

# Chapter Fifty-Five

I felt happy as I drove away from Irene's house, leaving her very satisfied with our photo shoot. The same didn't apply to our photographer, which was a pity.

Still, after her naughty tricks, she had certainly deserved punishment, and a night of suffering was a good punishment.

I drove a bit as I tried to decide what to do, but a message saved me from making such a decision. 'I need help, save me,' the message read, and it was from Carrie.

Luckily, she was smart enough to attach a photo of Sarah, taken subtly to show her words were an exaggeration, followed by a location notification. It looked like they were in a coffee shop.

Yet, Carrie managed to be naughty there as well. She took the photo from a low angle, one that showed that despite Sarah's modest outfit — a blouse and a knee-length skirt — I would benefit from visiting.

Owing to her daring underwear selection, enough to prove she was still the most courageous one among their friends.

"Excellent," I murmured even as I changed my route, curious of the exact nature of her problem.

My best guess, it was a follow-up of Sarah's suspicious glares at the lunch table.

It didn't take long for me to cover the distance, and soon, I found myself at the destination. It was a beautiful coffee shop, one of those hidden gems in a side street that was hard to notice, not too crowded, and decorated nicely.

The perfect place to hold a study session when the library was particularly crowded, I noticed even as I stepped down the bike, and looked inside. Carrie was sitting near the wall, with her books piled in front of her, most of them already open.

Sarah was sitting across her, her back toward the entrance, her movements animated as she gestured, while Carrie was slouched, finding it hard to answer her friend.

It didn't surprise me. While Carrie could be downright vicious with the tricks she pulled behind the scenes, it did nothing for her meek personality, making it impossible for her to resist a direct assault.

Sarah didn't have anything in front of her, nor she had a bag, giving me the impression that she had actually ambushed Carrie.

As I walked toward them, I made sure to stay silent, hearing her talk. Carrie noticed me, perking at my presence. The change was noticeable, but Sarah was too distracted by her verbal assault to notice it. "... so you're saying that you don't have any concerns about his visit to Irene, even if they are alone, changing between her collection of sexy costumes."

I had no idea what Carrie would have said if I wasn't there, but my presence encouraged her to give a naughtier response. "Of course not. She's my friend just like you. Are you saying that I shouldn't trust you either?"

Sarah flinched very noticeably. I might have called Carrie's words merciless considering the nature of her actions, goading Sarah, but Sarah had taken enough actions to make that well-deserved.

I decided to alert myself to their presence. "Oh, what do we have here, the most beautiful girl in the town," I said, as I walked around the table, leaned down, and captured Carrie in a searing kiss.

All before Sarah could even find words to comment on my presence.

Kissing Carrie was a weapon to distract Sarah, but that didn't mean it wasn't enjoyable. On the contrary, as I slipped my tongue into her mouth, teasing Sarah quickly took secondary importance — especially when Carrie proved daring enough to put her hand between my legs, leveraging the emptiness of the coffee shop.

From the corner of my eye, I noticed Sarah shuffling, her earlier feelings of guilt evaporating rapidly as she watched us kiss.

I put my hand on Carrie's back, letting it trail down to cup her ass. With her back toward the wall, it was impossible for Sarah to see the exact location of my hand, but guessing the location based on my shoulder didn't take a particularly impressive effort, especially since Sarah was familiar with my habits.

Intimately familiar.

I continued kissing Carrie as Sarah's jealousy started to spike, wondering when she would intervene.

In the end, intervention came from an unexpected direction. A door opened, followed by a cough, making Carrie pull back as I turned toward the sound. "Sorry, Miss Warrick," Carrie whispered shyly, her voice showing both familiarity and respect.

And saw an impressive woman wearing an apron, walking away, her hips moving sexily even despite her clear attempt to hide them. A glance was enough to classify her as a particularly spectacular example of a MILF, yet her lack of an answer and quick steps showed she felt particularly self-conscious after the view she had stumbled on.

I said nothing as she went behind the counter, staying hidden while Carrie fixed herself. I sat next to her, and put my hand on her ass. "Chad, not with Miss Warrick here," Carrie whispered shyly, but as I kept my hand on her ass, she didn't try to push me away.

She wasn't silent as she had hoped, as I noticed the woman flinching at Carrie's words before using another door, this time behind the counter, to get away.

"No worries, she's already gone," I said with a chuckle. I was amused by her, just not as much as I was interested in reversing Sarah's fun ambush.

"So, Sarah, I heard you talking about me," I said. "But as you say, I'm here. Why don't you repeat your fears about how naughty Casanova I had been when my presence is proof." I smirked.

"Yes, she was being ridiculous," Carrie said as she rested against my chest, her husky tone another sign of what I had been doing where Sarah couldn't see. "It would have made sense to think about it if it was only Irene, but Ida is there as well."

"Exactly, Sarah," I chuckled as I caught her gaze, letting my smirk widen. "Unless you're going to claim that I'm such an expert of seduction that I could seduce a girl right next to her friend without her friend noticing... Or even better, seduce two girls at the same time."

Sarah froze, her anger flaring suddenly enough to silence her. Admittedly, her anger was not unjustified.

After all, my examples were chosen carefully, both applicable to her.

Pity, she couldn't just say so to her friend.

"Exactly, I can't imagine any girl that wouldn't notice something like that," Carrie said proudly. Too proudly even, far outside her usual attitude, exaggerated to annoy Sarah. I looked at her,

curious why she asked such a question, but Carrie just shrugged.

It seemed that she wasn't particularly concerned about Sarah noticing the truth of the situation. Maybe she was aware it was not a trick that she could maintain for long, certainly not when more and more of her friend group get involved, and wanted to tease her friend as much as possible before the truth was revealed.

Especially as another fun chain awaited us once the truth was revealed. Looking at her experience with Naomi, it wasn't like Sarah was against some friendly challenges.

But the sudden flare of anger on her face showed that she had swallowed the bait whole rather than bothering to ask why Carrie would make such a pointed question.

A rare oversight for such a smart girl, one that I was more than happy to leverage.

I slipped my foot out of my shoe and brought it to her leg. Sarah flinched as our skin touched, alarmed enough to miss Carrie's smirk — or the fact that why Carrie didn't find the weird position of my leg suspicious.

She managed to suppress her flinch soon, but that wasn't enough for her to change her focus to a different direction, not when I started caressing her inner thighs. "Sorry, I misspoke," Sarah said soon, but it was just an excuse for her to lower her head down to hide her expression.

My foot was not my most agile limb, certainly, but my growing knowledge of Sarah's beautiful body was more than enough to compensate for that deficiency. I danced upward, teasing every single sensitive spot I had discovered.

Carrie put her hand on my crotch, gently caressing my arousal, which returned to its raging state quickly after cutting its earlier adventure halfway.

Focused on that two, I had missed the approach of someone else, which was a cardinal sin to a quarterback. Luckily, in this case, it wasn't punished by a painful tackle. "Who is your new friend, Carrie," said a female voice.

I raised my head, and saw the same spectacular MILF with an apron looking at us from behind the counter...

## Chapter Fifty-Six

Sarah froze at the words that came from behind her, while I examined her. Said Miss Warrick was still blushing, but it was less intense than her earlier reaction, which was enough to confirm that she had no idea what was going on.

After all, what was going on under the table was much more impressive than the little kiss she had stumbled upon.

Carrie didn't wait before answering. "This is Chad, Miss Warrick, a transfer student that joined our school the last week."

"Oh, last week," she said with a shy chuckle. "I see that you're making your best to accommodate him."

Carrie froze for a moment, thinking that she realized what was going on. "She's talking about the kiss," I whispered to her. "Well, you know how it goes..." Carrie said, relaxed, but not enough to sound calm.

Miss Warrick chuckled. "Don't worry, I remember. I was young before."

"Nonsense," Carrie immediately retorted. "You're still young."

She blushed. "I don't know about that..."

Sarah didn't react, still busy trying to contain her moans as my toes landed on her panties, gently massaging her core to push her closer toward the climax.

I chuckled. "I agree with Carrie, you have nothing to worry about," I said as I caught her gaze, putting a naughty smile on my face. Admittedly, such a trick was more effective on enthusiastic young women like Carrie rather than a mature woman, but...

Miss Warrick showed that, while she might be a mature woman physically, her mentality wasn't too different from Carrie, blushing under my gaze. Never miss such an opportunity, my smirk widened even as I let my gaze down, taking a lengthy glimpse of her body.

And she just froze under.

I wondered how long it would take for her to give a reaction. Pity, it was not something I would be able to learn, interrupted by Carrie, in the form of an elbow thrust to my ribs, digging

painfully.

“Do you girls know when Ida will return, or will she stay with Irene?” Miss Warrick asked, clearly anxious to change the topic. “I can’t reach her, again.”

“I don’t know,” Carrie said with a shrug. “You know them, one distracted by her camera, the other distracted by her costumes.”

“I know,” she said. “Still, she should be more thoughtful. As long as she’s here, I’m responsible for her. I don’t want to badger her much but...”

“You’re right, Miss Warrick. I have another talk with her,” Carrie said.

“Thanks, sweetie, you’re the best,” Miss Warrick said, then turned back and disappeared once again, doing her best to avoid my gaze.

“Miss Warrick is the host for Ida, since she’s an exchange student,” Carrie explained at my questioning gaze. “Since she plans to continue college here, her family decided it was a good way for her to acclimatize.”

I nodded, finding the explanation rather sufficient, and silence ruled the group for a moment. Carrie tried to focus on the books sprawled in front of her, which was harder than usual as I continuously squeezed her beautiful hips, challenging her ability to stay silent.

Sarah was suffering a more difficult challenge with my foot dancing over her core, her thin panties losing their already limited ability to isolate my touch as they got wetter and wetter. She kept her head lowered, making a show of checking the screen of her phone.

She could have stood up easily, of course, but doing so would mean admitting defeat.

But that was not an option she took. If she wasn’t headstrong enough to jump to such challenges — no matter how ill-advised — we wouldn’t have been in this position in the first place.

As we continued, she had occasional failures, one or two muffled moans escaping her mouth, but Carrie kept her gaze on the books sprawled in front of her, acting like she hadn’t noticed that.

It was supposed to be suspicious, especially with Sarah’s growing suspicion, but amusingly, it wasn’t, and that wasn’t too surprising. I had seen Carrie showing a remarkable ability to block what was going on around her as she focused on her studying. Once she focused on her book,

there was a fifty-fifty chance that she would miss a truck barreling into the store.

In comparison, missing a few moans was nothing out of ordinary.

“Any plans for the week, Sarah?” I asked, teasing her. It was a naughty move, but remembering how she treated Naomi when we were together, it was hard to argue she didn’t deserve it.

She looked at me, her eyes wide. “I plan to — focus on my history project,” she murmured, interrupted halfway by a panicked widening of her eyes as my foot moved, but managing to suppress her moan in the process.

“I thought the delivery is three weeks later,” I asked.

“So?” Sarah answered, not comprehending the question.

I just chuckled, her attitude reminding me that while her attitude might be rougher than her friends, ultimately, she was no less focused on her studies. “Nothing,” I said with a shrug.

She might have followed that up, but under the insistent wiggle of my feet, she soon gained other priorities like trying to suppress her voice.

I could see a small smile on Carrie’s face, satisfaction mixing with arousal as she watched her friend struggle, no doubt enjoying the switch of the fates. Before my arrival, Sarah had been the one to push Carrie, trying to understand what was truly going on, and the switch was, without a doubt, extremely entertaining.

Her smile widened when a beautiful grunt escaped Sarah’s mouth, followed by a beautiful tremble. A bit quick, but considering the public location, I wasn’t shocked by her overstimulation.

I pulled my foot back. Sarah looked at me with gratitude, thinking I showed her mercy, but she was wrong, at least about the reason.

I just didn’t want to destroy the layer of plausible deniability earlier than necessary. I wanted to enjoy the situation as much as possible before the inevitable fallout hit.

“I need to go visit ... the ladies' room,” Sarah murmured a moment later as she stood up, and stumbled to the bathroom rapidly, not waiting for an answer. Meanwhile, I turned my gaze toward Carrie, enjoying her growing smirk.

Carrie watched her leave, snickering. I looked at her once Sarah disappeared. “I see that you’re

pushing your luck,” I said.

Which earned a shocked glare from her. “Really, you’re saying that?” she countered. I had several answers to that, but I decided against it when my phone buzzed with a message from Ida.

“Oh,” Carrie said. “I forgot to ask, how did it go.”

I said nothing as I unlocked my phone and checked the message, which had no words, and just a photo.

A beautiful photo of a panicking Irene, once again wearing scraps of her costume — which covered even less than before after the challenging process it had gone through.

“Not bad,” Carrie murmured, impressed. “I see that Ida is once again a dictator with a camera.”

“Oh, yeah, the switch is very impressive, almost unbelievable as someone else,” I said.

“Who—” Carrie asked reflexively, which was quick to die under my gaze. “I’m not like that,” she defended.

“Oh, I must be remembering a different busty blonde who went from getting shy from a kiss to arranging the seduction of all of her friends in a week,” I said.

“You better not,” she warned, trying to sound angry, but it came as intimidating as a cute kitten trying to be loud.

I chuckled as I grabbed her hair, pulling her for another searing kiss, one that was only interrupted by another photo from Ida, giving us some time to appreciate the bound figure of her redheaded friend.

I was curious just how far she would push, but before we could make a decision, the bathroom door opened once more. “I need to go back home to continue my research, Carrie, do you mind dropping me?” she asked.

“Oh, I thought you said it wasn’t urgent,” Carrie said, amused by her sudden change of attitude. Justified considering Sarah had forcefully intruded into her study session to dig into her secrets.

“I realized I miscalculated. I still need to finish my application essays, and since I came here with you...”



“I don’t know, I still need to study,” Carrie murmured.

“Why don’t I drop you,” I answered, interrupting Carrie. “I don’t have anything to do.”

“I don’t want to bother you—“ Sarah started.

“Nonsense,” I cut her short. “It would be my pleasure.”

Sarah looked hesitant. “I don’t know, a bike is not the safest.”

I shrugged. “I can borrow the car if you’re afraid of riding a bike,” I suggested.

The stab at her pride worked excellently. “Nonsense, of course, I’m not afraid,” she declared, her reaction almost automatic.

“Excellent, then we can go,” I said, and walked away from the table after leaning down for one last kiss, intense enough to add jealousy to the confusing mess of emotion Sarah was trying to deal with. “Let’s go,” I said as I passed her, and she followed me outside...

## Chapter Fifty-Seven

"It's not something I expected from you," Sarah said after she followed me outside, her gaze noticing my bike.

"Did I give you the impression of a guy with a sensible hybrid car?" I asked.

"More like one of those boring electric bikes," she retaliated. "At least when you're at school," she murmured under her breath, clearly aware that our private activities drew a completely different picture.

I chuckled at her words, but didn't reply, recognizing a bait when I see one. Instead, I passed the spare helmet her, and took my seat. She looked hesitant, but that only cost her a few seconds before she took the seat behind me, her arms wrapping around my midsection.

She let out a beautiful breath as her arms wrapped around me, the pressure of her chest enough to show her underwear was as deficient as her top.

"Do I need to go slow, in case you're afraid?" I asked.

Her answer was as predictable as the sunrise. "Of course not, I can handle all the speed you can handle."

"As you wish," I said as I started driving, her arms loosely around my waist as I drove out of town.

Slow enough to actually hear her words. "Oh, you call this fast?" she chuckled.

I said nothing, and continued driving until we were out of the town, remembering a beautiful connecting road I had discovered with next to no traffic.

The perfect place to push her limits, the desire to do so intensifying with each offhand comment I was receiving from her. I didn't say anything until we arrived on the road. "Why are we here?" she asked.

"To give you the speed you wanted, of course," I said.

She didn't answer. Or more accurately, she couldn't answer, busy letting out a shocked cry as I pushed the engine to the limit, bursting into three-digit speeds in less than ten seconds. Her arms tightened around my chest hard, contrasting greatly with her earlier soft wrap even as I

overtook the occasional vehicle on the road aggressively.

Yet, she wasn't clear all negative about the speed I was displaying, as I could feel her hips moving slowly, a completely unnecessary move, but the best way to address her growing arousal on the way.

I drove fast, which was safer than the impression I gave. The biggest danger of a bike was being blindsided by an unknown car, and if there was one thing football taught me as a quarterback, it was to be aware of the surrounding entities.

A great skill to have when you have two-hundred-pound pure-muscle guys trying to take off your head. Compared to that, driving on an empty highway was much simpler.

Sarah was not aware of that little fact, getting tenser by the minute even with the arousal invading her body. Fear and arousal were an interesting combination. I might have slowed down, but with her string of barbs at the start, she deserved a punishment.

A punishment that lasted fifteen minutes before I felt it was finally about to pass playful and reach cruel. Yet, rather than stopping, I slowed down, and took a turn toward a dirt road.

She said nothing, but her arms relaxed around my body, which showed her approval.

It lasted only until we hit a particularly nasty section of road, aggressively bumpy. And just like that, her tenseness was back, but with a different flavor. "J-jerk," she managed to gasp, smart enough to realize that it was intentional.

Unfortunately for her, realizing that it was intentional did nothing to reduce the impact, especially after our coffee shop adventure already priming her body to the limit.

"Hey, you're the one that challenged me," I said as I continued to drive, enjoying subjecting her to the side effects of our little adventure, vibrations traveling across her body with each bump.

She shuffled helplessly, trying to control her desire, but the only thing she managed to achieve was to enhance her pleasure. Even worse for her, after all the times we spent together, I was easily able to read her arousal, and adjust the number of bumps I targeted to maintain her on the edge.

It didn't take long for her to realize I was playing with her, and she decided to cheat. One of her arms pulled away and slid between our bodies, with little doubt about what her fingers were up to.

I stopped immediately, braking hard enough to turn it into a short yet exciting slide.

“Why did you stop,” she asked even as I stepped down.

“To prevent you from cheating, of course,” I answered, letting my smirk widen.

“What cheating, I wasn’t cheating!” she declared, which neatly bypassed the issue that whether we actually agreed to a game for her to cheat.

Her competitiveness was useful as always.

“Why are your fingers glistening, then,” I said, enjoying her panic as she realized she was caught.

“S-shut up,” she murmured as she tightened her legs.

“You’re lucky that I’m a nice guy,” I said, which earned a huff of dismissal from her. Not entirely undeserved, I decided even as I ignored it. “So, I’ll forgive you, even give you the time to solve your issue before we drive back.”

“H-how dare you!” she growled in anger.

“Suit yourself,” I said as I crossed my arms with a smirk. “But if you do so, I won’t allow you to play with yourself while driving. You have to keep your hands in front of me at all times. And I won’t stop, no matter how much you beg.”

“Deal, let’s see who will be begging at the end of our journey,” she said. I took the seat once more, and her arms wrapped around my waist.

She didn’t even wait until we could speed up, her hands dropping down immediately to my budge, caressing up and down. Not a bad choice, if she couldn’t finish herself, she could always drag me to the cliff with her.

I chuckled as I picked up speed once more, the combination of bumps and speed working wonders in her mood. Her fingers responded in kind, unaware she was making a huge strategic mistake.

Whenever she was particularly close to climaxing, her fingers stiffened in anticipation. It acted as a warning, and used the opportunity to drive on the smoother side of the road, until she came down from the highest point.

Only to repeat again...

Alternating between smooth and bumpy, fast and slow, it didn't take long for Sarah to feel frizzled, the way she was moving was the most excellent clue.

She started shuffling desperately, rubbing against the seat even as her breasts smashed against my back, as she went up and down to get some extra arousal, too rhythmic to be disguised as a search for a new position.

Pity driving a bike was too dangerous to just turn to get a glimpse of her. I would have loved to capture that familiar sense of arousal, enhanced even further by the sensation of danger she was dealing with.

She clearly enjoyed the danger, and all that it promised.

She didn't forget the challenge in her pleasure as well, and, other than the occasional pause as she danced at the peak, her fingers worked hard to drive me crazy.

Pity that she picked her timing wrong for such a challenge. The fun fashion session with Umi and Irene was interrupted, but only after something that would empower me had happened.

It was fun, the kind I would enjoy stretching for hours, but I decided not to push too much. Not because I was a gentleman — as I was very definitively not, as I proved many times — but because it was getting dangerous. She was shifting and shuffling too much, and I was afraid of an accident.

No matter what, we were still on a bike.

Lost in the haze of pleasure, she was surprised when we stopped, and even more surprised when she looked around, and realized that we were at her house.

A nice concealed garden that was just lush enough to hide us from being noticed unless someone was looking very carefully.

"W-we are..." she muttered, her breathing out of control.

"We are at our destination," I said with a chuckle. "I hope you were happy with the trip."

"Yes, very happy," she answered as she removed the helmet, but avoided my gaze as she tried to conceal the most intense signs of her defeat.

Her frustrating, beautiful defeat.

“I won’t invite you inside,” she murmured in frustration before she turned to look at me.

“Perfect, as you wish,” I said with a shrug, showing that I had no problem with that.

Therefore depriving her of the challenge of taking the control of the situation. She wanted to leverage the familiar place to reassert her confidence, but I had no intention of letting her succeed.

Sarah was the kind of girl that would push for more and more if I gave her that sign of control, and I had no intention of letting her establish that precedence.

I enjoyed our current situation far too much.

“Are you ... sure,” she whispered, but I just smirked at her, enjoying the fact that her pride was simply too intense to take that statement back.

“Oh, very sure,” I answered, my smile leaving no doubt about my intent.

“We’ll see,” she growled, and started walking toward the door, angry yet sexy at the same time, her hips swinging excessively as they called for me.

It was exaggerated and obvious, but neither of those prevented the moves from being incredibly effective. I was tempted, to the point of considering maybe the defeat was not too big of a problem.

Then, my angel decided to be my savior right at that moment. ‘Emergency photoshoot, fifteen minutes, don’t be late,’ the message read. Normally, I might have been annoyed by the uninvited visitors, but not them — and not for the purpose they shared.

“See you tomorrow, and feel free to visit if you can’t handle defeat,” I said to Sarah, and after a wave, drove away.

Leaving a fuming beauty behind.

## Chapter Fifty-Eight

I had several more messages on my way back, but after checking the first few and saw they were filled with Carrie begging for help unconvincingly, each with a photo of her hands and legs tied — or convincingly — I didn't check the rest, and focused on the drive.

Ten minutes later, I parked my bike in front of my house, and walked inside.

And met with a sight that made all my hurrying worth it. Carrie was in the middle of the living room, wearing nothing but ropes that immobilized her with great effectiveness yet hid neither her erect nipples nor her aroused smile.

She was such a naughty girl.

Ida was not that much better as she moved around Carrie without stopping, taking a great number of photos; and unlike Carrie, who shared her naughty smile with me, Ida was fully distracted by her task, to the point of missing my steady approach as I closed in, her expression sharp.

She failed to notice my approach as I closed in, her attention wholly dedicated to her task — though that dedication wasn't enough to hide the arousal on her face — which might have been surprising for me if it wasn't for the earlier adventure with Irene, where she proved that the enjoyment she derived from the camera was not limited to intellectual boost of art.

And, how Carrie's nakedness and tied to the state helped the more carnal aspects of her photography ... was too obvious to discuss.

"What a nice picture," I whispered once I arrived directly behind her.

"Yes, it is," Ida answered calmly, the slightest jump she had given the only sign of her surprise.

"Help me, my hero," Carrie moaned seductively, which widened my smile. No matter how many times I had seen it, her transformation was always fascinating.

"I don't know..." I answered with a smirk as I turned my attention to Ida, who also looked amazing in her mini-skirt and blouse combo — especially whenever she leaned forward enough to reveal she was lacking an important part of her outfit. "Maybe I should join your kidnapper, especially since you were silly enough to actually invite her inside."

"Nooo!" Carrie gasped, but even with her tone, her attitude was amazingly playful, showing

that she had no problem with the path I had taken. “That’s treason!”

“Sorry, princess,” I said with a chuckle as I wrapped my arm around Ida’s waist, the touch enough to confirm that her panties weren’t the only underwear she was missing. “But what you don’t know is that I had already allied with the sexy ninja here to get your blackmail pictures. It’s not even the first time we collaborated.”

“I-it’s not, who!” Carrie gasped, her tone exaggerated enough not to be believable. Which was just as well, considering Ida was there at the lunch table when we arranged the photoshoot. Hardly something that could be dismissed.

“A sexy barbarian princess...” I said, though I failed to remember the name she had been using, cutting my words short. Not that it was an important detail.

“Oh, no, betrayal,” Carrie gasped. “Please, don’t ravish me, I can’t handle it,” she gasped, her voice the most erotic I had ever heard, though the ropes around her prevented her from parting her legs invitingly.

Her struggle just made the view even more beautiful.

“Of course not,” I said with a chuckle. “I won’t do such a thing. Don’t worry, I’m not a monster.”

“You ... won’t,” Carrie answered, though, unlike her previous words, she sounded confused. Understandable, as it was certainly not the answer she expected to receive, not after going through all the trouble of arranging such a beautiful setup, even bringing someone to record us.

Too bad she had picked the wrong assistant.

“Of course not, not when I have my trusty ninja to sate my lust,” I answered with a smirk, enjoying her flickering expression, dancing between shock, frustration, and desire.

Lots and lots of desire.

“Hey, I don’t —“ Ida started, but when I grabbed her hair and pulled her into a kiss, the enthusiasm of her tongue didn’t agree with her harsh tone.

Not that I blamed her. When Irene’s parents arrived, it was her fun that had been blocked — and her heated kiss showed just how badly she wanted to continue. Yet, the moment she pulled back, her gaze shifted to Carrie and she reflexively raised her camera.

It showed just how badly she wanted to take those photos as well. Luckily for her, I was clever



enough to have a functional workaround. “Imagine just how frustrated she’ll look as we put a show for her, yet she can’t join,” I stage-whispered, loud enough to make sure Carrie heard every word. “Imagine just how beautiful those portraits would be.”

“Nooo!” Carrie gasped once more, but this time, her panic was much more honest.

I just smirked, enjoying her wrapped state. I wondered if she appreciated the speed her simple plot twisted to lock her.

The perfect lesson for her to learn. “Yes,” I said with a chuckle as I grabbed quickly get rid of her top, but I continued to hold her. A part of it was the sensation of her naked waist, but another part was to prevent a painful collapse. My help was vital with her legs trembling badly.

“What do you mean, yes?” Carrie gasped in a shocked tone, showing that she had never considered that answer.

“Very simple word, yes, commonly used to convey an affirmative message,” I explained, replicating the serious tone she wore whenever she explained a complicated topic. A successful one, if Ida’s beautiful chuckle was any indicator. “It’s finally time for you to take the other side after Naomi and Irene,” I said.

“But—“ Carrie gasped as she looked at Ida, thinking that I had just slipped a dangerous secret by referring to Naomi.

“Don’t worry about it,” I said with a chuckle. “Naomi had already spilled what happened to Ida, and she came prepared,” I said. This time, it was Ida that flinched at the mention, but my finger was already on her lips to silence her. “Don’t bother arguing,” I repeated, this time whispering to Ida. “You’re not as good as you think you are trying to hide your reaction, especially without your precious clutch in hand,” I added with a chuckle.

Ida froze. A nicer man might have given her a moment to process that, but I was more of a believer in equal opportunities. Since she was more than happy ambushing a friend and imprisoning others — though both in dubious circumstances — I saw no problems pushing for more either.

Instead, I gave her what she wanted. “Keep your camera on Carrie’s face,” I said as I let my hands move down, slipping under her skirt, the following moan leaving no doubt where exactly I was busying myself.

That was enough to empower her, allowing her to move past the shame of getting caught. She

split her attention between taking photos and moving her hips, assisting my fingers to explore her core. One hand stayed there, but the other climbed up.

First to her breasts, her nipples hard and sensitive, worthy of delaying my fingers ... temporarily, before I continued to climb upward, ending up around her head.

I grabbed her hair, the pull hard enough to be painful. A moan was her only reaction as she continued taking photos, one after another, recording Carrie's expression, shifting slowly yet steadily.

Help was on the way, I decided. Leveraging the opportunity, my tongue slipped into her mouth, ravaging aggressively.

Her tongue responded, just as aggressively, allowing me to enjoy her dual personality even more. Her hips pushed back, pressing against my waist to test my erection — even though she had to tiptoe to align with it perfectly.

Her tongue quickened, and so were her hips, to the point that, for a moment, even her photography took the backseat. I continued kissing, curious whether she would completely abandon her art to enjoy the show.

However, my expectations of an early capitulation died a minute later, when she pulled back from the kiss just as decisively, focusing on her photography once more. I might have even felt bad if it wasn't for her desperate panting, showing that it hadn't been an easy choice.

Curious about her resolve, I walked away. She turned to face me, only to realize, in that quick few steps, I had already managed to get rid of all my clothes. "Feel free to take a rest whenever you feel exhausted," I said as I sat down.

My erection was positioned perfectly, enough that she turned her camera to me, taking a few quick photos before turning back to Carrie.

But even as she did so, I smirked, because every time she turned, she was taking a step toward me, getting closer and closer. Another minute, and she was standing in front of me, bent forward sharply enough that her core hid nothing from me.

"Maybe I should rest a bit," she whispered as she started lowering herself...

## Chapter Fifty-Nine

I wrapped my hands around Ida's waist as she slowly lowered herself onto my lap, momentarily fixing my attention on her fully. Our proper first time didn't deserve anything less.

Soon, I let one of my hands drift upward, caressing the side of her naked body, before reaching to her silky black hair, wrapping it around my hand before pulling.

The little moan she let out was magnificent. "I ... photos —" she managed to whisper, but that was all she was able to say before my lips sealed her lips. To her credit, even when she closed her eyes, she continued to grip her machine.

I was tempted to pull it off her hands and turn it to ourselves, but I decided against it at the last moment. As much as it was tempting, I didn't want to take his clutch away at such a critical moment. Instead, I deepened the kiss even as I enjoyed her walls clamping around my presence, tighter and tighter.

For a long while, I did nothing but kiss her while her hips danced, trying to get used to my presence. Then I spoke.

"It's good that Irene's parents didn't ruin our fun," I whispered into her ear once she stopped descending and started pulling up, her tightness phenomenal. She opened her mouth, but that died in another moan. "Maybe you should continue taking Carrie's photos," I added her.

"R-right," she stammered as she looked away from my gaze, for the first time acting reluctant with the camera in her hand.

Though, that reluctance only lasted for a moment, until her gaze turned back to Carrie and took note of the beauty on display. Carrie already looked amazing when naked, and the ropes made her even sexier. Yet, neither detail was as impressive as the thick expression of arousal that covered her face, her lips parted, panting in arousal, her beautiful blue eyes filled with the most intense desire I had ever seen.

"That would be a pity," Ida murmured as she took a record of the show, stiffening on my lap.

"Exactly," I said as I shifted my hands back to her hips once more, this time not to support her weight but to direct the dance of her hips, as she was lost in her photos.

What a way to damage my poor, fragile ego, I thought with a chuckle, even as I let my fingers dig into her soft hips, slowly directing her to move up and down, each repeat bringing me

deeper inside her. “Do you think you can handle anything faster,” I whispered after she managed to reach halfway mark.

“Y-yeah,” she managed to gasp, and I picked up speed, invading her beautiful core with a renewed aggression, each second giving me more and more pleasure. A moan escaped from my mouth as enjoying her assisted dance, her walls tight around me.

“So, miss Photographer, tell me. Are you happy with your model?” I whispered, like my constant impaling wasn’t enough distraction.

“Well —“ she started, trying to answer, only to be interrupted by a moan. “She’s good, but more angles would have been better,” she offered.

“But you don’t want to stand up and stop your pleasure as well,” I whispered into her ear. She just whimpered, unable to answer out loud, once again shocking me with their selective shyness. Their limit of habits was simply spectacular. “Answer me,” I whispered.

“I ... don’t,” she admitted softly.

“Even if it’s preventing you from taking such beautiful photographs?” I asked.

This time, she paused, and for a moment, I was afraid of the allure of her hobby was stronger than the pleasure from my repeated invasion. That would have been an actual blow to my ego. “Even then,” she finally whispered her answer even as she pushed her hips down, taking momentary control of her dance.

“Well, how about a compromise,” I whispered.

“What kind of compromise —“ she started, only to let out another cry. This time, because I stood up without a warning, my grip on her hips strong enough to easily lift her along, the motion pushing me even deeper into her.

“This kind of compromise,” I whispered even as I pushed hard, making her moan louder and louder.

“Not fair,” Carrie commented, pouting, yet her voice was filled with arousal.

I ignored her words, which was easy to do with the distraction Ida was providing for me. Instead, I turned my attention to Ida as I balanced her. “Now, you can command me to go back and forth, and I can help you take better photographs,” I whispered.

“Excellent — idea,” Ira answered, her short comment interrupted by a beautiful moan as I took a step forward, and used that to invade her depths once more. “Go forward,” she said, easily handling the fact that our position was revealing her body to a point that would put a stripper to shame.

Yet, with the camera in hand, she was impervious to emotions like shame. That, or with her attention split between her task and her pleasure, she didn’t have any bandwidth for such useless things. She just raised her camera, playing with the settings to capture the best expression of Carrie’s expression.

“To the left, a bit,” she murmured, followed by another cry as my shaft disappeared all the way inside, this time much louder.

“T-this is not fair,” Carrie pouted, but I didn’t miss the way she pushed her chest out to maximize the impact of her amazing bosom, her nipples rock hard, relying on her body more than her words to earn her contribution. “Release me.”

“Be silent, and give me a better pose,” Ida answered sharply. “Lower your head, chin out, and keep your eyes half-closed. You’re captured, and about to be ... tortured. Act like it.”

Unfortunately for Ida, that explanation only made Carrie shiver in arousal. Ida’s groan showed that she was looking more for fear, one that Carrie found difficult to give under circumstances. “Bring me closer,” Ida ordered.

“Who am I to reject such orders,” I said with a chuckle as I moved forward, until we were close enough to touch Carrie. I didn’t, busy with holding Ida, but Ida had no such problems. She let her machine dangle on her neck for a moment — and it jumped up and down, not at one point, I stopped repeatedly slamming into her beautiful core, which rocked her tiny body aggressively — as she reached to Carrie, and grabbed her hair.

“Too hard,” Carrie gasped, though, despite the pain in her tone, there was no sense of complaint covering her tone.

“That’s what happens if you act like a whore waiting for your turn. Don’t forget, you’re a captive, and you need to —“ Ida explained, not stopping to grab her hair even for a moment as she did so. Unfortunately, her voice didn’t have the determination of her fingers, and a deep push inside her was enough to steal her words.

Carrie opened her mouth, about to answer, but Ida was quick to prevent it by putting her hand over her mouth. “Maybe you can help her situation a bit more,” I said, pointing at a small towel

in the corner. “She might panic if she can’t see.”

“Hey, don’t even think about it!” Carrie gasped, not willing to miss the show. But Ida just ignored me, nodding toward my suggestion. I started walking toward the towel, each step pushing me deep inside Ida, her moans mixing with Carrie’s long string of complaints beautifully.

Ida picked up the towel as she leaned down, but she also picked up her panties. I smirked, realizing what she was going to use them for.

“I can’t believe this…” Carrie pouted as we closed in, frustrated that her begging didn’t work. Though, it was a beautiful frustration, the kind that would have driven me crazy if I wasn’t already lost in Ida’s depths.

“Silence,” Ida ordered. Carrie still opened her mouth, showing her willingness to reject that command, but Ida stuffed her panties into her mouth, cutting off her beautiful voice. Carrie’s beautiful eyes widened.

Too bad I was only to see for a moment before they were covered by the towel Ida had repurposed as a blindfold.

“Much better,” she delivered smugly, happy that she managed to silence her as she grabbed her camera and took a few photos. Photos that were a bit too close to actually being good, which was a fascinating little detail.

“Should I walk back?” I suggested, smirking in amusement as I realized even Ida’s professionalism had its limits. Not that I blamed her, as Carrie was amazingly sexy when naked. Add the ropes, the blindfold, and the gag — made of Ida’s own panties — it wasn’t fair to judge her about her professionalism suffering a little.

“No, let’s stay close, I want to take some close-ups,” Ida murmured, but the way she held the camera with one hand, the other dancing on Carrie’s collarbone showed a different intent.

## Chapter Sixty

For a while, I didn't intervene with Ida's transparent excuse, letting her do as he wished, content in pushing inside her repeatedly to push her ever closer to her orgasm, though not as recklessly to bring that immediately.

The moment was too beautiful not to savor.

As time passed, Ida's transparent excuse started to get even more see-through, to the point of being invisible, fully revealing the intent behind it. I chuckled even as she stopped paying attention to her pictures, and her free hand started to linger down, landing on Carrie's breasts.

She squeezed aggressively, showing that I wasn't the only one that was fascinated with the great expanse of her bosom. Carrie moaned helplessly, her words destroyed by her makeshift gag. After all, not only her breasts were spectacular, but also extremely sensitive.

Combined with her helpless state, it was no wonder she was being driven crazy. However, unable to say anything, the best she could do was to squirm as Ida twisted her nipples recklessly, triggering a beautiful mixture of pain and pleasure in her.

"It's unfair," I suddenly whispered.

"What's unfair?" Ida asked in a scathing tone. "She's the one that arranged everything, and sacrificed her friends one by one to your horrible appetite," Ida commented. Her words were not wrong, technically, but the way she was rocking her hips as I invaded her core repeatedly took a lot of impact from the words that were hidden in her tone.

So much for my horrible appetite.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm not talking about her, I'm talking about you," I whispered into her ear, the position allowing it so. Though, I make sure to keep my tone loud enough for Carrie to hear, who stopped her shuffling for a moment.

No doubt recognize my mischievous tone.

"And what are you talking about?"

"Well, I was thinking that it was unfair for you to distract yourself by trying to do two things, rather than just focusing on punishing Carrie.

Her eyes widened, even bigger than they did when I had invaded her whole being for the first time. “Wait —“ she ordered, sharp, but that was a mistake. Before she could tighten her grip on her camera, I pulled it off her fingers, and unhooked it from her neck.

“Much better,” I said, smiling at her solitary word, interrupted the moment I had pulled it off her fingers, enjoying the way her words had disappeared into a panicked gasp, her earlier confidence melting faster than an ice cube dipped into lava.

She pulled her hand away from Carrie’s body, like it was made of the same lava. Carrie chuckled, her gag unable to suppress that particular sound, her body rocking softly.

Ida opened her lips, but no words were forthcoming. Not that I cared much, as at this point, her mouth had many more important things to do. She shouldn’t exhaust herself by trying to form words. I leaned to capture her lips, one hand around still around her waist to keep her in place.

“Try to hold onto something, sweetie,” I ordered, making her eyes widen. Yet, at this point, with her shattering confidence and her mind blanked with pleasure, she had no choice but to follow my orders.

And, the only thing she could hold on to at our current position was Carrie.

She still managed to do it as safely as she could manage, and put both hands on Carrie’s shoulders. “Good,” I said. “But let’s make sure Carrie could communicate her problems,” I added, and reached.

“Noo...” Ida whispered softly, but that was all she was able to say before I pulled off Carrie’s makeshift gag and threw it to the side.

“Finally,” Carrie murmured, her beautiful lips curling into a smile. Ida just trembled. Amusing that Carrie, still blindfolded and her body wrapped in ropes, radiated an aura of control much stronger than Ida, who was currently busy panicking.

Since Ida showed no intention of answering, I decided to use her pretty mouth for a more useful purpose. I sealed her lips with mine even as I shifted, forcing her to rely on Carrie to maintain balance. “Wow, it sounds like fun,” Carrie commented, interrupting the sound of our hips slamming loudly, filling the house with our sound.

“Oh, believe me, it is,” I answered as I pulled back for a breather, while Ida just let out a panicked yelp. “Don’t you think, sweetie?” I asked as I slapped her ass.



“It’s ... not fair,” she murmured at the slap.

“Exactly, it’s not fair to keep her bound and blindfolded, Chad,” Carrie said, somehow managing to sound sarcastic and erotic at the same time, which was not a simple achievement. “Oh, wait...”

Ida moaned in shame, and I took over, not stopping invading her core even for a moment. “You know that she’s not wrong, right?” I said with a serious tone, like I was negotiating peace rather than banging her naked body ceaselessly. “You were the one that tied her down helplessly to fulfill your own professional objectives. It’s not fair for you to suddenly start talking about fairness.”

“M-maybe,” she whispered. “But this is too much,” she continued.

“Really, maybe we should ask Carrie,” I said as I grabbed her blindfold, and tugged it free in a smooth move, giving her her vision back.

Her gaze was sexy and bright as she pinned Ida down, who failed to say anything as she came face to face with her model. A nicer man might have stopped his movements to give Ida a chance to recover.

But then, a nicer man wouldn’t have been in my position, invading her whole being in front of one of her best friends, a friend that Ida had been photographing in bondage before — and after — my arrival.

“Carrie, sweetie, do you mind helping me to silence her,” I whispered as I pushed forward with more strength. One advantage, I finally buried myself fully in her, triggering a spectacular cry that told me her climax wasn’t too far away — and would arrive in a spectacular manner — but that wasn’t the biggest advantage.

No, the biggest advantage was that it disrupted Ida’s balance, so rather than relying on grabbing Carrie’s shoulders and maintaining as much distance as possible, her arms wrapped around Carrie’s neck.

With the effect of bringing their lips to close.

An opportunity that Carrie took instantly, with more passion than I expected her to take, suggesting that her voyeurism kink wasn’t the only surprise she was holding for me. A twist of her neck was enough to close the distance, her tongue invading Ida’s mouth.

My presence prevented Ida's retreat, keeping her in place. Not that she had the confidence to pull back from the kiss.

Or likely, the intent as well. I remembered just how distracted she was while playing with Carrie's tits, and the sudden tightening in her core was just another clue she wasn't against Carrie's choice.

Such an interesting group of friends, I thought as I continued my beautiful, scandalous task of giving Ida her first explosive climax, her tits dangling freely with each push, the angle working perfectly to enhance the effect.

"Pity I can't pay her back," Carrie murmured as she pulled back, glancing down to her breasts, still carrying a few red welts.

Remains of Ida's earlier burst of courage.

"Too bad you won't have another chance," I said mockingly.

"Right," Carrie chuckled back at my reminder that there would be many other opportunities to actually push forward and to the more and more fun stuff.

I tightened my grip around Ida's waist, invading her core. "This is ... not fair," Ida murmured, the extent of her complaints.

"Oh, really? Maybe we should stop. I wouldn't want to put you in a situation you don't want," I asked with a beautiful chuckle, giving her a chance to reject the invasion of pleasure without actually creating a comprehensive structure.

"No!" she gasped in shock, her voice loud for the first time since I had taken her camera away.

"Really? Maybe —" I started, only to be interrupted again.

"No!" she gasped again, showing how desperate she was not to stop without finding her release. I looked into Carrie's eyes, and met with a mixture of mirth and amusement.

"Well, if you feel so strongly," I whispered even as I picked up speed. Her legs wrapped around my waist despite the difficult angle, doing her best to assist my assault.

I impaled her again and again, her moans getting louder with each repeat, soon forcing Carrie to kiss her just to suppress her sound. Though, the speed she leaned suggested that it wasn't exactly a great difficulty.

With her arms still tightly around Carrie's neck, one of my hands was free to explore her body recklessly, without stopping even for a second. "Such a beautiful friendship," I said with a mocking tone even as I grabbed Ida's breasts, which might be smaller than Carrie's, but still amazingly beautiful.

Ida tightened around my length, the special kind that showed she finally hit her limit. The length she was able to resist had been surprising, but I was willing to guess that it was more about the extended cosplay adventure we shared with Irene.

I said nothing, just pausing for a moment to feel her tightening, though I had to grab her waist to prevent her from collapsing; unlike her arms, the grip of her arms had been weakening significantly.

Accompanied by a delirious, exhausted moan to follow her explosive cries...

"It seems that our great photographer is finally exhausted," I said with a chuckle.

"Yes," I said as I looked at Carrie, doing nothing to hide my arousal. "It seems that way..."

## Chapter Sixty-One

Ida shuffled in her new seat, naked and trembling, yet doing her best to defy our comment about being exhausted; but she didn't even have the energy to raise her camera, the greatest evidence of exhaustion she could have.

A good way to make a decision. "Let's see if she can recover enough to immortalize such a beautiful moment while I deal with your punishment," I said as I pulled her Carrie onto my lap.

Carrie froze for a moment before whispering. "Aren't you going to untie me?"

"Why," I answered. She couldn't see my face due to the way she was sitting, but I was sure she had no trouble guessing the kind of smile I had on my lips. "Isn't keeping you tied down a good start? Just in case you're feeling ... naughty!"

"No, I'm not naughty, I'm a good girl," she gasped in protest. Admittedly, it wasn't as effective as she might have liked to believe, not with her track record — both immediate, and more general.

"Oh, really?" I whispered. "I wonder how many good girls I would have found naked in my room, watching their friends ... graduate..."

"That's not my fault, Ida tied me up, and now you're keeping me prisoner," Carrie gasped loudly, blaming her exhausted friend. Though, that blaming didn't prevent her hips from moving back and forth, which was not prisoner behavior.

At least not the nice kind.

"So, you're saying that all I need to let you go and it'll all be over," I whispered into her ear, calling her naughty bluff as my touch on her stomach got lighter, making her think that I might actually follow up with that.

"No!" she gasped, far too quickly as she stiffened on my lap.

"Oh, a lie..." I whispered. "I thought that you wanted to be free."

Carrie froze for a moment, her eyes closed as she turned her spectacular intellect toward digging herself from the little verbal corner she dug herself into. Ordinarily, it would have taken a second for her to do so, but to her defense, she was somewhat distracted.

“I want to be freed by my own power,” she whispered after a pause. “It’s not fair to do any other way.” The way her hips started dancing despite my hold left no doubt about what kind of payment she had in mind.

I turned to Ida. “What do you think?” I asked even as I let my hands caress Carrie’s naked belly, enjoying the smoothness. She tried to push forward a bit so that she could slide my shaft inside rather than just rocking on top of it, only to decide against it when my arms tightened around her body.

Even with all the changes in her attitude, she was still obedient when it counted.

Amazing.

“I don’t know,” Ida murmured as she forced herself to sit, showing the extent of her exhaustion. I let her recover. Pity I didn’t have anything to entertain myself while waiting ... right.

I chuckled even as I let my hands rise, cupping Carrie’s amazing tits, enjoying the way she squirmed under my touch like a cute restless rabbit. I let my fingers sink down, once again enjoying the perkiness of her breasts.

“Come on, Ida,” Carrie whispered. “I’ll model you once, whatever you wish!”

“Three times,” Ida countered, her exhaustion blinking away immediately at the prospect. Carrie looked thoughtful. “And today doesn’t count!” Ida added, immediately using the opportunity to push for more.

“That’s too much,” Carrier gasped, followed by a moan as I twisted her nipple.

“Oh, then maybe we should let you go. We don’t want to push a delicate beauty like you too much,” Ida answered. I couldn’t help but smirk at her sudden viciousness. It was always a treat to see such a shy beauty suddenly turn cutthroat just because of her passion for her hobby.

“I ... I accept,” Carrie answered, quick to abandon her attempts to bargain at the prospect of a loss. She was not a good haggler, especially not when distracted. Though, if I was reading the way her tongue was darting out correctly, the earlier show had pushed her too much already, and leaving without a proper tumble was abhorrent to her.

I chuckled at her attitude. Ultimately, I had no intention of sending her away after all the work she put in to make today such spectacular entertainment, first with Sarah, then with Ida.

“Good,” I murmured as I continued groping her, enjoying the way she trembled under my touch. I let one of my hands climb up until I grabbed her hair, using that to pull her lips to a convenient location for my merciless kiss.

My tongue invaded her mouth, and her hips responded by increasing the speed of their dance. It would be a lie to say I wasn't tempted to tease her more ... and it wasn't mercy for her that made me act.

No, after the long tease with Sarah, I was still burning with desire, and the little show with Ida hadn't been enough to completely resolve it.

My other hand shifted to her hips, and I pushed them forward. A little shift in my waist, and when her hips pulled back, her familiar warmth enveloped me yet again.

Her moan was beautiful even when suppressed by my lips, and she continued to tease me. As I continued tasting her lips, a distinctive click reached my ears. I glanced, only to see Ida already taking photos of the show.

I glanced at Ida, watching the dance of emotions, from satisfaction to jealousy, dancing beautifully, split between the opportunity to record the show, and taking another turn. I might have been surprised by her naughtiness, but after my experience with the rest of their friend group, the surprise was much more muted.

I turned my attention back to Carrie, enjoying the way she was dancing on my lap despite the impediment of her bound state.

The kiss didn't last for long. Soon, I let my lips drift lower, stealing a lingering kiss of her neck while her moans exploded, her face fully visible once more — a little favor for Ida, who was doing her best to immortalize the moment.

She failed to say anything, the pleasure enough to steal her words. I let her hair go, and brought that hand to her breasts once more, enjoying the sensation of her perky breasts once more, aggressively, enough to leave several red marks behind.

Marks that was very interesting, if Ida's sudden determination to stand up despite her trembling legs were any indicator. She managed to drag her naked body in front of us, before she fell on her knees just a couple feet away, her camera conveniently positioned to take the show fully.

Carrie said nothing, just moaning again and again, losing herself in the perfect mixture of pleasure of my touch, and the thrill of being observed. Her dance, despite the impediments she

was dealing with, was beautiful.

With her hips moving in their won, I shifted my hand on her hips, caressing her inner thigh. She pressed them tighter. “Part them open, sweetie,” I whispered. “Let’s give your friend the show she deserves after all the trouble she had gone through.”

“But ... that’s too much —“ she whispered, which was all she was able to say before a slap landed on her hip, interrupting her complaint.

“That’s not fair, sweetie, you promised her,” I whispered.

“Yes... you promised,” Ida agreed, but that didn’t prevent a blush from spreading to her face as Carrie parted her legs open, which allowed her to get an unobstructed view of my shaft disappearing again and again, elevating the erotic moment into something even more.

However, her shock didn’t take long, as she raised her camera and started taking photos with a renewed passion. I didn’t expect those photos to come out particularly good, for one simple reason.

She was holding the camera in one hand...

The other disappeared between her legs as she stimulated herself recklessly, the passion of the moment enough to overwhelm her professionalism.

There was only one problem. “Why don’t you open your legs as well, sweetie. It’s not really fair, isn’t it,” I said, challenging her in the exact same manner I had toned against Carrie earlier.

“I don’t...” Ida muttered, feeling shy despite the camera in hand, which was a rarity.

“Maybe I should close my legs, then,” Carrie whispered. I knew that was a bluff, as the way she tightened as she parted them open to escalate the nature of the show she was giving showed that she enjoyed being watched — almost as much as she enjoyed watching her friends getting dominated after assisting their seduction.

However, Ida wasn’t in a position to catch such detail while her mind was blanked with pleasure, and she obeyed Carrie’s request, further enhancing the beautiful show I was receiving...

Life was good.

## Chapter Sixty-Two

My smile was hard to contain as I walked into my kitchen, preparing a huge pitcher of iced tea.

It was out outside, but not enough for me to finish a huge pitcher alone. Luckily, I wasn't alone, far from it. I smiled I listened to the laughs coming from outside, from my pool.

Ten minutes ago, I hadn't planned to do anything but watch some tape for my Saturday, to make sure I was sharp. It was a plan that had been ruined once my doorbell rang. I wasn't expecting anything, so assumed it was delivery.

I certainly wasn't expecting five beauties, each wearing sun dresses. Surprise, Sarah said as she pushed me away — a bit harder than I expected, probably still annoyed about our last encounter — while Naomi explained that they decided to surprise me with a midday pool party.

It was hardly a point to reject that statement after all the time we spent together — with all of them, in various combinations — so I just pulled the aside and told them to feel at home while I dealt with the preparations.

And, I had to admit, having the girls over for a fun pool party wasn't exactly the worst idea ever.

As I prepared in the kitchen, I could hear them jumping down into the water one after another. I was yet to see what they were wearing for the pool, but I didn't hurry up. Sometimes, pleasure required some seasoning.

I carried the tray with all the glasses as I walked toward the garden.

Carrie was the one I had noticed first, sitting on the grass, her incredible breasts proudly supported by a black bikini top. The contrast of the dark fabric against her alluring exposed cleavage was spectacular. The top wasn't supposed to be revealed based on the cut, but her breasts clearly disagreed.

The bottoms were even more modest, and combined with her position, gave nothing but her beautiful legs. And, since our earlier encounters showed that she was certainly not body-shy — at least not yet — it was not hard to imagine she had another ploy in play.

In contrast, Irene went with a relatively plain white one-piece with black patterns. Well, at least, it was supposed to be. The situation was even worse — better — than Carrie's swimsuit, because unlike Carrie's, Irene's swimsuit was clearly designed for someone with less generous sizes.



Though, knowing her, it was referring to an obscure fictional character or something.

I could have spent half a day watching her, if she wasn't swimming next to Naomi, who had decided to go with something rather more playful. Bright orange, and more revealing than the other two, but nothing that would cause a scandal on a beach. Of course, her tight body and her glistening skin would have gathered all the gazes.

At the corner of the pool, I could see Ida, who had decided to go radically more conservative than the others. A green top with absolutely no hint of cleavage from any side — which was impressive as she certainly didn't have small breasts — and her bottoms were more reminiscent of shorts than bikini bottoms, joining the latter category only in a technicality.

Though, without her camera in hand, even that was enough to make her blush as she caught my gaze and dipped down.

Her bipolar attitude was simply sexy — especially since she didn't go between two extremes of crazy, but two extremes of hotness.

Only one was missing, though, considering the footsteps from behind, it wasn't hard to guess where she was. "Don't make her have an aneurysm, she's a bit shy," Sarah said.

I turned, and couldn't help but whistle in appreciation. Because, unlike the others, Sarah was wearing an absolutely maddening piece of swimwear, the kind that more fitting in sexy magazine covers than on public beaches. Her set was dark scarlet, yet the suggestiveness of the color took the second piece.

She was wearing a crazy set of a string bikini, with two tiny triangles to cover her nipples that required only half an inch to create a scandal, and the bottom was only slightly better. As she passed me, I caught sight of the bottom, which was a string, and nothing else.

I said nothing, because if the gasps coming from the rest, I wasn't the only one that was ambushed by it. I chuckled as I watched their gazes, in various shades of jealousy and frustration. None of them were innocent alone — or even in various duo combinations — but clearly, they had been planning to play the pool party more casually. After all, with the exception of Carrie, none of them had the full view of the situation.

Sarah broke that implicit covenant.

And, I thought as I kept my gaze on her hips, which were swaying far too aggressively to be a natural walk, broke that spectacularly.

Only in Carrie's gaze, I could see a hint of satisfaction, clearly appreciating the opportunity to push the situation even more while looking like she was blameless, though that didn't mean her jealousy was fake.

That was very much real as well.

My devious little blonde.

I had the ability to hide my gaze, but where was the fun in that. Instead, I kept my gaze on her dancing hips, curious just how much that little trick would push the rest.

Naomi coughed playfully, hiding one word. "Showoff."

Sarah just smirked at her as she slowly slid into the water, and started swimming.

"Now, I feel perched," I said loudly. "Who else wants some ice tea."

"Me," Irene said, and she started swimming toward the edge. As she swam, she fixed her swimsuit. It felt weird, as she didn't seem shy enough to fix that.

I realized I was mistaken when she held to the edge, which gave the sight of her cleavage, the perfect view revealing that her earlier playing didn't reduce her cleavage but increased even more, to the point of revealing a hint of the areola.

What a naughty little sexy beast, more than daring to join the game once it started.

"Thanks," she said as she started sipping on the side, but none of the others were daring enough to join the game immediately, so I walked toward the table with the tray, leaving them to frolic in the water — or in Carrie's case, stand on the side.

I had great hopes for an amazing party...

## Chapter Sixty-Three

As I walked to the kitchen to prepare some snacks, I was facing one of the most important decisions of my life.

Take an aggressive stance to heat up the party, making the day the best day of my life ... or stay passive, and see what kind of devious little ploys the girls would come up with to make the day special. And, considering their surprise arrival, I had a feeling that a significant portion of them had plans in that direction.

Without a doubt, watching them as they enact those plans would be fun.

I started to prepare the promised snacks, leaving them to splash in the water and enjoy the iced tea, a decision not taken ... when I heard footsteps, no doubt there to take the control away from me. One of them wanted not to spend any time.

Soon, Sarah appeared, her every step optimized to show her assets. Someone didn't want to waste even a second out in the heat and away from me, it seemed.

"Hi, Sarah, anything I can do to help?" I said.

"No, I just came to get something to drink. Not a fan of the tea," she said as she slowly walked into the kitchen, her expression sharp enough to show that she was still feeling slighted after my decision to leave her at the door after arousing her to the limit.

I wonder what she would say if she knew, after that, I was greeted by a threesome.

"The fridge is ready for your orders, my Queen," I said mockingly, which only earned a scowl. She clearly expected a more explosive reaction, and I had no intention to give her. I was not that easily manipulated.

She frowned as she walked closer, and stopped when she stood next to me, watching as I prepared the snacks. "You're quite handy, aren't you?" she asked. "Preparing it from scratch."

"That's what you have to do when you're serious about nutrition," I answered, keeping my attention on the ingredients, like I wasn't standing next to a sexy girl that might as well be naked considering what she was wearing.

"Well, it shows," she said as she gave a smack against my ass, one that lingered far too long to be just friends even before moving down to squeeze my thighs, enjoying my muscles. Her

fingers soon turned seductive.

In my defense, I tried to ignore it, and managed not to look at her. But a certain part of my anatomy, already charged by the earlier show, chose to awaken, straining my swimwear.

She just grabbed it without any preamble, showing that her recent experiences with me had started to change her confidence level even more. Not to mention, she had always been the bravest. "I wonder if I can find something to quench my thirst," she whispered, keeping eye contact as she played with it over my swimsuit.

I smirked back. It was enough playing. "As I said before, only if you beg," I answered, enjoying the flash of anger that passed over her face.

"Beg, never," she gasped, scandalized, but not enough to hide her arousal. "Your loss," she declared, though it was not as convincing as she had hoped. Doing her best to ignore me, she opened the fridge and leaned forward, the light creating a halo around her.

I was sure that the way her bikini top slipped to give me a glimpse of her nipple was a complete accident.

I said nothing as she leaned more and more, which showed her barely-covered ass in the best light, before she finally grabbed a bottle. "That should ... quench my thirst," she whispered as she slammed the fridge door, and opened the bottle.

Then, she showed she had one more little ploy. As she drank, she let some of the water spilled down her cleavage, shivering beautifully as the cold hit. I watched as the droplets splashed across her breasts, dripped down her cleavage, and caressed her stomach.

Kitchen lights hit her beautifully, each droplet clinging to her skin, making her sparkle.

I had to admit, it was tempting enough for me to change my earlier resolution. Maybe a little kitchen quickie wouldn't hurt. "You're playing a dangerous game, Sarah," I warned her, my voice suddenly sharp.

Her smile widened. "Oh, I don't know what are you talking about..." she whispered.

I gave her a serious expression as I closed the distance. "Of course, you don't," I whispered to her ear, nibbling softly. She moaned even as her hands landed on my shoulders, reaching for a kiss.

Too bad for her I chose that moment to pull back. “Unfortunately, you need to play better to win,” I told her, enjoying the way she shivered as my words slammed into her.

I grabbed the tray of snacks and left the kitchen, leaving her back, angry and aroused, curious about what she would do.

“Snacks are here,” I said as I arrived at the poolside, and earned their gazes, but none of them was looking at the tray. No, their gaze was on my midsection, where I was sporting a monster erection. I had deliberately didn’t adjust it, giving them a show.

Also a warning ... Sarah was already working hard, and they needed to join the game quickly if they didn’t want to lose.

“Come to the pool,” Naomi asked, her voice throatier than necessary. I wasn’t surprised that she was the first one to react. After all, she was the one that had lost against Sarah the last time, and lost spectacularly. “We’re the ones that ambushed you with this party. You shouldn’t work hard like a servant. Let us entertain you.”

“Sounds tempting,” I said as I placed the tray on the table, and threw myself into the water.

I swam to the middle of the water, and Naomi swam toward me, just as quick, splashing me with water. “Oh, no, you don’t,” I said, splashing back, and suddenly, it turned into a beautiful, lighthearted game.

Well, almost lighthearted, I corrected as I watched Carrie fix her top after her third accident, giving me another flash of skin to enjoy.

Even better, it didn’t take long for the others to catch on. Irene was the first, and her bikini top suddenly lost its strength to contain her amazing bosom, and started to give me more glimpses. Naomi was not too far back.

Ida was the only one that was still reticent in joining our little game, and Sarah was still absent after her most recent defeat.

We continued horsing around in the water for half an hour, which was fun and sexy at the same time — like anything else was possible when three shy beauties continued to flash at me to the best of their abilities, and the fact that they still managed to hide it from each other, unsuccessfully I might add, made it even more entertaining.

After all, neither Naomi nor Irene knew about the full extent of our little game — not that they

had any right to complain with their own little tricks. Ida knew much more, but without her camera, she was too shy to take advantage.

Then, there was Carrie, who was more than happy to play the mastermind. “Oh, why don’t you give little Ida a piggyback. She’s afraid of coming to the deeper parts.”

That earned matching glares from Naomi and Irene. Whether they were unhappy that it added another player to their game, or they felt Carrie’s words sounded mean, I didn’t know.

I couldn’t blame them if it was the latter. Without knowing what happened in my house when Carrie visited with Ida, it felt like a catty statement to put her down. With the memories of what Ida had done to Carrie, however, it felt much more playful.

“I’m here to command,” I said as I grabbed Ida, easily lifting her to my shoulders, her warm presence welcoming as we walked toward the deep end of the pool.

I turned back with a sound of a splash, only to see Sarah diving. She looked sly, showing she had a way to take revenge. “How about we play a game, girls?” Sarah said.

“What do you have in mind?” Naomi asked quickly, split between dissatisfaction and enthusiasm. She had a clear idea about the lengths Sarah could go to when slighted, but also there were limits to her actions when all of her friends were with her in the pool.

I was just as curious.

“Let’s go with something simple, Marco Polo,” she said as she threw a bunched-up fabric at me.

“Isn’t it, a bit ... childish,” Naomi muttered, relaxed and disappointed at the same time.

Sarah smiled. It was a smile that made Naomi shuffle in discomfort, and made my arousal even more intense. “That’s why we’re going to play that with a twist. Our hero here will be the one that’s seeking always, and whenever he catches one of us, he gets a ... reward.”

“And, what’s the reward?” Irene asked.

“He removes a piece of swimsuit whenever he catches one, of course.”

Silence ruled the pool for a moment. “Isn’t it a bit ... much?” Naomi cut in.

“Feel free to get out of the pool if you can’t handle it,” Sarah declared, sharp. Clearly, after her latest defeat, she was not in the mood to play around. Then, she smiled. “And it’s not like it’s

much. We have all seen each other naked,” she lingered, then looked at me.

“Except our host, of course,” she added, unaware she was wrong about that part. “But he’ll be wearing a blindfold, so he doesn’t count. But if you don’t want to play, just climb out of the water.”

They said nothing as they looked at each other, waiting for the others to make a move. They looked tense, but none of them moved.

With a chuckle, I put on the blindfold...

# Chapter Sixty-Four

I did nothing for a while, just listening as the silence fell into the pool. I might have called it boring, but the water made the panicked shuffle of the girls clear, the sound of water moving to hit my ear like a song.

“Okay, girls, you know how the game goes. You need to make a bit of noise so I can find you.”

Sarah was the first to speak. Well, to be fair, speaking was not exactly what she had done. It was a cry, a moan even... A sexy sound.

And a smart one as well, because it triggered a reaction from the other girls as well, most gasping. Irene exclaimed. “Sarah!” And, to her great misfortune, she was too close to me. Two strokes, and before she could even realize it, I already caught her.

“I caught you —“ I started, only to be interrupted.

“Stop!” a voice called. I stopped, surprised. I was surprised, because of the source of that voice. Not Irene like I expected ... but Sarah again. I was sure that she had a trap in mind, so I listened.

“Okay,” I said, but I still kept my hand on Irene’s waist, far lower than it was appropriate, enjoying the way she shivered under my fingers. “Tell me why?”

“Another rule for the game,” Sarah said. “Whenever you catch someone, you need to identify your victim correctly.”

“Why should I accept that rule,” I answered with a chuckle. “It only makes the game harder.”

“Don’t tell me you can’t handle it, big boy.”

“Well, I might, but I should have some time to assess my target. Otherwise, it would be unfair.”

“Excellent,” Sarah said. “But you should let your current catch go. It’s not fair for her to get a new rule immediately.”

“I ... I don’t mind,” Irene interrupted. “I’m the one that got caught. I need to ... suffer ... the consequences.”

The usage of the word earned a derisive laugh from Sarah. To be fair, she wasn’t the only one laughing. She was just the loudest.



“Let’s start, then,” I said as I put one of my hands on her stomach, and the other on her back. I started moving my hand on her back, enjoying the way she shivered. I had been planning to play along slowly, teasingly, but then, Irene managed to change my mind.

A soft moan escaped her mouth.

That was all I needed to let my other hand climb up, right at her chest, groping her, a daring move that earned gasps from everyone else. “Daring,” Sarah commented from a distance, but I could hear the jealousy in her tone.

“Well, it’s hard to recognize people blindfolded,” I answered with a chuckle, not stopping my fingers from delving into her softness.

I enjoyed it for a while. “It has been a minute, make a guess,” Sarah called, though this time, there was no hiding her jealousy. “Do you want to make a guess, or should we leave you two alone!”

“If you insist,” I answered, then leaned forward. “I’m going to guess that I’m holding a redheaded goddess,” I moaned throatily, and without even waiting for a response, pulled off her bra and wrapped it around my arm.

Yet, rather than letting her go, I cupped her naked breasts, her nipples hard against my palm. “You have to let her go to continue the game,” Sarah called once more, frustrated that her little scheme not developing as she expected.

It was a pity that I was blindfolded, because I could easily imagine her looking angrily at Carrie for her excessive permissiveness. The game was a thinly veiled excuse to exert control, and it was already ruined.

I didn’t say anything. I was having too much fun to risk calling her on it. Instead, I pulled back, and started swimming back and forth, moving faster than they could react — though, from the sounds they were making, they were not trying to make it particularly hard to get caught.

Soon, I managed to catch another, the tightness of her body, developed through endless yoga, was impossible to be confused. “Hmm, another one. Now, I just need to guess,” I said as I leaned forward,, trapping Naomi between my body and the edge of the pool, my shaft buried between her cheeks.

I said nothing as my hands disappeared underwater and grabbed her firm thighs, molesting them recklessly. Her moans were beautiful. “Hmm, a little flabby. I’m guessing the owner

doesn't exercise much —“ I started.

“How dare you!” Naomi exclaimed as she pushed me back. Unfortunately for her, I had already grabbed the string of her bottom, and as I moved away, I dragged her bottom with me.

“Oh, come on, Naomi. I can't believe you fell for that. You're such a virgin,” Sarah called, her call made more amusing by the fact that she was there when Naomi lost that.

“Shut up, Sarah,” Naomi called, her tone shamed.

I chuckled as I raced around the pool once more, leaving them to their little fight. They sniped at each other, while I managed to grab Ida. “Hello, my exotic beauty,” I said as I slowly freed her from her top, but I continued to squeeze her breasts. “Let's make sure I know who are you,” I added as I enjoyed her tits.

“Enough playing,” Carrie called, her tone a tad jealous and frustrated.

“As you wish, mistress,” I called, and suddenly, I dove underwater. It didn't make me invisible, but it shocked them enough that I managed to catch two of them at the same time. One of them was clearly Carrie, but the other, I only recognized as I pulled toward me.

Sarah.

Nice.

“And, I caught Sarah and Carrie, completing the set for the first round,” I said teasingly.

“W-wrong,” Sarah said, trying to conceal her voice.

“Oh, really,” I said as I pulled Carrie's top, freeing her amazing tits as they deserved before turning my attention to Sarah. I carried her toward the edge of the pool, trapping her just like I did to Naomi.

I pulled her top off immediately. “So, are you saying that, if I opened my eyes, I'll not see Sarah?” I started, then leaned forward, whispering in a way others couldn't hear. “Shuffling like a needy whore, trying to anger me, just because she's too arrogant to actually beg for what she truly wants.”

My shaft pressed against her stomach, making her shiver more.

“O-okay, you guessed right,” she admitted, one that was an answer to my latest statement and

not just her cheating attempt.

“Good, a punishment, then,” I said as I pulled her top and bottom at the same time — though, considering how little they were, it should count as one. I didn’t limit it to that, and before she could react, I gathered her arms behind her back, and used her swimsuit to tie them back.

With that done, I pushed her out of the pool. “You better get some timeout for cheating,” I said mockingly, like I hadn’t just pushed her to a point that made her reveal her naked body in a very compromised manner.

Pity I was still blindfolded.

As I pulled back, Sarah whispered. “Hurry up, we still have our next game,,” she said.

Unfortunately for her, she was still being punished, so I decided to deliver the slowest, most extended game of tag imaginable. I caught them many times, of course, but just by deliberately calling them the wrong names, I extended the game quite a bit.

Not a great hardship, as each catch ended up with another half-naked beauty pressing against me. I even gave a piggyback ride to Naomi after one of my ‘failures’, her naked pussy pressing against my neck.

Unfortunately, as fun as it was to tease Sarah, I didn’t extend the game for more than fifteen minutes, not wanting to ruin the mood. One by one, I divested each girl of their clothing, leaving Carrie to the last, trapping her near the ladder as she tried to escape.

I tried to ‘prevent’ ending up with my face temporarily burying into her wet ass. A glorious feeling for certain.

“Wait for two minutes, then come to the living room,” Sarah ordered before we escalate further. Considering how entertaining her previous game had been, I decided to listen to her.

Two minutes into the pool, I removed the blindfold, found a towel, and walked back into the house.

In my living room, a surprising sight was waiting for me. The girls were all sitting on the large couch, which was not that surprising.

The surprising part was that all of them were under one blanket. And, I was too familiar with them to miss the discomfort on their faces — more intense on Irene and Ida, and a fake one on

Carrie.

It wasn't hard to deduce that they were all naked under that blanket.

"Sit there," Sarah ordered before I could comment, pointing at an armchair. Large, but for a single person, but another blanket was waiting for me. "Sit down and get rid of that ugly swim shorts!" she ordered.

I was too happy to follow that, curious about what was our next game...

## Chapter Sixty-Five

“Now, we’re going to play a game,” Sarah said, once again taking control as I slipped under the blanket.

“Oh, how interesting,” I suggested. “What exactly is this game?” I called. “We don’t have anything to play it.”

Sarah smiled while the others blushed. “Simple. You have some paper there. You’re going to write a number between one and a hundred, and each of us will have a guess. The one that guesses the closest number fails,” she suggested.

“Oh, what’s the cost of failure,” I said, not missing the nature of the rules that made it very easy to win, and very difficult to lose. It wasn’t hard to guess where she was going.

“Simple, the one that fails is going to move to your blanket, and suffer there for seven minutes. I call it, seven minutes in hell.”

“Oh, interesting name.”

“Of course. I can’t imagine the punishment worse than getting stuck under the blanket with you,” Sarah declared daringly, while the rest blushed, showing that their shared threesomes didn’t fully cure their shyness.

“Ahh, it hurts me here,” I said as I put my hand to my heart, letting the blanket slide to reveal my muscular chest. It wasn’t the first time they were seeing it, but it still made them blush.

“You don’t have the heart to be hurt, your chest is filled with muscles,” Sarah responded, still frustrated. Clearly, denying her three times in a row didn’t help her mood.

“Enough talking, let’s start the game,” I said as I grabbed the pen and paper, and wrote my first number.

Eleven.

“Let’s start guessing, ladies,” I said, and they started.

“Forty-two,” Carrie guessed.

“Seventy,” Naomi said.

“Twenty-two,” Irene guessed.

“Fifty,” guessed Sarah.

“Ten,” whispered Ida.

“Sarah, you’re very lucky,” I commented, and she shuffled in her seat, ready to stand up. “You didn’t lose, and you don’t have to suffer my torture,” I added, and her smile disappeared, replaced by a frustrated expression.

“Jerk,” she murmured.

“Come on, Sarah, one would think that you actually wanted to lose. I can’t imagine you doing that,” I said. “Ida is the unlucky loser.”

“Too bad, sweetie,” Carrie said with a smile, and Sarah turned to her, a suspicious expression on her face, her enthusiasm probably cluing about the truth of her first time. Still, it was just suspicion.

“C-close your eyes,” Ida commented, still shy...

I could have teased her, saying that wasn’t in the rules, but she was cute enough to earn that right. “Sure, sweetie,” I said as I closed my eyes, enjoying her footsteps, getting closer slowly...

I only opened my eyes once I felt the blanket move, followed by her presence settling at my side. “And the clock starts,” Sarah said, raising her phone.

“Let’s not waste time, sweetie,” I said as I wrapped my arm around her waist, but despite my words, I started softly. I leaned to her neck, and launched a dedicated assault, my hand joining around her waist. Two ‘safe’ locations, enough to break her shy resistance.

Meanwhile, her eyes stayed wide open, looking at her friends, their expressions varied. Naomi was annoyed, though it was more of a competitive annoyance than anything else. Irene had a vindictive smile on her face, no doubt remembering how Ida dominated her during her first time. Carrie was just horny ...

Sarah was the only one looking at Carrie. “You ... you bitch,” she gasped, finally convinced at her conclusion. “You set me up?”

Carrie turned to her, her smirk even bigger. “Oh, really. You were the one that threw yourself to him on the pool, trying to steal him when you were supposed to help, and I’m the one that set it

up,” Carrie answered, her smirk even wider. “Though, it was fun to watch the great Sarah being treated like a submissive whore, unable to resist anything.”

“You ... watched,” Sarah gasped. “You recorded me!” she added, turning to me.

“No, of course not,” Carrie answered while I continued kissing Ida. “I was even in the bedroom, but you were too distracted to notice,” she said. This time, every single girl turned to Sarah, their blush thick.

“I think Sarah needs a punishment for her ploy, right,” I said.

“Like that little blonde minx can take me down,” Sarah said.

“Maybe, but I’m sure Naomi would help,” I said, and Naomi smiled, enthusiastic to pay her back. And, before Sarah could even react, Naomi shifted place, and Sarah ended up with Carrie on her right, and Sarah on her left.

“Yes, we’ll punish her,” Naomi said. “What she did was wrong!”

“Like you’re any different—“ Sarah started, only for a gasp to steal her words.

“They are so silly, right,” I whispered to Ida even as I increased her teasing, and pulled her onto my lap. A little finger teasing, and she was ready to be slid in.

“T-this is too much,” she whispered as I slid inside her slowly. “T-they will watch.”

“It didn’t bother you the previous time,” I suggested, and she blushed, unable to admit her own mental tricks. “But don’t worry, they are not watching you, they are too focused on punishing Sarah.

Admittedly, that was only partially correct. Ida looked back, only to see Sarah trapped between two, her hands already bound — which was visible as their blanket already slid to waist level, the earlier game already lost its meaning. However, while Naomi and Carrie were focused on Sarah to make her pay, Irene had a different focus, watching us.

Naturally, she had another target for her fun revenge.

After a glimpse there, Ida turned her gaze to me, missing that little detail. Instead, she focused on the movement of her hips, slowly riding me.

Just because she was shy didn’t mean she was any less horny than her friends. Peer pressure

wasn't the reason she was under the blanket with me, naked. Peer pressure was the reason she was in here while the said peers were watching ... and since she was convinced by their distraction, the weight lost its importance as well.

Left to her devices, she would have ridden me slowly and steadily, turning it into a beautiful, sensual dance. Too bad that I had other aims. I grabbed her hips, raising her before pulling her down.

The moan that she let out was spectacular, enough to interrupt the punishment for a while. "Wow, seven minutes in hell indeed," Carrie commented as she turned her gaze, but that didn't stay for long.

Ida somehow managed to keep the blanket up, and that made us a less interesting sight than Sarah's naked and bound body, trembling as Naomi twisted her nipples.

I put my hands under her hips, enjoying her tight ass, trying to make her move faster of her volition. I tried tickling her a little bit to remind them, but she kept her pace.

Unfortunately for her, we were on a literal clock, so I took total control of myself, pushing her deep even as I kissed and molested her a wild animal. A bit excessive, maybe, but I wanted their attention mainly on me.

My poor, fragile ego...

Ida moaned as I dominated her, her determination to hold the blanket up lost and it slid down. Irene smirked at the moment and stood up, uncaring of her full nudity — not that it mattered at this moment, with what her friends were doing — as she slowly closed in.

Her naughty smirk was sexy, but her gaze on Ida rather than me, showed she was more interested in revenge than joining. It didn't bother me considering the potential shape of her revenge...

I let her approach as I continued dominating Ida, each second making her moan louder. A grunt escaped my mouth as I shifted from her lips to her tits, enjoying the way her back arched to display them even more.

Irene cupped her breasts suggestively even as she approached, showing that revenge might be her primary aim, but it was certainly not the only one. A true shock, right?

As Irene stood behind Ida, I made a game of tracing my tongue along the edges of her breasts



before focusing to suck her nipples, hard enough to leave a mark.

Ida moaned repeatedly, until Irene's hands landed on her shoulders. Surprised by her presence, she stopped — though, her body continued to jump as I pumped without ceasing my move.

"I thought the blanket was supposed to stay up all the time, miss photographer," Irene whispered, and Ida shivered. In fear ... but also in arousal.

## Chapter Sixty-Six

As Irene stood behind Ida, the rest of the group looked at us as well, looking at me. I might have blushed ... but I didn't, instead catching Irene's gaze.

"It's hardly her fault, sweetie. I remember your horrible attempts to hide the fact that I had slipped inside while we were together. I'm sure the photographs look amazing."

Naomi laughed. "Photographs, really?" she looked at the blushing Irene. "It's always the ones that you least expect."

"Ain't that the truth," I said, though even as I said that, I continued to pump into Ida's tightness. Though, I wasn't just agreeing with Naomi about Irene. It was true for all of them, each surprising me in their own way.

Their nerdy facade hid truly horny surprises — as shown by the fact that, even as Naomi tried to tease Irene about being slutty, she was twisting Sarah's nipple for punishment.

"S-shut up, it was an accident," Irene said as I put my hands on her hips and pulled her closer, capturing her lips in a kiss, silencing her — even as Ida's hips did her best to make me die of pleasure.

"Really, an accident?" Naomi asked, and I decided to let Irene answer. I stopped kissing her, but I didn't let her go. I just let my lips drift down to her amazing tits, teasing her nipples.

"Yes, an accident. We were doing a photoshoot ... and my costume had a little malfunction."

"Which costume?" Naomi asked. Irene didn't answer, which made Naomi smirk. "Don't tell me you wore the gladiator costume!" she gasped. "No wonder you ended up putting out on the first date... That costume might as well not exist."

"I ... shut up," Irene gasped, though the moan that followed might as well be my bite.

"You're one to talk," Sarah countered. "With the way you were throwing yourself at him..." Sarah cut in.

"But that was not enough to stop you from interfering, you controlling bitch," Naomi said to Sarah as she twisted her nipples, silencing her. Carrie still teased her from the other side, her smile the brightest I had ever seen her.

Amazing show... But I turned my attention to Irene. "You know that what happened wasn't an accident, right?" I asked with a chuckle. "This little cutie was aware of what was going on all along, even teasing my balls when she was behind us."

"T-that's true," Irene said, trying to sound angry, only to moan when I spanked her ass.

"Don't act like you didn't know what was going on. In that costume, you might as well just arrived naked ... no, even that wouldn't have worked as beautifully," I answered, and she blushed.

"Maybe, but still, it doesn't make it—" she tried to say, but I interrupted her again. This time, pushing her lips toward Ida, forcing a kiss.

"Just make peace," I said, chuckling even as I slipped my fingers into her core ... my shaft still in Ida, banging mercilessly. It was a fascinating dance.

Under attack from both sides, it didn't take long for Ida to climax explosively. Under different circumstances, I might have held her hips and kept her in place, but today, I was feeling merciful.

I looked at the four naked horny girls still waiting their turn ... yes, I was feeling merciful, and nothing else.

As Ida took a step back ... and promptly collapsed on the carpet, I grabbed Irene's hips and pulled her down, the sudden change of pace enough to earn a moan from her. And, unlike Ida, she was facing the others...

"Damn, girl, you're taking it like a true champion," Carrie moaned as she watched the view with passion, her fingers still torturing Sarah. And, she was. Already wet from the extended foreplay, it slid easily.

And, I used that to my advantage, invading her mercilessly, each push exploding in the room even as my hands landed on her tits. "Let's keep those babies in place," I whispered.

"No, let them dance," Carrie commented, who was watching the show with great enthusiasm. I would have been shocked at the intensity of arousal in her tone, but considering she had already pulled Sarah's head down, getting a tongue treatment, that was not a big mystery.

Not that Sarah was complaining, especially since Naomi was behind her, with her fingers invading her core again and again, in a twisted version of a double-team.

“As you wish, my Queen,” I answered mockingly as I stopped teasing Irene’s nipples. She did not complain, far too captured by the swirling circles I was drawing as I moved down her body, caressing her stomach.

The teasing sensation was driving her wild with lust, reflected in her desperate cries. The pure, sexual moment was clearly too much for her as well, even more than our rather twisted first time...

Her screams of pleasure were music to my ears. She writhed uncontrollably in my lap, her core squeezing to extract my seed, her moans incoherent as she chanted for me to continue going.

Not a hard order to fulfill.

All the while, her hips tried to dip even lower, threatening to break my legs... Though, when she grabbed my leg, I expected it to be for balance, and didn’t expect fingernails to claw my skin.

“Damn, girl, you can’t be trusted,” I said as I hooked my arms under her legs and stood up, easily lifting her, still inside her.

“C-careful,” she gasped.

“Don’t worry, honey. You can trust your barbarian king,” I said as I increased my pace even more, walking closer to the others ... though, as I did so, I made a mistake that a quarterback shouldn’t do under any circumstances, and lost track of one of my opponents.

Ida.

I realized that when the flash went off, capturing a candid view of the hardcore show we had been doing. “Try to keep your mouth closed, Irene. You look like a whore...”

“I don’t think ... she has a choice in that matter,” Naomi commented while Irene covered her face with her hands, overwhelmed by the sudden reversal, once again under Ida’s camera.

“At least she could make sure she doesn’t look like a cheap whore,” Ida answered with a sharp smirk, her alter ego once again in play.

I felt a lightning bolt of pure pleasure shoot through me as Irene tightened around me at her words. “I’m not cheap,” she gasped, but the way her hips quickened after the insult showed she was having mixed feelings over it.

An amazing show indeed...

Ida took another photo once Irene looked at her, giving her a better pose. My shaft was throbbing hard, close to the explosion, while Irene's moans doing an excellent impression of a porn star while her tits jumped with every push.

A masterful performance.

Too bad it didn't take long. Soon, Irene tightened even more, while her weight suddenly lost its tautness, giving all the signs of a spectacular climax.

And there, I made my first miscalculation. I expected to last longer ... but the show was taking its toll on me, and her climax was simply too tight.

I filled her.

She shivered as I did so, trembling helplessly. I could have pulled out hurriedly, but luckily, Ida was to the rescue. "Don't worry, she's on the pill," she said, removing the worry of filling her to the brim...

I kept her in place even as my seed dripped down, Ida dancing around us like a bee as she took many pictures. Considering she was naked during the show — not to mention all the other aspects of the show I was enjoying, I returned to life rather easily.

I could have discarded Irene to rest, but I decided to have some more fun. I closed the distance between me and Carrie, and placed Irene on her shoulders, her pussy pressing against Carrie's lips...

"Just as you like it, fresh," I said with a chuckle as Carrie started working on Irene, and I turned my attention to Naomi, who was already on her feet, ready to steal her turn...

## Chapter Sixty-Seven

As I turned my attention to Naomi, I had a plan. I wanted to focus on her, bring her to completion before I turned my attention to Sarah, then finish the adventure with Carrie, the true architect of the situation.

With that in mind, I pulled back slightly, sliding my cock across Naomi's belly, ignoring the amazing threesome next to me, with Carrie doing her best to devour my seed from Irene, and Sarah gave her a similar service.

"Stop wasting time," Naomi growled as she shifted her hips, which positioned me at the entrance between her legs.

"Who am I to ignore such an elegant order," I said as the tip of my penis bumped up against her wet entrance.

"Asshole—" she gasped, but that was all she was able to say as I slipped inside her, the pleasure enough to silence her. "Damn, girl... You're right," I whispered, enjoying the look of her eyes, wide with shock.

Her interrupted insult started to make things go off the rails. "She's quite rude, isn't she," Carrie said as she stopped grabbing Sarah's head. Sarah rose, but surprised me by pulling Irene off Carrie, who grabbed Naomi's hair.

"Not you too—" Naomi tried to say, which was all she was able to say before I leaned down and captured her lips. But, even as I started kissing her, a part of my attention was on Sarah, who was already grabbing Irene's tits.

Irene's response was even more interesting, two of her fingers already inside Sarah, invading with a shocking aggressiveness ... all the while, Ida worked hard to record everything.

Things were turning into an orgy ... not that it was a problem. I had all the permission I needed to push deeper inside Naomi recklessly, her moans hitting my lips. "Damn girl, are your nipples made of rock?" Carrie commented.

"I'm aroused," Naomi answered after I pulled back. "But it's nothing against the hardness inside me."

"Fascinating," Carrie said as she watched each subsequent inch of me disappear between Naomi's legs, their moans mixing, "I can't believe we're really doing this..."

"Neither can I," I assured her. "But you girls are the ones that visited my house, determined to abuse my body for your own naughty purposes. I'm the victim here."

"Yeah, right," Irene managed to answer between her moans while Sarah worked on her tits. "My heart is going out for you, you bastard."

"And I can see it," I answered, referring to her nakedness. It was amusing to see her that she could still blush from the mention of her nudity ... while her fingers had disappeared between Sarah's legs, busy fingering her.

They had some amazing personal hang-ups.

I was distracted by a slap on my chest. "Hey, stop flirting and fuck me, you bastard," Naomi said, playful, but that didn't mean her jealousy was fake.

"Careful what you wish for. You don't want to take another challenge you can't handle," I said, reminding her what Sarah did when she got too uppity.

"Hey, I can take whatever you can give, big boy," Naomi growled.

"Really, even if I fuck you as hard as I can manage," I warned her, my voice suddenly sharp.

Her eyes widened as the realization hit her that it wasn't just playful banter but something more ... but that didn't make her retreat. "Bring it on, big boy," she said.

That was all she was able to say as I grabbed her waist, and started fucking her. And when I said fuck her, I meant it. Hard, fast, and completely merciless, enough to shut down her mind. The rest of the show came to a stop immediately, reckless invasion barely a speed bump under my reckless invasion.

They just watched as I invaded their friend with reckless domination that they hadn't seen before. Even Ida forgot to take photos, while Carrie just gasped in fascination. "Damn, something like this is even possible," she whispered.

"Well, you know math, I know this," I answered smugly, not even skipping a beat, all the muscles I had built through endless exercise coming very useful. She didn't even answer as she watched the way I drilled one of her best friends — along with her other best friends.

It was spectacular ... but short. Before I could even cum, Naomi was experiencing her second string of orgasms, trembling and moaning. "A ... break," she begged between her moans.

“You’re lucky that you have friends that are willing to take the load,” I said as I spanked her ass, then I pulled.

Then, skipping a beat, I grabbed Sarah’s hips, and pulled her on top of Naomi. “Now, you were begging me to fuck you for the last few days. Let’s see how long you can handle a proper one,” I said to Sarah as I slipped inside her.

“More — than — this — bragger,” Sarah managed to say between moans, referring to the same girl she was using as a bed. She was tight, she was hot ... and, despite all her bragging, she was not ready for this.

But, just because she wasn’t ready for it didn’t mean that she didn’t enjoy the overwhelming assault immediately. She moaned, gasped, and screamed as I worked in her entrance with all the dedication of a varsity athlete dreaming to be a professional.

Feeling left out, Carrie sat her naked body down on the carpet beside me, smiling with pride as my eyes were inexorably drawn to her tits.

"See anything you like?" she asked, spreading her legs apart and started playing with herself.

"Don’t eat snacks before the proper game," I warned her. “You deserve a reckless fucking more than everyone else,” I said.

“As you wish, sir,” she said with a giggle even as she grabbed her tremendous tits and started playing with them instead. In a daze, she watched, not even commenting as Irene reached to caress her tits as well.

“Damn, those are better than mine,” she whispered as she joined the fun, though her gaze still on mine...

I didn’t want to miss the fun. Continuing to fuck Sarah, I shifted my weight onto one hand, and with the other, I reached out and started playing with Irene’s poor, neglected tits.

The party was spectacular, their combined moans filling the air as much as the smell of their arousal filling the room. Sarah clenched around my shaft desperately, the sensation of Irene’s tits heavenly under my fingers.

It was getting harder not to cum, but I achieved it. Experience helped. Still, all that self-control was only gonna do so much for me.



The moment was simply way too hot ... so, when Sarah clenched around me again in a raging orgasm, I exploded inside her, filling her to the brim.

"I ... I'm going to miss this when I go to college," Sarah whispered deliriously as I pulled out, leaving her collapsed on top of Naomi — who was still too dazed to push her friend away, and just spooned her instead.

I was hoping for a moment's respite from all the wild stimulation as I pulled.

Carrie had other ideas. She immediately approached me, her legs wrapping around me. I was momentarily too soft to start ... but Carrie had an idea.

"Ida, Irene, I need your help," she ordered while her legs trapped me. Ida approached me from the right, Irene from the left, and suddenly, their lips were on my cock.

"Daring," I groaned as their lips started to work on my cock, extremely sensitive after ejaculation.

"Well, I deserve what they got," Carrie answered hungrily, not intimidated even a bit despite what she had watched. I could have answered, but I was busy groaning as Ida's finger dragged across my chest, too hot to handle.

I turned to catch her gaze, but she just looked smug as she pulled back, taking a quick photo.

I would make her pay, I thought even as my shaft returned to life ... but before I could even take action, I was already wrapped by a hotness.

Carrie was too excited to wait for more.

Later, I thought as I grabbed Carrie's ass and pushed, hard enough for the sound to explode deafeningly. The dance of her amazing tits gave me enough reason for me to delay her punishment for a few minutes ...

Irene hugged me from behind. Ida continued to take photos. And, at a distance, I could see Sarah and Naomi stirring, both too stubborn to accept defeat.

"Damn, I love nerds," I smiled even as I pushed deeper into Carrie.

Life was good...

THE END...