

An actual warning: This chapter represents a relative low point in our protagonists' journey and may be a bit difficult to read if this level of alteration disturbs you. That said, though our heroes are in a dark place right now, this is not the end of their story. Trust me, no matter how dark things get, there is always dawn, even if, sometimes, it seems like there's no way to reach it. That's the nice thing about stories - just like in real life - if we work hard enough, we can earn our happy endings.

A more typical, silly warning: this chapter also contains a lot of crazy and sexy stuff, including very mixed up cheerleader-football sex orgies, slutty protagonists, cheerleaders, slutty cheerleaders, anonymous delivery-boy sex, vibrating butt plugs, lewd texts, swap aftermaths, random classroom blowjobs, and a protagonist thrust into uncertain times oblivious to the weight of the trials she must endure.

Zzzztttt!
Zzzztttt!
Zzzztttt!
Zzzztttt!
Zzzztttt!

The sound echoed over and over in my dream. I was tumbling backwards, like I was reaching out for something but it kept falling further and further away. And there were voices... familiar voices, friendly voices... but somehow, they all seemed so strange and different. There was laughter and confusion, and throughout it all this profound, almost bewildering sense of loss, a sensation that flared and consumed me with each echo of that damned zapping sound.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -
= Part 16 – A New Normal =
By Razmagurk

I woke up hungover.

Which was weird, I guess. I hadn't been drinking.

At least I didn't remember drinking. Shit, I sure as hell felt like I'd been drinking. My mouth felt like an ashtray and I could feel my brain sloshing around as I tried to roll over. I felt like I'd been run over by a truck. What the hell had happened?

I wracked my half-functioning brain trying to think what I'd done last night, but it was all fogged over. It had been a pretty lazy weekend, hadn't it? I vaguely remembered just kinda swimming around in my bowl. Nothing interesting had happened at all.

No, wait... that wasn't right... hadn't there been a big party last night? Oh my god, how could I forget about that stupid thing? I'd been looking forward to it for weeks! I groaned. Like, half the boys on campus were supposed to be there.

I winced as I rolled over. Fuck. My body was way too sore for nothing to have happened. Still... migraine aside, the soreness felt... good? Familiar. Like I'd gotten in a really good workout.

After what seemed like an eternity of trying to work up the courage, I rolled out of bed, my sheets clinging painfully to me as I fumbled idly on the bedside table for something that wasn't there. I looked down at my naked body and sighed. Uhg, yup, okay, I had definitely gotten laid, and I'd apparently done a pretty shitty job of cleaning up after. There was enough dried cum caked onto my tits and thighs to suggest I'd had one hell of a night after all.

So why couldn't I remember anything? Come on, think harder.

Wait. Wait. There was something. I put a hand up to stop my head from spinning. It was fuzzy - like it was half a dream. Had it been a dream? I wouldn't put it past me. I remember one moment I was just kinda swimming around and the next... I was somewhere else entirely. I was in some stranger's bedroom, completely smashed, and Elizabeth was there with some kind of weird box, and she was - heat flashed through me as the memories flooded back - she was directing all these just total hunks to come up and fuck me while I kept crying out for more.

I bit my lip. Fuck. If it wasn't for all the, uh, physical evidence left behind I wouldn't believe it. Had I really gotten a train run on me? Oh my god. That was so... skanky. So slutty. So dirty. Fuck, that was so fucking *hot*. Goddamnit, why couldn't I remember more?

Had Elizabeth organized that for me? It had been a not-so-secret dream of mine ever since I was old enough to watch porn. She was one of the few people on earth who knew that. Had she arranged all that just for me? Oh my god, I needed to make this up to her somehow. I hoped she took pictures. Or like, video taped the whole thing. Fuck, that would make her the best friend ever.

I just... I wish I could have remembered it better. Normally my pussy would be twitching at just the idea. The fact that I might have actually done it was making me drip. It almost made up for the fact that despite it all I'd somehow ended up going home alone.

Fuck, I was starting to get seriously horny. Not that that was anything new for me. I rolled over and grabbed my phone and a vibrator from my bedside cabinet. I kept a few there for just such an occasion. I was glad I didn't have classes until later in the morning because it was going to be a long morning.

Groggily, I checked my messages with one hand while I played with my pussy with the other. I had 130 new texts, almost all of which were dudes sending me lewd pics, mostly of their junk, but one or two were sending me pictures of their tits for good measure. I grinned a little as I started to browse through them, mentally categorizing and rating them. The good ones I'd save for later and the best few would get some flirty replies and a playful shot or two of just how horny I was.

I ended up laying in bed just enjoying myself for a good half hour before I finally forced myself up. I had classes today and as good as it felt, if I let myself just stay in bed and masturbate all the time I'd never get anything done.

Damn, I was still kinda horny too. I sighed as I rolled out of bed, still trying to navigate around the growing headache as I made my way to the bathroom. I turned on the hot water and let the steam build

up as I started to get cleaned up. Protip: don't try to take a shower while covered in cum, dried or otherwise. It's not water soluble. Getting it wet just makes it extra sticky and a pain in the ass to clean up. It clogs your drains too. Seriously, it's worse than hair. Use like, hand soap or just towel it off.

I had just downed some aspirin and was about to step in to the warm inviting shower when there was a knock at the door. I sighed as I turned off the water.

The knock repeated as I got closer. I pressed my face into the peephole. It was some delivery guy. Ooh, he was cute. A little young - probably only just out of high school - and a bit twinkish, but he had a pretty face and damn if he didn't fill out that uniform.

I giggled. This was just like something off pornhub. I made sure to stand in such a way that he could get a good look at what I was offering without making it look like I was trying too hard. Did you know that some guys don't like it if you're too desperate? Some guys are idiots, I guess. I opened the door.

"Package for a, uh..." he looked up from his clipboard as I opened the door. "Slut?"

"Oh," I beamed. "That's me!"

I bent forward at the waist as I reached out to take the package and sign, making sure to give him a perfect view of my bouncing breasts.

The delivery guy - fuck, I don't think I ever got his name - did a double take. He was clearly trying very hard not to stare, or at least to be subtle about it, but damned if he wasn't doing a terrible job. Still, it was really sweet of him to try. My own discrete little glance down confirmed that he obviously liked what he saw.

Hmm... I wondered if he'd accept a blowjob as a tip?

I grinned at the naughty thought. Oh my god, I couldn't, could I?

"Hey, do you want to want to come inside?" I cooed "Maybe I could help you, like, handle your package?" I giggled.

"I uh," He coughed. "I'm sorry." His voice cracked. He swallowed. "But I've got a lot of houses to deliver this morning and I uh,"

"Oh, don't worry," I smirked, "I won't take long." I reached out and traced a finger down his chest. "I'm very good at what I do."

He glanced around nervously, like he was looking for the hidden camera, or waiting for the other shoe to drop. I took his speechlessness as a sign of interest and gave him a flirtatious lick of the lips. That was all he needed. No sooner had he nodded his head than I began dragging him inside, fondling his butt with one hand while I deftly undid his belt with the other.

I threw him down on the couch as I began to wiggle my hips in anticipation. There was only one thing missing.

“Wait right here” I said, with a wink, “I’ll be right back.”

I grabbed the package and made my way into the bedroom, tearing it open as I went. It was a plain box - very discreet - but I recognized the address. This was the new plug I had ordered. I was so excited it had finally arrived. I’d been after a vibrating one for a while now and this was really going to help round out my collection - I had a special place for it on the bookshelf and everything.

With a bit of a struggle, I finally got it free from its packaging. A six inch bulb of pink silicone, it wasn’t the biggest I owned, but the vibration settings had totally sold me on it. I slid some fresh batteries in with one hand while I started to finger my ass with the other, using some of the lube I keep on the bedside table to make sure everything was good and slick.

A few seconds later I let out a satisfied moan as the bulb peaked around my sphincter. Goddamn, if I wasn’t horny before I sure as hell was now. I gave it a few good squeezes as I thumbed the remote to a low vibration. I whimpered. Fuck, there was nothing like the feeling of a fresh plug. This had been totally worth the purchase.

Hips swaying, I made my way back to the living room, where my guest was looking around nervously.

“Sorry to keep you waiting,” I said, turning to show off the cute little pink diamond sticking out of my ass. His dick jumped juicily.

And just like that I was on top of him, my hands running along and across his body. He let out a gasp of hot breath. Mmm, damn, he had a pleasantly surprising amount of muscle. Not bulky, just... dense. He must have been a swimmer or something. Senuously, I slid my hands down his body as I lowered myself to my knees and began to gently nuzzle at his crotch. I took in a deep breath, savoring the aroma of his arousal as I undid the zipper with my mouth.

His dick was... okay? It wasn’t as big as I was expecting. I mean, it was fine when all was said and done. Good taste, good texture, and a surprising volume of cum - poor guy must have been all pent up - but it didn’t exactly break my top ten, if you catch my drift. I mean, I could take it all the way without even really gagging on it. Still, that was no excuse not to enjoy what I was doing. I’d just have to redouble my efforts.

True to my word, I worked on giving him a blowjob that would get him off good and get him off fast, diving right in and devouring his dick from tip to base and back again. Well, okay, maybe I wasn’t trying to get him off too fast, I wanted him to enjoy it after all, and besides, this plug had me in a total state of zen. I gave it a good squeeze whenever I bottomed out, just losing myself in the vibration. Fuck, why hadn’t I purchased this thing sooner?

Adrift in pleasure, I swirled my tongue around his hard shaft as time and time again I brought my nose down against his stomach, fondling his balls with one hand while I ran along his body with the other. When I was as deep as I could get it, I tried swallowing, but I don’t think he was quite big enough to fully appreciate it. I then made a big show of keeping the pressure on as I pulled myself back up, creating a vacuum while my tongue continued its work. Occasionally I’d let out little moans of delight to show him how badly I needed this and how great he was, pleading up at him with my eyes.

It didn't take long before I had him moaning along too, and five minutes later he was exploding torrent after torrent of delicious white cum down my eager throat. I'd have taken some on the chest or face - guys love that - but I still had to get ready for class and swallowing is just way easier.

And then, one awkward goodbye and a hastily scrawled phone number later, he was gone.

I sighed. Once again, I was alone. I hated being alone. It always felt so... wrong.

I sat down. My head was spinning. I hated this feeling. Why had I done that just now? That wasn't like me, was it? I shook my head.

But... no... that was exactly like me, wasn't it? I did this sort of thing all the time, didn't I? Nothing wrong with that. What a weird thought. I just had a bit of a hyperactive libido was all. And a, uh, diverse range of fetishes. It was all perfectly normal.

I glanced over at the clock. Shit, I was going to be late. I still had to get showered and dressed and -

I still had to get dressed.

Oh my god. No wonder the delivery guy had been so into me. I'd answered the door completely naked. I giggled. I could be such a ditz sometimes.

I rushed back to the bathroom, not even bothering to turn off my plug's vibrator as I cranked up the hot water. The 10-inch Bandit dildo that I kept in the shower flopped around as the water poured over it. Normally my morning routine wasn't complete without a ride on the bandit, but I was pressed for time today, so I mostly just ended up just fucking my throat with it until I was seeing stars instead.

Honestly? That's what I'd been hoping for when I had invited the delivery guy in. Not that that hadn't been fun, but, well, it took a higher class of dick to really get off while giving a blowjob. The Bandit was great for that though. It was soft and pliable on the outside but had this stronger core on the inside. Most of the dildos in my collection didn't actually see much use, but this was the exception. It was a little big, sure, but if you want to make sure your gag reflex stays suppressed, it's important to practice. Besides, I'd been doing this for so long that I could practically cum just from the sensation of swallowing a dick that size. Have I mentioned that I'm a bit of a size queen? God, there was just something about big dicks that sends shivers through my spine.

The hot water massaging my body was exactly what I needed. I felt alive again. My soft, soapy hands roamed over my tits and thighs as I scrubbed myself clean. I made sure to pay special attention to my thighs and chest of course, making sure I'd gotten all the semen off of me, and occasionally stopping to give a little pinch or squeeze. I don't have a particularly sensitive body or anything, but damn if it didn't feel good. Hell, the steaming water washing over me alone was usually enough to get me good and turned on, and that was on a day I hadn't just blown some random hunky stranger. Mmm... maybe I would take a ride on the bandit after all...

Gah, no. I shook my head. I didn't have time to get distracted at this point.

I stopped the water and began drying myself off. My breath caught in a soft moan as the rough texture of the towel rubbed against my hard, sensitive nipples. I gave a little gasp as I gave them a playful pinch. Fuck, I didn't have time for this. I pouted. Today was going to be one of those days, wasn't it?

My tits bounced in my hands as I stepped out and looked at myself in the mirror.

The enormous things on my chest weren't particularly big as far as tits went, but they were mine and I loved them. Likewise, my ass, Damn thing was huge, but it wasn't the sort of thing to stand out from the crowd. I was pretty average looking, actually. My flawless skin and supermodel face just failed to grasp people's attention. Still though, all things considered I had to admit, I was pretty hot.

I stuck to a light coat of makeup, just enough to do the basics and to give a sultry look around the eyes and lips, but not so much that I'd be spending all day on it. Normally I don't go anywhere without a good liberal dose, but today I just didn't have the time. I'd have to stop in the restroom at some point to put the rest of my face on.

My hair, likewise, would have to be pretty simple. It was a dull strawberry blonde with hot pink highlights, nothing fancy. I briefly considered just putting it up in a ponytail but Jenna would never let me hear the end of it if I did. I guess I'd be okay wearing it down? I just wish I had time to straighten it out a bit.

Opening up my medicine cabinet, I looked over at my plug selection. I'd been planning to maybe wear something a little bigger than usual today, - gotta keep working towards that Bad Dragon - but you know what? Honestly, I was really digging this new one I had in. I mean, it was a bit of a wasted opportunity since I was still obviously a little loose from yesterday, and it wouldn't have been very hard to get something real big in there, but what can I say? I was really having a lot of fun with this one.

Still, I made sure to throw a spare into my bag just in case. Frankly, at this point I always felt so empty without something big and hard inside me. Was that bad? Had I taken that too far? I let out a low moan as I turned the vibration up a notch and gave it a good squeeze. No. Not too far. Not yet anyway. I was safe about it. It was just my sexy little secret - a dirty little hobby. Did it make me a bit of a slut? Well, yes, but I liked being a bit of a slut. Besides, I giggled, the guys loved it, and it never failed to get me some action.

Oh, I made sure to grab one of my vibrators out of the charger as well, along with today's dildo. With a libido like mine, you never knew when they'd come in handy. What was I supposed to do if I got horny and there weren't any cute guys around? Desperate times.

Okay, okay, I needed to get going. Fuck, I still wasn't even dressed. I stomped over to the drawers and pulled out my collar, clipping the small pink leather band around my neck and turning it so that my name was prominently displayed in the front. It felt a little tight. I hope I wasn't gaining weight or anything.

Standing at the door I looked down at myself. My head was still swimming. I felt like I was forgetting something important. But what? I plucked one of my exposed nipples absentmindedly as I thought. What was I forgetting?

Oh my god, of course. How could I be such a ditz? Here I was completely naked apart from my collar! I couldn't go out like this! I'd need my leash if I was going to cut through the park on the way to class.

Placing it delicately in my cheer bag - we had practice today after all - I set out towards campus. Today was going to be a good day. I could feel it.

I ate my breakfast on the way to class, banana in one hand, phone in the other. Some of the guys I'd sent flirty little texts too earlier were responding with a few of their own. I did my best to act like I wasn't completely easy while I idly flirted back.

That's when I got those messages from Elizabeth. She had posted a series of pictures of her and her little dog Ellen - yes, she had actually named her dog that - and then a few with her and her boyfriend Evan, who had apparently made her pancakes. She had her arms around him possessively as they both grinned happily into the camera.

Oh god. I felt like I'd just been punched in the gut. I collapsed dramatically onto a nearby bench. I could feel the anxiety rising up within me like a black tide.

The sight of the two of them together and happy like that. It just... it wrecked me every time. I liked to think I did a good job keeping it all inside but sometimes it was just more than I could bear. Especially when they were off doing cute coupley stuff together. Fuck. Maybe it was just the fact that Elizabeth was so happy without me, or that I was jealous that she'd gotten to Evan first. I mean, Evan was basically fucking perfect. Hell, they both were. I'd do anything to be in either of their positions. I just.. I wanted to be there with them. I wanted to be a part of that. Not the third wheel but just... I wanted to be the one Evan made pancakes for - I wanted to be the one making Elizabeth laugh. That should be me.

That should be me.

I took a deep breath as I blinked back the pain welling up in my eyes. It was fine. I shook my head. It was fine, really. I was happy for them. She was my best friend, and she had everything that I'd ever wanted, and he had her, and no one on earth deserved her more than him. They were in love. And I wasn't a part of that. And that was fine. That was fine, because they were happy. And that's all that I wanted was for them to be happy. So I'd be a good friend for them. Support them. That's what was important.

I looked again at the pictures. My heart felt like it was going to burst. There was a message attached. Elizabeth wanted to know if I'd be able to join them for lunch today. I shot off a quick affirmative, trying not to look too desperate, then I turned back to my dick pics, hoping to distract myself enough that the pain would stop. I had to keep going.

I stumbled in late for my chem theory class, giving a guilty little grin as I took my seat at the back.

Thankfully I hadn't missed much. Professor MacArthur liked to do a little review at the end of each module, and this was all stuff I had down pat. I probably didn't need to even really be here, but it would reflect poorly on me if I missed class. I needed to keep good relations with the profs for when I was applying to graduate school.

Still, this was all boring stuff that I already had down pat. I sighed as I doodled in my notebook. I bit my lip. I was still pretty horny. Could I get away with turning up the power on my plug? I looked around the

lecture hall, fuck, there were so many cute guys here. Most of them were a little nerdy, sure, but that never stopped me before. How come I'd never slept with any of them? There was this one hunky guy down in the third row for example, with tits so big they were spilling out onto his desk. His buddy a seat over was also looking pretty fine. I loved the way his athletic, pregnant belly spilled out from under his shirt.

I've always found class to be a great hunting ground. I mean, I've probably slept with - in one way or another - all of the hottest guys in any given one of my classes. Heck, I've even slept with a professor or two and that's hard given how disciplined they need to be to teach in an environment like this. Let me tell you, it's a shame, I've been scoping them out and I'm convinced they're packing.

Er, not to say that I've been sleeping with them for marks or anything. I don't really need to. I'm here on a scholarship after all. I mean, the professors I've slept with aren't even the ones who teach my class. Heck, they're not even in the same department. Come to think of it that's how it is for all the classmates I've slept with as well - I don't actually share any classes with them.

I wonder why I've never slept with anyone in any of my own classes before? It would make things a lot easier. Not that I need it to be easy, I guess. I've never really been pressed for dates or anything, if you catch my drift.

Uhg, not that my dates ever really involve much more than lots of wild crazy sex. I mean, don't get me wrong I'm all for wild crazy sex - I love it to death - but sometimes a girl just wants the guy to stick around in the morning for more than the good morning blowjob.

I thought back to the picture Elizabeth had sent of her and Evan and sighed.

I shook my head. Okay, okay. None of that. There were plenty of fish in the sea.

I tried to distract myself by listening to the repetitive drone of the professor, but, well, I really did have all this down and it was kind of hard to stay interested. Soon I found myself giving a surreptitious look around. A smile crept up my face. You know what? Maybe I could have a bit of fun.

The nerd next to me - Henry? Horatio? - had been sneaking glances at me all class long. It was pretty clear that he was trying to get a good look at my jiggling melons, but that he didn't want to be too obvious about it. Either he'd gotten a good look or his imagination had been going crazy, because his pants were certainly tenting. I couldn't blame him, really. He was sitting close enough that he could probably hear the plug vibrating away in my ass. Hell, with how turned on I was I was he could probably smell me. I rubbed my legs together at the thought. It's not like I was being especially discrete.

Subtly, I did my best to shift around to give him a better view. Shoulders back, chest out, legs slightly spread apart. I even bounced a little on my center of gravity to give them a bit of shake. I wanted him to appreciate my body. Sadly, he seemed kind of oblivious to how forward I was being. All this teasing and I probably ended up hornier than he did. Fuck. I wondered if he had a big dick? I turned my attention back to my notes but I just ended up doodling some dicks instead. Now I was the one who kept glancing over at him.

Fuck. I tapped my foot impatiently.

Fine.

I sighed. I hoped this dude had a firm grasp on this subject because I was about to get myself a firm grasp on *his* subject.

Looking around to make sure no one else was looking, I slid down under the desk. Giving him a big sexy wink as he looked at me in mute confusion.

I raised an eyebrow questioningly, flirtatiously, as I glanced down at the hard cock straining against the fabric of his jeans. He nodded in approval and I got to work.

I slid over between his legs and pulled down his fly with my teeth. He wasn't as big as I was hoping - certainly not enough to properly choke on - but fuck if it wasn't nice to just get some cock in me.

The rest of the lecture was a long slow burn. We had forty minutes of class left and I wanted him to writhe under my ministrations for all of it. Fuck, it felt so good. I could feel the juices running down my thigh. Occasionally I'd bring a hand down to rub at my clit, but I caught myself moaning whenever I did and I certainly didn't want to give up the game.

This was going to be our little secret. That's the conclusion I came to. Easy money was on the fact that this guy was not the type who went to all the wild parties and was getting tons of hot anonymous sex on the regular. I mean, he was cute enough for it, but in that way that sort of indicated that if he cleaned up he'd clean up real good, which usually meant he didn't realize how good he looked. Though who knows, nerds can surprise you sometimes. Regardless, this was probably a treat for him, an unexpected triumph, and if he let out word that I was down to giving blowjobs to my seatmates, well, then suddenly everyone would start fighting for that seat, wouldn't they? Best he keeps things quiet. I'd explain this to him later. Don't get me wrong - I like it when guys fight over me, but at the end of the day I want to be the one making the choice, not them. Agency is very important to me.

I made sure to finish up with time to spare, swallowing greedily as his eyes rolled into the back of his head, then returning to my seat, no one the wiser. He tried to speak to me once class ended, but I didn't really have a lot of time to chat. I had to get going if I was going to meet up with Evan and Elizabeth for lunch.

The three of us had made plans to meet at one of the little cafes that was sort of off to the edge of campus. Being a rather successful school, our campus had sort of sprawled out over the years and it spilled out into a lot of the surrounding territory. We had a lot of little food and coffee establishments as a result to ensure that everyone was taken care of without having to make the 15-minute hike to get to the more centrally located cafeterias. Usually what ended up happening was that all the freshmen tended to gravitate towards the bigger places in the middle while all us more experienced folk found the little out of the way places that best suited us.

I got there before them so I grabbed our usual spot. Geeze, my heart was going like, a mile a minute. I took a few deep breaths to try to calm down. Why was I so nervous? It's not like I didn't see them on a regular basis or anything. Hell, I'd seen them last night, hadn't I? Or, well, Elizabeth had been there. I don't remember seeing Evan. The whole thing was still super fuzzy. I ordered some water to help assuage my suddenly very dry throat. I chastised myself mentally. I needed to be way less obvious about all this.

God, it felt like it had been forever since I'd seen them. It felt so good to be around them. Elizabeth was my best friend - well, off the squad anyway - and I wanted to make sure I could be there for her. She was always so serious, so it was important that I helped her remember to have fun every now and then, even if, truth be told, she was always the one pulling me out of the fire. Well, okay, maybe serious was a bad way to describe her, but still.

Luckily, I didn't have long to wait. All the heads in the place turned to look as the two of them walked in. My heart started pounding again. Elizabeth had this way of moving like she was in a shampoo commercial - everything seemed to slow down at her approach. I let out a little sigh. God, she was so perfect. The ideal blend of insanely hot and classically beautiful. Her small breasts - easily the size of her head - bouncing and jiggling with each step as they threatened to explode out of that halter-top. I don't know how she did it. She was like, the single most attractive girl on campus. She always had been. It was one of the reasons her and Evan had always been such a great match - not only were they the cutest couple around, but they were so damn hot as well.

Elizabeth had her arm wrapped around Evan's waist. She seemed to pull him in closer as the pair locked eyes with me. Evan gave a cute little wave with his wonderfully masculine, delicately manicured hands. I grinned like an idiot as I waved back. I felt flushed.

Fuck, okay, so, Evan was like, basically my perfect guy. Have I mentioned that yet? 5'6", 36-24-36. Tits out to here, and a total prince-charming personality. On top of all that I've heard he's packing just like, the biggest goddamn dick. Sure enough, he was wearing this playful little pink skirt that only went down to his upper thigh, and I swear to you I could see his monstrous member swaying back and forth as he minced towards the table.

"Oh my god, hi!" I said, kicking myself internally for being so awkward.

"Hey, Slut." said Evan. Elizabeth let out a laugh. I didn't know why.

"How are you feeling?" Elizabeth asked, barely restraining a grin. Her eyes kept dipping down to my chest. After covertly looking down to make sure I hadn't spilled anything or like, missed some cum or something, I stuck out my tits proudly.

The two of them sat down. Elizabeth pulled Evan in close.

"Well, you know me." I smiled. "I'm getting by. Still a little sore, to be honest, I'm just uh... I'm still a little confused about what happened last night, you know?"

"Last night?" Elizabeth's grin fell.

"Yeah, like... I remember... midnight rolled around... and there was an orgy going on? But I can't for the life of me really remember much else besides that. I woke up super hung over though, so I know something had to have happened. "

Elizabeth just kinda sat there stunned for a moment.

"Oh my god" she slapped her forehead. "Of course. Midnight. So it was technically this morning and not last night."

"I mean... sure? If you want to get technical?"

"So wait," Elizabeth let out a nervous laugh. God I loved the way her tits jiggled when she did that. "what do you remember?"

"What do I remember?" I laughed. "Oh, I remember enough."

"What do you mean?" Elizabeth stopped laughing.

"Don't play coy Elizabeth," I grinned. "I know what you did."

Panic crossed Elizabeth's face as she started to dig around in her bag for something.

"And I gotta say, Elizabeth... what you did...." I continued, "feeding me guys all night? Setting them up one after the other, using me like some kind of communal sex object. All those *hot, hard* male bodies just pounding into me one after the other..." I took a deep breath.

Evan blushed and bit his lip.

"You remember all that, huh?" Elizabeth said, rummaging all the more desperately.

"I do. Elizabeth... after all that, there's one thing I've been meaning to tell to you. One thing I have to say."

"W-what's that?"

"Thank you."

"Huh?" her rummaging stopped.

"Being a part of something like that has been my dream since I was old enough to watch porn. Honestly, I kind of thought it was impossible. Every time I've tried anything even remotely close the scheduling has always been such a nightmare. If it wasn't for you organizing and running the thing like that there's no way that would have been half as good as it ended up being, and oh my god was it ever amazing"

"Uh..." Elizabeth looked over at Evan, who shrugged.

"So, I really mean it. I wanted to thank you, Elizabeth. You're a good friend."

"Ah..." Elizabeth's eyes seemed to grow dark. "A good friend, huh?"

"What's wrong?"

"Its... its nothing. Just thinking about something you said to me once."

“What’s that?”

“You know what?” she sighed “It’s not important. It feels so long ago, it might as well have happened to a completely different person.”

She gave me a sad look. What was that expression? Doubt? Regret? Wait, did she know? Was that why she was being so possessive of Evan? Did she realize that I was in love with him? With them? Shit, I thought I’d been doing such a good job of hiding it. Damage control, I needed damage control.

“Hey I-”

“Look,” she interrupted, “we should go.”

My heart broke.

“Sorry to call you out here and then just bail, but everything’s kind of busy right now. You know how it is.”

“Yeah,” I nodded, trying to hide the pain. “Of course.”

“It was just...” she said “I wanted to see you.”

I smiled, hiding the sadness in my eyes.

“Sorry, Slut.” Evan said with an apologetic shrug.

And just like that, the two of them got up and left. I wanted to beg them to turn around and stay, scream apologies for whatever it was that I said, anything, just to be with them. My brain was going a thousand miles a minute just desperately thinking of what to say.

But they were gone and it was too late.

I took a sip of water and then, with a heroic font of willpower, I somehow managed to maneuver myself to the women’s room before completely falling apart.

I spent god knows how long there. Desperately trying to not think about what had happened, to ease the rejection coursing through my heart, to avoid vomiting up the darkness I could feel bubbling within me.

Normally during lunch I’d have gone out and tried to find a distraction - snag some yummy looking guy and drag him away for some fun, or hell maybe I’d settled for a session with my dildos - thank god for porn, after all. But not today. Today I wasn’t even horny. I even went so far as to remove my plug. Suddenly it didn’t seem quite so fun.

Eventually I managed to work up enough courage to at least touch up my makeup. Makeup is so important. It wouldn’t do for someone like me to get caught with runny mascara. People would start to ask questions and how could I explain this to them?

Afternoon classes dragged on. I had a lot of lab work to do, so I was too busy focusing on my studies to really let myself get distracted by sex. Not that my lab partners wouldn't have made for a good fuck, but that could be a reward for later in the semester.

By the time the afternoon was over I was starting to feel a little bit more like my old self. I'd shaken off most of the doubt and anxiety. It still hurt of course, but we'd been friends forever, so I'm sure it was nothing personal.

Good thing too. With classes done, it was time for the most important part of the day: cheer practice. If ever there was something that could make me feel good about myself it was that. Good friends, good exercise, good sex. What more could a girl ask for?

Sure enough my entire face brightened up as I stepped into the locker room. The sweet sapphic musk of youth and the babble of deep-toned voices greeted me like all the comforts of home. I grinned inwardly at the sight that greeted me. Before me stood our cheerleading squad, some of the hottest, most acrobatically inclined girls on campus, all in various stages of dress, all stretching and posing their enormous, muscular bodies. I'd never admit it to them - I'd hate for them to think I was sexually objectifying them or anything - but damn if I didn't treasure this time in the locker room.

Today, everyone seemed to be huddled around a phone - from the sounds echoing out of it they were all watching someone get fucked. A familiar cry went out from the little speaker. Oh my god, that was me. Had someone been filming me last night? I blushed. Why had no one sent me the link?

Suddenly I was nearly bowled over by all 6'5" of Stacey - the head cheerleader's - feminine half-naked body as she tackled into me with a hug so tight I thought she was going to crush all the air from my lungs.

"Oh my god!" she cried, relinquishing her death grip to hold me by the shoulder and beam enthusiastically down at me. "Slut! You amazing slut! Congratulations!"

"Congratulations?"

"She's playing shy!" chirped Jenny, who was holding the phone.

"Word of your little adventure is all over campus" said Stacey, bouncing enthusiastically on her heels. Stacey had been a ballerina back in the day so somehow she made even that small energetic motion seem impossibly graceful.

"What adventure?" I asked. I still couldn't remember half of what happened. I wanted to be sure we were all on the same page.

"The one last night?" Stacey raised one of her perfectly plucked eyebrows. "Word on campus is that you were practically the main course at that big party."

"More like the dessert." Jenny laughed.

"Oh my god, she's totally jealous." Stacey grinned. "She's been seething ever since she found out."

"I have not been seething!" Jenny stomped a foot. "I'm just stuck trying to figure out what it's going to take to possibly top this!" Another one of my enthusiastic moans echoed out from her phone. She looked down at it and bit her lip. "Okay, so maybe I'm a little jealous. Can you blame me? Damn girl, look at you, you're happier than a clam in butter."

I giggled. It wasn't uncommon for us girls to compete sexually, but Jenny could get especially into it since she was usually the one everyone was out to beat. It probably helped that she worked as a stripper part time at one of the local clubs. She always had all the most amazing sex stories to share. I'd been giving her a run for her money though ever since I joined the squad and we had a bit of a rivalry. Even though I'm one of the junior members of the team - despite me being in my third year - when it came to sex I was always the one pushing the boundaries.

"You should have told me you had this all planned when you came to the forum on Saturday" Jenny said, "we could have done it as a duo!"

"Saturday?" I furrowed my brow. I didn't remember anything of the sort.

"Oh my god," said Stacey, "I have so many questions. How was it?"

"Ooh, yeah," Jenny leaned in, her 8-pack abs rippling. "Dish."

"Well," I began, giggling at all the attention, everyone was gathering around now. It felt good to be the center of everything.

Not wanting to let my friends down, I did my best to tell the story while everyone was struggling to squeeze into their practice gear. Following suit, I took off my collar and put on my little bow. While I didn't exactly remember a lot of what had happened, I could remember enough that I was able to piece all the juiciest parts together. And, well, okay, I may have embellished here and there, just a bit.

"Fuck." said Sandra, one of the group's tomboys. "Now I'm all horny."

She wasn't the only one. The arousal was plainly visible on the faces of half the team. The smell of hot female lust had begun to build up and I was pretty sure it wasn't just me. Yeah, looking around the room it was pretty clear that there wasn't a flaccid dick in the house, as if everyone's workout tights weren't tight enough.

"Uhg, me too." said Kiley, wiggling her hips. "Shit." she looked over at Stacey. "Do you think we have time for some quick head before the guys get out there?"

"Oh come on." Stacey chastised "You can't wait two hours for the orgy?"

"It'll be quick, I promise!" She turned to Sandra, "Sandy, help me out, I went down on you last time, didn't I?"

"What? No! I went down on *you* last time! If anything, you should be going down on me! Besides, I keep telling you I'm not gay!"

"No way! Last time totally didn't count - we were interrupted! I didn't even get close to cuming."

"Girls, girls, come on." Stacey intruded, "There's no time. You'll just have to wait."

"How about" Jenny offered, "whichever one of you does better at practice today gets their cock sucked by the other?"

"Ha! deal!" Kiley jumped up.

"Wait, what?" said Sandra.

"Way to go, Slut." one of the other girls laughed "Now we gotta deal with those two getting all competitive out there."

"Sorry girls." I giggled. "If it's any consolation, if you both do good, I'll suck you both off later, okay?"

"Careful," Stacey laughed, "they'll hold you too that."

I gave the two a little wink. I didn't mind in the slightest. Us girls had to stick together.

Today was a combined practice. The boys were out in their practice gear on the field while we did our thing off to the side. It was a bit of an extravagance, sure, but it came closer to mimicking how things would be at an actual game - well, for the football team at least. Our competitions tended to happen in gyms.

Today was, well, it was a little cold to say the least. My ribbon wasn't exactly the warmest outfit and my nipples were hard as rocks. But hey, that was fine, it just meant I could work up a good sweat without having to worry about overheating.

Some blonde girl in a men's varsity jacket was looking down at us from the bleachers. That was fine, theoretically anyone could come and watch us practice, but, well, it's not something that actually happened all that often. One of the guys girlfriends? There was something about her that looked familiar, but I couldn't quite place it. It was hard to get a good look at her under all those clothes. I was about to ask Stacey if she knew who she was, but that's when the boys started to take the field.

Oh man, boys. Have I mentioned how much I love boys? Don't get me wrong, girls were soft and pretty and nice and sexy, but boys were like... if girls were like candy, then boys were like meat. I'm a girl who likes her meat, and these boys were packing lots of it.

They strode out of the locker room like the Greek Adonises they were, their round nubile forms swimming in their big heavy padding like it was designed to accentuate every mark of masculinity in their soft wonderful bodies.

God I could just imagine the way their huge breasts jiggled under all that padding as they collided and wrestled. There was something so masculine, so sexy about the two beefcakes with their hands all over each other. We hadn't even started yet and already I was drooling.

The girl in the stands gave a little cheer as Sam walked out. I frowned. Sam smiled up and gave a wave. Were they an item or something? Sam was... well, she was a nice guy. Probably the nicest guy on the

team, come to think of it. I could feel my heart breaking just a little. Sam was like... well, I don't want to describe her as the one who got away, but I'd been trying to hook up with her for ages now to no success. No matter how hard I tried she had always made it perfectly clear she just wasn't interested in hooking up. I sighed. None of the nice guys ever were.

I shook my head. I needed to keep focused.

Practice turned out to be something of a mixed bag. On one hand everyone was in amazing form. No one seemed to miss a beat, no one seemed to forget a step. Everyone was committed and bringing it a hundred percent.

On the other hand, well... I don't know what it was. Maybe everyone was just tired from the weekend, or maybe there was some kind of flu going around or something, because everyone was just... weak.

Like take Jack for example. There'd be him all sexy down on the field and they'd be doing some drill or another and he'd dodge out of the way and make a break for it and run those long slender legs of his up the field before making a throw, and he'd just... well, he'd not get the kind of distance you'd expect from someone with guns like that. He was far from the only one. The entire team seemed to lack any sort of real strength to do anything besides the basics.

Not that we had much time to ogle the boys - there's something I thought I'd never say - us cheerleaders weren't much better. Even I was struggling. Like, I kept having the hardest time trying to launch Stacey. She hadn't gained any weight or anything - at least none that I could tell, but I just... I couldn't get up the strength.

We didn't let that stop us though. Morale may have been down, but we were cheerleaders, damnit, and we weren't going to stop just because things got hard. We pushed through, we came together, we overcame. Through every awkward stretch, through every painful pyramid, through every miscalculated bit of acrobatics, we pulled through.

In a lot of ways I was kind of thankful for the rough practice. I needed to get my mind off of things and nothing distracts better than a good workout. I sweated and stretched and pushed and worked every ounce of my body. Sex was good. I liked sex. But cheering... cheering was something better. It was being able to breath deep and feel the energy in every part of your body. It was knowing that your body was your body. It was like taking a sports car out for a test drive on an empty highway. And then on top of that, to be able to work together with all these other amazing girls? Teamwork, trust, companionship... hell, I was probably closer to these girls than anyone else. The endorphins pumping through my brain were telling me this is who I was. This is what I was made to do.

God, I loved being a cheerleader.

Still, the mood was not great in the locker room afterwards. Everyone was kind of bummed out and quiet. Oh sure, Stacey was doing her team mom thing and trying to get everyone good and happy again, but we could all feel it. Even Kiley and Sandra, rather than arguing that they'd done better, were both trying to convince the other that they had done worse. It seemed we were all just eager to put this practice behind us.

Somehow, I was the first to be done changing, snapping my collar back in place before the rest of the girls had even really begun to get changed. That meant I was in charge of checking in on the boys and seeing what they had in mind for tonight's activities. Some of the girls wanted to cancel. No one was feeling it, and well, it was supposed to be a reward for a good practice. We didn't feel we deserved it. I don't know though, I kind of felt we did. We were awful out there, but we were awful together and in the end we overcame.

As I stepped outside, I ran into that strange girl that had been watching from the bleachers. She was standing outside the men's locker room. Damn, now that I got a good look at her, she was hot.

Her boobs weren't the biggest - the upper end of average, probably - but they were beautifully shaped, as best as I could tell through her letterman's jacket anyway. Though its bulk hid her features, it did a good job of accentuating the tightness of her skinny jeans, which showed off a truly impressive set of legs and a perfectly shaped ass, not to mention a bulging dick. I didn't know if I was jealous or covetous. Either way, I wanted that ass. Fuck, and to top it all off she had this kind of easy-going amiable posture to her that gave her a really laid-back casual kind of vibe. What a girl.

"Oh hey," she said, rolling her eyes along my body. I stuck out my tits to give her a better view. "Do I know you from somewhere? You look familiar."

"Do I?" I gulped. Her voice was like a tiger purring.

"It's like..." she gestured in the air with one hand. "I don't think I'd forget a face as beautiful as yours, but I feel like we've definitely met."

"Oh, well..." I blushed. I didn't often get called beautiful. I wasn't used to girls being this forward either. Not that she needed to try quite so hard, something about the casual way this girl was standing was really doing something to me and I had no idea why. Something about the glint in her eye? I couldn't quite place it.

"Ah!" She said, pulling out her phone. "You look just like that girl from the party yesterday!"

"You remember me from the party?"

"You were that girl getting a train run on her! It's all over social media." she thrust her phone towards me. Sure enough, it was displaying a video of me screaming out in delight. "That was amazing! I'm so jealous! What was it like?"

"Oh my god," I blushed again. Had everyone heard about that? "Honestly I don't even remember it that well. Like, the fucking I kind of remember, long into the night, but I think I was pretty smashed. When it comes to the party I don't really remember anything."

"Oh my god, you too?"

"Wait, what?"

"I'm the same way. I woke up in Sam's bed this morning, somehow not remembering a damn thing about the party, but apparently not only had I fucked Sam silly while we were there, but I agreed to start dating her too."

"You don't even remember hooking up?"

"Hell, I completely didn't even believe her in the morning, it was actually pretty funny. She told this big story about how I saved her life and then she found me unconscious on the dance floor so shit faced drunk that I'd completely passed out. Probably banged my head or something."

"Oh my god."

"Right?" She laughed. "She was super nice about it though. She'd made breakfast and everything, told me to take as much time as I needed. We had a really good talk and well, now we're dating." she laughed. "It's all a little sophomore, you know? But it's nice."

"That sounds wonderful." I sighed wistfully. "I wish I could find a guy like Sam."

I didn't know if the grin she gave me one was one of pride in the fact that she had gotten Sam or one of lust at what having Sam meant. Either way, there was something about the way she smiled that seemed to light up the whole room. I couldn't help but smile along.

"Well, I'd offer to share," she said, "but she's got this whole monogamy thing going on. Not normally my cup of tea, but we'll see how long it lasts."

"For a guy like Sam though, I'm sure it'd be worth it."

"If you say so." She shrugged. "I gotta admit I'm a little surprised to hear that from you, given everything that happened last night."

"Right?" I laughed. "Honestly I'm super disappointed I can't remember more. That's been something I've wanted to try since like, forever, but it's always been such a daunting thing to organize."

"Oh my god, I know exactly what you mean. If I had a dime for every time someone's canceled on me right before a threeway? Like, I get it when it's two guys, sometimes they get spooked, but isn't doing two girls at once supposed to be every guy's fantasy?"

"To be fair," I giggled "Most guys wouldn't know how to handle two girls to begin with."

"Oh my god that's so true." She let out a loud single laugh. "Half the time I have to take the reins just to keep them on task. It's like, it's fine, I like topping, but sometimes I'd like to have sex without having to be everyone's personal assistant, you know?"

"Oh, hey, speaking of, do you want to join us for the orgy?" I offered "It's normally cheerleaders and football players only but I'm sure we can make exceptions if you're dating one of the players. We'll all make you feel really welcomed"

"Wait," her jaw dropped, "orgy?"

"Yeah, the cheerleader-football orgy. You didn't know?"

"No, what? I mean, I'd heard rumors but I thought that was an urban legend. You guys fuck after every practice? I didn't know being a cheerleader actually involved so much, er, physical contact. Hell, if I had, I'd probably have tried out."

"Well," I grinned a little. "It's nothing quite so formal, it's certainly not after every practice, and it's only the football team that we boink on the regular, but like, it helps keep the guys focused, you know? Helps give them some motivation to do their best and to really commit to being on the team. You know how guys can be."

She laughed.

"We keep fucking the guys" I continued "so that they don't end up getting all horny and end up banging half the campus and getting late for practice or whatever. Hell, just between you and me, it helps keep the girls focused too. Some of them have real one-track minds. Not that I'm not terrible like that. But like, it's not an official part of the job or anything, and we don't fault anyone for not taking part. Hell, only like a third of squad actually comes out on the regular. Those of us who do it though, we like to think we're going the extra mile, you know? Plus," I blushed, "have you seen the team? Hunk. City."

"It does sound like a lot of fun." she bit her lip. Her eyes had begun to wander down over my body. I could see her hardening dick snaking down the right leg of her tight jeans like a caged animal. she slumped. "Ah, but I can't. I can't. Sam and I are exclusive now."

"Hey," I laughed, "nothing wrong with that. I'd go exclusive too if it meant I could hook up with a guy like Sam. She's a real catch."

"Oh sure," she smiled. "I mean, it's real nice, don't get me wrong, but then here I am getting invited to cheerleader orgies by one of the sluttiest, hottest girls in the school and I've got to turn them down."

"Aw, thank you." I giggled. I leaned forward to give her a better view of my tits. "So you're saying you like what you see?"

Before we could take that any further however, the door to the men's locker room opened and Sam stepped out. The smell of warm showers and boy sweat wafted out. Fuck, I loved that smell. It was like it had a direct line to the pleasure centers of my brain.

"Oh, hey Slut," Sam said, her voice all high and manly and musical. Her enormous breasts ballooning out her too-tight hoodie. "I think the guys are just about ready for you?"

"Oh, great! Thanks Sam, you're the best." I had intended that to come across as flirty, but I think it just came out super ditzzy instead. "I'd have poked my head in already but I got caught up talking to your new girlfriend. Are you sure you guys don't want to stick around? We'd be more than happy to have you."

"Come on Slut," Sam laughed. "you know me better than that. I'm not interested."

"Hey, it never hurts to ask. Besides, you'd have your girlfriend there. It's not cheating if you're doing it together."

"That's true!" The girl chirped. "We could have all kinds of fun and we'd be doing it together."

"I... uh..." Sam blushed uncomfortably, her boobs jiggling as he awkwardly shifted his weight

"On... second thought..." the girl said "You know what? It's okay. If Sam doesn't want to get fawned over by a squad of hot strangers, she doesn't have to. Personally, I'm not the sort to normally turn these things down, but I think today I'll have to - for the sake of love and all that."

"Thank you, Emma." Sam whispered, coming up behind her and taking her tightly into a deep embrace.

"Aww," I squealed "that's so sweet. Oh my god, you two are super cute together."

The girl laughed.

"No, for real, I'm totally jealous." I did my best to blink back the emotion welling up within me. "I wish I had what you guys have."

"Come on," Emma laughed. "Being single isn't so bad. Look at everything you got done last night."

"True." I giggled.

"And of course, there's also the fact that you're on the express train to hunk city, don't forget."

"Ooh, oh my god. I should probably get back to that. We should be getting started soon."

"I think we're just about ready to head out ourselves," she said, kissing Sam on the cheek "It was good meeting you."

"Likewise, I - Oh geeze, where are my manners, I didn't even ask your name."

"Emma" she said, holding out her hand.

"I'm Slut." I took it and shook.

"That's a very pretty name for a very pretty girl."

"Aw, Thank you."

"I'll be seeing you around, Slut!"

I waved as they walked off, Emma's hands wrapped around Sam's hips as she whispered something in his ear that was making him blush even more furiously. I was so distracted by them that I almost jumped when I heard another sultry masculine voice shouting behind me.

"Hey Slut! We're just about ready for you girls. Come on in whenever."

“Oh, right!” I perked up “Sure thing.”

At last, the most exciting part of the day.

For some reason a lot of the girls decided to pass. I guess they just weren't feeling it? That's fine. It's a fun little bonus thing we do, but it's not like we're going to look down on someone just because they don't want to get involved, especially with the way practice went today. There were still more than enough of us to keep the boys happy. Hell, I'd have done it all by myself if I needed to. Heck, that even sounded pretty fun.

We glided into the men's locker room sensuously, our square hips and muscular bodies sauntering, hips swaying as we lined up, one next of the other, like merchandise on display, each of us trying to display our best features: a smorgasbord of broad chests, muscular abs and tight butts. The boys knew what was coming and they were ready for it. Towels lay on benches as approving male eyes roamed over our bodies. I giggled a little. They were still mostly naked, but we'd gotten all dressed up just to take it all off for them again.

I frowned when I saw that a surprising number of the guys were fully dressed and in the process of leaving. Their bubble butts were jutting out of tight jeans instead of sitting down naked where we could get good easy access to them. It was one thing to not fault a girl for not joining in, but when some of the regular guys decide they don't want to have anything to do with it, well, you can't help but take that a little more personally.

“Okay boys,” Stacey said, twirling her hair around a finger, “You all know the drill. First pick goes to whoever was working the hardest out there today! Discuss it amongst yourselves.”

Normally they were practically fighting each other for the privilege, but today it seemed they had all been a little humbled. There was some mumbled disagreement amongst the boys, some of whom were still doing their best to posture while others seemed to be playing things bashful for once. Finally, Jack was pushed forwards. I grinned and licked my lips. This would be fun. Popular rumor was that Jack had the sweetest pussy on the whole team.

“Alright Jack!” Jenny cheered, posing and batting her eyes. “Way to go!” She and Jack weren't dating or anything, but it seemed like whenever the two teams ended up fucking, the two of them always ended up together somehow.

Jack's eyes roamed over Jenny's pecs and her tight, barely concealed abs. Then his eyes turned and swept along the rest of the team, the girls sucking in their guts and puffing out their chests before his eyes finally lingered on me. Well, on my tits to be precise, but that still counts.

“Sorry Jen,” he said, almost embarrassed. “I uh, I think I'm going to try something different today... if that's alright with you?”

“Oh. Of- of course.” Jenny looked shocked. “It's fine.” She gave me a scowl. “I understand. You take all the time you need. Once you see what other girls have to offer, you'll come crawling back.” She stuck her tongue out at me playfully. Our little rivalry was still nothing if not friendly, even if she wasn't quite

used to losing so much. If she'd actually cared about me having sex with Jack, she'd have let me know and I'd have turned him down. Jenny was my friend. I'd give him up in a heartbeat for her.

And speaking of heartbeats, mine was going a mile a minute as Jack held out his hand towards me and looked up into my hazel eyes. I took it and he pulled me back further into the locker room. Heat was flashing through me. I'd been ogling him in his pads all practice, imagining what lay beneath, but seeing him out of them was even better. He had these slender hyper-masculine shoulders and a naked manly chest that swayed and heaved with every motion, topped by just the biggest, juiciest nipples. Alone off in a corner he let his towel drop, revealing that his smooth hairless pussy was already soaking wet in anticipation. I leaned forward and wrapped my hands around him as he fumbled to get my collar off. His skin was so warm, so smooth. Fuck, what a man.

Soon our passions took the better of us. I ran my hands along his back as our boobs pressed together in his tight embrace. He began kissing along my neck and then down, rolling my tits and pinching my nipples with his strong, perfectly painted fingernails. I gasped and groaned out as pleasure began to flood my brain. No wonder Jenny was so possessive of him. Jack knew what he was doing.

I blew kisses and nibbled along the soft sweet flesh of his neck as I let the sweet smell of him wash over me. Gently, he began to guide me downwards, and I took in every inch of his flesh along the way with my lips and my hands as I relished the feeling of his control.

Finally, I was on my knees as he sat down on the bench, legs spread before me, towel thrown aside. Sure enough, his pussy was sweet and soft and soaking wet. I inhaled deeply as I began to gently probe with my tongue. He put his head back and moaned. I smiled up at him with my eyes. Guys were so cute when they were getting their pussies licked. Taking his gasps as encouragement, I dove in with abandon, burying myself in his fragrant juices.

Of course, his moans weren't the only ones. Soon cries of passion on both ends of the spectrum were ringing out throughout the locker room, a beautiful choir of delight to let everyone know that things had begun to get going in earnest.

I brought a hand over to my own needy pussy, but at the last second I pulled it away. I should be using my hands to rub along Jack's body, that's what was important right now - making Jack feel as good as possible. I want to say that it was because it was a point of pride that I always tried to make guys feel as good as possible, but honestly the truth was I just wanted him to think I was a better lay than Jenny.

Not that it was easy. Eating him out was making me so fucking horny. I don't think I've ever tasted a guy's pussy as delicious as his. I swirled my tongue around his clit over and over as I lapped at his juicy labia. I was doing my best to get him off to a nice slow build. Not too quick, but enough to get him ready for the main event. Sensing he was good and warmed up, I was about to pull away so we could start to fuck in earnest, but that's when he grabbed me by the hair and ground my face harder into his quivering snatch instead.

Well, who am I to deny a request? I grinned inwardly as I and redoubled my efforts. He must have really been enjoying it. He was thrashing in pleasure now as I worked to drive him further and further into new ecstatic heights, pulling back whenever he started to get too worked up - I wanted this to last.

Finally though, after driving him up to the edge of the mountain and holding him there for just one time too many, he started to cry out in pleasure. Sensing I'd hit the point of no return I doubled down and rode his orgasm as high and as long as it would go, sending him screaming as he crested the peak, a wave of hot juices flooding my face and mouth.

I eased up as he calmed down, gently lapping up his sweetness. Normally most guys would push me away after something like that, spent and in need of recovery, but Jack, romantic that he is, didn't. In fact he just pet my hair and told me I was amazing.

I beamed. He wanted to go again. Take that, Jenny.

Just then I felt a hand from behind. Ah, one of the guys must have wanted in. Mmm... those wonderful masculine hands. I raised my head from Jack's lap to look behind me. Mike had apparently decided that my unguarded rump was too tempting of target. He asked me to flip over, so I did, wiggling around so that I could still get my tongue in Jack's wonderful snatch while Mike did what he was going to do.

No sooner did I once again have the taste of Jack on my tongue than Mike pulled the hot bulk of his slender form in close, locking our legs in an intricate mess of long smooth tangled limbs. His hot crotch squishing into mine as he slowly began to grind his hot masculine cunt into my delicate quivering pussy. I let out a sharp gasp at the sensation and pushed back into him, desperate for more of the pressure he was applying.

Soon Mike had established a dominant, aggressive rhythm, pounding into me again and again with these long powerful regular strokes. The groans he let out with each thrust rose and fell in pitch as I squeezed my legs and thrust back. He thought he was playing me, but his body was my instrument and his cries of pleasure were my concerto of lust.

I tried my best to stay focused on their pleasure as we rocked back and forth, all three sets of our tits bouncing from the motion of our bodies, but it was an uphill battle. I could feel the sparks building even as I groaned and grinded myself into both of these delicious boys. Soon I was seeing stars as I gasped lustfully for breath, taking in further deep lungfuls of Jack's delicious scent.

"Oh god!" I cried out.

And then my body seemed to be on autopilot as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me. I desperately tried to hang in there, somehow managing to push Jack over the edge as I thrashed and screamed out into his pussy. Mike followed shortly behind, his whole body being overcome by deep powerful shakes. But even that didn't seem to stop them, as the three of us drove ourselves to even further, unrelenting new heights.

Fuck.

By the time I was in a state to even think, the party seemed to be winding down. Most of the girls were sitting around exhausted, their dicks softening as they lay together in a sapphic pile of tender girl flesh. Strangely a lot of the guys seemed to still be going, fingering themselves as they looked on at the remaining girls - Kiley and Sandra, who were deepthroating each other in a competitive 69 position while the boys looked on and cheered. I guess they had decided their little argument from earlier had

ended in a draw? I felt a twinge of regret that I hadn't gotten in on that, but hey, I was happy with how things ended up.

I licked my lips. My face and tits were completely covered in Jack's sweet juices. Fuck, if I'd known how true those rumors had been, I'd have tried to hook up with him sooner. I just wanted to bottle it up and take it with me wherever I went. I texted Jack an invitation back to my place as I started to clean up. I didn't want to be too obvious about it in front of Jenny, but any guy who can go that many orgasms in a row is well worth it in my books.

And hey, if he turned me down, no worries. I had lots of guys who would be more than happy to take his place. Not that this sex hadn't been fantastic. It was probably enough to last me the rest of the night, but well... I just really hated sleeping alone, you know?

After helping the team get cleaned up, I finally set out for home. I smiled to myself. My body felt exhausted and sore in all the right ways. Good sex and a good workout. I loved that feeling.

I took the opportunity to check over my plans for tomorrow. It looked like a pretty typical week. More of the same really. You know what though? I was fine with that. With a few exceptions, today had been a good day, and tomorrow was just going to be all the better.

God, I loved being me.

To be continued in Chapter 17: A New Weirdness!