hurriedly bolted the door, then turned back to face Natalie. She just watched me for a moment, silently analyzing me with her eyes, until I began to squirm underneath her gaze.

"Um, I brought your clothes back," I told her, babbling just to fill the silence. I started rooting through the gym bag. "Your shorts and shirt and socks and the, um-" I said, finding the pair of pink panties with ruffled edges.

Natalie raised an eyebrow. "You mean you aren't wearing them?"

I froze with my hand in the bag, trying to remember if I was supposed to wear them. But then a grin broke over Natalie's face. "Relax," she said. "I bet you looked cute in them. You sure filled out those shorts nicely," she added with a smutty little smile.

"Oh-" I stammered, and before I could think of anything to say Natalie was beckoning me toward her like a spider pulling up a fly on its silk cord.

"Come here," she told me, and I obeyed, sleepwalking over to her. She still sat back with her feet propped up on the desk, languid and confident with a fresh sheen of sweat on her brow. She commanded the room with silence, holding me on a whisper's edge as I waited for her to say what would happen next. Then she smiled.

"You did great today," Natalie said. "I think you more than earned that date. This Friday," she said, not so much asking as she was telling me when our date would take place.

"Sounds good," I squeaked.

Natalie pursed her lips. "Do you think you can be good from now until then?"

My heart sank. Waiting another two days... there was no way I could survive that. My dick already felt like it was going to explode at any minute. But what was I supposed to do? Beg? "I- I think so," I stammered. "I mean, I'll try."

Natalie smiled sweetly. "That's brave of you to say so. But I can see it in your eyes. You're going to go crazy if I don't let you cum, aren't you?"

I choked on my response. What could I say? She was probably right, but how could I admit to something like that. "Natalie, I-"

"It's ok," said Natalie. She eased down from her perch and put both feet back on the floor. "You did good work today. I think you deserve a reward." She scooted her chair toward me and braced her elbows on her knees. "Take your clothes off."

I swallowed. "My-"

Natalie waved her hand impatiently. "Come on, let's go," she insisted. "Get your dick out."

Feeling incredibly self-conscious, I kicked my shoes off and then unbuckled my pants. I let the pants and briefs fall around my waist, shying away from her to try and hide my swollen dick and hoping my shirttail would provide some cover.

Natalie watched me undress with that predatory gleam in her eye. "Take it off, baby," she cheered like she was front row at a Chippendales show. I felt her gaze all over me as I unbuttoned my shirt with shaking fingers and set it aside. I was naked.

"Turn toward me," Natalie instructed. Reluctantly, I left the shelter of the wall and turned slowly toward Natalie.

"Wrists behind your back," she ordered. I clasped my wrists behind my back like I was at parade rest, uncovering my penis and allowing it to hang free. Natalie looked down at it and snickered.

"Look at that hog," she said in a playful voice. "So thick and fat."

She was right- my *hog* was feeling pretty full. It dangled down between my legs, swaying slowly, not hard but feeling bigger than most of the boners I'd had. My balls were aching full too, seeming weighted down by the load I'd been accumulating for days. It was a consequence of chastity I hadn't yet considered, but for once I was proud to show my dick off to someone else. I knew it looked good.

Natalie fixed me with her mischievous eyes. “So,” she said. “How am I going to take care of you.”

I swallowed. *Take care of-* So it was up to me? She was letting me decide? So many possibilities swam through my head, and yet as I stared at her beautiful face I could not hold onto a single one. She was so overpoweringly sexy sitting back in full control of the situation. Every curve of her body demanded my attention.

“I- I want to fuck you,” I stammered.

Natalie raised her eyebrows with surprise. “Bold choice,” she said, sounding impressed. “I respect it. And I would, but-” She glanced at her wristwatch and gave a pained expression. “But I’m on a bit of a deadline here.” She flashed her gleaming teeth in a face-meltingly adorable apologetic expression.

“Besides, this is about you,” she went on. “My pussy can wait. Even though you got her all worked up today. You’ll be taking care of her plenty on Friday. But for now, how about a nice blowjob?”

My cock throbbed at her words. It must have been the sexiest sentence ever spoken to me. “That sounds amazing.”

“Well, get over here,” Natalie laughed, beckoning me toward her. “Keep those hands behind your back. I’ve got you.”

I stood in front of her as she continued sitting back on the chair, making me a little self-conscious at the way my cock dangled near her face. But Natalie didn’t seem bothered in the least. She was relishing her power over me, wrapping me around her finger with erotic temptations. My whole body tensed up from waiting for her, and my cock was practically straining to reach her.

Natalie reached out her hand and held it just an inch from my cock. A pulse ran through the thick veins on my dick, one big enough for even Natalie to see. “Oh my god!” she laughed. “It’s like... moving!” She grinned up at me. “You must be really horny, huh?”

“So horny,” I panted, my senses swimming. *Please, touch it...*

Natalie reached underneath my cock and cupped my heavy balls in her hand like she was weighing meat. “They’re so full,” she said. “You must be have so much cum in there.” Her touch made me shiver, and my dick started hardening just beyond her touch.

Then she frowned and released my balls, leaving my hanging once again. “See?” she said, her tone suddenly sharp.

I blinked. "See what?"

"Look at your dick right now," Natalie said, jabbing her finger in its direction.

"Uh-"

"Look how beautiful it looks. So thick and heavy and *full*. That's a porn star dick."

I was taken aback by the way her compliment came across in such an aggressive tone, and I didn't see her point. "Thanks?" I offered.

Natalie folded her arms. "That's why you can't be jerking off all the time!" she scolded. "You've got to save it for when it counts. Quality, not quantity."

"Oh," I stammered.

"I have half a mind to make you lock it back up," Natalie mused. "Just to see how it looks on Friday."

"No," I begged, almost going mad at the prospect of more time in chastity.

"Ok, fine," Natalie relented. "You have been a good boy, after all. I know it's hard. But you're doing great."

She slid her hand back toward my dick. "Besides," she said, gently tickling a finger down my shaft. A full shudder ran down my spine at her touch, and my dick throbbed like mad. "Besides, you're still so sensitive. I bet you could cum in about two seconds, huh?"

She punctuated this comment by gently closing her hand around my throbbing shaft and gliding it up the skin to the head. My dick pulsed under her touch, and my breath caught in my throat. "Oh, god," I groaned.

Natalie giggled. "Yep. You're just about to explode. But where's the fun in that?"

She placed the pads of her fingers beneath my cockhead and gently lifted it into the air. Then she leaned toward it, bringing her face closer to my dick. I almost came at once just from her hot breath on the head, and I clenched my wrists tight behind my back to steel myself.

Natalie gently parted her lips and placed a soft kiss right on the head of my cock. A soft, wet kiss that made me shiver. Then she opened her mouth and gently took my head inside, giving it two soft sucks. I moaned out loud from the sweet sensation of her mouth on my cock, and my dick stiffened and began to twitch.

Natalie took me out of her mouth and smiled. Then suddenly she grabbed my dick in her hand, squeezing it firmly around the base of the shaft. I was completely startled by this sudden movement. My dick was on a hair-trigger and for a moment I feared I would cum, but the way Natalie gripped me made sure that was impossible.

“Look at it!” Natalie gasped. “It’s so big and angry. Look, it’s getting purple!”

My dick stood rock-hard out from my waist, painfully stiff in Natalie’s grip. I’d never seen it looking so big before. The relentless torture of the past two days had built up to a pressure so strong it felt like if I didn’t cum my dick would just explode like an overfilled water balloon.

Natalie looked up at me. “You really wanna cum, huh?”

“Please,” I begged, squeezing my eyes shut.

“Question is,” she said, raising an eyebrow. “Where do you want to cum?”

Where? Oh god. What kind of question was that. “Anywhere,” I begged.

“Anywhere?” Natalie laughed. She gave my stiff prick another hard squeeze. “So, you’d cum on your own face if I made you?”

“What?” I gasped. “No. That’s not what-”

“Then where?” Natalie asked, massaging my cock with her hand. “Where do you want to cum?”

It felt like a trap. Was she really giving me free reign to pick my spot? *Well, she is asking*, I thought. And so, emboldened by my frantic horniness, I answered. “Um, I want to cum... on your face.”

Natalie frowned. “Really? You want to cum on my face like this is some kind of porno?”

“Oh,” I gulped. “Well, I-”

Natalie squeezed my dick hard again. “You want to shoot your dirty cum all over my pretty face like I’m some kind of slut?”

I winced under her crushing grip. “Ah, Natalie, I-”

She grinned and softened her grip. “It’s cool,” she said. “You’ve earned it. Just try not to get any in my eyes.”

She aimed my dick toward her mouth again and slowly opened her lips. I gasped at the silken touch of her lips and tongue against my sensitive shaft. Her lips were wet and soft against my aching flesh. I trembled for her, so uncontrollably horny with my hands clasped behind my back.

Slowly, careful not to overstimulate, Natalie wetted my cock from head to base. Her wet tongue expertly slid across me in shivering little waves, trailing her saliva across my throbbing shaft. She was putting on a performance, pouting and licking and making erotic little whimpers as I watched on like I was in the best porn I'd ever seen. This was *real*, the sexiest girl I'd ever met was blowing me, and I was going to cum on her face. Life couldn't get any better.

I got over the first wave of intense arousal and settled into a the nice warm headwaters of pleasure as Natalie expertly worked my cock. Once I was slicked up, she worked my cock with her hand and her mouth, gently stroking me as she swirled her tongue around my dickhead and teased the shaft. She still used a light touch, keeping my hairs standing up as she delicately worked my rock-hard dick until it was oozing.

Natalie held me steady by the balls as she flicked her tongue across the head of my dick. "Feeling good?" she asked. Right before I could answer, she darted her head forward, taking my dick deep inside her wet mouth and pulling me out with one long slide. I gasped from the incredible pleasure, completely turned to jelly at her touch.

"It feels amazing," I gasped. She took me down deep again, pushing my dick deep into her throat as she held me steady with her hand. Then she pulled me free, coughed, and grinned.

"You're so big right now," she gushed, going back for another long sliding tease of my cock with her lips.

I felt the pressure rising in my cock and sensed the orgasm was building. Alarm bells bombulated in my head, screaming that if I did not do something soon I was about to make a mess. "Natalie," I groaned, trying to shift away from her. "I-"

Natalie pulled my cock free from her mouth. "Relax," she smiled sweetly. "You don't have to hold back. Cum whenever you like."

At those words, I felt myself pass the point of no return. The pressure building inside my cock mounted to a high point that seemed it would drive me mad. "Oh, god," I cried. "I'm gonna cum."

"Yes," Natalie urged, stroking my cock hard and full in her wet hand. "Cum all over my face."

Natalie opened her mouth and let her tongue fall out just as I passed into oblivion. My cock jerked in my hand like a recoiling rifle, firing a thick strand of cum that splattered all the way from Natalie's tongue to her cheek.

I groaned in overwhelming relief at the release that ran through me as my cock jerked and sprayed the biggest load of my life, all over Natalie's beautiful face. Half of it ended up in her mouth, and the other half dripped from her cheeks up to her forehead and ran in rivers down her throat.

Natalie, her mouth still full of my cum, took my cockhead back into her mouth and sucked softly, pushing my load back into her throat. She licked and sucked at the head of my dick, the warm sensation of my own sperm against me a surprise. Then she swallowed down my load, made a little face, and giggled.

"Holy shit," she gasped, her face still dripping with my cum. "Biggest load *ever*! Oh my god, you're so much fun to play with,"

She suddenly jumped to her feet, startling me. She grabbed a towel from her gym bag and started to wipe down her face. "Ugh, it's everywhere!" she complained.

"Sorry," I said. I felt like I'd just returned to my senses after a night's rampage as a werewolf or something, and started looking sheepishly for my clothes.\

"Don't be!" Natalie laughed. "That was hot! I'm glad you enjoyed yourself. You definitely earned- *hey!*" Her sudden shout froze me in the act of slipping back on my briefs. Natalie folded her arms over her chest. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Oh no. The cage. I looked at her in helpless expectation, hoping she wasn't serious. But her face was impassive. "Come on," she said. "It will be easy now that you've cum." She tossed down her dirty towel and helped herself to my gym bag. "Here, I'll help you put it on."

And so I just stood there, naked and helpless as my dick softened and retreated back to normal size while Natalie fished around my bag for the chastity cage. She handed me the ring, and I slipped my balls and shaft through it like I was putting on a collar. Then, the sheath.

Sorry, boy, I thought as Natalie carefully tugged my penis inside the sheath. She did not let me stick or get caught at all, but very easily slid me inside with an expert touch. Then she slipped the key inside and locked me back into place."

She stood back up and offered me the key. I took hold of it, but she wouldn't let go for a moment. "I almost want to keep this," she told me, her grip strong. "But we're not ready for that yet. I'm sure I can trust you, though."

“Yes, ma’am,” I gulped.

Natalie grinned and let me have the key. Then she reached back in the gym bag. “Ah, here they are,” she said, revealing the pair of pink frilly panties. “I love these,” she said. She lowered her voice to an erotic whisper. “You know I wore them the night before I gave them to you?” she asked.

“I remember,” I said.

“I thought you’d like that,” Natalie smirked. “Did you smell them?”

What? How did she-? My face gave it away. “I knew it!” Natalie cried. “Oh, you dirty little panty-smelling boy. I have you completely figured out, you little pervert.” She tossed the panties at me. “Put them on,” she laughed. “I bet you like it.”

Fingers shaking, I slipped the panties around my ankles and tugged them up over my thighs to my hips, letting them snug up the chastity cage inside. “Oh, my gosh, look at you!” Natalie gasped. I blushed with utter humiliation under her display. “So cute! Turn around.”

Red-faced but unable to resist, I slowly turned around to let Natalie get a look at my ass. I should have seen it coming, but somehow I was still surprised when she landed a stinging slap right on my ass. “Those squats are paying off!” said Natalie. “You’ve got a bubble butt!”

I hastily turned back around and faced Natalie. Her face was flushed and wild, and I thought I still caught the scent of my cum in the air. “Ok,” Natalie grinned. “Get the rest of your stuff on. I gotta get moving.”

I covered up the panties and cage with my normal work clothes, hoping nobody would suspect a thing when they saw me. Natalie gave me a final breathless kiss on the lips at the door and then held me still in her arms.

“You did great today,” she insisted, her eyes boring into mine with such intensity that it felt like she saw my soul. “I’m really proud of you.”

Just as I was forming a sappy reply about how it was all thanks to what a great coach I had, Natalie saved me from embarrassing myself by reaching between my legs and pinching my chastity cage.

“*Be good,*” she reminded me, before planting a big wet kiss on my lips. She pulled away with the stars in her eyes. “And I’ll see you Friday, stud.” She jerked her head toward the door. “Now get out of here.”

Chapter 15: Karen

Everything was bright and easy for the next two days. Even my chastity enforcement didn't trouble me too much. Not after the incredible release Natalie gave me in the office. Just remembering the way she opened her mouth and held out her tongue for me as she encouraged me... It was one of my hottest memories ever and it kept me going.

Besides, we would be going out again in only two days. Another date with Natalie. I was so excited about seeing her again, I didn't even despair over not being able to jerk off. Somehow everything felt normal and right. I kept up my diet, went for a jog, and even tidied up the apartment a bit, on a whim. Just to keep the positivity going.

I also forgot about the cage on my dick most of the time. It was strange how quickly I'd gotten used to it. Sure, it was annoying to take it off every time I went to the bathroom, and occasionally it got caught on a piece of fabric, but mostly I ignored it. At times when I was carried away by my memories of Natalie and my dick began trying to swell, I'd remember the cage, curse it, then lose myself in some other distraction.

But the thing that bothered me the most in those intervening days was not the cage around my cock. It was Maria's words in my mind. They tailed slowly behind me everywhere I went, and whenever I stopped too long they caught up with me. *Another distraction*. What was that about? What other *distractions* had entangled Natalie?

But it that's all I had to worry about, life was good indeed. I'd always had a streak of self-doubt. That's probably why I ended up in the state I was when I met Natalie, a flabby, porn-addicted incel. But thanks to Natalie, my outlook was improving. Not just my physical strength. Watching the changes in my body let me imagine the possibility of other changes. How bit by bit, if you just keep going, you can make a major change in with some dedication and some patience. It made me wonder more about the possibilities of life. What *else* could I become?

And then the night before our Friday gym session (and our date!), I received a strange text from Natalie. "*Have to miss tomorrow's session. I have some 'important business' to take care of (wink).*"

What the hell? Natalie had never missed one of our sessions before. What did that mean? What was I supposed to do? But of course, before I could articulate any of these concerns, Natalie had already fired off another text.

“I still want you there at the usual time.”

“What should I do?” I responded.

Natalie’s three dots bubbled across the screen, indicating her typing. I waited for what felt like forever, tapping on my thigh impatiently. Then the message came through.

“Don’t worry. I am leaving you in the very capable hands of my good friend Karen.”

Karen? “Who’s Karen?”

“Karen is a sexy bitch who is gonna fuck your life up,” Natalie responded with a cute little smiley-face.

Oh no. Maria was scary enough. Hell, even Natalie still made me nervous. Now I was going to get a *third* bossy gym chick to order me around? I wasn’t sure about the sound of that. I wanted to ask Natalie for more information about Karen, but she was already changing the subject.

“Make sure to take off your cage for tomorrow,” she added.

I sat there, staring at the last text bubbles and wondering how I could possibly ask all the questions our short conversation raised. *Why won’t you be there? Is our date still on? Why take off the cage? And who the hell is Karen?*

I started at my phone for so long trying to formulate a response it drove me crazy. In the end, I gave up, and just typed out a response. *“Yes ma’am.”*

Natalie instantly replied with a smiley face. *“Good boy,”* she said. *“Get some sleep. I’ll see you tomorrow at 7:30.”*

“Goodnight Natalie,” I texted her. She did not respond.

And so I spent another night in fitful sleep, trying not to worry about what tomorrow would bring. Of course, this made my thoughts turn to the date. Another date with Natalie! Things had gone so much further the last time we went out. I’d walked in expecting a friendly dinner and walked out midafternoon the next day with my hair sticking straight back out from my head. What would Date Number Two bring?

And of course my mind started drifting into exactly *where* that first date had gone, including the feeling of sliding my cock deep into Natalie for the

first time. And as soon as these dirty thoughts returned, I got up out of bed, found the cage on the nightstand, and wrestled my dick and balls back inside it. I didn't even think about it. I just knew there was no way I was going to risk getting "carried away" the night before our date. Natalie would *definitely* know.

So I put the cage on and tried to be good. Instead I thought about other things. Like the gym tomorrow. Who is Karen? After all life had thrown at me so far, what could be next? An actual, literal dominatrix? I tried to picture Karen the dominatrix, imperiously leathered and swishing riding crop. But I just kept just picturing Maria.

The next morning, I headed to the gym to meet my fate with the mysterious *Karen*. It wasn't quite as early as the *early* sessions I had with Natalie, and there was already a small scattering of other people around the gym. The system hummed with some dad-rock jams played at a low volume for the middle-aged men "getting it in" before work.

Maria sat at the front desk, rolling her eyes at her phone. She looked so good that at first I couldn't approach her. All I could do was stop and admire her sleek long legs, propped insouciantly on the front desk. She reclined casually, and every curve of her dark lithe body was on display like an idling sports car. Her thick dark hair was wrestled into a bushy ponytail that tickled at the soft olive skin of her exposed throat. I tried not to stare, but anyone could have seen what a stone-cold knockout she was.

I cleared my throat. "Morning."

Maria looked up. "Natalie's not here," she said, and then she turned her attention back to her phone.

"She told me," I replied. "I'm supposed to work out with a different trainer."

Maria balked. "Who. Wes?"

"Karen."

A little smirk crossed Maria's face. She looked up at me. "You must have really pissed her off, huh?"

"What?"

Maria laughed, becoming playful again. "Relax," she said. "It's just a workout. A hell bitch of a workout, but that's all?"

Maria found my confusion incredibly hilarious, and she broke into helpless giggles upon my perplexed expression.

"What is going on?" I said, flustered.

Maria settled down and smiled at me. “Karen isn’t a person,” she explained. “Karen is a workout. That’s the name of it.”

“The name of... a workout?”

“It’s a Crossfit thing,” Maria said. “Yeah, yeah, I know. Well, they have a couple of good ideas. And one of them is called *Karen*. That’s a benchmark workout.”

“A benchmark workout?”

Maria was in her element now. She was so pleased by the opportunity to show off her expertise that she didn’t seem to mind giving her time to me, the worm who was stealing her friend away. “A benchmark workout is one you can do every year, to test yourself,” she explained in a haughty tone.

“Like running the mile?”

“Exactly,” said Maria. “Those Crossfitters give them names. Like Murph, and Fran, and Nancy.

“And Karen.”

“Good,” said Maria.

“So,” I said, almost too nervous to ask. “What is the *Karen* workout?”

“She’s a real straightforward bitch,” said Maria. Her lip twitched into a sadistic grin. “One hundred and fifty wall balls,” she said. “As fast as you can.”

“Wall balls?” I asked.

“You’ve never done them?”

“No,” I stammered. “What are they?”

“Oh my god, she really *does* want to kick your ass,” Maria laughed. She stood up from the chair. “Ok, come here,” she said, beckoning me back into the gym. “I’ll show you how to do them.”

I swallowed as Maria rose to her feet. She seemed to loom over me, even though I was slightly taller than her. “That’s ok,” I squeaked. “I’m sure I can-”

“No, no,” Maria insisted, already leading the way. “It’s no trouble. Trust me, this is going to be worth it to watch.”

She took me to a part of the gym I rarely visited, with the mega pull-up bar with monkey bars and all the accessories. It was usually populated by doofuses screwing around on the tiny-ass rock wall or practicing gymnastics. I’d never even noticed that there was a small metal circle sticking out from the top of the accessory, around nine feet up in the air.

Maria picked up a black leather medicine ball with a big white “20” printed on the side. “Wall balls,” she Maria , and I could practically hear the swish of her riding crop as she spoke. “Simple concept. Take the black ball,” she said, displaying the ball. Then she took it in both hands and turned toward the bar.

“Squat down,” she continued, holding the ball tight as she lowered down into a deep squat. From the side, the curve of her ass was so perfect it broke my heart. Her thick thighs and juicy delicious ass were perfectly displayed in that deep squat that just made me want to bury my face in her-

“And then throw!” she said, suddenly launching herself upward. Her body uncoiled like a spring, shooting up through her legs and hurtling up with her strong arms until her body was fully extended and she’d throw, no, *fired*, the medicine ball nine feet up in the air to strike the target.

The ball clunked off the target and dropped back into Maria’s waiting arms. She swiveled on her foot, shifting the ball into the crook of her arm and standing casually before me.

“That’s it?” I said. It looked easy enough. And twenty pounds was nothing compared to the weights I’d been moving. I held out my hands to receive the ball, and Maria let it drop like a rock on me. The sudden force on my hands nearly knocked me off balance as I struggled not to drop the ball.

Ok, that’s heavy, I thought, trying to ignore Maria’s giggles. I positioned myself beneath the target. It looked impossibly more than nine feet up in the air. Suddenly the medicine ball was a rock in my hand.

Maria marked my hesitation. “Come on,” she urged.”

I took a breath, then dropped down to a squat. *It’s even higher up from down here!* I thought for a second. And then I tried to launch myself like Maria. It certainly wasn’t as elegant- more flopping seal than vaulting great white shark- and even with my height advantage I barely kissed the ball off the rim of the target. It dropped back to the ground with a thud, and I let it lay there.

“So I-”

“One hundred and fifty times,” Maria confirmed.

“How long-”

“If you do this shit for fun, it’ll take you six or seven minutes, But you-” she said, and then that wicked grin crossed her face again. She gave a look

toward the front desk. “Well, we may be short-staffed for a while. I’m not missing this.”

She crossed her arms and looked at me expectantly. “Well?” she said.

“Oh.” I looked at the ball that lay at my feet. It looked so far away. Then I looked over at Maria. Maria raised the stopwatch she wore around her neck in one hand, and placed the other on her popped-out hip, resting it on her gorgeously thick thigh through her tights.

I swallowed, then turned my attention back to the ball. “Ok.” I took a breath, then squatted down and picked up the ball. I eyed the target, which looked as high as building.

“I’ll count you in,” said Maria. “Ten seconds.”

I tried to regulate my breathing, scarcely able to believe I was just about to get thrown into this challenge. And then Maria counted me in. “Three. Two. One-” A tiny electric chirp sounded from her watch, “Go.”

What followed next was the longest, most brutal ten minutes of my life. Nothing in all of Natalie’s coaching prepared me for the death march that was to follow. My plan was to break up the workout into sets of ten. But by the time I finished the first set, I knew I wouldn’t be able to keep it going. *Ten*, I huffed to myself, finishing the last of the set and letting it fall to the ground. I looked up at the target, as unreachable as the heavens, and gritted my teeth. *Only one hundred and forty to go.*

I kept chugging my way through, losing steam as I made my way through wall ball after wall ball. My legs burned with tingling fire that made each move an ordeal. And every time I extended my arms at the top to hurl the ball up, it felt like my body would rip in two. Gravity was stronger. Everything was heavier and further away.

“Breathe!” Maria shouted at me. She watched intently from close by, her arms folded severely but a playful smirk playing on her face. She enjoyed watching me suffer. I tried to follow her instructions and focus on my breathing as I counted, but this threw me off. I heaved the ball up, lost track of my number, and just remembered it was thirty-three when the medicine ball plummeted back down right through my fingers and hit me square in the face with a dull smack.

The force of the blow was matched by its surprise, and it was enough to knock me fully off my feet. I fell backward right onto my ass, sliding across the linoleum as the medicine ball thumped condescendingly

to earth. I sat back on the ground, gasping for breath that my lungs couldn't find. *Fuck this, fuck this, fuck this*, I thought. *I didn't sign up for this shit.*

I was just about to throw in the towel when Maria fixed me with a look. She didn't have to say anything. She knew I was struggling, and I knew she knew it. For a moment, the thought flickered briefly in my mind that I had no reason to try and impress *Maria*. *It's not like I'm going on a date with her tonight*, I thought bitterly.

But the impassive look on her face said it all. There was no way I could quit. Not without being labeled a coward forever. And the story would definitely get back to Natalie. I would probably end up telling her myself when I saw her that night!

"Clock's still running," said Maria, indicating her stopwatch. "Are you?"

"Yeah, yeah," I groaned. I gathered my remaining strength and forced myself back onto my feet. Everything was on fire. I looked down at the wallball and tried to recall where I was. *Just finished thirty-three*, I thought, and then I felt sick. *Only a hundred-ish*, I thought bitterly. *It's always the -ish that kills you.*

Then I looked down at the medicine ball and sighed. There was only one way out of the situation, So I stooped down on my aching thighs, grabbed the cursedly heavy ball, and reset myself. Only one thing to do: keep going.

And as I heaved that god-damn medicine ball up to that target over and over, I slipped into a trancelike state. Everything fell into a rhythm: inhaling every time I caught the ball, squatting deep in a fluid movement, and then exhaling as I hurled the ball into the air. *One*, I counted. *Two. Three. Four. Five- oh fuck.*

Every few reps, I lost my strength and had to stop to take a break.. But stopping meant letting the ball fall to the ground. And letting the ball fall meant having to pick it back up. Even that simple movement sapped my strength.

Sets of ten became sets of six. Then five. But every time I took a rest, it wasn't long until Maria was hounding me to get started again. "Pick it up!" she'd shout. "Keep moving!" I cursed her every time I did it, but by god it kept me moving."

When I finally passed one hundred wall balls, I was lucky to string together four at a time. I worked agonizingly slow. Each time I squatted, I

felt like I'd sunk to my waist in quicksand. Each time I caught the ball, it brushed past my weakened arms and slammed against my chest.

As I rounded one-twenty five, I felt like I was heading home. But heading home after an accident with one headlight, dragging the engine on the ground. I kept chugging away, my chest tight from all my labored breaths, my body seemingly moved without muscle but with spirit, a force transcending my exhausted body.

Above it all was Natalie, guiding me home. She was my angel. I pictured her watching me, encouraging me with her warm and playful spirit. I had to do it for her. I had to complete this task to show her I was good enough.

I hit the last ten shots one at a time. I was punch-drunk, muscles fatigued beyond control, losing control of my body every time I managed to haul the ball up for a toss.

"Almost there," Maria encouraged. "Don't slack off now. Hit those last three clean."

And so, picturing Natalie watching over me and feeling within a fingertip of seeing her, I went to the well and somehow found the strength to finish the last three shots. I heaved the ball into the air one last time and hit the ground before it did. My legs simply buckled underneath me and dropped me.

"And *time*," said Maria, snapping her stopwatch. "Nine minutes and forty-five seconds," she read. "Hm. I guess Natalie's gonna have to up your cross training. That's pretty weak for a supposed hotshot."

Maria's words meant nothing to me. I could scarcely hear her over the sound of my own heavy panting, and the ringing in my ears from the waves of pain pulsating from my thighs. "Oh my god," I gasped. "That was brutal."

"Damn right," said Maria with a sly raise of the brow. "But I heard you enjoy a little torture."

What did Natalie tell her? It was too much to think about. I was still laying on the ground, panting for my life, unsure if I was even going to be able to stand up. I was in no position to start demanding answers from Maria.

Maria walked over to me and held out her hand. "Here."

I took her hand and let her help me up to my feet. Pain jolted my muscles like a live wire. "You do that every year?"

Maria was standing just a foot away from me now. “Some people do,” she said with a mysterious little smirk. “But I have different... benchmarks.” Her little deliberate pause before *benchmark*, and the provocative tone in her voice, knocked me even dizzier than I already was from the workout.

No! I scolded myself. *You can't think she's hot. Think about Natalie! I mean obviously she is hot, but you can't think she's hot.* My legs may have been sore, but they weren't sore enough to prevent me from putting my foot in my mouth. I recognized the danger and tried to just keep quiet.

Maria looked me over and gave a short approving nod. “Not bad,” she said. “Considering you've never done a wall ball before. You should really be much, much faster than that. But I respect the grit to get through it. That's what it's all about.”

I was dumbstruck by this mix of compliment and criticism, and shuffled nervously on my aching feet. “Thanks,” I said sheepishly.

Maria put a hand on my shoulder that startled the life out of me. And then her eyes were on mine, boring into me. “I see what Natalie sees in you,” she said. “You've got the work. That's ninety-nine percent of it.”

I swallowed hard. “I do it- for her.”

Maria snorted. “For who? For Natalie?” She shook her head with disbelief. “You really are cunt-struck by that broad, huh?” she said. “Well, fair enough. She is a firecracker. And dynamite in the sack, too. Or so I've heard,” she added with a little wink

My eyes widened. But before I could say anything, Maria was already talking. “Look,” said Maria. “Let me tell you something now. And I want you to listen to this.” She jabbed her finger into my aching shoulder to make sure I was paying attention. “You aren't do this for *her*,” she said. “People let you down. Even your little girlfriend. It's up to *you* to keep yourself going.”

She pressed harder into the muscle, feeling it flex under her probing. “See that?” she said, her eyes lighting up. “See how good that feels? That's all *you*.”

“Thanks,” I said. “Do you know where Natalie is today?”

Maria rolled her eyes. “Have you been listening to me at all?” she said, shaking her head. “No, I don't know where your little girlfriend is. She was supposed to be here already, but she had to go on some little errand this morning.”

“I wonder if it has something to do with tonight.”

Maria narrowed her eyes. “Tonight?”

“Oh, yeah,” I said. “We’re, uh, going on a date.”

Anger suddenly blazed in Maria’s eyes. “*What*,” she said in a low, terrifying rumble of a voice. “Tonight?”

I swallowed. Maria looked furious, and I had no idea why. “Uh. Yep.”

Maria’s nostrils flared like an angry bull. “That stupid bitch,” she said, shaking her head.

Bitch? I had to say something. “What do you mean?”

Maria breathed through her nose, but a murderous gleam still shone in her eyes. “I guess she didn’t tell you,” Maria said bitterly. “Natalie’s got a competition tomorrow. And it’s *kind* of a big deal. And the *last* thing she needs is to spend the night before... gallivanting around with some *dipshit* trying to stick his cock in her.” She swept her hand at me and then sighed. “No offense.”

“None taken.” She was right about the dipshit trying to get his dick wet part. But I couldn’t believe Natalie hadn’t told me she had something important on Saturday. And from the looks of it, neither could Maria. I wasn’t sure what to do. I didn’t want to interfere with Natalie’s preparations. But on the other hand- there was no way I was going to cancel our date.

Maria narrowed her eyes at me, trying to read me. “I’m going to call her,” she finally said with an annoyed shake of the head. Then she wheeled around and stalked away in a huff. My legs were in no condition to chase after her, and so I just leaned against the pull-up bar, wincing as the blood shot through my legs.

Well, I thought. *Tonight’s gonna be weird.*

Chapter 16: Dinner Party

After Maria's angry exit, my mind was full of worries. I halfheartedly stretched out and then headed to the locker room for a shower. The half-dozen other guys in the room were like When I was done scrubbing the sweat away from my aching body, I dried off and retreated to a stall to slip the cage back on. I was too distracted by my worries to contemplate how strange it was that I was squeezing my penis into a plastic cage in a bathroom stall, where I could hear the other dudes joking around. Instead, as I struggled to squeeze my nuts through the little O-ring and then jimmied my cock up the shaft, my thoughts were only on Natalie.

After I got dressed, snugging the cage up tight in a pair of boxer-briefs and hiding my shame under my boring-ass work clothes, I found a text from Natalie waiting on my phone. It read *"How'd you like my friend Karen?"*

I smiled down at the phone despite myself. *"I think the CIA would call it an enhanced interrogation technique."*

"Embrace the pain," Natalie responded. *"You'll learn to love it."*

Ordinarily a suggestive comment like that would get my head spinning. But I was already discombobulated by my conversation with Maria. I gnawed on my lip, trying to think of how to bring up what we'd discussed. *"Maria helped me through it,"* I typed. *"She might be mad. I told her about our date."*

Natalie responded with a rolling-eye emoji. *"Yeah I know,"* she answered. *"Don't worry. She's a control freak. We're still on for tonight."*

I swallowed. Maria may have been a control freak, but I did care greatly about Natalie and I didn't want to interfere with any of her success. But how was I really going to say no to going on a date with her?

As I struggled to find the words, Natalie filled the gap. *"Make sure you wear your cage,"* she instructed. *"And those cute panties too. I'll see you at my place at 7."*

The message came in with such finality that there wasn't much room for debate. It was nice to have the matter settled, really. Natalie seemed sure. And I was delighted that I was still going to see her that night. The thought

of her perfect ass lowering down onto my face at the gym suddenly returned to me, and my cock swelled helplessly in its cage.

“*Can’t wait,*” I answered, slinging my gym bag back over my shoulder. “*See you then.*”

A mixture of excitement and dread clouded my mind for the rest of the day as I limped around my routine. I could hardly focus on any task at hand with the date coming up so quickly. And I could hardly *walk* at all. My quadriceps were completely fried from the workout, leaving me a bowlegged mess staggering from place to place. All this combined with the sensation of my dick in the cage made me hardly fit for the office. I stumbled through my few tasks of the day and was out the door the minute the clock hit five.

After that it was straight home to get ready for the date. I had plenty of time to kill, so I put extra effort into my routine. I took a shower- my *second* of the day- and spent an inordinate amount of time changing hairstyles in the mirror. *I need a better cut*, I realized, pawing at the shaggy tufts of hair puffing out from the sides of my head. *Why did I let it get so long?*

I squeezed my dick and balls back into the cage with practiced ease. It took half as long as it had a week before. Then I looked down at the ruffled pink panties laid out on the bed and sighed. *Really?* I put my hands on my hips and sighed. I was no cross-dresser. And wearing a pair of panties that girly was pretty sus. But Natalie specifically asked- no, *ordered*, that I do it. And if the night was going where I hoped it would, she would definitely find out whether or not I’d live up to my word. So I shook my head and slipped the panties back on as quickly as I could, trying not to think about what I was doing. And trying not to notice how soft and comfortable the fabric was on my sensitive skin, or how gently it cupped the cage.

I opened my closet and wanted to scream. I felt the same way about my wardrobe as I did about my hair- how did I ever let the situation get this bad? My clothes were grungy and outdated, and way too baggy. Nothing really looked good enough to be taking out a girl like Natalie. There was really just that one flannel shirt, the gift from my mom. I’d worn it before. But it would have to do again. I stuffed it into my nicest pants- my *work* pants- and checked myself. *Not terrible.*

Just before I left, I remembered to throw together a go-bag of clothes and shoes. A lesson learned from last time. Then I threw my toothbrush in there too. You never know where the night might lead.

The plan was to meet at seven, and you'd better believe I was on her doorstep at seven on the dot. At 7:00:05 I rapped on the door. My heart jumped in my throat when I heard footsteps. Natalie popped open the door in a outfit that nearly blew me off the stoop. White blouse. Leather skirt. Distressed nylons in tatters and heeled leather boots. Before I could even say hello, she swooped down with a kiss that spun me around.

"Come in!" she said, beckoning me inside. She led me into the kitchen, where I caught the distinctive scent of roasting meat.

"Smells amazing in here," I said, breathing in the fragrant spices as I followed Natalie up into the kitchen. "So I guess we're not going out?"

"Nope," came a voice. A voice that was *not* Natalie's. I bounded up the kitchen stairs and found myself face-to-face with Maria. She lounged in a chair at the kitchen table, but her attitude was anything but relaxed. The sight of her, the one person I was hoping to avoid tonight, startled me like a bunny who toddled into a fox den. "Natalie's under curfew. You two aren't going anywhere."

"Sorry," Natalie called apologetically as she trotted over to the stove, her leather boots clicking off the tile. "I know you were probably hoping for like, a *date* date," she said, slipping on a pair of oven mitts. "But Maria's right. I can't go out tonight." She reached into the oven and pulled out a clay dish covered up by a lid. "So I made a chicken instead. I hope that's ok."

She lifted the lid off the clay pot, venting a huge waft of steam into air. When the steam cleared, I saw a chicken, roasted with a beautiful crisp on the breast and an assortment of carrots and baby potatoes swimming in the chicken's broth. My mouth instantly began to water.

"I can live with that," I said. "Natalie, that looks delicious."

"Thanks," she giggled. She showed me the clay lid. "It's called a Romertopf," she said. "Been in the family for years."

I glanced over at Maria, who was still staring at me with her all-seeing eye. "So," I squeaked, then cleared my throat. "This competition tomorrow. Must be a pretty big deal."

"Oh my god," Maria scoffed. "Did you seriously not tell him?"

“No, guess not,” said Natalie as she busied herself about the cabinet, looking for plates. “Daniel, you want to help me set the table?” she said, sounding only a little like she was trying to change the subject.

“Sure,” I said, rushing over to help. I took the plates- *two* of them, not three, thankfully- and found two sets of silverware to go with them. Natalie didn’t seem to feel the pregnant pause as both Maria and I waited for her to answer a question she seemed to have forgotten about.

Then Maria spoke up. “Hey, space cadet!” she called. “Tell your boy-toy over here what you’re doing tomorrow.”

“Oh,” said Natalie with a little blush, hoisting the clay pot with the chicken to carry to the table. “Well, there’s an Oly competition out of town. It’s really a qualifier for something else.”

Maria rolled her eyes. “Oh, my god.”

“What’s an *Oly* comp?” I asked.

“Olympic-style weightlifting,”

“Oh,” I said. “So, what are you qualifying for?”

“The Olympics,” Natalie deadpanned.

I was lucky not to drop the plates onto the tile floor. “What? The Olympics? Like, the *Olympics* Olympics?”

“Tokyo,” Natalie beamed. “Next summer.”

“*If* you qualify,” Maria reminded her.

“That’s really impressive,” I said.

“What’s wrong,” put in Maria. “Didn’t know what a bad ass your girlfriend here is?”

I remembered Natalie casually telling me about her days of college soccer superstardom. Player of the Year, NCAA tournament, all of it. She did *look* like a mortal’s conception of an Olympian, her body perfectly honed and hewed for power and speed.

When I realized I was just staring at Natalie, my eyes taking the scenic route over her incredible body, I managed to pull my gaze away. “I don’t think I’ve met an Olympian before,” I said. “But you’re the only person I’ve met who looks like one.”

Natalie beamed. “You’re so sweet,” she said. She swooped by and wrapped her arms around my waist before pulling me in for a long, slow kiss.

“Ugh, *gross*,” Maria complained, taking her feet off the kitchen table. “Get a room. Better yet, I will.”

She rose from the table and fixed me another imperious look. “Now you see why I got so pissed,” she told me. She folded her thick arms across her chest, and her eyes glittered. “Tomorrow’s important. And if you do *anything* to hurt this girl’s chances of qualifying, I’ll cut your balls off.”

I shuddered at the thought. But before I could respond, Maria whisked off out of the kitchen. “Have fun, you two!” she called cheerily over her shoulder, leaving me alone with Natalie.

Natalie pointed to a bowl of salad on the counter. “Can you grab this?”

I scampered over to grab the salad bowl and tongs and looked for a suitable place on the kitchen table. I mostly followed orders and tried to stay out of the way as we finished setting the table.

Natalie opened another cabinet. “Want a drink?”

“Sure. Whatcha got?”

“Tequila,” she said, pulling out a bottle. “Tequila soda’s the only drink I know how to make.” She showed me the bottle. “*Fortazela Reposado*. Good stuff.”

“I’m used to the stuff that comes in a bottle with a plastic sombrero cap.”

“Oh, I know that stuff. Lick the salt, take the shot, bite the lime,” she laughed. “We used to do that shit at soccer camp.” She displayed a bottle again. “This stuff’s on a different level. No shots. Just sip it.”

She poured two glugs into a tumbler then tossed a couple cubes of ice inside. She tossed a couple cubes into a second tumbler, then filled both glasses with club soda. “Mine’s a virgin,” she told me, expertly slicing limes into wedges. “Just like me,” she added with a sly wink.

I tried to think of some witty reply, but Natalie was already moving on. She thrust the glass filled with amber liquid into my hand and raised her own clear glass. “Cheers.”

“Chin-chin.” Our eyes never parted as we touched glasses. Still holding her gaze, I raised the glass to my lips and imbibed. The tequila was smooth, earthy, and delicious, a world away from the paint thinner I pounded in college. The club soda and lime gave it a bright, refreshing taste and helped open up the tequila’s peppery spice.

I felt my pupils dilate with the first swallow. “Wow,” I said, marveling at my glass of ambrosia in the light. “That’s-”

“Good, right?” Natalie grinned. She pointed over to the table. “Come on, let’s eat.”

We sat down at the table and filled our plates with hunks of steaming chicken sliced right off the bird. I fished potatoes and carrots from the juice at the bottom of the clay pot, grabbed myself a tongload of salad, and buttered up a hunk of piping hot crusty bread.

“*Bon Appetit*,” said Natalie. “Or as my grandma used to say, ‘back your ears and dig in’.”

We set about the meal she’d made with gusto. There was hardly any conversation over the sounds of our heavy breathing as we tore into the food like we’d been stranded on a desert island. The chicken was juicy and rich, baked to perfection inside the clay pot, and the potatoes were saturated in rich chicken broth. I heaped my meat onto my hot bread and set to work.

“This is all incredible,” I told her between bites of fresh salad.

“It’s easy,” said Natalie with a modest smile. “But I love it. And I need the fuel for tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow. Right.” I set down my fork. “Look, Natalie,” I began. “I didn’t know tomorrow was so important. I hope I’m not-”

“Oh, stop,” said Natalie, dismissing my concern with a wave of her hand. “What am I supposed to do, go straight to bed? I’d be crawling up the walls all night. It’s nice to have a distraction.”

And there was that word- *Distraction*. The same thing Maria said about me. *Another* distraction. I swallowed. “Maria seemed pretty upset.”

Natalie suddenly sank down into her chair. “Oh, did she?” she said with a sly little smirk. The next thing I knew, something was tickling up against my leg. I flinched at first, and then looked down to find her stockinged foot, slipped free of its boot, slipping up my inner thigh. Her toes pressed against my thigh, and a twinge of pain from my still-sore quads shot through my leg.

I winced and clutched my aching leg. “What’s wrong?” Natalie teased. “Sore?”

I sucked breath through my teeth. “God as my witness, I am broken in half.”

Natalie smirked and sank even deeper into the chair. Suddenly her toes were wriggling further up my thighs, pushing toward my crotch. “Well?” she asked in a husky whisper that set fire to the hairs on my neck. “Are you wearing it?”

“Yes,” I said, squirming in my seat. I halfheartedly tried to block her, but she was too quick. Her toes probed my crotch until she found the bulge of my plastic cage. She raised her eyebrow just her foot found the cage. Then slowly, deliberately, she began to prod me with her toes, stretching my dick and making it swell helplessly in the cage.

“Good boy,” Natalie whispered. “What about the panties?”

“Yep,” I answered.

“Show me.”

I gulped and looked over her shoulder to make sure Maria wasn't watching. The coast was clear. I furtively reached into the waist of my pants and found the waistline of the underwear. Then I half-rose from the table, slipping free of her crotch-rubbing toes, and turned into my chair, pointing my hip toward Natalie. I tugged the waistline up over the edge of my jeans, revealing a thin strand of ruffled pink fabric.

“Nice,” said Natalie. I looked away, scanning the kitchen entrance to watch for Maria's sudden arrival. I was stuck in the awkward position there for a moment, turned into the chair, angling out one hip, holding onto the chair back for balance. And I was so focused on keeping an eye out for Maria that I didn't even notice Natalie had risen from the table until she had circled around the table and was on me.

I had a split second to freeze before she snaked a finger out and hooked the panty waistline for herself. “Look at that,” she said, pulling on the waistband. She tugged the waistband, pulling from that one point all the fabric of my underwear, so that my caged dick was hefted up like she was playing a fish on a long line.

“Good,” she purred. Then she pressed her lips to mine, her tongue probing deep into my mouth. I shivered under her powerful kiss as her hand continued idly tugging on the panty waistband, making my dick start to writhe in its cage. I wanted to put my arms around her, but I was in such an awkward position, turned on my chair and awkwardly balanced. What's more, her hold on my panties made me feel very much under control.. And in that delicious kiss I didn't want to move at all. I just wanted to drink in her lips forever.

“Oh, what do we have here,” came a voice from nearby. I startled and tried to jerk away, but Natalie held my head still and deliberately finished off our kiss.

Maria stood with folded arms at the kitchen entrance, thoroughly enjoying her disapproval. “Dishes aren’t even clear and you’re already going at it. Do I need a squirt gun or something?”

Natalie let the waistline of my panties slip from her finger in a short sharp snap that drew everyone’s attention. “We have an early bedtime,” she said. “And there’s a lot left to *fit in*

Maria rolled her eyes. “Whatever. Put your pants back on. I’m gonna play chaperone for a minute with a glass of wine.”

“Can I get one too?” asked Natalie sweetly.

“No!”

“I don’t even want one,” Natalie whispered to me. “I just like to piss her off.”

“I heard that,” said Maria, whisking over to the drinks cabinet.

Natalie slipped away back into her seat, and soon Maria joined us with a carefully measured glass of red wine. Suddenly I was there with two of them. And to my surprise, I didn’t feel terribly uncomfortable. Considering I was sitting at a table with two of the hottest girls I had ever seen, with a chastity cage on my dick and my dick in a pair of panties, a situation I couldn’t even have comprehended to exist a couple months ago. Back then, I was nervous just to *talk* to Natalie.

And so for the first time ever, I got the first word in. “How did you two meet each other?”

Both Maria and Natalie looked slightly caught off-guard. They exchanged open-mouthed glances like they were mentally checking to make sure they had their stories straight. Then Natalie began.

“Maria trained me when I first came to the gym,” she explained. Her eyes twinkled. “And she was a righteous bitch.”

“You trained Natalie?” I asked. I was surprised to hear it, mostly because Natalie seemed so athletic and powerful it was hard to imagine *anyone* training her, even Maria, who was just about as fit.

“I can’t take too much credit,” said Maria. “I taught her the techniques and worked her through some barbell programs. But she was already a top-class athlete when she came to me.”

“That’s why she was so tough on me,” Natalie broke in. “She took one look at this skinny little soccer bitch and was like, ‘I’m gonna kick her ass’.”

They both giggled over this one, clearly enjoying reliving the details of their relationship. “Yeah, I worked her hard,” Maria said. “But the results came fast. And after she proved herself a bit to me, I realized I kinda liked her. So we moved into this place- what, a year ago?”

“And two months,” said Natalie.”

“Been pretty much training every minute of them,” Maria went on. “And it all comes together tomorrow.”

“Let’s not talk about tomorrow right now,” said Natalie light-heartedly. “Tell him about the trip to the Outer Banks.”

And so the conversation moved on, the two friends sharing stories and inside jokes, finishing each other’s sentences most of the time. Their report was so entertaining that I didn’t even mind Maria had crashed our date.

After a while, Maria turned to me, her eyes glistening from the wine. “You’re lucky,” she told me. She leaned over and roughly shook my shoulder. “I wouldn’t let just anybody come and distract this girl before her big day.”

“I know I’m lucky,” I said, glancing at Natalie. “But I didn’t mean to-”

“Please,” Natalie broke in. “It’s fine.”

“Just don’t-” Maria began, and then stopped. I glanced up expectantly and found there was a strangled urgency in Maria’s expression. But she never finished her sentence. Instead, she pushed back her chair and rose to her feet. “I’m going to bed. Try not to stay up too late.”

“We won’t.”

Maria giggled. “Oh my god, are you guys going to *do it*?”

“Maria-”

“Aw, gross!” Maria cried. “Just try to keep it down.” She snapped her finger at me. “And you. Boytoy. No crazy stuff, huh? I don’t want you trying out any shit you saw in a porn tonight, ok?”

I blushed furiously and took a fumbling sip out of my tequila soda glass. I’d forgotten it was empty.

“You’re going to go down on her, right?” Maria demanded.

“Maria, of *course* he’ll go down on me,” Natalie broke in. “Now stop asking questions, you little perv. We’re going to be fine. Daniel’s going to give me a massage.”

Maria looked impressed. “Oh, really?”

“Oh,” I stammered. “I mean- yes, I am.”

This seemed to temper Maria down a bit. “Well then. I approve of that activity.” Then she narrowed her eyes. “Just be gentle. And if you get her pregnant, I’ll kill you.” And then she was gone.

Natalie and I cleared the dishes from the table and loaded everything into the dishwasher together. When everything was cleaned off, she snaked a finger into the gap between the highest buttons on my shirt and tugged me away from the kitchen, back to the stairs up to her bedroom.

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Chapter 17: Back in Bed

Natalie pulled me inside her bedroom and shut the door behind. The room was dimly lit only by the faint evening glow from outside, and Natalie did not hit the lights. She turned to me with a mysterious little smirk on her face, leaning up against the door as if she was waiting for something. My first thought was that we were about to go animal on each other and start tearing off each others' clothes.

Suddenly I remembered I left my go-bag in the car. I wasn't expecting that we'd have dinner at the house instead of going out. Normally it wouldn't have mattered, except for one thing- the key to the chastity cage was inside my go-bag out in the car.

I wanted to speak up before Natalie pounced on me. But instead, she just raised an eyebrow. "You know," she purred. "I wasn't kidding about that massage."

"Oh," I stammered.

Natalie giggled. "Is that cool?" she said, flashing her heartbreakingly sweet and lovey eyes at me. "I could really use one before tomorrow."

"Absolutely," I answered, trying not to drool. Putting my hands all over Natalie's incredible body wasn't exactly going to be a sacrifice.

"Great," said Natalie. She brushed past me toward the bed and switched on the lamp. "Get those clothes off."

"Uh... all of them?"

Natalie reached into her nightstand and pulled out a bottle filled with clear goo. "This is coconut oil," she explained, displaying the bottle to me. "It's non-toxic, non-irritating, even safe to eat... and it gets all over

everything,” she added with a little smile. “I suggest you take off anything you’re wearing that you don’t want covered in sticky goo.”

I reached for my belt buckle with such haste that I ignored her *sticky goo* double entendre entirely. Instead, I tugged my shirt loose and began undoing buttons, trying to disrobe as hastily as I could. But just as I reached the final button at the bottom of my shirt, I realized Natalie was just standing there watching me. My fingers slowed to a crawl on the way down my shirt and stopped.

Natalie smirked at my fumbling uncertainty. “Don’t wait for me,” she said mildly. “Keep going.”

So I sighed and pulled the shirt off my body, exposing my naked upper torso. Natalie’s lewd whistle drew a blush from me. “Looking good,” she said. Her eyes darted to my pants. “Now those.”

Hands trembling, I pulled down the zipper and took the waistline in my hands. My eyes closed shut. I slowly slid down my pants, revealing the frilly pink panties bulged up around the cage in my pants.

Natalie squealed with delight as I stripped down to just the panties. “Oh my god,” she cried. “They actually look *good* on you. Keep those on.” I flinched as she shot her hand out toward my crotch to seize hold of my cage through the panty fabric. She gave it a good shake, making me gasp as the blood tried to fill my trapped cock.

I tried to lean in and press a kiss against Natalie’s lips, but she dodged away from me. “I don’t think so,” she sang, turning away. “First things first.”

Keeping her back to me, she crossed her arms over to opposite sides of her waist and began to teasingly inch her shirt up. The revelation of her slender lower back was like the first light of dawn rising over the sea. I stared in slack-jawed wonder as she pulled the shirt up higher, displaying more and more of her taut and tanned back until I could see the criss-crossed backstraps of her cream-white bra.

She pulled the shirt over her head, letting her golden hair tumble free back down her bare shoulders. Then she turned slowly to face me, coyly revealing her ripe breasts, perfectly mounded by the cream-white bra cups like two delicious melons. I was helpless to avoid staring, my eyes so torn between her face and her breasts and the tiny innie bellybutton on her slender stomach that it was like my eyes were short-circuiting.

Natalie summoned my attention with two sharp stamps of her boot-heel on the floor. "Can you help me with these?" she asked, turning a boot on its heel invitingly.

"Sure," I said unthinkingly, happy to be of assistance. Then I suddenly realized my dilemma. How the hell was I supposed to help her get her boot off? It was hard to make it look sexy. I stooped over and started awkwardly fumbling around near the mid-calf cuff of her boot. I reached the zipper, but there was no way I could lean low enough to pull it all the way to the floor. Especially not with my thighs in as much pain as they were after getting my ass kicked by *Karen* earlier that day.

But then I felt a light pressure on my stooped-over back. "Go ahead," Natalie encouraged, pushing me gently to the ground. "Kneel."

I let her push me to my knees. Natalie roughly tousled up my hair and pulled my head back. And as I knelt before her, beholding her gorgeous figure from below like I was looking up at the altar of a goddess, her aura consumed me. There was wildness in her eyes. They glittered with mischievous intent in the center of a face pretty enough to make me do anything. Everything about her, from the cream-white bra cupping her gorgeous breasts, to the leather skirt pulled taut as a whip by her thick thighs and ass, all the way down her distressed nylons to those boots.

And in that moment, I knew that I was hers. No words needed to be exchanged. We saw each other there, saw deep into each others souls and I knew that I belonged to her. That I belonged right there, at her feet, worshiping her in all her incredible glory. Devoted to her will, serving her needs, praying only to be worthy of her. I would do everything in my power to please her.

"Are you ready to do be my good little pet?" she asked.

“Yes,” I whispered.

“Good.” Natalie ruffled my hair sweetly. “If you want to stop, just say so. But until then,” she said, and a wicked smirk spread across her face. “You’re mine.”

“Yes.”

Natalie rapped her heel on the ground, bringing my attention back to the boots I was neglecting. I hurriedly fumbled to the zipper and pulled it to the heel. One by one I pulled the boots off, revealing each nylon-covered foot in turn.

“Good,” said Natalie. “Now the stockings.”

I had to slip my hands up Natalie’s leather skirt to find the stocking’s hem. Her skin’s warmth seemed to rush into me, filling my stomach with the frustrated need to have her. I felt it all the way in my cock writhing in chastity. I slipped the stocking down, inhaling her essence from her bared thigh.

All the way down her calf the nylon tingled, whispering over her heel and over the wriggling toes of her beckoning foot. I took them in turn, taking in every moment, glorying in every inch of the bare skin I revealed.

“I can help you with this one,” Natalie said, reaching behind her back. She unclasped her bra, giving me a brief glimpse of her gloriously naked breasts before she dropped the bra right onto my face, blinding me.

“Now the skirt,” Natalie said, putting her hands on her hips. My trembling hands managed to find the clips and snaps of her belt and buttons until I reached the zipper. The skirt opened on her waist, revealing the smoothest sliver of a thigh and the waistline of a pair of black lace panties.

She wriggled playfully, helping me pull the skirt over her rump to reveal her naked thighs and the barest little lace black panties that hugged her thighs and gently cupping her cunt like the whisper of a dream. I pulled the skirt all the way past her feet and set it aside. Then Natalie took me by the hair and pulled my face up against her panties.

“Smell,” she said, and I breathed deep her wild aroma. It set a flame of lust through my brain that made my cock writhe angrily in its prison. “You smell that hungry cunt?” she asked.

“Yes,” I whispered, trying to inhale her godly essence.

“Well, that greedy bitch can wait,” she said. “I have other needs to attend to first.”

She turned toward the bed and tipped forward, hanging for a moment before falling down onto the mattress with a floomf. Her bare back was glowing in the red evening sun that slanted through her bedroom window, rolling down her slender waist and disappearing behind the mounded-up hump of her gloriously thick peach ass in the lace panties. She was delicious splayed out on the bed like that, her perfect rump in the air, her thick thighs screaming for my touch. And with her body prone and her all-seeing eye turned into the mattress, Natalie for the first time ever seemed vulnerable. I began to salivate.

Natalie, as if reading my thoughts, quickly whipped her head to face me. Her eyes glittered. "Come on," she urged, playfully wiggling her butt. It undulated back and forth with hypnotic power. "Get back there. I'll teach you how to do this right."

I hesitatingly climbed onto the bed. One minute before I had been ready to turn the tables and make a move. But now that she was asking me, I moved slowly and awkwardly, climbing onto the bed in the panties she gave me and trying to position myself near enough to her to massage her without looking like I was trying anything.

I knelt next to Natalie, slowly reaching out my trembling fingers to start the massage. But she halted me with another whip-around stare. "No," she corrected. "Haven't you ever seen this done before?" She reached behind her and gave her butt two sounds slaps that sent ripples jiggling over her thick ass like a stone tossed into a pond. "Mount me."

My whole body was trembling by this point. I felt paralyzed. *Come on, you idiot, you've actually fucked her before*, I reminded myself, trying to make myself move. Finally, I straddled her from behind and let my hips settle up against her ass to pin her down to the mattress. The softness of her thighs and ass against my bare skin was like sinking into a warm bath.

"That's better," Natalie said, her face in the pillow. "What do I always say? Form is everything." She wiggled her ass again, pressing back harder against my waist until she found my chastity cage. "Ooh, what's this?"

Then she burrowed her ass hard into me, forcing the cage between her parted cheeks so it pressed right against her mounded vulva through both our panties. The sensation of her cunt and the incredible view of her ass and her naked back in the sunlight bucking and grinding into me was overpowering. My dick thrashed inside the cage, fulling my stomach with a

hot frustrated yearning as my cock tried and failed to get hard. This was going to be agony.

Before I could lament my position too much, Natalie reached the bottle of coconut oil behind her. “Here,” she said, pushing it into my hand. “Start with my upper back. And remember- a little goes a long way.”

I snapped open the cap, then tilted the bottle over, watching the thick liquid run down the sides. Despite my efforts to take care, the oil sloshed out of the bottle and drizzled in a thick splatter between Natalie’s shoulder blades. Her back tensed from the dripping liquid, and the fine hairs on her shoulders rose up straight on their ends.

“Careful!” Natalie scolded. “That’s too much.”

Seeing the liquid beginning to dribble down to the small of her back in a little rivulet and threatening to spill off onto the covers, I reached out without thinking to stem the flow, pressing my hands into Natalie’s back. Her skin was silky-smooth with the oil, and my hands glided across back as I spread the oil around to keep it from spilling.

“Good,” Natalie said into the pillow. “Just spread it around. You’ll be able to use all of that.”

Following her instructions, I began to spread the gooey liquid across her back. Her skin was so soft and warm at my touch, glistening in the fading evening light as I traced the lines of her back and shoulders, making sure to cover every inch in the coconut oil. Natalie squirmed under my gentle touch, making happy little murmurs as I caressed her sensitive skin.

“Now take your fists,” she told me. “And push them into my lower back on either side of my spine.”

I tried to follow her instructions, pushing my fists against the taut muscles of her lower back. I started pushing them up her back, using the oil to let my fists drive against her muscles. Natalie shifted around on the bed.

“C’mon, hamster hands,” she urged me. “Push harder.”

I reset my position and pressed my fists against her back, leaning my weight on my arms so I was driving hard against her back. I pushed hard, digging the flat part of my fist into her lower back, and slowly began to drive my hands up her slicked back.

“Oh, that’s good,” Natalie groaned, sinking deeper into the bed. “Keep going.”

I massaged up her lower back, pressing hard against her taut muscles with my fists and using the coconut oil to lubricate my slow deliberate slides from her waistline up to just beneath her shoulders. Encouraged by Natalie’s happy moans, I worked on her back like I was kneading dough, pushing hard and slow like I was liquefying her into the bed.

“Now the shoulders,” she told me, shifting slightly. “Use your hands.”

Obeying instructions, I leaned forward and began to massage her back at its highest point, pinching the muscles in my fingers. I didn’t have much experience giving massages before, but I could gauge how I was doing off Natalie’s responses. And she seemed to love me working out the tension carried through her shoulders.

“Oh, fuck,” she breathed, head turned into the pillow. “That’s it. Work that shit out. God, your hands feel amazing.” She seemed almost aroused by the massage. And she wasn’t the only one. The touch of her amazing lean but powerful back muscles, the sight of her glistening in oil, the relentless pressure of her perfect ass pushing into my crotch, had me going out of my mind. My cock was practically screaming inside its cage, trapped like an animal and swollen helplessly with as much blood as it could take before being constrained by the cage.

This horniness worked me up into a frenzy, and soon I was massaging her as deep and hard as I wanted to fuck her. I dug my fists and elbows into her back, grinding and massaging every spot from her shoulder blades to her lower back, kneading and pressing while my cock squirmed in the cage. My vision dimmed with lust. Soon I was lost in the crevices and arches of her body, working her muscles like it could sate the boiling frustrated need

in my stomach. This agony was intensified by Natalie's moans, her erotic cries torturing my desperately locked dick.

"Ok," Natalie said, wriggling her butt. "Now the legs."

I reached greedily for her perfect round ass, eager for the excuse to squeeze it in my hands. But Natalie anticipated my move, and reached behind her back to swat me away.

"Uh-uh," she chided. "Feet first. Work your way up."

I looked over my shoulder to see she'd raised both legs into the air at the knee, displaying her bare calves and the twinkling toes of her feet. I dutifully shifted my weight off her, but was unsure how to best position myself to get at her feet. Fortunately Natalie read my mind.

"Sit like you just were, but face the other way," she told me.

I obeyed, swiveling around to mount her from behind once again, this time facing her feet. I settled my crotch just above her ass on her waist. Her body melded perfectly with mine, pushing the cock cage up inside the pink panties she made me wear. Just as I found my place, Natalie reached up with her toes again to beckon me on.

I retrieved the coconut oil and splashed a more conservative amount onto my hands. Then I caught her right foot in the air and bent her leg toward me for better access. Her dainty foot was as smooth and slender as she was. Its arch was like the arch of her back, an erotic parabola of tingling nerves and muscles that responded to my most delicate touch. I took the foot in both hands and began squeezing around the soles, unsure of what I was supposed to do. Fortunately, Natalie was happy to assist.

"Push hard on the squishy parts," she told me. "And make sure to squeeze the sides and back. You want to put pressure everywhere."

I followed her instructions as best I could, squeezing her foot between my hands hard. I felt the tension where her tendons and muscles met, and squeezed my way along the bone, releasing the pressure built up inside her

from all her exertion. Each squeeze drew a happy little whimper from her as I methodically worked my way up and down her bare foot until it glistened from the coconut oil.

“Get the heel, too,” Natalie said. I dutifully squeezed around her achilles tendon. “Oh, fuck, that feels great.” I increased the pressure, gripping her firmly with both hands and trying my best to ignore the raging need inside my locked-up dick. If my cock were free, surely I would have been trying to stick it in her. That’s how it was anytime I’d given a girlfriend a “massage” in the past. But with the chastity cage foreclosing the possibility, I realized that just rubbing Natalie’s feet as I listened to her moans was still hotter than anything I’d experienced with anyone before her. I’d never even *thought* about a girl’s feet before, but as I rubbed and caressed her smooth dainty beauties, their soft pliance aroused me to the point of madness.

When I was finished massaging both feet, Natalie directed me to work my way up her calves. Inch by inch, I squeezed her legs from the heel on up, working the coconut oil into her supple skin. Every muscle was a living creature in my hand, relaxing into my touch. Natalie’s deep groans of pleasure encouraged me on as I worked my way up her silk-smooth legs, following her guidance to rub and squeeze up her calves until I reached her knees.

When it came time to take care of her thighs, I got off her butt and positioned myself behind her on the bed. Then I dabbed a little more coconut oil on my hands and spread it across her gloriously thick thighs. When every inch of her legs was covered, I put my fists into her hamstrings and pressed hard.

“Ohhhh God,” Natalie groaned, reacting to my hard fists sliding up her hamstrings as if it was a hard dick sliding into her cunt. I pushed again, one long slow drive up her legs that set her body shivering. Slowly I began to work her thighs up and down, paying attention to each leg. Sometimes I rubbed both at the same time, and other times I concentrated both hands on one particular spot, squeezing and kneading the tightness as Natalie moaned in encouragement. I was reading Natalie’s body like my own by this point. Every rub, every stroke, every squeeze and every press of her flesh was a

vicarious thrill to my imprisoned dick. If I could not have my own pleasure, then I would give her all the pleasure I could.

And as my dick twitched in its prison and my mind was consumed by desire, my hands inched higher and higher up her thighs toward that perfect peach ass straining in the lacy black panties. Slowly, testing how far I could go, I massaged higher until my fingertips were brushing the dimple where her half-melon cheek burrowed into the top of her thigh.

Suddenly Natalie snapped her head around, freezing me. “Are you perving on my ass?” she said in an accusatory tone. She stared hard, watching me flounder for an answer, until a little smile cracked over her lips. “Don’t worry,” she said, smacking her ripe butt with the back of her hand. “She needs love too. Help yourself.”

She didn’t have to ask twice. I dripped a couple dabs of coconut oil onto her ass and then seized both cheeks in my hands. My fingers sank into her beautiful butt, gripping her firm ripe flesh. My dick screamed inside its cage, pulsing hard enough I thought it would shatter the cage like a werewolf tearing loose from his clothes. Her butt was so beautiful, so perfect in my hands, that I just wanted to savor the sensation of it forever.

I massaged her perfect ass with hard deep probing presses, working my way all the way around her muscles out to her hipbones. As much as I wanted to just pour barbeque sauce on her buns and go crazy on her, I knew I had to keep my composure for a payoff later. And there was something satisfying about rubbing her in a way that made her feel good. Even when all my energy was focused on grinding hard against the tendon in her hip, her heavy breathing into the pillow made me feel almost like we were making love.

Just then, Natalie reached up behind her and snaked her fingers through the waistband of her lacy panties. I watched in awe as she slowly, wordlessly began to slip the panties down, revealing the crack of her ass and the first glimpse of her bare, perfect butt. I slipped my hands inside the waistband and helped her pull them down. The soft lace whispered down her thighs, and Natalie wriggled her hips in such a delicious gesture to help me guide the panties past her knees.

Natalie, still facing down on the bed, wiggled her legs apart on the bed, opening herself up to display her bare pussy and her cute little butthole. Her rose was yet unbloomed, sealed shut into a neat little line.

“Don’t just dive in,” Natalie instructed. “Take a little of that oil and start to spread it on either side of my pussy.”

“Yes ma’am,” I said, reaching for the bottle. I drizzled a few drops on my fingers and pressed them on either side of her mound.

“That’s good,” said Natalie, repositioning herself a bit to open up her hips and raise her pussy into the air. I saw her cunt was swollen and hot, the lips just barely clinging together like the crust of a hot pie bubbling up, just waiting to burst with juice. I rubbed either side of her cunt, coaxing the lips until at last they parted, opening her pink pussy, already glistening with her nectar.

“Good,” said Natalie, breathing deeply. “Keep going. But rub up closer to my clit.” I pinched the sides of her pussy together where she showed me, feeling the hard little nub through her lips. I grabbed Natalie’s ass with my free hand for leverage, my fingers sinking into her bare cheek and helping to pull her pussy apart.

“Feel that?” she said. “That’s my clit. And I’m gonna teach you how to jerk it off like a dick. But not now.” She eased her hips into the bed, opening herself even wider. “Right now, I want you to take two fingers and press them right up against my pussy.”

My lube-covered fingers slipped across her velvety slick hole. I stretched it gently with the flats of my fingers, feeling her pulse through the taut walls of her cunt. I massaged against her hole, rubbing in long teasing circles as she wriggled beneath my touch, My dick writhed inside its cage.

“That’s right,” Natalie told me. “Rubbing gets the blood flowing down there. That’s why the buildup makes it so much better.” She suddenly raised one of her legs up into my crotch, and I winced as she pressed it hard against my panty-bound chastity cage. “But you know all about that, don’t you?” she teased.

I was too lust-blind to even respond. I just tightened my grip on her ass, spreading her cunt so I could press harder against her slick hole. She bucked her hips back and forth, rubbing against my flat fingers to tease herself. I kept up the massage, my dick throbbing helplessly in its cage, her velvety smooth pussy driving me wild.

Natalie arched her back up, lifting her hips off the ground to show me her glistening hole. “Two fingers in,” she told me. “Nice and slow.”

I positioned my two fingertips against her cunt and pressed them inside. Her tight hole resisted the pressure for a moment before yielding, opening to take my fingers deep into her warm wet snatch. Natalie moaned as I slid the fingers into her in a long slow push until I reached the knuckle. Her cunt twitched with a mind of its own, squeezing my fingers with a needy suction.

“That’s good,” Natalie said in a throaty voice. “Hold still.” I did as she asked, keeping my fingers still. Natalie pressed back against my hand, pushing my fingers in deeper. Her cunt squeezed me like a hungry mouth, nearly milking my fingers as she flexed her muscle. The sheer power of my pelvic core made my dick want to weep in jealous frustration.

“Now grab my clit again,” she said, reaching between her legs to stretch her pussy high and tight. She indicated the lips on either side of her swollen clit. “Get the outside.” I pinched her labia again, feeling the hard nub of her labia through her lips.

“Very good,” Natalie purred. She rose up to her knees, arching her back up so she was in a full doggy-style position on the bed with two of my fingers in her cunt and the other hand pinching her clit through her lips. “Some guys go after that thing like a joy buzzer. And that’s the quickest way to let a girl know you are clueless.”

Natalie turned her head to look back at me, her cheeks flushed red. “What did I tell you the trick was to pleasing a woman?”

My lust-addled brain wasn’t exactly primed for quick recall. Still, Natalie’s words always seemed to stick with me. “Trick question,” I remembered. “Every girl is different.”

The smile that broke over Natalie's face was even more dizzying than her naked body. "Good boy." She began rocking back and forth on her hips, forcing my fingers to rub her clit and finger her cunt at the rhythm she wanted.

"Some chicks like it hard on the clit," she went on. "Like Maria. If you ever go down on her, make sure your jaw is warmed up." My mouth dropped open at this comment as a million questions flooded my mind. *How did Natalie know that? And why would I ever be going down on Maria?* But Natalie distracted me from following up on that remark by short-circuiting my brain with her gyrating hips.

"Ok, put another finger in," she told me, and I dutifully slipped a third finger inside. Her cunt opened more easily this time, but once inside, her tight walls squeezed down on my three fingers in a crushing vice. I pushed as deep into her as I could get, and then remembered to curl my fingers down in search of the G-spot hidden underneath her pubic bone. When I found it with my fingers, Natalie moaned out loud and sank even deeper into the mattress.

"Oh, right there," she said, pushing her hips up against me hard. "Good boy. You're learning so fast. Now keep going." The sight of her oiled-up, toned body with her perfect ass in the air writhing at my touch was maddening. Natalie breathed in a heavy rhythm, driving her cunt hard up against me as I pleased her. I tried to focus on my dual duties of fingering her cunt just where she wanted while also jerking off her clit. And that's right when she gave me a third task to work on.

Natalie reached behind her with one hand and took ahold of one asscheek to spread herself open. "Ok, good boy," she told me, displaying the tight knot of her perfect asshole. "Time to put that tongue to work."

I did my best to balance on my knees while maintaining consistent grip and pressure on her pussy with both of my hands. And then I leaned forward and brought my lips up to her ass. "Start slow," she instructed, wiggling her hips playfully. "Tease her."

I pinched her clit tight through her lips and pushed my fingers as deep inside her as I could. Then with a featherlight touch I gently flicked my wet tongue against her ass cheek, millimeters from her pink hole. “Ooh, fuck,” Natalie said with a shiver. “Just like that.”

I began to teasingly circle her butthole with my tongue, flicking off the surface of her skin while keeping her cunt stretched tight. Slowly I swirled closer and closer, tickling her goosepimpled flesh as I neared my target. And then I gently stroked my wet tongue across her hole. Natalie squealed at the sensation and buried her face into the pillow.

Emboldened, I began licking her ass more, my tongue slipping and sliding off her moistened hole. The delicate pleasure ran through Natalie’s body in electric waves, causing her to shudder and whimper in erotic tones I’d never heard from her before. Soon I was going to town on her ass like a meal, kissing and licking harder against her firm tight butthole.

I pushed my tongue against her and felt her tight hold resist for a moment before opening up to allow me inside. The wild erotic scent of her deepest most hidden place had my brain going crazy as I probed her hole with my tongue. Soon I was finger-fucking her deep in her cunt, wringing her g-spot as I jerked off her clit and rimmed her tight hole. Ecstatic, Natalie ground her hips against me hard, greedy to take all the pleasure I could give her.

“Give me a fourth,” she moaned, opening up her cunt for me. Without hesitation, I squeezed my pinky finger into her cunt, feeling it stretch taut as a bowstring. This extra pressure on her walls seemed to drive Natalie over the edge. She pushed back up against me, goosebumps raised across her flesh as I worked her in three sensitive places, driving her closer and closer to the edge.

“Oh, my God,” she gasped, rising to her elbows to give herself more room to fuck back against me. I knew she was about to cum. I could feel the tension rising in her. I could see it in the little raised hairs on her neck and the goosebumps covering her perfect ass and the way she moaned as she ground against me, desperately needing to reach that tipping point. She was almost there.

“Oh, I’m gonna-” she began, but it was too late. Her words failed as she lost herself in the wave, the great drowning wave of her orgasm that built up to the highest point before crashing down in all its devastating power. Natalie cried out in delicious transcendence, her gasping voice raw from the climax washing through her body like a flood.

Keeping the pressure on her clit and cunt while continuing to eat her ass took all the concentration I had. The wild bucking of her hips made me feel like I was trying to stay mounted on a raging bull. But I held on for dear life as the orgasm wracked through her, holding her all the way until the last eddies trembled out through her hips and she collapsed into a helpless pile on the bed.

She lay panting with her face in the pillow, her ass still in the air. I eased off her clit then slowly, breathing with her, I slipped my fingers out of her pussy. She gasped as I exited her, leaving her juicy pussy on full display.

“Holy... shit,” she panted. Suddenly she pounded her fist against the mattress in a fit of glee. “Wow!” she giggled, drumming her hands on the bed like she was celebrating a goal. Then she flipped over, turning over onto her back. Her incredible ripe breasts lifted up and down with her heavy breathing. A big flustered smile was pasted on her face, and her eyes were slightly hazy.

“That was awesome!” she cried, swinging a punch at me. She connected with my shoulder with surprising power.

I rubbed my shoulder with a rueful expression, not sure of what to say. I was just as foggy as she was, overpowered by her bewitching scent and the throbbing in my cage. “Thanks,” I offered weakly.

Natalie cracked up. “Thanks,” she giggled, shaking her head. “That’s a good one. Nice job.” Her eyes darted down to bulge of my cage in the pink panties she gave me. Then she looked up at me and smirked.

“So,” she asked with a coy raise of the brow. “Think you earned getting let out?”

“I think so,” I mumbled, even though I wanted to scream those words.

Natalie smirked. “I’ll think about it. Where’s the key?”

I shook my head in frustration. “In my car. I didn’t-”

Natalie folded her arms over her breasts and crossed her legs to obscure the view of her pussy. “Well. Better run and get it.”

I jumped off the bed and grabbed my pants. I was prepared to get dressed in world-record speed. But just before I could step through the pants, Natalie stopped me. “Wait!”

I looked up to find that mischievous look overtaking her face, that terrifying alluring look of power that told me she knew she could do whatever she wanted with me and she intended to take it just about as far as she could. “I didn’t say put your pants back on.”

I froze. “Natalie-”

“Ok, ok,” she said. “You don’t have to do it.” Her eyes twinkled. “But it would be super hot if you *did*.”

Hot? “It would?”

“Heck yeah,” said Natalie. “That would *definitely* earn you getting unlocked.

I swallowed. Run outside in a pair of pink panties covering my chastity-locked dick? I glanced out the window. The sunlight was fading, and the street was all in shadows. I could probably make it quick. And the reward...

Without another thought, I snatched my keys from the pants and ran for the door, wearing nothing but the pink lacy panties covering the chastity cage. “Go get it, stud!” Natalie called after me with a girlish shriek.

I raced down the stairs, feet pounding off each step as my heart pounded in my chest. But I was in the zone. I had a mission, and I was going to accomplish it as quickly as I could. Preferably before I could fully realize what I was doing. The biggest obstacle was my legs, which were in agony from my Karen workout. Each leg felt like it'd been fossilized under a tar pit for a millennium. Every step shot a wave of dull pain across my thighs. But I pushed through the pain to the front hallway and flung open the front door.

There was a chill in the evening air, a whisper of the coming fall. I scanned the street to see if anyone was around, and when I saw the coast was clear I darted out onto the sidewalk. I unlocked my car as I ran, and threw open the back door. Slung my go-bag up over my shoulder and slammed the door as quickly as I could to run back indoors.

I shut the front door behind me and breathed a sigh of relief. I was safe. I leaned against the door for a moment, its lacquered wood cool against my bare back, and closed my eyes to regain some composure. *That wasn't so bad.* All I had to do was just walk back up the stairs and I would be hidden away again in Natalie's room.

But just then my calm reflection was shattered by a girl's voice. "What the hell?"

Maria was standing at the top of the stairs, arms folded over her ample chest. I froze, my mouth hanging wide open, looking for any words to explain why I was running around outside in nothing but a pair of Natalie's ruffled pink panties. All my worst fears were coming true. The situation was utterly humiliating.

Maria just slowly shook her head at the pathetic sight. She tried to look disgusted, but the glitter in her eye said that catching me like this was just about as good as winning the lottery. She fought a little smirk that twitched over her lips. "What's going on here."

I indicated the backpack strap on my bare shoulder. "I had to go get my stuff," I answered simply.

“Is that right?” Maria raised her eyebrows. She matched my facile game with an impassive look.

I squirmed in place by the door. Maria had me trapped from my goal. I couldn’t just brush past her- not dressed the way I was- so I intended to wait for her to move out of the way. Maria, of course, saw my dilemma and intended to milk my discomfort as long as she could. Slowly she began to descend the stairs, her thick brown thighs glistening with every step she took.

“I didn’t know you were into wearing panties,” she said coolly.

“I’m not,” I insisted. My face was so hot it felt like I had a fever. “Natalie-”

Maria clicked her tongue. “Don’t blame your girlfriend,” she chided. “I’m sure Brooks is just giving you what you want. She’s always been *generous*.”

Giving me what I want? I wanted to protest and point out that *all* of this had been Natalie’s idea. That *I* was the one who’d just spent all that time between her legs pleasuring every part of her until she came. But I had no words, especially none fast enough to beat Maria to the punch.

“Those are hers, right?” she said, idly nodding her head toward the panties as she continued descending the stairs. “I recognize them. She must *really* like you to give you those.”

I swallowed. Maria was drawing closer to me, her powerful aura pinning me back against the front door. I had no words to resist her advance. What was she about to do to me? I’d never felt as helpless as I did backed against that front door in the little lacy pink panties holding my chastity cage with Maria, the Amazonian goddess, bearing down on me with mischief in her steely eyes.

Just then, Natalie’s voice broke in from her upstairs bedroom. “Are you torturing my boyfriend?”

Natalie appeared at the top of the stairs with her hands on her hips and a cross expression on her face. She'd thrown a long white t-shirt on to cover her naked body. Her ripe breasts mounded up against the tight cotton shirt, clearly showing her nipples, and her stance pulled the shirt up so it sat just above mid-thigh. From her place at the top of the stairs you could almost glimpse her bare pussy up the skirt. But I wasn't thinking about that. All I could think about was the word she just used- *boyfriend*.

"Psh," Maria scoffed. "Like I even care what you two pervs are getting up to."

"Pretty bold for *you* to call someone a perv," Natalie shot back.

"Whatever," said Maria. "You're way more of a freak than me."

And as I stayed pinned against the wall, listening to the two hottest girls I'd ever met argue about which one was more perverted while wearing nothing but a chastity cage and a pair of pink panties, I almost wanted to burst out laughing at just how ridiculous my life had become. Or burst out crying. But of course there wasn't time for either one, because the girls were too quick for me.

"Come on," said Natalie in a firm voice, beckoning her finger to me. I averted my eyes from Maria as I dodged around her.

I scurried up the stairs, feeling incredibly exposed under Maria's watchful gaze. "Look at that *butt!*" Maria cackled, clapping her hands with glee as she stared at my ass. "Looks like two dogs fighting under a blanket. I hate to see you leave, but I love to watch you go!"

I tried to ignore Maria, but my cheeks burned with shame as I raced for the safety of Natalie's room. I ran past Natalie and darted into her room, Maria's mocking laughter chasing me all the way. Natalie followed right behind me, then closed and locked her door.

I let my go-bag fall to my feet and fixed Natalie with an expression of horror. But before I could open up to her, she broke into a radiant smile. "You did it!" she cheered.

“Thanks,” I said glumly. My embarrassment was so acute I wanted to die. “That was the most humiliating experience of my life.”

“Aw, you did great,” Natalie encouraged.

Even though she looked incredible in that white t-shirt that served as the barest covering of her incredible body, I could hardly even pay attention from my embarrassment. My dick felt so shriveled in its chastity cage it might have slipped all the way out. Had I really just been caught running around in a pair of lacy panties by Maria?

Natalie, realizing the true depth of my shame, walked over to her bed and took a seat on the edge of the mattress. “Don’t worry about Maria,” she told me. “That chick can’t talk. She’s a bigger perv than either of us.”

“Really?” So many comments about Maria’s supposed perviness that I hadn’t been able to process yet.

Natalie chuckled and shook her head. “Come here,” she said, patting her thigh invitingly. The t-shirt dress she wore had ridden up when she sat on the edge of the bed, the hemline just below the tops of her thighs. But she kept her legs together, hiding the secret glories below.

I trudged over to her, my heart still racing from running in and out of the house and from my humiliation by Maria. I couldn’t quite tell what Natalie was trying to get me to do by patting her thighs in that way. So I just approached her and stood waiting, my eyes still on the floor, my heart still in my throat.

Natalie scootched back on the bed and took me by the waist and by the hand. She pulled me to her, spinning me around and easing me down. Suddenly I found I was laying on my back with the back of my head nestled against Natalie’s bare, creamy thighs. Natalie tousled my hair gently as her other hand tickled across my stomach. This position, laying back on the bed with my head in her lap while she stroked me, was both totally alien and sweetly familiar. She rubbed me like a beloved pet, her fingers toying with my hair as she smiled down lovingly from her seat on the bed.

“You might think it’s embarrassing,” she said. “But running out there in just those panties took balls. Any douchebag can act like a tough guy. But it takes real bravery to do something that scares you. I’m really proud of you.”

I was beset by so many emotions that I did not know how to feel. Confused, frustrated, excited, and of course, incredibly horny. But as I lay back on the bed with my head resting on Natalie’s lap, looking up into her soft eyes as she sweetly stroked my hair, the only thing I could feel was love. True, overpowering, incredible love that made me almost want to cry. I’d never felt so safe and secure in my life as I did laying with my head against Natalie’s thighs.

“You know what I like the most about you?” Natalie asked, idly stroking my hair. “You try. You’re not the biggest or strongest guy out there, but you might have the biggest heart of anyone I’ve met.”

“I just want to be good enough for you,” I said.

“That’s sweet” said Natalie with a sad smile. She prodded her finger gently against my chest above my heart. “But I want you to be good enough for *you*.”

She brushed aside the hair from her face and leaned forward. I closed my eyes and let her soft kiss consume me. I could have stayed in that moment for the rest of eternity and been happy; safe and secure, my head resting on Natalie’s lap, her sweet lips on mine, the wildness of her taste and scent still all about me. It was almost enough to make me cry.

But Natalie, who was always ahead of me, pulled away before I could let my emotions carry me off. The lovingness in her eyes had turned to mischief. “And *man*, you’ve learned your way around a pussy.”

She giggled to herself stroked my hair. “I’m still buzzing from that last one,” she told me, her eyes glistening with post-orgasmic haze. Even her nipples were swollen against the bare fabric of the white t-shirt that clung to her swollen breasts. She smirked and tickled the hand on my chest down to my waist.

“So,” she said. “Do you think you’ve earned some fun?”

“Please,” I said. I was melting into her, her delicate touch on my hips sending quivering shivers through me.

Natalie slipped her hand into my lap and found my chastity cage. The pressure of her fingers tugging the cage around made my balls ache. I felt

like I would explode from my pent-up arousal. Natalie wrapped her fingers around the squeezed-up base of my balls and gave the entire apparatus a firm shake that made me gasp.

“Where’s the key?”

“My backpack.”

Natalie slipped her hands away from me, wordlessly releasing me to crawl off the bed to my bag and start rooting around the pockets for the key. I found the key turned to hand the key over to Natalie, but she stopped me with a wagging finger.

Natalie rose off the bed onto her feet. “On your knees.”

I dropped to my knees at once, and waited as Natalie approached me, the tight white t-shirt dress clinging to every inch of her amazing body, her nipples poking through the chest and the hemline cut just an inch or two down her bare creamy thighs and hugging tight to her thick ass. My throat was dry as I watched her approach me in all her glory.

Natalie stopped right before me, her bare thighs just an inch from my face as I knelt on the floor before her. I was completely transfixed by her aura, almost hypnotized by the mind-melting combination of her beauty and my insane frustrated arousal. She reached out her open hand to me, and with trembling fingers I laid the key in her palm.

Natalie closed her hand around the key. “Good boy.” She took my hair with her free hand, gently gripping me and guiding my head into her legs so my face nestled in between her smooth bare thighs. The wild scent of her arousal still clung to her, intoxicating me.

“Oh, sweet boy,” Natalie cooed as she stroked my hair. “I want to give you what you want. But torturing you is just too much fun.” She pushed my head harder into her thighs, smearing my face against her thighs still slick from the coconut oil I’d rubbed into her soft skin. It was heaven in between her legs, the scent of her hot cunt clinging to those smooth creamy thighs that were cool and comforting as pillows. Out of my mind with lust, I kissed at her cool thighs like I was paying obeisance at a shrine.

Natalie pulled away from me and jerked my head back by the hair to pull my eyes. “Stand up,” she ordered.

I obeyed and rose up to my feet, wincing from the pain in my thighs that still ached from the *Karen* workout. Natalie smirked down at my helpless face. And then in a sudden motion she snagged my panties by the waistband and jerked them down my legs, exposing my locked-up dick in the cage. I

stepped through the panties, leaving myself completely naked. Then Natalie snatched me by the chastity cage and balls. She gave me a tug, pulling me toward the bed. I followed after on my tiptoes, scurrying along under her grip like she was leading me by a leash.

Natalie lay me down onto the bed, face up with my chastity cage exposed. I was completely helpless to her whims, and she knew it. The mischievous twinkle in her eye let me know I was going to be in for a long evening. And I was dying for her touch already.

“Look at that,” she said, flicking the tip of my cage. My dick twitched inside the sheath, making the whole cage visibly jerk back and forth from my straining pelvic muscles.

“Oh my god,” said Natalie in wonder. “It’s moving around like crazy.” She reached out and poked it again, once again setting off a series of spasming twitches that made the black cage rise up and down.

“Natalie-”

Natalie giggled and gripped me firmly by the balls. “He really wants to be let out, huh?”

“Please,” I begged.

Natalie lifted up my balls and the cage in her hand. Then she slowly bent down toward my waist. I felt her breath on the base of my cock, and a shiver ran through my body. I couldn’t even feel her touch yet and I was already melting under just the heat from her breath on me. And then she reached out and licked her tongue across the underside of my balls in one long wet teasing stroke.

“Oh my god,” I groaned, my dick jerking back and forth inside its cage. Natalie just laughed.

“Poor boy. Look at you,” she said, giving me another long slow lick to the base of my balls that sent my mind spinning.

Natalie slid herself onto the bed so that she was sitting between my knees. She tucked her knees in and brought her feet up to either side of my cage-locked dick. With a sly little expression, Natalie began to rub my balls and locked dick with her feet, teasing and tickling me with her toes until I was squirming on the mattress.

“Good boy,” said Natalie. “You really want me to let you out?” She slipped up between my legs until she was straddling me. Her cunt rested against my cage, pressing up against me so close I could feel the heat coming off her in waves. She pinned me to the bed, hands tight on my

wrists into the mattress, and began to slowly, teasingly grind up and down on my locked dick. It was so close to sex, but so far away, torturing me with how badly I wanted to be inside her.

Natalie kissed me hard on the lips, her tongue working into my mouth. I was helpless, pinned to the mattress by her hands and devoured by her overpowering kiss. Her kiss was wet and warm, and her gyrating hips against mine dragging the chastity cage back and forth with her bare cunt drove me wild. She pulled away the kiss, leaving a trail of saliva that stretched between her tongue and mine for a moment like a gossamer web before snapping and filling my mouth.

Natalie squirmed her way up even further, climbing my waist until she was straddling my face. She leaned back, pressing her hot cunt into my face as her fingers grasped behind her for my caged-up dick. I caught the wild scent of her cunt and dug in greedily to her hole, pressing my tongue into her with hunger as she teased my caged dick in her fingers.

“Oh, yes, good boy,” Natalie whispered, grinding her cunt hard against my lips. She used my chin for leverage and drove herself into me hard, mashing my lips and teeth and enchanting me with her bewitching aroma. She rode my face like that, her cunt smearing nectar all over my lips and cheeks as she drove herself wild on my lips, keeping hold on my locked-up dick all the while.

Just as I thought she was about to cum, Natalie stopped and pulled her cunt away from me. She shifted around on the bed until she was facing the other way, her face toward my feet with her beautiful ass squatted right above my face. “Ok,” she said, teasingly kissing her cunt against my lips. She leaned forward, bending her slender waist so she exposed her cunt and ass to me on all fours. Then she leaned over and grasped the cage. And as her fingers delicately tortured my locked-up cock and balls, she began to rock her hips back and forth, taunting me with her glistening cunt and perfect ass.

Just as I was about to scream in frustration, I heard the sharp metallic click of the key fitting inside the lock. And then Natalie twisted the key open, popping the sheath free of the little “O” ring that cupped my balls. I felt an instant rush of relief as the pressure eased off and my swollen dick was able to wriggle out. The sheath clung to my cock a bit, but Natalie worked it off, letting my penis flop free for the first time in hours. She

artfully snagged the O ring and eased my balls through it, delicately navigating a process that could have gone very wrong.

Natalie let my dick hang free, and rested against my balls thick with blood and pulsing against my thigh. Then she delicately teased a finger against my shaft, tracing a line as soft as a whisper down to the base of my cock. My dick twitched, swelling with blood and starting to grow on its own.

“It’s alive!” Natalie giggled, prodding my dick with her finger again. My cock responded by twitching helplessly, stretching itself out as the blood flowed in.

“Natalie, please-” I began.

“Uh-uh,” Natalie chided, and she silenced me by sitting her perfect ass down on my face so her cunt was pressed against my lips again. My words were muffled by her wet delicious pussy on my lips. Natalie continued to play with my dick as she rubbed her pussy into my face. She took my penis in her fingers and squeezed it, swelling it up full of blood until it was twitching and rising into the air off my thigh.

“Look at that,” Natalie purred. “Your dick is getting so huge.” She suddenly bobbed her head down and took my cock into her mouth about halfway down the shaft. Her lips closed around me, and her warm wet delicious tongue was heaven against my swelling dick. I groaned and bucked my hips toward her, but Natalie released my cock and let it slip back out of her mouth.

Natalie craned her neck around to look behind herself at me laying trapped underneath her legs. “How fast do you think you could cum?” she asked, stroking my spit-lubed cock up and down in a gentle squeeze that made my dick spasm and stiffen.

“Pretty fast,” I whispered truthfully through my mouthful of Natalie’s cunt.

Natalie giggled. “Feels like it,” she said, giving my dick another firm squeeze. “You’re so swollen up now.” Again she took me into her mouth, softly sucking my hard prick in her wet warm mouth until I was squirming on the mattress. Then she took my dick in her fist, squeezing until it was painfully stiff and sticking straight up from my waist.

“Look at that big hog,” Natalie laughed. She shook my hard dick around in her fist like she was wringing its neck, making my cock pulse furiously. All the frustrations had built to this point, and my dick was so hard I feared

it would explode at every minute. My balls heaved from the huge load all the teasing had built up inside them.

“Are you going to be able to stop yourself from cumming?” Natalie asked, raising her cunt off my face to allow me air to answer.

“I’ll try,” I stammered.

Natalie grinned. “Good,” she said. Then she shimmied forward on the bed, heading toward my dick. She moved on her hands and knees until she faced away from me, reverse-cowgirl style, with my stiff prick pointed right up at the entrance of her cunt, which was spread open on full display with her perfect ass up in the air. Natalie reached around and squeezed my dick, pressing the head against the slick entrance of her cunt.

“Are you going to be a good boy?” she asked, teasing me against her wet hole.

“Yes,” I pleased, gritting my teeth from the incredible sensation of her silky cunt against my stiff prick.

Natalie pressed the head of my cock against her hole harder, starting to stretch out her entrance a bit. My cock raged in her hand, throbbing and twitching from the delicious sensation of her pussy on me. And the sight of her perfect ass on display, her hips raised to show every part of her incredible pussy and ass, had me just as worked up as the sensation of her liquid twat on my cock.

Slowly bit by bit Natalie began to slip my cock into her cunt, easing back her hips to stretch her hole with my dickhead until the wet warm grip of her cunt was taking me deeper and deeper inside her pussy. My cock throbbed and strained, trying to burrow as deep into her as it could, but she never let me slip in deeper than the first inch of her cunt.

“Oh, please,” I begged her, straining my hips to try and push my dick deeper into her.

Natalie was getting herself worked up, too. She bent over my dick, teasingly prodding at her cunt as she gasped and groaned against my dickhead, panting from the sensation of her tight little hole being teasingly stretched open by my rock-hard prick. “Don’t you cum,” she chided, grinding her pussy against me with her eyes closed in total focus.

I pinched my eyes shut tight, trying to resist the hot longing that built up in my prick. My dick felt like it was swollen an angry red, twitching under pressure like a can of soda just ready to burst at the slightest point of pressure.

“There we go,” Natalie cooed, pushing my dick deeper into her. “Oh, that feels so good stretching me out.” She suddenly lowered her hips, sinking down onto my cock. And as she did, she lifted her upper body upright, displaying her taut, muscled back to me in a mouthwatering display of her coiled, erotic power. The sight of her incredible body and the sensation of her tight wet cunt gripped my dick all the way down in a long teasing squeeze that was nearly enough to make me explode.

“Natalie-” I gasped, and I thought I was going to cum. But she stopped sliding down my dick and held me there, trapped right at the precipice of my orgasm but not an inch further. She held me there, breathing along with me as my dick pulsed helplessly inside her, desperate for that last tiny thrust that could set me over the edge.

When she sensed I’d settled down and eased off the edge a bit, Natalie slowly raised her hips, slipping my dick back out of her again. And so she began to steadily tease me, easing my dick in and out of her cunt in long slow strokes that had me pulsing and melting in her grip.

“Oh shit,” she panted, holding my dick still and grinding against it with the tight grip at the entrance of her hole. “Right there,” she breathed, working herself against my stiff prick until I was stretching her cunt open wide bit by bit, forcing my way deeper and deeper inside her in long teasing thrusts. Natalie threw back her head, letting her hair tickle down her shoulderblades as she increased her rhythm. Her breathing in ragged gasps as she bucked her hips back and forth on my dick, working it deeper and deeper into her cunt. The sensation was so good I nearly lost control and came inside her again. But she sensed me building to the edge and eased off with just enough time for me to come back down before she resumed grinding into me again.

I reached out and held her perfect ass, guiding her up and down on my dick as she teased herself open deeper and deeper. She bounced herself up and down, trembling on my shaft as she drove herself closer and closer to the edge.

“Oh, man,” she gasped, her voice as tight as her little fists gripping the sheets. “Oh, I’m going to cum, baby.” She clenched her jaw shut, and I saw the shuddering wave ripple through her body and crash through her, rocking her with trembling shivers as she gasped with every breath in erotic moans.

And just as I was about to join her in orgasm, Natalie slipped my cock free of her stretched-open pussy. Her hole was open wide, glistening with

her juices, and crying out for me to fill her up again. But she held herself just an inch beyond my reach, my cock pinched tight in her hand.

She untangled her legs from me and turned back around so she was sitting just at my waist, her legs slung over mine. "I can't believe you made me cum again," she said, her face flushed and stars in her eyes. "I was trying to take care of you here. But I guess I got carried away," she laughed, squeezing my stiff prick.

"I got so close," I whimpered.

Natalie flashed an evil smile. "What if you waited another day?" she asked innocently. "I could lock you back up right now. It might be more fun to make you wait another day to cum."

"Please," I begged, my stomach hot from frustration as my dick throbbed hard in her fingers. "Please, let me cum."

"Tch." She held out her palm and let a line of saliva dribble from her mouth onto it. Then she took my cock in her spit-lubed hand and stroked the stiff shaft, slipping her hands around my swollen-up dick. "You really think you deserve to cum?"

"Yes, please," I said, holding my hips tight as the sweet sensation of her stroking hand brought me right back to the edge of orgasm.

Natalie smirked. "Well, I guess you *have* done a pretty good job tonight," she said. "And hard work deserves to be rewarded." She stroked my dick harder and faster, squeezing the shaft to make it swell hard with blood. I gasped, feeling again that I was definitely about to cum, but right as I was on the precipice Natalie held me there with a firm hand, squeezing my shaft tight while it twitched in her hand.

And again and again she tortured me right to the edge in long teasing strokes before holding me at the peak of my arousal, her tight grip constraining me from finishing. I writhed on the bed, raising my hips into the air and moaning as I tried to push myself over the edge. But Natalie kept hold like she was riding a bull. She tickled me straight back to the edge and let my dick fall, leaving it to twitch painfully in midair, sticking stiff from my body and desperate to explode.

"Isn't it so sad," Natalie said, stroking a delicate finger along the underside of my cockhead. "Once you cum, it's all over. Don't you wish it could just go on forever?"

"No, please," I begged.

Natalie pressed two fingers into the base of my cock, pushing the skin back and stretching my dick as stiff and full as it could out from me. Just this stretch was almost enough to finish me off, and my dick twitched and shivered as she held it stiff in place.

Keeping my dick still, Natalie leaned down and brought her face between my legs. She lifted my balls in her hand and gently licked the base, her tongue warm and delicious against this sensitive spot. She held my squirming dick while she licked harder and longer, and I let my legs open up to accommodate her exploring tongue. The sensation was electric on my skin as she licked her way down the base of my balls, and I lay back in the bed and groaned with pleasure.

And then suddenly her tongue found a place I was *not* expecting it to go. A place nobody had ever touched before. I squirmed helplessly as her tongue pressed up against my asshole, hot and so deliciously wet that I moaned out loud at her touch. I would have cum instantly if she weren't pinching my cock so tight. She kept me held in her fist as her tongue pushed harder against me, wetting my hole and sending shivering waves down my body.

Natalie licked her fingers and pressed them up against my slicked-up hole, massaging the entrance as she kept my dick held tight in her hand. Her firm pressing against my asshole felt amazing. And then she pressed her middle finger against my hole in a long firm motion. My ass strained against this alien experience, and then relaxed, opening up to let her slip the finger into me. I squirmed on the bed as she worked the finger deeper into my ass, wincing at the sensation of my ass being invaded for the first time.

And then she touched something in me that until that moment I had no idea existed. But she crooked her finger back and found something on the underside of that hard nut at the base of the balls. When she touched it through my ass, it was like she pressed a button connected to my eyes that made them instantly roll back into my skull. I turned my head into the pillow and cried out from the overwhelming sensation, gasping at the incredible sensation of her finger pushing against that hidden thing inside me.

"Oh, you like that, don't you," Natalie giggled, working her finger against me hard. "That's your prostate, baby. Your ticket to heaven. Unless you're weirded out about butt stuff."

I'd never considered putting anything in my ass before. If anyone had asked me earlier that day, I would have claimed no interest in the activity. I always thought it was weird and pretty gay for a guy to get something in his ass. But nothing seemed wrong about the sensation I felt with Natalie's finger tip-tapping my prostate. "It-" I stammered, turning my head into the pillow. "It's- weird."

Natalie grinned and then bore down hard, driving her finger into my prostate and making my eyes roll back again from the pleasure. "Come on," she said, stroking my dick as she played with my prostate. "You're loving this. Admit it."

"It feels amazing," I finally gasped.

"Look at you," Natalie said with a proud little smile. "Such a good boy, trying so many new things. Oh, I'm going to have so much fun with you. You're the cutest most obedient little pet ever, aren't you?" she said, giving my dick a loving squeeze.

"And such a horny little slut, too," she giggled, torturing my dick with firm pulses of her hand that made my painfully stiff dick writhe in her hand. "Look at you, so turned on with my finger in your ass. You want another one in there?" She pressed the tip of her other finger against my asshole, testing the tightness.

"Ok," I whispered, a strand of drool connecting my mouth to the pillow.

"Not 'ok'", Natalie chided. "Ask me for it."

"Please put another finger in my ass," I cried.

Natalie pressed her ring finger against my slicked-up asshole, stretching me with two fingers. I gasped at the sensation of being split open by her fingers, and she gave me a minute to open up before she began wriggling her fingers down my pliant hole to find that little electric buzzer inside me.

When Natalie hit my prostate with two fingers I yelped out loud. She held my cock in a vise-grip to keeping me from cumming as I screamed like I was going through and exorcism. The pressure on my prostate had my mind screaming with incredible overwhelming waves of pleasure, wracking my body into absolute madness.

Natalie worked her fingers expertly into me, pressing against my prostate in firm hard strokes as she tortured my dick with her other hand. While she fingered my ass, she began licking the tip of my cock that she held stiff in her other hand, teasing my cockhead with her lips. I'd never experienced such unbelievable pleasure as I did in that moment, with her

fingers pressing my prostate and her tongue teasing my dick-head while she firmly stroked my shaft.

“Natalie,” I gasped. “I think I’m-”

Natalie’s eyes blazed with malevolent delight. She suddenly slammed her hips into me, forcing my back to arch as she drove her fingers into me deep and hard. She bent me back against the bed, my hips in the air as she pressed against me hard, her fingers still gripping my cock as she stroked me.

“That’s it,” she grunted, working her fingers in and out of me in a corkscrew motion as she pressed into me with her hips, stretching me open and making me drool like a leaking faucet onto the pillow. She squeezed my cock up and down in long slow jerks, working me in teasing strokes as she forced me over the edge. She dug her fingers into my ass one more time, pressing my prostate like she was ringing a buzzer, and gave my cock one last stroke.

“Oh god,” I cried as the wave mounted inside me. This time there could be no stopping. The train was leaving the station, sweeping me thundering down the tracks. My cock seized at the peak of its arousal and gave a single powerful jerk in midair as the tension broke inside. And then my penis began to geyser out a massive load of cum all over me.

I came in spurts, Natalie guiding me through one long delicate spray of my cock after another. She kept me pinned tight as I cried out, my cock fountaining a flood of hot cum that splattered all over my chest. I cried out as she jerked me to completion, moaning helplessly into the pillow as she expertly milked out every drop of cum with her fingers on my cock and pressing on my prostate from inside. The pleasure rushed through me in an awesome wave, wracking my body with the sweetest sensation I’d ever experienced.

At last I lay panting against the mattress, feeling drained of all my life. Natalie seemed to wring every drop of life from me with her teasing hands, draining me until I was a gasping pile on the bed, my own cum staining my chest up to nearly my throat as the massive load dribbled down me in the several spots where it landed.

“Good boy,” Natalie cooed. She bore down on me with her fingers in my eyes and pushed herself hard between my legs, stabbing my already tortured prostate with the stiff tips of her ring and middle fingers. Then, positioned firmly between my legs like *she* was the penetrator, Natalie bent

down to my stomach until her hair tickled my waist. Slowly she slid her tongue up along one splattered rope of my cum on my chest. I watched her lick up my load, parting her lips to draw my cum into her mouth.

Holy shit, I breathed as I watched her sensually clean my cum with her tongue. *It's just like a porn*. I lay back, feeling like a king as my girl literally licked my load off my body. And then Natalie looked up at me with my love still shining on her lips and gave a wicked smile. I could tell her mouth was full of my cum, and I watched eagerly to see if she would swallow it.

But instead, Natalie bent down toward. I froze when I realized she was coming straight for me like she was leaning in for a kiss. I managed to squirm helplessly on the bed, but Natalie caught my cheek in her hand and held me still as she pressed her wet warm lips up to mine. Her lips parted mine, and she slipped her slippery tongue into my mouth. My cumload slid down her tongue and dribbled into my mouth, startling me with its warm thickness.

I startled briefly at the strange cloying taste of my own cum filling my mouth, making me pinch my eyes shut from the sharpness that cut through it. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. And as horrified as I was by what Natalie was doing, I was helpless to break away from her kissing lips and tongue, so greedy was I for her taste. So I let her fill my mouth with my own seed, pushing it deep inside with her tongue as she held my head still with a hand to my cheek.

Natalie parted her lips from my face and pulled away. She gently pressed my lips together with her finger and smiled. "Now swallow," she ordered, twisting her fingers in my ass against my prostate to send a spasm of pleasure through my body. Natalie kept my lips gently sealed shut with a fingertip and continued gently massaging my prostate as she encouraged me to swallow down my mouthful. I shut my eyes and swallowed down, trying to ignore the sharp scent that clung to my throat and nostrils.

"Good boy," Natalie cooed, watching me gulp down the load. "Lots of good protein here," she said, flexing her fingers against my prostate to make me moan. She ran her finger through another splattered rope on my chest to gather a glob of my sperm. I tried to squirm away, but she firmly held my head in place and pressed her finger to my lips. "Go ahead," she

said, working my prostate firmly as she made me lick down every drop of cum from her fingers.

And so she fed me my load, keeping the pressure on my prostate so my mind was aflame with mad lust as she pressed fingers full of cum to my lips and pushed the load into my mouth. She massaged me through my asshole as she encouraged me to consume every drop she could find, and I obediently took it all.

Finally, when she'd fed the last bit of my massive load to me, Natalie leaned in and sealed it with a kiss, her tongue clinging to mine through my sticky mouthful of my own seed. She kissed me deep, massaging hard against my prostate so I groaned and writhed as she kept me pinned down, firmly making out with me until she was satisfied I had consumed every drop of my load. And then she pulled away, eyes sparkling with a playful grin on her face. "Good boy."

Natalie braced her hand and gently twisted her fingers to free them from my stretched-out ass. I groaned as they slipped free of my hole, leaving me feeling delicious and destroyed on the mattress. My cock flopped back to my side, the pressure inside easing it back to its normal shape. My whole body was in a transcendent state, like every muscle in my body had fallen asleep at the same time and I had pins and needles all over. Just as hazy was my brain, returning me to earth from my blissed-out ordeal and trying to remember exactly where and who and what I was.

The first thing I remembered when my senses came back to reality was the sound of Natalie laughing. A sweet helpless uncontrollable laughter, like she'd been at a wedding where the bride had fallen into the punchbowl.

"Oh my gosh," Natalie said. "That was so hot!"

She prodded my penis with her fingertip, and he just yawned and rumbled like a sleeping seal trod on by a penguin. The painful stiffness in my dick that had made every slight touch make me squirm had faded. Now my cock hardly registered the pressure of her fingers against me. It lay thickly on its side, plump and satisfied after the release.

And so was I. I struggled to raise my head off the pillow, finding myself sinking away into pure bliss instead. The taste of my own seed was still on my lips. It mixed with Natalie's scent into a bewitching blend that blinded my senses. My body ached. My legs were stiff as rigor mortis from the morning's exercise, and everything else felt wrung out like an old washcloth. I just lay against the bead breathing like I'd just crossed the finish line of a triathlon, completely drained and destroyed.

"Look at you," Natalie giggled. "Cute boy. You can hardly even talk." She rolled off the bed and tugged down the sides of her t-shirt dress to ensure at least a tiny bit of modesty. "I'm going to go get us some water. You just... try and recover."

She bent down and planted a kiss on my hot forehead as though I were sick in bed. Then she giggled and scampered out of the room, closing the door behind her.

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Chapter 18: Old Uniform

As I recovered on the bed, I examined Natalie's room for the first time. I'd always been too transfixed on Natalie to notice her room very much before. But now I saw the walls were decorated with a series of collages. Poster after poster featuring photographs of Natalie and her teammates in different sports throughout her life with years at the top indicating how old she was. You could trace her from junior high all the way to college from those posters, see how she went from a boyish bucktoothed bowl cut to the gorgeous girl she was when the NCAA named her Player of the Year- twice.

I looked around for her trophies and saw what looked like a Jenga stack of plaques and ribbons and medals sitting on a bookshelf. Those weren't put up on her wall. The collages were, with the pictures of Natalie and her friends and the dozens of small, scribbled notes in the secret language of girl friendship, hearts and smiley faces and profuse expressions of love from and for her teammates.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of voices. Maria and Natalie in the kitchen, from what it sounded like. They spoke in low murmurs at first, like they were trying to keep their voices down. And then I heard both of them burst into laughter. *Oh God. They must be laughing about me*, I thought. I craned my neck, trying to hear what they were saying, but I couldn't make out the words through the muffled walls.

The voices continued as I heard Natalie climb back up the stairs. I whipped the covers over me, as if caught in the act of doing something wrong, waiting for Natalie to come back in. Natalie opened the door, and I heard Maria's voice clearly shout up the stairs.

"Straight to bed!" she cried. "You hear me, Danny Boy! Put that pecker away or I'll cut it off!"

Natalie giggled and shut the door behind her. She carried two Nalgene bottles slung along her finger by the lids. "Don't worry about her," she said.

“But she’s right. I ought to be getting to sleep soon.”

“Fine by me,” I said, and I meant it. Exhaustion was starting to creep in around my eyelids. I knew I should get up and get ready for bed, but the mattress was so soft and comforting up against me. I forced myself to climb out from under the covers, trying to be as discreet about my naked body as I could in front of Natalie.

I started rooting around inside my go-bag, but Natalie stopped me. “What are you doing?”

“Oh,” I stammered. “Just getting some sleep clothes. I was gonna go brush my teeth.”

Natalie frowned. “Ok. Let’s see them.”

“My- clothes?”

“That’s right,” said Natalie. “Show me.”

I pulled out the wad of clothes I packed to sleep in and unrolled it. Cotton tee, boxers, black shorts, plain socks. Simple as.

Natalie clicked her tongue. “I have something else for you,” she smiled. “Something... lightweight and breathable.” She stepped inside her closet and my heart sank while she looked around. What kind of crazy outfit was she going to put me in this time? A goddamn lingerie set? That was too far. Besides I’d already cum. I wasn’t as desperate to please anymore. So I decided to resist whatever outfit she was about to try and press on me.

And then Natalie popped back out of the closet, holding the blue shorts and crisp white jersey of a soccer uniform. “Look at this!” she said. “From my college days!” She turned the jersey around and displayed the back, where **BROOKS** was spelled out in block letters above a large number **20**.

“That was me!” she said proudly. Senior year. I wore this in the championship.” Her eyes glittered. “Wanna try it on?”

I swallowed. “I think I’d rather see *you* in it,” I said.

“No, no,” Natalie protested, waving her hand. “That’s very sweet. But I’d feel silly wearing it again. Like I was trying to relive my past glories.”

“And I won’t feel silly at all,” I offered somewhat sarcastically.

Natalie made a pouting face. “Please wear it?” she begged. Her heartbreaking expression melting my resolve instantly.

It was a sentimental thing to offer. And a soccer uniform wasn’t like some kind of lacy negligee. It was practically boy’s clothes. Besides, there was a thrill about wearing the same uniform a champion had played it.

I took the shirt from her and inspected it. “Look, grass stain!”

“Lifetime souvenir,” Natalie laughed, pointing to the stain. “Slide-tackle on Carolyn Slank in the 74th minute. I cleaned that bitch’s clock,” she said. Then she broke into a laugh and held up her arms like a linebacker celebrating a sack. “Suck it, William & Mary. I own you.”

The uniform was soft and somewhat faded from repeated washings. I pulled it over my head and squeezed inside. The shirt was pretty tight, but surprisingly did fit me pretty well, especially around the chest. I took the shorts from her and slipped them on, too, surprised to find them fitting perfectly around the waist, though they were several inches shorter around the thigh than I would have liked. Also there was a noticeable lack of underwear on my part, leaving my still-aching cock and balls mounding up in the blue shorts rather obviously.

“Awe, you look great,” Natalie said, beholding me in her old uniform. “I love it! It makes me feel proud.” She gave me a firm swat on my butt that made me yelp. “Ok. Go get yourself cleaned up. Then get your ass back in here, stud.”

I scampered out of the room, hurrying to take care of all the business I needed to do before bed. And who should I run into the hallway, of course, but Maria.

I caught her just as she was coming out of the bathroom. She took one look at me, all flustered in Natalie's old college soccer uniform, and burst out laughing. "Oh, *puke!*" she complained. "This cutesy couple thing has gone way too far."

I had no words to excuse why I was wearing Natalie's old soccer uniform. I just gaped at Maria as my face grew redder and redder. *She'd seen the panties. She saw the uniform. She must think we're into some weird crossdressing thing. Oh my god, are we?*

Maria wrinkled up her nose. "You reek of sex."

When I couldn't find any words to answer, Maria snorted. "Good God, are you even hearing me?" she said disdainfully. "You look like someone smacked you upside the head with a frying pan. Does Brooks really have you this cunt-struck?"

"Maria!" called Natalie's voice from the bedroom with muffled menace through the bedroom wall.

"What? I don't need to be smelling your cunt every time I walk around the bathroom."

"Then kiss my ass instead!" Natalie shouted back through the wall.

Maria flashed a wolfish grin at me. "Go get yourself cleaned up," she said, sweeping her hand toward the bathroom to allow me past. "But then it's right to bed, ok? We have an early morning."

"Ok," I gulped. I scurried past Maria into the bathroom and shut the door firmly behind me.

When I got back to the bedroom- teeth brushed, face splashed, yada yada- I found Natalie underneath the covers. She was turned toward the wall, curled up into a ball like she was sleeping. I tiptoed through the room, lifted the corner of the blanket and slid into bed beside her.

Natalie pulled me into her like she was slipping on a sweater. I spooned her with my arms around her shoulders and chest, my crotch pushed up against her ass, our bare legs together, my face nuzzling up through her golden hair into her sweet-scented neck.

“Hey, handsome,” she whispered sleepily. “Did you run into Maria?”

“She wasn’t impressed with my outfit,” I said, slipping my hands over her smooth tight stomach and pressing myself into her.

“Don’t let her bother you,” Natalie said. “I don’t think she hates you. And with Maria, that’s pretty good.”

“Why’s that?” I asked, massaging her smooth upper shoulders near the neck.

“She’s protective of me,” Natalie explained. “Always scaring off the boys. But I think she might actually *like* you.”

“No way.” I kneaded my fists into the small of her back again in a relentless grinding motion, working the soreness from her lower back.

“Maria doesn’t hold back,” Natalie said, groaning slightly through the massage I was giving her and arching her back into me. “If she didn’t want you around, she would tell you to get the fuck out.”

“Is that what she did with your last ex?”

Natalie stiffened under my touch. “My last ex?” she asked in an even tone. “Who is that?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” I stammered, nervous after feeling how tense that comment made Natalie. “She just mentioned she didn’t want me to be ‘another distraction’ to you. So-”

“Oh, my god,” Natalie giggled. “She wasn’t talking about an *ex*. She was talking about- well-” And for the first time ever, it was *Natalie* who was speechless. She floundered for words for a moment. Then she pushed

her back up against me like a needy cat. “Don’t stop rubbing,” she said, changing the subject.

“I don’t think so,” I said, pulling my hands away from her back. “You start talking and I start rubbing.”

Natalie gave a petulant little whimper. “Not fair,” she complained, her shoulders moving back and forth, seeking my absent hands.

“Tell me the story,” I insisted.

“Typical man,” said Natalie. “He gets his nut, and he turns into an asshole.”

Ordinarily a comment like this from Natalie would have horrified me. I would have done anything I could to make sure she didn’t actually think I was an ass. But this time I felt a boldness growing in me, stemming from that place that just had to know what Maria had been hinting at all along. This was my chance, and I wasn’t going to miss it.

“I guess so,” I said, pretending to stifle a huge yawn. “And now I’m sleepy, too.” I pulled the covers up to my shoulders and curled over in the bed, closing my eyes. “I think I’ll just-”

“Dickhead,” Natalie cursed. She reached behind her back and found my hands with hers. I thought she was trying to hold my hand, but instead she seized my wrists in a bear-trap grip and jerked my hands back up to her shoulders. “Fine,” she said. “I’ll tell you.”

I let Natalie place my hands against her back, but I did not start rubbing. “Well?” I said, teasing her skin with my fingertips. “I’m waiting.”

Natalie sighed. “Just remember. There’s a reason why I didn’t tell you this stuff.”

“It’s ok,” I said, gliding my palms across her shoulder blades in a gentle sweep. “You can tell me.”

“Well, ok,” said Natalie. “But you better not think less of me.”

Natalie sighed and relaxed back into my hands. “So- I told you how Maria got me a job at the gym for some money while I trained?”

“Right,” I said, tentatively pushing my fingers into her back.

“Well, most of that money went to our own training. Trying to get to the Olympics isn’t cheap. And so I ended up *super* broke. That’s why I moved in with Maria. She was just as broke as me.”

“I can see that,” I said in sarcastic reference to their cute, well-furnished apartment in this trendy neighborhood. “You guys are really slumming it here.”

“We weren’t living *here*,” Natalie laughed. “We were in some sweatbox near the industrial park. This place... well, don’t let me get ahead of myself.” Natalie shook her head and found the original thread of the story. “So Maria and I are super broke and living together. But we’re still barely paying the bills. So we came up with a plan to make some money on the side.”

“What kind of plan?”

“Promise not to be mad?”

I felt a sudden knot in my stomach. “What kind of plan?” I repeated.

Natalie blushed. Her words came hesitantly. “Do you know what a... camgirl is?”

My hands stopped. “Uh-”

“We never showed our full faces,” Natalie went on, jumping straight into the story just to keep herself from chickening out. “It was Maria’s idea. We knew we had to do it together. We’d never have the courage to do it alone. So we found a platform and started shooting videos of ourselves... doing things.”

“What kind of things?”

“The kinds of things a stranger would pay two chicks to do with each other,” she said simply. Instantly an image leaped to my mind. Well, not so much an *image* as a feeling, a flash of flesh and lips, a tangle of blonde and black hair.

“You mean you guys-”

“That’s how it started,” Natalie said. “Basic-ass stuff. Making out on webcam, flashing tits, that kind of thing.” Instantly my dick twitched and began unfurling inside the soccer shorts Natalie gave me. Despite my confusion, my dick seemed pretty ok with this development. My mind, on the other hand, was somewhat troubled. I knew there was something more to the Maria and Natalie story, and here was my confirmation at last.

“And we made *bank*,” Natalie went on with a touch of pride. “It was crazy. The cash was pouring in. But, well- things got complicated.”

“I can’t imagine how.”

Natalie arched her back impatiently against me. “You said you’d keep rubbing,” she insisted, and I obediently resumed massaging her back, pressing my fingers into the meat of her shoulders.

“Mm, that’s good,” Natalie moaned.

“So how did things get complicated?”

“Well, I mean-” Natalie said hesitantly. “We got pretty popular. Like, you wouldn’t believe how much money we were raking in.” She shook her head against the pillow. “Maybe that’s how it went wrong. It got *too* big. Because soon our little side-hustle started bleeding into everything.

“How did that happen?” I asked, slipping my hands down to her lower back and pressing into her hips.

“Well- on camera we were basically pretending to be a couple. But soon it felt like we *were* a couple. We spent so much time with our clothes off together-”

Those words caused me to fully lose my grip on Natalie. I practically fell onto the floor. “You mean-”

“Look,” said Natalie, lowering her voice a bit. “I spent a lot of time at soccer camp growing up. So I’ve hooked up with more girls than guys. Hell, my first kiss was with a girl. And half my teammates are full-time vagina-tarians.”

“But-”

“*But* I’m just not wired that way. Long-term,” she explained. Her hand snaked behind her back and found my swelling dick between my legs. “I’m all about the *meat*, baby,” she giggled. Her fingers were warm and tempting against my stiff prick, and the shift of her ass up to my waist made me salivate. But my mind was racing too fast to process everything. Fortunately Natalie just kept going.

“Anyway, I started to realize that things were getting a little weird between me and Maria. It kind of started bleeding into our lives all the time. She always wanted to snag some pics or some videos of us doing stuff together. But I think she just wanted an excuse to get physical with me.”

“It started getting- weird,” Natalie explained. “And I started realizing Maria wanted something more. She wanted us to be one way... but it was just-”

“The other way,” I finished.

Natalie sighed. “Right.”

“So-” I stammered. “Maria is a lesbian?”

Natalie snorted. “Don’t be so *suburban*. Maria fucks whoever she wants.”

“Oh,” I said quickly. “Sorry.”

“It’s ok,” Natalie laughed. “She fucks whoever she wants, and she almost exclusively wants to fuck girls. She probably *is* a lesbian. She’s

never had a boyfriend that I know of. And she definitely isn't squeamish about getting a face-full of pussy."

The words *face-full of pussy* made my dick twitch hard in Natalie's hand. And the knowledge that it was *Natalie's* pussy Maria was getting by the face-full made for one of the most confused boners I'd ever had.

Natalie squeezed my thickening shaft and giggled. "I think she wanted to take us to the next level. And that's right about the same time I told her I wanted us to take a step back."

"How did she take it?"

Natalie scoffed. "Who, *Maria*? What do you expect? She told me to stick it up my ass. '*You're* the one who's freaking out'," she said in an uncanny imitation of Maria. "She acted like I was overreacting. Said, 'well, if you feel weird then I guess we can stop'. But she could never admit the strength of her feelings for me."

"So Maria-"

"Just went back to being my friend. And my roommate. And my trainer," she added with a laugh. "And so when we stopped our little side-hustle, she threw herself into the training. I've never been so exhausted in my life."

"She kept training you?"

"My excuse for stopping our little... whatever that was, was that it was taking away my focus from training," Natalie said. "Which became *Maria's* excuse to get on my ass every time she felt like I was slacking. If she couldn't make me her girlfriend, she's make me her Olympic project."

"No wonder she hates me," I said, caressing Natalie's back while she kept squeezing my dick.

"That's what's so surprising about it," Natalie laughed. "I thought she'd eat you alive. But she actually *likes* you. That's got to piss her off."

“She probably can tell how much I care about you.”

Natalie giggled. “Oh, you sappy boy,” she said. The, apropos of nothing, she asked “What are you doing tomorrow?”

I tried to think. “Nothing.”

“Come to the competition tomorrow,” she said.

“What?” I stammered, at once grasping about for an excuse. “I mean-I-”

“You just said you had no plans this weekend,” Natalie said. “You don’t even have a cat to feed. You really just wanna sit around in your chastity cage all weekend?”

Natalie was right. I had been looking forward to our night together so much that I hadn’t even considered how boring the rest of the weekend would be without her. Besides, having her and Maria travel out of the city to stay in a hotel together was sounding like more and more of a threatening situation to me after Natalie’s revelation.

“It’ll be fun,” Natalie went on. “Come on, you’ll get to see a new city-see the competition- spend the night in a hotel with me,” she added in a low seductive voice. And just as suddenly, she slipped into a plaintive tone. “Come on, I could use your help.”

Time with Natalie or time without Natalie. There was no question what the right decision was. There was only one nagging doubt. “Maria won’t like it.”

“She can deal with it,” said Natalie imperiously. “You want to do everything Maria says?”

“I-”

“She also told you to keep your hands off me so I could sleep,” Natalie said mischievously. She slipped a hand around her back and found my crotch. “And yet you’re about to fuck me again.”

Natalie flipped down the waistband of the soccer shorts she gave me, releasing my dick like a coiled spring. The next thing I knew, she was pulling her panties to the side and guiding my cock toward her sopping-wet cunt as we lay in the spoon position on the bed. "One more time. Then it's time for sleep."

I didn't even have to move my hips. Natalie positioned my cockhead against her pussy and pushed back against me. I gasped as slowly enveloping my dick inside her wet warm delicious cunt. She pushed and pushed until her perfect ass was pressed against my hips, her cunt swollen up with every inch of my dick.

I wrapped my arms around Natalie over her side and pulled her close to me, feeling her heart beat through her chest as we lay still. I could even feel her heartbeat twitching through her cunt, right on my swollen cock. She felt incredible. At first we didn't move, our breath mingling in the dark room as she adjusted to my prick inside her. Then she began to work back against me, her lips gripping my cock as she released me an inch and then pushed me deep back inside, triggering incredible pleasure inside my dick.

"So," Natalie whispered in a ragged voice as she arched her back into me. "You coming with me tomorrow?"

I buried my face in the nape of her neck, taking in the rich scent of her hair and tingling skin as my lips found her soft flesh. "Yes," I gasped as my cock stiffened even deeper inside her.

I fit my hand into the perfect curve of her waist to pull her against me. Then I started driving myself into her in slow, firm strokes that drove gasps from Natalie as I filled her deep inside. We did not speak a word. Our language was kisses and caresses and soft cries in the dark room as we moved together in a rhythm, perfectly anticipating each other. A couple times I tried to adjust positions, either to turn her on her back or push her chest into the bed. But Natalie held firm, keeping me right at her side as I drove myself into her to the brink.

"Cum for me baby," Natalie whispered. She reached through her legs and found my balls, which she squeezed like she was trying to drain them.

“Empty those big balls in me. Come on.”

I was powerless to resist her urging. The wave had to break. And finally with a groan I thrust myself as deep inside her as I could. My cock spurted rope after rope of cum deep inside her, flooding her cunt with gooey warmth that dribbled down my shaft.

When I finished, I tried to pull my dick free. But Natalie put an insistent hand on my butt, pressing me up against her. She kept me in her, my softening cock trapped inside her cunt. I lay still with her too, holding her tight as I wondered how long I should keep it in her. I was still wondering that when I drifted off to sleep.

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Chapter 19: On the Road

Would you be surprised to learn that Natalie is the kind of person who likes to get an early start on a trip? Like a couple *hours*' early start? The type of person to get to the airport before the Cinnabon is even open? Yeah. Dating a Type A girl has its benefits. But when her alarm blared me out of what felt like two winks' of sleep in what must have still been the pitch-dark of night, I was too groggy to remember any of them.

Natalie vaulted out of bed the minute she opened her eyes and marched out the bedroom door. I stumbled sleepily after her, only to find myself in the whirlwind of Maria and Natalie rushing around packing. I just tried to stay out of the way as they packed like we had five minutes to evacuate before an explosion. They dashed around, shared urgent murmurs as they filled coffee mugs and tossed luggage toward the door.

In my sleepy daze I couldn't help but notice that Maria was wearing a pair of tiny sleep-shorts that showed *all* of her perfect olive thighs and cupped her delicious ass in a silky embrace. Meanwhile Natalie rushed around in that t-shirt dress she wore the night before, clinging to her legs and showing every curve of her incredible body. Her hair was mussed from sleep, her face was tired, and yet she still looked so gorgeous I could even forgive her for making me get up at that ungodly hour.

When all was ready, Natalie pressed a travel mug into my hands and herded me out to the car. I wore a casual outfit: jeans, t-shirt, and a zip-hoodie, and I'd slapped my face with enough cold water to feel human again. I headed for the backseat, but Natalie beat me to it.

"Uh-uh," she said. "You're sitting shotgun." She raised her voice to make sure Maria could hear. "We need a *man* to navigate."

"Navigate my foot up your ass," Maria grumbled back, sliding into the driver's seat.

“First time for everything,” said Natalie coyly, jumping into the back behind Maria.

Maria shot me a dark look. “You know what? I’m glad I’m not sitting next to her. Four hours is a long time.”

“Whatever,” said Natalie. “I can still talk from back here.”

“Go to sleep or something,” said Maria as she pulled onto the street. And so we were off, the two of them talking incessantly as we headed toward the highway. I tried not to let my eye wander down to Maria’s bare thigh, her shorts leaving almost nothing to the imagination as she worked the gas and brakes. And as I did, I remembered bits of the conversation from the night before with Natalie. Did she and Maria really...?

My dick tried to respond to this imaginary hookup between the two hottest girls I’d ever met. But it had nowhere to go- Natalie’d insisted lock my manhood back up inside the cage for the day. And this time, *she* would keep the key. She took it from me that morning and disappeared off into her room. When she reemerged, the key was on a chain around her neck, glinting at me like a winking eye.

So locked up I went, along with Natalie and Maria, barreling our way toward the competition. The rosy-fingered dawn kissed the horizon, stretching crimson bands as the sun began to illuminate the open road. I sipped my coffee while Natalie and Maria continued chattering, still trying to take it all in.

Natalie and Maria discussed the upcoming competition, but they might as well have been speaking a different language. I couldn’t penetrate the technical terms they threw around casually. Pulls, sets, cleans, jerks, snatches... I recognized the some of the words, but it felt like they were speaking in code. Eventually I had to clear my throat and reveal my ignorance.

“Question,” I said, speaking for the first time in half an hour. Maria and Natalie, startled to hear me speak, looked at me expectantly. I almost faltered in the sudden silence as both girls waited for my question to come.

“Uhm,” I stammered. “Maybe it’s too late to ask. But, well- what exactly are you doing today?”

“Well, it’s an Olympic event,” said Maria with a touch of condescension. “So it’s all oly stuff today.”

“Right,” I nodded. Then I frowned. “And- what does that mean?”

Natalie intervened before Maria could berate my foolishness. “You and I never work on oly stuff together, because, well- it’s hard,” she explained. “I mostly have you lift for strength. But the oly stuff is about explosiveness and power just as much as strength.”

Maria was obviously impatient at Natalie’s slow explanation. “Today’s about two moves only,” she said, eyes on the road. “The *snatch* and the *clean-and-jerk*. That’s it. Biggest total wins.”

Before I could ask what those were, Natalie was on it. She and Maria were working together perfectly, anticipating my questions and feeding off each others’ responses. “The Clean-and-jerk,” Natalie began. “Is two components. You start with the bar on the ground like a deadlift. But instead of pulling it to your waist, you explode up and bring it to a front-rack position in front of your chest,” she said, miming hand movements. “And then you *jerk* the bar up so you’re holding it straight overhead.”

“And the *snatch*,” said Maria. “The *snatch* is that slit between Brooks’ legs that smells like the Wuhan wet market.”

Natalie gave an indignant squeal. “That’s not what your dad told me last night,” she shot back.

“Gross,” said Maria, fake-gagging. “Mr. Rios would never go *near* your stinky puss.”

“He told me I tasted like peaches and cream when I was making him suck me off,” Natalie fired back.

“*Sour* cream.”

“Oh yeah?” said Natalie, fumbling around in the back. She thrust her arm over the console and brought three fingers right underneath Maria’s nose. “Smell.”

I watched in absolute shock as Maria sniffed the fingers and considered the aroma. “Not fair,” she said. “You just took a shower. But you’ve still got that unmistakable Brooks puss smell.”

“Ha!” Natalie cried. “That was my armpit!” I whipped my head back just in time to catch Natalie miming how she’d stuck her hand inside her shirtsleeve to rub her pit as she collapsed into triumphant laughter.

Maria scowled and put her eyes back on the road, trying to ignore Natalie’s laughter. “You’re disgusting.”

“Not as disgusting as you,” said Natalie. “I can’t believe you were really gonna smell my puss off my fingers.”

“Peaches and cream, my ass,” Maria grumbled. “I bet the only thing that puss smells like right now is your boyfriends’ baby dick.”

My dick twitched in protest, but the cage locking me up tight made me feel like I had no room to complain. Fortunately Natalie was there to save the day. “Don’t listen to her, stud,” she reassured me, squeezing my shoulder. “You’ve got a beautiful dick. I can still feel you stretching out every single inch of my-”

“*Grossssss*” Maria sang, trying to drown out Natalie’s words. “I don’t want to hear what you two perverts get up to.”

“You’re calling *me* a perv?” Natalie scoffed.

“*You*’re the one making her boyfriend wear her old soccer uniform. What is that about? Are you literally trying to fuck yourself?”

“Fucking yourself is fun,” Natalie countered. “You should try it sometime. In fact, why don’t you go and fuck yourself right now?”

I couldn't help myself but let out a single loud guffaw at this joke. Maria snapped her head toward me, her eyes hard. "Oh, you liked that one, huh?" she scowled. I knew the girls were just playing with each other, but there was an undercurrent of tension to the conversation that made me nervous.

Maria shook her head with exaggerated disappointment and returned her eyes to the road. "I don't even want to *ask* about that little thing I saw on you last night." She jabbed her thumb to the backseat. "You really let this chick get you by the balls like that?"

I was mortified by the idea of explaining the chastity cage to Maria. Unfortunately my dick reacted the opposite way, twitching inside the cage and filling my stomach with the hot frustration of my prison. I was shaping a response for Maria, but Natalie intervened.

"Rest area!" she cried, leaning forward and jabbing her finger out the window. "Pull over. I gotta *bust*."

Maria rolled her eyes. "We just got started," she said. "Can't you hold it?"

"You kidding?" Natalie laughed. "You know who we're talking about here."

"You must have the smallest bladder in the world, Brooks," Maria sighed. "And the worst willpower."

"Come on," Natalie whined. "It'll be a good chance for you to change your tampon, too."

"You know damn well our period won't start for another week."

Our period? I'd heard of girls falling into the same cycle before, but this was a new level of closeness. But as usual, there was little time to ruminate on new revelations. The world kept on spinning and Natalie and Maria kept on chattering.

“Just pull over,” Natalie whined. “It’ll be quick.”

Maria’s lips were a cold line as she focused on the road. “No.”

“What?”

“We’re on a schedule here. It’s too early for a stop.”

“*Please*,” Natalie begged. The offramp to the rest area was coming up on the right, and Maria showed no signs of slowing down. “Come on, here!” Natalie cried, indicating the rest area like she believed Maria couldn’t see it/

A cruel little smirk crossed Maria’s face. “Huh?” she said, looking vaguely around the road. “Where is it?” As she feigned looking where Natalie was pointing, she whizzed right past the offramp to the rest area.

Natalie let out a desperate groan. “Maria!” she cried.

“Oops,” said Maria. “Was that the exit?”

“Oh, I’m going to kill you,” Natalie cried, squeezing her legs together.

“Don’t be such a baby.”

“I’m serious,” said Natalie, looking back forlornly at the rest area as it disappeared behind us. “I have to pee so bad. I don’t think I can hold it.”

“Well then,” Maria said, focusing her on the road like she was driving a bus and Natalie was an unruly passenger. “If you really can’t hold it, then I guess you’ll have to just pee yourself.”

“Pee myself?” Natalie said indignantly. “You’re a psycho.”

“This happens every time we take a trip, and I’m sick of it,” said Maria flatly. “If you can’t hold it, there’s a towel in my bag. Just stick it under your ass and pee on it.”

“I’m not peeing myself!” Natalie cried. She grasped me by the shoulder hard, digging her nails into my flesh. “Do something! Make her stop!”

“Uh-”

Maria laughed, clearly tickled by the idea of *me* doing something to stop her. “Nice try. But you’re gonna have to be a big girl and hold it.”

Natalie screwed her eyes shut. She was squirming in the backseat, her fingers still on my shoulder as she shifted her legs back and forth urgently. “Maria, this isn’t funny,” she said.

“It’s kind of funny,” Maria said.

“Maria!” Natalie cried in frustration. “Come on, pull over!”

Maria fingered the radio dial and cranked the music up louder, drowning out all noise with the uptempo riff of her pop-punk mix. “What’s that?” she shouted over Panic! At the Disco. “I can’t hear you.”

“*Pull. Over.*” Natalie shouted with her fingers in her ears. “I’m serious!”

“What?” Maria yelled back.

“Applesauce!” Natalie cried. “Applesauce!”

Maria rolled her eyes. “Ugh. Fine.” Suddenly she released the gas and pushing onto the brake, slowing the car down as she merged into the right lane. She eased the car to the side of the road in a smooth motion, bringing the car to a stop on the shoulder just beside a guardrail. The car was probably still moving when Natalie threw open the backdoor and rushed out of the car.

I watched from the passenger seat as Natalie hurdled the guardrail and rushed over to a small thicket of trees. She was glancing around for the most amount of cover she could find, but options were limited on the sparse patch of highway where we’d stop.

“Look at her,” Maria giggled, prodding my shoulder. “She can’t find a place to pee!”

We watched the silent drama as Natalie danced in place for a minute, working her legs up and down and fumbling with her pants as she tried to find the place to go. Then finally she threw up her hands in surrender and jerked down her leggings, exposing her beautiful round ass to the morning sun.

“Oh my god!” Maria gasped. “She’s going right there!”

Natalie squatted down on the ground, lowering herself at least far enough to let the guardrail block her from the onrushing traffic. I could only see the back of her head and her hunched-over shoulders over the top of the rail. She threw back her head and closed her eyes, relief evident even from my far-away vantage.

“Not so tough now, is she?” Maria smirked as Natalie finished her business. I had no words as I watched Natalie rise back up to full height, adjusting her waistband back into place. She turned back to the car, gave a haughty look, and then extended both middle fingers out to Maria.

Natalie kept her birds flying the whole way back to the car, and Maria laughed the whole time. Natalie pulled open the backseat, scowling as she slid back into the car. “I hate you.”

Maria turned back to Natalie with a mild smile on her face. Then she extended a travel mug full of coffee to her with a smirk. “Need this? You look thirsty.”

Chapter 20: The Muller Classic

We made it through the rest of the drive without any more urgent stops. I hardly got a word in as the roadside fields and pastures zipped by my window. Natalie and Maria chattered away, discussing techniques and preparation in such granular detail that they may as well have been speaking a different language.

But before I knew it, we'd reached the suburban outskirts of the city. And as we drew nearer, the highway became more and more congested. We found ourselves wedged into a long string of cars in a stop-and-go, bumper-to-bumper dance as we crawled toward the cluster of skyscrapers that marked downtown.

"Damn, there's a ton of traffic today," I observed.

Maria shot me a look. "It's the Muller," she said. "What did you expect?"

"The Muller?"

"Oh my god," Maria said despairingly, looking to Natalie for guidance. "Where did you find this guy, Brooks?"

"The Muller Classic," Natalie said. "That's the event. You've never heard of it? It's one of the biggest events of the year."

My eyes widened at the long string of cars, stretched out like a line of ants marching back to the colony. "All these people are here to see *you*?"

"Yeah, right," Maria scoffed. "They're here to drink Bangs and compare gyno with each other."

"The Muller is one of the biggest fitness festivals in the world," Natalie said. "There's competitions of all kinds- weightlifting, bodybuilding,

strongman, Crossfit, you name it. Plus merch on merch on merch.”

“It’s basically Meathead Mecca,” said Maria, easing back on the brakes as the traffic crawled to a stop again. “There’s gonna be thousands of people in and out all day. You’ll see.”

After crawling through the stream of traffic into downtown, Maria maneuvered the car into a parking garage near the convention center and squeezed into a spot.

“Shit,” Maria said, whipping off her seatbelt and throwing open the driver’s side door. “We should have been here an hour ago.”

“We’re fine,” said Natalie, climbing out of the car. “We’ve got tons of time.”

“If you think I’m going to let you half-ass your warmup today, you’re insane,” Maria snapped back. “We need to get going. Get your bag.”

I thought I could help Natalie by carrying her bag, but Maria snapped at me. “No time,” she said. “We have to go in. Now. You get us checked in to the hotel. It’s under Brooks.” She pointed at the luggage in the backseat. “Take those up.”

Natalie squeezed my shoulder gently. “Do you mind?” she asked me with a sweet smile. Transfixed by this gorgeous girl, her tender touch sending shivers down my spine, I didn’t think there was *anything* I would mind to do for her.

“Sure,” I said, taking the rolling suitcases from the back.

“You’re a sweetheart.”

“Let’s go!” Maria urged, already heading toward the exit.

Natalie grinned. “Sorry about the little dictator over here,” she said, jerking her head toward Maria. “She gets more nervous about these things than I do.”

Maria stopped and folded her arms with a stern expression fixed on her face. “Brooks!”

“If you’re gonna ride my ass, at least pull my hair,” Natalie grumbled before slinging her backpack over her shoulder and turning toward me.

“Ok. Competition starts at 1 pm. So we have *plenty* of time,” she said, emphasizing *plenty* to make sure she needled Maria. “It’ll be chaotic in there, but if you get lost, just ask where the oly event is.”

“Fuck’s sake,” Maria grumbled. She turned and started marching away toward the exit as fast as her gorgeous legs could carry her.

Natalie grinned at me. “Seriously. Don’t worry. I’ll see you soon.”

“It’s fine,” I said. “I think your day is going to be a little more stressful than mine.”

Natalie laughed. “Oh, you sweet boy,” she sighed. She took me tenderly by the cheek and planted a soft kiss on my lips. Her whole essence filled me, making my senses swim with her hypnotic power. And as she kissed me, she sneaked a hand down to the waist and squeezed my chastity cage, driving a muffled yelp from me.

“Are you going to be a good boy?” she asked. And then before I could answer, she giggled and fished the chain with the chastity cage key on it from inside her shirt. “Never mind,” she said, displaying the key in a teasing gesture. “I know you will be.”

Blood pumped helplessly in my locked-dick, bringing that hot frustrated feeling to my stomach again. It would be agony waiting all day to have her again. But at this point, she’d taught me that the wait would be worth it. I swallowed hard. “Good luck,” I said.

Natalie planted another kiss on my lips with a force that nearly buckled my knees. Then she whirled around and raced off toward Maria, who was disappearing down the parking garage stairwell. “See you soon!” she called over her shoulder.

Still limping from the deadening soreness in my thighs from the Karen workout- *was that really only yesterday?*- I gathered the rolling suitcases and headed toward the elevated walkway that lead to the convention center hotel. A silence settled over the parking garage, like the soft falling of snow, as I suddenly found myself alone. After the constant chatter of the last several hours, it was strange to hear each footstep I took through the garage, all by myself for the first time in almost a day.

The warmly lit hotel lobby was an elegant blend of marble, glossy tile, and a veritable forest of potted plants. Gold trim lined the counters before the redcoated concierges, and I briefly wondered if somehow I'd traveled back in time to the gilded age. It was certainly fancier than the Super 8's my family used to stay in on road trips. In fact, it had to be the fanciest hotel I'd ever been inside.

I rolled the suitcases toward the counter, nervously avoiding eye contact with the front desk staff and wishing Natalie was still with me. She always knew how to handle herself. She'd stride right up to the desk and they'd give her exactly what she wanted. While me-

Wait a minute, I thought. *What the hell am I afraid of?* It was just a hotel, after all. All I had to do was walk right up there and give them the name and we'd be all set. If Natalie could do it, I could. So I took my imagined view of how Natalie would handle the situation and tried to emulate it. I raised my gaze to the concierge, lifted my chest up, and tried to walk as boldly as I could, ignoring the constricting frustration in the chastity cage and my dead-worn out thighs.

The concierge, a pretty redhead with her cap at a jaunty angle, flashed a smile at me. "Good afternoon, sir," she said in a noticeable Russian accent. "How can I help you today?"

Before I'd met Natalie, talking to a girl this beautiful would have reduced me to a jabbering mess. I'd have been more likely to slip on my own sweat than I would be to get through a full sentence. But Natalie was better looking than this chick, and look how far I'd come with her! I could do this.

I cleared my throat. "Reservation for Brooks," I said in the deepest voice I could summon.

"One moment, sir." The concierge tapped on her computer screen for a few minutes. "Ah. Right here. Reservation prepaid. Single room, King bed."

"Oh." *One room? One bed?* I realized they must have made a mistake. They made the reservations a while back. But this was going to make things quite awkward when we got back to the hotel.

The Russian concierge raised her eyebrows. "Everything ok, sir?"

"Yep," I stammered hastily. *Say something, you idiot!* I cleared my throat. "Just out of curiosity, how many more rooms do you have available."

The concierge gave a polite smile. "All booked up," she said. "Everyone going to fitness convention. It looks like you are, too," she added with a short glance down at my chest.

Her comment drew a blush from me, and I momentarily forgot my anxiety over the room situation. "I'm just here to watch," I told her. "My girlfriend's competing in weightlifting. She might get to go to the Olympics."

The concierge pursed her lips. "Well. Good luck to her." She placed two room cards on the counter. "Room 502. The whirlpool will be nice for her to recover after competition. And for you, I think," she said with a sly wink.

I flashed an embarrassed grin as I scooped up the cards. "Thank you," I said as I stuffed the cards into my pocket. I took the rolling suitcases by the handles and beelined for the elevators, still flushed. I was proud she'd thought I looked like I belonged at the convention. But it felt even better to brag about my girlfriend. Hell, it felt good just to say I had one.

I beeped into room 502 and found a palatial suite that was bigger than my apartment. It was the first time I'd ever seen a hotel suite with multiple

rooms. But this one had a lounging area with two plush couches facing a big-screen TV and a shining glass bar with a fridge and multiple glasses. The room had a fresh, clean smell, and when I shut the door behind me I was struck by the silence that pervaded.

I slipped off my shoes and walked my stockinged feet over the carpet toward the back room, which featured a full-sized bedroom with two long dressers and a king-sized four-poster covered in thick, freshly turned-down blankets. I rolled the suitcases to the side, and I was about to leave to check out the bathroom when I noticed the a bucket on the dresser by the window. A bottle of champagne, plunged into a bucket of ice, with two flutes and a cream-colored note folded into a small triangle in front of it. I had a sense I should probably leave it alone, but my hands moved faster than my sense of morality.

“Win or lose, I’m proud of you. Love forever, Maria”. With trembling hands I set the note back down, trying to put it exactly where I’d found it before. Obviously Maria’s set up this little welcome display for Natalie. But- Champagne? And a little note? It was so... *romantic*. Suddenly I felt queasy in my stomach as I recalled some of the details of their relationship Natali had told me the night before. She made it sound like they’d cooled things off, but- *I’d* never leave a note like that for a guy friend. Maybe girls were just different.

Trying to reassure myself that nothing strange was going on, I left the bags by the bed and went to the bathroom. I found a white marbled room with high ceilings and an enormous whirlpool bath you could fit half a dozen people inside. I was almost scared to use the fancy, square-shaped toilet. In fact, the whole setup made me nervous. I’d been flying by the seat of my pants for so long on this journey that I’d hardly stopped to let myself wonder how I got there.

Trying to break the cycle of intrusive thoughts, I quickly freshened myself up and escaped the room. Anxiety fizzled in my stomach like a glass of soda as I rode the elevator to the lobby and found the walkway over to the convention center.

It was easy to find the convention- I just had to follow the noise of the crowd. I probably could have walked their blindfolded and found the place just by following the smell of stale sweat and energy drinks. But instead I fell in with a crew of curiosity seekers from the hotel and joined the stream of humanity toward the convention.

Once I joined the flow of people heading toward the convention, I lost control of my movement altogether. I wedged myself into the group and allowed myself to be herded like a sheep toward the ticket booth, where I purchased a thirty-dollar day pass from a sullen girl. "This way," she mumbled with a halfhearted wave in the vague direction of the entrance.

I stepped through the doors from the dingy lobby to the convention center floor, and instantly felt like I had been transported a thousand years into the future. The cavernous room was lined floor to ceiling with brightly colored banners and signs. A cacophony of clashing music styles blasted over the clamor of the crowd and the clang of iron. Strobe lights, sirens, fog machines, and countless microphones added to the confusion.

All around me, musclebound men and women paraded around like peacocks, bulging out of their stringer tank tops and short shorts. And as I wandered through the booths, I became aware of a strange phenomenon. There were so many good-looking people. If you took one of them and dropped them in the middle of town on a Saturday afternoon, they'd draw stares of lust and envy from every eye on the boardwalk. But here, mingled together, they all looked exactly the same- tanned, toned, rippling with muscle, teeth gleaming white, wearing the same clothes, the same styles, with the same nervous jealous faces as they looked around and realized the same thing themselves. When everyone's a hottie, nobody is.

I was momentarily stunned by the scene, and found myself stumbling down a row of white-tarped booths, jostled all the way by the packed-in crowd. It was half state fair, half late night infomercial. Vendors hawked products and accessories of every kind from their booths. I saw specialized juicing bullets- only \$150. Vests covered in strings of "ionizing" magnets. Countless protein bars and meal replacement products catering to every specialized diet you could imagine. And rows of bored-looking models in

bikinis halfheartedly flapping signs advertising credit cards and plastic surgeons.

My heart fluttered when I noticed a stage set up toward the end of the row of booths. I could hear the muffled noise of an announcer's voice over the P.A. system, and I rushed toward the voice, hoping to find the Olympic stage. But when I found my way to the crowd gathering around the soundstage, I was greeted by a different sight. The platform was littered with a bizarre array of equipment, the likes of which I'd never seen before. It wasn't regular gym equipment. It looked more like farm equipment. And in the middle of the platform, looming over what looked like a giant, smooth grey stone, was a stout meatball of a man with a beet-red face, sucking breaths through his nose like a frightened horse.

The gathered crowd of a couple dozen watchers hummed with anticipation getting ready to watch the meatball man do his thing. Then the announcer, positioned a safe distance behind the competitor, raised his microphone. "Ready- Go!"

An electronic beep announced the clock at the back of the stage was running. On this signal, the meatball-looking man squatted down and wrapped his thick arms around the stone. He heaved it effortlessly up to his chest in a single jerking motion. The crowd cheered as the man, holding the giant stone tight to his stomach with both hands, waddled over to another contraption that looked like a pommel horse. With a grunt, he pushed the stone over the top of the horse, letting it drop to the other side. As soon as he finished, he raced back to the start to begin working on a different, larger stone.

I watched in awe as this man-ox worked his way through a total of four stones, increasing in weight each time. And as he heaved each one over the bar, the crowd grew louder and louder in support. He hoisted the final boulder to mid thigh and caught it on his fingertips. I thought for a moment he was bound to drop it. He just hung there, his face reddening, every vein in his arms and forehead standing out like they would explode. He looked just as squat and round as the stone he carried. The tension in the crowd was palpable as he reached the make-or-break moment of the competition. And then, with a great animal grunt, he jerked the boulder up higher and

caught it under his chest. A great roar went up through the crowd that continued as the man waddled over to the bar and slowly pushed the boulder over. As soon as the stone hit the ground, the electronic time stopped. The crowd roared its approval.

“Tyson Ball finishes in forty-five seconds!” the announcer cried over the noise of the audience. “Good for second place! Coming up next, Chris Adams!”

I watched as another pack-mule of a man mounted the stage, swinging his stubby arms back and forth like he was warming up to wrestle a bull. I was so caught up in the spectacle that I was taken completely off-guard when a strong hand suddenly closed around my shoulder.

“Whoa!” I yelped, startling in the air.

“What are you doing dawdling here? We need you right away,” said a stern, familiar voice.

It was Maria, of course. She wore a white tanktop with USA WEIGHTLIFTING emblazoned on the front. The crisp color contrasted with her dusky skin, highlighting her alluring features from her exposed throat and chest to her strong and slender arms. She wore her dark hair down, swept over to the side so it tumbled in thick ribbons over her bare shoulders. And her beautiful face was pinched into that demanding scowl that made me want to collapse into jelly.

“Maria,” I stammered. “What are-”

“Come on,” she said, whirling around. She was already marching across the back of the Strongman crowd, clearing the way before her like Moses parting the red sea. I raced along to keep up, darting around the wall of humanity that kept trying to close me off from Maria as she strode quickly toward the far end of the convention center.

I finally caught up to her and paced on her heels like a duckling crossing the street. “I thought we had plenty of time,” I panted.

“No such thing as *plenty of time*,” Maria said without looking back or breaking her stride. “Especially now that we’ve got a little situation on our hands.”

“What’s that?” I grumbled as I struggled to keep up. “Is the temperature here’s half a degree lower than you want?”

“Very funny,” said Maria. “But this time, it’s not me being the neurotic one.”

Maria led me to the furthest end of the convention center- the food area. The smell of grilled chicken and hot grease wafted us closer to a row of about a dozen food booths. There was the expected protein shakes and salad bars, plus a surprising amount of the kind of foods you’d find at a state fair- deep-fried oreos, burgers, funnel cakes, French fries. My stomach grumbled at the smell of fried chicken, and I realized I was just about starving.

“Lunch time, huh?”

Maria slowed to a halt and began scanning the placards identifying each booth. When she’d conducted a full scan, she placed her hands on her hips and frowned. “Damn it.”

“What are you looking for?”

Maria jerked her thumb toward a curtained-off area. “Princess Brooks back there has a craving. She’s worse than a pregnant bitch when she gets nervous.”

“She’s nervous?”

Maria folded her arms across her chest. “She’s only trying to qualify for the Olympics right now,” she said flatly.

“Right,” I said. “It’s not like it’s the *actual* Olympics.”

Maria flared her nostrils. “Will you just help me look?”

“What does Natalie want?”

Maria rolled her eyes. “She has these little protein bars she likes. They’re called PowerCrunch, and of course they’re damn near impossible to find.”

I pointed my finger at one of the booths. “Looks like they have a bunch of bars there.”

Maria shook her head. “Wrong kind. I already checked.”

“Did you ask them?”

“Are you blind?” Maria snipped. “Look at the sign.”

“Never hurts to ask,” I shrugged, before turning and walking toward the booth before Maria could respond. Her annoyed huff echoed in my ear as I approached the swarthy booth attendant.

“Excuse me,” I said. “Do you sell PowerCrunch bars here?”

The vendor spread his hands. “Sorry, boss. No PowerCrunch here. But we have Cliff, Quest, Lara-”

As he recited the list of available products, my eyes flickered over to the menu. “And coffee, I see,” I said, the smell of the fresh brew tantalizing my nostrils.

“Best coffee here,” the vendor boasted. “Pure Turkish delight.”

I reached for my wallet. “Tell you what. I’ll take two of those. One for me, and one for my friend back here,” I said, jerking my thumb back toward Maria, who was watching with folded arms and a scowl. I could tell she was impatient at my little delay.

The vendor looked impressed. “Your friend is very lovely,” he said, pulling two cups from a sleeve and busying himself about the coffee.

“Yes she is.” I lowered my voice. “And very cranky. She needs a cup of coffee and a snack. Unfortunately the only bars she can eat are those PowerCrunch things.”

The vendor raised a knowing eye. “Tell you what, friend,” he said, filling the two cups with steaming brew. “There is a whole PowerCrunch booth. It’s not here with the rest of the food. But go to the south entrance and you can’t miss it.”

“I appreciate it,” I said, setting down some bills with enough for a nice tip. “Thanks.”

“Thank *you*,” the vendor winked, passing me the coffee cups. “Good luck with your lady-friend. This will settle her down.”

“Something else will rile her up again anyway,” I said, turning away. I raised one of the coffees behind me in a parting salute. “Thanks again.”

Maria hadn’t budged an inch when I returned to her. She was still standing in a cross-armed scowl, looking like she could be there until the end of time. “Coffee?” I grinned, holding a cup out to her.

Maria didn’t move. “Did you enjoy your little detour?”

“I did, actually,” I responded casually. “He told me there’s a PowerCrunch booth just outside the south door.”

Maria couldn’t hide her surprise. “Really?”

I blew on the coffee and sipped it. “Ooh,” I said, raising my eyebrows. “Delicious.”

Maria rolled her eyes. “Don’t get cocky,” she said, reaching for the other cup. “Let’s get going. Brooks has gotta be shitting it back there.”

I handed off the cup to Maria, who took it without a word and turned to start marching away. I followed her to the southside entrance of the convention center, dodging around the crowd like moguls on a ski slope.

As we neared the wall, the thumping sound of electronic dance music drew us toward a gaudy pink booth, easily double the size of any of the others. A banner hanging high between the two metal supports read *POWERCRUNCH*. It wasn’t so much a booth as a mini stage, elevated a

couple feet off the ground with a little metal staircase leading to the top. And piled up high on either side of the stage, flanking the speakers, was an El Dorado of bright pink boxes of PowerCrunch bars. We'd found it.

"Step right up!" cried a voice from the stage, amplified through stacks of speakers that lined the proscenium. A short, gleaming-bald guy with a goatee and a white vinyl jacket commanded the stage, shouting into a mic like he was headlining Coachella. He was gesturing to the stage's centerpiece: a gleaming-new bench press rack featuring a bar loaded with one plate on each side. "Take the PowerCrunch challenge!"

Maria and I sidled up to the stage, trying to blend in with the crowd of onlookers, but the rat-terrier announcer with the coke-fiend energy spotted us and bounded over. "Hey there," he called down to us through a squeal of feedback. "Are you man enough to take the PowerCrunch challenge?"

I raised my voice so I could hear myself over the ringing in my ears. "Actually, I was just wondering if we could buy one of those bars," I said, pointing to the stack of boxes. "Or maybe a whole box."

"Of course you can!" the host grinned back, his teeth gleaming as brightly as his waxed dome. "But you don't buy em with money. You buy em with muscle!"

Maria stepped forward. "We just need one." She tugged at the chest of her shirt to show the Team USA logo like it was a badge. "It's for one of the athletes. That muscle enough for you?"

"Same rules for everyone," the M.C. winked. "That's the beauty of this country." A lewd smirk spread across his face as he took another look at Maria. "But hey. You look like a strapping young woman. How'd you like to take the PowerCrunch Challenge?"

"Dude, just give us a bar," Maria snapped. "We don't have time for this."

"What's the PowerCrunch Challenge?" I asked.

Chrome-dome beamed at me. “I’m glad you asked, young man.” He bent over the bench press and gave the backpad a couple solid slaps. “This here’s your standard one-plate bench. Give me twenty reps in a row, and you win a box of PowerCrunch. Any flavor you want!” The host leered back at Maria. “What do you say? Want to put those guns to work? It looks like you’ve got an- ahem- powerful chest there.”

I instinctively reached out to pinch Maria’s arm so she wouldn’t jump on stage and clobber the guy. “Hey,” I whispered to her. “Just do it so we can get out of here.”

Maria shot me back a look of pure rage. I thought for a moment she was going to take *my* head off instead. I watched her boiling, some well of frustration and anger rising inside her, and I had no idea what she was about to do. Just as I thought she might storm the stage and just take a box for herself, she turned to me.

“You do it,” she hissed through clenched teeth.

“Me?” I said, unsure if I’d heard right. “Come on. You’re way-”

“If we were squatting, I’d crush you,” she said. “But I fucking hate bench press. You’ve got to do it.” Suddenly I understood the root of the anger I’d watched boiling inside her. Maria was *embarrassed*. “I haven’t been training bench for a while,” she went on, “and I worked upper body yesterday, and-”

“It’s ok,” I broke in, interrupting her string of excuses. “But, you really think *I* can do it?”

“Come on,” Maria snorted. “Don’t be modest. I know Brooks has you benching like Lou Ferrigno. “

The comment surprised me, and not just because I had no idea who Lou Ferrigno was. Over the few months of working out with Natalie, I knew I’d gotten stronger. But wandering around a place like this convention center made me feel like the shrimpy weakling I’d always been before. When progress comes incrementally, it’s hard to see the results. But I *had* gotten

stronger. The one-plate bench that daunted me at first was now an easy warmup for me. Maybe I could handle the challenge.

“Alright,” I said. “I’ll try.”

“Ok, Pitbull,” Maria shouted to the energetic M.C. She gave me a slap on the chest like she was showing off a pack animal. “He’s going to do it.”

“I love it!” The host crooned into the mic. “Showing off for your girlfriend. Get on up here, kid!”

Still smarting from Maria’s chest-slap, which reverberated through my body down to the chastity cage prison, I took a deep breath. Maria took the still-steaming cup of coffee from my hand and stood aside to let me mount the stage.

As I headed up the metal grated stairs, the host raced over to his laptop, which was perched on a for-show turntable like he was pretending to spin cookies in Ibiza. He hit a couple buttons, and the ear-splitting sound of airhorns ushered in a change to the stage’s atmosphere. The stage frame-mounted lights began to flash and spin like distressed robots, turning the stage into a dance hall blur of strobe lights as a loud party rock anthem began blasting from the speakers.

“Ok, Ladies and Gentlemen!” the host shouted. “Welcome to the PowerCrunch challenge, hosted by yours truly, DJ Extreme!”

He charged me down as I approached the bench press and roughly turned me to face off the stage. I looked out to find the small crowd of curiosity seekers was swelling with newcomers like pigeons to a fallen loaf of bread. My mouth instantly went dry.

DJ Extreme had to rise to his tiptoes to reach his arm up to my shoulder. He pulled me close to his short, sweaty frame like we were old buddies. “And stepping up to the stage to take on the challenge is this strapping young man,” he cried into the mic. “What’s your name kid?”

He thrust the mic up to my mouth. “Um, Daniel” I squeaked, cringing at the strange sound of my own amplified voice.

“*Um Daniel*,” the host cackled into his mic. “Let’s hear it for *Um Daniel*, ladies and gentlemen!”

A smattering of applause and ironic cheers went up among the two dozen or so people who’d found their way to the stage. DJ Extreme pulled me close enough to tell which Axe body spray scent he was using. “Now Daniel here is going to try and hit twenty reps on this bench. And I need all of you to cheer him on!” he shouted, emphasizing the last three words with sound smacks on my shoulder blade.

The faces in the crowd drew closer, and suddenly I thought of a picture from a history textbook where a crowd of *sans-culottes* were gathered around a guillotine. I swallowed as I looked on at their eager faces. I could tell that they wanted to watch me fail.

Beginning to panic, I looked for the stairs. Maybe I could back out. Maybe I could just run away. But as I looked for an exit route, my eyes fell on Maria. She was watching me with that same tight-lipped face and crossed arms she often wore. But there was something different in her eyes. Something warm and alive and intense. She was willing me to succeed. I felt it.

And so, just as DJ Extreme was about to ask me another question, I slipped free of his grip and stepped up to the bench. “Now here’s how it works-” the DJ began, but I was already ahead of him. I sat down on the bench, taking care not to trap my chastity cage underneath my thighs. I locked eyes with Maria one last time. Then I took a breath and lay back against the foam bench pad.

“Ok, we’ve got an eager one!” the DJ cried into the mic. “Are you ready, kid?”

I stared up at the ceiling, so high above me in the huge convention center. Above the thumping beat of the electronic dance music DJ Extreme was blasting us with, ATF-at-Waco style, I could hardly hear the murmur of

the onlooking crowd. *Just pretend no one's there*, I thought. But that was impossible. There was one person I could not put out of my mind. Maria, right there, watching me with that intense look on her face like she was using telekinesis to move the bar herself.

I thought back to all the cues Natalie had schooled me on, day after day in that gym, insisting I perfect every move down to the setting of my feet and the arch in my back. DJ Extreme was shouting something into the mic but I didn't hear him. I was so in the zone that I didn't even think about the chastity cage trapping my dick between my legs. All I heard were Natalie's words in my mind, guiding me as I carefully placed each foot flat against the stage to brace myself.

And before the DJ could instruct me, I reached up to the bar and wrapped my hands around the knurling. It felt so rough and familiar in my hands. I took another breath to fill my chest, exhaled a bit, and drew in another breath. Then I pressed the bar up off its hooks into the air.

The first rep came easy. I dropped the bar down to my chest and pressed it back into the air like I was batting away a ping-pong ball.

"One!" the crowd roared as my elbows fully extended. I sucked in a bit more wind and brought the bar back down for the next rep. "Two!" the crowd cheered again.

I tried not to go too quickly. I knew I would burn out fast if I tried to house the reps as quickly as I could. But I didn't want to hold the bar so long I exhausted myself. These thoughts occurred in milliseconds before I knew what I had to do. I just let my eyes close shut and fell into a rhythm of breathing and pressing like I was meditating.

"Six! Seven! Eight!" the crowd roared along with each crisp, clean rep. A dull burn was beginning to singe my chest right at the shoulders. I did my best to ignore it and keep going, one breath and one rep at a time. I became aware of the throbbing between my legs as my dick strained against the chastity cage, just as my planted thighs and back were straining to brace me as I worked through each rep at a time.

“Twelve! Thirteen!” the crowd roared. My breaks were growing longer with each rep. It was taking more and more effort to push the bar off my chest toward the ceiling. I shook and trembled from the exertion, my chest and arms seized by deadening heaviness in my muscles. I pushed through the fifteenth rep, but my strength was starting to fade.

“Oh no, Daniel’s looking tired!” DJ Extreme crowed into the mic. “Maybe you should have had a PowerCrunch *before* you lifted. Or taken off those jeans!”

I tried to ignore the rambling little buffoon. Keeping my focus and composure would be key to finishing the set. That’s what Natalie would have told me. And so Natalie’s guiding words and the intense gaze of Maria entwined into my mind, the two women who had been with me through so much and taken me to such great heights rushing through me like a wellspring of strength to draw on as my muscles began to fail.

I had no right to hit the seventeenth rep. My arms were shaking like I had the DTs. My chest felt like a wildfire-scorched prairie. But somehow it was that throbbing insistence in the chastity cage that distracted me the most. By concentrating my desires and frustrations on that pulsing frustrated knot of warm yearning desire between my legs, so eager and desperate for Natalie to release me, the agony in my chest was lessened. It was nothing to endure the physical pain. I’d endured the pain of desire far longer.

“Eighteen!” the crowd cheered as my trembling arms brought the bar back to its peak. I faltered at the top, hesitating as I feared I’d burned out my strength. But I found my courage, sucked in another breath, focused my mind on my desire, and let the bar drop back to my chest.

At first when I tried to push the bar up, my arms didn’t move. My brain was sending signals my body wasn’t responding to, like an amputee who feels an itch where the missing limb used to be. And then slowly, like I was moving through quicksand, I began to inch the bar up off my chest. The volume of the crowd rose along with the bar, swelling with me as I pushed through the pain to reach the crest of the rep.

“Nineteen!” Only one more to go. But at that point it may as well have been a thousand. I could tell my arms were fried. That nineteenth rep took everything I had out of me, and there was no way I could hit another. But there was no way I was going to go down without a fight. And so I pinched shut my eyes and let the bar drop back down to my chest.

It hit the chest and stopped dead like it had dropped from a great height. I strained and strained to no avail, like car tires spinning out in a snowdrift. For all my effort, I was done.

And then a single voice raised up from the crowd. “Come on, Daniel!” Maria cried. “Push!”

Her encouraging cheer sparked something inside me, something deep down beyond the strength of my muscles. It sparked my desire, my passion, the very essence of my being that had been trapped and crystalizing in me for years. And now through my love and devotion it was unleashed, taking me beyond what I ever believed my body was capable of. And so with trembling hands, straining legs, and a constant throbbing presence in the cage between my legs, I gave one last hard drive against the bar.

I only knew my effort was working when I heard the crowd react. I thought I was just beating on like a boat against the current, but the curious noise from the crowd inspired me to open my eyes. And to my shock, the bar was actually rising a couple centimeters off my chest. And then a couple more. And with each one I assumed it had to be the last tiny bit of effort before my muscles failed for good. But instead, inch by inch, the bar continued its upward path.

I gritted my teeth and forced as hard as I could against the bar. Every exhausted muscle in my chest strained from the effort like taut cables threatening to snap at any moment. Guided on by Maria’s cheering voice, I pressed and pressed beyond the wall of pain. And with every inch I rose, the crowd grew louder and louder, building up to a roar of intensity as I reached the last little push.

The crowd erupted into cheers of delight when my elbows locked out at the top. I’d done it. With a gasp, I dropped the bar back into its hooks

and then let my arms fall dead at my sides.

“Damn, Daniel!” DJ Extreme cried over the microphone. “Ladies and gentlemen, how impressive was that?”

The crowd continued to roar in appreciation along with the DJ’s exhortations. Stunned, with shaking hands, I hauled myself up from the bench. The crowd had at least doubled since I lay back on the bench. Forty or fifty people had gathered to watch my feat, and they were all applauding me.

I rose to my feet and instantly wobbled in my knees. I was so dizzy from the rush of blood to my head when I stood and the unreal sight of this crowd all cheering for me. I sought Maria in the crowd, and found her right where I’d left her- front and center right by the stage. She was cheering, too, and when we locked eyes she stuck two fingers in her lips for a piercing whistle.

“That’s the first person today who’s won the challenge!” DJ Extreme shouted over the mic. He slung his arm around me again, sending shooting pains through my shoulder. “Well, what kind of flavor of PowerCrunch do you want? Keep in mind, you’ll be getting an entire box of them!”

He stuck the microphone under my mouth, but I didn’t know the answer. So instead I found Maria in the crowd again. “Which one?” I asked through the mic.

Before she could answer, DJ Extreme was cackling into the microphone. “He’s asking his girlfriend!” he laughed. “Ladies and gentlemen, how sweet is that?” He pulled me close in that buddy-buddy way again and spoke to me like it was just the two of us. “Come on, dude. This ain’t a stuffed bear at the state fair. This is a bar that’s gonna turn you *into* a bear.”

“But it’s for her,” I said, pointing at Maria. Every head in the crowd craned to get a view, and Maria fought to choke down the grin that was trying to spread across her blushing face.

“Your call, Lancelot,” the DJ said. “After all, she is way out of your league.” The crowd ate that one up, laughing and jostling all around Maria. I looked to her with helpless eyes, trying to make out what she was saying.

“*Peanut Butter*,” she mouthed. I should have guessed. Natalie was a girl after my own heart, after all.

I turned to the DJ, grimacing at the beads of sweat pouring down his shining head. “Peanut butter,” I whisper-shouted to him.

“Peanut butter it is!” the DJ cried. He raced over to the boxes and pulled a yellow box out from the middle of the stack. “Your girlfriend has good taste,” he said as he jogged back toward me with the box tucked under his arm. “Except in men. I’m joking!”

He held the box out to me like it was the Stanley Cup. The crowd cheered when I took the box, and I couldn’t help but raise the box into the air in a little celebration to milk the ecstatic reaction. Even that little motion sent deadening pain shooting through my chest.

DJ Extreme offered me his hand, and I reached to shake it. Of course, he tried to crush my fingers in the hardest grip he could. “Nice work, dude,” he said. “Now get the hell out of here!” He turned back to the crowd. “Who’s next!”

I slipped off the stage into the sea of raised hands as everyone in the crowd vied to be the next one. They’d all forgotten about me instantly. All but Maria, who found me at the edge of the crowd. She approached with the two cups of coffee in each hand and a little smile playing on the corners of her lips.

“Well done,” she said, handing me my cup of coffee. For a minute, all we could do was look at each other. She was trying to think of something to say, and usually with Maria that meant a snarky comment. But her dark eyes were still filled with that same intensity I felt on me the whole time I was on the bench. She looked... *proud*.

“Alright,” she said suddenly, trying to adopt that same stiff tone she was used to using. “We got what we came for. Let’s go find Princess Brooks.”

Once again I followed behind her across the convention center floor, dodging around bystanders. I couldn’t tear my eyes away from the mesmeric shape of her perfect peach ass working up and down in her skintight jeans. It was like she had a leash around my caged-up cock, pulling me along with her gorgeously tempting body. Somehow, in the afterglow of my triumph, the blood seemed to be flowing straight to my locked-up dick, and I felt that same desperate horny itch that had tormented me for so many days and nights before.

I followed that perfect ass to a set of double doors in a neglected corner of the convention center floor, far away from the crowds and throbbing music. A sheet of printer paper reading “Athletes Only” was taped to each door. A bored-looking dude in a yellow polo sat on a stool by the door, his phone perched on a clipboard.

“Excuse me,” Maria said gruffly, rousing the doorman’s gaze from his phone. He blinked expectantly at her. Maria pointed to the logo on her tank top. “Me again. Just heading back in to see my girl.”

The doorman pointed his clipboard at me. “Who’s this?”

“Snack delivery,” Maria said. She indicated the box of PowerCrunch tucked under my arm.

The doorman looked dejected. “I hate peanut butter,” he sighed. Then he picked up his phone and resumed texting. Maria and I exchanged a brief look before she took the lead and stepped past the doorman.

“Not exactly Fort Knox,” I murmured as I followed Maria through the double doors.

“Come on,” she said, beckoning me into a squat, dimly-lit corridor of whitewashed cinderblock. The hallway was scattered with athletes in warmup clothes, each absorbed within his or her own pre-competition

ritual. No one looked up at us as we passed through the dim corridor, heading to an unmarked metal door about halfway down the hall.

Maria pushed her way through the metal door, leading to a small dressing-room. Bags and water bottles were scattered all over the dirty floor. Here and there was an athlete lingered, mostly listening to music to psych themselves up.

And although she was facing away from me, I recognized Natalie at once. She was seated in a metal chair, wearing a glossy red-white-and-blue warmup jacket with matching pants. Her golden hair was tucked back behind a red headband, funneling her locks into a cascade down her shoulders.

I wanted to rush up to her and throw my arms around her right where I was sitting. It was all I could do to not shout out in excitement for her attention. Even though it had only been a few hours since we parted ways in the garage, it felt like forever since I'd seen her.

But before I could, Maria blocked me in the doorframe with her arm. She held a finger to her lips, urging silence. Then her eyes flickered down to the box. "Give me one of those," she whispered.

Perplexed, I pried open the cardboard sealant to the box and fished around inside for one slick-wrapped PowerCrunch bar. Natalie still faced away from us, bobbing her head up and down to the invisible music of her earbuds. She was totally in the zone and seemed oblivious to our arrival.

I handed off a bar to Maria. She smirked and hefted it in her hand. Then she positioned herself with the bar in both hands, knees and elbows bent like she was stepping up to the freethrow line. "Kobe," she whispered, before shooting the bar like a basketball in a long, high arc.

The glossy wrapper glittered in the dressing room light on its parabolic flight from Maria's arms. I cringed, worried it was going to bean my girlfriend right in the head. But Maria's aim was true as Artemis. She tossed the bar in a perfect parabola NASA couldn't have planned. The snack whizzed by Natalie's face and landed right in her lap.

Natalie startled and then picked up the bar. She looked at it for half a second, then swiveled her head around. That first full sight of her face since that morning nearly stopped my heart. A beaming smile spread between her flushing cheeks, which were nearly as red as the headband that framed her fine but strong face. It was like my first glimpse of her all over again.

Natalie raised the bar triumphantly with one hand. “My hero!” she cried, clawing the earbuds free with the other hand.

Maria shook her head. “Not me. All this guy,” she said with a sharp nod toward me.

Natalie fixed me with her glowing smile that made my knees weak. “A whole box, too. Thank you, baby. What do I owe you?”

Maria answered for me. “Twenty bench reps at one thirty-five.”

This confused Natalie. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

I expected Maria to go off and tell the rest of the story, but instead she turned to me. “Go ahead,” she prodded. “Tell her.”

“Oh,” I said. “Well, they didn’t sell them at any of the stalls. There was a PowerCrunch booth, but they were giving them away as a reward for this challenge.”

Natalie, quick as a whip, caught on right away. “Twenty one-plate reps for a box?”

I nodded, trying to look modest. “Yeah, that’s what it took.”

“You should have seen it,” Maria said, a rare undercurrent of pride in her tone. “There were at least forty people watching, all going crazy.”

“That’s awesome!” Natalie got to her feet, already peeling open the plastic wrapper of her bar. “Now I’m bummed I didn’t get to see it.”

Her eyes locked with mine in that hypnotic way that always pulled the cheesiest comments out of me, even when I was trying to be cool. “I just

wanted to get the bars for you,” I mumbled. “And it was the only way.”

Natalie smiled in a slightly sad kind of way. “I swear, you are the absolute sweetest.” She approached me, freezing me in place as she drew near like she was a benevolent Goddess about to give her blessing. And that reward was a soft, sweet kiss, planted on my lips amidst the tangle of Natalie’s clean but wild scent that filled my nose and lips. She gently held my face still with her hand as she kissed me in one sweet, loving movement. And that mere touch of her lips sent my cock writhing in torment inside its cage.

Natalie broke off the kiss and pulled away. “Thank you, baby,” she said. “I’m so proud of you. I just wish I could have seen it.”

Maria cleared her throat. “You know I hate to break up the love fest. But it’s 1:45.”

“Alright,” Natalie sighed. She plucked the PowerCrunch bar free from its wrapper, and then in a sudden savage movement she crammed about half of it into her mouth and ripped the piece off with a violent twist. “Sorry, baby,” she said through her muffled voice as she rushed back over to the chair to retrieve her gym bag. “I’ve gotta get ready. I’ll see you after, though.”

Natalie took a big swig of water to wash down her bite and then crammed the rest of the bar and its wrapper into her pocket. She slung the gym bag over her shoulder and headed back to meet us at the door. There was a slightly awkward silence as the three of us stood around the entrance, unsure of what to say.

“Cool?” Maria asked.

“Crystal cool,” answered Natalie. She grinned at me. “Ok, sweet boy,” she said. “Thanks again.” Then she reached into her slightly unzipped jacket and fished around until she pulled out a thin metal chain around her neck. I recognized the key to the chastity cage at once. It glittered in the dim fluorescence of the dressing room. “I’m glad you’re still being a good boy. Just a little bit longer.”

Before anyone could speak, Natalie's focus was back on Maria. "Ok," she said, tucking the key back inside her shirt. "See you after."

I took a last look at Natalie before leaving the room with Maria. I tried to remember exactly the way she looked in her warmup jacket and pants, hair pulled back, a slight nervous energy but still her usual in-control demeanor. I knew she could do anything she wanted.

"Good luck," I said. And then Maria ushered me out of the dressing room, leaving Natalie behind for her last rituals before the biggest competition of her life.

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Chapter 21: Natalie Steps Up

Once again I found myself following Maria, zig-zagging across convention center floor to a corner. We made our way to a big broad stage covered stage, about the same size as the one that hosted the strongman competition. The buzzing crowd around the stage drew us in like moths to a porchlight, bringing us closer to the sound of an announcer's voice over the PA and the clang of iron on the stage.

When we finally got a glimpse of the stage, I was surprised by its spartan simplicity. One A large platform dominated the stage, with a loaded barbell positioned in the center like it was the sword in the stone. Hanging behind the platform was a large banner with "USA OLYMPIC WEIGHTLIFTING" emblazoned in bold letters across it, flanked by an American flag and the unmistakable five rings of the Olympics.

A folding table was positioned on the lefthand side of the stage, where three women in official-looking polos faced toward the lifting platform. As the announcer jabbered away, a stout-looking east Asian girl in a singlet stepped up to the platform, swinging her arms back and forth across her chest to loosen up.

I wanted to watch her lift, but Maria tugged my shirtsleeve. "Come on," she said, pulling me down a row of folding chairs. There were probably a hundred or so people in the audience, and it felt like we had to squeeze past every one of them just to find ourselves a seat. Normally I would have just lurked in the back, but Maria boldly slipped us down a crowded row toward two unclaimed seats in the very center. I apologized profusely to everyone I jostled as I made my way behind her to the chairs.

Maria and I squeezed into our seats down there in the middle of the audience. At first I was too focused on trying not to let my leg bump up against Maria's to notice that we had a great view of the stage. But when I looked up, the girl on stage was stepping toward the bar.

“Ok,” Maria whispered to me. “That’s Courtney Lin. She’s about to clean-and-jerk.”

I watched this small but stout girl approach the bar, her face a mask of concentration. As she planted her feet, a short electronic chirp announced a thirty-second countdown. The crowd settled into a buzz of nervous expectation as we collectively watched Courtney puff air in and out of her barrel chest. Then the girl bent forward, wrapping her hands around the bar one at a time, steadily breathing all the way. Then she squatted down beside the bar like she was about to deadlift.

Then she suddenly sprang up, uncoiling like a striking snake, pulling the bar from the floor into the air, then catching it against her chest with her knees slightly bent and her elbows tucked back like she was getting ready to do a front squat.

“Nice,” I whispered to Maria.

“Shh,” she hissed. “She’s not done. Keep watching.”

Courtney stood stock-still for a moment, holding the bar at her chest. Only her stomach and mouth moved as she sucked air with practiced deliberation. Then she took a final breath and exploded into another movement again. Only this time, she used the slight bend in her knees to help drive the bar up high over her head. As her arms pressed the bar high, her legs split to allow her to catch the weight with her legs in a half-lunge position, her right leg forward and bent at the knee, her left leg trailing behind straight.

Courtney shook under the weight of the bar, trembling as she struggled to stabilize the load. Then she stepped back with her leading leg and forward with her hind leg, leaving her standing straight up and down with the bar all the way over her head, elbows fully locked out. She wobbled under the weight for a minute, until an electronic chirp beeped from the scoreboard.

As the sound of the chirp, Courtney immediately dropped the bar down to the floor. The crowd burst out in a cheer, and I joined in with the polite

applause. But Maria pointed me over to the folding table with the three officials in polos.

“Those are the judges,” Maria explained. She showed me the scoreboards on the wall, where each judge’s decision was indicated by a light- a green for a good lift, and a red for a bad one. This time, all three lights were green.

“Not bad,” Maria said as she tepidly golf-clapped Courtney Lin’s lift.

“I bet Natalie’s stronger.”

Maria shook her head. “Not even in the same weight class. But Brooks should be up soon.”

I watched Courtney strip the clips from the bar and start adding more weight. Suddenly I felt a nervous tinge in my stomach. “Do you think Natalie’s going to win?”

“What’s wrong?” Maria teased. “You’re getting nervous about watching your girlfriend?” Maria smirked. “You’re a little lovestruck puppy, aren’t you?”

My cheeks burned. “I just-”

“It’s ok,” said Maria. To my surprise, she reached over and gave my leg a reassuring squeeze. It was the first time she’d ever touched me like that. If I hadn’t been wearing the cage, my dick would have instantly gotten rock hard from the warm tingling sensation of her fingers pressing into my flesh, as innocent as the movement was. But instead my dick just pulsed helplessly inside its plastic prison.

“I know you care about Brooks,” Maria went on. “That’s why I haven’t killed you yet.”

I swallowed. “Very kind of you.”

“To be honest, I worried about Brooks getting distracted by a guy. But you’re- not what I expected.”

“What did you expect?”

Maria scanned around the room. It didn’t take long to find what she was looking for. “Someone like that.”

She pointed to a classic-looking beefcake lounging up against a pillar, talking to his friends. Under his stringer tank-top, every muscle in his body was rippled and defined, from his broad chest to his bulging shoulders and softball-size biceps. His tightly cropped blond hair was swept sharply to the side, and his perfectly straight jawline and hunter eyes gave him a fine but intimidating look. He looked more like a comic book character than a human.

“You kidding me?” I scoffed. “We could be twins.”

Maria grinned. “Yeah? You think he’s wearing a chastity cage too?”

That one caught me off guard. My mouth dropped open. Blood rushed into my cheeks as I struggled in vain to think of any kind of a comeback. Maria just smirked. “Yeah. I know about that.”

I needed to think of a comeback, and fast. What kind of dirt did I have on Maria? And without thinking, I just blurted out the first thing that came to my mind. “Well, I know about you and Natalie.”

Maria cocked an eyebrow. “What do you know?”

I swallowed. *Why did I just say that?* “I know about the camshow,” I said. “And how you two used to... do stuff together.”

I expected Maria to brush this comment off and act like it was no big deal. Sort of the way Natalie had done when she first told me about it. But I could see my comment struck something in her. “*Do stuff together*,” she repeated slowly, trying to keep her voice down. “Is that how she put it?”

“Uh, I think that’s how she said it.”

Maria shook her head in a sudden fit of anger. "It was way more than *doing stuff* together," she said. "The camera show was only part of it."

My mouth went dry. "What- what do you mean?"

Maria's flash of anger dulled into sorrow. "Do stuff together," she repeated again, her voice hurt. "Maybe it started that way. Flicking each other's beans on camera for rent money. We had a great little d/s racket going on."

"D/s?"

"Dom/sub," said Maria.

"Oh," I stammered. "So which one-" I was about to ask her *which one was which*, meaning which of her and Natalie was the dom and the sub. But before the question even left my lips I knew the answer. Although Natalie controlled me effortlessly, one look at Maria told me everything I need to know.

Maria smirked watching the question die on my lips. "Whatever it is Brooks is doing to you," she said. "I probably did to her first."

Suddenly the image flashed in my mind of Natalie tied up and helpless at Maria's feet, causing my dick to twitch involuntarily in its cage. The thought of Maria teasing and tormenting my girlfriend Natalie filled me with such a shameful sense of frustrated horniness that I wanted to cry and cum at the same time.

Maria interrupted my torture by continuing the story. "It was fun for a while," she sighed. "But we let it get out of hand. Pretty soon we were *doing stuff* like cuddling all night. Going on vacations together. We spent every second together. It was like we fell in love without realizing it."

"Oh."

Maria shrugged. "It wasn't ever going to work, long term," she said. "What were we supposed to do, move to a cabin in Montana and raise

rescue bunnies and grow mushrooms and lick each other's pussies all day together? I mean, *I* totally would have. That sounds awesome. But that's not Brooks. She wants a *dude*, and babies, and all that shit. Which is *way* gayer than raising bunnies in a cabin with your Glamazon fuck-coach, by the way," she said sadly. "But what can I say? Brooks prefers the sausage."

"And what about you?"

Maria's eyes flickered over me. I felt them like an electric current over my still-aching chest down my waist to the bulge in my jeans from the chastity cage. "Let's just say I have a type."

Just then, the announcer broke in. "Ladies and gentlemen, give it up for Courtney Lin," he boomed over the PA. I hadn't even noticed the girl finishing her lifts- I was too engrossed in my conversation with Maria. But I joined in the polite applause as Courtney, mouth pursed into a tight frown, waved at the crowd and then disappeared into the back.

"Coming up next," the announcer went on. "We move into the sixty-four kilogram weight class for the ladies. And coming up first is Natalie Brooks."

Maria gave a wolf-howl cheer and clapped enthusiastically, her focus drawn totally to the stage. So was mine, as I watched the slit in the curtain Karen had just disappeared behind, waiting for Natalie to appear.

The first part of her I saw was her hand, gently parting open the curtain. And then a long, smooth, unmistakably strong leg stepped out, with sleek white shoes and white socks pulled halfway up her ankles. And then she was there. All of her. My girlfriend, my love, Natalie, a skintight singlet clinging to every curve of her perfect body, hugging her hips and cupping her breasts in all-American colors that would have raised my flagpole immediately if it wasn't locked up in the cage. Her hair was pulled back in the red headband, showing her shining eyes and glittering white smile as she stepped confidently out onto the platform.

I was almost too taken aback by her appearance to even remember to clap. She was so sleek and glossy up under the lights in her singlet with the

light giving her hair an almost ethereal glow. Her shoulders and legs rippled with lean muscle, defined from all hundreds of hours of practice, and the confident look on her face said that she was ready to prove her ability.

Natalie loaded the bar up for her first lift, snapping clips and tossing plates around with the practiced ease of a master chef whipping up a roux. Once she was satisfied with the weight, she positioned herself behind the bar. A short nod to the judge's table let them know she was ready to go, and the judges complied by triggering the thirty-second countdown for Natalie to make her lift.

"She's going to snatch now," Maria told me as we watched Natalie take in breaths in a measured rhythm, getting ready for the move. "Just watch this."

With plenty of time on the clock, Natalie bent down and wrapped her fingers around the bar. I could see the mental cues running through her head as she set her hands and feet and held her back ramrod-straight out from her waist. Then she squatted down, bringing her rump down between her legs until it almost touched the floor, holding the bar at her shins. My heart fluttered in nervous anticipation for her, and I felt a surge of blood to my imprisoned cock as my eyes lingered on the long smooth lines of Natalie's legs.

In an instant, Natalie sprang up from her crouching position. She uncoiled her body, driving the bar off her hips straight up over her head. She caught the weight with both arms extended high overhead, knees bent, having pulled in a single powerful motion from the floor to as far above her head as her arms could press it. Without a hint of a wobble, she straightened her legs until they were pressed together and her body was one long lean line from her thighs up to the taut lines of her belly and her arms raised high over her head, holding the weight steady with a placid expression on her face.

The electronic chirp sounded, and Natalie let the bar drop to the floor. It landed with a loud clang, shaking the plates and metal clip. Maria and I joined in the applause, but it was clear the show was far from over.

“She’s just warming up,” Maria told me. “Keep watching.”

And so we watched as Natalie confidently unsnapped the clips from either side of the bar and loaded on more weight. When she’d prepared the bar, she gave the judges a nod and set herself for the next attempt. Her confidence carried over to all of us in the audience, and it was no surprise when she repeated her feat by snapping the bar up from the floor straight over her head in one fluid motion.

The electronic scoreboard chirped, and each judge flashed her green light. This sparked another round of applause as Natalie let the bar drop down to the floor, a confident smile spreading across her face.

Maria nudged me. “Brooks is feeling herself. Just look at her.” But she didn’t have to tell me. I was entranced by the spectacle of Natalie smashing through the weights, the sharp grunting exhale she made when she reached the crest of the lift, the beads of sweat glistening on her chest, the taut strength in every muscle. I’d seen her do impressive things before, but nothing compared to the sight of her on that stage. I was finally seeing her in her element.

“Last one,” Maria whispered to me as Natalie loaded up the bar again. Maria was about to say something else to me, but suddenly stiffened. Something she’d seen on the stage caught her attention. “What the hell?”

“What is it?”

Maria ignored me, focusing on counting the plates that Natalie was loading onto the bar. “That dumbass.”

Before I could ask again what was happening, Maria shook her head at me. “She’s going for a 105. That’s a *huge* jump.”

“A hundred and five kilos,” I murmured. “So that’s like-”

“Like two hundred thirty pounds,” Maria said, saving me from a frightening brush with the metric system. “Remember your little two-plate bench the other day? Brooks is about to snatch *more* than that.” She let me

ruminate on this as she turned her attention back to the stage. “You better not fuck this up,” she whispered.

Up on stage, Natalie exuded confidence. She smacked the weight clips into place and positioned herself behind the bar, breathing steadily like she was preparing to take the last penalty kick in a world cup final shootout. The judges sparked the countdown, and Natalie proceeded with her routine again. Eyes shut. One hand around the bar at a time. I felt like our hearts were beating together as she drew in and exhaled steady measured breaths. She cocked her knees, bent down nearly to the ground, and coiled.

Once again, the bar shot up into the air under Natalie’s control. She caught it with her arms high overhead and her legs bent sharply. She was squatting so low her butt was nearly on the ground. And instantly her face showed the strain of holding the heavy bar overhead in such an awkward position.

Everything stood still for a moment. And then Natalie gritted her teeth and started trying to stand. Her knees buckled and wobbled as her trembling arms struggled to keep the bar overhead. It looked impossible. Maria gasped audibly at Natalie’s initial struggles, and I could hardly watch out of fear she’d end up injuring herself.

But then I saw the flash in her eyes, the grim determination to never lose. It had guided her all the way here. And it would guide her the short distance she had to press herself upward with a bar weighing ninety pounds more than she did held straight over her head. Once she got through the initial wobble, there was no doubt. Her powerful legs pressed into the ground like she was trying to drive the earth out of orbit. Sweat beaded down her taut muscles and glistened on her forehead. But she was doing it.

Slowly, relentlessly, she rose to the peak of the lift until her legs were as straight as her arms. And there she stood, two hundred thirty pounds held high overhead, muscles rippling and her face pure grit. It took an age to hear the electronic chirp of the scoreboard. But when it finally sounded, Natalie gave a happy little cry and let the bar fall back to earth.

Everyone looked to the judge's table at the same time. Three green lights lit up. Good lift. Natalie was the first to react with a happy little squeal. Her celebration was soon drowned out by the roar of the crowd, friends and neutrals alike cheering her gutsy display and the impressive number on the bar.

“And Natalie Brooks with a one-oh-five!” the announcer cried. “That's good enough to put her in first place right now! Olympic hopeful there, taking a big step toward Tokyo!”

Maria cupped her hands over her mouth. “Atta girl, Brooks!” she hollered.

Up on the stage, Natalie peered into the crowd, looking for us. I don't think she found us. But she gave a wave in our direction anyway before turning and heading back to the curtain

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Chapter 22: Cool-Down

A lifting meet is kind of like a swim meet. Especially if you're there to watch. There's a ton of sitting around and waiting while competitors you don't know or care about do their thing, just so you can see your friend or kid or girlfriend or whoever compete in the blink of an eye. Even the pomp of an Olympic qualifying event wasn't immune to this effect.

By now, I hope you understand that Natalie came into this event in prime condition. As soon as we saw her hoist that massive snatch over her head, we knew she could do it. I wish there was more drama to the story. Or that they'd skipped the next part and just told her she was going to Tokyo. But instead, Maria and I had to wait around for them to call her back out for the final lift.

It wasn't all bad. Maria explained the finer points of Olympic lifting to me. She was so attuned to form and attitude that she could tell me exactly when she knew a competitor was about to fail a lift. It was all over their body language, she'd tell me. It was in their eyes.

After a few more competitors did their thing, it was time for Natalie to finish up with the clean-and-jerk. The cheer echoing around the audience made it feel more like a coronation than anything else. She stepped through the curtain, skin all aglow from her warmup, looking poised and certain as she approached the bar.

She smashed her first rep. The second one looked almost as easy. The crowd was on its feet her final lift. The roar rose as the bar smacked off her chest. She held it steady for a moment, almost milking the crowd. Then she jerked the bar above her head, catching it in that split-leg lunge and pressing it high above her head. And with the chirp of the electronic scoreboard, three green lights confirmed she'd be going to the Olympics.

Maria grabbed my hand. Suddenly I was being pulled through the audience as Maria pushed her way down our row to the aisle, towing me

behind her in a strong grip. All I could do was try and keep up, and hope I didn't fall.

Maria pulled me out into the aisle and then we were running, running toward Natalie who stood triumphant in the center of the stage, her strong arms raised in celebration still. She broke into a beaming smile when she saw us rushing toward the stage, and ran to the edge of the stage to meet us.

Natalie hopped off the stage to the ground and broke into a run toward us. She and Maria and I collided together into one big confused ball of a hug in the middle of the aisle, throwing our arms around each other as the girls squealed with glee.

I buried my face into her hair, feeling her hot damp hair as beads of her sweat pressed into my cheeks. I pulled her close. "Way to go, baby."

Natalie pulled away from the crushing hug and tenderly touched my cheek. Her eyes shone with triumph, holding me mesmerized in place. Despite the hordes of people around, it felt like Natalie and I were the only people there for a moment. "Thank you," she whispered, before leaning forward and planting a soft kiss on my lips. I felt her kiss shiver down my bones and nestle into my stomach.

Then Natalie pulled away from the kiss and turned her attention to Maria, who was also mobbing her. Suddenly she darted her head forward and planted a quick kiss on Maria's lips, too. She pulled away with a giggle, leaving Maria frozen in wide-eyed in shock from what had just happened. For the first time I could recall, Maria was speechless.

Natalie glanced around at the encircling crowd and gritted her teeth. I hadn't noticed how the other audience members had swarmed in, but now they surrounded the three of us in a claustrophobic crush. It seemed the whole convention was gathered around to celebrate Natalie's accomplishment. And with that much energy drink, body odor, and axe body spray, it felt more like we were stuck at the pit at the Gathering of Juggaloes.

Natalie glanced around at the encircling throng and grimaced. “Let’s get the hell out of here.” Maria and I didn’t need convincing. We let her push a path through the encircling crowd and followed in her wake as she rushed us away from the stage. The crowd followed behind a short distance until we reached the double-doored athlete-only area.

The same bored security guard was posted up at the door, and he hardly glanced as Natalie pushed toward the door. “Come on,” she beckoned, leading us back into the little corridor where we’d first looked for her. The sound of the crowd dissipated as the double doors closed behind.

Compared to the chaos of the convention center, the hallway felt quiet as a church. It felt completely cleared out, probably because so many of the athletes had already performed and left. Maria and I followed Natalie down the hall to the warmup room where we’d met her, each footstep echoing off the whitewashed cinderblock walls beneath the flickering fluorescence.

The warmup room was completely empty, too. Natalie grabbed her gym bag and looked around. “I’m just gonna change really quick,” she said. Then she giggled and snapped the strap of her singlet. “I gotta get out of this stupid thing.”

Maria wrinkled her nose. “You can change clothes if you want, but you’ll still be a sweaty hog. What you need is a shower.”

Natalie sighed. “I’m not going back to the hotel,” she said. “It’ll become a whole thing. I want to see more of the convention first. You had all morning to check it out.”

“I think she just wants to see you naked,” I joked. As soon as the words left my mouth, I wished I could take them back. It was totally out of character for me to make such a lewd comment, but the high of success combined with the intense frustration in my caged-up dick was making my head spin. As

Maria shot me a sharp glance. Instantly I regretted letting the words slip out. And after the conversation I’d had with Maria earlier, I didn’t

know how well she'd take a comment like that. But before Maria could scold me, Natalie interrupted. "Is that all?" she asked. "Cause she can see me naked here real quick, and then I can go get a corndog"

With a sly little smile, she reached up and hooked her fingers into the straps of her skintight singlet. I stared in open-mouthed disbelief as Natalie slipped the spandex from her shoulders. She teased the straps down in a soundless burlesque, using them like marionettes to make her decolage dance in a hypnotic ballet. Then with a smirk, she slowly peeled the still-damp spandex down, revealing her bare, gorgeously ripe breasts.

"You better be careful," Maria said in a thick voice. I glanced over to see she was almost as enraptured by Natalie's chest as I was.

Natalie shrugged. "What?" she said with faux-innocence. "It's nothing you two haven't seen before."

"I think your little pet here is getting a little too bold," said Maria. "You've been keeping him in that cage too long."

"Oh," Natalie laughed. "He told you about that, huh?"

"We told each other a lot of things," Maria answered. "He's let me know all about your kinky little games. I know you've turned him into your little boy-slut"

Natalie registered this comment for a moment. Then she turned to me with a curious little smile on her face. "Is that what you are?"

It took all my effort to keep my eyes on hers. Her bare breasts were exerting a gravitational pull on my eyes, and it was all I could do to avoid the event horizon. Even after all I'd been through with Natalie, the sight of her naked flesh still struck me absolutely dumb. I was helpless to answer her, and could only stare.

"Look at him," Maria laughed scornfully. "He's drooling. You've got the poor kid so pent-up I think he might explode."

“You think so?” Natalie asked. She fished around inside her backpack and pulled out the silver chain with the key to my cage. “Do you think I should let him out, then?”

“And let him spooge all over the floor?” Maria scoffed. “No way. But I do think he could use a little reminder of his place.”

Natalie slipped the chain back around her neck. The silver key glittered between her bare breasts, tantalizing me. She spoke to Maria like wasn’t even there. “What do you think he should do?”

Maria smirked. Without a word, she walked over to the dressing room door and slipped the deadbolt into place. “Like I said, you’re a sweaty pig right now,” she said. “And I think your boy needs to clean you up. With his tongue.”

“Ew!” Natalie cried in mock-disgust. “I’m not that gross.”

“Girl, you are literally *dripping* right now,” said Maria. “Look at those titties. And I can smell you from here.”

“No you can’t!” Natalie protested. She turned to me. “She’s lying, right?”

I swallowed. Truth be told, I couldn’t smell her sweat from where I was. But I could see it. Her skin was flushed and glistening from her triumph earlier, and I could see where beads had run in rivulets down her chest to the valley between her breasts. Realizing I was falling back into the trap of staring at her breasts, I tried to remember what the question was in the first place. “Uh,” I stammered. “No?”

Maria’s voice took on a hard, insistent tone. “Liar,” she said. “Try another one. How bad do you want to lick Brooks’ pits right now?”

Now *I* was the one with beads of sweat on my forehead. The situation was just too weird. True, things with Natalie had gotten pretty out of hand before. But we’d never had an audience before. I’d gotten used to being humiliated by Natalie- I’d even learned to enjoy it- but something about

licking sweat off her body while Maria watched was just too much. “I don’t know,” I mumbled.

“Are you kidding?” Maria snorted. She pointed toward Natalie, displaying her like she was a work of art. “Look at this bitch. Her body is *redonkulous*.”

“I know,” I said weakly.

“He’s grossed out by me,” Natalie said with a cute little pout.

“Not at all,” I protested.

“What’s the problem then?” demanded Maria.

“I just- I mean-“ I swallowed hard. “Well, *you’re* here.”

“Who gives a shit? I’m not telling you to put your dick in her. I’m pretty sure something’s preventing you from doing that anyway,” said Maria.

“Well-“ I stammered, but Maria’d heard enough.

“Come on,” she snapped. “Get in there. Brooksie needs a bath.”

I looked helplessly at Natalie for a cue. I expected her to laugh off Maria’s perverse suggestion. But she just smiled at me. “I guess I am pretty sweaty,” she admitted, raising her arms to display the damp patches soaking into the spandex just beneath her arms. “What do you think? Want to help me out?”

My cock reacted in predictably Pavlovian fashion to that mischievous look in her eyes, squirming inside the cage with desperate hunger. And as soon as I realized that the girls weren’t joking, I realized something else: Maria or not, I *did* want to lick the sweat off Natalie’s glistening, gorgeous body. I wanted to savor all of her. Even if it meant doing it in front of an audience. And so, unable to speak, I stepped toward her.

Maria was right behind me. “Don’t you dare let him start with those titties,” she said sharply, stopping me just as I was advancing on Natalie’s breasts. “Those can be a reward. He’s gotta lick your pits first.”

Natalie flashed me an apologetic smile as she raised one sinewy arm up and rested her hand against the back of her head. “You heard the lady.”

This bait-and-switch caught me off-guard. I was expecting to lick the sweat from Natalie’s breasts, and now instead I was being presented with her armpit. But I was already committed. And something about the glistening, slightly stubbly patch of flesh beneath her powerful arm was incredibly alluring to me. And so, without another thought, I bent forward, lowering myself before Natalie, and brought my nose and mouth up to her underarm. Instantly I caught the hot, ripe smell of fresh sweat from the stubbled nubs of hair underneath her arms.

She smelled like a summer hike amidst the balsam trees. There was a sharpness to her musk, but the scent was so tied to her gorgeous body and my overwhelming desire for her that it only filled me with lust. I closed my eyes and drew in her scent, letting her essence fill me up. And then, unable to resist, I ran my tongue up against her prickly pits. Her taste had the delicate richness of fresh green onion, slightly pungent in the way that makes your mouth water and cry for more.

“That’s right, dirty boy,” Maria urged as she watched from nearby. She pulled a chair over and sat backward on it, leaning her arms against the backrest with her legs parted on either side. “Get in there.”

But I needed no encouragement from the girls. I dove in fully, licking every inch of her armpit up and down as the heady, intoxicating scent drove me wild. Natalie ran her fingers through my hair and gripped me tight, holding my face up to her underarm as I gratefully lapped up her delicious essence. “Good boy,” she purred, her fingernails on my scalp sending shivers down my entire body.

“Make him get the other one,” Maria said. Natalie immediately jerked my head away from her armpit. In a smooth motion, she seized my hair with her other arm and pressed me up underneath her other arm into a

new trove of her fresh, delicious sweat. This time Natalie pressed me against pit, smearing my face with her ripeness. I let it happen, licking gratefully as she ground my face into her glistening, slightly stubbly armpit.

“Look at him go,” Maria laughed. “You’ve really got him trained.”

“He’s a good boy,” said Natalie. Again, she tugged my face away from her armpit, and pulled my head back by the hair so I was forced to look up at her. “Aren’t you?”

“Mm-hmm,” I murmured, my mind spinning from her scent and my overwhelming desire for her.

“Yes, you are,” Natalie cooed. “And I think you deserve a reward.” She pulled me firmly by the hair, bringing my face up to her glistening chest. In between her breasts, the key to my cage glittered teasingly right by my face, sending my cock into another frustrated spasm.

Natalie guided me toward a long rivulet of sweat running down her breast. “Open,” she ordered. I let my tongue fall out and pressed it against the side of her breast. Her flesh was hot, firm but yielding, and sent my mind absolutely insane with lust. Even the salty tang of her sweat made me weak. I half-worried my balls would explode from my pent-up desire.

“Yeah, lick those titties good,” Maria urged. “Get all that stank off.”

I licked and kissed every drop of sweat from her breasts, from her chest down to her pink nipples that stood out in firm little nubs, begging to be sucked. Each lick, each taste of her hot flesh sent another pang of hunger shooting through me, driving me in turn to heightened intensity. Then Natalie pulled my face into her, smothering my face between her breasts and squeezing them together to engulf me in heaven.

Natalie jerked me away from her chest, once again pulling me back by the hair so I was forced to look up at her from that awkward, bent over angle. “Are you enjoying yourself?” she asked.

“Spit in his mouth,” said Maria.

Keeping hold of my head by the hair with one hand, Natalie cupped my chin with the other, tilting my face higher. I was forced into an awkward position, bent down to reach her armpit with my head now forced back at a sharp angle. But staring up at her, held fast by her strong grip and hypnotized by her gaze, all I wanted to do was obey.

“Open,” Natalie ordered. I obeyed at once, parting my mouth to receive her gift. With a little smirk on her face, Natalie leaned over me and pursed her lips together. A gossamer strand of saliva stretched out from her lower lip. It hung still for a moment before dripping down and splattering against my tongue in a hot wet burst, mixing with the ripe essence of her sweat in a dizzying blend.

“Oh, that’s so fucking hot,” Maria growled from the side. “Do it again.”

Natalie dripped another strand of saliva down, and I gratefully accepted it into my mouth. She giggled watching me swallow it down, and then she bent down toward me. Her lips pressed into mine, and her tongue invaded my mouth. I was caught still, held fast by her grip but also by the absolute power she had over me, helpless to do anything but accept her deep, wet kiss and wanting nothing else than to accept it. Her hot, probing tongue nearly dropped me to my knees, and my cock threatened to burst inside its plastic prison.

“That’s enough,” Maria snapped from the side.

Natalie abruptly pulled away the kiss, leaving me with that sensation Wiley Coyote must have felt when he realized he’d run over the edge of a precipice. “What next?”

“Your belly, of course,” Maria laughed.

Natalie gasped in mock horror. “You call *this* a belly?” she demanded, turning to the side. She pressed her tight little stomach against the spandex, trying to make herself look as chubby as she could get.

“Whatever you say, chubs,” said Maria. Then she addressed me. “Better get down on your knees for this one.”

I sank obediently to my knees before Natalie. She gave me a gentle pat on the head and giggled. Then she took the spandex singlet, still clinging tight to her torso just below her breasts, and slowly began to peel it down lower, revealing her tight, sweat-glistening stomach. She pulled me by the hair but I was already there. I squeezed her ass tight in both hands and lapped my tongue through the rivulets that ran down the lines of her taut abs.

The salt tang, the squeeze of her ass in my hands, her hand in my hair, even Maria watching from the sidelines- all of it made me hornier and more frustrated than I’d ever been before in my life. Lost in my frenzy, I licked and kissed every inch of her firm stomach, drinking in her essence. I kissed around the tiny slit of a belly button before turning my attention to the sharp lines of her hips that stood out like a tantalizing, half-hidden “V” pointing down to the seat of her desire.

As I kissed lower, Natalie lowered the spandex down further and further, until I caught the intoxicating scent of her cunt mixing in with the hot ripeness of her fresh sweat. I kissed her thighs, the knobs of her hips, every inch of exposed flesh I could find, licking the beads of sweat from her skin until at last she slid the singlet down far enough to reveal the slightly parted pink slit between her legs.

At once I pressed my face between her legs, drinking in the bewitching aroma of her ripe cunt like it was going to get me high. My tongue slipped between her lips and found the hot hole at the center, with its rich taste and lovely pliant texture.

“Wow, he’s an eager one,” Maria observed with a laugh.

Natalie pressed my face into her cunt, urging me to begin to properly eat her hole. “When I met him, he didn’t know shit,” she sighed, settling her hips against my face like she was taking a seat. “Now look at him. Look what I turned him into.”

“I guess it helps that you eat pussy pretty good yourself,” said Maria. “You must’ve gave the master class.”

Natalie gave an indignant squeak,, which turned into a gasp as I slipped my tongue up to her clit. Her fingers dug into my hair as I fluttered my tongue against the hood of her cunt, teasing her sensitive clit from the outside before sucking her labia into my mouth.

“Oh, my god,” Natalie moaned. “Right there. That’s the spot.” She ground her hips into my chin, riding my face hard as I sucked and licked at her clit. I built pressure on her, licking harder and faster in rhythm as I felt the tension rising inside her. The taste of her cunt was hot and delicious on my tongue, and I drank greedily from her slick nectar as I burrowed deeper inside, driving her closer and closer to the brink of orgasm.

But just as I felt the wave of pleasure rising inside her, Maria suddenly jumped to her feet. “Alright, enough!” she cried.

“What?” Natalie gasped. She seemed surprised, but she did pull my face away from her cunt at once. “Why?”

Maria folded her arms across her chest. “That’s plenty. You don’t get to cum yet. We have lots more to do.”

“That’s so mean,” Natalie cried. Her voice was high and flustered like petulant girl’s. “I was so close.”

Maria clicked her tongue. “Dirty little slut. Were you really gonna cum right there in front of me?”

“Ugh,” Natalie broke in. She kicked her shoes off angrily, then squatted down and jerked the spandex singlet all the way down to her feet. “You always do this to me.”

“Don’t have a temper tantrum,” Maria chided.

“I’m not!” Natalie snapped back. For a moment the only thing she wore were the compression socks she wore up to her ankles. Otherwise she

was completely naked, her strong taut body on full display, still glistening from the tongue-bath I'd given her.

I stayed on my knees, fearing that if I tried to stand I would simply faint from the unbearable horniness that filled my mind like anesthesia. Instead I watched as Natalie angrily pulled her spare clothes from her gym bag. She stepped into a pair of black panties and shimmied them up to her waist.

"You know you love it. Just like your little pet here," said Maria, turning her mocking attention to me. "Look at you. You're a total mess." My face was coated in Natalie's juices, and her taste hung like a fog over all my senses. I must have looked disheveled as hell, "Did you at least manage not to spooge in your pants?"

I just hung my head down in shame, unable to find any words. "Go on, stand up," Natalie said irritably, jerking a pair of jeans up to her waist. I obeyed, steadying myself with my hands against the ground and rising slowly and deliberately to stop myself from getting a head rush.

"Where's my goddamn bra," Natalie snapped as she dug through her backpack. She seemed genuinely angry to have been denied her orgasm by Maria. I wasn't sure what to do to help calm her down, so I just watched in frightened silence as she rooted through her clothes.

"Sorry," I finally squeaked, apropos of nothing.

Natalie scowled over at me. I readied for some invective, and she seemed just about ready to give it to me. But as she looked at my face, her expression softened. She stopped and sighed, calming herself down as the loving care returned to her gaze. Then she reached out and gently caressed my cheek.

"It's ok, baby," she told me. "You were doing great. We'll finish the job later."

"That's the spirit," said Maria.

Natalie shot her the side-eye. “Oh, you’re going to pay for this, don’t worry.”

“Big talk.”

Natalie turned her attention back to me. “You’re being so good,” she said in a sweet and soothing voice. “Just a little longer and you can have your release.” She punctuated this comment by reaching down and squeezing the bulge of my caged-up cock and balls through my jeans. The sudden touch nearly dropped me to the ground like a stun gun.

“Oh my god,” Natalie giggled, turning to Maria. Her quick flash of anger had melted away like the passing of a sudden spring storm, and she was all mirth now. “His balls are so *heavy*.”

“You better not let him out until he’s earned it,” said Maria.

“Don’t worry. He knows his place,” said Natalie, patting me gently on the head. “Don’t you?”

“Yes,” I mumbled. I couldn’t keep my eyes off the shining key that hung between her breasts, teasing me with its promise of freedom and release. I would do anything to get my reward.

“Good boy,” said Natalie. She pulled the black bra from her gym bag and reached it out to me. “Now can you help me strap this?”

Chapter 23: The After Party

The three of us spent the rest of the afternoon wandering around the convention center, taking in the sights and sounds of the Muller Sports Festival. The convention was kind of a joke, but everyone there seemed in on it. We all gawked at the products for sale in the booths, which ranged from impractical to downright ridiculous: butt-toning electrodes, shoe lifts (for “Short Kings”), and all manner of overpriced kitchenware being just a few of the items on display. We all tried the flavorless, chalky “healthy” snacks and the electric-tasting energy drinks in tiny paper cups. And we all checked each other out.

The insane horniness that had built up in me had subsided from its agonizing pinnacle of desire. But it was still there, clouding my mind and disrupting my thoughts everywhere we went. I simply could not stop thinking about sex. And I was quite possibly in the worst place I could be for that problem, except for maybe an actual strip club. We were swimming in an ocean of toned bodies, each one hotter than the last. Each flash of skin, each flip of hair, each butt threatening to burst its skintight leggings—my eye was helplessly drawn to all of it.

And the greatest temptation of all was the two girls accompanying me. For as otherworldly-hot as some of the people on the convention floor were, nobody could compare to Natalie and Maria. And in my lust-addled state, it was all I could do to stop myself from openly salivating at these two beauties who accompanied me all over the convention center. I could still taste Natalie’s sweat on my lips. I could still hear Maria’s playfully cruel commands. And above all, I still felt the desperation of my locked-up dick.

My horniness was extremely obvious to the girls, too. This of course meant they spent the entire rest of the afternoon teasing me without mercy. Natalie found every excuse she could to brush her ass up against the bulge in my jeans, sending trembling waves through my imprisoned dick that

nearly floored me, raising giggles from Natalie and her accomplice Maria as they tortured me.

Maria had her own way of making me squirm. She pointed out every hot girl who passed us by with some perverted comment. “Look at that hot piece of ass,” she whispered huskily into my ear as one raven-haired beauty in a pair of tiny orange shorts passed by. Her hot breath on my neck made me shiver. “I call girls like that a rotisserie,” she said, holding out a clenched fist. “Cause I’d get up in there like I was dressing a chicken.”

Between Natalie’s teasing brushes and Maria’s constant stream of lewd remarks, I could hardly focus on the rest of the convention. I mostly stumbled around like I was intoxicated. I tried to force myself to take in the sights and sounds of the booths and competitions, but there was hardly a world outside of the two girls with me and their intertwining methods for driving me out of my mind.

Finally, after several agonizing hours of enduring torture from Natalie and Maria, I noticed that the crowd was slowly starting to thin out. More and more booths were stripped down as vendors boxed their wares and counted out their pay. There was no loudspeaker announcement, yet it seemed an invisible signal had registered in the minds of all the convention attendees that it was time to leave.

“What’s going on?” I asked. “Everyone’s leaving.”

Natalie checked her phone. “Jesus. It’s quarter til eight already.”

“What? So we’ve been here-”

“All day,” Maria affirmed. She shot Natalie a knowing look. “Damn. We didn’t make it half as long last year. Probably because we left early to go back to the hotel.”

“*And* I wasn’t competing last year,” Natalie reminded her.

“Whatever you say.” Maria glanced at me to see if the significance of her remark had hit home. But I was too lost in my foolish horny haze to

care. I knew she probably meant they'd gone back to the hotel early to have sex. And all that made me do was want the same thing.

Fortunately Natalie seemed to be on the same wavelength. Probably because she'd been "left hanging" earlier too. So she took me by the hand. "Let's get out of here."

The three of us joined the horde of people streaming toward the exits. All around us, stages and booths were in various stages of disassembly. The whole show was packing up and leaving town, just like all of us. There was something bittersweet in the speed with which all those things were torn away. Even the music no longer played, making our procession a strangely silent one.

"Where's everyone go after this?" I asked.

"After parties," Maria answered. "I hear it gets real wild. All the coke and GHB you could ask for. Just no pizza. Carbs, right?"

"Ugh," Natalie groaned. "I could *murder* a pizza right now."

"Let's order some when we get back to the room," said Maria.

Natalie perked up. "Really? I mean-"

"I think you've earned it."

"So, no coke and GHB?" I joked.

That one got a laugh out of Natalie. "Nope," she said. "But I have more exciting plans in mind." She let the comment drop and turned straight ahead, leading us through the convention hallway. I followed along, senses keyed up as I contemplated the meaning of her statement. What kind of torture did she have in mind for me? And how in the hell were we going to get any time to ourselves with Maria hanging around?

These questions ran through my mind as the three of us slipped into the elevator. An anticipatory silence had fallen over our little group of three as we drew closer to our destination. So many unspoken thoughts closed up

behind those elevator doors. A chime sounded, and we were on our way up to the fifth floor.

The silent tension mounted as we headed down the red-carpeted hallway. It was keen a high whistle in my ear. I could feel the physical auras of the two girls as though they were actually touching me. I wondered vaguely if they felt the same energy too as I fumbled into my wallet for the room key. I touched the key to the little pad, watched the green light switch on, and pushed open the door to the hotel room.

“Wow, nice digs!” said Natalie. It felt like days ago that I’d been up in the hotel room all alone dropping off the bags. The suite still surprised me with its palatial expanse, plush furniture, and rows of sleek glass shelves and tables.

“Not bad, huh?” said Maria. “We could shoot a rap video in here.”

“Your stuff’s in the bedroom,” I told the girls. “Right back there.”

“Oh, nice!” said Natalie. She turned to me with her eyes shining bright. “Thanks for bringing everything up here,” she said earnestly.

“Oh,” I stammered. “No problem.”

Natalie leaned forward and pressed a gently kiss against my lips that sent a shudder down my spine. Instantly my dick quivered inside its cage. And just before I could reach up and take her cheek in my hand and kiss her back, she suddenly pulled away, just as abruptly as she’d started the kiss, and scampered off to the bedroom. I was left standing by the door with my heart in my throat and my dick in agony inside its cage while she disappeared into the bedroom.

Briefly I made eye contact with Maria, who smirked at my flustered state. She was shaping up a teasing comment when we heard Natalie squeal.

“Oh my god!” Natalie cried from the bedroom. “Maria, this is so sweet.”

“She must have found the champagne,” I said.

Maria gave a smug smile. “Nice touch, huh?”

A pang of jealousy shot through me. But as I looked at Maria and thought of all we’d been through, I couldn’t help but feel like we were bonded in our shared desire over Natalie. And I knew she felt the same way too- she’d even told me she was happy Natalie had found a guy like me. So I looked Maria right back in the eye and nodded. “Great touch,” I said. “I’m sure Brooks loved it.”

Natalie came out of the bedroom with the champagne, two flutes, and a beaming smile on her face. She set down the glasses and the bottle and rushed over to Maria. Before we knew it, she’d thrown her hands around Maria’s waist and pulled her into a tight hug. “Your note was so sweet,” she whispered into Maria’s ear. “Thank you. For everything.”

Maria made the barest eye contact with me over Natalie’s shoulder. And then for the first time I’d ever seen, her bronze cheeks blushed a deep scarlet. She awkwardly returned the hug, pulling Natalie close to her patting her on the back. “You deserve it,” she whispered back. “I’m so proud of you.”

It was a sweet moment between the two friends. But for me, in my chastity-addled madness, the sight of the two girls embracing, their perfect bodies pressed up against each other, was sheer torture. My dick writhed in agony inside the cage, and a deep frustrated need gnawed my insides. Natalie must have felt my salivating gaze on her, because she suddenly broke off the hug and turned to me.

“We need a third glass!”

I scurried over to the cabinet to get a crystal tumbler. I was just about to offer to grab more ice when a sudden *pop* startled me into the air like a frightened cat. It was Maria, popping the cork from the champagne bottle with one sharp twist. The grin on her face let me know she knew she’d scared me.

“I honestly forgot I’d set this whole thing up,” Maria said casually, tilting the bottle into Natalie’s outstretched glass. But there was a hint of color in her cheeks. “I didn’t know there would be three of us when I made the reservation.”

“So what?” Natalie giggled.

Maria examined the line on the bottle of champagne. “Well, for one thing,” she said, pouring champagne into her glass. “We’re gonna need more booze.”

“And another bed,” I said.

An instant silence fell so heavily on the room that you could hear the bubbles fizzling in the champagne. Natalie and Maria both looked at me with the same amused, almost pitying expression.

“What?” I stammered, unable to stop myself from blabbering on to break the silence. “I mean, there’s the couches, but-”

Maria didn’t need words to silence me. She just pointed her glass of champagne at me and extended one long graceful finger to beckon me over to her. Instantly the words in my mouth dried up and blew away. Once again under Maria’s hypnotic spell, I was helpless to resist crossing over the room toward her.

When I got close, she raised the champagne bottle, almost in salute, and I held out my glass. As Maria filled the crystal tumbler in my hand, she gave Natalie a knowing look. “Should we tell him?”

Natalie couldn’t disguise her grin. “I wanted it to be a surprise,” she said. “But I can’t keep it in any longer.”

I swallowed hard. “What surprise?”

“Such an innocent boy,” said Maria to Natalie, shaking her head.

“Can’t you see why I picked him?” said Natalie.

My heart began to pound like I'd just done twenty burpees. "What are you guys talking about?"

"Sweet boy," Maria sighed. "There's room in that bed for three. You," she said, tipping a little more champagne into her glass. "Brooks," she said, adding a little more to Natalie's flute. "And me," she said, draining the last of the bottle into her own flute.

"You mean-"

"If you want," Natalie said, giving me a reassuring squeeze on the arm. "I know that might be a lot for you. But we thought- well, maybe just tonight- the three of us could have a little fun together?"

This isn't real, I told myself. *Nothing this good could ever actually happen to someone*. "Are- are you serious?"

"Don't get ahead of yourself," Maria snapped. "I'm gonna make sure you stay nice and locked up until you *earn* it," she said, punctuating this comment with a sharp rap of her fingernails against the chastity cage. It didn't hurt- I hardly felt it through the thick plastic sheath- but the suddenness of her move made me jump again.

Suddenly I realized I was staring in the face of a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity in front of me, and I was desperate to make sure I didn't screw it up. "Anything you say," I murmured.

"That's my boy," said Natalie sweetly. Then she raised her flute into the air. "How about a toast?"

"To Brooks!" said Maria. "Let's come back from Tokyo with the gold!"

"And to Maria," said Natalie. "The best coach a girl could ask for."

Then both girls looked over at me, holding up my glass and feeling slightly like a third wheel.

“And to you, Daniel,” Natalie said sweetly. Then she shot an expectant look at Maria.

Maria, realizing Natalie was waiting on her endorsement, cleared her throat. “Right,” she said somewhat begrudgingly. She lifted her glass in my direction. “To you, too, Daniel. Believe it or not- I’m glad you’re here.”

“I’m glad to be here, too,” I said, in what has to have been the greatest understatement of all time. “Thanks for- uh... Here’s to both of you.”

Three glasses clinked together- two flutes and a tumbler. And then we each sipped our drink. The champagne fizzled with a lovely sweet tang that tingled my mouth all the way down my throat. The effervescent drink bubbled straight up into my head. Natalie and Maria, clearly feeling the same effect, both giggled at the drink’s effect.

“Not bad,” said Natalie, holding her glass up to the light.

“Well then,” said Maria. “Only one thing left to do.” Suddenly reached her free hand out and gripped me by the nape of the neck like she was seizing a puppy. I had just enough time to see her face drawing closer before I felt her lips press up against mine, hard.

This first kiss from Maria nearly sent the champagne tumbler tumbling down to the floor. Her heat, her aura, enveloped me in a fierce hungry pressing of her lips that I was powerless to resist. I parted my lips and let her tongue invade my mouth, pressing against mine as she held me paralyzed by the scruff of my neck. Hot desire flooded my body, swelling my cock painfully in its cage. I wanted to return the kiss but I felt more like I was clinging to a lamppost during a hurricane and just trying to keep myself from getting blown halfway across the room.

Maria broke off the kiss and released me from her grip. I stared at her with glazed eyes, watching the mischievous smirk on her face.

“Wow,” Natalie murmured from the sidelines. “That was pretty hot.”

Maria turned to her. “Just you wait,” she said. And then it was *Natalie* Maria was swooping down upon. And to my shock, the two girls were suddenly locked in a passionate kiss just a foot away from me. And I saw it all- Natalie’s hand on Maria’s slender waist, Maria’s fingers in Natalie’s golden hair, their wet pink tongues entwined in a loving erotic kiss that somehow made me even hornier than the actual kiss I’d received. My stomach burned with arousal and jealousy as I watched the two girls make out, and I subconsciously fingered my plastic prison that was keeping my desperate cock from exploding.

When Maria broke off the kiss, both girls were giggling. For a moment they were looking into each others’ eyes like they were only the ones in the room, their eyes glistening with the same wetness that marked their lips. But then Maria stepped away and directed Natalie toward me like she was offering a plate of biscuits. “He’s all yours.”

Natalie giggled, and then pounced on me. Next I knew she was pressing her lips against mine and kissing me hard, almost as hard as Maria. I tasted the sweet tang of the champagne from her wet lips, her saliva and Maria’s and the fizzy liquid all blending together into a heady nectar that made my knees nearly buckle. Natalie pulled me tight against her, kissing me with a deliberateness that left me helpless.

Maria set her champagne flute down with an authoritative *thunk* that broke off our kiss. “Ok,” she said with authority. “Let’s take this party to the bathtub.”

“The bathtub?” asked Natalie.

“Did you see that thing? The three of us can all fit in there, easy. It even has jets.”

“Oh, *really*?” Natalie said. She stretched her back like a cat in the sun, groaning from the evident soreness in her muscles. When she leaned forward, the chain with the key on the end nearly slip out of the front of her shirt. “Sounds like exactly what I need.”

Natalie flashed me that sweet smile that she could use to make me do anything. “How about you be a sweetheart and go run the bath? I’ll order some pizzas.”

I was already racing to the bathroom to obey her instructions before she finished her thought. But before I got to the door, Maria called out for me to stop.

“Clothes off!” she ordered.

I looked over to Natalie for help, but she just grinned. “You heard the lady.”

It took just about a second for me to think about it. But there was nothing else I could do. I was going to be getting into the bathtub with these two goddesses, and I wasn’t going to do anything to screw up the opportunity. So I obeyed.

I shed clothes my whole way to the bathroom, kicking off my shoes and stripping my shirt to the floor. I undressed quickly, trying to ignore the obvious stares and giggles from the girls behind me as I fumbled with the button on my jeans. They broke into cackles when I slipped my pants and underwear down my waist, exposing my naked ass to them.

Cheeks burning, I raced into the bathroom, my chastity cage bouncing painfully. Cold shocked my body when my bare foot touched the bathroom tile, making me shiver all down my exposed skin. The cool tile floor was a block of ice under my feet. I shifted between my heels and toes as I fumbled with the faucets on the tub, trying to make spread the icy chill out as much as I could.

I managed to turn on the faucets, and a cascade of water gushed from the pipes to the bottom of the tub. I watched the water pour in, and quickly realized that even at full blast it was going to take a while to fill the jacuzzi-sized tub. I cast a glance over my shoulder and saw Maria and Natalie watching with amused expressions.

“It might take a while,” I called over my shoulder, raising my voice above the roar of the faucet pouring into the tub.

Maria folded her arms. “Well, you can come and get us when it’s ready,” she smirked. “We’ll be on the couch.”

“I’ll order the pizzas!” Natalie called as the two girls disappeared from my sight back into the hotel.

I stood watching the water slowly fill up the giant tub, my face hot from the mix of nerves and arousal and shame that was boiling inside me as my feet froze on the icy tiles. Fortunately the hot water was starting to steam off the tub, fogging the bathroom windows and warming the room up. I tried not to worry about what was going on between them on the couch while I stood there shivering in the cold room as the water level crept higher and higher up the sides of the tub.

After what felt like an hour, but was really probably ten minutes, the waterline was finally cresting over the fill-to line. I killed the faucets, then tried to check myself before going to fetch the girls. I knew I had to look ridiculous completely naked except for the snug black chastity cage wrapped around my dick. But the mirror was too fogged up for me to check myself. I thought about slipping on a pair of shorts just to cover my embarrassment- the girls were both wearing their clothes still!- but I knew that would probably lead to more teasing than anything else. So instead I just swallowed my pride and headed back into the hotel room.

Natalie and Maria were snuggled up tight together on the couch, murmuring in low voices. Maria reclined into the couch, cradling Natalie against her chest with her arm casually thrown around her shoulder. It wasn’t exactly sexual, but it was far more intimate than I would ever think to get with a “friend” of mine. I almost felt like I was interrupting something. So I stood a polite distance away and cleared my throat.

“Bath’s ready.”

Natalie and Maria broke into a fresh round of giggles when they saw my naked body. “Oh my gosh,” Natalie squealed. “You look so cute!”

“Come here,” Maria ordered, directing me around the couch. “I want to get a better look at you.”

My heart thumping, I circled around the couch to face the girls down. Sweat prickled my shoulders as I turned to face them. I kept a decent distance away, and self-consciously covered the chastity cage with my two cupped hands. I’d never felt more naked in my life.

Maria reclined back on the couch with a cat-like expression of comfortable control. Natalie lay back against her, comfortably nestled into Maria’s bosom. Maria’s eyes glimmered at me as she sipped her champagne. “Come closer.”

I took a few tentative steps toward Maria. She continued to beckon me closer and closer until I finally reached the edge of the couch. Once I was within arm’s reach, Maria reached a deliberate arm out and pushed my wrists aside. “Let’s see.”

I blushed deep red as Maria uncovered my caged-up package. It felt so vulnerable on display like that, the shaft lodged tight in the sheath and the balls snuggled up by the o-ring that held it all together.

“Look at that,” Maria breathed, staring almost in awe at the chastity cage that bound me tight. She looked up at me. “How does it feel?”

“Tight,” I admitted through my dry mouth.

“Looks like it.” Maria gave Natalie a little shake with her arm. “Such a dirty girl. I see why you do this.”

Natalie shifted off Maria and leaned forward too. “Look how cute,” she cooed. “And it makes him such a good boy, too.”

Maria suddenly reached out and gently took my package into her hand. Instantly a spasm of blood rushed through my body, and I feared that, cage or no, I might immediately orgasm in her hand. Her touch was so soft and delicate around my aching balls. But she held my package firmly, examining it like she was picking out a fresh peach.

“Do you like it?” she asked.

“Do I *like* it?” I repeated stupidly. “What-”

“Oh, don’t be silly,” said Maria, squeezing me a little tighter. “Don’t tell me Brooks is the only reason you wear that thing.”

“Don’t blame me,” Natalie mock-pouted. “You love that thing.”

“Well-” I stammered. “It wasn’t exactly my idea.”

Maria tugged my package in the cage, not painfully but definitely hard enough to draw a little yelp from me. “I can tell you love it,” she said. “Getting locked up and serving your little mistress.” She raised a sharp eyebrow at me. “Don’t you?”

My eyes darted over to Natalie. She had that expression of cool, confident control that never failed to make me tremble. Everything about her was so sleek and sexy and powerful. I could hardly put into words how she made me feel. Under her gaze, I was both vulnerable and empowered. Frustrated and fulfilled. And the cage was part of that too. And there around her neck, I saw the sliver of the chain holding the key to my freedom.

“I do,” I admitted, trying to look at Maria but unable to keep my eyes from darting back to Natalie. “It’s weird, but- I kind of- well, the payoff is usually worth it,” I said, blushing deeply.

Natalie giggled. “I’ll say. Keep him locked up for a day or two and that thing is a damn geyser.”

Maria tugged my package again, forcing my cock to strain hard in its prison. “I bet it is. How long has it been for you now?”

“Uhm, since last night,” I said.

Maria shot Natalie a glance. “You little slut,” she scolded. “I knew you wouldn’t be able to keep it in your pants the night before the competition.”

“Didn’t slow me down,” Natalie shot back.

“Whatever,” said Maria. She turned back to me, examining my caged-up cock with a critical eye. “I’m sure you’ve been getting worked up all day. But one day is hardly a struggle. Maybe we should keep you locked up tonight so you *really* earn it the next time.”

“Oh, please,” I gasped, utterly vulnerable and desperately horny with my package cupped in her hand. “Please, don’t.”

Maria smirked. “We’ll see. But for now- let’s get into that bath.”

“Finally,” said Natalie. She jumped to her feet and raced to the bathroom door, stripping off her shirt as she went and exposing the taut muscles of her back. Then she wriggled out of her pants and kicked them to the side. She was just reaching for her bra strap when she disappeared into the bathroom, leaving her nakedness up to my imagination.

I looked back at Maria and found she had been watching me watch Natalie with a smirk on her face. I gulped and tried to speak, but there was no need for words. Her face said it all. So before I could say anything, she gave one last firm tug to my package, using it for leverage as she rose to her feet. I gasped and found her looming over me for a moment with that same little smile on her face. Then she took her champagne flute and whisked herself away toward the bathroom before I could even catch my breath.

I took Natalie’s flute and my own glass to the bathroom. I entered just in time to catch the barest sliver of Maria’s back and butt before she slipped into the tub. Natalie was already inside, her arms spread wide, head thrown back and eyes closed as she savored the warm water. I drew closer, almost able to see the full shape of her breasts. But just before I viewed their full glory, Maria smacked a button at her side to activate the jets. All of Natalie’s body below the water was instantly obscured by the roiling surface of the tub.

“Oh my god,” Natalie moaned. She threw back her head, exposing her throat with the chain around her neck resting on her raised collarbones. “That feels amazing.”

“Get in here,” Maria ordered me. Keeping the glasses balanced in my hands, I gingerly stepped into the tub, trying not to slip or spill anything. The water was nearly scalding- the perfect temperature for a soak. As soon as I stepped into the tub, I felt its liquid warmth seep through my body.

I slipped beneath the surface as quickly as I could to hide the shame of my chastity cage. The hot water enveloped me up to my shoulders, relaxing every muscle in my back as I slid against the wall of the tub. I couldn't help but close my eyes and tilt my head back at the lovely sensation of the warm water seeping into my skin.

Natalie took her champagne flute from me and sipped it deeply. Then she set it to the side and swam toward me with a deliberate glimmer in her eye. I hardly had time to know what she was doing before she wriggled up next to me and kissed me tenderly on the lips. Her hands slipped around my back as she pulled me tight against her slick naked body, pressing her breasts against my chest as her tongue pushed into my mouth.

I slipped into her embrace, making out with her passionately as her hands slipped up and down my body. Beneath the water, her fingers crawled across my thigh and found the chastity cage between my legs. The moan I made when she wrapped her hand around the plastic sheath was muffled by her tongue inside my mouth. I gave myself into her, feeling pinned helplessly by her power as her fingers gripped my balls and teasingly touched the cage.

Just as things were heating up, Natalie and I were suddenly forced apart. I opened my eyes and found Maria pushing her way in between us. “I’m not just gonna sit here while you make out with an Olympian,” she told me. “Now it’s your turn to watch.”

Natalie fell willingly into Maria’s embrace. Their kisses were deep, long, and loving, drinking of each other’s essences in slow tender motions. I was left holding my champagne glass with a dick on the verge of exploding as I watched the two girls make out, their tongues in each other’s mouths while they caressed each other’s bodies under the surface of the tub.

Just as the burning jealousy was starting to get to me, Maria's hand snaked through my legs and found the chastity cage. I shivered under her touch. She broke away the kiss long enough to shoot me a playful smirk. "Your balls are so heavy." She punctuated this remark with a firm squeeze. "You must love watching."

Before I could speak, Maria turned her attention back to Natalie. She continued to caress my caged package while she kissed Natalie's throat. Natalie whimpered as Maria gently nibbled her way up her neck to the lobe of her ear. Soon Natalie and I were both panting from Maria's touch. I saw the dull hunger in her eyes and knew I must look the same in my frustrated madness. I didn't know how long I could bear this lovely torture without breaking.

This overwhelming horniness only grew stronger as the three of us continued making out in the tub. We took turns tasting each other's lips, slipping our hands over each other's bodies, until soon I did not know whose smooth thighs I was squeezing or whose tongue was in my mouth. Everything was warm, wet, and delicious. Fingers prodded and squeezed my chastity cage, keeping my inner lust boiling just like the surface of the tub.

Occasionally we took short breaks to catch our breath. We sipped our champagne, light-headed from its effervescence, and giggled at the total absurdity of the situation. But before long one of the girls would float toward me like a striking shark and everything would get started up again. Our bodies converged, hands grasping and champagne-sweet lips tasting each other.

At last Maria pushed herself away from the pod. "Ok," she said with a vigorous shake of her head like she was trying to bring her senses back. "Let's move this party to the bedroom." She took her champagne flute from the cupholder, threw back her head, and poured the remaining translucent amber down her throat in one long stream. Then she set the flute down with a clink of finality.

The clink of the glass was like the snap of a hypnotist's fingers. I was moving before I even knew it. I rose from the tub, no longer ashamed of my

chastity on display. I didn't even try to hide it. My mind wasn't working that clearly. I just stepped out of the tub as quickly as I could without breaking my neck.

Behind me, the two girls rose from the tub like to goddesses surfacing from beneath the sea. Water dripping from every curve, steam wafting off in hot waves that left their skin glowing, two pairs of perfect breasts, two pairs of thick and powerful legs I wanted wrapped around me forever, two taut slender stomachs, two gorgeous mounds between their legs, everything glistening from the bath. And two beautiful faces, both watching me with little smirks as I tried to contain myself.

For once, I spoke first. "Uh, I'll get you some towels," I stammered. Then I raced over to the cabinet, nearly slipping on the slick floor. I brought the girls two fluffy white towels and used a third to dry myself. No words passed between us in this time. It was all anticipation. I dried as quickly as I could, wrapped the towel around my waist, and followed the girls into the bedroom.

As soon as they entered the bedroom, Maria suddenly turned on Natalie. Her eyes flashed with hunger. "Come here," she growled, before seizing Natalie and kissing her ferociously on the lips. Natalie, who had dominated me since the moment I met her, turned to jelly in Maria's rough embrace. With a slam that made me jump, Maria forced Natalie back against the bedroom wall. Maria held Natalie pinned to the wall, plunging her tongue plunge inside Natalie's wet mouth.

Natalie began to squirm, but Maria found her throat with a free hand. Squeezing Natalie around her strong slender neck, Maria forced her against the wall as her tongue pressed deeper into her mouth. Natalie relaxed under this pressure like a scruffed cat, eyes closing and knees buckling as she gave in to Maria's advance.

Maria slipped another hand between Natalie's glistening legs. She spread apart Natalie's cuntlips and pressed up against her hole. Natalie gave little muffled cries, dampened by Maria's relentless kisses, as Maria teased her cunt. When Maria finally pulled away, Natalie gasped like she'd just surfaced from beneath the sea.

“You little slut,” Maria grinned. She held up her hand, displaying Natalie’s nectar glistening on her fingers. “You’re soaking wet.”

Natalie tried to speak, but Maria pinched her throat and forced her back up against the wall, cutting off her words. “Dirty girl,” Maria said, her voice deliberate and in full command. She pressed the glistening fingers against Natalie’s lips. “Go ahead. Taste what a little slut you are.”

I watched in total shock as Natalie gratefully opened her mouth and allowed Maria to press her fingers, soaked in Natalie’s own juices, inside her mouth. I’d never seen this side of my girlfriend before. She’d always been the one dominating me, her calm control and incredible sexiness reducing me to a helpless slave to her every whim. But now, pinned to the wall by her throat and sucking her own cunt juices from Maria’s probing fingers while whimpering submissively, she showed a completely different side. And of course it made me even more painfully aroused than I was before.

Maria slipped her fingers from Natalie’s mouth and released the hold on her throat. “On the bed,” she growled. Natalie obeyed at once. As she headed to the bed, Maria called after her. “I want to see if this boy of yours is as good at eating pussy as you say.”

Maria folded her arms over her breasts and turned to me with a severe look. “Do a good enough job and I might let you do me next,” she said. Then she jerked her head over to the bed. “Now get in there.”

Natalie whipped the covers off the bed and lay back against the pillows. Her eyes were burning with lust, and like me she looked almost too horny to speak. She cocked her knees and spread her legs wide in a shameless invitation. At the center glistened her swollen cunt, lips slightly parted from Maria’s teasing.

I climbed onto the bed, its fresh sheets cool against my flushed skin, and crawled toward Natalie. She raised her feet to let me slip my shoulders underneath her legs. Her pussy drew me closer and closer like a magnetic force. Natalie’s fingers snaked into my hair, seized my scalp, and jerked me

right up to her cunt. Her urgency let me know she was nearly as desperately horny as I was.

“Go on, eat it,” Maria ordered. Remembering everything Natalie taught me, I released my tongue and gently licked up the parted walls of her pussy, gliding off the shimmering surface. Natalie squirmed and whimpered from my teasing touch. She shifted her hips and jerked me hard by the hair, pulling my head closer.

I followed Natalie’s lead and licked her again, this time harder and deeper. Her slicked-up cunt was fresh from the bath, but I could still taste that bewitching aroma when I pressed my tongue against her hole. I slipped my hands around her hips for leverage and bore down on her, licking in long slow motions up and down her cunt.

Suddenly I felt a stinging slap shock my ass. I tried to jump, but Natalie kept hold of my hair too hard, pinning me into place.

“Get that ass in the air!” Maria snapped, emphasizing this remark with another slap on my butt. Held in place by Natalie, there was little I could do but obey. So I shifted up on my knees, raising my hips off the bed. It was so humiliating to lift my ass up into the air that way, and Maria knew it.

“Look at you,” she cackled, stinging my ass with another sharp slap. “Lifting your ass in the air like a little whore.” She let her hand linger on me this time, gently rubbing my reddening ass cheek. Her hand slipped down between my legs until it found my package dangling helplessly in its plastic prison. Her hand closed around my cock and balls, sending a hot flush of frustrated need through my body.

“Don’t you dare stop,” Maria said with a hard tug of my balls. I couldn’t have stopped if I wanted to. Natalie’s grip on my hair was too firm. She kept me pinned up between her legs, smearing my face with her juicy cunt as my tongue tried keeping up. My jaw was sore but I pressed on, licking and kissing around Natalie’s clit as Maria tugged and teased my locked-up package.

Soon I didn't know whose pleasure I felt, mine or Natalie's. We seemed to be building up at the same time, moaning and grinding hard against each other as I ate her cunt and Maria teased my imprisoned cock and balls. She landed hard slaps on my ass now and then, and my cries were muffled by Natalie's cunt and pinching thighs as she forced me against her cunt.

"Oh, don't you dare cum," Maria snapped, whacking my ass with another hard spank.

At first I thought she was talking to me, and I didn't know if I even could cum with the cage trapping my dick. But then I heard Natalie's trembling voice cry out "I'm sorry, I can't-" Just then, she forced my lips up hard to her clit. Her body seized and twisted like an electric shock was coursing through it. It looked like an exorcism; her back raised off the bed, abs tightened into a little grid, her mouth contorted, as the wave coursed through her body. I could taste her heartbeat in her cunt. Her pussy pulsed like a living thing, swelling for my pressing tongue and coating me with her sweet juices as the orgasm wracked through her body.

"You little slut!" Maria scolded. She slapped *my* ass as though she was punishing Natalie, which was pretty unfair, but I was too delirious with arousal to even care.

Natalie lay back against the bed, panting hard like she'd just finished a workout. "I'm sorry," she breathed.

Maria folded her arms. "Just can't control yourself, huh?" she said sternly. "Greedy girl."

"It's his fault," Natalie wailed, smacking my back hard with appreciation.

"Don't blame your boyfriend, you dirty slut," said Maria. "I think you need a time out. Besides. I want to try out your boy."

Maria suddenly seized my hips from behind with both hands. In a sudden motion, like a jiu-jitsu throw, she flipped me off Natalie and onto my back beside her on the bed. I found myself face-up on the bed, my

chastity cage fully exposed between my legs, just waiting to see what would happen next.

“You must have done pretty good to,” she told me as she climbed onto the bed. “Even if she is a dirty little slut to cum like that.”

She extended a graceful thigh and suddenly she was straddling my face. I found myself pinned between her thighs, inches away from her pussy. She spread her already-swollen cunt with her fingers and smirked down at me. “Now I’ll show you how I like it.”

She grabbed me by the hair and ground her hips against me hard. The stubbly nubs of her dark hairs prickled my lips, and her ripe taste grew deeper and richer as my tongue found the juicy heart of her cunt. I was at Maria’s mercy as she began grinding against me hard, working her cunt on my mouth like she was riding the corner of a washing machine. She held me pinned against her, gripping my hair in a fist for leverage, and pinched my head tight between her smooth powerful thighs.

Through the prison of her thighs, I heard a muffled slap from right next to me. “Don’t you dare touch that pussy, you slut,” she scolded. Evidently Natalie’s fingers had been wandering to her freshly-eaten cunt while she watched Maria fuck my face, and Maria was having none of it. “You get the urge, you take it out on your boyfriend’s little cage. Got it?”

And as Maria continued thrusting her cunt into my face, I felt Natalie’s hand search across my stomach and find the chastity cage between my legs. I squirmed helplessly as she fondled my package through the cage, her delicate touch so frustratingly muffled by the cage and my cock in agony to be free. My mind was overwhelmed by the sensation and the lovely wild taste of Maria’s juices, which coated my face and tongue in an exquisite aroma.

Maria drilled down on my face with her cunt in a relentless pressure, grinding herself harder and harder as Natalie fondled my cage down below. I was consumed by Maria’s gushing cunt and the teasing tendrils of Natalie’s fingers on my balls and tickling the cage. I thought I might lose control and cum right there. Cum, somehow, even though I didn’t know

how I could through the cage. I just knew the terrible pressure inside me had to break somehow.

Just then, I heard Maria give Natalie another sharp scolding. “Hands to yourself!” she snapped. “Alright then. Time to teach you a lesson.”

Maria suddenly pulled away from my face. I could breathe again at last, but at once I missed the overwhelming feeling of her sitting on my face. I wanted was to go back to drowning in her love. I wanted to go back into the womb. Anything, anything to get my mouth on her and my tongue inside her and to feel her weight and movement.

But Maria had other plans. She climbed off my face and suddenly transferred over to Natalie, straddling Natalie’s face with her thighs just the same way she’d done to me. “Dirty slut,” Maria scolded, gripping Natalie roughly by the hair like she was a disobedient puppy. “Now show me you’re sorry.”

Maria ground her cunt into Natalie’s mouth just the same way she had been doing to me. I watched her hips buck back and forth as she sought out the right spot to face-fuck my girlfriend. Natalie let it happen, letting her tongue fall out of her glistening mouth and licking hard and desperate against Maria’s glistening cunt. Her fingers continued to tease my locked-up cock, keeping me right on the edge of losing control as I lay back and watched Maria grind her pussy into Natalie’s face.

“That’s it,” Maria gasped, gripping Natalie tight by the hair. “Good girl. Oh, shit, I think you’re gonna make me cum.” Natalie licked harder and harder as Maria finally reached the limit. Maria grabbed Natalie’s head with both hands, pinning her to her cunt.

Natalie’s fingers squeezed my chastity cage tight at the same time Maria was starting to cum. I thought I might explode from the pressure, but the frustration only deepened into levels of madness I didn’t think I could endure. All made worse by the husky erotic cries of Maria, who bayed unabashedly as the orgasm hit her body in tight, convulsing waves.

Maria shuddered to a halt on Natalie's face, and in turn Natalie released her grip on my caged-up cock and balls. "Holy shit," Maria gasped. She stroked Natalie's hair tenderly and grinned down at her. "Not bad."

All Natalie could muster was a whimper. Her tongue hung outside her mouth, glistening with saliva as she panted for breath. Maria's juices coated her lips and cheeks. She looked well and thoroughly used up from the face-fucking she'd just endured, a faraway look in her eyes as her needy fingers probed around her pussy.

Maria smirked down at Natalie. "Are we forgetting someone?"

"Aw," Natalie giggled. She grasped for my cock in its cage again, making me shiver. "Poor boy. Everyone's getting to cum but you."

Just then, a knock sounded at the door. Maria perked up at once. "Pizza's here!" She looked down at me and giggled. "Sorry," she said, landing a smack on my chest. "I guess you'll have to wait a little longer."

Natalie squeezed my balls. "You mind getting it, baby?"

"Sure," I said. She released her grip and let me climb unsteadily up to my feet into a head rush so strong it nearly took my feet out. "Let me just find some pants."

"I've got something!" Maria broke in. She jumped off the bed to her feet and ran over to her suitcase. As soon as she started rooting around in her bag, I knew something humiliating was coming up. Sure enough, she produced a pair of tiny white shorts, silky-soft with a red hemline that came together in little "V"s at the thighs.

"Oh, come on," I protested.

"Put em on!" Natalie squealed from the bed. She sat up, her eyes still a little dazed from being smothered by Maria.

“You know you’re going to,” said Maria. She held the shorts out to me. “Might as well get it over with.”

I shot a helpless look back at Natalie, but she clearly wanted to watch me get embarrassed too. So I sighed, stuck my hands through the shorts’ holes, and stepped into them. I slipped the silky shorts up my thighs until they nestled home, snugging around my waist. The hemline was ludicrously short, squeezing around my thighs just an inch or two below the waist. My chastity cage bulged in the front, snugged up tight by the silky fabric.

“Oh my gosh, you look so cute!” Natalie gushed. The knock sounded at the door again.

“Better get going,” Maria told me.

Without another thought, my head spinning from arousal, I ran off to the door, the tiny silk shorts snugging me the whole way. Before I could think about how silly I must look, I pulled open the door into the hotel corridor.

I was greeted by a young, punky looking delivery girl, her pink dyed hair jutting from under her uniform cap. She was slinging the delivery bag up to her shoulder when she caught sight of me. “Two large mushroom and-oh,” she said, her eyes darting down to the skimpy shorts that barely hid my chastity cage.

“Thanks,” I stammered, reaching for the pizzas.

The girl eyed me up and down. “You’re here for the convention, aren’t you?”

“Uh, yep.”

She rolled her heavily shadowed eyes and smirked. “You meatheads are something else. I like the look, though,” she added with a wink. She slid the steaming boxes from the bag and passed them over to me. “Anyway. Here’s

you go. Everything's paid for. Enjoy the rest of your night," she said with a barely suppressed grin.

"Thanks," I stammered, and just like that she was gone.

I carried the boxes back inside and found Natalie and Maria waiting on the bed. "Was that a girl? What did she say to you?" Natalie asked breathlessly.

"She said she liked your shorts," Maria gushed. "I heard her. Oh, my god, she wanted to fuck you!"

"Yeah! I bet she did want to fuck you," Natalie said. "She called you a meathead. She must have been eye-fucking you so hard."

"Was she cute?" Maria demanded.

It seemed like a dangerous question, but I was too spun up to do anything but tell the truth. And the truth was that the girl was pretty cute. Her crisp white shirt was tucked perfectly flat into her pants, showing her trim waist, while her punky makeup and pink hair gave her a confident, if aggressive, look. "Yeah, she was cute," I admitted.

"Oh, my god," Natalie sang. "Go back in the hallway and get her. You can probably still catch her. Bring her in here and fuck her brains out."

"What-" I stammered. "We didn't even-"

"Good luck trying to fuck her," Maria broke in. "With your dick all locked away like that."

"Poor baby," said Natalie. "Maybe we should let him out. He's earned it."

"You're such a softy," said Maria scornfully.

"He's been a good boy. He deserves it."

Maria pursed her luscious lips at me. “What do you think? Do you deserve it?”

“Yes,” I said quietly. “Please, I need it so bad.”

Maria sighed. “Get on the bed.”

I obediently climbed back onto the bed. I lay beside Natalie, but I did not touch her. Instead, facing up to the ceiling, I lay still with my hands at my sides like I was preparing to be operated on.

Maria sat beside me on the bed. She tickled two delicate fingers up my bare thigh until she reached the tiny silk shorts. “Poor boy,” she said. “You’re really on the edge, aren’t you?”

I gasped when her fingers closed around my caged-up cock through the shorts. “Yes,” I cried. The silky material up against my balls was like getting licked by an angel.

Maria shot Natalie a skeptical look as she continued rubbing my package. “You really think we should let him out?”

“Well, let’s see,” said Natalie. She leaned over and took my shorts by the hemline. In one smooth motion, she pulled the leg up, flipping my chastity cage out so I was fully exposed. I squirmed helplessly as Natalie’s fingers found the cage and began a clinical examination.

“He’s pretty swollen up,” she observed.

“His balls are like grapefruits,” Maria giggled, pinching me around my swollen testicles. “Oh my god. There must be so much cum in there.”

“We should really let him out,” said Natalie. “Otherwise it’ll start shooting out of his eyes or something.”

Both girls were fondling my locked-up package now, Natalie on the shaft and Maria handling the balls, making me writhe on the bed in agony. “Please,” I begged.

Maria rolled her eyes. “Don’t be such a baby,” she chided.

Natalie tenderly stroked my cheek with her free hand as she continued fondling my locked-up package with the other. “It’s just too much fun to tease you,” she said apologetically. I could see she enjoyed watching my squirm and whimper under her delicate ministrations.

Natalie ran her finger along the chain around her neck and found the key tucked between her breasts. She climbed onto her knees and slowly bent down, raising her perfect ass into the air behind her as she leaned toward my cock. I swallowed hard, my heart beating rapidly in my chest as I awaited my release. But Natalie took her sweet time. Keeping her hips high, she took the key and tapped it against the side of the cage, just beside the little keyhole.

“Please,” I said in a hoarse whisper. “Come on, let me out.”

Instead, Natalie bent forward a little more. Her soft pert breasts pressed against my thighs and my caged-up unit, forcing me to squirm in agony. Deliberately and with a mischievous cruelty, Natalie rubbed her bare breasts harder against my balls and locked-up cock. “Please,” I begged. “Come on, please.”

“Fine,” Natalie smirked. “You big baby.” Keeping her ass in the air, she fitted the key inside its hole. Then she looked me deliberately in the eye, holding my gaze for an eternal moment before twisting the key and clicking open the lock.

Instant relief flushed through me upon the snapping open of the lock. The tight grip snugging up my balls relaxed, allowing fresh blood to flow into my cock and balls. Natalie pinched the plastic sheath between her fingers and wiggled it. My cock clung to the cage just a bit but eventually slid loose, allowing Natalie to tug the sheath off. For the first time in nearly a day, my cock was free.

As my cock unfurled, Natalie delicately took the O-ring around my balls and pushed my penis through. With an expert touch, she released my balls from the ring and slipped it free. I lay back on the bed, feeling the

blood rushing into my package. My dick was like an elbow I'd slept on funny. It pulsed against my leg, squirming with a life of its own as all the pent up arousal returned.

"Look at that," said Natalie. She reached out and poked the swelling tip of my penis. My cock reacted at once and with a will of its own. "You're already getting a boner."

"How fast do you think he's going to cum?" Maria asked. She reached for my balls in a sudden move that made me pulse so hard I worried I was about to answer her question right there.

"You better not cum too quick," Maria warned me. She gave my balls a firm squeeze that made me gasp out loud.

"I don't know if that's going to be possible," I winced.

"Better put that thing away, then," said Maria. She slipped my cock back inside the silky shorts. The imprint of my stiffening unit was clearly visible through the skimpy shorts. And the material was silky soft heaven in the most delicate places.

Maria took two fingers and pressed them through the shorts and into the base of my cock on either side of the shaft. She must have touched straight on the veins because her pressure sent a pulse of blood into my cock. My dick stiffened against the silky shorts, swelling up nearly to full size.

"I guess you weren't lying when you said he had a big dick," Maria observed casually as she continued manipulating the base of my shaft. My dick was growing harder and harder under her simplest prodding.

"I know!" said Natalie. She took hold of my cock through the shorts, squeezing hard to force me to swell even more. "Look at that," she said, pointing to the damp patch forming at the head of my dick. "He's leaking."

“You must be really close,” said Maria. She took hold of my balls through the shorts again, fondling me as Natalie continued to squeeze my shaft. “Don’t cum, though.”

“You better not cum,” said Natalie, but the way she rubbed my cock through the silky shorts was making that pretty difficult. My cock was painfully erect in the shorts, throbbing from its denial and all the teasing I had endured for the past day. Especially everything since we got back to the hotel. And after so much buildup, I feared I would not be able to keep my passions in check for long.

“Be careful,” I gasped.

“Why?” Natalie asked innocently as she continued stroking my dick through the shorts.

“Don’t tell me you can’t hold off,” Maria snorted. She pressed against the base of my perineum through the shorts in a move that crossed my eyes at once. “Dirty boy. You better not-”

But it was way too late. The cock-and-ball fondling through the silky shorts after so much chastity torture was far too much pleasure for me to endure. I tried everything to hold back- curling my toes, tensing all my muscles, trying to use mind control to keep my cock under my command. But there was nothing I could do to stop my body from responding to the softest, sweetest pleasure I’d ever felt against my dick.

“Oh, no,” I managed to groan. Just then, Natalie released her grip on my dick. My cock twitched helplessly against the silk shorts. I thought for a second I could regain my composure after she let me go. But my cock was throbbing on its own, rubbing against the silky heaven of the shorts even without Natalie’s hand on me. And the delicate whisper of the silk against me finally brought me to my limit. And so my dick, without anybody even touching it, exploded into pent-up orgasm inside the silky shorts. Rope after rope of cum spurted in a hot runny gush, splattering my cockhead and dribbling down my shaft.

“Oh my god, he’s cumming his pants!” Maria squealed.

I shuddered to a halt as the orgasm ebbed through my body. My body thrashed and spasmed like I was going through an exorcism. My cock had never felt so painfully *good* before. The sensation was incredible, wracking through my body in wave after wave of shameful pleasure that left me dizzy. When I looked down, I saw the big damp patch that had spread across the shorts near my cockhead and white dribbles were ran down my bare thigh.

As the unbelievable pleasure subsided, I realized I might be in trouble. Finally having my dream threesome only to jizz in my pants was humiliating enough. But the girls had also specifically forbid me to cum. I expected to catch hell from them. But Natalie just giggled and slid next to me on the bed.

“Look at that,” she said, pressing her finger into the damp patch where the head of my cock still twitched. “You came so much.”

“I’m sorry,” I panted. “I-”

“It’s ok,” Natalie said. She pulled me close to her and gently stroked my cheek. “We’ve been teasing you like crazy. It’s hard to hold back.”

“It *may* be forgivable,” said Maria with significantly less sympathy. “But it depends how quick you can get that thing back. Because I have some plans for you, but your dick needs to be working for them.”

“Oh-” I stammered. “I mean, usually in like, an hour, I can-”

Maria clicked her tongue. “Can’t let the pizza get cold.”

She took my shorts by the hemline and jerked them off my waist. I felt the cum-soaked shorts slip off my deflating cock as Maria stripped them down my thighs. “Ew, look at that mess,” she said as she revealed the globs of cum splattering my waist and dribbling on my cock. She slipped the shorts the rest of the way off and then used them like a rag to roughly wipe the ropes of cum off my dick.

“God, you got it *everywhere*.” Maria complained, tossing the soaking shorts onto the floor. I was left laying there, fully nude once again, only this time with no chastity cage to cover me. Maria raised an eyebrow at me. “Ready to get that boner going?”

I looked down at my limp dick, still glistening between my legs. Even after the tease and buildup I thought there was no way I could be ready to go again anytime soon. “Um,” I said. “I might need a little time-“

Maria shook her head with disappointment. “Guess I’m gonna have to hotwire this thing,” she said. Before I could ask what that meant, Maria jumped off the bed and headed over to her luggage again. “I have something that will help,” she said. And then as she rooted through the bag, she called over her shoulder almost as an afterthought. “Brooks, start sucking his dick.”

Natalie and I exchanged surprised looks on the bed. “Oh-” I said, feeling extremely self-conscious of my flaccid dick and lack of control. “You don’t have to-”

But Natalie shot me a wink. “Yes ma’am,” she replied to Maria. And before I could protest, Natalie took my flaccid dick between her thumb and two fingers and lifted it off my waist. Without a word, she bent down, her tendrils of damp hair tickling my thighs as she brought her face to my waist. And then she slipped my cock inside her wet mouth, filling me with a sensation as warm and pleasurable as dipping into the bathtub earlier.

“Oh my god,” I groaned as Natalie began to softly suck me. She could fit my entire limp cock in her mouth, and she held it there nice and still, gently sucking with her silky cheeks and warm wet tongue as her lips caressed the base of my shaft.

“Wow,” I said. “That feels amazing. I just don’t know if-”

Natalie slipped my cock from her mouth and flashed me a dazzling smile. “Shh,” she hushed me. “It’s ok. Just enjoy it.”

“Just enjoy it, my ass,” Maria broke in. “You better get that thing nice and hard for me,” She walked back over to the bed, holding something hidden in her hand, and stood arms-akimbo by the mattress watching Natalie work my dick.

“That’s right,” she said. “Suck his dick, you little slut. Can you still taste the cum on him?”

Natalie made a muffled little noise around my cock that sounded like a “yes” to me. But Maria was having none of it.

“Don’t you know it’s rude to talk with your mouth full?” she chided. “Come on, keep working.”

Natalie redoubled her efforts, swallowing down my cock deep into the back of her throat. Despite the fact that I had literally just ejaculated, my dick couldn’t resist swelling up a bit at the soft lovely feeling of her mouth around me, although it was painful to be stimulated while my cock was still so sensitive.

Natalie pinched the base of my dick with two fingers and used them to stretch out my cock as she sucked me down deeper into her throat. I felt the blood flowing back to me, filling my dick up again. The sight of her bent over my lap softly sucking on my cock, her ass in the air and her tits resting against my thighs, was hotter than any porno I’d ever seen before.

“Look at that,” Maria observed as my dick swelled more and more. “I knew there was a little life in you. But we’re going to have to fast-track this thing.”

Maria slid onto the bed beside Natalie. She plucked my cock out of Natalie’s mouth like she was swiping a lollipop from a kid and transferred it straight into hers, taking it past her luscious lips and pressing her warm wet tongue against the shaft. Natalie, defensive, darted her head down and licked the base of my cock, teasing the root with her lips and tongue.

“Oh, my god,” I groaned, and not just from the incredible sensation of Maria’s mouth. Here I had both girls, Natalie and Maria, on their knees

before me in the bed, licking and sucking my cock together. It was a moment so glorious I could scarcely believe it was happening. My girlfriend, Natalie, and her aggro best friend slash former lover slash hardcore training coach, both blowing me on the hotel bed. I felt like the king of the damn universe right there.

“Look at you,” said Natalie to Maria. “Not bad for a vag-i-tarian.”

Maria giggled around a mouthful of my hard dick. She pulled me free from her mouth and looked at Natalie. “Only the second time I’ve ever sucked a dick,” she admitted.

“Are you serious?” I gasped. “I don’t believe you.”

Maria suddenly caught my dick in a firm grip. “What are you saying?” she asked, eyes narrowing dangerously. “You think I’m some kind of dick-sucking pro?” She emphasized the remark by squeezing my dick just a little harder, making me squirm on the bed.

“No,” I protested. “It’s just-”

“You think I’m some kind of slut, huh?” she went on, stretching my dick back and forth hard enough to make my toes curl. “Slobbering down on every dick I see?”

“No,” I winced. “You’re just really good at it.”

“And you think that’s a compliment?”

“Shh, baby,” Natalie interrupted, reaching up to rub my stomach lovingly. “Just relax and enjoy yourself.” It was a nice way of telling me to keep my mouth shut, and I took the hint. Maria may be fun to verbally spar with, but not when my dick was inches from her glittering teeth.

“Here,” said Maria, aiming my cock at Natalie like a weapon. “You do it.”

Natalie obeyed at once, parting her soft lips and taking my cock down deep. When I felt my swelling dick press against the back of her throat,

Maria took Natalie by the hair with her free hand and forced her to deepthroat me all the way. "Hold it," she whispered. "Keep it back there."

I watched Natalie struggle to keep my dick so deep in her mouth. But Maria kept a firm pressure on the back of her head, forcing my cock deeper down Natalie's throat. "That's right, eat it," Maria urged. "I don't ever wanna hear you say sucking dick is easier than eating pussy again after this."

Natalie choked with the tip of my dick touching the back of her throat, and with a little cough she jerked her head away and spit my cock out. "Ugh," she gasped, eyes watering. "Your turn."

"Challenge accepted," said Maria, reaching for my dick. "Let me show you how a real *vag-i-tarian* gets down." Using one hand for grip, she slid my dick down my throat in a smooth wet grip so tight it felt like I was plunging into a pussy. She took me deep the first stroke in, and began working my dick with her mouth and hand a rhythm that made me feel like a vacuum cleaner was sucking out my soul.

I groaned in ecstasy as she worked me deeper and harder, her suction-grip pulling my flesh erect like an inflating balloon. My cock swelled to full mast, though it was so sore and tired from just so recently letting loose inside the silky shorts. But it was unable to resist getting rock hard under Maria's grip, though an orgasm seemed an aching distant possibility.

And just as I reached my peak hardness, my dick super-inflated to full size, Maria slipped me out of her mouth. In a sudden motion, like she was lassoing a sheep, she pulled the rubber ring she'd been hiding in her hand and expertly wrapped it around my cock and balls. I was shocked to find my full-mast dick suddenly arrested in a vise-like cock ring that kept my balls pinched tight and my cock painfully swollen stiff with blood.

"There we go," said Maria, wiping a trace of saliva from her mouth.

"Holy shit," Maria gasped. She reached out and prodded the tip of my rigid dick, making it leap like a colt. "It's huge!"

It was huge. The tight cock ring kept all the blood trapped inside, forcing my dick to swell to exaggerated proportions that made me look like a porn star. I liked that. But it was also purple. And looking dangerously strained, like an alcoholic businessman's forehead on his fifth whiskey soda. Plus, I had cum so recently that I didn't know whether I'd even be able to do it again. But whether or not it was working for me, it sure looked like a hell of a fuck-stick to play with. And the glitter in Maria's eye told me that was just what she had in mind.

Maria suddenly crawled up from her place between my legs. She threw her thighs over me, straddling my waist, and loomed over me from on top like a lioness going in for the kill. But instead of her teeth finding my jugular, her fingers closed around my turgid dick. With her other hand, she stretched open her dripping cunt, spreading her pussy as she aimed my cock toward its goal.

Her thighs and torso were completely upright, showing the taut lines of her bronze stomach and the pert swelling breasts with dark nipples. Her raven hair framed her face in curtains and tickled over the dark muscles of her toned shoulders. I had only a moment to take in how truly incredible Maria looked there, straddling my waist while she prepared me to enter her. And then she pressed the tip of my cock against her dripping wet cunt and pressed down hard.

At first the tip of my rigid dick couldn't penetrate her tight hole. Maria pressed harder and harder, the tension straining us both as my cock thrust up against her. But then at the apex of the strain, her pussy yielded. I felt her slick walls open up to accept my cockhead, and suddenly the warm delicious sensation of her cunt slowly sliding inch-by-inch down my rock-hard dick.

Maria's eyes rolled back in her head as she slowly stretched herself open on my dick. "Oh, my god," she moaned, shimmying her waist to squeeze more and more of me inside her. She panted in and out deliberately like she was in a Lamaze class, opening herself inch by inch to envelop my cock. With one final groan, she settled her hips down against my waist, and I felt the grip of her lips tickling the very base of my shaft as I bottomed out straight up her cunt.

Maria held still for a moment, sucking and exhaling sharp little breaths as she adjusted to the cock inside her. Nothing moved except her chest, which rose and fell with each breath in a tantalizing undulation. Just as I was about to reach up and fondle her heaving breasts, Maria snatched my wrists and pinned me down to the mattress.

“Not so fast,” she said breathlessly, her flushed face inches from mine as she held me trapped helplessly against the mattress. “You just be a good boy and lay back.” Using her grip on my wrists for leverage, Maria began to shift back and forth. Her hips rocked my cock slipping me what felt like mere millimeters in and out of her pussy.

My painfully rigid dick, senses momentarily deadened from overstimulation, was in agony from the tiny up-and-down strokes Maria was guiding me through inside her. All of my instincts told me to grab her by the waist and fuck her as hard as possible until I was able to cum again. But there was no way I could break her grip on me. And so I was forced to lay back while she ground down on my stiff prick like a sex toy, torturing me with her erotic moans. Being teased in chastity was bad enough, but somehow this was even more frustrating.

Soon Maria was fucking me in long full strokes. She slammed her butt down against my thighs, forcing my stiff prick in and out of her cunt. Her lips gripped me tight, slipping over every vein and ridge of my dick, but her soaking wet juices kept her lubed up and able to accommodate me as deep and rough as she could manage. And yet with my prick artificially stiffened by the cock ring and still tender from my so recent orgasm, the sensation was nearly unbearable. I had to grit my teeth and grind it out, my pained groans mixing with Maria’s lustful moans as she pounded away, forcing my cock deep inside her over and over.

As Maria pounded away, Natalie rolled over to her side and snuggled face into my neck. “Good boy,” she whispered, her breath hot on my ear. “Look at that. It’s so fucking hot to watch her ride your dick. Look how wet it’s making me” She raised two glistening fingers to my lips.

Lost in the mix of pleasure and pain wracking my body as Maria worked herself roughly on my stiff prick, I could offer no reply but to open

my mouth. Natalie slipped her fingers into my mouth, feeding me her sweet nectar. I sucked her juices greedily from her fingers as she continued whispering dirty encouragement into my ear, Maria fucking me relentlessly all the while. And yet despite the hot breath in my ear, Natalie's taste in my mouth, and the sight of Maria's perfect golden-tan body bouncing up and down on my cock, not to mention the incredible sensation of her tight wet cunt gripping my pole, I still was nowhere close to orgasm.

Maria, on the other hand, was getting herself there. Her moans grew deeper and needier as she worked herself up and down on my cock. "Holy shit," she panted. "I think I'm actually getting close." She slapped me hard on my bare chest. "Don't you dare lose that boner," she gasped, squeezing her eyes shut. She held herself upright with her hands on my chest, her entire body rigid except her bucking hips grinding relentlessly on my dick, seeking the perfect stretch to bring her over the edge.

"Keep going, baby," Natalie encouraged breathlessly in my ear. "Make her cum with that huge cock."

As if I really had a choice. All I could do was lay back, letting all the sensations wash over me as the tension mounted inside Maria. Every taut, sweat-beaded muscle in her body seized up like an electric current was passing through her. Her voice followed soon after, like the thunder follows lightning, a low guttural groan as the pressure finally reached the breaking point inside her. Her groan became a high hoarse cry as she thrust herself with abandon, riding out her orgasm with my stiff cock as her tool, forcing wave after wave of release through her.

At last, Maria collapsed forward. Her hot, sweat-beaded chest slid across mine, smothering me with the slick heat that radiated from between her breasts. When she caught her breath, she smacked me hard on the shoulder.

"Not bad!" she gasped, pushing herself roughly off my chest with both hands. A sloppy grin spread across her flushed face, and the disheveled state of her dark hair said it all. I wanted to protest that I hadn't really done anything- she'd basically trussed me like a hog and bounced up and down

on my dick like it was the world's most realistic dildo. But of course, I wasn't fast enough to be the first to speak.

"How's that cock feel?" Maria asked. She shifted her hips, encouraging her post-orgasmic cunt to relinquish its vise-grip on me. I felt her pussy walls briefly resist, then give an exhausted sigh and allow me to slip from her grip. And still as she raised her hips up high, my dick remained rock-hard and pointed straight into the air.

"It's still so big!" Natalie gasped from the side, watching as Maria raised her butt higher and higher into the air to try and release me.

"Good," said Maria as the head of my cock finally slipped free from her cunt. She knelt on the bed and placed her hands on her hips. "Because you're not done yet." Then she shot a glance over at Natalie and smirked. "Spread those legs, slut."

"What?" said Natalie. She glanced at my angry purple cock with sudden fear. "You want me to-"

"I said spread em!" Maria barked. Quick as a whip, Natalie lay back on the bed and raised her parted knees into the air, opening herself up. We were laying next to each other on the mattress, and had just enough time to exchange glances of mutual uncertainty when Maria broke in with more orders.

"And *you*," she said, slapping my thigh like I was a champion stud. "You better beat that pussy up. Put your little girlfriend in her place."

Normally the pressure of the situation might have caused my boner to shrink. But the tightly-squeezing cock ring kept me painfully rigid, even as I gaped at Maria like a fish out of water.

Of course, there was very little time for protest. Maria reached down, seized my thigh roughly with both hands like she was rolling a log, and flipped me over Natalie's knee. Suddenly I found myself on top of my girlfriend, the tip of my prick brushing against her cunt.

And then I felt something else. Maria, looming up behind me, suddenly seized my hips and thrust her waist into my ass like she was trying to fuck me. The sudden feeling of her hips slamming into mine made me yelp. Maria giggled and then humped me hard a couple times from behind, humiliating me with the simulation of her penetrating me from behind. “Oh, I wish I could fuck you,” she hissed in my ear. “I’m gonna have to get the strap out when we get home and teach you how to take a dick.”

Before I could protest, Maria reached around my waist to grab my cock. She expertly guided my dick to the heart of Natalie’s desire, and when she found the target, she pressed her free hand into my butt to push me down onto Natalie.

Natalie gasped as my dick, under Maria’s guidance, slipped through her glistening hole and slowly stretched her walls open. When she was sure I was inside, Maria released her grip on my dick and used both hands to shove my butt down, forcing me to thrust inside Natalie all the way until I bottomed out against her and our hips met.

Natalie’s hands clutched at my back and her soft cries tingled in my ear as she took my dick inside her. Her gasp deepened as my cock worked further into her, and when I was finally buried all the way inside, she held me tight against her, panting as her body adjusted to me. Her sweet and tender breaths made me shiver. I turned her face to mine and kissed her gently on the lips in wordless reassurance I would wait and hold her close to me as long as it took for her to be ready for more. But Maria had a different plan in mind.

“Cut that mushy shit out,” she barked, slapping me hard on the ass like she was trying to move a stubborn donkey. “I want to see you fuck this whore.”

She gripped me by the hips like she was about to mount *me* from behind. Then in a hard steady pull I had no hope to resist, she pulled my hips away from Natalie. Natalie cried out as my rock-hard prick slid back out of her tight wet cunt, every inch of her squeezing to try and keep me inside.

Maria pulled me back far enough that the purpled head of my rigid dick was showing, nestled in Natalie's swollen stretched-open flower. And just when I thought Maria would pull me all the way free, she suddenly changed direction. With a mighty impact, she thrust forward with her hips, slamming herself into me like she was fucking me doggy-style. The force of her hips and her hands' tight grip on my waist shoved me back down, forcing my prick all the way back inside Natalie and drawing another deep guttural moan from her as I penetrated all the way.

"That's right. If you're not going to do it-" Maria said through gritted teeth as she jerked me back by the hips again. "I'll do it for you." Once again she thrust herself against me hard, forcing me back into Natalie.

Maria continued to hump me into Natalie, pushing me into her in long slow strokes that shook Natalie to the core with each thrust. As Maria built up to a faster and faster rhythm, I found myself working along in concert with her, lifting my hips and helping drive myself inside Natalie, savoring her erotic moans in my ear.

When she was satisfied I was working hard enough, Maria eased her pressure off my ass. I kept on going, driving my rigid prick hard and deep inside Natalie as she writhed beneath me. Maria began to spank my ass in deliberate, firm swats, keeping me in a maddened state I had to take out on Natalie by roughly fucking her swollen cunt with more force and power than ever before. And Natalie took it all gratefully, her nails cutting furrows in my back as she begged for *more, more, more* of my cock inside her cunt.

I hardly even noticed that Natalie was on the verge of orgasm until her entire body suddenly began convulsing. Her tight, constricted voice broke through in guttural waves as she clamped her thighs tight around my waist, pulling me deep to get the hard full stretch her cunt craved. Her cries not the performative moans of a porn star but the hoarse and throaty groans of pure animal need.

Maria slapped my ass again. "Oh, you dirty slut," she cried triumphantly. "I love to watch you shake, you little whore. How good does that pussy feel cumming on your cock?" she asked me with another stinging slap to my ass.

And then I felt something inside me, something I wasn't sure I was capable of after my recent orgasm. But Natalie's erotic cries mixed with Maria's exhortations, the slapping on my ass, and of course the tight squeezing grip of Natalie's cunt on my cock, all combined to overwhelm me.

"Oh, shit," I grunted. "I think I'm getting close, too."

"No you don't!" Maria cried. She suddenly pulled away from me and quickly crawled up the bed. "You're not giving that load to this little slut."

Maria threw a leg over Natalie's stomach so she was straddling Natalie from on top, her perfect ass lifted in the air and facing right toward me. "Give it to me, give it to me," Maria begged, wiggling her ass enticingly. So lust blind was I that I had no choice. I slid my cock free from Natalie's still-twitching cunt and slid it directly into Maria.

"Oh, fuck," Maria groaned as my cock penetrated her all the way from behind. She brushed her raven hair from her face and grinned down at Natalie. "Sorry, bitch. But this load's for me." She bent forward and kissed Natalie hard on the lips, arching her back and keeping her hips high in the air for me.

I took hold of her hips, just the way she'd been doing to me moments before, and began to savagely repay her, pounding her deep and hard from behind. Maria's moans were muffled through her deep tongue-kiss with Natalie, but her little yelps drove me past the point of frenzy. I slapped her thick ass hard as I rode her, raising an angry handprint on her cheek as I watched my rigid prick plunge in and out of her quivering cunt.

It was all too much for me to hold back. I felt the heat building up in my swelling cock, bringing me closer and closer to the dizzying edge. And at last when the incredible pleasure had reached its peak, I buried myself as deep as I could in Maria's cunt.

The orgasm ripped through my body like a cyclone, shaking me to the core. I felt my cock jerk inside her cunt, spraying my load in twitching spurts until it flooded her hold and dribbled down my shaft. All of our voice

blended together into one great lustful cry as Maria took my load while laying on top of Natalie, their tongues entwined. My orgasm seemed to go on forever, twitching and jerking my cock until my balls were completely drained.

Maria pulled away from her kiss with Natalie and grinned down at her. "Sorry I snaked that load from you."

"Bitch."

"Oh, I didn't realize you wanted it so bad," said Maria with mock concern. "Don't worry, I know how to share."

Maria shifted her hips forward, raising her ass in the air to let my cock slip out of her stretched-open cunt. But just before I escaped her, Maria shot a hand between her legs. The instant I slid out of her hole, Maria used her hand to plug herself up, trapping my load inside her cunt so it didn't run gushing down her legs. Then, keeping her hand firmly in place, she crawled higher up Natalie's torso and stepped her knees over Natalie's shoulders so she was mounting Natalie's face once again.

"Here," said Maria, raising herself up tall and erect so the taut muscles of her back stood out like cords. Natalie squirmed beneath her, but was powerless to stop Maria from lowering her hips and squatting down to her face. "Open that mouth, slut."

Natalie made a little whimper of protest, but wilted under Maria's stern look. She parted her lips and let her tongue hang out expectantly.

"Good girl," Maria cooed. She removed her hand from her cunt, allowing a strand of pearly-white cum to gush from her pussy. My load splattered Natalie's tongue and cheeks like a facial, coating her lips and dribbling down her face. Maria shifted her hips down, bringing her cunt directly onto Natalie's tongue. She gripped Natalie by the hair and pressed her face into her pussy. "Now eat up."

Natalie lapped obediently at Maria's swollen cunt, eating the fresh load of cum straight from her hole. All the while Natalie made little

murmurs of protest, but she did grip Maria's butt with one hand. Natalie's other hand snaked between her own legs to find her own swollen tender cunt, which she stroked and spread as she licked Maria clean. I watched the sight in total awe, unable to believe what I was witnessing. Even my poor drained dick was twitching again, hungry at the sight of these two girls engaged in such a lewd act.

"Such a good little slut," Maria said, ruffling Natalie's hair. "I think that's enough now. Gotta save room for dinner."

She shifted her hips off Natalie, revealing her flushed and glistening face. Maria eased to the side and rose up to her feet on the floor with a little smirk on her face. "Did you like that?" she asked me.

"That was the hottest thing I've ever seen."

"Damn right," said Maria. "Your girlfriend is a hell of a catch. You know that, right?"

"Of course," I stammered.

Maria crossed her arms over her chest. "Well then. How about you show her? Give that girl a kiss."

I looked down at Natalie again. Her face was still slick with Maria's juices, and globs of by pearly-white cum dripped down her cheeks. I felt a little green at the thought of going in for a kiss. But Natalie just giggled and threw her arms open invitingly. In the face of her cute encouragement, there was no way I could refuse. So I fell into her arms and kissed her glistening lips.

Natalie wrapped her arms around my back and pulled me tight as she pushed her tongue into my mouth. Her taste was a bewitching blend of Maria and myself, and Natalie eagerly fed me with her deep kiss. My still-swollen prick rubbed the entrance to her twitching cunt, almost hard enough to slip back inside her. But all we did was kiss, passionately, playfully, and sweetly there in the bed, exchanging our love with our tongues in complete exhausted ecstasy.

Maria, of course, brought us back to reality with another firm spank of my already beet-red ass. “Enough,” she said. “Come on, the pizza’s getting cold.”

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Epilogue

Natalie, Maria, and I cuddled up together on the couch, feasting on our pizza as we looked down over the twinkling city lights. We all wore shorts and t-shirts- fortunately the silky pair Maria forced me to wear when I greeted the delivery girl were too stained to put back on, so I was allowed to dress in my normal clothes.

The evening's erotic intensity had subsided for the moment, though there was still the low rumble of desire between us. The touch of Natalie's leg, or Maria's, against mine still crackled with an electric intensity, and my mind still swam with all the images, sounds, and tastes that had preceded.

"Man," Natalie sighed, wiping a dribble of sauce from her chin. "Leaving this morning seems like forever ago."

"I know," said Maria through a barely stifled yawn. She reached her arm behind my back to squeeze Natalie's shoulder. "You did great today, Brooks. I'm so proud of you."

"Me too," I murmured, putting my hand on Natalie's knee.

"Thanks, guys," said Natalie. "But this is just the beginning."

"The beginning of a lot of things," Maria laughed. She slapped me on the shoulder. "Bet you never imagined *that* was going to happen tonight."

"What, a threesome with two Amazonian goddesses?" I said with a shrug. "That's a typical Tuesday night for me."

"Shut the fuck up," Maria shot back. "You want to go back in your cage?"

“I believe him,” Natalie laughed. “It’s just that, this time, the girls aren’t on a computer screen.”

I couldn’t help but laugh, too. It was strange to think that it had been weeks since I’d actually spent an evening watching porn on my computer. “It really was amazing,” I said. “I kinda still can’t believe that really happened.”

“Well, believe it,” said Maria. “Because just like Brooks here, you may have *made* it to the promised land, but you’re going to have to work twice as hard to stay there.”

“That’s right,” said Natalie. “I’m expecting you right back at it on Monday morning.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said at once.

“And *you*,” said Maria. “You better enjoy that pizza, because it’s the last cheat meal you’re gonna have for a long time. I’m gonna be all over your ass until the Games.”

“Mmm, I like the sound of that,” Natalie purred.

“You would,” Maria scoffed. “But we’ll see how you feel in three weeks.”

I felt one of those crazy sudden urges to speak up. “I want to help, too,” I said. Both girls looked at me in surprise. I could see Maria was shaping up a cutting remark against me, but this time I was faster on the verbal draw.

“I know I don’t know how to be a coach,” I said. “But I can help you in other ways. Making food... taking care of you... maybe rubbing your back.” I swallowed hard. “You are my girlfriend, after all.”

Natalie flashed a sweet smile. Suddenly she leaned down and kissed me on the lips, that quick-strike kiss that somehow always caught me off guard and floored me, every single time. She pulled away grinning.

“That’s very sweet of you,” she said. “And I know you’re good for it. So if you’re really willing to help me out, I’d be glad to have you on my team.”

“He can be your *soigneur*,” said Maria.

“What the heck is a swann-ur?” I asked.

“Fancy word for a masseur,” Maria said. “Although in your case, it’s going to be a fancy word for live-in slave.”

I swallowed. “I can do that.”

“Well, you better start learning some Japanese,” said Natalie. “Because we’re all going to Tokyo next summer.”

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About The Author

Lewis Crane

I've used erotica to explore my sexuality ever since puberty. Back then, when I had fantasies about something, I'd write it down as a story and hide it under my pillow. Eventually I'd start feeling guilty and get scared my parents would find the story, so I'd tear the story into pieces and flush it down the toilet.

As an adult, I still enjoy writing down my dirty fantasies. But now, I share them on the internet with strangers. It's been an incredibly fun and rewarding experience. I also write non-porny stories, and I hope to start publishing works under my own name this year.

I'm a bisexual guy in a relationship with a wonderful woman. She has been incredibly accepting of my sexuality, and has encouraged me to share these stories with the wider world. I am so grateful to have her in my life. I used to feel so much shame and guilt about my fantasies and fixations, but learning to accept myself has been so freeing. I urge anyone who feels negativity surrounding their sexuality to open up and start being honest about how you feel- first with yourself, then with others you trust. It makes life so much less lonely.

Free to email me. I'm happy to chat about these stories, and I welcome any feedback or requests.

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Books By This Author

OF TEMPESTS AND TEMPTATION

Set in a storm-battered fishing village in Massachusetts during the 1850s, OF TEMPESTS AND TEMPTATION is the tale of pious young Rosalind Bermont's forbidden romance with the dashing, devilish Jacob Caine.

Rosalind, the only child of her fervently religious mother, is happily engaged to a sweet and naïve young sailor named William Cotter. But a chance encounter with the rich and handsome Jacob Caine at the raucous Kingsgate Tavern introduces Rosalind to a world of feasts, fine clothing, and passionate desire. Torn between devotion to William Cotter and her hunger for something more in life, Rosalind falls into a spiral of guilt, secrecy, and overwhelming desire.

OF TEMPESTS AND TEMPTATION is a dramatic romance novel about forbidden love in a bygone era. It features themes of religious guilt, infidelity, and the pain of wanting more out of life.

THE QUARANTINE TRAP

When shy, nerdy virgin Chris ends up quarantined at his childhood home with his wannabe frat-star roommate Jay, he doesn't think life could get any worse. Jay's been bullying him since the start of freshman year. Then Chris hatches a plan to get revenge on Jay by dressing up like a girl and catfishing him. Chris knows that the shame of lusting over pictures of his nerdy loser roommate will kill Jay. But when Chris starts trying on his sister's clothes, the experience awakens a side of him he never knew existed. For the first time in his life, he knows what it feels like to be sexy. And as Jay becomes increasingly enraptured with the "April" from the pictures, the prank threatens to spin dangerously out of control.

[M/M, slow transformation, feminization, crossdressing, lingerie, shaving, humiliation, gender bending, domination][56 Pages]

SHARING SECRETS, SHARING HER

When I first met Emily, I thought I'd met the love of my life. She was gorgeous, sweet, and brilliant. Plus our love life blew away anything I'd experienced before. But then she started confessing things about her past. Scandalous stories that left me shocked and jealous. I wondered what kind of girl I was dating. But there was something fascinating in her depraved tales. And when we took our first trip out of town together, a fall getaway to the Blue Ridge mountains near Asheville, her confessions became a dirty game for us. A game of escalating teasing and denial. And before long, this game goes beyond mere words, and we find ourselves swept away in a dirty escape of public exposure and partner sharing that permanently changes our relationship. A sweet and kinky femdom romance.

[M/F, M/M/F, F/F/M, Femdom, BDSM, Chastity, Cuckolding, Slutty Past, Pegging, Hotwife, Swapping, Romantic][163 Pages]

ZENIT

Ilya, a poor, simple student living in Saint Petersburg, falls into debt with the Russian mafia. As punishment, he is forced to dress as a girl and seduce Jorge Costa, a superstar soccer player, as part of a scheme to blackmail the soccer star into staying in Russia. But when a bond deeper than sex forms between Ilya and Jorge Costa, Ilya must decide if he will stay true to his secret task, or risk everything for love. A romantic thriller with tons of sex.

[M/M, Sissy, Crossdressing, Feminization, BDSM, Group Sex, Anal Sex, Humiliation] [104 pages]

ABBY'S PET

Bratty Abby knows her step-brother has a crush on her. She uses this to her advantage by turning him into her little submissive pet. What starts off as foot massages turns into a depraved domination that includes helping Abby service her insatiable boyfriend.

[M/F, M/M, M/M/F, Femdom, Sissy, Humiliation, Feminization, Cuckolding, Interracial Sex, Anal Sex, Oral Sex, Crossdressing, Foot Fetish, Step-Sister][28 pages]

THE PERSIA RENDEZVOUS

Tenderfoot soldier Levi gets sent on his first real mission: rescuing the beautiful diplomat Ada Lessing from a prison in Iran. But when he winds up captured, it is Ada who does the rescuing after revealing her identity as a secret agent. She leads Levi on a daring escape for their lives while being relentlessly pursued by the evil Commander Haddad. Along the way, Ada must find new ways to protect their identity, including dressing Levi in a hijab.

[M/F, M/M, Vanilla, Pegging, Femdom, Crossdressing, Cuckolding, Group Sex][79 pages]

MISTRESS KLEIN'S FEMDOM GYM

Sophia Klein takes your gym training into her own hands, pushing you past your limits with teasing, denial, and lots of punishment.

[M/F, Femdom, Bondage, Punishment, Denial, Teasing][36 pages]

SNATCH COMPETITION

Carmen and Jo always push each other to the limit at the gym. But when Jo loses a wager to Carmen, she finds herself forced to do the hardest thing she's ever had to do- get all dolled up and be Carmen's wedding date. A sexy short erotic story for fans of working out, bad ass girls, and the highly underrated fantasy of forced tomboy feminization.

[F/F, Lesbian, Lesdom, BDSM, Tomboy, Humiliation][35 pages]

THREE IN A BARN

Klara meets Taras every Sunday for a romp in the hay during their sweet summer in Ukraine. One day, Taras brings his inexperienced, virginal comrade Ilya and asks Klara let him watch. But Klara has other ideas about how to teach Ilya the ways of love.

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