

## Chapter Thirty-Two

“So, w-what’s next,” a stammering whisper asked Naomi’s beautiful lips.

“Whatever you want it to be,” I answered back. I could have pushed her to whatever I wanted, of course, but I wanted her to feel comfortable in what might be her first time if she wished, or waiting for the next time.

Admittedly, it wasn’t as big a sacrifice as it sounded when I had another sexy nerd in my bathroom, even hornier, probably more than happy to make me ‘pay’ for the extended delay.

“What if I’m not ready for anything,” she whispered.

“Then we stop,” I said seriously, only to follow with a chuckle as I looked down to my crotch, where her fingers were still wrapped around my girth, pumping up and down. “Though, if I were to guess from where your fingers currently are, you don’t seem particularly enthusiastic about stopping.”

Naomi gasped as she pulled her hand back in surprise, like she just registered where her hand was busy. “It’s an accident,” she gasped, but she continued to sit on my lap, making no attempt to pull away.

“I’m sure it is,” I said, accepting her unconvincing explanation even as I leaned forward once more, this time kissing her neck, making her squirm on my lap again, which didn’t help my erection in any way possible.

Her moans echoed on the walls even as I grabbed her ass once more, this time squeezing and mauling to my heart’s content, enjoying the perfect firmness that could only be attained with endless exercise and very careful dieting. She found herself unable to move when she tried to squirm once more, though, considering she continued to moan, it clearly wasn’t a big problem for her. Her arousal was burning even thicker.

However, when I glanced toward the bathroom, I noticed the mirror was moving even more erratically, making me afraid of an accident. If that mirror slipped off her fingers, it might ruin several very possible fun events. Yet, football taught me that trying to avoid every possible risk only ended in defeat. Only by bravely risking things, we could achieve perfect victory.

And, that fear wasn’t enough for me to stop and ask Naomi to leave, not after I had reached such a naughty point.

I decided to ask a very dangerous question, one that could ruin a lot of stuff, but with an incredible potential upside. Yet, I kept my tone barely above a whisper, preventing Sarah from hearing it. “You know that you’re not the only one in your friend group that’s trying to seduce me, don’t you?” I whispered even as I continued to squeeze her ass.

Her eyes popped beautifully as she tried to pull herself off my lap, but I didn’t allow it. Luckily, instead of anger, I found shock and shame, no doubt thinking of it as an accusation rather than permission.

I decided to let that impression persist.

“I ... do,” she admitted slowly, though she didn’t try to pull herself from my lap, seeing that I had no intention of pushing her away.

“And you have no problems with that, even if things had gone, or might go, further with said friends?” I asked, deliberately avoiding mentioning Carrie’s name.

“N-no,” she said. “Actually, I have—” she tried to add, but before she could finish her sentence, I silenced her with a searing kiss. I had all the ammunition I needed, and I didn’t need her explaining how she asked for Carrie’s permission beforehand.

It wasn’t exactly the nicest thing to do, but considering she had ‘borrowed’ me from Carrie like a toy, it wasn’t exactly something she could be outraged about either.

“That’s enough for me,” I said after pulling back from the kiss, only to realize that during the kiss, her crossed legs had finally unfolded. My fingers slipped down, dancing over her wetness.

The moan of pleasure she let out at the sudden touch after such an extended foreplay session was simply beautiful, her legs widening even further in invitation. Her hands dropped her sides helplessly as she did her best to process the unfamiliar wave of pleasure, my massive erection grinding against the side of her leg not making it any easier for her to gather her wits.

Though, things didn’t exactly change immensely once her hands started working, not when one of them landed on my abs, caressing my muscles while the other landed even lower, grabbing my shaft once more, stroking it lightly.

I would have loved a more aggressive approach, but her moans were sufficiently delicious to compensate for the lackluster hand service.

I kept palming her beautiful ass, the other hand busy with her wet entrance, increasing the

intensity of her moans even further, even mixing in an occasional squeal.

“Maybe we should stop?” she offered, her voice soft, lacking conviction.

“If you wish,” I suggested. “Why don’t you start by pulling her hand away.” She dipped her head down shyly, but her hand stayed in place, giving her a perfect answer. “Excellent,” I whispered as my fingers continued to dance around her knob.

But the real surprise was my other hand. I swung my hand, my palm slamming to her toned ass with a loud clap, though her tight ass not jiggling even for a moment. “Ouch,” she gasped.

“I wanted to do that the moment I had seen your beautiful ass,” I whispered. “After you had worked so hard to perfect it, it needs some worship.”

“Be gentler,” she gasped.

I spanked again, though this time softer, my hand lingering for a long. “How about this?” I asked. “Is this gentle enough?”

“M-maybe,” she whispered, unable to hide her arousal spiking even further, especially after I had rewarded her admission with another spank, making her squeal with pain and pleasure.

“Excellent,” I whispered as I leaned down to capture her lips once more, but this time, it wasn’t a soft, gentle kiss. No, it was a searing one, with all the momentum of a merciless invasion, my tongue dominating her mouth in seconds.

She let out a muffled moan, still helpless against my hands slapping her tight ass, again and again, suggesting that Carrie and Sarah weren’t the only ones with a submissive streak in their little — yet surprisingly sexy — nerd group.

Under assault from three different directions, she didn’t prevent me from changing our position — if she noticed our movement in the first place. Since she was under the assault of a wave of pleasure she had never felt before, it was not an unlikely outcome.

Between spanks, I grabbed her waist and raised her, making her move her legs, so that she was facing me properly, her legs at either side. It allowed me to kiss her even more aggressively, but it was only a fringe benefit.

The real benefit was the positioning of the treasure between her legs, rubbing against the side of my shaft, leaving her wet mark in arousal. “Damn, girl,” I whispered even as I spanked her

beautiful ass once more. "You're so sexy. Your endless hours of exercising certainly didn't go to waste."

"T-thanks," she managed to murmur, not knowing how to handle such a compliment under the circumstances, but that didn't prevent the relentless rocking of her hips, trying to push her into arousal.

She was reacting to pleasure even better than I hoped, and that was with the delicious benchmarks provided by Carrie and Sarah, though maybe it was the safety of my house that was giving her courage, compared to my first time with Carrie, in her car pulled to the side, risking a voyeur.

Of course, unlike then, we actually had a voyeur, but Naomi was unaware of that particular fact. But maybe I should tell her that, to prevent a future crisis...

And more importantly, push the situation to an even sexier end.

"So," I whispered into her ear even as I slapped her ass once more. "You remember I mentioned your friends choosing a similar path, and might or might not be as enthusiastic as you..." I started, letting it linger deliberately.

"Yeah," she said, but this time, her tone measured, unable to prevent jealousy from creeping in. Very understandable, considering our position. Though, her hips, quickening even further, implied that she was more than willing to handle that jealousy very directly.

"Well," I whispered before leaning forward and giving her a short yet explosive kiss, leaving her breathless. "But what if the said girl was already here, maybe even watching us?"

"Oh, really?" she said, a hot emotion I was not able to identify infecting her voice. It might be anger, it might be jealousy...

Or it might be something even more interesting.

"Glance toward the bathroom door, but only for a second," I suggested, and she followed my instructions, only for her eyes to widen as she finally noticed the mirror that was being used to get a prime view of our sexy show.

Her eyes stayed stuck, so I leaned forward once again, distracting her with another searing kiss, one that lasted for more than a minute to make sure she was appropriately distracted. Since our lips were busy, I couldn't ask her whether it worked, but luckily, her hips were kind enough

to provide the answer I was seeking...

By rubbing against me even more recklessly.

I finally pulled back from the kiss, leaving her panting desperately, on the edge of a climax. The perfect time to suggest a naughty prank. "Do you want to mess with your cheeky friend?" I asked.

Her naughty smile was the perfect answer.

## Chapter Thirty-Three

“So, what’s the plan?” she whispered, her hips dancing even wilder.

“Simple,” I answered even as I finally loosened my hold on her hips, allowing her to stand up, though she maintained her position for the moment, desperately rocking to attain her climax. “You’re going to mention you’re going to the kitchen, and halfway in, you’re going to mention that you’re going to take a bathroom break..”

“And I’ll catch her inside,” Naomi answered enthusiastically, wanting to ambush Carrie back after her daring actions on the shopping trip, unaware that another friend of hers was waiting for us inside.

“Well, we can, but I had a more interesting thing in mind,” I said. “How about I push you against the door in an effort to ‘protect’ her, and we use that opportunity to give her an even closer show. Imagine just how she would feel under your beautiful moans, knowing what she’s missing.”

Naomi said nothing, nor did she need to with her smile turning predatory, her hips quickening even further.

Naughty.

“Let’s start,” I whispered even as I pushed her back, not wanting her to climax before we started the next stage. Things would be much more fun with her on the edge.

“How about a little break, I’m feeling rather thirsty,” Naomi asked as she stood up in a torturous slowness, giving me an amazing view of her naked body, her skin glistening with a light sheen of sweat, making her even more beautiful.

Her milky chocolate skin was tempting enough that I regretted stopping, but it was an inevitable move for future fun.

Instead, I turned to watch her, amused to note the sudden disappearance of the mirror, the bathroom door closed once more. Naomi walked, but she was slow, deliberate, each step making her beautiful ass, bruised by my earlier spanking, sway hypnotically, making my temptation even stronger.

Especially when she stopped, her eyes meeting with mine, her lips curled mischievously. “On second thought, maybe I should refresh my makeup first,” she said, her voice unnecessarily

loud. A beautiful contrast to the soft gasp that escaped from the bathroom, barely audible, yet even more entertaining.

“Maybe we should make sure you’re properly exhausted before you need to refresh,” I said, doing my best to sound panicked, though failing to hide my amusement. Hopefully, Sarah was too busy with her own growing panic to notice that detail.

Naomi giggled, but continued to walk toward the bathroom quickly even as I dashed toward her, catching up with her just as she was putting her hand on the doorknob. I pushed her against the door even as I spanked her beautiful ass once more, her moans exploding beautifully.

She murmured in anticipation as I caressed her wet entrance for a moment before slapping her ass again. “What are you going to do to me?” she gasped.

“Your mouth needs a punishment,” I said even as I grabbed her shoulder, pushing her down. “Kneel in front of me.”

She looked shocked at the sudden sharp order, but her shock didn’t contain a hint of dissatisfaction, not when she followed my orders immediately as she turned toward me and fell on her knees, her back pressing against the door.

The same door that separated us from poor Sarah, who was deprived of the show she was watching, limited to audio.

Naomi looked at me, her alluring eyes wide with anticipation. “Open your pretty mouth,” I ordered, and she followed it immediately, her lips wide before I could even push my hips forward.

When I did so, her mouth fell agape. “So big,” she murmured even as her hand wrapped around the base and started pumping before her lips touched. Though, she didn’t lose much time before fixing that particular oversight, her lips landing over its surface.

“Okay, start working to make it properly ... explosive,” I suggested. I received no answer, but considering her lips were busily enveloping the head of my shaft, it wasn’t exactly a disrespect, I thought, unable to prevent a smirk from blooming.

A smirk that only got stronger as Naomi pushed forward with a surprising aggressiveness. She wasn’t able to take all of it at once, not even close, but I was happy with the effort she was putting into it.

Especially when she looked up, making the view even more beautiful.

She maintained eye contact as her lips went back and forth, trying to increase the land she managed to annex even as her hands continued to pull and tug at the base, enhancing the sensation much more.

The trembling sensation from her loud moans made it even more beautiful, especially when it was interrupted by her delicious gags. She was relentless, her earlier shyness forgotten. A part of it was, without a doubt, her own arousal, creating a reinforcing cycle.

However, the impact of her attempts to get one over her friend was impossible to discount. It wasn't even an assumption, not when just the night before, I had seen just how far things could escalate during Carrie's and Sarah's twisted competition.

Not that I was complaining in any way, not with the benefits I was enjoying limitlessly.

And Naomi worked too hard to pull my attention back to the present, plunging her mouth down on my shaft, her toned breasts rubbing against my thighs as she did her best to increase the amount she was able to swallow, occasionally looking up to enjoy my towering height.

My shaft soon wrapped in the extreme tightness of her throat, enough to press her nose against my skin, a deepthroating performance I had not expected from an inexperienced virgin. Yet, despite all her clumsiness, she pushed through her limits relentlessly, swallowing the full length of my cock.

That achievement didn't come without a cost, of course. It was earned with gags, coughs, and even the occasional tear as she pushed through the discomfort. Yet, when her nose finally touched my skin, she looked up, her brown eyes colored with satisfaction and victory.

"A good start," I said. "Now, the important question. Can you handle the real thing?"

Despite the sudden flare of panic making her eyes widen, she managed to nod, showing her willingness to push for more, helped by the fact that she was dancing on the edge of orgasm for several minutes.

"Excellent," I said as I grabbed her head, shifting my fingers so that her head wouldn't hurt against the door. "Tap my leg three times if you want to stop," I said, earning another nod. "Now, relax," I ordered before I pushed my hips forward, impaling her throat, much faster than her earlier attempts.



Her lips stretched to the limit as she tried to accommodate my girth, her throat's tightness a barrier I vanquish relentlessly. Her gags got louder, enough to echo against the walls. Her fingers sank into my thighs, enough to leave a mark, but since there was no tap, I continued enjoying her throat relentlessly.

She gagged and sputtered as my hips rocked back and forth, giving her no respite. As my own climax came closer, I doubted that I was capable of doing so in the first place, at least in terms of giving her a permanent one. I still pulled back once, giving her a chance to catch her breath as I slapped my shaft, glistening with her spit, to her cheek, only for her to moan in anticipation.

"Harder," she moaned loudly after she caught her breath. "Fuck my throat harder!" Though, as she said so, her neck turned slightly, suggesting that her moans were more for the sake of our naughty audience than me.

Not that I had a problem with that detail, imagining the state of Sarah, her deficient black panties drenched with her juices as she diddled herself, fear of getting caught increasing her pleasure even further.

Naomi opened her mouth, and my shaft slid inside her warm mouth once more, impaling even more aggressively, but it only made her moan more. She choked and gagged, but I pushed, this time, allowing her no respite. Not when I was on the edge of exploding in the first place, each pump giving me a fresh wave of pleasure.

I only pulled back when I felt the explosion was inevitable, aiming at her beautiful face and firm tits, covering them with my cum, the white contrasting beautifully with her skin. She might have commented on it, but before she could do so, I knelt as well, putting my fingers at her wetness and teasing her knob.

Already on the edge of a climax, it took only a few seconds for her to tremble helplessly, hit by arousal. "So, what do you think about surprising your friend right now?" I whispered.

"P-perfect," Naomi managed to answer between her coughs and trembles, trying to stay conscious with the flood of pleasure that invaded her whole being. Yet, she still managed to wear a playful smirk.

I smirked as I grabbed her waist, to prevent her from hitting on the floor once the door opened, only to come face to face with Sarah, sitting on the floor, busy fingering herself recklessly, her sexy panties already around her ankle.

Yet, her shock was nothing compared to Naomi's gaze as she turned, expecting to catch a

buxom blonde, only to find a jet-black-haired naked embodiment of sexiness. "Sarah," she gasped, no need to hide her shock.

"Oops," I said, not even bothering to fake concern as their gazes met, emotions rolling. I had no idea how the encounter would end, but there was one thing I was sure of.

It was going to be entertaining.

## Chapter Thirty-Four

The bathroom was silent.

I had no doubt that the silence was rather uncomfortable for the two beautiful girls in the room, their gazes locked on each other, trying to process their shock. Naomi was frozen because it was not the friend she had been expecting to find in the bathroom, while Sarah was stiff because she didn't expect to be ambushed like that, her panties around her ankles to reveal her glistening core.

Though, I had to admit, being thoroughly ignored like that despite being naked hurt my pride a bit. Luckily, not enough to sap the fun from them looking at each other with shifting expressions, each trying to decide whether to be ashamed or angry.

Of course, the simplest, and the most rational thing would have been getting angry at me, shouting and crying, maybe even landing a couple of slaps before abandoning me. But their gazes locked as they explored each other's reactions.

It took a moment for me to realize they were waiting for the other to display the anger I had been expecting and leave, leaving themselves alone with me. Yet, as they realized the other had no intention of doing so, their gazes started to get livelier. Soon, they gained a beautiful sharp quality as they understood each other's aim.

The silence that descended to the bathroom was beautiful. It was like a western movie, and they were two gunslingers, tense as they waited for the other to act.

Ultimately, Naomi was the first to break the silence, which surprised me. "What a nice surprise, Sarah," she whispered, a whisper that somehow managed to carry the same tenseness despite the absurdity of her situation.

Admirably, her voice trembled only once despite her nudity. And even more, interestingly, she let her arms fall to the side as she spoke, treating Sarah to the sight of her beautiful nudity.

Sarah didn't cover herself even from the start, but I was familiar with her expression to know that she wanted to conceal her body. She just didn't want to lose a challenge from her friend, even a wordless one— competitiveness that had worked wonders the last night, when she visited with Carrie.

"Likewise," Sarah said as she put her hand on her hips, taking a pose that would have been

provocative even if she had been fully dressed.

With her panties as the only piece of clothing on her — which hardly counted as a proper item of clothing in the first place, let alone pooled around her ankle — it was marvelous.

I looked at Naomi, curious how she would react. I expected her to react more passively, considering her actions everywhere except exercising, and she didn't surprise me much. Her arms crossed under her chest, which turned her pose erotic and defensive at the same time. "Well, since Carrie struck out, I decided to throw my hat on the ring."

Sarah's eyes widened slightly as she realized Naomi's misconception about Carrie's current progress, but she wasn't exactly in a position to use that fact as a defense. "I see, and where's that hat?" she asked, deciding that attack was the best form of defense.

"It must have been mixed with your clothes," Naomi countered reflexively, though she took half a step back still, showing that her nerves were fraying. It was enough to make me revisit my decision to keep myself out of their fight. I put my hand on the small of her back, encouraging her to stand her ground.

Her gaze met mine, and I gave her an encouraging smile, though I couldn't help but feel like I was really pushing my luck.

Luckily, Sarah once again proved herself an expert on angering others, the dismissive smirk she wore when she realized Naomi needed help working better than my touch. "Maybe we should go dress and have a talk," Sarah said, her tone dismissive.

"Why?" Naomi whispered. "Can't you handle it?"

"O-of course I can," Sarah was quick to correct, the same habits that forced her to stay next to us while I was exploring Carrie's beautiful body during our game exerting themselves once more, putting her in a situation she would have preferred to escape otherwise. "I was just trying to help you," she added, louder, as she started walking, her hips shaking beautifully.

Naomi turned toward me, her beautiful eyes trembling in fear. "Maybe we should—" she started, only for me to lean down and steal a quick kiss.

"Why?" I asked, acting unaware of the fact that she expected to see Carrie. "You knew you would find her inside once we opened the door, right? Why the sudden change?"

"I..." she whispered her voice fading as she realized she couldn't exactly reveal that she

expected to find Carrie without making the situation even more absurd. “I didn’t expect Sarah to be that forward,” she murmured, using it as an opportunity to surrender.

“She definitely is, but I’m sure you can handle her. I trust you,” I said even as I wrapped my arm around her waist. “Of course, if you think you are too weak to handle her...” I added, letting it drag.

“Maybe...” she whispered, her confidence weakening even with my playful challenge, but when I dragged her out and she saw Sarah leaning against the sofa in a pose that was beautiful, yet too unnatural to be anything but completely intentional. “I can handle her,” she whispered, her competitiveness fueled by Sarah’s gaze.

“Excellent,” I said as I took a step back, watching as Naomi walked forward, her beautiful ass swaying erotically.

Sarah’s expression flickered as she realized her bluff had failed, but since I was behind Naomi, nothing prevented me from smirking at her dismissively, which was more than enough to inflame her competitive spirit.

The silence was deafening as Naomi walked past Sarah and sat on the sofa slowly, her body stretching beautifully in the process. Sarah growled softly as she followed her and sat next to her. They looked at each other, saying nothing.

I gave them a minute for the weird tension to build up even further, aware that the tenser they got, the more competitive they would act. And I needed their competitiveness as close to the peak as possible to convince them. Keeping my chuckle in as I walked toward them had been a great challenge, but I managed to — mostly — succeed in my self-assigned task as I sat between them.

“So, girls, anything you want to do in particular,” I asked even as I gazed at Naomi, who was busy seething in shock as she slowly got used to shock, while her competitiveness continued to build up.

Sarah was quicker to react. “Well, since Naomi arrived at the latest, we should ask her. That’s the fair thing to do since she’s the guest. A surprise one.”

Naomi was clever enough to read the subtext of Sarah’s words, not that it was particularly difficult, especially with her last words. Yet, rather than reacting immediately, she reacted in a slower manner, but it hardly made it less impactful. “You’re right,” she murmured as she stood up, only to grab my hand and pulled me up. “I don’t plan to spend a lot of time here. I just come

here to ask Chad's help to make me stretch.”

Before I could say anything, Naomi raised her leg high, putting it on my shoulder while I grabbed her leg, repeating the exact same pose we had shared earlier today during the shopping trip.

Of course, without any clothes to create a barrier, it was much more intense. And soon, Naomi's hips started to move, which added quite a bit of extra fun to our little exercise.

“I see,” Sarah murmured, her expression tight as she watched, not bothering to hide her jealousy. “It looks rather difficult, are you sure you can handle it without ripping a ... muscle.”

“It's just exercise, nothing I can't handle,” Naomi answered, her voice much more confident. Interesting that even under this absurd situation, she managed to get courage from exercising. “You don't mind waiting a bit, do you?” she whispered as she added.

“I see, and how long this ... exercise session would take?” Sarah said.

“I don't know, maybe half an hour?” Naomi answered, her smirk getting wider. “You know that I have good endurance.”

“Oh, I do,” Sarah countered, though I didn't miss the teasing way Naomi had delivered that sentence, nor the way Sarah tensed when she heard it.

There must be an interesting story behind that if that was enough to Sarah react to it like that when Naomi was currently rubbing against my body in a way that would have forced a movie to take a late-night slot.

Sarah stood still for a moment, making me wonder whether the issue Naomi had poked was too significant, enough to ruin her mood. However, a smile soon grew on her face, one that reminded me of her attitude when we were in the pool with Carrie, and she had decided to challenge her.

Excellent, I thought. A competitive Sarah was nothing less than a treat.

“You're right, you have a better endurance than me,” Sarah said with a wide smirk. “Maybe I should join you guys to exercise,” Sarah commented, her tone tight.

“If you think you can keep up with us,” Naomi said as she pulled her leg away from my shoulder and stepped on the floor once more, a sharp expression on her face, picking up Sarah's

challenge and answering it excellently.

Though, I doubted she was aware of the exact lengths Sarah was willing to go for that challenge.

Interestingly, that was a mystery even for me, I thought even as I felt Sarah's fingers around my wrist, pulling me toward the couch.

I couldn't wait to see her surprise.

## Chapter Thirty-Five

“I remember your teachings,” Sarah started even as she pushed me on the couch. I followed her direction obediently, curious about her reaction — not to mention, leaving the driver’s seat to them was a unique experience, one that I was enjoying immensely.

“We should start by stretching properly, right?” Sarah said.

“Not exactly—“ Naomi started, only to freeze immediately because she had noticed Sarah had already started to lower herself in front of me, on her knees, her lips parting open. “You can’t be—“ she tried to amend her words, only for them to fade as Sarah’s lips wrapped around my girth.

She started pushing down with a speed that honestly surprised me, though, after a few bobbing, she pulled back. “Not a bad start, is it?” Sarah said mockingly.

Naomi’s gaze bounced between my glistening shaft and Sarah’s smug smirk, confusion clear in her eyes. For a moment, I was convinced that Sarah’s opening salvo was too deadly for Naomi to handle despite her earlier performance against the door, making Sarah the victor.

To her credit, she managed to give an answer. A stammering, confused answer, but an answer nonetheless. “J-just that,” she said dismissively.

“It’s just a start,” Sarah answered, her smirk widening. “As you always say, stretching is an important part of the exercise, so I’m starting slow. But feel free to show me if you can do better.”

Challenged that radically, I expected Naomi to pull back even further, staying passively to watch at best, and leaving the house if the words managed to trigger her too much. Yet, Naomi was more than ready to prove that Sarah wasn’t the only one with a fun bag of surprises.

“Of course, I can handle it!” Naomi growled, her anger propping her tone, though my gaze was sharp enough to catch her trembling legs.

The sudden decision was definitely overwhelming.

Sarah’s surprised expression was not unfamiliar to me. I had seen that exact level of shock the last night, while we were playing the game under the blanket, and she pulled it only to reveal Carrie was going much further under the covers.



It was the expression of a gambler who realized who had overplayed her hand.

Shocked, she didn't say anything as Naomi knelt on my right, just scuttling to the left to give her some space, avoiding a confrontation. I bit my lips as Naomi wrapped her fingers around my girth, yet rather than looking at me, she stared at her friend, checking her reaction before she started lowering her head.

Under different circumstances, being dismissed like that might have bruised my ego, but considering I was biting my lips to hide my amusement, I appreciated that their attention focused on each other, allowing me to enjoy the moment without stress.

Naomi was much slower than Sarah as she lowered her beautiful head down, her fingers moving up and down, hesitant enough to reveal that, in terms of accumulated experience, she was no more developed than Carrie or Sarah had been before our little games had started.

Yet, even as her eyes widened due to the close view, she didn't stop lowering her head down, showing that, once properly teased, exercising wasn't the only way to trigger the more competitive part of her personality. She looked mesmerized as her beautiful pouty lips parted open, until they were connected around the crown.

It was not the first time her lips were around my shaft, of course, but under Sarah's gaze, the atmosphere was completely different.

I couldn't help but look at Sarah, who was watching her friend's sudden courage in shock, her mouth agape, mesmerized by the results of her own words. Though, as Naomi started moving up and down, I watched her expression flicker and dance as she tried to adapt herself to the new situation.

Something that was much easier for her to handle after the short yet intense training she had gone through.

"She's certainly amazing for a beginner, isn't she?" I asked Sarah while Naomi continued to bob her beautiful head.

"Yeah, for a beginner," Sarah growled, her competitiveness immediately back at my words as she grabbed Naomi's hair and pulled her back, surprising me with her aggression. Naomi cried in pain. "Let me show you how it's properly done," she said as her lips landed on the same area Naomi's lips were occupying for a moment, before she pushed down much more, touching the areas that were still dry even as the crown pushed against her throat.

Maybe it was the shock she felt against Sarah's sudden aggressiveness, or maybe it was the confidence she had gained from her earlier performance Sarah managed to raise her gaze, giving me a glimpse of her beautiful eyes, trembling with a shy confusion and arousal.

"She's definitely enthusiastic to give an example, isn't she?" I said even as I put my hand on her head, deciding to help Naomi to balance their game a little by forcing Sarah into a delicious show. "And since she's showing such great enthusiasm, she wouldn't mind giving a better tutorial. Right, Sarah?"

Her answer was just a moan considering her occupied mouth, but there was no doubt about the positive nature of it. And since she left no doubt, I tightened my grip around her hair even as Naomi's beautiful eyes widened, reflecting her utter and dreadful confusion. Yet, there were benefits to the way she dressed — or more accurately, absolutely lacking a stitch of clothing. With her moist core and her rock-hard nipples, there was no hiding just how much she was turned on.

And those signs didn't suffer from any reduction as I tightened my grip around one of her best friend's hair, forcing her down my shaft aggressively enough to trigger a loud gag. Good, I thought as I decided to increase my aggression, especially since I knew Sarah's limits from direct experience.

I pushed her down even harder, manhandling her beautiful throat aggressively as the gags filled the room, turning it into a true spectacle. "She's a true champion, isn't she?" I said to Naomi even as I grabbed her wrist, leading her to sit next to me.

"She certainly —" she started, but her words died rather quickly when my idle hands found her wetness and started circling around her knob, replaced by a moan. She had accepted such an aggressive touch rather easily, which, under different circumstances might have been unexpected, but one had to adjust standards thanks to the presence of Sarah, her obedient deepthroat working wonders to normalize the situation.

"Sorry, you were saying?" I said, greatly enjoying their moans, one muffled, one free. Naomi managed to throw a glare that might have been assumed angry, but that didn't last long under the skilled treatment of my fingers, helped greatly by the highly erotic situation.

"Jerk," she managed to murmur while Sarah limited herself to gags and moans.

"Do you want to give it a try?" I countered even as I nodded down, where Sarah was showing an amazing resilience trying to swallow my full length, though she was yet to succeed. "Do you

think you can handle as much as Sarah?”

That earned a snort from Naomi, which surprised me. “I can do anything physical Sarah can do better,” she declared confidently.

“Oh, really?” I said as I pulled my hand away from Sarah’s head, allowing her to rise.

“Really?” Sarah copied my question once she pulled back, though only after she had coughed and wheezed for a moment, catching her breath back. “You really think you can be better than me in this?”

“Of course, I can,” Naomi answered even as she shuffled a bit and leaned forward until her tits pressed against my thigh, her lips positioned around my crown. “Let me show you why you need to work hard to get a perfect physique,” she declared.

“Oh, let’s see how that perfect physique works,” Sarah said as she grabbed Naomi’s head with both hands and pushed down before I could stop her.

Luckily, despite the sudden undertone of the competition they managed to light, they were still good friends, so she pushed her down more gently than I had pushed her moments earlier.

Naomi still gasped in shock as I felt her throat slowly closing around my shaft, showing that competing with Sarah might not be as easy as she might have first assumed. To her credit, she managed to stay down.

Since they were lost in their warped competition, I managed to reach to my phone, just enough to capture a fleeting moment of the dance they were sharing. ‘Your two BFFs are having a scuffle,’ I wrote, sending that with a photo as well. Normally, it was not something I would have done, but considering Sarah’s actions last night, and Naomi’s willingness to ambush Carrie in the bathroom after I implied she was there, I decided it wasn’t the worst transgression imaginable.

‘They are always a handful to control once they start,’ Carrie wrote, before a second message hit soon after. ‘There’s a reward for you if you exhaust them enough to keep them from fighting tomorrow,’ it said, this time accompanied by a picture.

A picture of Carrie wearing nothing but a sexy nightie that hugged her curves excellently, yet too transparent to hide anything. And, the recently-cut price tag on the bed suggested the lingerie was a recent purchase — probably acquired during the same mall trip I had helped Naomi pick up some interesting exercise clothing.

And, while messaging with Carrie was fun — especially when she was in the mood of attaching some more photos — it wasn't as fun as my current circumstances. It wasn't a slight to her, I thought even as I lowered my gaze.

There were scarcely few things in life that could match the beauty of two naked ladies, especially when one was pushing the other down to swallow more of my shaft...

# Chapter Thirty-Six

I expected Naomi to surrender quickly.

Deepthroating was not a simple activity, especially for someone with almost no experience — her only experience was during the short stint when I pushed her against the bathroom door, just before the encounter with Sarah started.

And, Sarah's merciless push was much harder than my measured push, her vindictive nature, combined with her relative inexperience, making her push her friend quite a bit more than it was reasonable against a newcomer.

So, I was surprised and impressed when Naomi managed to stay down without a complaint even as her beautiful gasps and gags filled the room.

And I wasn't the only one.

I glanced at Sarah as she pushed down her friend's head, only to see shock dominating her gaze, erasing the amused satisfaction was carrying just moments ago. Yet, failing to get what she had been working for, she pushed even more, showing she could be really merciless when feeling competitive.

Especially since she had been on the exact same trick the last night — with an encore in the kitchen in the morning — and knew just how challenging it was to be on the receiving side.

Yet, despite her intimate knowledge, she reacted to Naomi's success more aggressively than she had been subject to. "I guess it's not too bad for warm-up," she said, though, despite her light tone, her expression was tense. "You can still surrender before the main event comes. Just tap his leg, and I'll let you retreat."

Naomi growled, somehow managing to reflect some anger despite the impediment lodged deep into her beautiful throat. I was impressed by her performance. More importantly, her hands stayed on the side, deliberate in their avoidance of my legs, doing her best not to give Sarah any excuse.

I had really underestimated her competitiveness, though I started to wonder whether she was pushing herself too much and sound would react negatively, or her dedication was actually solid.

Luckily, I wasn't the one that was responsible for testing her convictions. That responsibility was

gleefully assumed by one of her best friends, who was more qualified to catch the signs of discomfort and understand whether she was pushing too hard.

Though, checking her serious expression, I wasn't feeling entirely confident about her decision.

"If that's what you wish," Sarah growled even as she pulled back for a moment, then put both hands on Naomi's head. A growl escaped her mouth as she pushed down, showing her determination as if she was the one that was about to stretch her throat for the work. "I'll teach you how to give a proper ... kiss."

I barely held back a laugh as she corrected her words to avoid vulgarity at the last moment, creating a beautiful contrast with her position.

Even when forcing a friend to deepthroat me, she was unable to swear. How cute.

Naomi didn't react to her words, too busy plunging down my shaft, her tits squashing against my thighs. Though, her success was not easily attained, spit dribbling down her lips as Sarah pushed, making my shaft nice and shiny.

Not that my shaft was visible most of the time, with Sarah pushing Naomi down aggressively without giving her a break. Naomi's hands clamped on my thighs hard enough to leave a mark, showing that her success didn't come freely. Yet, as Sarah pushed down my cock further into her throat, she managed to keep her teeth away from my skin as she continued slobbering.

It was a wonderful performance.

She gagged, she gasped, she cried, all muffled with my shaft, but she kept her eyes shut obediently as Sarah pushed her down more and more, with a performance that surprised Sarah as her lips stretched to the limit.

"How was your first proper attempt?" Sarah said as she finally let Naomi come off, though despite trying to sound confident, I was able to catch the tone of discomfort in her tone, realizing that she had pushed her friend in the heat of the moment.

And that was certainly not undeserved, I thought even as I watched Naomi rise, coughing and wheezing like she had just run a hundred-meter sprint while holding her breath.

Sarah reacted quickly, holding her shoulder as she rubbed her back, doing her best to assist her breathing, guilt apparent on her face. Guilt melted like snow under the summer sun the moment Naomi spoke.

“And you told me it was hard to handle,” Naomi said, smugness radiating off her despite the repeated coughs. “You’re clearly not as good as you think you are if that gave you any trouble.”

Sarah just glared at her in frustration, no doubt regretting the mercy she displayed. “It’s because I helped you. Let me show you how it’s done without cheating.”

With that, she leaned forward, her beautiful lips already wide as her mouth slid down my shaft, taking the slippery path created by her friend. After a few repeats, she started pushing her head down further and further, while her hands clamped on my legs hard to generate leverage.

I couldn’t help but look at the developments with a fascinated gaze, their ridiculous competition pushing them to things I could have struggled for weeks to even make them give a try.

Naomi’s beautiful brown eyes grew with a speed that reflected her alarmed state as she watched Sarah’s amazing show — a show that was even more impressive than the one Sarah had displayed in the morning, where she had been watched by a hidden sexy blonde.

“What can I say,” I said to Naomi even as I smirked. “She’s really decisive.” My words worked to create a miracle, making Sarah pick even more speed, while Naomi looked at me, unable to hide her annoyance. “I can’t lie, she’s really putting the work,” I continued, which hardly helped Naomi’s jealousy, but saying anything else would have doused the fire burning in Sarah.

Which would have been a real tragedy after all the work she put in.

Luckily, words weren’t the only weapon in my arsenal to help her with that spark of jealousy. Before she could move away, my hand snapped to her shoulder, pulling her close. A convenient lean later, my lips were around her nipple, my tongue already out.

“W-wait—“ she gasped, surprised, though considering what she had been doing earlier, it was clearly about the suddenness of the move rather than it touching a limit. The way her back arched, and the moan interrupting her words were more than enough to show just how much she enjoyed my little surprise.

Even as Sarah’s beautiful lips continued to bob around my girth, I turned my attention to Naomi’s tight body. While my lips were occupied with her breasts, my hands were still free. One of them stayed on her breasts, helping my dedicated assault on her soft globes...

... the other dipped down until my fingers found her wetness, dancing at the entrance to give her moans a new layer of passion, her cries mixing with Sarah’s gags and grunts.

I was afraid that Sarah would pull back to comment on my distraction, but, luckily, she stayed in place, determined to show off her superiority in her selected task.

It was a prudent decision, because, considering Naomi's performance her first time, she was clearly going to be an impressive competitor for her going forward. Combined, the show they put on was enough to leave Carrie behind — which would have been sad if my blonde goddess didn't have her own areas of excellence to distinguish herself from the rest of her friends.

I focused on the present, enjoying the feeling of Naomi's silky skin over my lips while Sarah continued her job. Even when she pulled back for a breather, she didn't say anything, reacting only with a gasp before going down again, her lips tight around my girth.

That certainly earned a reward, I decided even as I pulled my hand away from Naomi's tits, and gathered Sarah's hair, tight enough to earn a beautiful squeal. Her lips widened as I assisted her to go down even more, until her nose pressed against my skin.

It was enough to clog her breathing completely, yet Sarah worked wonders, obediently swallowing my shaft as her tightness taught me a new meaning of bliss.

Meanwhile, my fingers were teaching Naomi the same question. Each passing second pushed her closer to a climax as her inexperienced senses learned a new meaning of pleasure under the combined assault of my fingers and my lips.

"Delicious," I murmured as I pulled back to breathe, only for Naomi to tremble with the sign of an upcoming explosion. "So, princess, tell me. Are you ready for it?"

"Yes!" Naomi gasped even as she grabbed my hand, her soft fingers pulling my hair even harder than I was pulling Sarah's, forcing my lips back to her chest.

Who was I to disappoint such a beautiful goddess, I decided even as I leaned down, capturing her nipples once more while my fingers continued dancing at her entrance, caressing her knob and spreading her wetness.

Sarah continued to choke herself on my shaft steadily, my crown imprisoned in the depths of her throat. The deep-throating continued, pushing my endurance to the limit, making it a race between me and Naomi about who would lose first.

Unsurprisingly, Naomi lost first. The climax hit her hard, awakening a range of melodic cries as she collapsed against the couch, trembling next to us, her legs parted beautifully to give her gushing core, her chocolate skin shining with an excellent sheen.



It was a wondrous sight, though I didn't have the luxury of enjoying it for long.

Not with Sarah trying to monopolize my attention.

Naomi's delicious moans gave Sarah a renewed sense of passion as she pushed herself down, even more, her throat tight around my girth. And, when she showed one last burst of explosive effort, managing to sink even deeper for a time. My shaft started to twitch before exploding, filling her beautiful mouth to the brim.

"That's how it's done," Sarah murmured in satisfaction, even as her lips were stained with my seed, marking her failure to take all of it. "Do you think you can handle it without assistance?"

"O-of course I can handle it," Naomi answered, her blush beautiful.

"Really, do you even know how it tastes," Sarah grinned, amused by Naomi's sudden freezing.

I intervened before Naomi could reply. "Don't be rude," I said to Sarah even as I slapped her ass softly. "Your friend might not have the opportunity, but it's your friend, and I'm sure she's curious. Why don't you give her a kiss to share the taste." I paused for a moment, letting Sarah process the suggestion. "Unless you can't handle it, of course."

"O-of course I can handle it," she managed to answer without stammering as she looked at Naomi. "But I'm not sure if she can handle it," she answered.

"I ... I can handle anything you can handle," Naomi answered.

"Oh, really?" Sarah answered even as she put her hands on my thigh for support before pulling herself up my lap, clearly determined to test Naomi's works.

## Chapter Thirty-Seven

“So, you think you can handle anything I can handle,” Sarah said smugly even as she settled on my lap, her back pressing against my chest as she pulled herself close, my shaft trapped between her cheeks.

And, captured in a beautiful prison, it was growing back rapidly after its latest exertion.

Naomi just looked at her in shock, still panting after her spectacular climax. Then, her gaze dipped down, to the area our bodies were dangerously close, a hesitant expression on her face. Her determination flickered, only to renew when she noticed Sarah’s smug gaze.

“I can handle it,” she delivered confidently. Too confidently, I realized. It wasn’t hard to guess what was going on in Naomi’s mind. She was clearly thinking Sarah was bluffing. Though whether she doubted Sarah taking that final step, or having the courage to repeat it in front of her, it was a different question.

Either way, she overplayed her hand. Before Carrie’s exaggerated show the night before, I doubted Sarah would have dared to do so, but like before, it was the benefit of dealing with my beautiful nerds. They have no preconceived notions about sex, and since Sarah had suffered under Carrie’s courage the night before, she would have no problems with it.

“Oh, really,” Sarah said, suddenly sounding hesitant. “So, you’re saying that you’re willing to repeat everything I do. Promise?” It was an artificial expression, and not a particularly convincing one either, but for Naomi, already half-convinced with her assumption, it was all she needed to double down.

“Promise,” Naomi delivered confidently, her expression smug.

That smug expression flickered a bit when Sarah rose up enough to free my shaft from its prison, once again completely erect. Naomi’s expression recovered as she turned to Sarah, no doubt to tell her not to bother bluffing, when she noticed Sarah had already grabbed my shaft, aligning it with her entrance.

Naomi looked panicked for a moment, her mouth open to deliver a surrender, when Sarah changed the position, and when she lowered herself, my shaft was once again trapped in her crack. “I knew it, you’re a little coward,” Naomi said with a gasp of relief.

“Oh, we’ll see who’s the coward,” Sarah said even as she raised herself once more, enjoying

Naomi's panic as she lowered herself once more, once again rubbing against her crack, which made my erection even more unbearable.

This time, Naomi said nothing, even with the unfamiliar situation, smart enough to realize Sarah was acting far too confident after her bluff was called.

I decided to help her a bit, my palms making contact with Sarah's nude back, massaging her for a while before traveling on her sides, caressing them before shifting to my ultimate tactic.

Sarah moaned in appreciation as I palmed her breasts, my hands big enough to completely cover their beautiful expanse, my cock still buried in her cheeks. "Not a bad start," I whispered into her ear even as I squeezed her breasts, my fingers finding her nipples.

Sarah moaned loudly, her hips rocking as her cheeks massaged my arousal. Even then, she looked straight at her friend, their eyes meeting, one colored with confidence, the other...

Shock.

"Let's see who's the coward," Sarah said as she raised herself once more. Not one to miss such an opportunity, I leaned forward, getting a beautiful whiff of her hair before nibbling at her neck, earning a delicious moan in the process as she paused.

The moans and gasps she was emitting were simply hypnotizing.

"Maybe—" Naomi started, but that was all she was able to say before she was interrupted by Sarah's moan. An excessively loud, deliberate moan as she started to sit on my erection, her gleaming core wrapping around my shaft, still wet from her lips earlier.

"Someone's excited to give a show," I whispered to her ear, soft enough to avoid Naomi's ears — not that she was in a position to eavesdrop on us in the first place, her gaze locked where our bodies were meeting.

And Sarah, like the good friend she was, kept her legs wide, the direct view leaving no doubt about what was going on.

"So, who's the ... coward," Sarah said smugly, though her pause was less about trying to emphasize, and more about the moan that was forcing itself out as she started moving down.

Naomi said nothing as Sarah started lowering herself even more, devouring my length with beautiful aggression. "You're so wet, you're flowing," she commented a second later.

“Yes, she is,” I said even as I shifted my hands a bit, leaving her breasts free as I grabbed her waist, pushing her down. Sarah didn’t answer, too busy moaning explosively. She closed her eyes as she tried to process the sensation of invasion, still a novel presence.

I turned my gaze on Naomi, who was watching the procession with a delicious mixture of shock, arousal, and not an inconsiderable amount of anger.

Her mood was understandable, as she had come for a night of some intimate flirting, only to find herself in a tense competition with one of her best friends, and the fact that she was watching that friend taking the ultimate step.

In such a spectacular manner.

Realizing her victory, Sarah tried to lift herself up, no doubt to call it an end before chasing Naomi away, but I had other ideas, and absolutely no intention to stop.

My hands snapped onto her hips, holding her in place, making her jump up and down, each repeat pushing my shaft even deeper. Her moans got louder and louder, losing their earlier controlled attitude.

Naomi’s eyes dipped down once more, focusing on the junction our bodies met, widening as she watched a certain part of her friend widen further to accommodate my aggressive invasion.

“So, still in the mood to repeat whatever I do,” Sarah managed to squeeze in between moans, her eyes closing immediately afterward as she focused on the pleasure that was radiating in her body.

It turned out to be a critical hit to Naomi’s confidence, as she made a motion to stand up, panic invading her tone. Luckily, I was watching her prevent exactly that, and my hand landed on her thigh.

Hardly the most intensive way to keep someone in their seat, barely enough to give her a pause, but with her body burning in arousal, her nipples hard, it was all I needed. As my fingers danced on her inner thigh, her hesitation and fear were injected with just enough arousal to keep her in place.

She gritted her teeth before murmuring. “Oh, I believe I can do much more,” she managed to whisper.

The way Sarah’s eyes popped wide as she turned to Naomi was beautiful, shocked by her

decision, before her expression slowly turned to indignation, no doubt shocked by her friend daring to say she would take a turn after that.

Admittedly, indignation was not a state she could justifiably claim under the circumstances. Not only she had been gleefully mocking and challenging Naomi only because she was confident Naomi wouldn't take that step...

But also she had no problems taking a ride after another of their friends, even after seeing us sharing the same level of nudity.

On this exact couch, even.

Sarah opened her mouth, but before she could say anything, I put my hand on her leg, and squeezed hard, which was enough to remind her about her poetic hypocrisy. She gritted her teeth and held back whatever argument she was about to deliver.

And just like that, tables were turned. Naomi looked smug and confident — for a given value of confidence — while Sarah was squirming in discomfort, under the combined attack of the uncomfortable realization, and my iron grip as I continued to ram into her beautiful entrance repeatedly.

“It wouldn't be fair to ask Naomi to take the plunge without showing her the full extent of the requirements,” I whispered even as I shifted my hands, clutching to her shoulders before pushing her down, impaling her even harder, her moans even more spectacular, her wetness reaching an unbelievable level.

Sarah moaned, not that she could do anything else under my iron grip, taking it to the limit under the circumstances. As her moans rose, Naomi's momentary confidence shattered once more, though this time replaced by a different kind of fear.

The kind I had seen on her face when we exercised together, when I asked her to do a complicated move that she wasn't sure of completing with her physical abilities.

Sarah, unaware of the changing nature of her friend's concerns, focused on crying and moaning as she lost herself in pleasure, each second bringing a bigger flare of joy.

I said nothing, enjoying the sight of two contrasting beauties, nary a trace fiber between both of their bodies, every secret of their body on display, yet none of them bothering to cover themselves up.

The situation was far too gone for that.

Yet, I was willing to push the case even further. “Why don’t you stand up...” I said as I turned to Naomi, only for her to look at me in abject shock, thinking that I was asking to leave.

Like I would ever do such a thing after everything that happened.

“... take a seat that would give a better view to your dear friend. We don’t want her to miss anything, do we, Sarah?” I asked, slapping her ass.

“No! Don’t!” Sarah gasped, suddenly feeling self-conscious, which, under the circumstances, was more about me taking back control than the body she was displaying — after all, she had already displayed everything, leaving no secret between friends.

She recognized my tone, the same tone I used last night after taking control, and in the morning when we ‘played’ in the kitchen, pushing her even more than she had been expecting when she decided to fuck behind her friend.

Unfortunately for her, after all the goading she had thrown at Naomi since the beginning of our adventure, a panicked request was the worst thing she could do to stop Naomi, who was currently sporting a beautiful smile, noticing the opportunity to twist the situation.

It was a trap for her as well, of course, but it would be a while until she noticed it.

# Chapter Thirty-Eight

Sarah was feeling self-conscious at the sudden request, while Naomi busied herself by smirking proudly, too distracted by her momentary victory on her friend to question Sarah's sudden mood shift.

Exactly the emotion I wanted her to display, because as Sarah looked at her friend, her hesitancy was being replaced by frustrated anger with a great speed.

Of course, even with that anger, I had no doubt that, without yesterday's adventure, she would have retreated in defeat. Yet, after that, she had developed a very skewed sense of what was acceptable and what was scandalous, and her anger worked excellently to blur those already-skewed lines.

"She deserves a better view," Sarah said with a sudden passion as she stood up, took a step to the side, and sat down.

Directly onto my shaft.

Naomi looked down, surprised but not shocked, though it didn't take long for me to understand the reason. Sarah kept her legs together, which hid the true nature of her move even as she once again enveloped the crown of my shaft as she slowly lowered herself, a beautiful grunt escaping her mouth.

"Not bad," Naomi said, impressed, but not impressed enough to fall silent.

"Really," Sarah gasped as she continued to go deeper. Then, she grabbed Naomi's hair and pulled her close before finally letting her legs widen. "Do you think you can do it as well?"

"Y-you," Naomi gasped, her confidence shattering completely as she finally realized how far her friend had gone.

Sarah's vindictive smile was beautiful, almost as beautiful as the way she tightened around me as her hips started to rock. Yet, despite making her point, she didn't let Naomi go away, but actually pulled her even closer. "You wanted to get a better view, right?" she murmured.

For a nerd, she was incredibly vindictive.

Naomi squeaked wordlessly once Sarah let her hair go. She tried to stand up even as she frantically tried to cover herself up, as if she just remembered she didn't have a stitch of

clothing on.

Before she could raise herself, I stopped her by wrapping my arm around her waist. “No need to hurry, sweetie,” I whispered as I leaned toward her, leaving a lingering kiss on her neck, which distracted her enough to make her forget her concerns.

And even as her shock slowly evaporated, she obeyed. She did so slowly, hesitantly, her gaze bouncing between our faces. Yet, not only did she stay in her seat, but also she lowered her arms, showing her nipples, standing to attention.

Sarah grunted in displeasure, clearly unhappy with the fact that I was still paying attention to her friend. “Maybe you two—” she started, but that was all she could manage before I grabbed her hips and pulled her down.

Her protests died on her lips as she found herself impaled on my rod, her moan spectacular as my shaft tested her limits. Naomi looked at her, startled, only for her gaze to fall on me once she realized the extent of her friend’s success, her widened legs leaving no place to hide her progress.

“All of it,” Naomi gasped in shock while the object in question was busy scraping Sarah’s insides.

“You shouldn’t be surprised. Tenacity combined with repeated exercising. It’s the basis of all physical activity, after all.”

“Repeated exercising,” Naomi murmured vindictively at the mention that it wasn’t the first time. It wasn’t something that was particularly hard to deduce, of course, but mentioning it openly still had a weight of its own.

Sarah somehow managed to blush when Naomi looked at her with an inscrutable expression, finally feeling the absurdity of pushing her friend too much, but before she could say anything, I tightened my grip around her hips and pulled her once more, her tight hips squirming around the base of my shaft, her lips busy moaning desperately.

“She’s such a good friend, right?” I asked Naomi even as I started directing her hips.

“Oh, the best,” Naomi answered, her voice tense, though, amusingly, all her anger directed at her friend, leaving me free to enjoy the fruits of their little argument, just like the night before. “She’s doing her best to show there’s nothing to be afraid about taking that final step even though it’s a competition. Such a good friend.”



“No, you can’t!” Sarah gasped between her moans as she heard her friend declaring that she wanted to take a turn after her.

“Why not?” Naomi answered, trying to sound confident as she pushed her chest out aggressively, though, with her current lack of clothing, it was more erotic than aggressive. “I thought we were competing.”

Sarah’s expression of realization was beautiful, though as I started pushing her down even more aggressively, she was having trouble answering with the pleasure invading her body. She closed her eyes, and I loosened my grip, assuming she was preparing for a climax.

Yet, she surprised me by standing up suddenly, turning to face us, her hands on her hips challengingly. With her arousal dripping down and her legs trembling with pleasure, it wasn’t exactly an intimidating sight for me, but Naomi reacted differently.

Especially after Sarah spoke. “Go ahead, take your turn,” she said, her smugness apparent even with her quickened breathing.

Naomi froze under challenge, her gaze turning to my glistening shaft. “That...” she murmured. “That was in you. Entirely.”

“I know,” Sarah answered, satisfied with her achievement. I could see Naomi’s confidence trembling once more, about to retreat. I tried to find a way to encourage her without being too obvious, but Sarah’s move was too surprising for me to react.

And with all my blood gathered there, I wasn’t exactly in prime mental space.

“Or, you can do the smart thing and admit you can’t compete with me,” Sarah followed up, unable to resist the temptation of teasing her hesitating friend, once again showing she was her worst enemy in the little game we were conducting.

Because, the moment her dismissive declaration reached Naomi’s ears, she perked up, anger at Sarah’s words and the realization that she would lose after everything overwhelmed her earlier sensation.

Of course, it wasn’t the only thing responsible. The attraction that was already there, and the build-up of pleasure that she developed during the extended foreplay played a role as well.

Even Sarah’s intense cries, the most excellent marketing material possible, played a role as well.

“Oh, what if I want to compete,” Naomi said as she stood up, standing in front of Sarah, whose confidence was quick to melt when coming face to face with her friend.

“If you can handle it,” Sarah said, trying to sound smug and confident, but failing to carry the mood once the atmosphere shifted.

“I don’t know,” Naomi murmured, and Sarah smirked, assuming that Naomi was retreating, but that was a mistake. Why would Naomi smirk naughtily if she was retreating? “Maybe I should see you practice a bit more,” Naomi said as she suddenly grabbed Sarah’s shoulders and pushed her down, directly onto my shaft.

I grabbed Sarah’s hips at the last moment for a little adjustment, preventing a painful accident. “No, not ready!” Sarah gasped as her eyes widened, but that was all she could do before she found herself impaled herself on my shaft once more.

“Oops,” Naomi whispered mockingly. “How clumsy of me?”

“Y-you bitch,” Sarah answered, her lips parting beautifully as she delivered that, followed by a deep moan as her body started trembling. Not expecting to be ambushed by her friend in such a direct manner, she wasn’t prepared for the invasion of pleasure, trembling badly.

I didn’t bother grabbing her hips to set the pacing, because Naomi was keeping her hands on her shoulder, pushing her down whenever Sarah tried to stand up. My shaft slammed deep inside her with each repeat, while Sarah moaned deeply.

“Come on, Sarah, you can do it, ten more repeats,” Naomi said, once again putting on her trainer persona. I wondered whether it was a reflexive reaction of her, allowing her to drift where she felt comfortable, or it was intentional to mock Sarah.

Either way, I wasn’t in a place to complain as Naomi pushed Sarah down, just like Sarah did earlier to force Naomi to deepthroat my presence mercilessly.

I had no problem with the way they were taking revenge.

“Tease her clit,” I ordered as I caught Naomi’s gaze, and much to my surprise, she didn’t delay even a second before she put her hand on Sarah’s clit, circling aggressively while her other hand still pushed Sarah down.

Under the combined assault of my shaft and Naomi’s fingers, not to mention the erotic nature of the unexpected position she found herself in, it didn’t take long for Sarah to finally start

trembling hard, orgasm hitting her with the strength of an out-of-control truck, leaving her helpless as she gushed and moaned...

Only then did Naomi pull back, leaving Sarah to tremble on my lap helplessly, without distraction.

Under normal circumstances, I would have let Sarah catch her minute before repeating the same move, not satisfied without a climax. However, with a chocolate beauty waiting for me, it was much easier to put her next to me before standing up and looking down at Naomi, who suddenly realized making Sarah climax wasn't the end.

"So, beautiful," I whispered as I grabbed her waist. "Are you ready for it?"

## Chapter Thirty-Nine

Naomi froze once again as I stood in front of her, close enough to feel her breath. Yet, even with her hesitance, she didn't take a step back, which was all I needed as an excuse to grab her hips and pull her closer. "It's your turn," I whispered as I pulled her tight against my body, my glistening shaft pressing against her stomach. "Are you ready?"

She stood motionless as my hands explored her sides once more, but ultimately, her lips parted and delivered her obedience. "Yes."

"Excellent," I whispered, though her answer didn't surprise me too much after everything that had been going on.

I could have dragged her upstairs, where we would have calmer, uninterrupted fun, but after everything that happened, it would have been a boring conclusion. Why occupy a single bedroom, when we had such a superior location to enjoy, I thought even as I glanced at Sarah, who was still laying on the couch, trying to catch her breath, but her gaze was sharp. "Let's prove to your friend that you can do it better than her," I whispered.

The shocked gasp Naomi let out was beautiful and loud, but that didn't imply she wasn't willing to follow my suggestion. Otherwise, she would have moved away before I could push forward rather than putting her hands on Sarah's shoulders for balance.

I stopped for a second, giving myself time to enjoy the sight of Naomi's beautiful body leaning against her much paler friend, her waist bent, pushing her ass out even as her back gained a beautiful curve that was only possible due to her endless obsession with fitness.

Sarah's reaction was beautiful as she found a pair of soft hands on her shoulders, pushing her down, adding another layer of eroticism to the moment. Her eyes, still misty with pleasure, widened beautifully, shocked by Naomi's daring display of initiative.

Naomi pushed her hips high, presenting her entrance, her excitement gushing. "So, do you still think I can't match you," Naomi whispered erotically to Sarah, their lips inches apart.

Sarah left that statement slide without a response, but only because she was focused on Naomi's expression. I didn't have the angle to see Naomi's expression as I aligned my shaft against her entrance and pushed forward, but, during the day, I had interacted with her enough to imagine it, especially when Sarah's shifting expression gave me a clue.

Though, the beautiful moan that she let out as I finally invaded her core left little doubt about the nature of the expression. “I ... I can’t believe it,” Sarah murmured dazedly as she watched me taking another friend of hers, unable to stop her gaze from dancing between Naomi’s excited face and her swaying breasts.

And, just to make things more fun, she was watching her friend during her first time.

A gasp escaped Naomi’s mouth as I pushed forward sharply, marking a monumental step in Naomi’s sexuality. “Tell me when you feel comfortable,” I said.

“You can go,” she murmured after a momentary pause, showing that such a little amount of pain was nothing for her.

I could have pushed forward then, of course, but I decided to tease our observer first. “What do you think, Sarah?” I said, unable to suppress a chuckle, earning a matching one from Naomi — though hers was quick to turn into a delicious moan as I put my hands on her bountiful ass and gave a squeeze.

“W-what do I think?” Sarah murmured, though, despite her stammer, it didn’t take long for her to throw away her shock. After all, compared to everything she had done herself, the current position wasn’t exactly extreme despite her extremely close vantage point.

Then, she looked at Naomi’s face, and the expression she found there transformed the nature of her expression, her hesitant gaze evaporating, leaving its place for a sexy smirk.

Whatever expression Naomi was wearing, it was enough to awaken Sarah’s competitive naughty spirit.

“If she thinks she can handle it, give it to her, then,” Sarah delivered her order, her whisper appropriately soft, trying to slither under my skin. Then, her voice sharpened as she put her hands on Naomi’s shoulders to mirror.

However, unlike Naomi, her hands were not there to help her find her balance, but to give her a push. Naomi moaned in shock as she found herself filled to the brim with my shaft, the wetness from our extensive foreplay the only thing that allowed her to let out a moan of pleasure — though overwhelmed and shocked — rather than a loud cry of pain.

“Not that she looks like she can handle it,” Sarah said, the eroticism of her voice, a perfect mixture of satisfaction and jealousy packed in a wrap of eroticism, enough to make a less experienced man explode prematurely.

Luckily, I was experienced enough to resist the temptation of not only Sarah's alluring voice, but also Naomi's iron grip around my girth at the same time. "Let's see if she can handle it," I whispered, unable to resist the temptation of slapping her tight ass before starting to impale her.

And just like that, Naomi's explosive moans filled the room, mixing beautifully with the sound of flesh hitting flesh, and Sarah's occasional, softer moans that told that she still wanted what Naomi was getting despite receiving the same treatment just minutes earlier. Her expression told me that she wanted it bad.

However, I had no intention of complying with that, not when I was busy sharing Naomi's monumental first step. I had no intention of stopping halfway for Sarah's wordless tantrum.

With Naomi's hands clamping around her shoulders, Sarah was unable to stand up. Yet, she was quick to find something to entertain herself. Her hands slipped down from Naomi's shoulders, only to stop at her peaks, squeezing them...

Squeezing them rather hard as well if Naomi's sudden cry of pain was any indicator. "Oh, don't tell me that you can't handle a little squeeze," Sarah whispered into her ear as she grabbed her nipples.

"I can—" Naomi started, only to be interrupted halfway by another pained cry as Sarah twisted her nipples harshly. "I can handle anything you can do," Naomi whispered, though as she did so, her fingers trailed down Sarah's torso as well, her fingers clamping around Sarah's nipples. "The question is, can you take what you dish out?" she added.

Sarah's eyes widened at the realization that their little game wasn't exactly one-dimensional, but that was too late as Naomi copied her, the twisting nipples making her cry just as loudly.

I said nothing as they delivered an extremely erotic rendition of a catfight, just occupying myself with steadily impaling Naomi's wetness, focused on enjoying the moment. The way Naomi was gushing with each push left me no option to do otherwise.

Though, the rhythmic beats earned the ire of Sarah despite her earlier order, and it was also weakening Naomi's counter-attack. Sarah's expression left no doubt that she wanted nothing more than to snatch back Naomi's current position.

Though, since that would force her to take back her words, she managed not to mention that fact, and she found something else to entertain herself. One of her hands moved forward, caressing Naomi's smooth belly as she did so until they arrived at their real destination.

The little knob between Naomi's legs, was the perfect place to tease her.

Considering it was her first time, Naomi was already having significant trouble handling the rush of pleasure. Under the combined attack of my shaft and Sarah's fingers, her journey toward her inevitable destination got even faster.

And I doubted that my hands on her tight ass, alternating between mauling her cheeks and slapping hard enough to darken her glistening skin helped much.

Inevitably, Naomi started to tremble under the rush of pleasure as the climax hit her with the unrestricted strength of a freight train, making her legs buckle as she collapsed forward. Though, before I could grab her to prevent her from falling, Sarah reacted and hugged the collapsed beauty, pulling her to the sofa, their naked thighs pressing against each other.

The pleasure hit Naomi hard, leaving her dazed and exhausted, on the edge of a collapse.

"I told you you couldn't handle it," Sarah said smugly as she looked at the side while she opened her legs, revealing her wetness for me even as that move put her leg on Naomi's. "Now, it's my turn!"

I could have explained that it wasn't an entirely fair comparison, as poor Naomi was no doubt spent all day extremely tense after our little shopping adventure, but looking at Naomi's face, I could see that the fight was finally drained out of her under the euphoria of her explosive climax, surrendering in their little game, giving the victory to Sarah.

At least, that was the result of their first battle, as hopefully, many more would follow. With that thought, I leaned forward to conclude our little dance with Sarah.

Though, even as I slipped into Sarah's wetness, I couldn't help but dream about the future...

## Chapter Forty

It was hard to believe, but there were drawbacks to spending the night with two spectacularly beautiful women who were willing to do a lot to win their self-appointed competition, followed by a little video adventure featuring a sexy blonde, enthusiastic to get a blow-by-blow summary of the events.

Though, saying that sentence out loud would have been enough to kick me out of the manhood club permanently.

The biggest drawback was the challenge of waking up the next day as my alarm blared, forcing me out of bed for my morning training. It might be Sunday, but as an aspirant athlete, I didn't have the luxury of skipping morning training.

No matter how exhausting it had been dealing with Sarah and Naomi the night before. Ultimately, Naomi hadn't been too challenging, as, overwhelmed by the threesome that represented her first time, it didn't take long for her to surrender to pleasure. And it took a while for her to wake up once she collapsed.

Unfortunately — though, that word was only accurate from the perspective of the exhaustion and not the great pleasure that I felt in the process of accumulating said pleasure — Naomi's challenge elevated Sarah's competitiveness to the next level, challenging me for another exhausting session while Naomi took her well-deserved nap, challenging me to take her down.

And she was ready to push hard when Naomi finally woke up from her nap and dragged her away. I would have expected Naomi to join us for another session, but after her nap, the shy aspects of her personality reestablished herself and decided to leave, dragging Sarah away as well.

It was the reason I was waking up to an empty bed after that spectacular threesome.

With a sigh, I reached for my phone to silence my alarm, only to see the notification of one last message from Carrie. 'Your reward for being a good boy,' the message read, and accompanying it was a photo of her, wearing a cheerleader skirt — and nothing else. And just to make things better, the skirt was positioned in a way that covered absolutely nothing.

"Good girl," I murmured even as I looked at the photo, its erotic beauty enough to dispel my desire to go back to sleep. Not that my reward was undeserved, because she kept me up for almost another half an hour despite my exhaustion while she received a blow-by-blow report of



her friends' adventures, her voice getting suspiciously gaspy toward the end of my story.

After a brief pause in the kitchen where I made myself a large protein shake to jumpstart my metabolism, I went to the garden and started a long, grueling set of exercises, both more exhausting and not as fun as the ones I had completed the night before.

Three hours later, I had finished my full schedule, leaving my muscles burning, completely spent.

After that, I still needed to study, but I was unable to resist the call of exhaustion. After a quick shower, I threw myself into the bed...

Only to be woken up by the sound of my phone again. The first thing I checked was the time, which told me that I had been sleeping for two hours, though my exhausted body certainly didn't agree with that fact.

I prepared to shout at the idiot who decided that annoying someone on a Sunday morning was a good idea. Then, I noticed the caller.

Carrie.

"Is there anything I could help you with, sweetie," I asked, my plans to admonish the caller immediately abandoned. After all, there were perks to being a sexy and enthusiastic curvy blonde in the process of discovering a hobby of seducing her friends indirectly.

Not to mention I genuinely enjoyed her company.

"I wanted to check if you have finished all the studying you promised that you'll finish," she said. I couldn't help but smirk as I listened to her voice, her usual soft tone replaced by a sharp authority, the subject of studying enough to show her strong side.

"Well..." I murmured.

"You didn't, then," she commented, quick to cut me off. "Are you being lazy?"

"Hey, whose fault is that," I said, unable to keep myself back. "We were supposed to finish them Friday, but then you decided to change that plan."

"Hey, that part is Sarah's fault," Carrie said, quick to defend herself.

I disagreed of course, as after the initial push, she was far too enthusiastic to actually push that

to the completion, but I let that slide. “How about Saturday, then? It wasn’t Sarah who brought Naomi along.”

That earned a beautiful silence. “Anyway,” she said after a cute cough. “You need to finish your homework.”

“I promise I’ll finish them,” I added, unable to hold my chuckle. “Just let me sleep for ten more minutes.”

“No, you can’t be trusted,” she answered, which was a rather unearned dig, but I let that slide because I recognized the shift in her tone. “I’ll come for a visit and make sure you finish it.”

“As you wish, madam teacher,” I said, earning a beautiful giggle. “Did you have any breakfast, or should we eat together.”

“I already had my lunch,” she corrected, her tone once again echoing a disappointed tutor. “Be ready in twenty minutes.”

“As you wish, madam teacher,” I repeated.

“Don’t be sassy,” she answered, though I could hear the momentary flare of confidence already shattering. “And, if you can finish it on time, I have another surprise reward for you.”

“I’m not sure I can survive another of your surprise rewards,” I said, though even as I said that, I felt a stirring in my loins, the idea enough to awaken my exhaustion.

“Does this mean that you don’t want my surprise,” she murmured, though with a soft, seductive tremble rather than panicked stammer, showing just how far her confidence had come in the last few days.

“Hey, I didn’t say that,” I said, unable to keep my chuckle down. “There are things that are worth dying for.”

“Good,” she whispered throatily. “Because I have an excellent surprise for you if we can finish everything on time.” With that, she ended the call.

I wanted to continue sleeping, but Carrie’s surprise was more than enough to pull me back to my feet — especially since she was showing an impressive performance when it came to surprises.

Instead, I changed and dashed to the kitchen for a quick — though not small — breakfast, then

went back upstairs, collecting all the assignments I needed to complete.

I couldn't help but smirk at the additional benefit of hanging around with Carrie. Not only did I have far more action than I would have seen if I was dealing with the cheerleaders but also I wasn't dealing with any kind of drama.

Technically, I was dealing with a lot of drama, but I liked the method they had chosen to handle it.

More importantly, rather than making me abandon my responsibilities, it actually helped me focus on them more. Carrie's presence meant that I not only finished my assignments better, but also I learned more, which prepared me better for my upcoming college life.

What a great decision it was to deal with her.

Then, just as I prepared everything on the desk, the doorbell rang. I went down to open the door, not even bothering to check who was the visitor.

It was Carrie, of course, but that didn't mean she failed to surprise me. My eyes widened as I took a note of her clothing...

She was dressed as a strict teacher.

Or more accurately, an erotic movie's version of a strict teacher. The first thing I noticed was the pencil skirt, long, but not long enough to completely cover the thigh-high stocking she was wearing, as well as giving hints of a garter belt.

Below, she wore red stilettos, bright enough to give her a fiery aura that made my mouth water.

Yet, as impressive as her skirt and accessory choices looked impressive, it was nothing compared to what was going on upstairs.

She had chosen a serious-looking white blouse. Or more accurately, it would have looked serious if it wasn't for the fact that more than half of the buttons were open, creating a cleavage that was far too deep to be safe.

Deep enough to reveal she wore no bra, enough to give a hint of her erect nipples.

She said nothing, but as she shifted her weight, her lovely breasts swung freely within her loose blouse, which had a beautiful impact on my hormones, stirring them into action.

The study session certainly promised to be fun...

# Chapter Forty-One

“What are you looking for. Move, we have a lot of studying to do,” Carrie ordered sharply as she caught my gaze. Or, more accurately, she did her best to deliver those lines in a sharp order, yet the beautiful tremble that underlined her tone showed her unfamiliarity with the role.

Amusing that she was much more capable of acting dominant when pushing her best friends into my arms than we were alone.

Though, I had to admit, that contradiction in action was one of the things that boosted her personality even further.

“As you wish, ma’am,” I answered her, accepting her demand of dominance despite having the ability to shatter it easily in less than a second.

Why ruin the fun.

Before I could say anything, she took the lead and started walking. She was already aware of the location of the room as we already studied there — along with some other interesting activities. Though, as she walked, her hips swayed with a beautiful exaggeration, enough to make my shorts uncomfortable.

An incredible achievement, considering I was wearing loose basketball shorts.

Then, the impact elevated even further when she arrived at the stairs, and started climbing slowly, her hand grabbing the rails hesitantly, clearly not feeling comfortable with her stilettos. I had more important things to focus on, such as the glimpse I managed to catch into her beautiful inner thighs as she took a large step, compromising her skirt’s ability to keep things hidden, revealing an important little secret.

The bra wasn’t the only piece of underwear she neglected to put on.

“What are you waiting for?” she asked once she arrived at the middle of the stair.

“Sorry, ma’am,” I said, doing my best to sound serious as I started climbing up, but lingering behind her. The way her hips danced despite her unsteady steps suggested that she was not only aware of where my gaze was, but rather satisfied with it.

Understandable with all the effort she put into her amazing clothing.

Soon, we arrived at my room, once again filled with an incredible mess of football-related items despite my best efforts to make it more conducive to studying anything but football tactics.

Carrie's disappointed gaze — one that was far too real to be a part of the role — showed she wasn't entirely happy with the state of my working space. "No wonder you keep delaying your homework," she commented.

"Sorry, ma'am," I answered as I took a seat, neglecting to mention her role in the delay.

"Let's start with algebra," she said, and I couldn't help but sigh. I couldn't say that math was my favorite topic, but I didn't have in my heart to disappoint Carrie. Not to mention, having a genius of her level helping me whenever I stumbled was a good reason for starting my least favorite topic.

I pulled out my notebook and started working on the questions, turning my attention fully on the questions. Another girl might have found my focus insulting after all the effort she had put into it, but Carrie was different. Even now, my focus on the questions gained an approving murmur from her.

Admittedly, concentrating on the questions wasn't easy, especially when she pulled a chair behind me, her beautiful breath inches away from me, close enough that, whenever I looked down I caught the bright presence of her red stilettos, and the beautiful legs that they were connected to.

I had to admit, as she said nothing, just letting out deep breaths, it was getting harder to maintain my focus. She was beautiful, which wasn't a surprise, but the aloofness she was displaying as I studied despite her sexy attire really elevated the mood to the next level.

Her aloofness lasted until I was stuck in a question for five minutes, the answer insistent on staying away despite the pressure of the moment. "Let's see if I can help you find the answer," she murmured as she scuttled closer, and put her finger under the question.

She asked me a question. I knew that, because I noticed her mouth move, but I doubt that, even under the threat of torture, I could repeat that, not with the little surprise she had prepared for me.

Apparently, while I was doing my best to solve the questions, she had made a couple of adjustments to her clothing. One of those changes was her skirt, which was ridden up as she sat down, a touch more than it would have normally done by seating, revealing the red straps of

the garter belt she was wearing directly, which hardly helped my hard-on.

But the real blow came with the trick she had pulled with her blouse. The view of it was already dead with its relative tightness combined with her — very apparent — lack of a bra, but Carrie seemed to work on the buttons of her blouse while I was studying. Three of them were unbuttoned, creating a deep valley that was worth dying for.

And the way she leaned forward certainly didn't help her moderate the view any.

I had seen Carrie naked, many times, but that was irrelevant to the alluring magic of her beauty, captivating my attention.

Enough to force her to repeat the question three times before I managed to extract myself, and even then, I doubted I would have been successful without her poking my side, hard enough to leave a lingering pain.

“Attention, mister,” she ordered, though it might have been more effective without the smug smirk she displayed, her ruby red lips stretching beautifully under my gaze, twisting the corners to create a beautiful picture.

“Sorry, ma'am,” I whispered back exaggeratedly. “I'll focus.”

“Better,” she said as she put her elbows on the table and leaned forward, looking at me intently. But, with her large breasts delightfully pressing against her forearms as she leaned forward exaggeratedly, it hardly helped me to focus, her attempt to repeat the question turning to waste.

Her head twisted to the side softly, conveying her amusement for a long moment before she stood up. “It seems that you can't focus with me in front of you,” she whispered seductively as she stood up.

When my head tried to follow her movement, she prevented it by grabbing my hair, keeping me in place. “Focus, mister,” she whispered, which, unfortunately, worked at the exact opposite of the meaning of the words. Admittedly, it might be about the seductive gasp in her words, or the fact that she whispered it with her lips close enough to caress my earlobe...

“Let's try again,” she whispered, her voice no less gaspy, her hand still grabbing my hair, but she had pulled back slightly, which was a win. “Try to follow that explanation, and maybe, there will be a reward.”

I said nothing, though I had to bite my lips to contain some of the select words that arrived at the exit, begging for freedom. Instead, I did my best to focus as she explained the best way to solve that type of question.

One advantage of the challenging position that we were sharing, was that it was enough to sear her explanation on my mind. I doubted that I would ever fail to solve a similar question.

“Better,” she whispered as her hands slid on my shoulder, rubbing them softly, just an excuse to touch rather than an actual massage. It certainly made it harder for me to focus on the next question.

Yet, the distraction coming from her hands couldn't be compared to her next move, when I finally completed the algebra assignment and moved to English. As I did my best to create a coherent essay, she started whispering suggestions.

Her suggestions were certainly welcome, and even her whispers were manageable, but the sudden warmth around my neck, the touch far too soft to be her hands was a different matter. It felt like a pair of pillows pressing on my neck, if those pillows had a heavenly softness and warmth, and came with a rhythmic thumping.

Feeling the pressure of her breasts, I didn't need to see her blouse flying forward to land on my desk to have an accurate guess about her current condition.

“Try to focus more,” she whispered mercilessly as she pulled my hair without a warning. “You made a typo.

“I'll do better,” I whispered as I quickly corrected the mistake and focused on following her clues.

“Good,” she said as she moved slightly, her breasts bouncing against my back and neck. She moved lower, my t-shirt hardly enough to completely block the sensation of her glorious breasts, but even the slightest reduction enough to disappoint.

“Why are you sighing?” she whispered. “Are you feeling hot?”

“Yes, it's a bit warm in here, and my t-shirt is rather stuffy.”

“Good point,” she whispered as she slipped her hands under my shirt, and started dragging up. “It's important to maintain an ideal working environment regardless of the circumstances” she added as she pulled off my shirt before pressing her breasts against my back once more, the



hardness of her nipples unmistakable.

Who knew studying could be this fun?

## Chapter Forty-Two

The challenge of studying with Carrie didn't reduce the slightest as I finished writing the first draft of my essay and passed it to her to give feedback and moved on to my next task, my physics homework.

It wasn't that she didn't help. She certainly did, whispering an accurate explanation whenever I got stuck in a question. And her explanations were impeccable, not only helping me to solve the question accurately, but also deepening my understanding of the topic, visibly improving my performance.

I didn't instantly turn into a straight-A student, of course, but I had a feeling that, if she continued like that, the first year of college would be much smoother than I expected, allowing me to dedicate myself to my training fully rather than splitting my attention.

Though, I had another thought, one that I didn't verbalize to her yet, fearing the implications of such a question. Maybe I should convince her to attend a college in the same city, or even the same college. After all, the college I was going to, in addition to having a competitive football team, was also good enough to be on the upper parts of the list of Ivy League colleges.

Technically, there were better schools for football I could go to, but that was the only one my father found acceptable, and since his reasons were good, I was unable to argue. He reasonably pointed out that, even for the best recruits, a professional career was only a possibility, and the school had an amazing business school I would attend simultaneously — the same one that my father had graduated from — so that I would have a strong fallback option in case of failure.

And as much as I wanted to be a professional player, I was aware that the odds were not on my side.

Yet, as Carrie whispered some more important physics facts to my ear, I focused on the present and turned my attention to her. Carrie didn't mention anything about her destination college, but I had a feeling that, a student of her caliber, she had already received her acceptance letter in the first recruitment round.

I ignored the topic as I let my pen dance on the paper as Carrie squeezed my shoulders once more while asking a question. "Do you have any other homework?" she asked.

"No, that's the last of them," I said. "Then, we can —" I started, only to gasp as her fingers dug into my shoulders warningly. It wasn't enough to leave a mark, but it was enough to silence me.

“Then we can do some free studying,” she whispered. “We need to make sure your algebra is up to par for the finals.”

Under normal circumstances, I would have rejected the idea of free study, especially after finishing three assignments in one sitting. But it was miraculous just how much my mind could be changed by the weight of a certain part of her anatomy pressing against my back, moving up and down...

“Whatever you planned for me, ma’am,” I whispered, doing my best to sound respectful, but it was impossible to restrain the heat in my tone, not with every time she lowered herself, a certain part of my anatomy doing its best to drill through my basketball shorts, denying their baggy nature.

As I was about to open the workbook, however, she pulled back, and after a slight shuffle, no doubt digging through her bag. I couldn’t help but turn to look at her, only to see her bending down fully, her skirt riding up to reveal her amazing thighs, looking particularly beautiful in red thigh-high stockings connected to her garter belt.

Even the edge of her delicious ass was peeking through, though, unfortunately, the skirt still managed to keep her core hidden, if barely.

Though, the sight of her perfect globes was more than enough to compensate for that lack. Her legs were just wide enough to give a perfect glimpse of her skin while her nipples stayed hidden behind the blocking of her legs.

An amazing sight, I decided as I returned to my work, not wanting her to notice I was ogling her, giving some respect to the persona she decided to display.

And since I had turned back, I didn’t realize the book she was carrying until it hit on the desk, thick enough to make an impressive thumping sound, a glance enough to show that it was actually a college-level book, and certainly not the first-year one.

‘Basics of Mathematical Proofs’, along with its leather-bound dark cover, didn’t give an easy impression.

I prepared to complain, as there were levels of studying that even Carrie couldn’t convince me — or so I thought until she plopped herself down to my lap, her naked back pressing against my chest.

It turned out that I could be convinced to study more complicated topics if the appropriate

incentives were presented. “I know the topic seems complicated for you, and you think that it is unnecessary for a business major, but I had researched, and most of the stock market algorithms are actually based on real analysis principles. I’m sure having some knowledge would help you immensely.”

“Whatever you say, ma’am,” I whispered as I wrapped my hand around her waist, finally feeling the warmth of her skin under my fingertips. “I’m willing to learn whatever you’re willing to teach, as long as you explain,” I whispered.

Admittedly, a part of my willingness came from the opportunity to pay her back. A fact that didn’t take long for her to realize as my fingers moved up, brushing against the underside of her breasts, making her tremble softly.

“As long as you can help me decipher it,” I whispered again, leaving no doubt about what I had been planning.

“G-good,” she stammered, her earlier confidence quick to crack under the receiving side of the deal, especially with the arousal she experienced yesterday, hearing the stories of the amazing show her besties put together.

“The first thing about mathematical proofs is to create a representation of the concept if possible —,” she started, only to be interrupted by a moan as I squeezed her breasts, my fingers disappearing into her flesh.

“Sorry, what was that last part,” I said mockingly, couldn’t help but be amused at her reaction now that the aggression changed sides.

She turned just enough to send me an angry glare, though, considering her pouty lips were still parted as if begging for more, it wasn’t exactly a scary move. Yet, I let my fingers go down regardless.

I still wanted to torture her more before we moved to the main event...

And, as my aggressive interventions stopped for a moment, she continued her explanation about the art of proofs. To her credit, despite the complexity of the topic, she was explaining it incredibly well, good enough for me to develop a rudimentary understanding despite the distraction on my lap, slowly rocking.

Admittedly, that movement wasn’t entirely her fault. Just because I decided against overt didn’t mean that I stopped completely. I had long put my hands on her thighs, pushing and pulling to

enhance the soft rocking of her hips even more, giving my extended erection the simulation it had been searching for.

As my indirect masturbation quickened, her poor, unsupported breasts joined the dance, jiggling and dancing in a way only her perfect breasts could achieve.

She started to let out gasps of pleasure, but it was the evidence of her academic integrity that she smoothly moved to the first sample proof she had prepared — simple from her perspective, but complicated from mine, explaining why somehow, real numbers and fractional numbers were different kinds of infinities.

It didn't seem like something that would be useful in my career, certainly, but I didn't poke that detail after all the effort Carrie put into her curriculum.

I would certainly be a better student if every class was delivered privately by an enthusiastic blonde that was suffering from a deficiency in her clothing.

However, as she finished her proof and moved on to the next one — a monstrous, eight-page mess that somehow proved real numbers existed. Though, as she went through her explanation quickly, line by line, my fingers climbed back to her breasts once more, though, this time, dancing gently around her nipples rather than squeezing aggressively.

As she had reached the third page of the proof, I had long lost the ability to follow her explanation, and that had little to do with the beautiful distraction on my lap. I simply couldn't have followed her explanation, even under the best of circumstances.

The subject was simply too unfamiliar for me.

It was different for Carrie, whose explanation was slowly getting slower. Her enthusiasm was proof that she was familiar with the subject, but even with the familiarity and her impressive intellect, it was hard to accurately explain a complicated mathematical proof while my fingers conducted a distracting dance over her breasts.

"... and then, going back to line..." she delivered another line, only for it to fade halfway as she looked confused, clearly losing track of her words. "And then..." she repeated, hoping to find her track of thought, he gaze attentively.

She might even succeed if it wasn't for my lips, pressing against her neck to steal a kiss. Instead, she moaned, losing the last hints of her explanation in the flood of pleasure.

“Such a disappointment,” I murmured as I grabbed her waist, and without a warning, pushed her on the desk, face first, her beautiful ass pointing upward, her deficient pencil skirt struggling to keep everything hidden, but no more successful than her latest attempt of tutoring.

“Wh-what are you going to do?” she stammered, trying to sound fearful, but the arousal in her tone was simply too dominant.

“Punish you, of course, so that you can learn to take your job more seriously.”

## Chapter Forty-Three

I looked down, capturing the beautiful sight of the topless blonde bending over the desk, her skirt struggling to cover her amazing ass, her red garter belt and stockings adding a nice contrast to make the situation even more legendary.

As I watched her, I couldn't help but think that, if every study session had such a beautiful reward in the end, I would have certainly studied more.

It was certainly superior to cheerleader parties after training.

"P-punishment," she stammered, trying to sound afraid, but her acting bad enough to get the worst actress award even in a volunteer theater, her voice colored with arousal.

"Of course, how else you're going to learn to be a proper tutor," I said. She opened her mouth to answer, but before she could do so, my hand landed on her ass, earning a delicious moan.

I didn't slap her hard, of course. If it was Sarah under me, I would have spanked her a lot harder, but unlike Sarah, Carrie didn't enjoy the pain as much as she enjoyed the idea of punishment. "Let's test your math skills properly," I whispered as I spanked her ass again. "You have failed to explain real numbers, but at least show me that you know your natural numbers."

"O-of course," she whispered. "How?"

"Simple," I said even as I spanked her ass softly again, but I flicked my phone with my other hand and did a quick search. "I'm going to spank you, and you're going to count until you made a mistake."

"T-that's it," she whispered.

"That's it," I answered with a smirk. Normally, the challenge of that was to count as the pain of spanking build-up, but I didn't want to spank her that hard, meaning I needed another difficulty. "But, since you're a genius, it shouldn't be hard to count in prime numbers only, right?" I asked.

Her beautiful gasp was enough to show the difficulty of that, especially since I remember her dismissively mentioning that memorizing prime numbers was just another parlor trick that people did for quiz shows to look intelligent.

It was my honor to teach her that it was impossible to know what could come useful in different circumstances.

“Let’s start,” I whispered before I gave her a chance to argue against it, and my hand landed on her beautiful hips, hidden behind her skirt.

“T-two,” she started as I grabbed her skirt up, and rolled up, revealing her beautiful ass and her sopping wet lips, showing the after-effects of our extended foreplay. Since two was the only even prime number, it was only right for that spank to land on her skirt.

The others would land on her naked ass.

“Three, five, seven, e-eleven, thirteen,” she counted rapidly as my hand landed on her ass just as rapidly five times, though none of the hits were hard enough to actually distract her, barely more than soft caresses. I delivered the sixth one just as quick, but this time, her answer was delayed a bit. “S-seventeen,” she whispered.

I slapped again, this time a touch harder. She gasped, though more of a shock than pain. “Well, there needs to be a punishment for the delays and mistakes, right?” I whispered even as I let my fingers dance at her entrance for a fleeting moment, making it even harder for her to get the next one.

“T-twenty-three,” she whispered, only to gasp painfully as my hand landed again, this time hard enough to add the sting of pain in her tone.

“B-but I was fast this time,” she whispered.

“Yes, but you skipped nineteen,” I answered, my smug sense of victory suffocating my tone. It was exaggerated, of course, but it was hard to argue that the sense of smugness it provided was not negligible.

Carrie’s moan was soft, yet delicious.

“N-nineteen,” she whispered when another soft spank landed on her ass.

“No sweetie,” I whispered even as another spank landed on her bottom, this time on the opposite cheek, spreading the growing pinkness symmetrically. “You need to start from the beginning.”

Yet, this time, my fingers dipped down into her wetness, caressing it to make her answer even harder. “Two,” she mumbled between her bitten lips, trying to keep her voice contained as my fingers invaded her wetness, but failed spectacularly.



I let out a defeated sigh, overdone on purpose. “Better, but try to speak clearer,” I whispered as I spanked her bottom once more.

“Three,” she continued, louder, but no clearer as her voice started to get invaded by the soft tremble in her tone.

“Better,” I said as I continued spanking. Though, admittedly, it was hard to qualify them as spanks as she counted rapidly and reached the count of fifties. They were more accurately classified as not-so-soft caresses.

Yet, just as she was about to reach a hundred, she stumbled once more. “Ninety-three,” she whispered, in a hurry to avoid another spank, only to follow by a gasp before I could spank, realizing her mistake.

This time, I decided to punish her mistake more viscerally. And, in our current position, there were two ways of escalating. One was to spank her harder, but while it would make it more challenging for her, it wasn’t something she would enjoy.

Luckily, I thought even as I pushed down my shorts and pressed my shaft against her entrance, that the second option was much more fitting for her preference.

It was impossible to contain my moan as I slipped into her wetness, but luckily, I wasn’t the only one that was facing that challenge as a matching cry let out of her hips. I impaled her only once, the sound of flesh hitting flesh ringing in the room. “Let’s start again,” I whispered, though my shaft stayed inside.

“T-two,” she whispered, only for me to impale her again, slapping her core to trigger a delicious moan as the sound of a different kind of slap exploded in the room once again.

“Three,” she whispered as I leaned forward, my hands firmly on her hips to stabilize, my breath falling on her neck, her body trapped between the desk and my body. “You’re doing much better, go on,” I whispered. “Maybe we should increase the challenge until we reach a thousand and I keep you on the edge as we play, what do you think?”

The way her body froze, in a manner I would have categorized as fear with erotic undertones, was beautiful, though not as beautiful as her tone. “N-no,” she stammered, her voice split between terror and arousal.

“As you wish,” I said, knowing that it was impossible for her to accurately calculate them without making a simple mistake — not that she would have trouble normally, but forcing her

to calculate in her mind while continuously distracting her physically was much different. “But then, we need a different challenge.”

“What do you have in mind?” she whispered erotically.

“Well, I start working at a stable pace, and you start counting. If you wait too long, you start again. If you can reach a hundred before you climax, you win, and if you climax first, I win.”

“And what do I get if I win?” she asked, though the confidence in her tone as she asked surprised me. I decided to keep the pace more aggressive just in case.”

“What do you want—“ I started, only for her to interrupt rapidly.

“I want you to seduce Irene and Ida, and do it before Friday,” she answered rapidly, too rapidly for it to be unprepared. “It’s not fair that they are the only ones missing the fun.”

“Oh, really, two targets,” I said, realizing that she had been baiting me all along. “Unfortunately, it’s not appropriate.”

“W-why?” she asked, unable to hide her disappointment.

“Well, it’s unfair for me to ask to seduce both of them with that little bet. If it was counting every prime number until a thousand—“ I continued, only to be interrupted again.

“Deal,” she said.

“Really?” I said, suddenly having a sinking feeling about our little bet. “Do you think you can—“ I continued, only to be interrupted.

“Are you afraid?” she whispered.

“As you wish,” I chuckled even as I felt stirrings of an unsettling feeling, making me realize that I might have been played even more thoroughly than I had expected. I tightened my grip around her hips and started working on her at a steady yet merciless pace, barely giving her enough time to refresh her breath before she could answer.

Yet, that didn’t prevent her from counting rapidly. “Two, three, five ... forty-three, forty-seven ... a hundred and one, a hundred and three ...” Just like that, she had easily surpassed a hundred despite my deep invasion.

“You cheeky minx,” I said, unable to help but mutter in fascinated shock, realizing just how far

she had been playing me. Not that the forfeit was not something horrible. On the contrary, I would have done a lot to get her permission in the first place.

But being tricked was interesting.

Maybe I should have realized caught onto that. Once her shyness was broken, she was really an interesting bundle of surprises.

Yet, even as her voice tensed, she rapidly climbed the numbers, two hundred soon reaching five hundred, then eight hundred, though I could feel her voice getting tenser and tenser. Technically, I could still win. All I needed was to let my hands join our little game and tease some of her more sensitive spots, triggering her climax early, but her achievement certainly deserved some respect as she worked on it steadily.

“Nine-hundred-ninety-seven,” she declared victoriously as she took a deep breath as she twisted her neck. The smug victory invading her face might have looked unattractive on someone else, but it only enhanced her cuteness.

Especially since she let out a loud cry moments later, filling the room with the amazing signals of her cries, signaling my spectacular defeat as she collapsed against the desk.

“You win,” I whispered, unable to help my smirk as I found myself on the losing side.

Well, only technically considering the forfeit, I admitted as I continued impaling her even as I grabbed her arms and pulled her up, not giving her a chance to catch her breath.

I imagined two beauties, one game-obsessed demure Asian, and one fantasy-obsessed redhead as I pushed deeper and deeper into Carrie...