

Chapter Forty-Four

It was finally Monday, lunch break, and after a long morning filled with classes, I finally picked my tray — though the cafeteria food barely had enough calories to qualify as a snack.

I was certainly glad that I had sneaked a couple of protein bars in my bag.

Though, as I moved, I couldn't help but be amused by the lack of attention from the crowd. It wasn't the first time, but still, the sensation of being ignored was ... different. As the quarterback in my last school, every step of me was watched — sometimes with admiration, but mostly with impotent envy, hoping for a mistake.

I might as well be invisible in my new school as I walked toward the corner table, where the nerdy group of girls that I had found myself mixed with — in more ways than one — was sitting.

Yet, as I got closer, I could feel that a mood different than their usual cheer ruled the table.

The simplest difference came from Carrie's attitude. After the memorable weekend we shared, there had been considerable changes in her mood. The last time, she was excessively shy, afraid that one of her friends would realize just how far we had gone.

Naturally, after everything she had managed to accomplish during the weekend, she had no such fear of getting revealed.

And, speaking of achievements, in terms of confidence, Sarah's expression took a great step back. Even in the short distance I needed to cover, I had caught her sending hesitant glances to Carrie, her gaze a mixture of guilt and confusion, though whenever her gaze caught Naomi's sharp expression, it mostly recovered, gaining a smug undertone.

Naomi was angry, and if her gaze had been pointing at me, I might have felt bad, thinking that I had pushed her to something she wasn't prepared for. Yet, considering her angry gaze was firmly on Sarah, tightening further whenever Sarah's smirk made another appearance, it was clear that it was the fact that she had 'lost' in their little competition more than anything else.

Irene, unlike others, had no change in her usual cheerful expression except a slight confusion considering the changed mood of the table, trying to understand what was different.

Yet, despite the great spread, I found Ida's the most interesting. It wasn't her blush, which was almost a constant fixture on her face, but the way her gaze was bouncing between me, Naomi, and Sarah, her beautiful dark eyes deliciously wide.

If I were to guess, someone had spilled the beans to her about our Saturday adventure.

“Hi, girls,” I said cheerfully, doing my best to maintain my casualness as I plopped between Ida and Carrie, which made Naomi look at Ida with a momentary panic. “So, how was the weekend?”

Allowing me to guess who spilled the beans.

Carrie was first to answer. “Excellent,” she said. “The game night was so much fun, wasn’t it Sarah?”

Sarah’s expression of guilt was thick, luckily for her, the rest of the table turned their gaze on Carrie, shocked by her attitude. “What game night?” Irene asked. “And why wasn’t we invited?”

The suggestion of invitation triggered shy reactions of Naomi and Ida as their gazes met, but, considering they hadn’t turned that to Carrie, they were yet to guess anything about the Friday adventures. They were just thinking about a similar adventure the next night.

Carrie started to explain as she looked at Irene, though, at this point, I was familiar enough with the curl around her lips to understand her objective. “Well, well, we were supposed to have a study session, but Sarah decided to join us at the last second, so we played some board games. Nothing too interesting.”

“Yeah, nothing too interesting,” Sarah echoed as she looked down, doing her best to hide her face, therefore missing Carrie’s satisfied gaze.

“Ignore Sarah, she’s in a bad mood because I won,” Carrie said. Well, technically, I was the winner, both in the board game and in general, but I let Carrie have her little victory.

After all, from a certain perspective, it was certainly a shared achievement.

“Hey, it’s not good being ignored just because you have a hunky new friend,” Irene said, shaking her finger toward me in mock disapproval. “I feel neglected. Just don’t tell me that you guys had other events.”

“We didn’t,” Carrie said, then turned her gaze to Naomi. “If you discount a small shopping trip to pick Naomi some new exercise clothes while Chad gave his ideas, of course.”

This time, Irene’s disappointment was not so mocking. “Hey, maybe I’m really getting neglected,” she said, her frown getting deeper. “Also, why did you guys invite Chad to the

shopping trip? It's not exactly the favorite activity of men."

"Because he exercises even more than Naomi, so he knows a lot about exercise clothes," Carrie answered.

"Really, more than Naomi?" Irene asked, surprised. Her surprise was understandable considering I was wearing a loose flannel shirt that made me look slightly pudgy.

"Sure, if you don't believe it, why don't you give a squeeze to his biceps," Carrie said. Naomi looked at Carrie in surprise, but Sarah didn't share it as she had seen Carrie being much more adventurous when it came to showing off her 'boyfriend'.

"Hey, I feel objectified," I said, but that didn't prevent me from leaning forward to present my arm to Irene, curling it hard to maximize the bulge of my biceps.

It would be a lie to say I didn't enjoy the way Irene's eyes widened as her hand tried to wrap around, only to fail. "You got to be kidding me," Irene murmured as her hands started dancing up toward my shoulders. "Are you wearing fake muscles?"

"Do you want me to remove my shirt in the middle of the cafeteria, so you can be sure?" I suggested, which made her blush.

And she wasn't the only one who blushed.

"N-no, of course not, I was just joking," she stammered.

"Good, maybe I should change seats with Ida?" I said.

"W-what? Why?" Irene asked.

"Because you don't seem to intent on stopping your grabbing," I said, which made her jerk away panicked, realizing just how long she had been grabbing my arm.

"S-sorry," she stammered as I took my seat.

"Don't worry honey, being molested by a beautiful girl is hardly a chore," I answered, my word choice hardly helping her to keep her mood down.

"Maybe you should ask him to help with your cosplay, weren't you talking about how you didn't have anyone to accompany you as the barbarian king, what's his name?"

“Not a barbarian king, he’s Grutnar, the great warrior Savior of the Steppes. He’s offered kingship but he rejects it because...” Irene answers rapidly, only to stop herself halfway as her gaze turned to me, blushing. “The accuracy is important,” she added in a soft voice.

While Irene was busy blushing, Naomi leaned down and whispered a question to Carrie. A question that I was able to hear thanks to our closeness. “What are you doing?” she whispered.

“Well, since you didn’t want to get the benefits, maybe someone else should have a try,” Carrie answered, which, considering Naomi’s sudden frustration, implied that Naomi didn’t tell Carrie just how far she had gone that night, nor the assistance she had received in the process.

Meaning, that Carrie knew what Naomi had done, yet Naomi didn’t know that Carrie knew.

And, Carrie was developing to a point that was just merciless enough to leverage that information asymmetry to her own objectives.

Her current objective, somehow trying to add her redheaded friend into our weird relationship...

I didn’t intervene because... Well, I didn’t really have a reason to do so, not when I was the one enjoying the benefits. And considering I actually lost a bet to Carrie — after her surprisingly insidious trick about prime numbers — and as a forfeit, I had to seduce the last two members of their little group of friends, I wasn’t in a position to reject her help.

“Well, I wouldn’t mind helping you. I’m free this evening, how about you?”

And just like that, the table broke into another burst of shocked gazes. Irene blushed, unable to react to the rapid development, her gaze bouncing between me and Carrie. Naomi was not too different, though hers were bouncing between Carrie and Ida. Ida was just looking at Naomi, her eyes wide as she no doubt thought about the story she had listened from her best friend.

Yet, the most interesting one belonged to Sarah. Her gaze was firmly on Carrie, a suspicious glare added to her shock. As the only person who was aware of the full extent of Carrie’s meddling, she was starting to realize that it might not be as accidental as she might have first thought.

Luckily, considering her actions with both Naomi and Carrie, she didn’t exactly have a pristine mind herself, enough to make her keep her mouth shut and turn her into an observer.

“Sounds good,” Irene answered, which was the end of it.

Or, what was supposed to be the end of it, before Ida interrupted with her soft, cute voice. “M-maybe I could come as well, I have a few costumes from games... And I can bring my camera.”

Irene looked less than enthusiastic about that idea, which was good news about where her mind drifted immediately, but I wasn’t going to miss the amazing opportunity. “Sure, the more, the merrier,” I answered with my best seductive smile, enjoying their gazes dipping down, their imagination wild...

Amusingly, only Irene thought that I was being hypothetical...

Chapter Forty-Five

After that spectacular meeting, I had expected the rest of my school day to go without an event of significance.

That proved to be wrong.

The realization hit me in the form of a pair of hands suddenly grabbing my arm and pulling me inside. The pull wasn't strong enough to pull me in if I resisted, but the hand that grabbed me was feminine, with a certain milky chocolate complexion that was very familiar.

"Hey, Naomi," I chuckled even as I looked around while the door closed behind me, only to realize that I was locked in a small closet, not enough to fully open my arms. Her frustrated expression suggested that she was about to deliver a negative statement.

I wasn't in the mood to hear that, so I decided to prevent those words from forming in the first place.

I leaned forward, capturing her lips even as I pushed her against the wall. Her lips widened, probably to give a complaint, but only allowing my tongue to slip inside even as my hands landed on her hips, squeezing her hips, enjoying their amazing tightness that was only possible thanks to her obsessive diet and incredible yoga obsession.

"I missed you too," I whispered as I looked at her blushing face. "But do you think that a random closet in the middle of the school day is the best way to go about it?"

"I ..." she murmured dazedly, her words forgotten in the haze of the moment, and the friendly touches I was putting along her side and my throaty whisper hardly helped her to recover. "I wasn't trying to—" she tried to say after a moment, but her voice was loud enough to allow me to silence her again.

This time, pressing my finger to her lips.

"Careful," I whispered. "You need to whisper. We don't want people to come and find us stuffed in here, do we?"

"W-we don't," she stammered, though her voice was much softer. She even stopped breathing for a fleeting moment, her eyes jumping between my face and the door. I could feel her tremble under my grip, which hardly helped the tightness of my pants.

The sudden expression of panic that bloomed on her face was beautiful, and her fleeting frozen stature allowed my hands to explore her body even more. She might be wearing loose jeans that hid her hips from the gaze of others, but the same looseness didn't protect it from my touch.

I tightened my grip on her waist and pulled her closer, the whimper that escaped her mouth suggesting that she was aware of my 'growing' appreciation as well. "Are you okay?" I whispered softly. "You suddenly look distracted."

"Y-you..." she whispered, her anger flaring, but it was a momentary flare, the kind that only inflamed the heat of her arousal. It took a while for her to find her voice once more. "I have an important issue to talk about."

"Really?" I asked as I leaned forward. "Is it about needing my help to pick some more clothes? We can make a trip out of it tomorrow."

"N-no," she managed to stammer. "I wanted to—" she tried to add, only to be interrupted, this time by my hand slipping under her top.

"Are you feeling well?" I asked, concerned. Your skin feels a bit hot, like you have a fever. Let me check more directly," I said as I leaned more, pressing my lips against her neck without waiting for her permission.

That earned another shiver in me. "Hmm, your skin feels a bit warm, but not enough to be a fever." I pulled back, but still, let my fingers crawl up.

"I'm not sick," she managed to whisper, but as my fingers started to climb up, her breathing got rougher. She paused, trying to get a hold of her emotions, but it just give me the opportunity to take the next step.

"I see," I whispered, letting my voice gain a throaty quality, the kind that let no doubt about my carnal thoughts. She gulped panicked after my whisper, which let my hand slip down, and start fiddling with the button of her jeans. "Stress, then. You want me to help you relax, like I helped you relax Saturday, right? Just like a best friend should."

I stood still for a moment after unbuttoning her jeans, enjoying her panic even as I gave her a chance to back down, yet she chose to do nothing under the combined effects of arousal and panic.

Then, I leaned forward.

“It’s not that-” she tried to say, but in her hurry, she didn’t think about turning her head away, allowing me to silence her with another kiss. As my dancing tongue invaded her mouth, it hardly felt friendly, at least not one without some incredible benefits.

As she tried to process the invasion of my tongue, my hands already managed to reach the door, engaging the lock — though, why such a small room had a lock from inside was certainly curious — before starting working on the important part. One pulled her jeans down, immediately followed by her panties, while the other pulled her shirt and bra up, creating beautiful, functional nudity.

If she had any problem with that, her hands certainly didn’t show it, as, after a momentary pause, they started working, but not to prevent my hands from their tasks, but busy dealing with my belt.

Maybe she wanted to use it to tie my hands.

But if that was the case, it was certainly the wrong move to grab my neck and pull me deeper into the kiss after managing to free my shaft from its tight prison.

I pushed forward carefully, letting my shaft caress her wetness without slipping, letting her wetness grow while my fingers worked on her amazing breasts.

If she had any problems with that, her tongue didn’t inform me about that. Yet, it was good that her lips were pressing against mine, because it allowed me to suppress her sudden moan as one of my fingers slipped down and started teasing her knob, preventing a small scandal as people noticed.

I decided to keep my lips connected to hers.

Just to be on the safe side, and nothing more, of course.

The corridor she had intercepted me was hardly the busiest corridor, but it was better safe than sorry. And, it wasn’t like her pouty lips were a punishment.

It was good, because another moan escaped her mouth once more, challenging my lips’ ability to keep her silent. Thankfully, it was a challenge that my lips ultimately won.

Continuing with the same pace was tempting. It was just not tempting enough to ignore her growing wetness, drenching my girth with each push.

“Ready?” I asked as I slid my hands on her hips, raising them slightly to allow a better angle.

She said nothing, but I decided to take the way she grabbed my hair and pulled me back to a kiss as a positive answer. I pushed my hips, her wet lips wrapping around the head of my shaft.

If it wasn't for the risky location, I might have pulled back, forcing her to beg for it until she received her ultimate reward. The way her warmth enveloped me would have made that a challenging decision, though not enough to make teasing impossible.

Not with the great reward of keeping her on the edge promised.

Yet, our location was hardly conducive for such an adventure. Nor it was one to push forward recklessly until our hips exploded beautifully against each other.

Instead, I pushed them slowly and steadily, her wetness working wonders to make that slow tease an amazing experience as she pulled the trick of making it disappear. She let out a hard grunt, slipping through my lips as well, relying on the door to keep it manageable.

“Did you miss me in you?” I whispered as I pulled for a breather, which made her duck her head down with a sudden bout of shyness — an intensely amusing reaction considering what else we had been doing intensely.

Clearly, just because she could handle a threesome — a spectacular one — or a tryst in school didn't mean she could handle the mildest kind of bedroom talk.

I chuckled as I pressed my lips against hers, my hips pushing steadily as my shaft explored the depths of her core, each push triggering louder cries that challenged my ability to keep her voice suppressed.

Under such a challenging situation, the combination of unfamiliar angle, risky location, and the speedy growth of her arousal, it wasn't shocking for her to start trembling with the telltale signs of arousal. I deepened the kiss, preventing her from pulling a crowd, and only pulled back once her trembles subsided.

“Let's move, we still have a class to go,” I whispered, reminding her that our quickie had rather important time restrictions. We were already late to class, but there was a difference between five minutes late, and fifteen minutes late.

“R-right,” she stammered as she quickly fixed her clothing — though needing a few touches from me to make sure there was nothing too suspicious, a fact that was helped by her

avoidance of makeup, as otherwise, she would have needed to replace it completely.

Only after making sure there was nothing wrong with her looks did I open the door and left, and we split, going to our individual classes. The uncomfortable feeling as I stuffed my erection back into my pants was not exactly comfortable.

But it was certainly worthwhile to properly distract her from her initial objective...

Chapter Forty-Six

After Naomi's surprising — though, ultimately unsuccessful — attempt to dissuade me from visiting Irene, I expected Sarah to attempt that exact same thing as well, but, interestingly, she chose to stay away.

I couldn't help but wonder about the reason even as I drove toward Irene's house with my bike, enjoying the wind on my body as I drove through the empty streets, the engine growling aggressively under me.

It might be a little risky, but that didn't make it any less enjoyable.

The door opened the moment I entered the driveway. I expected Irene to be there, but it was Ida.

I was glad that I had been wearing my helmet, because the moment I took note of how she dressed, my eyes widened in shock.

Ida was wearing a colorful skirt, one that could be easily leveraged for other purposes, like a belt, or a bandana. It technically managed to cover her hips, but only because she was absolutely motionless, and there was no wind.

Most of her legs were covered with the thigh-high boots she was wearing, though they were a garish, bright red. Her crop top was modest, but only compared to the great, permanent danger her skirt provided. It had nice cleavage, enough to reveal that while Ida's busts were not enough to compete with Carrie or Naomi, she could easily compete with Sarah.

With her thin stature, it looked even more impressive.

Her ensemble was complete with some kind of scarf around her neck, tied like a choker, with a lot of complicated lines.

Her ensemble looked roughly familiar to me, though it took a while to remember the source, one of the cartoons that played on the TV in the mornings, though it was barely an impression. I had never been one to enjoy cartoons.

Though, looking at Ida, maybe it was wrong for me to write them off as childish, if the benefits included the view in front of me.

Yet, I wasn't the only one that was feeling shocked. My slightly widened gaze was nothing

compared to the shocked look Ida wore on her face as I stepped down and removed my helmet.

It wasn't too hard to understand the reason for her shock.

At the school, I dressed for invisibility, doing my best to maintain an ignoble aura to avoid the pointless distraction of school life — the current entanglement with my little group of nerds none-withstanding.

It was greatly different than my current bad boy looks, fitting jeans, a tight leather jacket and an even tighter t-shirt underneath to give a full map of my muscles.

A great departure from my state of invisibility.

Of course, thanks to Naomi's loose lips, Ida already knew that my school attitude was just a facade, but there was a great difference between stories and reality.

I couldn't help but smirk in amusement as I walked closer to her, each step making Ida tremble a little more, as if the closing distance reminded her of the reality of what she had signed for by volunteering to join the ploy.

Her gaze reminded me of Carrie, back when I had offered her the first exploration of her sensual side in the car, on a fateful weekday evening; afraid of what was to come, yet too curious to stay away, just like a beautiful butterfly drawn to a flame.

She had the option to retreat, yet chose not to. "W-welcome," she said, unable to prevent a shy stammer in her tone as I walked in.

"I hope I'm not late," I asked.

"No, we were just starting," she answered.

I didn't answer that immediately. First, I lowered my gaze, then gave a very slow, sensual assessment of the way she dressed even as she shuffled uncomfortably. "Hmm, if this is just starting, I couldn't wait for the main event," I answered.

"R-right, come in," she stammered before she turned her back and beat a hasty retreat — which was hardly the correct choice with her skirt, as she plied skirt rose to give me a beautiful glimpse of her underwear for an extended moment, which was surprisingly tiny, revealing most of her pale cheeks without impediment.

A very promising start to the evening, I decided even as I followed Ida inside. Yet, my surprises

were not limited to that. Before I could take more than a couple steps inside, Irene appeared on top of the stairs, wearing some kind of complicated, armored pants that looked like it was part of a set. It was nothing compared to Ida's beautiful micro skirt.

But Irene managed to compensate for that, because those pants were the only thing that she was wearing, leaving her top completely naked, her breasts jumping to motion as she came to a sudden stop. "Ida, did you see—" she started, only to freeze as she registered my presence. A shocked gasp later, she ran back panicked, and disappeared.

Ida threw a hesitant glare back at me, and seeing my naughty smirk, she started running up. I wanted to see her running the stairs, confident that she would forget just how amazing of a show she would provide me as she did so.

But, I had higher ambitions for it, especially since, unlike Irene, she had already learned from Naomi what awaited her on this evening adventure, yet still chose to hang around. So, before she could take her second step, I grabbed her wrist and prevented her retreat.

"There's no hurry for you to help her," I said, enjoying her widened gaze under my touch.

"But..." she whispered, but despite her growing panic, she didn't try to get away.

I was planning to start our game slowly, but since Irene's accidental flashing already set the scene, adding to the fact that Ida had joined intentionally despite knowing the ultimate ending of Naomi's visit — at least some of it, as I doubted Naomi explained every little detail with their little scuffle with Sarah — I decided to take a risk.

"So, I'm guessing you talked with Naomi?" I asked, enjoying the shock growing on her face as I challenged her openly. I stopped grabbing her arm, but other than a hesitant step she took backward, she didn't move.

"W-what do you mean?" she asked, her panic growing. "S-she is my friend, of course, I talked with her. We talk a lot. There's nothing wrong with that."

I smirked, enjoying the way she folded rapidly under the weight of the moment, babbling without a direction as she tried to recover from her shock, only to push even deeper.

"I didn't say that there's anything wrong with that," I said as I took a step forward, and she took two steps back — which, considering the height difference between us, was more or less equaled the same distance.

Amused, I took another step forward, but this time, she took only one step, because before she could take the second one, she found herself pressing against the couch, imprisoning her in place.

“So...” I said, my voice radiating smugness.

“So, what...” she whispered back, her voice barely audible.

“Nothing much,” I said. “I was just feeling curious about just how much detail she had delivered a particular part of our adventures.” As I spoke slowly, her shock continued to grow steadily.

“W-what part,” she stammered. Her attempt to deny it was not a bad strategy. Too bad that her shocked expression didn’t leave even the slightest doubt about whether or not she had understood my not-so-hidden implications.

“Come on, Ida, you’re a smart girl. I’m sure you’re very much aware of what part I was talking about. Isn’t that right?”

“M-maybe,” she started before she steeled her expression. “A-actually, no!” she corrected her words a second later, her expression steeling for a moment.

Too bad that sudden courage shattered immediately the moment I touched her chin. “Are you saying that, a beautiful and smart girl like you don’t have the slightest idea what I’m talking about?”

“M-maybe,” she stammered again, but this time, her expression weakened even further. “Well, yes,” she admitted, surrendering.

“Excellent,” I whispered as I leaned forward, bringing my lips closer to her face, separated just by an inch, but not actually kissing her. “Then, are you ready for the next question?” She didn’t answer that, but her expression shouted she was certainly not even close to that point.

I still asked.

“Do you want to experience the same adventure?” I asked.

She didn’t say anything, just nodded hesitantly. While her nod was hesitant, her body was more honest. Her chest pushed out to enhance her cleavage, while her legs parted invitingly.

I had no doubt that, if I chose to push forward at that moment, I would get my victory.

Too bad that doing so would mean missing the opportunity to complete both stages of the plan at once.

“Excellent. Then, it should be acceptable for me to test your willingness, right?” I said. She nodded again, dazed. “Give me your panties.”

That was enough to break through her daze. “W-what?” she stammered.

“It should be simple enough,” I said. “Give me your panties right now if you want to experience the same ecstasy Naomi had enjoyed.”

“But—“ she started, but I put my finger on her lips.

“No buts,” I said as I opened my hand. “Give me your panties, or you’ll just watch while I ask Irene the same question. But maybe it would be enough to watch, right?”

Her expression of conflict was beautiful, but not as beautiful as the speed with her hands disappearing under her skirt and started dragging down her panties, abandoning their protection — which was rather essential with the skirt she was wearing.

I took a step back once she passed them to me. “See, was that so hard,” I whispered throatily. “Now, you can go and talk with your friend. You shouldn’t neglect her after she experienced such a harrowing mistake,” I said.

The sudden change of pace didn’t lessen her shock, but she was obedient as she started climbing the stairs. Her hands were locked tight around her skirt to prevent any accidental reveal, tempting me to ask her to move faster just to get a glimpse.

Yet, I let her climb unimpeded until she arrived at the top of the stairs. Only then I chose to speak. “Also, you’re not allowed to put any for the rest of the night,” I ordered.

The whimper she let out as she disappeared was simply spectacular...

Chapter Forty-Seven

After sending Ida upstairs, I found myself with nothing to do, so I started looking around, but there was nothing that was out of the ordinary downstairs. And, with the girls at the upstairs — and would clearly stay there a bit more — I had nothing to do.

It was not the most entertaining location to spend some time, but, imagining the potential treasure at the end of the rainbow was more than enough to stave off the boredom.

Though, they seemed to be determined to test my resistance against boredom, because it took almost half an hour for them to peek upstairs.

It was Irene, her red hair peeking through the corner. “Hi Chad, sorry about the ... delay,” she said. “But after the ... mishap...” she said, but her voice faded, her blush seemingly determined to compete with her hair.

“Oh, sweetie, it’s unfair to term it as a mishap, I enjoyed it immensely,” I answered playfully, which gave her blush the fuel it needed to finally surpass her hair color, while she folded into a comical display of geeky stuttering and stumbling over her words, yet unable to utter one complete sentence.

I had to admit, it was mean to put her on the spot, but considering they chose to keep me waiting half an hour without saying anything, some light revenge was not completely undeserved.

It took a while for her to recover, and even then, it was hard to classify her answer as a complete sentence. “You ... uh, no?!” she stammered.

“Don’t worry about it, it’s just a little malfunction,” I said as I walked upstairs, feeling pity for her. Her usual eloquence — especially in the standards of their little group — had been successfully destroyed by her accident, enough to earn her mercy. “So, are you ready to start?”

“Y-yeah, we can start,” she stammered. She didn’t move as I stood up and started climbing the stairs, and, due to the way she stood, only after I climbed the stairs I managed to get a full view of her body.

Only to meet with a sight I wanted to classify as disappointing. She was still wearing the same armored pants she wore earlier, but the top was another armored set — and unfortunately, it resembled real armor rather than the sexy equivalent the women often wore during games or

fantasy series.

At least, those were the ones I had the exposure to, not that I had a lot of time to spend on gaming.

I was tempted to tease her about the significant downgrade her costume suffered, but as I stood in front of her, she already looked like she wanted to collapse, so I let that slide.

“Let’s go,” I said. She started walking, and I followed her into a room that I assumed to be her bedroom...

Only to be shocked. It was more of a hobby room, but the nature of it surprised me. Two of the walls were covered with shelves end to end, one piled with enough books to make me fearful of its structural integrity, the other filled with an incredible number of figurines.

The third wall had a wardrobe instead, but just a glimpse was enough to show a gamut of irregular bright colors and weird shapes, enough to reveal there was not one ordinary item of clothing there.

“W-welcome to my nerd cave,” she stammered.

“WOW, impressive,” I said as I glanced around, and I wasn’t even being sarcastic. It might not be my hobby, but just a glance was enough to show just how seriously Irene was taking it. No wonder she was a part of their little nerdy group.

That flare of respect I felt for her commitment was a reason for me to change my plans. Not the ones that would end up in her bent against her shelves as I spanked her tight ass in a particularly sexy costume — preferably while Ida was doing her best to tease my balls — but the ones about just playing around while I helped her test her costumes.

Since she took that part seriously, it was only fair for me to take it seriously as well.

“Well, I know it’s childish but...” she started, only to be silenced as I pressed my finger on her lips.

“Nonsense, it’s your hobby, and it’s your right to take it as seriously as you want. Don’t listen to anyone else.”

“M-maybe,” she stammered as I pulled back, her face bright once again after my touch. When she started moving once again, I wasn’t surprised to see her dashing toward the wardrobe.

After interacting with the rest of her group, I learned that their preferred way of dealing with shame was to lean toward their area of expertise aggressively.

After experiencing it again and again with Carrie and Naomi — and also Sarah, but to a lesser extent, as she was fueled more by her competitiveness than her obsession with a particular area of expertise — the exact same behavior wasn't shocking to Irene.

There was a reason they were best friends, after all.

"Let's start with something simple," she said as she pulled a costume from the end of the wardrobe. "It's the costume of General Leon, the secret Grand Duke of the Endless Plains..." she started explaining as she passed it to me.

I turned my attention to the costume, impressed by its structure. It was a simple costume, its style similar to hers in terms of armor, but both the metal plates — naturally made from plastic and painted rather than actually being forged from metal — and the fabric was jet black, giving it an edgy kind of cool.

As I examined it, Irene was giving me a detailed breakdown of the character, her explanation getting faster and faster as her explanation sped up, leaving me no hope to actually track it as the number of unknown words increased more and more, referring to the events and characters I had never heard before.

The only thing that I was able to understand was that the guy was a merciless general, his bloodlust only rivaled by his tactical acumen.

I waited for her to finish, but five minutes into her explanation with no hint of actually stopping,

"So, where can I change?" I asked, interrupting her.

"My bedroom should be—" she started only to stop and correct herself. "No, Ida is still there, changing. Do you mind changing in the bathroom?"

"Not at all," I said. "Where is it?"

"At the end of the corridor," she said.

I nodded before turning and leaving. Yet, before I could reach the bathroom, I received a beautiful surprise. Ida stepped into the corridor.

I chuckled as I noticed her freezing like she was just caught doing something wrong. She had

changed her costume, which was a pity, as the earlier skirt was simply excellent.

That didn't mean her current costume was horrible. Not even close. It was just that her skirt was longer than the previous one. Not that it was a difficult achievement. It was impossible for a skirt to be shorter than that and still classified as a skirt.

Her current skirt wasn't exactly modest. It was a mini skirt, one that was barely long enough to prevent her steps to be filled with the great danger of creating a show. Her skirt had the same fake-armor plates my costume had, but they were painted in bright silver rather than matte black.

Luckily, this time, her top was beautiful enough to compensate for the increased coverage of her skirt. It was a chainmail armor, but unlike what Irene was wearing, it was more similar to the depictions I had seen in-game posters, small enough to qualify as a bikini.

"Y-you're here," she stammered.

"Yes, I'm here," I whispered back, unable to contain my smirk as I raised my costume. "I was just about to change. Is it a problem?"

"O-of course not," she answered as she took a step to the side, pressing against the wall to allow me to pass. The corridor wasn't small enough to make that necessary, but she still did that.

"Good," I said as I took a step forward, passing her. I watched her from the corner of my eye, seeing her relax.

That was the moment I chose to move back, interrupting her mood shift. "But, before going to change..." I said as I pressed my arms on both sides, imprisoning her in place, making her beautiful eyes widen. "I need to ask one question. Did you follow my order properly?"

Her fragile expression was beautiful, alluring enough to tempt me to cut my ploy short and lean forward to steal a kiss instead.

Luckily, the earlier encounter with Naomi gave me the strength I needed to reject that temptation. Instead, I put my hand outside her naked thigh and started dragging it up slowly.

When my finger finally touched the fabric of her skirt, her breathing was already going out of control as she had just run a mile, getting even wilder as my finger continued to climb up. The more my finger climbed, the more of her beautiful legs it was revealing.

Yet, just before her beautiful core was revealed to my gaze, I stopped, my finger high on her waist, enough to confirm the absence of her underwear. "Good girl," I whispered as I pulled back and continued to walk, leaving Ida behind.

I was starting to understand people's fascination with cosplaying...

Chapter Forty-Eight

I wasted more time than I expected while changing, as while the costume was adjustable thanks to its stretchy fabric, I was still bigger than its limits. The shirt, I was able to put on relatively easily, though as the fabric stretched, it looked like it was painted on my body.

“Not bad,” I murmured as I stretched against the mirror, enjoying the sight of my muscles. While my endless workouts focused on increasing my performance rather than looks, I could hardly say I was unhappy with the side effects.

Putting on the pants took more of an effort — especially a certain part of my anatomy, still awake after my fun encounter with Ida, and waiting for what would happen next.

I didn’t bother fixing, or even hiding that as I walked back. After our corridor encounter, Ida wouldn’t be exactly surprised by it, and while it might surprise Irene a bit...

It was only fair for me to pay her back after her accidental show.

With the costume on properly, I walked back to Irene’s room, my steps lazy and dangerous at the same time, like a tiger looking for prey.

“Hey, Chad you are — ready,” Irene started, only to stammer halfway as her gaze dipped down and took a note of my erection.

A blush was quick to explode on her face, but when she opened her mouth, she looked down at her chest for a moment before changing her mind, clearly thinking that it wouldn’t be fair to raise that issue after the tone she had started the event.

Ida just looked down, but I could see her peeking through her beautiful black hair, her gaze firmly locked on my midsection.

“I hope I was able to put it correctly,” I said as I made a show of raising my arms to display my perks even better, only to hear a warning crackle from the costume, suggesting me not to push my luck.

“It seems a bit tighter than I expected,” she whispered. “I should have made it bigger.”

I looked at her with surprise. “You made it? I assumed that you just bought it.”

“Of course not. I make every costume myself,” she answered proudly, then sighed as she looked

at my shoulders. "But I should've asked you for your measurements rather than trying to guess. You're deceptively ... large," she murmured, unable to prevent her gaze from dipping down during her last word.

"Hey, I work out very seriously," I answered, giving a comical display of affront that wouldn't be amiss on a boneheaded cartoon character.

"Y-yeah, it shows," Irene answered, trying to sound quippy, but unable to add the required levity to hide her fascination. Then, she sighed as she looked at the corner of the wardrobe that was holding male costumes. "However, it seems that our day is going to be cut short."

"Well, maybe they could fit as well," I said, trying to console her. "After all, this one fit, even if it was more difficult than I expected."

"Unfortunately, I didn't make the rest of them from such a stretchy material, so they won't fit, not before a very careful adjustment period."

Ida chose that moment to intervene. "What about the barbarian costume?" she asked.

"Ida!" Irene gasped in shock the moment she heard that, her tone shocked and scandalous at the same time.

I smirked as I smelt blood on the water. "There has to be a story on there," I asked.

"T-there's nothing," Irene said, but her explanation was as convincing as a serial killer caught chasing her victim with an ice pick.

I turned to Ida, and a sharp glare was all that was needed to encourage her to tell the rest of the story. "She designed her original costume, based on the graphic novel she's working on," Ida said.

"Ida!" Irene gasped as she ducked down her head.

"Hey, there's nothing to be ashamed of, creating something is always impressive," I said as I caught her gaze, smiling encouragingly. "I like people that work hard," I added. It wasn't even an empty statement, as I realized I was entertained by the little group I found myself in not just because of their beauty, but also their serious work ethic.

"R-really?" she whispered.

"Yeah, do you want to show them?" I asked.

“N-no!” she gasped, with a level of shock that caught me in surprise. Yet, at the same time, there was a knowing smirk on Ida’s face — one that looked particularly sharp in her cute face — that suggested the sudden shock was not entirely undeserved.

“As you wish,” I said, deciding not to push her too much before she got more comfortable. Instead, I walked toward the center of the room, and posed. “So, let’s start our photoshoot.”

I expected Irene to get the camera, but, to my surprise, it was Ida who grabbed it. It was a large digital camera, one looked almost excessive in her hands, but the way she held it suggested great familiarity with it.

Yet, that was only the beginning of the surprise. “Stand in the center of the room, and raise your arms,” Ida ordered, her tone shockingly sharp, to the point that I struggled to believe it was the same girl that was struggling to speak a second ago.

It was a total transformation of the personality.

“You’ll get used to little Ida’s monster side soon,” Irene chuckled as she looked at me, her earlier timidity melting into amusement. “She gets very bossy behind the —” she started, only to be interrupted by Ida.

“Silence,” she ordered as she raised her camera once more. “Give me a pose like you’re preparing for the battle, tense yet thoughtful.”

I couldn’t help but smirk at Ida’s sudden dominance. It was as intimidating as a kitten trying to replicate a lion she watched on the TV screen, but that didn’t make her any less cute.

Especially since I could see her nipples slowly getting visible, which was an achievement considering I only stole her panties and not her bra.

I would have followed her requests even without noticing that she was getting a particular enjoyment from her volunteer work, but that realization certainly made things more fun.

Though, she was certainly demanding. I was not completely unfamiliar with being a model — as I had been a part of several ad campaigns, nothing too exaggerated, mostly local businesses trying to piggyback on the popularity of the football team’s streak of victory — so I had worked with several different photographers.

None of them started their pose requests in such a demanding manner, giving a complicated challenge without giving the model any chance to warm up.

For a moment, I thought whether it might be a reaction to my earlier request, galvanizing her into action, but a glance at Irene was enough to erase that doubt. Irene was just watching her like it was nothing out of ordinary.

“As you wish,” I said as I did my best to replicate her request. Luckily, while her request was difficult, it wasn’t completely unfamiliar to me. It was more or less the same as the quintessential quarterback pose many other photographers requested from me, allowing me to adapt to that easily.

Ida said nothing, which surprised me. Then, she started walking around me without the slightest reaction and taking photos, and my surprise got even more intense. Not because of her silence, but the careless attitude as she walked around and bend forward to get a better angle, uncaring of any sudden revealing flash.

An impressive display of courage considering she was not wearing any panties.

Irene watched us, shocked enough to make me think that she had already got a glimpse of what was under — and more importantly, what was not under — but I changed that soon after.

If that had been the case, she would have looked at her skirt rather than her gaze jumping between me and Ida’s camera.

It didn’t take long for the mystery behind her surprise to get revealed. “It’s not like you to treat a model with kid gloves—“ Irene commented.

A statement that was interrupted by Ida immediately. “Silence,” she ordered. “I’m not correcting it, because he’s doing a good job of following my directions, unlike a certain redhead who treats half of them as pointless suggestions,” she added, her voice beautifully sharp.

Irene’s expression, one between exasperation and amusement, told me that I wasn’t the only one that was finding her sudden transformation amusing, but it was clear that it wasn’t at the same level.

Exasperation was much thicker than amusement in her tone.

I didn’t say anything as Ida continued to give me directions, but it didn’t take long for me to understand what Irene meant. Because after the initial few poses, her requests started arriving at the unfamiliar territory, which, in turn, made my poses look more amateurish.

Which triggered a flood of corrections from Ida.

It was enough to show frustration of Ida. I would have long stopped the shoot...

If the photographer was anyone but a sexy petite Asian girl who already lost her panties to my greedy paws, enthusiastically waiting for the end of the day...

The shoot lasted until one unfortunate order of her. "Raise your arm," she ordered. I followed it, but my clothes didn't, the top ripping with great fanfare.

"Sorry about that," I said as I looked at Irene.

"Don't worry, I was going to redo it in the first place," she answered.

As she looked at me, Ida said nothing, just walked toward the wardrobe, and leaned forward to dig something. She was lucky that Irene was looking at me, and missed the fleeting show she provided as she bent forward, faster than advised considering her current clothing changes.

"Go and change," she ordered as she threw a small bag at me, one that looked suspiciously small.

Not that it was a particularly big problem for me, I decided as I walked toward the bathroom. And, my enthusiasm got even thicker as, just as I stepped out of the room, I noticed Ida throwing a similar small bag to Irene.

Especially since it put a shocked expression on Irene's beautiful face...

Chapter Forty-Nine

I walked toward the bathroom, smiling at Irene's sudden protests. She didn't speak loud enough for me to properly hear her voice, just enough to catch the sudden undertone of distress.

She was panicking at Ida's decision. I felt curious why, but not enough to go back and distract them from their talk — or give Irene a chance to change her mind. Instead, I pulled off the shirt as I walked forward, finally getting rid of its tight grip.

It turned out to be the correct choice, because just as I passed through the doorway of the bathroom, Irene burst out into the corridor, no doubt to inform me about a change of plans that she attained.

Only to freeze the moment she came across the sight of my naked back.

I did my best to suppress my chuckle, acting like I didn't see her as I closed the door, and removed it quickly, wanting to finish changing before Irene could throw the shock at my half-naked body.

The potential for entertainment was simply too much to ignore otherwise.

Yet, as I removed the pants and opened the bag, I couldn't help but think that there was a mistake. There were two pieces of clothes, but the majority of the bag was occupied by a large cloak. The other piece was much smaller, making me think that there were missing pieces.

A brief examination showed that it was only a bottom that could only be described as a loincloth, but I didn't waste too much time examining it.

After all, it wasn't like I was ashamed of showing up with a missing outfit.

I quickly changed, so when I heard a knock on the door, I was already tying on the cape, one that hid my back yet left my front completely visible. "Yes, Irene, how can I help you?" I asked as I opened the door.

She didn't answer, but considering it was because she froze at the sight of my mostly-naked body. The cape covered my back successfully, but considering I was looking at her, it was not exactly helpful.

And the less about the loincloth, the better.

“I ... Maybe we shouldn’t...” she stammered as she got a better view of my muscular chest, close enough to allow her to touch without straightening her elbow.

“Nonsense, I’m already changed, and it certainly looks fun,” I answered as I reached down and tapped her own bag. “Why don’t you change and come visit us,” I added. She still looked hesitant. “Come on, Irene. It was your idea in the first place, but if you changed your mind....” I followed, letting just a small amount of annoyance slip into my tone.

That small amount was enough to break her already shaky determination — mostly thanks to the fact that she was still distracted by the surprise show she had received.

“Maybe...” she stammered again as she blushed, but under my gaze, it didn’t take long for her to surrender. “You’re right...”

“Excellent, then see you inside,” I whispered, using a particularly throaty tone that was enough to make her shiver in arousal even without the great visual aid I was providing to her.

I walked past her, letting my body rub against her shoulder to enhance the impact, even more, amused by the fact that she stayed frozen at the entrance until I walked the whole distance and went back to her little nerd cave.

The nerd cave that was holding a cute Asian with a disappointed expression. A disappointed expression evaporated faster than a water puddle in a nuclear explosion. “Don’t worry, I managed to change her mind,” I said as I walked forward.

“Excellent,” she whispered excitedly, yet her gaze was on the floor even as she started walking. At this point, their mood swings between shy and confident were not a surprise, so, rather than stopping and watching her, I took a step forward, positioning myself between her and her camera.

She froze as she suddenly found her objective interrupted. She tried to take a step around me, but I interrupted her again, and again. After the third repeat, her gaze rose, her confidence shivering helplessly without the mental assistance of her camera, the change simply beautiful.

So beautiful that, if it wasn’t arousal that was dancing in the depths of her gaze at the sight of my mostly-naked body — an arrangement she was responsible for in the first place, which made me even less inclined to pity her — I might have let her go and achieve her objective.

Yet, ultimately, she wasn’t afraid but aroused, a beautiful combination that I had no intention of missing.

Not after she went all the trouble of fighting with her friend to get me almost naked.

“M-may I get my camera,” she whispered softly, impossible to hear if our bodies weren’t already close enough for the distance to be measured by inches, and still stay in the low end of the single digits.

“What’s the hurry, we can start once Irene arrives. I’m sure she will arrive in a minute or two. Instead, why don’t we talk about your attitude while taking photos.”

“W-what about it,” she stammered as she took a step back, one that made her beautiful breasts bob gently with her stride. I was quick to cover the distance, forcing her to retreat once more, once again requiring two steps to match one of mine.

And, just like before, she soon run out of her escape route, but this time, it was not a couch but a wall against her back, even more solid, leaving no path to escape.

A fitting theme to my barbarian costume — or at least, the late-night erotic film equivalent of a barbarian — to put my exotic princess into such a delicious peril.

A peril that she was tempted to taste no matter how ill-advised it was.

“Your attitude, of course,” I whispered as I leaned down, once again pinning her in place by putting both arms around her, her whimper more beautiful than the greatest song. “You were rather aggressive when ordering behind the camera.”

“I-is it a problem?” she whispered.

My smile widened. “Oh, not at all, on the contrary,” I whispered. “It was very fun.”

“T-then,” she whispered in confusion.

“Just because I enjoyed it doesn’t mean I wouldn’t reverse it,” I whispered even as I slid my hand under her skirt once more, climbing up her thigh.

“It’s not fair,” she managed to stammer as she dipped her head down.

“Well, I can stop if you don’t want to continue. Do you want me to stop, or continue?” I asked. My question lingered without an answer even as my fingers steadily climbed up her inner thigh, stopping only when I was close enough to her core to feel the radiating warmth on my fingertips. Yet, I didn’t push for more.

It would have been too easy.

“If you don’t give an answer, I’m going to assume that you want me to stop,” I whispered, making her raise her head, her shy gaze capturing mine, wordlessly begging me to change my mind, showing that, she was more ashamed to ask me to continue to wordlessly accept my touch to her most sensitive spot.

I might have pitied her and accepted her desperate gaze as an answer if it wasn’t for her aggression while she made me pose. I was impressed with her attitude, just not enough to miss such a beautiful opportunity to make her pay.

She maintained her silence despite the location of my hand, only to be broken once I started pulling my hand back. “C-continue, please,” she whispered, her desperation clear despite the softness of her whisper.

“As you wish, princess,” I whispered as I let my fingers move just an inch more, which was all that was needed for me to land them on her wetness, enjoying her beautiful shivers.

“Ohh,” she gasped as she shivered, her voice loud despite all of her attempts to keep it down. She raised her hand, but before she could press that to her mouth, I raised mine to grab her wrist.

She looked surprised at my move. “W-what if Irene hears it?” she managed to ask.

“Good point, then, let me help,” I whispered as I leaned forward and captured her lips, successfully suppressing any moan that she might let out. She stiffened as my lips pressed against hers, suggesting that I might have actually stolen her first kiss.

Not that she seemed to be torn over that fact as my tongue invaded her beautiful mouth, each flicker of tongue making her shiver — well, either that, or the skillful manipulations of my fingers downstairs, giving her a level of pleasure she was clearly unaccustomed to.

As I pressed against her, her chainmail bikini was rather noticeable, but it was a fun type of discomfort, the contrast making the moment even more pleasurable.

That didn’t leave her top free from manipulation, of course, as I reached the back and loosened the strings that were holding it together. With the natural weight of her chainmail top pulling it down, it enhanced the cleavage even more, while simultaneously loosening it enough for my fingers to slip underneath easily.

My fingers tightened around her hardened nipple, my other hand still under her skirt, slowly dancing around her knob, and with my lips still busy giving her a kiss that would have been enough to put her into a magical daze...

Combined, a minute would be enough to push her into a delicious climax.

Unfortunately for her, I heard the footsteps on the corridor, soft and hesitant, showing Irene was walking toward us.

“You’re very unlucky,” I whispered as I pulled back, chuckling at her conflicted expression, begging for me to ignore the arrival of Irene, but lacking the courage to utter those words.

I chuckled as I turned toward the door and take a step forward, though I was kind enough to position myself in front of Ida, giving her the concealment she needed to fix her costume, at least enough to erase the most obvious signs.

I doubted she could erase all of it easily, but she should be able to erase the most, enough to avoid suspicion.

Especially since our redheaded observer would have her own distractions, I thought as I looked down at my loincloth, strained to the limit after our little encounter...

Chapter Fifty

The moment Irene walked into the room, she let out a shocked gasp, her gaze firmly locked onto my midsection, her beautiful eyes widening to the limit as she caught the impressive show I was providing.

Which was a welcome reaction, as it gave me the opportunity to get a view of her costume as well, equally fascinated, just hiding it better than her.

Seeing the tight yet beautiful body underneath was not a shock at this point — as after Carrie, Sarah, Naomi, and Ida, that particular reveal was rather predictable — but a pleasant surprise, like enjoying yet another show of my favorite director.

The excellence might not come as a shock, but that hardly made the show any less of a masterpiece.

After that little mental journey, I focused on her costume, only to realize why she was struggling not to wear it in front of me. The costume was sufficiently similar to mine to reveal they came as a set, but one more extra piece.

The cape was the same just shorter, but unlike mine, which was dancing freely, she hugged the edges and pulled it to herself desperately in an attempt to conceal her body, but the cape was not big enough to do so, giving me a glimpse of what was underneath.

And what was underneath was certainly an amazing sight, a loincloth that was similar to mine — but shorter and more elegant — that made my mouth water, as well as a top that was similar to a saucy bikini, with an equal coverage area.

The only thing that was lacking was stability. A bikini top would stay in place despite the movement, but her top looked unstable enough to move at the slightest touch.

Even without a movement that would trigger such a fortunate event, the cleavage was rather impressive, enough to reveal the full potential of her breasts — which was not enough to compete with Carrie, but probably enough to let Naomi taste defeat.

I let the silence stretch as she examined my body while doing her best to hide hers — which was flatly unfair — for a while before I started walking toward her. Her eyes widened as I did so, the movement challenging the loincloth even more, only requiring a small accident to trigger.

I didn't bother to disguise where my eyes pointed once I stood in front of her. "So, that's the costume," I said with a casual tone that contrasted greatly with the seriousness of my gaze. "I don't remember seeing anything like this on TV," I added, before letting humor inject my tone. "And I'm sure I would have remembered if I saw it, even a glimpse. It's rather memorable."

"It's not on TV," she whispered.

"Oh, is it a book?" I asked, mostly to make her speak.

"Technically, yes," she whispered, yet as she said so, her gaze dipped down, even more, this time looking at the floor, avoiding my body, which was an interesting reaction. Somehow, she felt more ashamed of it than her current state of dressing.

"Technically, what an interesting word," I commented, prompting her to explain more without explicitly forcing her to do so.

"It's still being written," she admitted with a whisper, which also implied that she was a part of the process.

"Being written by you, I presume," I said as I looked at her, and she nodded.

"And who are these characters supposed to be," I asked.

"T-they are the main characters," she said. I said nothing, just letting my gaze drift down to point at our clothes. Her embarrassment intensified as I met her gaze once more, but she was quick to explain. "There's a reason why they are dressed like this," she added hurriedly. "It's from the middle of the first book, where they are captured and forced to fight as gladiators in an arena. They are forced to dress like this to add to the entertainment of the viewers."

"Makes sense," I said, my words taking the sudden edge from her posture. Though, her sudden over-explanation suggested she was feeling overly conscious about her work. I decided to distract her from that part. "After all, I'm very entertained," I added.

And just like that, the edge was back, but in a much more different, self-aware form. Her eyes widened, but before she could say anything, I grabbed her arm and led her toward the center of the room.

"It's time to listen to the boss once more," I suggested, pointing at the side of the room, where Ida was standing, still in her chainmail bikini. And more importantly...

Holding her camera.

She had clearly used the little moment I spent talking with Irene effectively enough to fix her clothing, erasing most of the signs of our recent encounter.

Except for her very noticeable tenseness, which was a natural side effect of Irene's last-second arrival, leaving her just at the edge of an orgasm.

"Yes, that's enough wasted time, stop holding your cape and let it fall behind you properly," Irene said, her voice even sharper than usual, implying that she was blaming Irene for her struggle.

It was not fair, as I was the one to initiate the event, and she was the one who asked me to continue despite knowing Irene might return at any moment, without even bothering to close the door.

Yet, while it might not be completely fair, the fun indirect struggles between Carrie and Sarah, as well as the more direct ones between Naomi and Sarah taught me that not intervening in their little struggles had amazing potential.

And, considering Irene was wearing little more than nothing while Ida held a camera, it didn't take a genius to guess where things could evolve.

Especially when Irene obediently followed me to the center of the room.

"Let's start with something simple, one that would show that two heroes are fighting against a lot of enemies. Stand back to back, and lean against each other," Ida ordered.

I turned my back to her, though I didn't feel her presence against me. "Hurry up," Ida ordered, her voice sharp, though it wasn't impatience that fueled that sharpness but vindictiveness.

Busy with her concerns, Irene failed to notice that particular concern. "A moment, just fixing my cape," she said, and a second later, I felt her presence pressing against my back, smooth enough to know that she followed Ida's order and was facing the other way as well.

We maintained the pose — discounting the countless adjustments Ida requested, her tone slowly taking her usual abrasiveness while she worked — for a while before the next big order arrived. "Now, Irene, hug him from behind, like you're relying on his defense," she said before looking at me.

“And you, pick a sword and stand in front of her,” she ordered, and when I looked at her blankly, she pointed to a certain part of the wall behind the racks of clothes.

Only after she had mentioned that I noticed it was not a wall, but another layer of wardrobe. I pushed the clothes to the side and opened the latch, only to meet with enough wardrobe space to fit all of my clothes, filled with a great range of weapons, axes, swords, maces, knives, even some ninja stars..

Certainly had an impressive catalog.

“Wow,” I said, impressed even as I looked at the weapons, their glint enough to show they were made of metal, though their edges were clearly not sharpened. I carefully dragged a finger along the length, making sure they were not dangerous.

“A-actually, the main character uses an axe while he’s in the arena,” Irene corrected.

Ida said nothing, showing she had accepted her correction — which was only fair considering it was supposed to be a scene from Irene’s book. I picked the largest axe from the wardrobe without the slightest hesitation. If I were fully clothed, I might have hesitated to pick it, not to give a wrong impression.

Luckily, with the loincloth I was wearing, no one would doubt whether I was compensating for something.

“Not bad,” I said as I raised, finding the weapon lighter than I expected, especially when I held the handle with both hands like it was clearly supposed to be designed. “Do I look good,” I asked Irene as I swung the axe.

Irene said nothing, and for a moment, I thought that I did something wrong by trying to use a weapon in the room, even a blunted one, but then I noticed her gaze dipping down, reminding me what I was wearing.

“Yes, I can see why they are forcing gladiators to dress like this,” I said with a chuckle to fix my loincloth, fixing it.

“I - I’m sorry,” Irene gasped in shock. “I didn’t mean to stare.”

“No worries,” I said as I walked back toward her. “Think of it as payback for the show I got when I just arrived.”

That statement hardly helped her to calm down after her show, but Ida chose that moment to intervene. "That's enough wasting time. Pose, now," she ordered. I stood in front of Irene, and she hugged behind.

"It's not working," Ida commented. "Get rid of the cloak."

"B-both of us," Irene stammered, clearly not feeling comfortable with the idea of losing more of her clothing.

"No, just Chad," Ida explained. "It's blocking the view."

I dropped it, which was hardly a chore, especially when Irene hugged me from behind once more. Ida followed it with a great number of corrections, which had the potential to be extremely annoying under different conditions.

But, I had to admit, it was hardly a chore when I could feel the presence of a sexy redhead pressing against me...

Chapter Fifty-One

“Irene, hug him tighter,” came the order soon, and I felt Irene’s arms around my torso tight, her tits pressing on my back hard enough to allow me to distinguish the hardness of her nipples, her sorry excuse of a bra not able to contain them.

Though, as I faced Ida with my axe raised, the amazing presence of her tits wasn’t the only challenge I faced. Ida often leaned down to get a certain angle she was seeking, which had an impressive impact on her chainmail bikini — especially since in her hurry, she failed to fix it properly, making it drop down much more than it might normally do.

I didn’t bother trying to disguise where my eyes were pointed, especially since Irene was on my back, unable to see where I was looking. Nor that she felt attentive enough to notice that in the first place, not when her attention was stolen by her own priorities.

“Raise your leg like you’re trying to kick someone,” Ida ordered. I did. “Higher,” came the next command, and I followed it as well, only for my loincloth to miss alignment. “Irene, fix his underpants,” came the following order immediately, making me grin impishly.

I grinned, because with my leg raised pointlessly tight, the angle was certainly not a good one for a photograph, but it was certainly good to challenge my deficient costume, evidenced by my shaft peeking from the corner.

To her credit, Ida managed to contain herself to a few hurried glances, once again relying on the great mental strength given to her by her camera, using it as a totem.

Irene was a different issue. “M-me,” she stammered helplessly.

“Yes, he can’t do it himself, not with one leg raised and holding that very heavy axe. Do you want him to fall and injure himself?” Ida responded aggressively — one that was even more intense than necessary. Leaving her on the edge certainly didn’t help her already abrasive attitude behind the camera.

I could have balanced myself on one foot easily even with the axe in my hands, as a significant portion of my training focused on balance, but since I wasn’t a complete moron, I didn’t say anything, letting the sexy, barely dressed redhead to fix my little wardrobe malfunction.

And if her trembling fingers accidentally brushed against my shaft once or twice — or five times — I was sure it was completely accidental.

So were her shocked gasps that warmed my back whenever her fingers brushed against my shaft.

When her hands started climbing up, there was a certain slowness to them, like they didn't want to go back, but that was soon replaced by enthusiasm when she put her hands on my midsection, busy caressing my abs as if she was trying to map them.

Ida made no comment to stop Irene's actions, instead focusing on her own movements.

Then, her next order came. "Let's reverse the position. Irene, stand in front of him. Chad, use one hand to keep the axe in front of her, and put your second hand on her belly to pull her close, tender."

Irene took a step back like she was burned. "Isn't it a bit..." she whispered.

"It's the exact same pose you two were holding, just reversed. Where's the harm," Ida challenged, one that Irene failed to answer.

Not because there were no answers to be given, but poor redhead lost all her blood to the full-body blush she was displaying to search and answer, leaving her silently obedient as I turned toward her to wrap my arm around her waist.

I pulled her a touch harder than necessary, playing the role my costume gave to me efficiently. "N-not that hard," Irene gasped as she found herself in front of me, our bodies still apart by a couple of inches.

"Why?" I leaned forward, connecting our bodies, my hand on her belly. More importantly, my shaft burying against her cheeks, her cape a poor insulator. "I'm just playing the role of the barbarian warrior," I said, letting my smirk widen as I dipped my head down, whispering into her ear. "After all, you're the one that wrote the character, doesn't it mean you're one to blame for anything that happens."

Irene froze at the sudden reversal. "M-maybe," she stammered, unable to reject.

I couldn't help but chuckle at her reaction. It was hardly the most elaborate and complicated argument even by my standards, but my mostly naked body pressing against hers did most of the convincing.

Ida's presence, constantly taking photos, hardly helped.

“Raise the axe with one hand, and pull her against your body tighter,” she ordered.

I followed that order immediately, as it was hardly the worst request I had ever received, which buried my shaft into her cheeks even more, making her whimper. “How about it,” I asked.

“Good, now, drop the axe on the ground and lift her on your shoulders,” Ida ordered.

“W-wait, what,” she gasped in shock, but it only went halfway before it got terminated as I put the axe on the floor and grabbed her waist, easily lifting her and putting it on my shoulder, still keeping her horizontal. The pressure of her tits against my shoulder was certainly welcome. “Chad, please!” she gasped, but that was followed by an involuntary laughter, loud enough to fill the room.

“Raise her up even more,” Ida ordered. “Balance her just on your hands and show me your strength,” Ida ordered.

I wondered whether Ida was aware it was an easy task for me, or she lost herself in her task to consider whether it was a risky task in the first place.

Either way, it didn’t change the fact that it was too much fun for me to risk ruining the mood by asking that question. Especially since it was trivial in the first place. For me, lifting Irene was simply trivial.

“N-noo,” Irene gasped, her voice between shock and laughter, but a glance upward showed that she closed her eyes firmly in panic.

“Good, keep her in place,” Ida said as she walked closer, her camera working overtime. One had on her shoulder, the other on her firm thigh, it was not the most unpleasant chore, especially since gravity worked wonders to move her costume due to its lack of proper support, giving me a glimpse of her beautiful breasts.

A rather impressive view, I noted, especially when accompanied by her delighted shrieks. “L-let me go, I have a fear of heights,” she stammered, her eyes getting even more firmly closed.

“Just a minute,” Ida said as she pressed her camera more, walking closer as she did so. In the beginning, I had assumed it was just because she wanted to get a better view.

Then, Ida showed that I underestimated just how much her courage was boosted by a camera in hand. When she reached in front of me, I certainly didn’t expect her next action to collapse on her knees even as she pushed my loincloth to the side, giving herself an excellent view of my

shaft.

And she didn't stay as an observer and leaned forward. One hand stayed around her camera, pressing the shutter occasionally, but it was not pointing anywhere, just making some noise to distract.

I tightened my grip on Irene just in case she opened her eyes to catch a glimpse of the scene, afraid of how she might react if she opened her eyes. Yet, that turned out to be an unnecessary attempt, as Irene kept her eyes shut..

Even as I felt a certain warmth around my girth.

With that, I couldn't help but gaze down, seeing Ida's tiny mouth already around my shaft going back and forth, barely one-fourth to the distance at her apex as she did her best not to make any suspicious sound.

The location of her free hand was even more interesting. It had long slipped under her skirt, teasing her nakedness.

I took a deep breath, not knowing what to enjoy more, the comfortable weight of Irene as I felt the weight of her half-naked body — the way her clothing reacted to the unexpected angle of gravity doing its best to remove the qualifier half, but not succeeding — on my palms or the way Ida's lips were stretching around my girth while the angle gave me an amazing show.

A tough battle, especially as Ida did her best to push her limits, but the fact that she tried to keep her voice down prevented her from being adventurous enough to challenge her other friends that completed the same challenge.

Not that it bothered me. After all, we had all night to work on that to make sure she caught up with her friends.

Ida continued steadily, her finger on the camera getting slower and slower as she got distracted. I didn't say anything, curious whether she would stop, or Irene would open her eyes first.

In the end, neither happened. Irene whimpered helplessly instead. "Please, let me go down," she begged.

For a moment, Ida didn't react, which gave me the impression that she had no intention of stopping. Yet, she surprised me when she raised her gaze, catching mine before she pulled

slowly back, a naughty smirk on her face.

“Payback,” she mouthed without making any sound, leaving my shaft free.

“Naughty,” I mouthed back, amused at the fact that she used the opportunity to reverse my little trick, once again using Irene as an excuse.

Ida stood up and grabbed her camera again, but didn’t bother fixing my loincloth. Well, if she was under the impression that it was a problem for me, she was mistaken.

“You can lower her,” Ida said, her domineering tone back. I flipped Irene easily and lowered her back to her feet, once again in front of me, unable to see my state of nudity.

“That was ... scary,” Irene gasped, but her breathing was more excited than scared.

An excellent mood to push forward even more.

Chapter Fifty-Two

Ida had an uncharacteristically sharp smile on her face — even for the alter-ego she displayed while she had a camera in hand — as Irene reconnected with the floor and breathed excitedly.

“Chad, grab the ax and repeat the earlier pose,” she ordered, but she continued to look at Irene as she said so, suggesting that I wouldn’t be the target of her next move. “Irene, drop the cape.”

“W-wait,” Irene gasped, the exuberant elation she had been feeling moments earlier replaced by a fresh wave of shame as she realized the implications of replicating the earlier trick without a cape.

Too bad her friend clearly had no intention of letting Irene argue. Ida took a step forward, making Irene stumble back — which was even less successful than Ida’s earlier attempts to avoid me, as I was standing right behind her. Before she could even take a half step forward, her body hit mine.

She tensed as she felt my presence, especially my shaft, which had already reached the apex after Ida’s sloppy intervention.

Yet, that same shock cost her the only protection she had. Ida used her distraction to untie the string that was keeping the cape in place, and I leaned back slightly, letting it slide down the ground for a fleeting moment before leaning forward once again, once again making the distance between us to nothing.

This time, with one great difference. Nothing was preventing the connection between our bodies. Almost a full connection, I realized as felt her presence against my body. The bottom part of her costume was barely more than a g-string on the back, showing that she had been relying on her cape excessively.

And, since my own loincloth was still dislodged due to Ida’s intervention — not to mention very difficult to fit properly now that it was fully awakened even if I tried to fix it— it meant the naked contact was significantly more complete than it would have been otherwise.

“C-Chad—” Irene stammered in shock, only to be interrupted.

It was Ida who interrupted her. “Smile,” she ordered as she started taking photos, the exploding flash more than enough to stagger Irene’s words for a moment.

I put my hand on Irene’s smooth belly, pulling her tight against my body as I raised the ax with

my other hand, leaning against her ear. “You know what you’re feeling against you is your fault for being so sexy,” I whispered.

Which wasn’t exactly correct, as her friend had played a greater role than one might otherwise expect, but my particular weight against her body was distracting her from focusing on such little details.

Especially since Ida continued to move around us, recording every second of our excessive contact. Irene leaned against me even harder when Ida moved enough to get a glimpse of our bodies from the side, using her beautiful ass — just the right degree between tightness and plumpness — to hide my shaft.

A glance down was enough to confirm that it didn’t succeed, the crown peeking outside, visible thanks to the beautiful curve of her back, but Irene stayed unaware of that even as Ida created several pieces of photographic evidence of the scandalous nature of our pose.

A minute passed as Ida photographed us, still displaying her unique aggression, and Irene got tenser and tenser — a fact that I was able to observe easily thanks to our full-body contact.

I had expected that to be the end of that little adventure when Ida once again moved, this time standing behind us as she took photos. I loosened my grip around Irene’s waist, deciding that I had messed with her sufficiently.

And, that seemed like the correct choice as Irene used that opportunity to move forward immediately.

Key word being seemed...

She took a step forward, and I expected her to follow up with another one to increase the distance even further, escaping the room. So, it was surprising when she reached to her back and grabbed my shaft.

It was even more surprising when she used that reach to adjust my shaft so that when she took a step back, it was firmly locked in her thighs, a certain wetness caressing the topside.

Daring, I thought even as I felt surprised — though, a voice back on my head mocked me for being surprised. After everything else the rest of her little naughty group had committed, it wasn’t even enough to properly register in the list of top ten.

Of course, that didn’t mean she had no hope of not getting a seat on that great list. After all,

she was just at her rookie debut as far as that vaunted list was concerned.

Her hips started to move, rocking back and forth, showing that she was willing to fight for it. I said nothing, enjoying the delicious pressure of her inner thighs even as she moved back and forth, creating a delicious tremble around my shaft.

She moved slowly, though I didn't know whether it was about her self-consciousness limiting her movement speed, or an attempt to keep it hidden from Ida.

Although, if the latter was her objective, it was certainly a misguided one. Avoiding Ida's attention might have been possible if she didn't have the camera in hand, as she would have almost certainly failed to look at such a scene in a firm manner, but with the camera, it was much less likely.

Add in the fact that we were her models, and she was leaning up and down to immortalize our sight from many different angles, and it was impossible.

Soon, I felt Ida's presence behind me, her hand sneaking through between my legs to caress the underside of my shaft without touching Irene, confirming my guess about her awareness.

Irene missed that fact, occupied by the sensations generated by her movements, the little scrap that was supposed to function as a skirt but barely managed to compare to a bikini bottom — while looking much sexier than one in the process — doing scarcely little to limit the sensation of touch against her core as she went back and forth subtly.

Or, in a way she thought to be subtle, as, along with her pleasure growing, her movements started to get bigger and bigger, the combined warmth of her thighs and her wet core enough to challenge my ability to keep back.

Especially with Ida's fingers, assisting Irene's task underneath.

It was certainly a special treat, I thought as I held back a moan, but Irene wasn't as successful, and a soft moan escaped her mouth. "A - a cramp," she gasped panickedly immediately after the moan left her mouth, doing her best to explain.

It was not a convincing argument, but in a way, she was lucky as success was hardly a requirement with Ida being aware of everything.

"Doesn't matter as long as you don't move," Ida answered harshly. "Photos don't capture the sound."

“Right,” Irene answered, the earlier tenseness replaced by enthusiasm after coming to the false realization that she managed to hide her naughty trick from her friend.

She was such a special treat, I decided even as I let my hand climb upward on her body, caressing the underside of her breasts. That earned a shocked glance from her as she tried to look back, only to be interrupted by Ida. “Don’t move, you’re ruining the pose,” she said even as she pressed the shutter without caring about the target, busy caressing the base of my shaft.

“Yes, Irene, don’t move, you’re ruining the pose,” I said even as I let my fingers slip under her top — which was easy considering just how loose it was — and finally let my fingers dig into her beautiful tits.

I leaned into her ear even as I did so, and whispered. “Do you really think I wouldn’t do anything after you —“

The sentence left unfinished, but it wasn’t Irene that interrupted me, but Ida. And she did so in the form of a slap on my ass, hard enough to echo in the room and leave a soft, stinging pain behind. “Don’t change the pose.”

“As you wish, mistress,” I answered, more amused than anything at her attempt. Being dominated by such a petite example of beauty was certainly entertaining, and while Irene’s presence prevented me from retaliating immediately...

Sometimes, waiting for the dessert made a much more pleasurable experience.

We fell into a routine.

Though, considering that routine was defined by a redhead doing her best to make me cum with a thigh job while I massaged her generous breasts while an exotic petite beauty did her best to massage the areas that were left untouched by the redhead to complete the sensation, it was certainly not a routine that could be classified as boring.

A few minutes later, just as I was about to be convinced that it would be the limit of our little adventure, things took an interesting turn. The first move came from Irene, in the form of her hands slipping under her little loincloth. I expected her to tease the head of my shaft or something similar, but she chose to pull the little portion that was between my shaft and her core, preventing direct contact. Although its wetness had compromised its ability significantly, it was still a barrier, and the direct touch was certainly amazing.

And, with that gone, Irene’s hips got more unbridled, the motion getting large enough that the

head of my shaft started rubbing against her entrance at its apex. Of course, that meant that even the illusion of keeping her movement hidden was gone, but she was just too far gone to notice that.

Yet, that was just the setup. The real surprise came from Ida, who had noticed exactly what was going on, her body getting tenser at Irene's daring as it challenged her authority — which I could feel very intensely as her body was still pushing against mine.

I prepared myself against Ida's intervention, not willing to go with whatever little payback her little devious mind was developing.

She managed to surprise me, and rather than trying to push me, she reached around me and grabbed Irene's hips, pulling them before we could react, choosing the perfect moment to do so...

Irene was too busy moaning at the sudden invasion to say anything about that, finding herself halfway skewered by my shaft — a rather explosive start as her first time, making me glad that we had been going through a very extended foreplay to loosen her.

Ida's surprises were yet to be over, and before we could react, she walked around us once more, her camera raised. "I told you not to move too much," she said, acting like what happened was just an accident.

"Now, let's continue with the shoot."

Chapter Fifty-Three

Irene trembled as she looked at Ida, pressing her lips together to contain the spectacular moan that was brewing in her heart. It wasn't very successful as the sudden invasion finally pushed her over the edge, suggesting it was her climax that was responsible for her trembling and not the shock of what had just happened.

I had moved my empty hand back to her stomach, pressing hard to help her stay upright despite her trembling legs, doing my best not to explode at the sudden hot presence around my shaft.

"Smile," Ida ordered, but she was lucky that Irene was too distracted to pay attention to the deep satisfaction on her face.

Luckily, despite the surprise intervention of her friend, Irene didn't react badly to the surprise loss of her virginity — though her earlier actions suggested she was more than willing to take that step, just not when one of her best friends stood a couple feet away from her, taking a truly impressive number of photos.

"I don't care if you're having another cramp. Smile," Ida repeated as she looked at Irene, who was too busy trying to contain her growing moans.

"Yeah, cramps," Irene gasped, her voice marred with a depth of pleasure that was certainly not a part of any kind of cramp, but she chose to believe that her little trickery was still functioning rather than believing the alternative.

Her attitude was truly a special treat — helped by her clothes that were barely able to contain her body, and our current level of closeness.

"I don't care, smile," Ida said as she continued to take her photos.

Irene moved forward, and as much as I wanted to pull her back and enjoy the depths of the special prison she prepared for more, I decided to let her go, as we had pushed her sufficiently. Yet, just as she had pulled back forward to the point only the crown was in her beautiful warmth, she changed direction, slowly pushing back in.

She raised her head as she did so, giving me a glimpse of the mischievous smile she was wearing, instead of the shy glance I expected her to wear.

Apparently, the idea of hiding such a monumental thing from her friend was enough to make her ignore the shyness of the situation, marking a grand difference from the time she had

avoided me for half an hour just because I had managed to get a naked glimpse of her beautiful breasts.

Ida clearly noticed the undertone I had noticed if her smile was any indicator, because I noticed her expression getting even tighter as she looked at Irene's face. I smirked, once again more than happy to act as a mute during the warped battle of two friends.

The nature of the battle between Ida and Irene was developing differently than the direct competition between Sarah and Naomi — one that was a weird mixture of a chain of dares and endurance competition — that certainly didn't make it any less fun.

Ida walked around us, taking more and more of our photos while Irene moved back and forth, slow enough to make it reasonable for her to think her little trick was still hidden, her beautiful core stretching more with each repeat, pulling me even deeper.

It took a great deal of willpower from me not to grab Irene's top and rip it off. Even though it was not covering a lot of area in the first place, the little it covered was getting more and more frustrating as things continued, but I ignored the temptation, allowing her to maintain the illusion that her sneakiness worked.

Yet, Irene wasn't the only one that was messing with my willpower.

Ida walked around us several times as she photographed us, but not neglecting to stop behind me to caress my shaft at every turn. That little intervention — one that was actually sneaky unlike Irene's misguided attempts — was enough to tempt me to action in the first place, but Ida didn't limit herself to that.

She also used the opportunity to fiddle with her clothing, the direction rather obvious. Every time she arrived in front of us, her skirt was a bit shorter as she folded it around her waist, and her chainmail top was a bit lower, loosened around her neck to deepen her cleavage.

Irene either missed that detail completely, or she was simply too focused on her own little challenge to take notice of it, writing it off as an inferior seduction attempt compared to her own spectacular actions.

Though I found the former more believable, as she was certainly distracted enough to miss the fact that Ida didn't ask us to change the pose for the last several minutes.

For me, there was one challenge, one of my hands was still occupied by the great ax I had picked, getting heavier by the second. It was not to the point that I couldn't lift it, but enough for

the discomfort to be actually noticeable.

Enough, I decided as I leaned enough to drop it down without creating a commotion — but still standing straight enough not to interrupt Irene's beautiful dance.

"Who told you that you can drop it down," Ida was quick to interrupt from behind me, her fingers shifting from the base of my shaft and landing on my hips once more, loud enough to explode.

And loud enough to earn a chuckle from Irene.

"Sorry, boss," I answered, trying to sound serious but unable to hide my chuckle, which earned another, even harder, spank from Ida in punishment, though even her best attempt was unable to do anything more than a little stinging.

At least, that was the impact on me. Irene had a much different reaction — albeit was more about me using it as an excuse to push my hips forward, skewering her tightness much faster than her own slow attempts — moaning loudly as she found herself filled even deeper, her voice beautiful.

Her body rocked, making her breasts sway beautifully under the effect.

Ida spoke again. "If you're not going to grab the ax, let's use your hands better. Rip off her top and grab her breasts. Let's give the barbarian and his whore impression more accurately."

"Hey—" Irene gasped in shock, one that was interrupted by her shock as I pulled her top off immediately, leaving her tits bare. "What are you doing?" she gasped in shock, though her scandalous tone would have been more appropriate if she didn't push her hips back to devour my shaft once more.

"Hey, orders are orders," I answered as I grabbed her breasts, my hands covering more of her beautiful skin than that silly excuse of a top. Which meant, technically, she maintained a more modest look without her top.

Of course, that required discounting the explosion of the sudden moan as my fingers started working on her breasts, ruining her dedication to keeping her voice low.

"Much better look for a barbarian whore," Ida commented, still behind me, still teasing my shaft.

Irene answered, though her complaint came from an unexpected direction. “S-she’s not a whore. She’s a proud barbarian princess, destined to save her people.”

“Maybe, but if you want people to believe that, maybe you shouldn’t moan like a whore while playing her,” Ida said.

Irene chuckled. “Oh, like you would react being topless any better,” Irene answered, which might have been a fair comment considering Ida’s usual nature, but with a camera in hand, it was wrong to challenge her — especially since she was clearly feeling the build-up of arousal thanks to our earlier adventures.

“Oh, really?” Ida answered as she took a step back, but the lack of contact didn’t mean I didn’t guess what she was doing. Her tone was revealing enough, but there was no mistaking of metal hitting the carpeted floor.

There was only one piece of equipment that could make that noise.

“No, you didn’t,” Irene gasped in shock, trying to turn back to look, but with my hands on her breasts, keeping her immobile even as I enjoyed their great expanse.

She failed to turn, and Ida didn’t answer, but that didn’t mean she didn’t satisfy her curiosity. Ida walked in front of us once more, her surprisingly large breasts finally free from their confines as she walked with a confident gait — one that her skirt to rise up occasionally, sufficient to reveal her lack of panties, but Irene’s gaze was locked on her breasts.

“What are you doing?” Irene gasped in shock as she looked at her friend.

“Doing what you asked, of course,” she said before she turned to me. “Chad, it’s unfair for you to help her cover her,” she ordered.

I decided to follow her order once more even though I was getting tempted to make her pay. Her attempts of dominance were certainly amusing, but making her pay later would be even more entertaining.

Yet, as I watched her close in the distance between her and her half-naked friend, making Irene tremble in fear of being caught, I was willing to bely that punishment temporarily.

The potential of the moment was too amazing to waste.

Chapter Fifty-Four

I said nothing as Ida stood in front of Irene, her camera lowered as she caressed Irene's cheek, making her shudder in shock.

And, it was the full range of her movement. Her hips, in particular, stayed absent of any kind of movement as Irene did her best to look normal, a reasonable reaction as I was fully inside her, and the slightest movement would be enough to make her moan.

And the poor girl was still under the impression that she was able to hide her trick her friend successfully. She did her best to hide the signs of her growing arousal. It left her even weaker against Ida's wandering finger as it trailed down her neck to travel between her amazing valley.

However, as she leaned forward enough for their breasts to press together, Irene wasn't the only one that was struggling to contain her reaction. The sight of their breasts pressing together was amazing, and the height differential allowed me to get a perfect view of it.

Making my arousal reach an unbelievable level.

Letting Ida play around was fun.

But not as fun as taking back control.

"Oh, if you want to be a model, let's put your determination to test," I said suddenly as I grabbed her camera, pulling off her fingers before she could react.

The speed with her confidence shattered without her totem to help her was simply amazing. Ida took a step back, her arms jerking to cover her breasts. "Ohh, tables are turned," Irene said, her fear turning into entertainment as she looked at her friend, but my arm prevented her from taking a step as she tried to take a step forward.

"Let's not bother your friend while she models," I said even as I tightened my hold over her waist, with no intention of letting her go.

Not when I was so close to exploding.

Instead, I dragged her toward the seat while I simultaneously raised the camera, and took the first photo. Then, I sat down and pulled Irene onto my lap, accompanied by a moan. "A good way to deal with a barbarian princess," I said with a chuckle as I slid my hand to her hips, directing her hips to rock back and forth.

A treatment that she didn't argue against, though it might be more about the moans she was letting out than actually trying to contain them.

"Drop your hands to the side," I ordered Ida, and she was quick to follow that order, like before, unable to resist my domineering tone without her camera, the switch was simply marvelous.

She said nothing even as her shoulders slouched, which would not do. "Come on beautiful, you're a photographer, you should know the proper way to pose," I said, and her shoulders rose immediately as she took a more alluring pose.

The contrast with her shy expression made her even sexier.

"Such a shy little girl, right?" I asked Irene, who was busy sliding back and forth on my lap desperately.

She responded with a soft moan before answering, doing her best to hide the true nature of her rocking, unaware it had been completely pointless from the start. But, I wasn't surprised by it. After all, she wasn't the only one in her friend group that strongly overestimated her ability to keep such activities hidden.

"Oh, she's always like that," Irene managed to say with a chuckle. "But take her camera away, and she's as obedient as a little puppy."

"Let's test it, then," I said with a chuckle before I turned my gaze to Ida. "Let's save you from the domineering weight of your clothing, sweetie, drop everything," I ordered.

Irene chuckled. "That was a mistake. She's more shy than obedient, and with that —" she started, only to be interrupted by a gasp as Ida quickly shed the rest of her clothing, leaving herself in her birthday suit.

"You were saying?" I said even as I spanked Irene's ass.

"I-impossible," she gasped, though the way I grabbed her hips to intensify her movement didn't help her to contain her shock. "She is..."

Her shock was understandable, as I had no doubt that, under tamer conditions, Ida would have reacted shyly. But, there were factors that changed it. One was the detailed explanation she received from Naomi about what could happen.

Even more impactful was the little adventure we had while Irene was dressing, and her direct

involvement in Irene's loss of virginity.

Compared to those, a little nudity was nothing.

"Good girl, now crawl toward us," I said.

Irene watched the beautiful sight of the exotic Asian beauty crawling toward us while I took pictures, but only when she passed the halfway mark, she realized what her growing closeness would mean.

Or, in particular, just how much it would allow her to see her from that angle.

Irene twisted to face me, her eyes wide. "Stop her —" she started, only for me to put my finger on her lips.

"No need to panic, sweetie. Do you really think that you managed to keep what was going on hidden from her?" I said, enjoying her growing panic.

"You You knew," she stammered as she looked back to Ida, who dipped her head in shame. Yet, her steady crawling didn't stop.

I chuckled even as I grabbed her loincloth. "And, since she knows, there's no need to bother with this, right," I said, a pull enough to equalize their state of clothing.

Though, considering I was sliding inside her repeatedly, the impact of the move was greater than she had initially expected. "No," she gasped as she put her hands on her crotch, the shock of fully revealing what was going on impacting her more than Ida's information.

Ida just crawled obediently until she was in front of us. "What a naughty little girl, right?" I said, and Irene nodded reflexively, still busy hiding what had been going on — which was harder than it was supposed to be as I held her legs and parted them wide.

"Yeah," she stammered.

"Not like you at all," I added, which was enough to silence her while I pulled her to the side, giving an even better view of the show. Then, I turned to Ida. "You deserve a big punishment for tricking your friend," I said.

Ida nodded cutely while she avoided my gaze, but she still caught my gesture to get closer. She rose until her head was positioned between Irene's legs.

“What—“ Irene started, panicked, but her panic didn’t prevent an instantaneous interruption.

“Lick,” I ordered, and Ida followed immediately. Her tongue darted out, dancing at her entrance. The movement of her tongue was steady, and not particularly skilled, but after the shocks she had experienced, Irene wasn’t exactly in the mood to distinguish, and chose to enjoy the feeling.

She didn’t tell me that, not when she was busy covering her face to hide her reaction as her first time transformed from a sneaky adventure into a threesome, which was enough to overwhelm the playful redhead.

I didn’t have to rely on her words to measure her enjoyment. The intensity of her moans was one indicator, and her sudden tightness was another.

Ida proved her obedience by focusing on her task, the speed of her tongue only getting faster as I raised my camera and took several photos of her in the process.

The clicks of the camera only made Irene more concerned with her current state, but the only effect was to make her bury her face deeper into her hands, her hips still dancing, doing their best to milk an explosion out of me before she reached her own completion.

“So, do you have any other interesting costume for me to wear?” I asked as I slipped my fingers through her red mane and pulled her head back. I didn’t do it harshly like I would have done against Sarah or Naomi, who enjoyed physical impact much more than Irene did.

The great speed she followed my gentle pull to reveal her face confirmed that I managed to read her accurately. “Maybe Geniason, the King of Kings,” Irene muttered even as she looked at Ida.

Ida chuckled a bit without stopping, making me curious. I put a kiss on Irene’s neck, one that turned into a soft, playful bite before I asked a question. “Why don’t you explain to me why it’s funny, sweetie,” I asked.

Irene shivered. “Well, he’s the evil king,” she started, then paused.

“And,” I added, curious about her statement.

“He’s famous for his harem,” she added. For a moment, I thought that she was already aware of what I had been doing with her other friends, which surprised me as I assumed she didn’t know.

Then, I noticed she was looking at Ida rather than me, and realized she wasn't talking about her other friends but Ida, making her comparison about the potential future from her perspective.

Very near future if her absolute lack of attempt to stop Ida while she licked her.

"Cheeky," I said even as I grabbed her hips and push her down, not bothering to mention just accurate her comparison was.

I had no intention of ruining such a fun reveal prematurely.

She didn't complain about my response, too busy moaning under the quickening assault, and soon, she tightened with the telltale sign of a climax. Then, her body turned limp. She didn't fall unconscious, but it wasn't a faraway direction either.

I was yet to climax, but luckily, I had options.

"Geniason wants his next bride, then," I growled even as I lifted Irene and placed her next to me, leaving my lap empty.

Ida stood up, her beautiful body trembling in anticipation... Pity that before I could pull her onto my lap, Irene's phone rang.

"M-my mom, she's coming early," Irene gasped in panic. "You need to go."

I might have tempted to tease her about that, but I had already pushed her enough for the day.

Instead, I leaned forward and captured Ida's lips in a searing kiss," Geniason will take his bride later," I said after I pulled back. Ida collapsed against the seat, her legs finally surrendering against their trembling while I quickly dressed and left the house.

The experience of getting away from cheerleaders' houses before their fathers — or more than once, boyfriends — arrived made me very proficient in beating a hasty retreat.