

# The Afterparty: Pool Games Ch 1-26

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 1

If I was being honest with myself, even though some of my closest friends were at the party I was still starting to feel like it might have been a better idea to stay home that night. My Eng310 course was kicking my ass with the number of readings every week, and I'd proven to myself over and over again that I just didn't have Game.

Parties like this happened every couple of weeks, and Sarah was often the host since she shared a house with her older sister – paid for by Daddy, of course – and Tiff was out of town a lot. As long as Sarah had it cleaned up by Sunday afternoon, she could invite as many people over as she wanted and party into the night. Booze flowed, music blasted through their sound system and on any one party night a good eighty people might filter through before most of them went out to one of the student bars or clubs by midnight.

The night had gone pretty much as usual. Matt and I had driven over from the little student flat we rented up town, picking up Nicole on the way. Matt had dressed up in his best new 'clubbing' outfit with a dark patterned dress shirt, white slacks and brown belt and shoes. He'd overspent on the outfit, but he'd also bought it on the recommendation of Sarah so it was hard to blame him for coming up short on grocery money that month. Matt had been crushing on the redhead for almost as long as I had been on our other friend Miranda – I might have had him beat by one day of frosh week two and a half years ago.

Jesus, two and a half years. How had it been that long since I met Miranda?

I hadn't bothered to spend as much time primping for the party as Matt had, just throwing on a clean t-shirt and some jeans. I could pass muster if we ended up tagging along to one of the student clubs in town, and that was good enough. Thankfully Nicole hadn't gone overboard either; when we picked her up from her place she was wearing a tank top underneath a zip-up hoodie, a pair of ripped skinny jeans and her beaten-up converse shoes. Her small breasts – I'd known her for way too long to think of them as tits – were almost hidden in the sweater, and she'd been sparse with her makeup. I was thankful, figuring that my oldest friend wasn't interested in a long night out either.

Sarah, on the other hand, was dolled up and decked out to the nines. She was wearing a tight green dress that contrasted with her freckled skin, classic Irish green eyes and fiery hair. When Matt and Nicole and I had walked in the door she had come over and given us all big hugs, pressing her big tits against us unapologetically, and I noticed Matt gave her just a fraction longer of a hug, and maybe just a bit more of a squeeze. I'd been shaking my head with a bit of

a smirk at my friend's disastrous desires when Miranda had swept through the front hallway like an angel, freezing my feet to the ground. My own disaster crush had arrived.

When I did some occasional navel-gazing and thought about the girls I had crushed on in my life, both back in high school and celebrities, my type actually lent towards girls who looked like Nicole – punky, grungy styles with some attitude and some geek tendencies. Short and blonde didn't hurt either. The problem with Nicole was that she was practically a sibling – our mothers had been Sorority Sisters way back when and we had grown up two doors down from each other, calling the other's mother 'Auntie.'

Miranda, unlike Nicole, was a brunette who put a lot of effort into her looks. Her makeup was always soft but expertly applied, her perky lips covered in a soft shade of red, and her hair shiny and silky with dyed layers of gold and darker browns making it look like cascading water. She was dressed in a slinky black dress with a lacy gold accent covering her cleavage. It ended higher than mid-thigh but she wore a pair of shiny black leggings that almost looked like leather to keep her modesty. Strappy heels made her legs go on forever, putting her at eye level with me.

Her welcoming grin had been sweet and happy, and she'd hugged me, and I'd self-consciously moved my hips back just slightly so she wouldn't feel the chub forming in my pants.

That was the last I had interacted with her for the night though.

Other students, some we knew and some we didn't, filtered through the party. Beer pong, dancing, lots of talking and drinking. Some couples forming, making out in dark corners or heading out to the backyard for some privacy. Sarah and Miranda were dancers, the redhead grinding herself against guys and girls equally, flashing her seductive smile and passing out kisses like they were about to go out of style. Miranda was a little more demure, though more than a few guys danced with her briefly in the darkened living room.

Matt was something of a puppy, following Sarah around while trying to not look like he was doing it. He danced with her a couple of times, which was better than I was doing (or not doing) with Miranda, and helped her out more than once with carrying things, cleaning spilled drinks and sending a couple of the overly-drunk guests out the door.

That left me, watching Miranda make her way through the party like an effortless Ghost of Coed Present (as an English major, Dickens jokes are fair game), spending most of my time at the party with Nicole. We chatted with friends and acquaintances, shared a six-pack of coolers (her choice, not mine) over a few hours and played a round of beer pong against Tom and his buddy Gavin. Tom was one of those guys who everyone in the college knew because he was a loud, infamously dickish kind of guy who got by on 'frat boy' charm, his parents money and being on a mildly successful sports team – in his case, he was an assistant captain on the lacrosse team.

It was right after the beer pong game, which Tom spent most of his time trying to egg Nicole into flashing him a nipple to distract him which she was having one of, that Nicole noticed me staring

across the room and out into the hall where Miranda was standing talking to some people who were leaving the house. Nicole elbowed me in the side and shot me a 'go talk to her' urge with her eyes, gesturing for me to walk over.

I shrugged, and Nicole rolled her eyes. She ran a hand through her long, silvery blonde hair to smooth it back from her face and then turned and walked over to Miranda just as the brunette was waving goodbye to the people leaving the party. Panic rose quickly in my throat like bile, imagining the things Nicole might tell Miranda – Nicole knew things about me that Matt didn't. Hell, Nicole pretty much knew everything there was to know.

Miranda didn't look over though, she just sort of grinned and chatted with Nicole for a few minutes and then both of them disappeared down the hallway. I forgot about my panic quickly, distracted by a buddy coming over with a beer in each hand and a grin.

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It was late and almost everyone had headed out from the party. Nicole and I were chatting in the living room while Tom, Matt and Sarah were in the kitchen across the 'open concept' area. I had just started to stretch and make motions that I wanted to leave when Miranda came out of the hallway, presumably from the washroom down there.

“Hey, everyone. I've got an idea,” Nicole said, startling me as she abruptly jumped up from the couch. “Let's play a game.”

Now, usually when Nicole said that, she wanted to play Risk or Smallworld or another board game with me and Matt and maybe another friend or two. I wouldn't have minded teaching Miranda about some of our favourite games at all, but Sarah and Tom? Neither seemed like the board-gamer type.

“Ooh, fun,” Sarah said. She was leaning onto the island counter in the kitchen, the neckline of her green dress revealing a bounty of freckled cleavage while Matt and Tom managed to pry their eyes from her to turn and look back at Nicole. “What kind of game?”

Nicole shrugged, and I suddenly got the feeling this was possibly a scripted encounter. “I don't know, how about Dares in a Hat?”

Miranda walked over, “Dares in a Hat? What's that? Is it anything like Truth or Dare?”

Now I knew this must have been scripted. Or at least planned. But why?

“It is, but instead of picking who to ask, you draw names out of a hat or bowl. And it's Dares only, no Truths,” Nicole said.

I wasn't sure how to feel about any of this. It definitely felt like a trap, considering the way the girls were practically reading off scripts. I also had to consider what exactly Nicole, of all the people to propose this, had in mind because my best friend could be sneaky when she wanted to.

“Fuck yeah, I'm in for this,” Tom said, grinning madly and eyeing Nicole and Miranda. He was definitely a reason not to play – if Tom wasn't there, I would have felt relatively safe playing a game like this. With him in the mix, well, I didn't want to think about what could go wrong.

“Oh, I'm definitely in too,” Sarah said, standing up and walking around the counter. She strolled past Matt and ran a pair of fingers across the back of his shoulders, stopping long enough that her fingertips trailed slowly as she asked, “How about you, Matty?”

“Sure, absolutely,” he agreed. It was clear to me that he had one thing on his mind – how far could he get with Sarah during this game?

Nicole turned to me, “John, you in? Or are you too worried you're gonna chicken out?”

I looked around the room, eyes landing on Tom for a long moment as he made a shooing gesture at me, and then back to Miranda and Nicole. “I-”

“Come on, John,” Miranda smiled. “Let's all go sit out by the pool to play, we can share the swing bench.”

“Sure,” you gulped. “Let's play.”

“Awesome!” Sarah crowed. “I'll get a bowl and the names.”

## **Chapter 2**

Nicole followed me and Miranda outside. The backyard was dark except for a dozen small ground lights in the gardens around the fence and a few underwater lights in the pool that made the water glow a warm blue. Sarah went to the wicker table in the centre of the sitting area and got down on her knees, pulling out a couple of larger candles. Just that act pushed her curvy ass back out against her dress as Tom, Matt and I all got a little view. As she got back to her feet, Sarah winked at me as I moved past her to the classic wooden bench swinging from the back deck roof by some chains.

Miranda had already sat down on the swing bench and gave me a smile, patting the seat next to her. The bench rocked a bit as I settled down, and she playfully patted my leg. “This is going to be fun,” she said.

“Sure,” I said, giving her a half smile back. My stomach was churning just a little bit. Usually, during the day at school or meeting somewhere to study, I wasn’t so fucking nervous around Miranda. It was the combination of how good she looked when she dressed up like tonight, how long I had stumbled around trying to ask her out, and whatever this plan was that my scheming best friend had initiated. I felt all out of sorts and it was fucking embarrassing.

Tom had been the first one out the door and had taken a seat on the other two-person bench in the little porch sitting area, sitting in the middle and spreading his knees out wide. Matt frowned a bit at this and took one of the chairs across the circle from me and Miranda, and Nicole slipped into the other chair beside us, crossing her legs as she zipped up her hoodie and then looked over at me and winked. Her little sneaky smirk didn’t help calm me at all.

Sarah, having lit the candles, had gone back inside and came out after only a couple of moments, a dark blue serving bowl in one hand and a big magnum-sized wine bottle in the other, the kind that was double-sized. She set the bowl on the round wicker table in the centre of the sitting area and slipped onto the bench next to Tom, propping her feet up on his lap as she leaned back into the corner of the bench. Tom grinned, his arm already stretched across the back of the bench and he ran a finger through Sarah’s red hair.

“Names are in the bowl. It’s your game, Nicole. Any other rules?” she asked.

Nicole shrugged. “I dunno, it’s like truth or dare I guess. No copycatting dares, you need to come up with something original. And you can’t involve yourself in a dare unless everyone is doing it.”

“What about a double-dog rule?” Matt asked.

“A what?” I asked.

“I wouldn’t mind double-doggy, if you know what I mean,” Tom snickered.

Matt shook his head, clearly unimpressed. “If someone dares you to do something, you can double-dare them and then they have to do it too, and if they don’t then they get penalized.”

“I wouldn’t mind penalising-”

“Shut up, Tom,” Nicole cut him off. I couldn’t help but notice Sarah and Miranda both hiding their own chuckles, and I suppressed my own boyish grin. “I don’t know. I guess that brings up the problem of if people refuse dares though. What happens if someone refuses?”

“I think you can refuse one dare for free, but if you do it again you have to skinny dip in the pool,” Sarah said. “And then if you refuse again you’re out and you have to go home.”

“Works for me,” Tom said, and Matt and I nodded in agreement once Miranda did.

Nicole looked like she thought about it for a longer moment before shrugging. "Fine, that works," she said.

"What about the double-dog rule though?" Matt asked again.

"We'll go with that too, I guess. But you only get one time to use it, or else everyone would just call it all the time," Nicole said, then sat forward in her seat and reached for the bowl. "I'll draw first, since I suggested the game."

She made a show of rolling her fingers around in the bowl, pulling a slip of paper out and dropping it back in before finally pulling a second one out and unfolding it to read.

"Hmm, interesting," she said, quirking her mouth to the side and looking around the circle. My chest tightened just a little as she glanced at me, but then she looked away. "I got Matt."

Matt straightened up in his seat.

"Matt," Nicole said, "I dare you to... hmm... I dare you to take off Sarah's shoes with your teeth, suck on her big toe and then give her a foot massage until one of you gets your next dare."

"Oh, I like this one," Sarah laughed, swivelling in her seat so that she was dangling her feet over her armrest towards Matt. This had the unintended (or possibly fully intentional) consequence of aking her lean back into Tom, the back of her head resting on his shoulder as he wrapped his arm around her shoulder with a smirk.

Matt looked conflicted.

### **Chapter 3**

Matt sighed. "Alright, I guess it could be worse."

"What, do you hate my manicure?" Sarah laughed, wiggling her toes in her open-toed heels.

"Never," Matt said, lifting her foot a little higher and tugging her towards him. Her butt shifted on the bench and her skirt rode up higher, showing a wide amount of her bare thigh to the rest of us.

Matt, holding her ankle to keep her foot still, awkwardly used his teeth to undo the little buckle at her ankle and tug it open, then fumbled around until he managed to tug the shoe off her foot, sending it to the porch deck. Without hesitation he held her heel and took her large toe, nail polished a green to match her dress and eyes, and sucked it between his lips as he made eye contact with her.

Sarah giggled and wiggled her toes, and when he released her she undid her other shoe herself and swung her leg over the armrest so he could reach both feet. “Now rub me, footman,” she crooned, making everyone laugh. Everyone but Tom, who I noticed was staring down Sarah's dress at her cleavage, which I was pretty sure he had a clear view of because of how she was now leaning low against him.

Grabbing the foot he had just put his lips to, Matt began rubbing it with both hands for a long minute before letting go with one and reaching over to the bowl. “My turn, right?” he asked, and then fished out a paper when Nicole agreed.

“Alright, I got Miranda,” he said, setting the paper back in the bowl and returning to his massaging. He looked across the circle at her, and then glanced to me and made eye contact before looking back at Miranda. “Alright girl, how about this? I dare you to straddle John's lap and neck on him until he has a hickey.”

Miranda snorted and laughed, glancing to me, then back at John. “What if I double-dog dare you?”

“I think it's time for me to leave,” I said, starting to stand up only half joking.

Miranda grabbed my hand and pulled me back down, her soft fingers wrapping around mine for a long moment and lingering. “No, stay, I won't do that,” she giggled. “Sure, that's an easy dare – especially because I'm not the one who's going to be walking around with a hickey.”

## **Chapter 4**

I sat back and tried desperately not to immediately pop a boner as Miranda half stood from the swinging seat beside me and swivelled to straddle my lap. She sat back on my legs for a moment, and I had one long look up her body. Her black dress was tight against her stomach, which had just the slightest rise in it as she leaned away from you. The golden lace hiding the window of cleavage her dress was showing off made me want to rip the whole thing to pieces, and as she gazed back at me she licked her lips slightly and smirked. My hands had fallen to her legs and I squeezed the weird, rubbery shiny fabric of her leggings.

“Ready?” she asked.

“Sure,” I replied. “Do your worst.”

“Alright,” she grinned, then took my jaw in one hand and tilted my head back, exposing my neck. For a moment I had a flash of all the supernatural shows and movies I watched with Nicole, and wondered if I was getting sacrificed to Vampire Miranda. She was definitely hot enough to be

one, and that would explain my inability to fucking talk to her at night when her powers were at their fullest.

The moment passed, and Miranda leaned in close and gave me a long, broad-tongued lick up the side of my neck that sent chills through me. She snorted another giggle, then shifted closer in my lap as she started kissing my neck.

This, I quickly decided, was what heaven must have felt like.

Miranda kept shifting herself closer to me as she licked and kissed and even nipped at my neck with her teeth. She rotated to the other side, the smell of her soft, feminine shampoo filling my nose as her lips played across my skin. As she swapped sides again she adjusted her body, and now she was fully riding my groin as her entire upper body was pressing against mine. I could feel her breasts pressed against my chest, and she had one hand up, gripping my hair on the side of my head to move me however she wanted. Her other hand was resting on my side, tugging on my shirt.

My own hands had travelled up from the top of her lower thighs without me really thinking about it and now I was holding her hips with both under the hem of her dress, alternating squeezing and gripping.

I groaned, and Miranda hummed a pleasant note which vibrated through her lips on my neck.

She began sucking harder on the left side, maybe an inch above my collarbone, which was a sensation I hadn't really felt before. There was limited pleasure and pain, but with my eyes closed it mixed with the feeling of her body against mine to feel good. As she increased the pressure again I felt her hips hunch at me slightly and realized with a spark of panic that I was definitely hard, and she could definitely feel it against her.

Miranda didn't stop, and one of my hands went higher under her dress until I was gripping her the bare skin at her waist above the hem of her tights. Finally, and with a pop, she pulled away from my neck. "There," she proclaimed, leaning her upper body away from me a bit, her hips pushing harder against my lap and boner. "How was that?"

"Sexy as fuck," Sarah said.

"Hah," she laughed, surreptitiously guiding me to pull my hand from under her dress. She turned back and winked at me again, then manipulated my jaw to reveal your neck for her to examine. "It's not the worst I've seen."

"OK, Miss Hoover," Nicole laughed.

"I know something else I wouldn't mind seeing that done to," Tom said, leering at Miranda as she dismounted from me and sat back down in her own seat.



“Oh, shut up Tom,” Matt said. He was still massaging Sarah's feet with both hands.

Miranda rolled her eyes at Tom, and then reached forward and took a paper slip from the bowl.

I groaned when I saw what it said over her shoulder.

She turned to me with a grin. “John,” she said.

“I feel like I was the one who got dared on that last one,” I said, rubbing at the now slightly stinging hickey on my neck while trying not to adjust my dick and draw attention to it. I was feeling trapped in my pants.

“Oh, you liked it,” Nicole said. “Stop complaining.”

“I've got it,” Miranda cut into the banter with a sneaking smile of her own. “John, I dare you to let all of the girls get a feel of that cucumber you're smuggling in your pants right now.”

“Hah, he's got a boner from that?” Tom laughed.

I wasn't sure if I was starting to blush hard or if I'd gone pale. “Um,” I said.

“Dude, you could double-doggy her and let us all cop a feel of her cooch,” Tom suggested. I looked over at him and he still had his arm around Sarah's shoulders, and it looked like he was slowly circling the top of one finger around the tip of her bare shoulder.

“Yeah... no. I'm not wasting that,” I said.

## **Chapter 5**

I slowly stood, hesitating for a moment and shaking my head. This was something that was really happening.

Feeling a bit of spite for Tom, I walked over and put my left foot up on the bench seat in between him and Sarah, leaving my crotch wide open and the bulge of my hard dick obvious as the jeans pulled tight. “Do what you will, Sarah,” I said, taking a deep breath.

“Don't mind if I do,” she smirked, sitting up and pulling her feet from Matt to get a better vantage. Sarah reached out and ran her nails – also manicured with that dark green polish – down the length of my dick over my jeans, the tiny vibrations as she scraped across the natural grooves in my pants making me stand up a little straighter. “Hmmm,” she hummed, her lips pressed together as she looked up at me with her emerald-green eyes. “Looks like you aren't doing too bad down here.”

Sarah slowly palmed the end of my dick, pressing it against my leg, and then curled her fingers around the girth and rubbed up and down the length. On the down strokes I could feel the heel of her palm push against my balls, while at the top she would rotate her hand and press a little more firmly.

Maybe going to Sarah first was a bad idea.

“Alright, alright, that's enough,” I said, pulling back and stepping away from the redheaded temptress.

“Aw,” she pouted, then smirked playfully. “Don't worry, I'm sure I'll get a better look at that thing.”

I swallowed as I realized she might just be the real predator to worry about in this game. Turning, I was faced with the two grinning expressions of my bff Nicole, and my crush Miranda. The way Sarah had been working me, even for that minute or two, I felt like I might explode in my pants if Miranda pulled a similar stunt as her friend. Nicole it was.

I took the few steps across the circle and around the wicker table to stand in front of my platinum blonde friend. “Well,” I shrugged. “If you really want to.”

Nicole quirked an eyebrow. “What, no presentation for me? Come on, man-meat. I want a show.”

This had Matt, Sarah and Miranda all laughing, while Tom sounded like he was sighing in boredom and frustration.

“You want a show? I knew there was a reason you bought blu-ray copies of both Magic Mike movies,” I said, then reached down and blatantly adjusted my hard cock in my pants like some baseball player in the outfield.

“Yeah, baby,” Nicole grinned, giving me a little whistle. “Let's see what you're working with down there. It's been what, seventeen years since we took baths together as kids?”

“Don't remind me, I remember you used to fart when our moms weren't looking,” I countered.

“Hah!” Tom laughed loudly, accompanied by some other snickers.

I put my foot up on the arm of the chair Nicole was in, stretching my jeans tight again, “Grope away, oh small devil girl.”

“Excuse me,” she said, her smile reaching into her eyes as I called her one of our long-standing nicknames. “The title is 'impish rage demon' and you know it. Don't make me show you who's boss.”

She reached out a hand, hesitating for a split second as she broke eye contact with me and looked at the bulge in my jeans. Nicole put her fingers on the length in the centre as if she were cautiously petting a dog, then ran them up and down. She looked back up, meeting my eyes, as her fingers slowly curled around the width while she rubbed.

“Huh, that's pretty hard,” she murmured. I'd sat across from Nicole thousands of times. I'd stood talking to her, or laid beside her. I had never made eye contact with her while she was in this position though, looking up at me from so near my waist. So near my cock. Her eyes held the reflection of some of the ground lights around the backyard and candles from the coffee table, and her silvery blonde hair was mostly swept back from her face. She bit the front corner of her lips as I kept staring at her.

My mouth was feeling dry, and my cock flexed of its own accord at her lingering touch.

I wasn't supposed to be feeling this way about Nicole.

I wasn't supposed to think about how sexy her mouth looked. How I wanted it. How I wanted to wrap my fingers in her hair, feel her fingers wrapped against the bare skin of my dick.

“That all?” I asked breathlessly, breaking the moment.

She blinked and seemed to realize what the two of us were doing. She pulled her hand back. “Well, it's not the worst dick in the world. I'm sure you'll make someone happy, someday. Far from now. When she's desperate.”

“Ha-ha,” I replied sarcastically. Automatically. I took a breath and tried to forget what I had just been thinking about, turning to Miranda. The others were still snickering at Nicole's joke, but my best friend wasn't laughing. Her lips were pursed slightly open, her jaw jutting out like she was considering something very, very carefully.

“I don't need a show,” Miranda smirked as I approached her. “Considering I already got a feel up close and personal. I'll take another one though.”

I stepped up to her and Miranda glanced at Sarah. They had some sort of best friend telepathic conversation, and then Miranda gave me a pouty smirk and a shrug. She crooked a finger, beckoning me a little closer, and when I moved she put a hand on each of my hips. Slowly, she let one drop down and then slipped it into my pocket, quickly sitting forward and going all the way in until her fingers were wrapped around the base of my shaft through the thin material of the pocket and my boxers.

“Um,” I gulped, jumping a little at the abrupt forwardness.

“Shhh,” she hushed, then winked. “I figure I got you this way, I deserve a little extra. Is that okay?”

She fought the fabrics and slowly stroked me as far down my shaft as they would allow.

“Absolutely,” I said, sucking in a deep breath.

It didn't last long, only a few more strokes, and she finished with a wink and a laugh. “Thanks for being a good sport,” she said.

“Yeah, good job John,” Sarah said. “Taking one for the- well, I guess for yourself. There are no teams in Dare or Dare, this is war!” While I had been focusing on the other girls Sarah had re-shuffled herself, leaning back against Tom again so that Matt could return to his foot massaging duties. He was using one hand now, stretching the other one like he'd started to stiffen up.

“Sure,” I said, still breathing a little heavier. There was no point in hiding the bulge in my pants now. “My turn.”

I reached forward and pulled out a paper from the bowl on the table.

## **Chapter 6**

“Nicole,” I said. “Vengeance is mine.”

“Oh, fuck,” she groaned.

Options flew through my head. Embarrassing stories I could get her to tell. Silly things I could get her to do. Sexy things I could get her to do.

That mouth...

Sitting down, I tapped my lips as I thought carefully. This game was harder than I thought. It made things confusing. Nicole had been my person, my best friend, since we were toddlers. She wasn't like a sister, she was closer to me than most siblings I had ever seen in my life. Now I was thinking of her as- Well, as a chick.

But she was still my person. But also a chick. Confusing. And thinking of daring her to do something like Miranda had been dared made me feel... not great. Jealous? I didn't want Matt going near her, let alone Tom.

Ew, Tom...

Wait. Tom...

“Well?” Nicole asked. She'd pulled her legs up and was hugging them to herself, looking at me from between her knees. She'd pulled her hood up like she was trying to disappear.

“I dare you to stand in front of Tom, look him dead in the eye and tell him exactly which body part of his you think is the sexiest.”

“What?” Tom guffawed. “That's it?”

“Eugh,” Nicole groaned, then made a couple of fake barfing noises. “What if I think he's a disgusting cretin?”

“Hey now,” Sarah said. “That's not nice, don't be a bitch.”

Tom muttered something under his breath.

I shrugged, “I guess you can forfeit and risk a skinny dip if another bad one comes around.”

Nicole rolled her eyes, “Agh, fine.”

She got up and for the first time, I watched her move. She was lithe, and when she stopped one leg was locked straight and the other tilted at the knee slightly, making her little butt pop a bit in her skinny jeans.

This time I physically shook my head slightly to try and clear it.

“Alright, Tom. You know that you and I haven't seen... eye to eye since freshman year. Out of everything, I think you've got a good-looking nose. It's not too big, it's not too small. It fits your face.”

“That was so lame,” Sarah said.

“Yeah,” Miranda agreed. “Come on, Nicole. This was your idea, play along.”

Nicole looked up at the dark sky and clenched her jaw a few times. She reached up and tousled her hair, then looked back at Tom.

“Fine. Tom, I think you look pretty good with your shirt off. I think it's douche-y to take your shirt off and be flexing in the mirrors at the University gym, but you've worked hard on your abs and they're... hot,” she maintained eye contact with Tom, who was sneering his approval, and then looked at Sarah. “Better?”

“Wait, you mean these abs?” Tom asked, lifting his shirt and showing them off. He had a four-pack, which was better than you and Matt, and he rolled his stomach a little.

“Ugh,” Nicole said, spinning and grabbing a name from the bowl before stomping over to her seat. She shot me a glare on the way for good measure.

“I gotta admit,” Tom said as she sat down. “Seeing you admit that to me, Nicole? It almost makes up for the stick up your ass. Maybe we’ll see if we can get that out for you if I get a chance to dare you.”

Nicole muttered under her breath while she was opening the paper.

“Matt,” she said, tossing the paper back in the bowl.

## **Chapter 7**

“Aw man,” Sarah groaned, pulling her feet away from Matt. “I was enjoying that. Plus me and Tom haven’t even gone yet.”

“That’s the way it goes,” Nicole shrugged. “Now Matt, what to do with you?”

“Oh, you know,” Matt replied, rubbing his thumbs into his palms to work out the kinks from so much time massaging. “Just sitting here, minding my own business.”

“Sure, bud,” Nicole chuckled. Her eyes went around the circle, obviously trying to decide who he was going to do something with. Looking for inspiration. She stopped on me, the closest to her, and then her eyes slid back to Miranda sitting next to me.

Uh oh. I knew that look. That sneaky 'I've got a Plan' look.

“Matt, I dare you to give Miranda a lap dance, and strip down to your boxers while you do it.”

“Fuck,” he said.

“Woo!” Sarah crowed, slapping Matt on the back. He looked a little more chagrined than before. A little Sarah encouragement went a long way with him.

“Come on over, Matty,” Miranda said. “Don’t worry, I won’t bite.”

Matt hung his head for a long second and then stood up. “Fine,” he groaned.

“Waitwaitwait,” Nicole said, then pulled out her phone. “This needs music.”

“One song,” Matt said.

"Fine," Nicole sighed, and then she picked a song. It was hard, it was rock. It was Buck Cherry's Crazy Bitch. Good song to shout along with in the car.

Not a song I wanted to have my best guy friend do a lap dance to, on my crush, right next to me. On a swing bench.

He started by awkwardly swaying his hips, then turned around and swayed his butt.

"This is just wow," I said.

"Boo," Tom said. "Boring."

"Shut up," Sarah said, slapping Tom's arm lightly. She was leaning into the arm of the bench they were on again, not on him. "He's just getting started."

Matt backed up, bopping away to the beat of the song. Bouncing his butt in Miranda's general direction. She reached out and slapped his butt.

"Hey now, no touching the merchandise," Matt said, standing back up and turning around. The girls laughed, and then cheered as he started bobbing his hips again and unbuttoned his shirt awkwardly. It took... longer than necessary. Finally stripping the shirt off, revealing his sparsely haired chest and the top of a treasure trail just under his belly button, he danced a bit and then started working on his belt.

At this point, I rolled my eyes and looked around rather than watch him struggle to take off his pants. Miranda was grinning like mad, giggling and moving with the music as well, while Nicole on my other side was smirking like a fiend and snorting lightly as she chuckled. Sarah, across from her, was grinning and eyeing up Matt from behind.

Tom was on his phone, not paying attention.

Matt had gotten down to his briefs, which were blue and red striped, and I had to do a double take at the bulge he was sporting. It was... well, it was big. Judging by the happenstance peeks I'd had in the gym of other random guys, I was maybe on the large side of average. I'd never seen Matt naked though, or in such tight briefs, and his dick...

I had to feel a little self-conscious.

His white pants were still attached to him by one leg, and as the song was ending he turned around and sat on Miranda's lap, sending the bench swaying back and forth as he wiggled against her. The swaying, of course, meant he didn't have a steady seat and between his movements and Miranda's jerking laughter the bench just wobbled harder and harder.

He lost his footing and slipped, and I managed to get my hands up to shove him into the centre of the circle of seats instead of sprawling across me.

He was laughing now too, standing up as the last notes of the song rang out.

“Well, how'd I do?” he asked.

“You need some practice,” Sarah said.

“Aw, it was fun. Do it again,” Miranda giggled.

Matt shook his head, “Not likely.” He kicked a few times to get his leg out of his pants, then went to collect his clothes.

“You're not putting them back on,” Sarah said quickly.

“What?” Matt asked. “That wasn't part of the dare.”

“Rule clarification then,” Sarah said. “Anything that comes off, stays off.”

“So if someone has to do a skinny dip, they need to stay naked?” I pointed out.

She nodded.

“Sounds fair to me,” Nicole agreed. “Plus Matt doesn't have far to go now anyways, then we can see that fucking python he's been hiding this whole time.”

All three girls took a moment to appreciate Matt's bulge, and he blushed.

“I am not an animal,” he huffed, impersonating the classic Elephant Man movie.

“Piiiiiiiiick,” Tom groaned. “I'm so fucking bored. I thought we were gonna see some tits at least.”

Matt rolled his eyes and picked a name.

## **Chapter 8**

“Tom,” Matt said.

“Yes, gimme what you got,” Tom said, sitting up and rubbing his hands together.



"You want tits? Fine," Matt said, sitting back down. "I dare you to let Sarah pick out a nice set of lingerie for you to change into. Bra, panties or a thong, whatever. Let's see your titty-pecks in a bra."

"Ooh, I have this nice sheer blue-

"Fuck no," Tom said, shaking his head. "That's just- no! That's not fair!"

"What's not fair?" Miranda asked.

"I- He," he looked at me. "You two- When am I going to have some fun?"

"Tom, don't be a spoilsport," Sarah said. "It's a good dare."

"Well I'm not doing it," he said, crossing his arms over his chest. "I'm not putting on some fucking panties or whatever. I'm using my forfeit."

"Lame," Miranda said.

I thought that sounded like a mistake. Girl's underwear wouldn't have been the worst, I figured. There were worse things in the world than a little silly embarrassment.

"Well, it's my turn to pick then," Tom said, leaning forward.

"What? No," Nicole said. "You didn't do your dare."

"Yeah, I used my forfeit," Tom argued.

"It's not a pass," Matt said. "You don't get rewarded for a forfeit."

Tom threw his hands up in the air. "Fine, fucking fine. Whose turn is it then?"

"Matt, draw again," Nicole directed.

He drew again. "John."

"God damn it," I laughed. "No repeating dares, remember."

"Damn," he said, putting the paper back in the bowl. "Well then, let me think."

"Too bad," Nicole giggled. "John in a thong would've been cute. I would have needed to get a picture for my mom."

"No fucking way are you getting a picture of me like that," I laughed.

“Alright, John,” Matt said. “You dodged the underwear dare, so how about this? I dare you to let each girl strip one piece of clothing off of you and do whatever they want to whatever is uncovered.”

A very quick mental calculation left me certain – I had a shirt, pants, shoes and boxers. That was not a lot of choices for three girls.

On the other hand...

I took in a breath. “Fine,” I said. Standing up, I decided to get the biggest risk out of the way – if Sarah got a chance at me when my pants were already off, there was no way she would let me get away with keeping my boxers.

I stepped up to Sarah and raised my arms out to the side.

“Oh, a dress-up doll for little old me?” she asked innocently. “Matt, you shouldn’t have.”

She stood up and circled me, her hips swaying in that little green dress. “Hmm, what to take? Maybe your pants? But what am I going to do with your knees? I guess it’ll have to be your shirt.”

The decision was made while she was behind me, and she stepped up close and reached around my waist to grab the hem of my shirt at the front. This, and I had no doubt it was on purpose, pressed her breasts against my back and she rubbed them up and down just a little bit while her hot breath trailed up my neck.

While Sarah slowly lifted my shirt, I raised my arms, but once she had the shirt over my head she pulled it back tightly, trapping my arms around my head. “Hey,” I said, but she shushed me.

“Quiet, I’m not done yet.” She walked around me and pressed herself against my front, her covered tits to my bare chest, and I could feel her leaning up, her mouth close to mine outside of the shirt over your head. Part of me, a big part, wanted her to kiss me. But that warm breath trailed down my neck as her body rubbed lower, down over my chest, and then she was blowing fast, cool air on my nipples.

And then she sucked one, and then the other, and gave the second one a nip with her teeth to boot.

“Ow, fuck,” I said.

“Baby,” she laughed and teased, patting my chest. She pulled the shirt from me and tossed it to the side.

“Get over here,” Nicole said, calling me over to her.

I stepped over, rubbing at my bitten nipple and giving her a suspicious look.

“Take your shoes and socks off yourself,” Nicole ordered, so I kicked them off and then peeled off my socks. She waved me on.

“Well, I guess I only really have one choice, don't I?” Miranda said as I moved back over to her.

“Sorry,” you said.

She snorted and shook her head. “Too bad I didn't get your boxers, huh?”

I gulped as she laughed at how flustered I was, and then she stuck out her tongue a little bit as she reached for my belt. “So, how's it feel?” she asked.

“Weird,” I replied, watching her work. “Hot.” She undid the button on my jeans, then unzipped them. She looked up at me. She looked different than Nicole did from there. From in front of my cock. She was gorgeous and hot, but I'd thought of her as within reach for so long that it was almost weird for it to be like this. With Nicole, it had been like a flash of lightning.

Miranda licked her lips, smiling at me impishly as she took hold of the waistline of my jeans and pulled them down.

My boxers, a simple black, didn't show off my dick like Matt's did, but Miranda seemed pleased by the tent I was sporting. I raised my feet to let her take off the pants and throw them aside.

“Well, what am I supposed to do with you now?” she asked aloud, but it sounded rhetorical.

“Bite his cock,” Sarah suggested, and then rolled her eyes as everyone looked at her confused. “I meant like, give it a little nibble. Through the boxers. Tease him.”

Miranda shook her head and turned back to me. Instead of leaning forward, she reached forward and ran her hand along the front of my boxers, over and around my hard shaft, and then under to caress at my sack. “That's good enough, I think,” she said lowly. “I hadn't got to say hi like this yet.”

I sat down quickly when she was finished, then had to get up to pick a new name. Keeping my dick from poking out the front hole of the boxers was getting harder to do.

“Alright,” I said, sitting back down with the paper. You opened it. “I got Sarah.”

“Finally,” the redhead grinned.

“Not a guy!” Tom cheered.

## Chapter 9

It took me a moment to consider my dare, staring at Sarah as she leaned back against the arm of the bench she was sharing with Tom. Her green dress, with its deep cleavage and high hemline, was showing off a lot of her pale and freckled skin but it wasn't actually the skimpiest thing I had ever seen her wear. Her gym outfits were practically stripper clothes.

“I know,” I said. “Sarah, I dare you to go inside and put on the sluttiest outfit you can put together.”

“Yes!” Tom shouted.

Sarah laughed. “Well, I mean the sluttiest thing would probably just be coming out naked, wouldn't it?”

“OK, fine. The sluttiest complete outfit. You need to be wearing a top and bottom, or I guess a one-piece outfit, plus accessories,” I clarified.

“I think naked is fine,” Tom said.

“Noted,” Sarah grinned, then stood up. “Anyone need anything while I'm inside?”

We all asked for another beer, and she sauntered towards the door.

“Hold on,” Nicole said. “You should pick and give another dare so we don't hold up the game.”

“Good idea,” Miranda agreed.

“Alright,” Sarah said, walking back over to the circle of seats. She squeezed passed Matt's chair way closer than she needed to, rubbing her ass against his shoulder and arm, and I could swear my buddy almost reached out and took a bite out of that butt.

Sarah picked up a paper. “Tom.”

“Bring it,” Tom said.

“Says the first guy to wimp out,” Nicole snickered.

“Tom,” Sarah interrupted before he could sass Nicole back, “I dare you to go make out with Nicole. A real snog fest, tongue, heavy petting, the works. And it lasts until I come back.”

“Uh, fucking no?” Nicole said.

Tom snorted, “I’m game. I bet I could teach her a thing or two.” He stood up.

“I’m sorry, did you not hear me? I said no.”

“Sounds to me like you’re forfeiting,” Miranda said.

“I am not, it’s not my dare, it’s his. If I say no, he can’t do it so I think he fails.”

“That’s not fair either though,” Matt said. He totally missed the look Nicole gave him. “That means anyone can just refuse to be part of a dare and force someone to forfeit.”

“I think the spirit of the game is that you should participate in dares,” Sarah said, crossing her arms as she looked at Nicole. “It was your idea to play this game.”

Nicole sighed in frustration and gestured that she had given up, “Fine, I’ll use my forfeit. Sarah can pick another person.”

“What?” Tom said. “It’s my fucking turn.”

“You didn’t actually do the dare though, even though it’s not your forfeit,” I said, thinking of the horror that Tom picking Nicole right now would be.

“John’s right,” Sarah said, scooping up a new name. “And I also picked John,” she continued with a grin, dropping both papers back in the bowl.

“Well, crap,” I said.

“John. Johnny baby. Johnson McJohnson. I think I know exactly what you need to do.” Sarah’s smirk was calculated and predatory and quite honestly a little terrifying. “I dare you to take off Nicole’s bra from under her shirt – and Nicole can’t help you at all.”

At first I was a little confused, but then after a moment of thinking about the mechanics of the whole thing I realized you would either need to take her shirt off and expose her to everyone, or grope around under her shirt blindly.

“I- wow,” Nicole said. “I guess I can’t veto that one or I’ll be naked in the pool.”

I turned to her, “Are you OK with-?”

She shrugged noncommittally.

“Great,” Sarah said, clapping her hands once. “You guys start on that, I’ll go get changed.”

While Sarah headed into the house, Nicole and I worked out how this was going to happen. First, Nicole stood up and raised her arms out slightly to the side, which let me stand behind her and reach up the back of her shirt to unsnap her bra. I fumbled twice, but managed to get it fast enough without being able to look at it. More distracting was the feeling of the warm skin of her back against my hands and arms as I blindly followed it up to the bra. The next step was getting her arm inside her shirt.

“No, you can't help,” Miranda stopped us as Nicole went to pull her arm inside. “He has to direct your movement.”

“Fine, sure,” I said.

It was like a weird puzzle, except every time I examined a piece of it, that piece also happened to be the body part or underwear of my best friend. Nicole had unzipped her sweater and I took that off of her, laying it on her chair, leaving her in her tank top. I had to hold her hand and elbow to bend her arm into the armhole of the shirt, then did the same thing on the other side.

“Um, front or back?” I asked her. Now that her arms were inside the shirt I would be able to pull the bra down the front and the shoulder straps would come with.

“I don't- ugh, front I guess?” she guessed. “That'll probably be easier.”

I knelt down next to my short friend and reached up inside the front of her shirt, my hands brushing across her warm, soft stomach and up her sides until I suddenly found myself cupping the fabric of her bra. The very thin, lacy-feeling fabric, and the small plumpness of her breasts underneath. One of her nipples was under my thumb – it was easy to tell because it was a firm little nub among the softness.

“Um, sorry,” I mumbled, fumbling just a little bit more to find the top of the bra, palming her other breast inside her shirt for a moment before hooking your fingers on the upper edge of the fabric.

“It's fine,” Nicole said. “Just get the shoulder straps off my shoulders first.”

I followed the fabric up, the awkward position of reaching up her shirt bringing my face right next to her stomach as I stretched my arms. The bottom hem of her shirt was lifted up against my arms and I got a face full of her creamy skin and the perfect oval of her belly button for a moment before I managed to slip the straps properly.

Managing to pull the bra down from her breasts and arms without any more accidental gropes, I pulled it from under Nicole's shirt and lifted it up. It was black and sheer lace, and it looked like it probably didn't give much support. “Done.”

I turned and showed off the bra to the others to prove it, but froze as I saw Sarah standing silently in the doorway to the house. My dare might have been over, but the one I had given her had probably just changed the tone of the game. And made my dick jump in your boxers.

Sarah grinned as she saw the look on my face, and the others all turned to see what I was looking at. She had swapped her earrings to big silver hoops, and around her neck was a black choker. She had replaced her dress with a top made of thin black mesh, and that was pretty much it. The mesh top exposed everything despite being long-sleeved – her freckled chest, the soft curves of her side, and her toned stomach were all easily seen. And her tits, pushing out against the tight mesh, were definitely visible as well. They were as big as I had thought, which wasn't surprising since I thought they were pretty damn large, but the combination of her almost porcelain skin, dense freckles and the black mesh made them look dead sexy. Her areola was fairly large, capping each breast with a peachy colour, and her nipples stood out just slightly and seemed to dimple back in on themselves.

I clued into the rest of her outfit, a skimpy little string thong that just barely covered her pussy and didn't fully cover the trimmed strip of ginger bush above it.

“God damn,” Matt said.

“Fuck,” Tom said.

“Um,” I said, blinking.

“Wow,” Nicole said, then seemed to wake up from her own shock. “You really, really got that dare right, Sarah.”

“Sluuuuut,” Miranda crowed. “I can see your- fuck, your everything.”

“You like?” Sarah asked, posing with her hands on her nearly-bare waist, making a pouting kiss face while pushing her chest out.

My mouth was feeling dry and cottony, and it didn't help when Sarah turned around and sauntered back to the house, her full ass on display with just the black string of the thong poking out from between her pale cheeks and pulled high up on her hips. She grabbed the beers, three in each hand, and walked them around the sitting area handing each of us one while letting us all have a clear view of her. She sauntered and turned with the serene confidence of a stripper at the top of her game.

Matt and I were both in the same situation, dicks straining to escape boxers, and Tom couldn't hide his own erection even with pants still on. Sarah winked at me as she handed me a beer. She slowly sat back down in her seat, sultry and sexy and oh, so slutty. She let her legs hang open for a long second, giving a tantalizing look at her barely-covered pussy to everyone before bringing her bare thighs together as she crossed her legs at the ankles.

"So," she asked, "Who's next?"

I leaned forward and pulled a name from the bowl.

## Chapter 10

"I got myself," I said, holding up the paper for Miranda to confirm. I tossed it back in and rustled the papers in the bowl, looking around the sitting area as you did. It was... well, it was difficult to pry my eyes off of Sarah. Tom and Matt weren't watching me at all - Tom was practically drooling as he sat next to the redhead, eyes fixed on her tits as she sat cross-legged on the bench. Matt, on the other hand, looked like he was trying to imprint the entire vision of her in his mind like a baby bird with its mother.

I pulled another paper out, trying not to let my eyes linger on Sarah's nipples poking through her mesh shirt, and checked it. "What- ugh, me again."

"Pull another paper then put yours back, doofus," Nicole snickered.

I glanced over to her and made a face and stuck out my tongue, which she returned full force. I grabbed another paper blindly and then dropped the one with my name back in. "Matt," I announced.

His head whipped around and he had a blank and guilty look as if he'd been caught red-handed peeping on Sarah in secret. "What?"

"I pulled your name," I said, waving the paper. I set it down and considered the situation - my last dare for Sarah had really ramped up the game's stakes, and now things were getting to the point where I was hesitating. Matt and I were both almost naked in our boxer briefs, Nicole's bra was off under her shirt, and Sarah was practically naked. Oh, and I had a hickey on my neck and all the girls had groped my dick at some point in the night.

"Well, fucking dare him," Tom urged me to speed up. "God, this has got to be the slowest dare game ever. You're all so fucking indecisive."

"Fuck off," I said to Tom, then turned to my best guy friend. "Matt, I dare you to pick up Sarah and make out with her pressed against the wall."

Matt's jaw dropped and his eyes darted from me to his crush. Sarah, on the other hand, broke her self-assured smirk with a genuine grin and stuck out her tongue a little. "That sounds hot. C'mere, baby," she said, then held up her arms. The fact that her unsupported tits wiggled wonderfully beneath the mesh top as she did it made it hard not to stare.



Matt stood up and took a half step forward before hesitating, and then rushing in and picking up Sarah. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and her legs around his waist, clinging on like a spider monkey until Matt got his hands on her practically bare ass. Tom got an eyeful as Matt hefted her up high, her cheeks spreading, and I had no doubt Tom had just seen most of the redhead's asshole around the string of her thong - he got more than that after a moment, as he leaned forward like he was trying to maintain eye contact with it and got the side of Sarah's ass cheek to the face as Matt turned.

Now it was Miranda, Nicole and my turn to see every inch of Sarah's ass, though it wasn't from up close.

"Jesus Christ, girl," Miranda chuckled mostly to herself, shaking her head.

Matt walked Sarah over to the house and pressed her back against the wall. On the way, Sarah was already necking him and then lifted her lips up and sucked on his earlobe.

"How long?" Matt called back over his shoulder.

"Oh, uh, two and a half minutes," I said, and immediately felt like I should have said longer for his sake.

"Mmmf!" he replied. Sarah had locked lips with him. Even with her back pressed to the wall of the house, Matt kept his hands firmly planted on Sarah's ass and it looked like she was using the leverage to undulate her body against him as they made out.

"Are you proud of yourself?" Nicole snickered. "Matt might literally never have a better night than this in his life. He's peaking, and he doesn't even realize it."

"Knowing Sarah, I doubt she'll let that be true," Miranda said. "She's always had a thing for big dicks, and Matt's packing heat."

Tom seemed to be in his own little world, watching Sarah and Matt longingly. *Good*, I thought. Part of the reason I rambled out the dare was just to get Sarah into Matt's arms and away from Tom.

The problem was, there were six people here, and if I was pushing Sarah at Matt, then Tom was either going to cause Matt a problem, or start looking towards Miranda or Nicole...

Fuck.

Nicole had already made her feelings clear about Tom, and if I was reading the very obvious signs she was giving you correctly, Miranda was into me. What I wasn't totally sure of is if she was into Tom as well.

Fuck again.

"Is that time?" Nicole asked.

"What?" I asked back.

"How long has it been?"

"Oh, crap," I said, realizing I probably should have been the one timing the make-out. "Uh, that's time, guys."

Slowly, Sarah lowered her legs and Matt released her butt once she was standing upright. They remained pressed together for a moment, and Sarah was whispering something to Matt before she grabbed his hand and started pulling him back to the circle. She had an impish grin, bouncing with energy, her hair just slightly mussed, and she winked towards me, Miranda and Nicole. Matt, on the other hand, looked like he'd been through the wringer - shell-shocked, hair wild from Sarah's hands. Some of her lipstick was on the corners of his mouth.

His cock was also hanging out the front hole of his boxers, bobbing along for a moment as he tried to stuff it back inside.

"Booo, I didn't get a good look," Miranda laughed.

"I got a good feel," Sarah said. "I'm surprised he didn't fuck a hole in the wall. Fuck, that was hot, Matt." She offered him a high five, which he accepted, still somewhat dazed, and then she pushed him back onto his chair and picked up the bowl, bringing it to him. Sarah sat on his lap, leaning her head back on his chest and holding up the bowl. This left her tits jutting out, and I automatically looked away to Miranda on instinct - she noticed me turn, and when she found me looking at her instead of her near-naked friend she smiled warmly, then smirked just a little and winked, rolling her eyes at the antics.

Matt, one hand on Sarah's hip, reached into the bowl with his other and pulled out a name.

## **Chapter 11**

"Oh, Sarah," he mumbled.

The problem was, Matt was currently in his own personal paradise with her on his lap.

"What do you think, big guy?" she asked. I could see her teasing him, just ever so slightly rotating her hips as her ass pressed against the hard cock in his boxers.

"Um? Shit, I wasn't ready for this," he mumbled. His eyes darted around the circle trying to come up with something. They darted back down to her and landed on her tits. She was leaning against him, her back to his chest. I could practically see the idea lightbulb clicking on above his head. "I dare you to have everyone motorboat your tits," he said.

"Haha, fun!" Sarah giggled, then moved to stand up. There was a lot more hip rotation and shifting back and forth than necessary in the action, and Matt gripped the arms of his chair hard at the physical contact before training both eyes on her thong and ass as she stood up fully and walked to Tom.

He was eager, sitting at the edge of his couch and he reached forward to paw at Sarah. "Ah-ah! No touching," she giggled, wagging a finger at him.

"What? That's bullshit," Tom said.

"Just shut up and go along with it," Nicole groaned. "You've been bitching about wanting to see tits. Enjoy the tits!"

Tom started to say something snarky, but was muffled into silence as Sarah shoved her chest to his face and began shimmying her torso. Tom, ever the totally chivalrous and up-standing gentleman, roared his appreciation and rubbed his face all over her mesh-top clad tits.

After about twenty seconds Sarah pushed Tom away, and he flumped back onto the couch with a satisfied grin and a hungry look in his eyes. Meanwhile, Sarah sauntered around the seating circle to Nicole.

"I'm good," Nicole said.

"Just go along with it," Tom mocked her with a whiny voice.

"A dare's a dare," Sarah said. "You're not going to use your next veto on my tits, are you?"

Nicole rolled her eyes and pursed her lips. "Fine, lay them on me," she said.

Her face was soon enveloped into boob flesh, and Sarah giggled her way through it, whapping Nicole over and over and then ended by smushing Nicole's face in her cleavage with both hands.

"Oi vey," Nicole said when she was finally freed. "That's just way too much boob. How do you deal with those all the time?"

Sarah snorted and hefted one of her tits and winked at Nicole. "They have their uses."

Oh. My turn now. I glanced at Miranda, who was smiling like she was looking forward to seeing the show.

Sarah approached my swinging bench and I sat forward a little. "John," she said. "Do me a favour and make this face." She made a face with her mouth open and lips pursed slightly, like a little kid mimicking a make-out face. I raised an eyebrow but followed her directions, feeling like I was making a Blowup Doll face. "Excellent, now hold that pose," Sarah said, then leaned forward and I was quickly surrounded by mesh-covered tit flesh.

It was surprisingly not as fun as I would have thought. Maybe that was because of the weird face I was making, or maybe because of the mesh shirt creating some friction on my face. It got more fun when Sarah manoeuvred one of her tits into my open mouth and I could feel her hard nipple brush across my lips. I sucked in just slightly and her tit pulled away with a soft resistance from the suction. Her other tit and nipple were in and out my mouth soon after, and she traded tits back and forth a few times before pulling my entire face back into her cleavage for one more shake.

I wondered if my face, once I relaxed, looked a lot like Matt's after his makeout session. At least I wasn't poking through my boxe- wait... I double-checked. Good, I wasn't poking through my boxers. Definitely a big tenting, but I could live with that after everything else that was going on.

Sarah had already moved on to Miranda, and both girls were giggling as Sarah shook her torso and Miranda made the "Brrrr" sound of a classic motorboating.

"And back to the start," Sarah said as she pulled away and turned to Matt.

Miranda, her golden brunette hair a little wilder now, turned to me and mouthed 'Wow' as she grabbed at her own chest, making me snicker.

Sarah returned to Matt, this time climbing into his lap so she was facing him. "Oh, wait, it's my turn," she said, and she bent backwards and fished a name out of the bowl as Matt stared at her chest from up close. "Miranda, my dear," Sarah said as she read the name, "I think someone needs to be taught some manners..."

## **Chapter 12**

"Since Nicole was so unmoved by my loving embrace," Sarah said, "I think you should take her inside and help her take a sexy nude to send to one of the guys."

"What? That's a dare for me, not her!" Nicole stormed.

Sarah looked at her innocently, even while she was sitting straddling Matt's lap, her tits in her face. "Sorry, Nicole, but I think that sounds like you're using your next veto?"

Nicole hesitated, eyes narrowing. She bit her lip. "I get to pick who it goes to?"

Sarah shrugged after a moment. "Sure."

Nicole sighed. "Fine."

"Fine by me, too," Miranda grinned. She put her hand on my knee to stand up, squeezing it as she glanced down at me.

"Let's get this over with, Madam Director," Nicole grumbled heading for the house.

On her way past, Miranda grabbed the next name out of the bowl. "Tom," she said, and he perked up. "By the time we're back, be naked."

Tom was obviously unsure about this development. On the one hand, him being naked moved the game along and made it more likely he'd get to have more intimate fun. On the other hand, even though she was close even Sarah wasn't technically naked, which meant he'd be first. I watched him mull this over in his mind while Sarah ground on Matt's lap, feeding him her tits for another minute or two before stopping and turning to sit sideways on his lap.

"You OK there, buddy?" I asked Matt.

Tom stood up and started unbuttoning his jeans. *Great*, you thought sarcastically.

"Uh, yeah, yeah," Matt said. His dazed look was back.

"Try not to break him," I said to Sarah, making her smirk and pat Matt's shoulder.

"Oh," she said. "I think he can take it."

*PING.*

My phone went off with a text. Without thinking I checked it, and then I checked it again. I gulped audibly.

I could only see the top of the picture in the notification. Nicole was standing in the kitchen of Sarah's house, her bare back to the camera as she looked over her shoulder with a red face, her tongue out and eyes rolled up in the weirdly hot ahegao-style expression as if she were having her mind blown with an overwhelming orgasm. The photo preview ended around her waist.

Another text came in, blocking the preview.

**Nicole:** *Shut up. Shut up. Shut up. Never send this to anyone!*

You swallowed.

"Ooh, looks like she decided who to send it to," Sarah said. "Honestly, I figured she was going to pick Matt."

"Let's see it," Tom said, gesturing for my phone.

"No-" I started, then realized Tom had, in fact, gotten naked and his dick was hanging between his unfortunately open legs as he sat forward on his couch. "God, fuck dude. Close your legs. No."

"Oh, come on," Tom whined.

"Hey, the first naked dick!" Miranda crowed as she came out of the house, followed by Nicole as she was straightening her top.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Sarah said, rotating in Matt's lap. "Come on, you can't tell me you were *that* soft on her, Miranda."

"What?" the brunette asked.

Sarah gestured at Nicole, who was standing with her face turning red again. "She's got all her clothes on! We agreed that anything that comes off stays off."

"Fuck," Nicole said, looking up at the night sky.

"Sorry, girl. Nice try though," Miranda said. "To be fair, she didn't take her pants or panties off, just her shirt. She also didn't bitch about it."

"Wooo, tits!" Tom cheered. "Don't worry, I appreciate all sizes of titties, Nicole."

"Oh my god, fuck off Tom," Nicole said. And with an angry look, she whipped her top off.

To be fair, I'd always known Nicole had small breasts. It was a fact that was hard to miss. She could make it look like there was more there when she wanted to using pushup bras and such, but that was rare. Now, as she stood glaring at Tom, I couldn't stop looking at her bare chest. They were little more than soft swells, topped with a pair of delightfully pink nipples and small, puffy areolas. Just enough that they might have jostled a little if she were getting railed really hard on her back, or bouncing up and down - *Jesus, what the fuck is wrong with me?* I stopped that train of thought. This was Nicole, for crying out loud!

Nicole threw her shirt at Sarah, who batted it away with a laugh, and Nicole stormed back over to her seat. On her way she looked to me, and I offered her what I hoped was an encouraging smile. She scowled, turned and sat down, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Spoil sport," Tom said.

"Fuck off!" Nicole said and flashed him the finger. I could tell she almost made a snide remark and then bit it off. Now was not the time to be making enemies - or deeper enemies.

"I think you look cute," I said, leaning towards her. "I mean, I feel like this is a bit of deja vu from when we were four, but what do I know?"

"Fuck off!" she said, but this time she was suppressing a laugh and looking at me with wide-eyed surprise. She grabbed her chest, one hand per tiny breast, and squeezed them to herself. "You better not *ever* send that picture to anyone, John. Ever."

"Scout's honour," I said, holding up my hand and getting the finger thing wrong a few times, making her roll her eyes. "I haven't even looked at it, honestly. Well, barely. I haven't opened it."

"Good! Don't," she said. "Or, fuck, do. I don't care. I'm sitting here topless."

She sighed and let go of her breasts, folding her hands in her lap and letting her nipples stand small and proud.

"Tom, your turn," Sarah prompted.

"Oh, good, I almost forgot! All the drama," he said, leaning forward and rubbing his hands together before picking a name.

## **Chapter 13**

"Fuckin' finally!" Tom crowed, then turned right to Miranda and I on the bench. He stood up and pointed at his bobbing erection with both hands. "Miranda. My dick, your mouth. Let's do this."

As the angry red cock stared right at Miranda (and so did his dick), several voices started arguing at once.

"No way-" I began, but was overridden by both Matt and Nicole.

"Dude, what is your problem?" Matt said.

"Get some fucking class, you-" Nicole started yelling.

"Hold up," Sarah shouted all of us down, standing up from Matt's lap with her hands up to quiet us. Her breasts, encased in the mesh top and bobbing just slightly with her sudden movement, honestly did more to quiet me than the yelling or the hands. "You guys need to calm the fuck down," she said to Matt, Nicole and I. "And Tom, you need to play in the spirit of the game."

"This is the spirit of the game," Tom said, looking like he was ready to stomp his foot in a pout like a giant, naked toddler. "Apparently half the people here have a problem with me being in the game at all. The only fun I've had is stuff everyone else has gotten too."

"That's fair," Sarah trailed off. "We did say that you can't include yourself in dares, though."

"No one is giving me anything good!"

I couldn't argue with Tom's logic, and he probably had a right to feel hard done by... but still, he was an ass and I didn't want him anywhere near Miranda. Or Nicole. Or, for Matt's sake, Sarah. That left... not many options.

"Guys, don't worry," Miranda spoke up from beside me. "I can handle this dare just fine."

*Um, what?* I thought. Miranda had a soft, self-satisfied grin on her face as she eyed Tom up and down. His erection was drooping a bit, probably from the conflict, but when he saw Miranda's smile he grinned wickedly back at her.

"I knew you were into it," he said.

"Well, maybe," Miranda said, and her smile turned a little bit more into a smirk. "Of course, Tom, since you *are* playing outside the rules, I've gotta say... I double dog dare you."

Everyone looked at Miranda and Tom silently. It finally clued in what was happening and I snorted a laugh.

"What does that mean?" Tom asked.

"It means she'll suck your dick. Right after you suck your own dick," Nicole laughed.

"What?!" Tom said. "That's not fair. I can't suck my own dick, it's physically impossible."

Miranda shrugged. "Well, I guess I won't be sucking it either then. Shouldn't have dared someone to do something to you."

Tom flopped back onto his bench, grimacing and glaring at Miranda. "Fine. Fine! No more dares including myself. I get it. I'll change my dare. Miranda, I dare you..." he looked around quickly and his eyes trained on Sarah, standing practically naked with just her mesh top and tiny thong. His grimace turned into a nasty smirk. "I dare you to eat Sarah's ass."



"While I would absolutely love to see that," Matt said (and to be honest, I would have liked to see it too), "I think because you didn't fulfil the double dog dare, you need to get a penalty."

Tom's deadpan face was almost comical. "I'm already sitting here naked with my cock out not getting sucked. I don't think skinny dipping in the pool is a big deal."

"True," Sarah said. "But I think it's like forfeiting on a dare - you don't get rewarded for it. And since Miranda is the one who stumped you, I think she gets to dare you to do something."

Tom just breathed in and looked up at the night sky, clearly suppressing the urge to say something.

"Tom, I'm sorry," Miranda said. "You're right, we haven't really been including you fairly. So I have an idea." She turned to Sarah. "Sarah, could you sit on Matt's lap like you were before?"

"Sure," Sarah said, then draped herself back on Matt's lap, her ass pressing into his boxer-covered crotch as she stretched out, arms back and legs out. This, of course, pushed her tits upwards towards Matt's face and he gratefully stared at them.

"No, the other way," Miranda said, twirling her finger.

"Oh, OK," Sarah said, then rotated, grinding her ass against Matt until she was lounging the other way. Each time the redhead moved, Matt looked like he was about to either drool or keel over.

"No, sorry, I meant like when you were facing him," Miranda clarified.

"*Oooh*, sure," Sarah said, then after another moment she was straddling Matt's lap again, her wonderful ass sticking out at us all with just the little floss of thong for a covering.

"Alright, now, Tom," Miranda said, turning to him. "I dare you to go over behind Sarah..." she gestured, and waited for Tom to do it. He stood, dick slowly starting to rise again as his eyes darted from Sarah's bare ass to Miranda and back. "And now pull her thong aside..." Miranda continued.

The excited glimmer in Tom's eyes was like a kid on Christmas as he knelt down and pulled the string of Sarah's thong from between her cheeks. While I couldn't really see anything more from the angle, Tom certainly could and he licked his lips, one hand drifting down to his cock as he looked back to Miranda.

Matt, on the other hand, looked extremely conflicted. Sarah was all over him, the exact place he wanted to be, but Tom...

"Now, Tom, you get what you asked for, cause someone is going to eat Sarah's ass. It's just not going to be me. Get licking."

A flash of disappointment on Tom's face. A spark of a raised eyebrow of interest on Sarah's. Tom turned and looked right at her ass, shrugged and said, "Fuck it." And he buried his face between her cheeks as he spread them apart.

"Oooh, wow, slow down hunk," Sarah crooned, easing forward away from his lips and tongue, pressing herself harder against Matt for a moment. Her hands were on Matt's bare chest, and he was holding her around the shoulders, keeping her tits pressed to him. "Yes, yeah, just like that," she said, relaxing a bit.

"I think it's technically your turn to draw now too, Miranda," Sarah eventually said dreamily, looking over her shoulder back at us. Tom was spreading her cheeks with his hands now, slurping away. I had no doubt he was probably slipping lower to slide his tongue along her pussy as well, but no one was going to argue. The fact that Sarah was sitting straddling Matt's lap, her ass hanging between his knees, made the whole scene weirdly hot.

"I'll take it," Miranda grinned. She got up from the bench and pulled a slip of paper from the bowl.

## Chapter 14

Miranda turned back and smirked at me with a raised eyebrow. "John," she said, then put the paper back in the bowl. She stepped forward, pacing in front of me and tapping her lips with her finger as she played up thinking through her dare.

The fact that in the background Tom was still eating Sarah's ass made the whole thing surreal. It was at that moment I realized that the position was also revealing Tom's ass and dangling sack in our direction, and I was jarred as I tried to focus back on my crush.

The brunette eyed me up and down, and as she made her few steps of pacing she glanced over at Nicole and a small smile curled Miranda's lips. "I've got it." She turned back, hands on her hips as she smiled at me. "John, did you actually open the picture Nicole sent you?"

"Um...", I hesitated. "Well, not really. I saw the preview-"

"I knew it," Miranda grinned. "Of *course* you didn't. Because, John, you're a *good guy*. You're always the good guy, waiting to help out whoever needs it. Being polite, and respecting privacy. Well, John, I dare you to open up the photo on your phone and look at how sexy Nicole is, and while you're taking that in you need to jack off to it right in front of her. Slowly, so you can appreciate every pixel."

"God damn it," Nicole muttered. She was flushing red from her cheeks, down her neck to her chest. She had one hand pressed to her forehead in an embarrassed facepalm, and the other was in her lap as she pressed her jean-clad legs together and her knees bounced nervously. The thing was, I also thought maybe... no... well, maybe it was possible her little pink nipples were harder than they were before, poking out on her wonderful little palmful tits.

Miranda sat back down on the bench next to you, sitting forward with a perky grin. "Well, come on," she said.

I took a breath. "Yep, OK." I hesitated.

"Come on, John," Miranda nudged me. "Picture, dick, hand. Learn to take a hint." Her tongue touched her bottom lip excitedly.

*God, she's hot. And hot for me!?*

Another breath and you picked up my phone from beside the swing bench. And opened it up, looking down at that picture preview again. Nicole, my best friend, looking over her topless shoulder at me with that ridiculous tongue-out expression. I glanced up from the phone at Nicole, and her eyes were trained on me as she now held a hand over her mouth and the other pressed across her stomach. She was still flushed, eyes full of nerves. Her chest rose and fell slowly as she tried to breathe deep.

I opened the picture message properly and looked down.

Nicole wasn't just topless. She was also bending over the counter of the kitchen, pushing her ass out to the camera. Her tight jeans were pulled down to her knees, her panties down around her skinny thighs, and she had a hand pulling one of her tight little butt cheeks to the side. Revealing, in high definition, her knotted little butt hole and her plump little pussy lips.

"Whoa," I exhaled.

"Hot, right?" Miranda whispered to me. She was leaning in, looking over my shoulder, and I could feel her breath on my ear. "You should see the one I took after that."

Eyes fixed on the picture, I adjusted my weight on the swing bench and held my cock through my boxers for a moment. Nicole was spread open like a pornstar. My Nicole sent me this picture. Showing me everything. She looked amazing, and delicious, and utterly fuckable.

"Take it out," Miranda whispered.

I glanced back over to the others - Tom still eating Sarah's ass, who was sitting astride Matt and had her tits in his face as she was slowly grinding on his erection in his boxers. Both Sarah and Matt were glancing back over to you, keeping an eye on the action.

Another glance at Nicole and she was leaning forward on her chair now. "Just hurry up and get it done," she said nervously.

Blinking, trying to clear my head, I reached through the front hole of my boxers and pulled out my dick. It was hard as a rock and stood proudly once freed.

"Nice," Miranda said. She leaned in further, her chest pressing against my bare arm, and she took my free hand and wrapped it around my cock. I automatically started stroking and looked back at the picture on my phone. *God, she's hot*, I thought. How had I never realized how beautifully put together Nicole was? Her tight little frame, her expressive eyes.

Thinking about her like this felt weird, but also... natural. I glanced back at her again from the phone. She was still flush, biting her bottom lip. Clearly embarrassed. But also with her eyes locked on my dick in my hand.

"Is this weird?" I asked her.

She looked up to meet your eyes and hers widened. "No," she said, voice dripping with sarcasm. "This is totally normal. Jeez, John, of course it's fucking weird! But..." one of her hands absently grabbed at a breast, squeezing lightly. "But it's the game. And- well, it's fucking hot, too."

Miranda stood from the bench, setting me wobbling for a moment as the chains for the swing rattled, and she came back with the bowl. "Your pick," she said.

I stopped stroking myself for a moment, and as I reached into the bowl Miranda took my cock in hand and gave it a few strokes herself. She grinned and winked at me as she did it, and the feeling of her hand sent a chill up my spine.

"I picked-"

## **Chapter 15**

"Sarah."

"What?" she asked, flicking her red hair to the side as she looked back over her shoulder at me. Her eyes immediately went down to the dick in my hand, and she flashed a naughty grin.

"I pulled you," I said.

She ground herself against Matt again, forcing Tom to move with her to keep his face between her ass cheeks. "Well, what do you want me to do?"

In all honesty, at this point I felt like I could tell Sarah to do anything and she would do it. This game had gotten out of control once she came out in that mesh top and thong. I'd been expecting a sexy schoolgirl look from her, or maybe some lingerie, or even a bikini. When she'd come out with her tits bare beneath the thin black mesh though? All bets were off.

My initial instinct was to tell her to blow Matt. Releasing Tom from his punishment of eating her ass would have him looking for more 'fun,' so I couldn't just disengage them. Still though, even with Tom technically performing oral on her, so far everyone else had been restricted to the heaviest forms of petting, kissing and nudity. No one other than Tom was performing an act that would have sex after it in the name.

Plus, as I slowly ran my hand up my cock and glanced at the picture of Nicole again on my phone, taking things slower seemed to be creating a lot more interesting situations than if we'd all gotten absolutely hammered and made passes at one another.

I decided not to push too far, but still push it a little. "Sarah, I dare you to give Matt a titjob while Tom continues to eat out your ass."

Sarah's naughty grin turned wide, flashing her white teeth in the candlelight. "My pleasure," she said, then with one hand pushed Tom out from between her butt cheeks. She clambered out of Matt's lap and down to her knees in front of him. Matt's mouth was agape and his eyes practically glazed over as Sarah met his gaze. She slowly pulled up the front of her mesh top, dragging it over her tits so that they lifted up and then dropped when released, and then she bundled and rolled up the shirt around her upper chest, leaving her with just a band of black across her chest and the long mesh sleeves contrasting with her soft white skin.

"I guess you don't need these anymore, do you Matty?" she asked huskily, reaching forward and dragging Matt's boxers from him. He lifted his ass to let her do it, and soon he sprung free, his dick slapping against his stomach before bouncing straight up. "Mmm," Sarah hummed. "Even nicer than I imagined!" She leaned forward until she was hovering over Matt's dick, then let a large wad of spit drop out of her mouth and onto his cock. She quickly rubbed the spit up and down with a few pumps of her hand. As she did it she winked at Matt.

My roommate looked over to me and simply gave me a hoarse, "Thank you." He turned back to Sarah and she lowered her chest, using both hands to press her generous tits around Matt's cock and then started slowly teasing him, moving up and down.

"Tom," Miranda said, snapping and pointing to Sarah's ass. "Come on, back to it."

Tom had been sitting on his haunches behind Sarah, watching the whole process jealously. He rolled his eyes at Miranda and shuffled around, and eventually had to bend over on his hands

and knees like a girl about to take it from behind so that he could get his face and mouth low enough. This left his ass, balls and cock dangling between his legs, almost pointed right at me.

"God damn it," I winced away from the sight. Miranda snickered at the situation. I ended up looking in the opposite direction of Tom, right at Nicole. She was practically chewing on her bottom lip, eyes watching my hand still slowly stroking my cock. Her face, so focused, made me glance at the photo on my phone again. At her, bent over, revealing everything.

She didn't *have* to do that. She could have done less. Way less, since Sarah's dare had been a 'sexy picture.' She'd been willing to do it. Had possibly *wanted* to do it?

Miranda stood up from the swing again, distracting me from my train of thought, and she brought the bowl of names over to Sarah.

"I got Nico-ooole," Sarah sang, laughter in her tone.

"Fuuuuck," Nicole groaned, covering her face with her hands.

"Oh, don't be like that," Sarah said over her shoulder. She was still squeezing her tits, ever so slowly bouncing them up and down Matt's dick. "You went along so well with my dare for Miranda, I'll be nice and take it easy on you, OK? Tom has been giving without receiving for a while now - how about you come over here and give him a handy while he's rimming me?"

*Uh-oh*, I thought. This wasn't good.

"Fucking *what!?*" Nicole burst. "That's easy? I-"

"Nicole," Miranda cut her off. She was putting the bowl back on the little coffee table. "Before you do what I think you were going to do, remember that if you use your forfeit now you won't be able to use it later."

Nicole's face twisted up and she grimaced, glancing over at Tom's ass.

Miranda was right. Not that I wanted this to happen, but she was right. A hand job felt like low-hanging fruit at this point... no pun intended.

"Fuck, fine," Nicole said, standing up. She glanced at you as if seeking some support, and all you could do was look at her with wide, *'I don't fuckin' know'* eyes. Then she glanced back down at my dick. I'd stopped stroking at this new development and was just sort of squeezing it. She sighed and looked back to meet my gaze, nodding with a frown in a *'This isn't fine, but it's fine'* sort of way. She stepped over next to Tom and slowly went down to her knees.

Tom wiggled his ass, jostling his cock and balls back and forth, and widened his stance.

"Oh, god," Nicole scoffed. She tentatively reached between Tom's legs from behind and wrapped her fingers around Tom's dick.

"Hmm, hmm, hmmm," Tom chuckled into Sarah's ass.

"Fuck," Nicole said, face looking like she'd eaten something unbelievably sour, and she started to slowly move her hand up and down, treating Tom's cock like she was milking a cow.

I couldn't keep your eyes off of the scene before me. It was all just so... fucking surreal. Nicole topless, fondling Tom's dangling dick from behind as he knelt naked, eating Sarah's ass as she in turn fucked your best buddy Matt with her tits. As I watched, Sarah tilted her chin down and released another gob of spit into her cleavage for lubrication.

"This is insane," Miranda whispered beside me. I looked at her - somehow, Miranda had skated by in the game. She was still fully clothed in her cute, form-hugging dress and shiny black tights. Everyone else was at least showing off something, if not everything. "Did you ever imagine tonight would go like this?" she asked.

"Not on my life," I answered. I looked back to Nicole. Looked at her hand around Tom's cock. Part of me wanted to imagine it was my dick, the other part hated that she was doing it at all. Not because it was Tom, but because it wasn't me. Alright, maybe a little because it was Tom.

"Nicole, it's your turn," Miranda said.

Nicole jolted her reverie. She'd closed her eyes like she was pretending she was anywhere other than what she was doing. "Right," she said, reaching over with her free hand to the bowl.

"Well," a voice boomed over the backyard from the back door of the house. "I knew your parties could get a little wild, but this is a new one even for me."

All action stopped, everyone jerking towards the voice as they tried to cover up.

## **Chapter 16**

Another redhead was standing at the sliding door. Tiff was tall, with a slightly more angular face than her sister Sarah, but a similar body type - the proportions of a woman made for sex. She was wearing a classy little black dress that seemed more suited to a fancy restaurant than anything else and was still holding a pair of black heels dangling from one hand.

"Jesus, Sarah. I mean, is this some sort of weird Daisy Chain sex thing? I'm not that far out of college that I wouldn't have heard of this becoming a thing, am I?"

Sarah was the first of everyone to relax, and even as she spoke over her shoulder to her sister she began moving her torso up and down, sliding Matt's cock between her tits once again. "Hah, no. This is definitely new for us. Guys, I can't remember if you've met my sister, Tiff."

We all awkwardly mumbled a chorus of, "Hey."

"Don't get me wrong, girl," Tiff said. "This is all very hot, but what the hell is going on? I thought you were just having one of your usual parties, not an orgy." She took a few more steps onto the patio and looked us all over.

I had sat up, instinctively trying to hide my dick between my hands and body. Tiff's eyes passed over me, glanced at Matt, and settled on Tom and Nicole. Tom had scrambled around and was sitting on his ass, knees pulled up to his chest, and Nicole had practically lept five steps away from him, arms folded over her chest.

"This wasn't really the plan for the night," Sarah explained to her sister. "We kinda just started this Dare game and got to here. And I, for one, am having a lot of fun. Right guys?"

We all sort of just looked at Sarah in stunned silence.

"Oh, for fucks sake," Sarah scolded. "Get back to your dares or I'm handing out penalties."

Somehow, some way, the idea of penalties from Sarah overrode our logic. I unfolded and let my dick show, grasping it in one hand. Tom returned to Sarah's ass. Nicole, the last of us, slowly crawled back over to Tom and took his dick back in her hand from between his legs.

"So, you want in?" Sarah asked her sister. "You can, but to make things fair you'll need to take the next dare."

The idea of Tiff joining the game after catching us all hadn't crossed my mind. The fact that the game was even continuing seemed kind of crazy. Now, without thought, I started eyeing her in a much different light. She had lovely, toned legs and her red hair was dyed darker than Sarah's natural copper red. Her dress showed off a significant amount of cleavage and hugged her ass just so.

"Fuck it," Tiff said. "This is hot, and I had a boring ass date. Everyone here is eighteen, right?"

"Definitely," Sarah nodded.

"Then let me go change into something more comfortable and grab a quick smoke," Tiff said, turning on the balls of her feet and striding back into the house.

"Bring out a slip of paper with your name on it, too!" Sarah said.



After a long moment of silence, I couldn't help it. "We're really going to keep playing? With your sister?"

"You want to stop?" Sarah asked. "Tiff is cool, and I definitely don't want to stop here. How about you, Miranda?"

Miranda shook her head, and then looked at me. "You still want to keep going, or is this too weird?"

Matt spoke up first. "I, for one, don't want this to ever end."

Sarah laughed, and even Nicole smirked a bit. It looked like she was squeezing Tom's dick hard in her hand, practically white-knuckling it without stroking. As long as she was keeping her nails clear, Tom didn't seem to mind.

After a minute, Tiff came back out of the house almost a changed woman. She was wearing a pair of loose grey sweatpants riding low on her hips, and a black tank top that hid most of her cleavage but made it obvious she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. She also had a cigarillo in one hand and lit it as she stepped outside. She took a few puffs, eyeing us, and I managed not to shy away from her gaze - this time it lingered longer on my hand and cock.

"Well," she said. She dropped a paper with her name on it in the bowl on the table. "If I'm in, I'm in. It's my turn to take a dare then? Who's giving it?"

"Me," Nicole said, and she let go of Tom's cock. "I dare you to take over this dick. And, uh, blow it, I guess."

Tiff shrugged casually. "Sure, looks like a nice cock." Nicole stood and practically scampered away from Tom, while Tiff took another hit off of her scented cigarillo and then blew the smoke over Tom's dick. It was... weirdly artistic and erotic, and I tried to pay attention to anything other than that thought. Tiff knelt down and grabbed Tom's cock casually, pulled it further out from between his legs - he was bent over again so his face could get pressed between Sarah's ass cheeks - to the point it looked like he had some absolutely weird tail. Tiff then leaned down and took it into her mouth.

"Oh, fuck, finally," Tom groaned out, raising his mouth from Sarah's ass. "That's fucking great."

Tiff sucked him down a few times, then popped her lips off and took another drag of her smoke, before leaning in to suck him again. She rested her smoke hand on his ass like it was the most casual thing in the world.

Nicole had come back to her chair next to the swing you were sharing with Miranda. "I never, never want to touch him again," she whispered harshly. "God, I feel gross."

"Isn't that a bit much?" Miranda asked.

"It's the exact amount I feel," Nicole said.

"Why were you so interested in playing the game if you hate him so much?" Miranda whispered back.

"I didn't know he was going to stay," Nicole chided. "I wouldn't have s-" She stopped, and looked down at my cock again. Considering I was sitting between the two girls, they'd been talking around me. "Never mind. It's fine."

What the fuck is going on? I wondered. I was relieved for Nicole... or about Nicole... or something. But I was still trying to wrap my head around the way I was seeing her now. More importantly though, and something that the others may not have considered yet, was that adding Tiff to the game meant things might change. She didn't know the dynamics yet, didn't know that there was a sort of partnering going on. Didn't know Miranda and I, or Sarah and Matt, were moving towards each other. That Nicole and I were best friends.

She might be a boulder getting thrown into the pond that Tom was already messing up. Things could get messy.

Not to mention the growing rivalry between Nicole and Sarah. The redhead had been pushing Nicole's buttons, and I had no doubt Nicole wouldn't hold back on Sarah either.

*Fuck. I should stop this. I should stop this before things get out of hand even more than they already were.*

"You gotta pull a name, Tiff," Sarah told her sister.

Tiff popped off of Tom's cock again, flicked the ashes from her cigarillo and then put it out in an empty glass on the table. "Sounds good," she said. She pulled a name quickly. "Which one of you guys is Tom?"

"The one you've been sucking off," Sarah replied.

"Oh, nice," Tiff grinned. She was holding Tom's cock with one hand and gave him a few tugs. "And from the looks of things, he's currently also giving you a rim job, Sarah?"

"To be fair, it *is* a difficult position for him," Sarah said.

"Alright, well Tom, you can pull your face out of my sister's ass," Tiff said.

Tom raised up, stretching his back and adjusting his dick. He gave Sarah's butt a smack, which just made her loose a teasing, "Ooh!" An exclamation that had Matt frowning.

Tom turned to Tiff. "What you got for me?"

Tiff's grin looked... well, mischievous might have been slightly too small a word. "How about you get in close to my sweet sister? Sandwich your dick between those pasty thick buns like a hotdog, and give her a reach around."

Tom's face lit up. "Awesome!" he said, then grinned at the rest of us. "Finally, someone who is *fun*." Tom waddled forward on his knees, and I couldn't help but notice that Sarah helpfully stuck her ass out to him even while she was looking Matt in the eyes and using both hands to tiffuck him and tweak her nipples. Spreading Sarah's cheeks, Tom pressed his dick vertically between them and began a thrusting motion, grinding himself into Sarah.

"Now the reach around, hunk," Tiff prompted.

"Right," Tom grinned. He reached around Sarah and pressed close to her back, and Sarah cooed as his fingers found her pussy.

This, I quickly noticed, put Tom's face hovering just over her shoulder... looking right at Matt's naked torso, and Matt's dick getting tiffucked less than six inches from him.

"Dude, stop staring," Matt said.

"I'm not!" Tom said. "It's- I have to do it like this. You stop staring at me!"

Tiff laughed. Miranda and Sarah both chuckled. Nicole and I couldn't help but snicker, even if I felt just a little bad for Matt that he, and Sarah, were getting wrapped up with Tom again.

"Tom," Sarah moaned, getting into being pressed between two guys. "It's your turn, babe."

## **Chapter 17**

"Sarah," Tom announced his draw. He leaned away from Matt, glancing around, clearly thinking over whether he wanted to stay in his current situation or not.

"Ah, fuck," he said, backing away from her. His cock looked painfully hard, jutting out like it was, and for a second I thought he was just going to dare her to let him fuck her.

"Sarah, I dare you to go take off Miranda's leggings and eat her out," he said.

My first thought was a sort of amazement that Tom had learned his lesson about daring people to do things to himself.

My second thought, right on the tail of the first, was a wordless, '*Uma-gaaaah?*'

"Sorry, baby," Sarah said to Matt, and quickly gave the tip of his dick a kiss. She turned on her knees and started crawling like a feline towards Miranda, her body swaying and ass practically wagging.

"Aw, man, why'd you have to do that?" Matt complained to Tom.

"Fuck you, I didn't want your dick in my face anymore," Tom said. "Call it petty revenge. Plus I want to see some girl on girl and Miranda's still fully clothed."

Miranda had yet to say anything, sitting next to me on the swing. Sarah crawled right up to her, spread her legs apart at the knees and sidled in between them. "Well, hello there," she said to my dick, then glanced up and winked at me. "I'd love to play, but I'm not here for you." Sarah turned back to Miranda. "Last chance to forfeit, babe," she said. "Though I have to say, I'd be a little disappointed if you did. I've always thought you'd be fun in the sack."

Miranda met Sarah's gaze and then nodded. "Do it," she said. "You better not be crap at it, though."

Sarah mocked outrage. "What? Me? How dare you, woman!" And with that, she reached up under Miranda's thigh-length dress and started peeling down her leggings.

Miranda had to raise her ass, one hand on the chain of the swing as she planted her other on my bare thigh and squeezed. She lowered again once Sarah had pulled the leggings under her ass, and Miranda leaned back.

I had a front-row seat as the leggings came down. Miranda's dress hem was riding high. First to appear was the slim line of pale, smooth skin of her hips and pubic mound between leggings and dress, followed by a small, trim tuft of dark brown muff hair, and then all at once her pussy was in view, a small cleft of flushed lips and the nubby hood of her clit. Her skin looked wonderfully smooth to the point I wanted to lean down and run my tongue along her bare thigh just to feel it.

Sarah quickly stripped the leggings down, peeling them off of Miranda's toned legs, and with the movement Miranda's thighs parted more. Her lips, flushed with arousal, were puffy and slightly separating.

"God, you're beautiful," I blurted out.

Miranda turned and kissed me on the mouth, one hand cupping my jaw. She'd kissed me before - hell, she'd given me a hickey that was even now just coming into its full bloom of bruising, but this was something else. It was like, 'Thank you' and 'I want you' at the same time.

And then, through the kiss, she tensed and sucked in a breath. I knew instinctively that Sarah must have started her task and dove between Miranda's legs.

Miranda tore away from the kiss, leaning back. "Oh, god, I take it back," she groaned. "I shouldn't have doubted you, you slut."

Sarah laughed into Miranda's pussy. The sight of her coppery red hair shifting rhythmically as she drove her mouth over Miranda again and again was almost mesmerizing. Then Sarah tilted her eyes up and looked over at me as she pressed hard, taking Miranda's entire pussy between her lips. You could only imagine she was burying her tongue as deep as she could into Miranda. And Sarah winked at me again.

Miranda groaned into the night air once more, eyes shut as she tilted back, then reached out and grabbed my hand, squeezing it hard.

"Don't get too carried away, sis," Tiff said, seemingly unphased by seeing her sister's sapphic prowess. "Should be your turn now, right?"

Sarah slurped away from Miranda, leaving your crush's pussy glistening and wet. "Oh, right," she said and leaned back to reach into the bowl. She fished around for a second before pulling out a name and unfolding it. "Hah!" she laughed, then showed it to us. "I got Nicole again."

"What the fuck!?" Nicole said. "Is this rigged or something?"

"Just luck of the draw, girly," Sarah laughed, putting the paper back in the bowl. "Now, since you obviously didn't like using your hands, I guess I need to give you another chance. Join me down here on my knees, Nicole. Join the dark side. Come suck off John."

.....

*Well, then...* my brain stammered. I looked to Nicole to see what she would say.

## **Chapter 18**

"I-" Nicole said and hesitated as she stared at my cock.

She didn't have her first forfeit, she'd used it too early in the game.

Nicole tore her eyes from my cock and looked me in the eye, and she slowly slipped from her chair and down in between my legs, putting her small hands on my knees. Her topless tits were right there in front of me as she leaned forward slightly.

"John?" Nicole whispered. "This won't change anything between us, right?"

“I mean,” I stammered. “I think it kinda will. But not too much if we don’t let it. It’s just... oral, right? You’re still my best friend. ”

“Hey,” Matt said.

“Shut up, Matt,” Sarah said from between Miranda’s legs, and he did.

“Pinky promise me,” Nicole said, holding up her pinky.

I wrapped your pinky in hers, pressing our thumbs together to lock the promise. It was a stupid thing that our Mothers always did growing up, a remnant of their sorority days together, and Nicole and I had picked it up.

With the promise made, Nicole took that same hand and wrapped it around the base of my dick, tilted it forward and cautiously licked the bottom from about halfway down up to the head, her tongue small and warm and sending tingles all through my body. She did it again, dragging a slightly different path. Then again along the side. And then she took the head in her mouth, sucked on it like a popsicle, and raised her eyes to check my reaction.

I was open-mouthed and in heaven. Miranda chuckled through her own soft moan, grabbed my hand and squeezed as we were both orally serviced by our best friends.

“Someone bring Nicole the names,” Sarah said, breaking her lips from Miranda’s pussy again for a moment.

Tiff was the one who grabbed the bowl, bringing it over to Nicole. She raised her lips from my cock, but kept holding it in one hand and slowly stroking while she fished with the other and pulled a name slip.

“Miranda,” she read and put it back. She turned and looked at my crush, then looked back at me, and took another long lick of my cock before speaking. “Miranda, I dare you to take your dress off and let John play with your tits.”

“Yes!” Tom cheered. “Yes, keep this ball rolling!”

Matt just shook his head and rolled his eyes at the excited jock, while Tiff raised an eyebrow and considered his naked form jumping around.

“That is something I will definitely do,” Miranda said, and she sat up slightly so that she could pull her dress off over her head. That revealed a pretty black bra, not quite lingerie but nice enough, that she also quickly stripped off, revealing her tits. I was kind of surprised to realize they were almost as large as Sarah’s, just a little higher on her chest and she didn’t flaunt them as obviously. Tiff still had them both beat, but you were extremely happy with this development.

Miranda shifted in her seat, spreading her legs a little wider to accommodate Sarah, and leaned back into me. Quickly, I wrapped my arms around her and placed my hands on those wonderful tits. Her areolas were just a shade darker than Sarah's, and a little smaller, and as I played a couple of fingers over them her nipples quickly hardened into nubs.

Nicole had gone back to suckling my cock, mostly keeping the head in her mouth as she watched me put my hands on Miranda for the first time, but occasionally dipping lower onto the shaft. Miranda reached over and ran her hand through Nicole's hair, fixing it slightly for the slighter blonde girl with a smile. "I can't believe how wild this game is getting," Miranda whispered. "Your hands feel so good, John. And Sarah, oh my god, why didn't you offer to eat me out before?"

"Because you would have said no, bitch," Sarah laughed.

"Mmm, John, just brush your fingertips - yeah, like that," Miranda crooned. "God, Nicole, you look hot sucking John's cock. And you're playing him like you're a natural - have you two really never done this before?"

I shook my head, and Nicole hummed a negative, "Mmm-mmm," around the dick in her mouth. It was hard to know where to look - on the one hand (or hands) I wanted to watch Miranda with my hands on her tits and Sarah between her legs. On the other, I also wanted to watch Nicole as she continued to surprise you with slight variations of her mouth or hand, softly sniffing in surprise or giggling every time your cock flexed or reacted to what she was doing.

"Fuck, this is wild," Miranda moaned softly, then motioned to Tiff to bring her the bowl.

## **Chapter 19**

"Sarah," Miranda said and sighed. "Sorry, babe, but I guess you're done down there."

Sarah rose from her spot between Miranda's legs with a smirk. "Girl, any time you want, I'll do that again," she said. "I was right, you are super tasty."

"Thanks," Miranda laughed, and slowly closed her legs as Sarah stood up. "Well, to reward you but also tease you even more Sarah, I dare you to go grind on Matt with no underwear whatsoever, *but* you can't cheat and slide him in you."

"Oh, you evil bitch," Sarah chuckled. "I mean, you're my evil bitch, but still."

On her way towards Matt, who was still sitting in that same chair with his cock out and standing at attention, Sarah pulled a name from the bowl that Tiff had set back on the table.

“Tom,” Sarah announced as she climbed back up onto Matt’s chair facing him. She reached down and positioned Matt’s cock so it was pointed up his belly, and then peeled off her thong and tossed it on the table before sitting her naked pussy onto the underside of Matt’s hard cock.

Sarah pivoted as she began shifting her hips back and forth, sliding her pussy on Matt, and you saw her eyes land on Nicole for a long moment of consideration.

*No, Sarah, I thought. Don’t do it. Don’t be that person.*

But Sarah’s eyes kept roaming and landed on her sister, who was lounging without anything to do for several dares now. Sarah got a smirk on her face as she glanced between Tom and Tiff. “Tom, I dare you to have Tiff sit on your cock, but you’re not allowed to thrust at all. You need to just soak on that bench. Tiff, same to you. No thrusting, no wiggling.”

“Well, at least it’s a start,” Tiff said and quickly stood and dropped her sweatpants, revealing she hadn’t bothered putting on underwear when she went to change. Or maybe she’d never been wearing any to begin with? She was completely shaved down below, though was far enough from you that you didn’t get a good look. “Come on, muscleman,” she said. “Grab a seat.”

Tom did, sitting with his legs wide and his cock projecting forward and up. He was grinning from ear to ear. “Yeah, babe,” he said. “Come sit on papa’s lap.”

Tiff turned and backed her ass up to him, and then shifted slightly as she reached under her and positioned his cock at the proper entrance, and sat on him. Tom groaned, and Tiff settled down with a sigh. “You try calling yourself papa again and I’ll show you who’s boss, yeah?” she said.

I didn’t care what was going on over there. Honestly, that was the first real sex happening in the game, and I couldn’t give a single fuck. Nicole was still sucking my cock, but now Miranda had reached down and wrapped her hand around the base so Nicole could stop holding it. Now Nicole had slowly started fondling my balls, while her other hand pinched her nipples lightly. And I still had my hands full of Miranda’s tits, softly squeezing and groping, then rubbing her nipples between my thumbs and fingers and making goosebumps appear on her arms and chest.

“Ah, crap,” Tiff laughed from sitting on Tom. “Everyone is pinned down and I need to draw a name. Hold on, boo,” she said and patted Tom’s hip before she began to stand up.

“Oh, oh fuck,” Tom gasped, his eyes wide as he watched Tiff’s pussy slide back up his shaft. “Oh, yes!” he groaned, and just as Tiff was raising off of him, Tom came.

His cock, without any manual stimulation left to it, went off and splattered several blurts of cum on Tiff’s outer lips and thighs.

“Oh, shit,” Tiff laughed, looking down between her legs. “Well, oops. My bad, sorry Tom.”



“Nah, nah,” Tom groaned, reaching down and stroking his cock. “It’s fine. I’ll be good again in no time.”

“Well, alright,” Tiff said, half-doubting the confidence. Not seeming to care that she had cum between her legs, Tiff went and grabbed the bowl, bringing it back to Tom to pick from.

## Chapter 20

“K, hold on,” Tom said, still breathing deeply from going off. He wiped his hands on his chest and blinked, then reached into the bowl and pulled out a name. “John,” he read.

He looked over at us, leering at Nicole’s naked back and Miranda’s bare chest in my hands. It was still the sort of stare that made me worried for the place this game could go, but fuck if I wanted it to stop right now.

“You know what? I think Nicole isn’t putting in enough effort on the blowjob. John, I dare you to skullfuck Nicole. Get that dick down her throat and make her gag until you blow.”

“Jesus, dude,” I said, but felt my cock get that little bit extra hard at the idea.

“Well there goes my massage,” Miranda sighed, shifting and pulling my hands from her tits.

“For real though,” I said. “I feel like ‘skullfucking’ might be a bit much, no?”

“Nah, little blondie can handle it,” Tiff said. “The key to a good facefucking is to keep calm and keep your teeth out of the way.”

“That and remember to enjoy it,” Sarah said. “It’s fine, Nicole is a big girl, she can take it. Right, Nicole?”

“I, ah,” Nicole hedged, unsure. “That’s a bit of a step up from what I’ve done before.”

“Oh, don’t be such a little cockteasing bitch, Nicole,” Sarah said, looking over her shoulder at the smaller girl. “Either get his cock down your throat or use your forfeit and take a punishment.”

Nicole had slipped her mouth off of me and now she frowned over at Sarah. “Fine! I, um, fuck. Fine, I guess.” She looked up at me. “I can probably handle it, John. Do it. Fuck my face.”

I could read the expression she had like a book. *Do it, and I’ll get my revenge on her.* This could turn out poorly.

“There you go,” Tom said, smirking as he slowly fisted his soft cock, trying to stroke it back to life.

I stood up and Nicole shifted on her knees, looking up at me as I closed the distance. "You sure about this?" I asked.

"Yes, just fucking start," Nicole nodded.

"Alright," I said, and fed my cock into her waiting mouth.

I started slow, only going about as deep as she'd sucked me, and she wrapped her lips around my shaft. As I thrust carefully a few times, I went a little deeper and felt Nicole gag slightly and suck in a breath through her nose.

"Hey, I said skullfuck," Tom said. "Get to it or I say you fail and I get to choose something even better."

I grimaced at Tom, then looked back down at Nicole as she looked up and nodded, her tongue on the underside of my cock. I breathed in and nodded back, then held her head with one hand and started thrusting harder and firmer, picking up speed. Nicole's lips slurped and spittle started to build, and then her eyes were watering as we kept looking at each other. I went even deeper, glancing into the back of her throat, and she gagged and pushed me away. I withdrew, my cock trailing lines of spit, and Nicole coughed twice, catching her breath.

Then she looked back at me and said, "Keep going." She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, inviting me back.

I did, sliding in firmly, all the way until Nicole's nose was pressed against the root of my cock and I could feel her bottom lip brush my sack. She'd swallowed my cockhead into her throat - I wasn't massive, so it's not like I was deep in there or anything, but I could feel that extra squeeze, that rippling of internal muscle.

"Fuuuck," I groaned.

Nicole started bobbing, her silvery hair bouncing around her, and as she swallowed and re-swallowed around my cock she started pinching her nipples again.

Miranda stood up, entirely naked, and then knelt down on one knee next to Nicole and gathered up her hair, pulling it back from the slight girl's face. "There, that's better," she said.

Nicole hummed her thanks around my cock, then looked up at my eyes again, her light makeup now smudged around her own, giving them a more smokey look.

Nicole and I kept it up as she gagged and slurped, me thrusting into her wet mouth as spittle began to leak from her lips and drip down onto her chest. "This is so hot," I muttered, and Nicole slurped harder. "God, Nicole, I wouldn't ever- fuck, so good!" Miranda reached around with the

hand not holding Nicole's hair in a loose ponytail and grabbed Nicole's small boob, squeezing it hard, and Nicole whined around my dick.

"Fuck!" I grunted, my orgasm washing over me all at once at the extra noise and visual. Nicole pushed herself down on my dick rather than pulling away, and as I came I could feel her swallowing quickly, barely even tasting my cum as I pumped it into the back of her mouth and throat.

When I was done my knees buckled, and Nicole spit me out and raised a hand to help get steady.

"God damn," I groaned, my head feeling light after such a strong orgasm. "That was- Damn. That might have been the best orgasm I've ever had."

Nicole coughed through her laugh as she tried to wipe her cheeks and chest of the spit that had dripped over her. "Well, happy to provide," she said. She stood and slid back to her seat, her chest flushed and rising and falling deeply as she kept working to catch her breath. I couldn't help but stare at her tits, wet with spit and nipples pink and flush after being played with and twisted, standing at attention. "Just never tell our Moms," Nicole laughed.

I nodded breathlessly and agreed. "OK, my turn, right?" It was hard to keep track if that had been my dare or Nicole's.

"Mhmm," Sarah moaned, still over on Matt's lap and slowly rotating her hips so that her pussy lips were grinding all over him.

"OK, OK," I said, and stepped over to draw a new name. "Uh, Tom," I read.

"What you got for me, dude?" Tom smirked and stood up. His dick was still only half hard as he eagerly tugged it with one hand. To be frank, he was lewd and crude and I didn't want him anywhere near me.

"Tom, I dare you to go sit over on the diving board and jerk off until you're hard again," I said.

"Dude, the fuck?" Tom asked. "I just gave you a great dare."

I hated to admit it, but he wasn't wrong. "Just, uh, assign your next dare first, and it's only until you're hard again."

"Fine, whatever," he shrugged, and reached over and picked a new name. "Hah! Miranda," he laughed. "I dare you to come to the diving board with me and watch me jerk off." Then he turned and looked at the rest of us. "There! I didn't dare her to do anything to me, alright?"

Miranda blew out a breath, crossing her arms over her chest and cocking a hip. "Honestly, that... doesn't seem like much fun," she said. "I'll burn my forfeit on that."

"Then I get to pick again?" Tom asked, already reaching for the bowl.

"That's the rule," Matt groaned.

"You still alive over there, buddy?" I asked.

He raised a thumbs up from underneath Sarah, and she took his hand and sucked his thumb into her mouth. Her entire wonderful, pale ass was on display again in this position and there was a big part of you that was sort of jealous of him.

"Hah, Nicole!" Tom crowed. "Same dare- Wait, no, I swear I'm learning my lesson here. Nicole, I dare you to come over to the diving board with me and masturbate as well. There, that's a new dare."

"Fuck," Nicole said. She didn't have her first forfeit anymore, and if she forfeited she would need to strip naked and jump in the pool, and she'd be out of them. "Fuck," she said again.

Tom did a little jig, his cock bouncing around. "Come on, Nicole. Let's go jerk off together."

Nicole swallowed her spit, looking frustrated as hell. "Well, let me make my next dare," she said and stood and crossed to the bowl. I knew she was hoping to draw a name that could get her out of her predicament - she had options. She just had to be lucky, or clever.

## **Chapter 21**

"Oh, fuck yes," Nicole said, exhaling in relief and holding up the slip of paper. "I got Tom."

"Let me guess, you're going to send me to go sit in the car or something," Tom sneered.

"Actually," Nicole said, tapping her lips as she looked around. "Tom, would you like to make a deal?"

He looked at Nicole suspiciously, and I shook my head silently from where I was sitting back on the swing bench with Miranda. Nicole was a cutthroat board game player - Monopoly, Settlers of Catan, whatever game it was, she knew the rules in and out and would play around them to her advantage. Whatever was coming could change the game.

"Here's my proposition, Tom," Nicole said. I even noticed that she stuck out her chest a little bit more, letting him look at her small boobs as an enticement and distraction. "If I give you a dare

that you will really, really like, then you have to promise that any dare that includes you touching me, or me touching you, you forfeit on.”

“How much am I going to like this dare?” Tom asked, clearly thinking it over.

Nicole approached him and went up on her tiptoes to whisper in his ear, slapping his hand away as he tried to grab her butt. As he listened, his eyes went wide and darted over to Sarah.

*Oh, shit. Two birds, one stone.* Nicole was handling her Tom problem and planning her revenge at the same time.

“Done,” Tom said, holding out his hand, and Nicole shook it.

I, unfortunately, didn’t fail to notice that Tom had gotten hard again.

“Alright,” Nicole nodded. “Then you’re all witnesses to this deal, and hold him to it, right?”

Those of us paying attention - Miranda, Tiff and I, all nodded - while Sarah and Matt were lost in their own little world of not-quite-sex, not-quite-dry-humping.

“OK. Tom, since you did all the work to prep it, I dare you to fuck Sarah’s ass.”

Tiff cackled, while Miranda and I both went wide-eyed and looked at each other in surprise, before turning to Sarah.

“Yes. Yes, I think I will,” Tom says, rubbing his hands together before spitting in his hand and smearing it on his cock.

“Whoa, whoa,” Sarah said, her grinding on Matt having come to an abrupt halt. “Look, I’ve experimented as much as the next girl, but I wouldn’t say that the tonguing I got was really ‘prep’ for a buttfuck.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Sarah,” Nicole said. “What was it you said? ‘Oh, don’t be such a little cockteasing bitch? Either get his cock in your ass or use your forfeit.’”

“She isn’t wrong, Sis,” Tiff chortled. “Come on, slut. You and I both know you can take it, so walk the walk, don’t just talk the talk.”

My focus had slid from Nicole, Tiff and Sarah to someone else. Matt, who had pretty much been in his preferred dreamland, was still currently under Sarah and was glaring past her at Nicole. Not only was she disrupting his fun, but she was also pointing Tom right at his dream girl.

*Shit*, I thought. This wasn't good. Matt and Nicole were friends mostly because I was friends with both of them, and I knew if worse came to worst I would pick Nicole every time. But I really didn't want it to get there.

"Fine," Sarah said, almost in a mirror of Nicole earlier after her own prodding. "It's just a dick in my ass, right? It won't be the first time, and probably won't be the last. Tom, just... try and take it a little slow at first, yeah?"

"No problem, babe," Tom said. His smirk was big, and his angry cock was projecting ahead of him as he sauntered over and literally picked Sarah up out of Matt's lap. He stepped back two steps and set her down, putting a hand on her shoulder and getting her to bend at the waist. Then, without much more preamble than peeling one of her cheeks open and spitting into the crack, he lined up and started to push in.

"Ooooh, fuckfuck," Sarah groaned, opening her legs a little more and tilting her hip. She squeezed her eyes closed, breathing deeply as Tom entered her ass. Her tits were hanging down, pressed between her arms as she braced her hands on her knees.

"There you go," Tiff smirked. "That's it, Sis. You got this."

To be honest, considering I'd never done anal with anyone before, I was surprised at how easy it actually happened.

Sarah breathed out and opened her eyes. The way Tom had positioned her, she was looking right at Matt. Looking him right in the eye as he frowned. In any other situation, I would have said he looked like a 4-year-old boy who'd had his toy taken away. In this situation? I didn't know what to say about that look.

"Alright, I'm in," Tom said, raising his hands and resting them behind his head as he slowly thrust in and out of Sarah's ass.

"Tom, fuck," Sarah muttered, closing her eyes for a moment as she tried to control her own body.

"Someone bring me the bowl, it's my turn again," Tom said.

Tiff picked up the bowl and brought it over, setting it on her sister's back like a makeshift table. She winked at Tom and gave Sarah a little smack on the butt. "How you doin', girl?"

"Full," Sarah groaned.

Tom pulled his next name and laughed.

## Chapter 22

"I got myself, what now?" Tom asked.

"Put it back and pick again," Miranda said. I noticed she was watching Sarah with some curiosity. Was it out of concern for her friend, or... maybe interest?

"Whatever," he said, and crumpled the paper and put it back in the bowl before pulling another. "John," he said, then looked over at me as he kept slow thrusting into Sarah's ass. Then he looked around the group.

"You know what?" he said. "Even though you tried to screw me over, John, Nicole did me a solid so I feel like I should pay her back for the fun time I'm having with one of her own. John, I dare you to bend Nicole over and fuck her."

I froze. I froze because I wanted it, and I knew I wanted it.

"Oooh, hot," Miranda murmured, which was surprising enough to at least get my neck moving as I looked at her. "What?" she asked. "You and Nicole are hot together."

Then I looked over at Nicole, who had the same Deer in the Headlights look that I assume I did. The picture she'd taken and sent me flashed through my mind, and I had to blink it away. I was also very aware that I was already hard again after having just recently fed my cum right down her throat.

"I can forfeit," I offered to her. "It's- I know it's-"

"No," she said, and looked almost surprised at herself. "No, it's- It's alright. We already did the... skulfucking. John, I'll have sex with you. I'll- I want to have sex with you."

"Really?" I asked, and she nodded.

"Don't keep a girl waiting," Miranda whispered and nudged me into motion.

I stood up from the swing bench and held out my hand to Nicole, and she let me help her stand up. There was a part of me that wanted to ask if she was sure, if she wanted to think this through. But there was a much bigger, hungrier part of me that wanted this badly.

We moved slightly away from the seats and took a spot where we weren't staring right at Tom's ass. I looked down at Nicole, and she met my eyes with hers - her makeup still smeared from the facefucking, looking ready. Maybe even eager?

I knelt behind her and reached around her small waist, undoing the button on her jeans and unzipping them, then slowly pulled them down over her butt as I watched from just inches away. Nicole was a petite girl and I could just see the lines of her ribs on her sides, and the arc of her

back made a beautiful line as it fell down past her waistline and had two small dimples right above her ass cheeks. As I pulled the jeans down, her panties came with them, and I was faced with her cute, pert ass. It was small, nowhere near like Sarahs or Tiffs, or even Mirandas. I could easily palm each cheek, but it also wasn't so small that it was bony or flat.

Leaning forward, I kissed her left cheek, then bit her right one softly.

"John!" she gasped, and laughed, twisting to look behind herself at me.

"Have I ever told you that you've got a nice butt?" I asked.

"No," she said. "But any other time I probably would have punched you for saying that."

"Well, maybe don't do that right now," I smirked.

Nicole bent forward, taking up a similar position to Sarah with her hands on her knees and her legs straight, only bending at the waist. Her jeans and panties were still wrapped around her knees, but as she bent forward her slim thighs revealed the delectable puff of her pussy. She was lippy and gorgeous and wet. Very wet.

I decided to leave her clothes on like in the picture, keeping her legs slightly trapped, and I leaned forward and took a solid lick through her folds, from clit to ass. Nicole jerked in surprise, then pushed back and rubbed her ass on my face for a minute. "That wasn't part of the dare, perv," she said.

"Sorry, couldn't help it," I said.

"John, fuck me," she replied, bending a little more forward and reaching back to peel one cheek open, flashing you her butthole as well. Exactly like the picture. She knew what she was doing.

I stood up and quickly realized that I was just too much taller than her like this, so I ended up helping her down to her hands and knees and got behind her.

"Nicole?" I said, getting her attention as she looked back over her shoulder at me. "Thanks," I said.

"You better be worth it," she said.

"Worth what?"

"Twenty-odd years of putting up with your crap," she smirked.

I pushed my cock into her, slow and firm, feeling her cunt resist and give as she stretched around me.



“Fuuuuck yes,” Nicole groaned, leaning her head down between her shoulders.

“God, you feel good,” I groaned. “So fucking good. Best I’ve ever... wow.”

I got about two-thirds of the way in before I had to stop, letting her adjust, then pulled out and pushed back in. As I stopped again Nicole pushed back more, backing her ass up to me all the way, making sure I was buried in her.

“Yesss,” she hissed. “Fucking fat cock.”

“Rude,” I teased.

She laughed, and I could feel it roll through her.

I palmed her ass cheeks hard and stroked her. We both let out grunts as I went ball deep again.

“Nicole, you’re so fucking tight,” I groaned.

“I know,” she said. “Fuck, I know. And you’re stretching me out so... ungh, yes.”

Then I fucked her, for maybe thirty seconds just sliding in and out, watching my cock plough through her meaty lips as they stretched around me. Clung to me on each out stroke, squelched on each in.

Miranda came over, standing next to me in her own naked glory, watching with wide eyes as I fucked my best friend in the world. “Here,” she said, holding out the bowl to you. “Don’t stop. God, she looks hot on your cock.”

“Thanks?” Nicole said, her shoulders jiggling as she laughed at the weirdness of the moment.

I released my handhold on Nicole’s ass and reached into the bowl for a new name as I fucked Nicole with slow, firm thrusts.

## **Chapter 23**

“Um, Sarah,” I read, trying to focus on anything other than Nicole’s cunt wrapped around my cock so I would just come immediately..

“Yeah?” Sarah groaned, equally breathless as Tom continued to fuck her ass. He’d sped up a bit, and I could only assume that Sarah was starting to take it more easily.

I had to get her away from Tom and back with Matt. If I had any chance of getting Matt to not take his frustration out on Nicole, I had to keep him occupied.

“Sarah, I dare you to stop fucking Tom and climb back onto Matt and fuck him instead.”

“Kay,” Sarah groaned and pulled off of Tom.

“Dude, what the fuck is your problem with me?” Tom said, throwing his hands up in the air and turning on me angrily. “You are balls deep in that tight pussy because of me. What the fuck?”

Meanwhile, Sarah had climbed back onto Matt in that cowgirl position, facing him, and she grabbed his face with one hand and kissed him. The other hand reached back behind her, took his large cock, and moved it into the proper position as she sat her ass down on him, taking him most of the way into her asshole.

*That’s definitely not what I meant*, I thought.

“Dude, I- You aren’t wrong,” I said, turning my attention to Tom. “But I did that dare for Matt, not *against* you. I’m sorry.”

Tom sighed, pursing his lips and shaking his head as he looked over at Sarah as she clung to Matt and rode him. “Whatever,” he said.

Meanwhile, I didn’t have a great position to see, but I could tell that Matt was conflicted. He was still frustrated, and angry, but also he had his cock in Sarah’s ass now and was starting to thrust back up into her as she slowly rode him. Hopefully, Sarah could bring him around.

I hadn’t noticed it at first, but I realized that I’d started fucking Nicole faster. The two of us were bouncing harder together, and Nicole’s moaning made me realize I’d released her ass and was now holding her by her thin waist. I leaned forward a little more, changing the angle of my cock as I reached under her and palmed her small tits. This was the first time I’d felt them, and despite their small size, I was immediately fascinated with how I could pinch them and tug on her nipples.

“Fuck, John, fuck!” she moaned. “Yes, fuck me with that fat cock. Fuck my slutty cunt, my sloppy cunt. I’m so fucking wet for you.” She was babbling her filthy rhetoric quietly, I wasn’t even sure if Tom, Matt or Sarah could hear, but Miranda certainly could. As could Tiff.

Miranda left you with a rub of your shoulder, taking the bowl of names over to Sarah, Tiff waved a little and got your attention. Tiff was rubbing her own pussy, Tom’s cum still visible on her thighs, as she leaned back in the chair he’d been sitting in before. With her other hand she motioned, grabbing in front of her, and it took you a few more times of her doing that to realize she was telling me to grab Nicole’s hair.

I shrugged and did, wrapping my fingers in her light, silvery hair and pulling back, forcing her to raise her head from where it had been hanging this whole time.

“Fuck you!” she moaned, and I would have thought she was angry but she started slamming her ass back even harder at me. “Yes, fuck me. Pound me. Yes, John, fuck!”

Then Nicole came, not stopping her motions but tensing, her pussy constricting around me as she moaned, open-mouthed and wordless, like a wanton whore without a care in the world.

“Nicole!” I groaned, suddenly panicking as she pushed back onto me, enveloping my cock in her writhing cunt, at the same time as I felt my balls suddenly boiling and getting ready to blow.

## **Chapter 24**

“Tiff,” Sarah called, holding up the slip of paper with her sister’s name on it. “Go get a facial from John.”

“Alright,” Tiff said, and stopped fingering herself as she stepped over toward Nicole and I, getting down on her knees next to us.

I didn’t want to leave Nicole’s amazingly tight pussy. I wanted to just keep fucking her, to plough her over and over, and then- Damn, I wanted to fucking finish in Nicole. I wanted to come inside her, bareback, and feel myself just empty my load inside of her and mark her as mine.

“Come on, big boy,” Tiff said, rubbing your side. “Come on, right on my face. Right on my fucking face.”

“John,” Nicole gasped, still riding the shocks over her orgasm. “John, not in me-”

That did it, and I managed to pull out of Nicole entirely. Her lips clung to me the entire way, not wanting to lose my cock, and I could see her cunt flexing as her orgasm rolled around inside her as she panted.

“Ungh,” I grunted, immediately starting to come. The first jet rocketed out as I was turning, part of it catching Nicole’s pale ass cheek, but I managed to redirect and released three more blasts across Tiff’s face as she hummed and laughed, her eyes closed.

“Mmm, nice load,” she said once I was done stroking my cock. I’d felt that orgasm from my heels, up through my clenching ass and all the way to my eyeballs, and now Tiff was covered in my come, but I still couldn’t help but look back at Nicole’s pussy as she reached back and slowly rubbed two fingers on her lips as if testing to see if I’d stretched her permanently.

“You know,” Tiff said, “I didn’t join this game to just become the resident cumdump.”

Then she leaned forward and took my dick into her mouth, cleaning it with her tongue, and my knees buckled as she sucked on the sensitive head and pulled a last little bit of cum out of me.

“Ah, nice,” Tiff exhaled, then she spotted the one streak of cum on Nicole’s ass, and she bent and licked it right off of her cheek.

“God damn,” I panted.

“Not God, just me,” Tiff laughed. She stood up and went to wipe her face off.

“Nicole, here,” I said, helping her to her feet.

“John, that was-” She blew out a long breath. “Damn.”

“Yeah,” I nodded, holding her lightly in my arms.

“I think you were right, things are going to change,” Nicole said. “We’re going to spend a lot less time playing video games together.”

“Does that mean you want... more?” I asked.

She snorted and nodded. “Yeah, dummy. Don’t you?”

“Fuck yes,” I said. Then I picked her up, her legs still tangled up in her half-off jeans and thong, and carried her the two steps to her seat. I crashed onto it, holding her in my lap, and she sighed happily as we both recovered from our first fuck as... whatever we’d become.

“Alright, it’s my turn,” Tiff said, coming back from inside the house with a wet paper towel, still dabbing my cum from her forehead. Miranda had sat back down on the swing bench, and Tom had gone back to his chair as Sarah continued to fuck Matt with her ass.

Tiff accepted the bowl from Miranda and rolled her hand inside for a moment before coming out with a slip. “Matt,” she said and looked over at her sister. “That’s him right?”

“Yes,” Miranda nodded.

“Well, we’re at two out of three cocks going off so far, let’s make it three. Matt, I dare you to come in Sarah’s ass.”

Matt groaned, and even though she started grinding harder with her hips, Sarah looked over her shoulder at her sister. “Really?” she asked.

“Yeah, really, Miss ‘Go get a Facial,’” Tiff said. She stepped up to them and reached under Sarah, putting her hand on Matt’s nuts and massaging him. “Come on, Matty. Give Sarah a nice little cream filling.”

“Huuunnguh!” Matt moaned, and I looked away before I got locked into watching him come.

Miranda is where I ended up looking, and I saw she was looking back at me, and I immediately got a weird feeling in my chest. We had been flirting hard through the game, and I’d been crushing on her throughout our friendship. But now she was naked, over there, and I was over here in the chair cuddling with a mostly-naked Nicole.

And yet, Miranda didn’t look mad? She just met my eyes and smiled. Then she surreptitiously raised her phone and took a picture of me holding Nicole, and my phone pinged with a text. She’d sent it to me?

“There it is,” Tiff was crooning to Matt. “Nice job there, buddy. Now, keep the game moving, pick a name.”

It took Tiff a couple of tries, but Matt finally came out of his orgasm stupor and sat up, holding Sarah to him with an arm around her waist, and reached into the bowl.

## **Chapter 25**

Matt didn’t read out the name, but he showed it to Sarah and put it back. Then he leaned forward and whispered to her, and Sarah nodded.

Then he looked over at Nicole and I, and I knew that it was his turn to get some sort of revenge on Nicole.

“Sarah,” he said. “I dare you to go eat out Nicole.”

*Well, that wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be,* I thought. Maybe Matt had decided to take it easy on Nicole since he ended up getting what he wanted - or maybe he was playing a long game. Matt wasn’t as cutthroat as Nicole in competition, but he wasn’t a slouch either.

Nicole stirred in my arms. “Well, I guess this is happening now,” she said. She stood up and motioned for me to move, so I did and she sat back down, stripping off her jeans and thong from her leg. Her pussy was flushed still, and as she spread her legs I got my first good look at it from the front and could see she was still slick.

Sarah, meanwhile, had disengaged from Matt’s softening cock and crawled around the coffee table in the middle of the sitting area, licking her lips as she approached.

I couldn't help myself and I leaned down, surprising Nicole as I tilted her face up by the chin and kissed her. She tensed for a moment, then leaned into it and our tongues slid against each other before I stepped back to make room for Sarah.

The redhead looked drunk, though I had to guess it was more cockdrunk than alcohol, and she said something quietly to Nicole as she moved close to the smaller girl's pussy. Nicole nodded, and Sarah moved in, quickly driving her tongue into Nicole.

"Ffffuck," Nicole moaned softly and closed her eyes.

"John," Miranda said quietly and motioned me over to sit next to her again on the swing bench.

Matt and Tom were both watching Sarah's ass as she set to work on Nicole, and Tiff went back into the house to fetch herself another beer.

"Hey," I said, taking my original seat.

Miranda immediately shifted, raising her feet up and over me so that her legs were tented over mine, cuddling close over my lap without actually sitting on it. She hugged her knees, leaning close, and looked into my eyes. "Hey," she said. "How was it?"

"It was... really good," I said. "And weird, because it's Nicole. But really, really good."

She smiled, playful and shy, and it was the shy part that threw me. Miranda wasn't really a shy girl, not that she was usually in a naked group of sexual escapades either, but so far she hadn't been this way through the game either. "You two look good together," she said. "I thought it was really fucking hot when she was sucking your cock. The facefucking was less sensual, but seeing you take her? That was..." she shivered like she had a chill. "It was just so erotic."

"Miranda, I- Well, I don't know where this is going," I said. "I sort of thought we were circling each other. I was hoping, at least." Now I was the one acting all shy, just like fucking always. "You know what? Fuck it, this night is insane. Miranda, I've been crushing on you since we met, but it either wasn't the right time or I didn't think you would be interested. Did having sex with Nicole ruin that?"

Miranda chewed on her bottom lip for a moment, flushing more than when Sarah had pulled off her pants and started licking her. "John, I've kind of had a crush on you, too. Not like, I was pining after you or anything, but like a low simmer of interest. Up until tonight, I always thought you just weren't interested in me as more than a friend."

"Wait, you thought I friend-zoned *you*?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I don't know. You were always really nice, but never hit on me. Most guys make a pass at me in the first ten minutes if they're interested - you were just my friend."

"I'm an idiot," I shook my head.

"Well, if you are then I am too," Miranda said.

"So what about-?" I glanced over at Nicole.

"Well, that's... John, I'm being serious when I said I thought you fucking Nicole was hot," Miranda said. She took my hand in hers and brought it down between us, curling my fingers to touch her pussy. She was wet - very wet. "I think maybe I'm kind of a voyeur. And watching you fuck Nicole got me really turned on. And I think maybe I'd want to watch you fuck her... more."

"Yeah?" I asked, my heart beating hard in my chest..

She bit her lip again and nodded, her eyes glimmering in the lights as we both silently felt the sexual tension peaking between us.

"Alright, bitches," Tiff declared, coming out of the house, polishing off a bottle of beer with another in her other hand. "Sarah, did you pick yet?"

"Mmm, no," Sarah said, pulling her lips from Nicole. She turned and pulled from the bowl. "Oh, it's you, Sis. Uh - how about you make sure Tom is locked and loaded to go again?"

"Sure," Tiff shrugged.

"Finally," Tom sighed. "Come on over, hot stuff."

Tiff smirked and sauntered to him in his chair. She bent at the waist and brought her lips to his ear, whispering something to him, and almost like magic, his cock started to rise from a half-chub state to full. Tiff then bent lower, her ass pointing back at you, Miranda and Matt, and she took one long suck on Tom's head and then stood back up.

"Challenge accomplished," she snickered.

"What? That's all I get?" Tom asked.

"Oh, hush," Tiff said, leaning over to reach into the bowl. "We'll find something more interesting for that cock of yours than a quick blowie."

## **Chapter 26**

"Johnny boy," Tiff said. "How are you doing over there?"

Miranda shifted, lowering her legs back to sit normally again, revealing that my cock was hard again. "He's more than ready for a good dare," she said.

"Don't encourage her," I said, shaking my head ruefully.

"Well, I assume Tom wouldn't appreciate getting his jollies with John, so I guess I'll point you somewhere else," Tiff said. "Why don't you go relive your last dare, but with some variety? I dare you to go fuck Sarah while she eats out your other little fuck friend."

I glanced at Miranda, and she just nodded a little while smiling. I could see it in her eyes that she wanted to watch that happen badly.

"Alright," I said, standing from the swing bench.

"Hold on," Sarah said. "Let's reorganize. My knees are starting to kill me kneeling on the deck to munch these cunts."

She stood, taking you and Nicole by the hand, and pulled you over onto the grass. Then Sarah laid down on her back, her big tits shifting on her chest, as she spread her legs and held them by the backs of her knees. "Come sit that sweet little pussy on my face, Nicole," she said, licking her lips.

Nicole sort of shook her head like she still couldn't believe this was happening, and stepped over Sarah's head and settled down on her knees, lowering her cunt to Sarah's lips. The redhead immediately started working her tongue, and Nicole moaned and grabbed onto her own tits. Sarah then motioned to me without looking, gesturing to her bare, open pussy.

"Don't worry about prepping her," Tiff said. "Look at that slut, she's wet and hungry for it."

I knelt down between Sarah's spread legs and looked at her pussy. The way she was pulling her knees back left her totally exposed to the point I could even see that her ass hadn't entirely closed back up from getting assfucked by Tom and then Matt. Her pussy was flushed and flowered open and I easily notched the head of my cock in those slick lips. This brought me close to Nicole, just the length of Sara's torso away, and we looked each other in the eye as Nicole ground her pussy down onto Sarah's lips and I slid your cock into her warm pussy.

Sarah wasn't nearly as tight as Nicole - not that it was a hotdog down a hallway situation, but she just wasn't the tight, compact form that Nicole had. I penetrated her easily and deeply, her slick juices making quick work of the friction. She moaned into Nicole's pussy, which in turn made Nicole groan and lean forward, catching herself on my shoulders.

"Fuck, yes," Nicole said and looked up into your eyes again. "She's fucking good at this."



“She’s an all-natural orgasm machine,” I said, quickly starting to thrust into Sarah harder and faster. Soon I was fucking her good, the same pace I’d gotten to with Nicole before I popped, and Nicole was grinding down on Sarah’s face as she grabbed Sarah’s big tits, keeping them from flopping from the fucking by using them like handles.

Nicole and I, tag-teaming Sarah, was fucking hot. I glanced over at Miranda, and she was watching raptly, sitting with her legs up on the bench again and slowly toying a finger along her slit. Looking at Miranda also meant I was looking over at Matt, however, and I realized I hadn’t even hesitated once Miranda gave you the nod.

Fuck.

Matt was hard again, his big cock standing proud from his lap, but I could tell he wasn’t happy. He had that look like he was biting his tongue from saying something as he sat alone across the deck, while I was balls deep in the girl he liked.

“Matt, I-” I started, but Matt just grimaced and waved me off with a quick gesture. I wanted to apologize somehow. But how did I make it even sound like it was real when I couldn’t stop railing Sarah? Her body was like it was made for sex - curvy and muscled and perfectly formed in all the right places to entice and tease.

There was only one way to apologize at this point, or one way that would matter at least, and that was getting him back into the game somehow. I had a flash of memory, of Matt arguing some political point in a university cafeteria when we were both freshmen, and him yelling ‘bread and games!’ over and over.

I needed to distract him.

So I slowed my fucking of Sarah, switching to long, full strokes. “Alright, someone bring me the bowl,” I said.

Miranda immediately stood up and brought it to me, eyes locked on Sarah’s body writhing under Nicole and I, taking in the points where the three of us were connected.

I reached into the bowl and pulled out a slip. “Matt,” I said, surprised at how easily that had worked out. Getting Tom wouldn’t have been helpful, and neither would Miranda - it didn’t matter that I was fucking Sarah, I didn’t want anyone else fucking Miranda. Nicole also wouldn’t have been a useful pick for the same reason.

So really, my options were to send him to Tiff and give him some variety, or I could have him come to replace me. Matt getting to fuck both sisters would definitely be a story, but then again...