

# FR4T

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## CHAPTER 01 | THE UN1 D4YS BEG1N

Jack looked down at his phone. He zoned out of the noise of the pouring rain and just stood, staring at the device. He had received a message from the university – Hayed City University, among the most prestigious in the country. He desperately wanted a place there. Jack applied months ago to study software development, but his application was ambitious. HCU did not accept just *anybody* – you were either the best of the best, or you were rejected.

Jack didn't have time to look at the message though. The heavens had opened and drops of rain plummeted from them. With thunder and lightning in the distance, it mirrored the anxious mood surrounding Jack. He rushed home to get out of the rain and to read the message. The city centre was a neon-lit canyon of concrete, metal and glass. Advertisements rolled across screens several stories high for products of all varieties, from cars, to guns, to clothes, to drugs. Every corner Jack jogged past would trigger a notification for single people in the area, and every time he'd ignore it.

One of the tallest towers in the city was a tall glass stump shielded in a layer of self-sufficient plant life, with the roof a large communal garden. It had been built by MX Industries, an influential organisation that narrowly escaped being wiped out after a scandal surrounding an underground sex club in the heart of the city. Jack had heard of it – Perseus. It's where his parents had met, 18 years ago, in 2028. But the world had changed since then.

2046 was like a different world entirely. Advancements in technology had blurred the lines between fiction and reality. Healthcare had become the best it had ever been. But culture had changed, perhaps for the worse – greedier, consumeristic, oversexualised and hypocritical. Hayed City University could be an escape for Jack. In a world cut off in many ways from the rest of society, he could live in a world that he wanted to live in – he thought.

Home. Jack's older brother was playing video games online – he didn't want to interrupt him, so he ran up the stairs to his bedroom. Jack's heart pumped and adrenaline filled his blood as he set at his desk overlooking the city. He unlocked his phone, opened the message, and read it.

*"Dear Jack,*

*Thank you for applying to Hayed City University to study an undergraduate course in Software Development. Taking into account your past achievements as described in your application and your previous qualifications, we are happy to inform you that you have been selected for the course. You will be required to attend on Monday the 17<sup>th</sup> of September to be introduced to your course, the campus and for final checks to be completed. That is, of course, if you decide to accept our offer, which we're sure you will.*

*Whether you join us or not, thank you for applying anyway. Being accepted into HCU is an achievement in itself, and those brave enough to apply are the very people who are keeping us around – thank you.*

*The team at Hayed City University”*

Obviously, Jack was going to accept the offer. His dream had come true. Once his parents arrived home he announced the good news to his family – naturally, they were overjoyed. That night Jack dreamt of what he'd get up to. While he wanted to study, he also wanted the idealistic university lifestyle. Parties. Casual drug use. Lots of sex. With any luck it would all come together, and fresher's week would be the time for that to happen.

And not too long after that evening, it was the 17<sup>th</sup> of September. An early start for Jack, he woke up to the sunrise over the skyline. The roads slowly filled with cars, the monorails getting busier and busier. And speaking of monorails, Jack had to get ready to get on it. The monorail trains were driverless. Each carriage was a glass dome hung on rails above the ground, but Jack couldn't see much out of the windows – he was standing, surrounded by people all getting to work. Travelling in the rush hour was never pleasant. Certainly not on a first day.

HCU had its own monorail station – you know an institution is important when it has its own public transport infrastructure. Jack and a few other people alighted the monorail train and left the station, to be greeted by Anita, who was helping to introduce the new students that day.

Anita led Jack and the other new students to have the final checks done. Forms signed; it was time for a tour of the campus. While it was an old institution, HCU had been rebuilt from the ground up several years ago due to a fire destroying much of the old buildings. The new buildings were stunning,

a true showcase of what could be done with the materials available to the designers. Jack couldn't help but be impressed by the use of glass and concrete to create something truly special.

Four other people joined him, excluding Anita. First was Len, another 18-year-old boy starting university. He wasn't doing the same course as Jack, but he'd be working near him, so if they got along, it would be a reliable friendship. Listening to Anita speak was Sam, a 19-year-old on the same course as Jack. She was quiet, but Jack wanted to try to become friends with everybody he could, so he'd definitely try to speak to her later on.

Margot stood next to Jack. They had been chatting while Anita was leading them between locations, and Margot and Jack seemed to get along. Perhaps a romance could grow out of it, or perhaps not. Lastly Alpha (that was his real name) was a relatively new student, having arrived not long before the rest of them. He had been quite vocal during the tour, asking question after question about the university and life there. But with the tour done, Jack wanted to get to his new flat in the halls and relax for the rest of the day, getting to know everybody. He took the numbers of Len, Sam, Margot and Alpha and made his way to the halls.

The Xavier Frost Centre was the largest of the student accommodation buildings on campus. The centre was also one of the few buildings still in its original form, with architecture at least three hundred years old. The long building was built out of red brick, with details throughout, like the little birds carved into the limestone above the doors at the front. Frost's room was on the top level of the three-story building.

Through the thin corridors, Jack squeezed through to find his room, number 361. Every person he bumped into he'd have a conversation with, so by the time he did reach his room he had already got to know a little about most of the people on his floor. When he reached his room, he opened the door to find his roommate unpacking. Her name was Brooke. Breathing heavily because of the work unpacking, she greeted Jack. It was the first time they'd met in the real world for a while, but they already knew each other, having been friends as teenagers, plus having talked over text the past few weeks and arranging to share the flat in the halls.

"Where's your stuff?" she asked.

Jack's stuff had been delivered to the university ahead of time. Jack just had to bring his bags up, which wouldn't be easy given the tight and busy corridors. He enlisted Brooke's help and the pair walked downstairs. The two bags were large, heavy, and worst of all lacked wheels. They heaved to lift them. Jack and Brooke had to walk slowly to not drop the bags or hit someone with them by accident.

Panting, the trip became a blur. This could have been the most difficult job either of them had ever done. Or at least that's how they felt. However, Jack's urges were kicking in. Brooke was attractive but not in the conventional way – she was blonde, but her petite figure and gothic style of dressing may have turned some people away, but Jack was a fan. He hadn't chosen to be roommates because of her looks (they'd been friends for years beforehand) but surely this was one of the upsides.

Outside the door to room 361 Brooke invited Jack to use his keycard to open the room. Inside they both left the bags to be unpacked later. His roommate laid on Jack's bed and undid the button of her ripped jeans. She closed her eyes and sighed.

"Tiring?" Jack asked.

Brooke only nodded. Without speaking, Jack laid next to her and closed his eyes and sighed too. The excitement of moving to Hayed City University came with a realisation. There would be a lot of effort. There would be hardship too. But if he could make it work, his time there would be the best time of his life.

Jack felt something fleshy on his cheek. He opened his eyes to look at Brooke retreating from a peck on his cheek. Jack gave her a funny look. She laughed for seemingly no reason.

"What's funny?" Jack asked, confused.

"That's £10 for me!" She excitedly proclaimed.

"What?"

"I had a bet with my friend," Brooke began, "if I kissed you, she'd give me £10."

“You know we’ve kissed before, right?”

“Yes,” she said with some embarrassment, “but that doesn’t really count. I mean we had only just become teenagers, and we did it as a bet. There’s a theme here, I’m sure.”

“Come on Brooke, your fourteenth birthday party wasn’t the only time.”

Brooke looked as if she was going to curl up. Despite her embarrassment, a smile slowly drew across her face. Brooke and Jack had drifted apart two years ago when they left school. But before then, they had an on-and-off relationship that lasted for four years. Neither of them were sure of what they wanted, and both of them were too young to know better anyway. The two knew they were attracted to each other – they always had been – but life got in the way. Over their time together they’d spent lots of time together, some sexual, some platonic, some neither. Their time at HCU was a reunion, but neither of them had come to rekindle their relationship.

Putting their past into context, the £10 bet seemed odd at best and insensitive at worst. By the time Jack came to this realisation Brooke had got up and continued unpacking her bags. Jack chose to do the same. He unzipped the suitcase to unveil article after article of clothing, a couple of magazines for when there was no internet available, and an oddly large letter. He did not remember putting a letter in his bag – let alone one that said “To Jack, from your loving parents” on it.

Jack curiously opened it. On a sheet of paper was a message.

*“Dear Jack,*

*You have made us so proud. You will love university, but make sure to study as well! I know what you can be like, so I’ve given you some things you’ll find useful in the envelope.*

*From mum and dad.”*

The short message was heartfelt. Jack smiled until the moment he looked at what else was in the envelope. There were six condoms, a small vibrator, a set of cock rings and two dental dams.

Jack laughed under his breath. He didn't need condoms. He'd already packed a box of them.

"You look like you're planning a fun time." Brooke said, leaning over Jack's shoulder.

He jumped.

"Bloody hell Brooke, that's twice you've got in my personal space in twenty minutes."

"With what's in your bag you seem like you're going to be getting in the personal spaces of a lot of people!"

"No," Jack responded, "my parents put those things in the envelope. I didn't ask for them. If I needed them, I would have got them myself."

"And what about that box of fifty condoms you've tried to hide next to your briefs?" Brooke questioned.

Jack looked down at the floor.

"I've been too harsh." Brooke commented, having calmed down. She giggled. With a lighter tone, she continued... "With those, what are you planning to do with me? I know what you can be like."

Jack slipped into flirt mode as if there was a switch. He stood up and slowly approached Brooke, wrapping his hands around her torso like a constrictor snake. Seductively, he spoke to her.

"The last time we did anything was two years ago... That's a lot of time we have to make up for..."

"Well, I do wonder what you've got planned for me..." Brooke replied, equally flirtatious.

Jack moved in for a kiss, but Brooke blocked him with her hand. He pulled back, confused.

"Jack," she explained, "If you're looking for a quick fuck, please don't try it with me. If you seriously want me again, you'll need to try harder than that."

Jack had been humbled. Brooke continued.

"Look, I know you've come here at least a little bit to have sex. That's fine, so have I. So how about we make a deal?"

Curiously, Jack enquired about this deal.

"I have lots of friends who go here. I can set you up with girls, but you need to set me up too. Men, women, anybody."

"What's in it for me?" Jack questioned.

"Firstly, you're not chasing after me the whole time, although that's more of a gain for me. And secondly, we both get part of what we came for."

Jack spent a moment considering the offer. His answer was obvious.

"I'll admit I don't know that many people here yet, so you'll have to wait a while for my half of the deal... But I'd like to accept anyway."

"That's good isn't it." Brooke grinned. "I know somewhere you can get naked and have some fun, but you need to agree to something first."

"What's that?" Jack asked, not knowing what was about to happen.

Brooke dug her nails into Jack's crotch, hurting him. She used it to pull herself right in front of Jack's face. Quietly and creepily, she gave him a warning.

"Do your part of the deal or I will cut that penis of yours off. Do I make myself clear?"

Despite how much of a cliché her threat was, Jack was a bit scared. She had made herself very clear.

"Yes."

"Good," she began to inform Jack of what was going on, "as you know the photography students go in a week early and they're doing a shoot about the nude form. They need models and you could be the perfect fit for the job."

"When is it?" Jack asked curiously.

"In an hour. You'd better get going."

Jack put on his jacket and began to leave, but before he could leave Brooke told him to stop.

“Hold on Jack...”

Jack turned around.

“I haven’t seen it in a long time.”

“Seen what?”

“The thing I’m going to chop off.” Brooke said with a grin.

“Are you saying you want to see it?”

Brooke’s grin extended. She nodded once. Cautiously, Jack unzipped his trousers and dropped them, soon followed by his pants. Because of his minute fear of Brooke, he was soft, much to her disappointment.

“I thought my Bond villain acting would have got you horny. I guess I was wrong. It certainly turned *me* on.”

“Are you seriously not going to give me anything in return?” Jack half-jokingly asked.

“I’ve just set you up to be a nude model. You can piss off. You’ve done nothing so far.”

Jack apologised and once again began to leave. As he unlocked the door, he heard something and turned around to see Brooke lifting up her pants, holding a tissue in her hand.

“What’s that?” He asked.

Without speaking she walked over to him. She handed him the tissue.

“I felt like I was being harsh again,” Brooke said bashfully. “I rubbed it on my vagina. You can smell it if you want to. Now go on, you need to get to the shoot!”

Jack stuffed the tissue in his pocket and finally left room 361. He was running late, so Jack had to jog to the art block. In this smaller building were a dozen rooms dedicated to art, photography and film. Jack knocked on the door of the photography studio he’d been told to go to, on the top floor of the building.

A middle-aged lecturer opened the door, greeting him. She invited him into the space – a large white room split into smaller sections using curtains. Each

section had a team of two or three students photographing models, all naked and all different in some way. Some of the models were sat down. Others were posing. It was all very interesting and erotic. The lecturer explained...

“So, you say your name is Jack? That’s a rhetorical question, don’t bother answering that. You might be wondering why all these people are naked? The first project I give my new students is about the nude form because it is the essence of all art. The human body is beautiful, and any future artist *needs* to be able to use it and understand it. Therefore, I asked them all to come up with shoot ideas that took advantage of it.”

As the lecturer walked Jack through the studio, she pointed out what each group was doing.

“These ones... Theirs is really interesting, they’re using five people to make a human vase.”

One beautiful female model wore a flower headband as four somewhat brutish men squatted around her. It did look quite good, Jack thought. The lecturer stopped and pointed at one of the members of the next group, who was naked despite not being a model.

“Look at that guy, Rick – I told my students they could get naked if it helped them understand the task more. He’s the only one who bothered.”

As she walked by him, the lecturer gave the ripped student a pat on his bottom. He looked shocked and she chuckled. Jack felt uncomfortable. Eventually they reached the group Jack would be working with. The lecturer left them to their own devices. The two photographers said hello.

“I thought you weren’t going to turn up.” The first one said – he was in fact Alpha from the tour. The girl he was working with, Leanne, explained the shoot idea to Jack.

“As you can see our other model has been waiting a while, but it’s alright. The idea is we’re going to get you two into some sexual positions but you’re not actually doing it.”

Leanne explained the reasoning behind their idea, but Jack was too busy making eye contact with the model he’d be working with. She was naked,

obviously, but was so skinny her ribcage was visible. Her dyed red hair flowed down her body, but never reaching her breasts. Her breasts were flat, as was her butt. The model was beautiful though and made it clear why she'd been chosen.

Alpha asked Jack to get naked. He took his clothes off and placed them in a pile to the side. He had an erection, roughly knowing what was about to happen. The photographers directed the other model to get on all fours. Then they positioned Jack so his erect penis rested between the cheeks of her rear end, covering her bleached hole. Jack looked forward as still as he could while the photographers snapped away. Occasionally his penis throbbed, and one time even throbbed so much it moved out of place. One of the photographers had to move it back by hand.

The next position involved Jack laying on the floor with the model sat on top of him, holding onto his penis like it was a handle on a merry-go-round horse. The model stayed silent as photos were taken from different angles. Jack was silent too, calming down, listening to the hubbub of the studio – cameras clicking, people talking, and models posing. The distraction caused him to lose focus and lose interest. He had lost his erection. His six-inch shaft had shrunk slightly and turned flaccid. With that, the model he was working with had something to say.

“Sorry-“ The model started but stopped herself.

“Yes Dee?” Asked one of the photographers.

“What am I going to do about this?” Dee asked, looking down at Jack’s penis.

Jack was back in the moment.

“Sorry, I got distracted.”

“Don’t worry Jack,” Alpha said consoling him, “It doesn’t work for this position, but it doesn’t matter overall. In fact, maybe we should go to the next one.”

Leanne agreed. The two photographers positioned a large rock in front of the wall.

“How the hell did you get that up here?” Dee asked with disbelief.

“We have a large service lift to carry equipment between the floors. We couldn’t carry a boulder up the stairs...” Leanne joked. She continued... “So for this shoot I want you, Dee, to sit on the rock and Jack, I want you to stand and put your dick in her.”

“What?!” Dee looked at the photographers, not realising this was part of the shoot.

“You don’t need to do it if you don’t want to.” Alpha pointed out.

“No, I’m fine, it’s just – I didn’t expect it to happen.” Dee stuttered.

“You sound like you’re not sure about doing it.” Leanne softly spoke.

Dee paused for a second and looked blankly.

“Fine, let’s do it.”

With newfound confidence, Dee sat on the rock and Jack inserted his growing penis into her vagina. He was told by the photographers not to do anything; just to let it soak in there. They directed the models to look into each other’s eyes. They stayed mostly still, except for one small problem came to stop that. Dee was sat on an inclined part of the rock – slowly she’d slip downwards and needed to reposition herself occasionally. The movement subtly pumped Jack’s penis. He’d found himself infatuated with Dee, and these movements were made much more erotic by it.

It was here fourth repositioning that was the last straw. Dee moved up before slipping down a little, massaging the tip of Jack’s penis. He clenched trying to hold in his ejaculation, but a little bit of semen leaked into her vagina. Luckily, the amount seemed unnoticeable and Jack felt he’d got away with it. Relaxed, he unclenched. Nothing more came out.

Until it did. A splurge of liquid funnelled out of Jack’s hard cock and into Dee’s soft vagina. Dee glanced at Jack’s embarrassed expression but said nothing. Not long after and the shoot was over. The photographers thanked the models and whilst they went to the computers to edit the photos, Dee told Jack to meet her outside.

Five minutes later, a fully-dressed Jack left through the back door of the building to find Dee looking at the ground and smoking. She looked at him with

anger in her eyes. Dee grabbed him by the wrist and violently pulled him into an alley between the art block and the wall of the university boundary. There, she took a swing at his face in front of one of the bins.

“What the fuck were you doing?!” Dee shouted. Jack apologised whilst panicking.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to do it, but you moving up and down on that rock made it all come out and I am so, so sorry!”

Dee slapped his other cheek.

“I didn’t agree to this! Neither of us were wearing any protection! What did you think would happen?”

“But you agreed to me putting it in...” Jack exclaimed with confusion.

This was true. Dee was the one who agreed to it. She wasn’t pressured into doing it, she didn’t even need to if she wasn’t up for it. However the whole situation was a fuck-up for everybody involved. It was Dee’s fault for not thinking ahead. It was the photographer’s fault for not telling the models to use protection. And it was Jack’s fault for ejaculating in a girl he’d only just met.

Dee was still angry, for good reason. She took a moment to think before continuing.

“Look, I’m not going to tell anybody about this and you shouldn’t either. I have a boyfriend and he didn’t know about this and he will be furious at both of us if he finds out. We’ll both get tested for STDs. I’m on the pill so I don’t need to worry about that. But if I ever see you again we must never, *ever* mention this. If we meet again we’ll act as if we have never met before, do you understand?”

Jack did understand. He felt guilty, and with those thoughts surrounding he walked home in a state of fear. He opened the metal door of his flat and entered the white corridor. To the left was his room, but to the right was a noise coming from Brooke’s room. His fingers lightly pushed open the door to reveal his roommate on her bed, her clothing half-removed and her hand slapping her vulva, both of which were sticky and shiny from her wetness. In awe he watched for a short while. She’d alternate between rubbing her clit,

slapping it, and inserting her fingers inside her, all broken up by her occasionally licking her hand or sticking her fingers in her mouth.

Brooke's jeans were halfway down her legs. Her tee shirt was lifted up above her breasts and her bra was hanging off of just one nipple, revealing her medium-sized boob that had sunk into her chest. Her button-shaped nose pointed upwards to her closed eyes. The slight rolls on her body jolted with each slap. Brooke's squelching and heavy breathing overpowered her quiet Radiohead music playing in the background and the screaming coming from the porn video playing on her phone.

She stopped, opened her eyes and looked at Jack. She wasn't angry or disappointed, despite him watching her in this intimate moment.

"How long have you been watching me?"

"A minute." Jack stuttered.

"Want to join?"

Jack didn't expect Brooke to propose sex. She was probably just horny. However, Jack absolutely was not. Shocking even himself, he declined. He drifted to his bedroom, laid on his bed and curled up, worrying about everything that had happened.

## CHAPTER 02 | HAYED CITY NIGHTS

Curled up, Jack laid on his bed in the dark, thinking about what had happened with Dee. He felt more conflicted than guilty – he knew that it was not directly his fault, but he also knew there could be repercussions.

Brooke had finished masturbating in her room. Fully dressed, she walked into his room and sat on the bed, placing a hand on Jack.

“If you’re asking for sex Brooke, I don’t want it.”

“I’m not,” she responded, “I just want to ask what’s wrong. You’ve been like this for twenty minutes.”

“I’m sorry I watched you.”

“I am not worried about that. It doesn’t matter. I assume that watching me play isn’t why you’re like this though, so if you want to feel free to tell me.”

Jack explained the situation with Dee to Brooke.

“Alpha and Leanne told me to put my dick in her; she didn’t feel good about it but decided to do it anyway, and the rock she was sitting on was quite slippery so she’d slip down and need to reposition herself, and when she’d do that it would feel good and eventually I couldn’t hold it in.”

Jack’s description was rushed. Brooke could hear his worry in the way he spoke. She consoled him, telling him it didn’t matter. They agreed to go to get STD tests together, and that perhaps spending some time at a club or two would make both of them feel better.

That afternoon the two of them took the monorail into the city, followed by a short walk to a sex shop in a small street surrounded by tall buildings. Mid-September was the start of the cold months of the year. The heat of the week before had begun to leave and Brooke and Jack were a little chilly. The 17<sup>th</sup> of September had been a crazy day. Brooke and Jack’s journey was mostly silent. Jack didn’t want to speak much and Brooke had little to say.

The sex shop, Jane’s Abode, was not the dingy and cramped basement you’d expect. Shops like these had become relatively normalised, and Jane’s Abode was one of a number of sex shop chains around the country. The glass wall

between the shop and street displayed examples of the items Jane's sold, ranging from the tame to the extreme. At the tame end were mannequins wearing sexy lace outfits. At the extreme end were vibrating strap-on dildos and a BDSM swing set. All of it was lit by slowly colour-changing lights – and all of it was more expensive than Jack would have wanted.

Inside was an emporium of sexual fantasies. However, Jack and Brooke only cared for the medical section today, which sold STD self-test kits. Each box sold six tests, so its high price was slightly justified by that. While Jack got on with buying a box, Brooke killed time by walking around the tables stacked with toys and other sexy stuff.

There was a shelf of dildos, ranging from small and basic dildos little more than just a five-inch straight twig, all the way to twenty-inch tree trunk-like toys with features as exuberant as motors to create pulses, and a tube for liquids to explode into anywhere stretched enough to fit it. There were novelty ones too, such as metal and glass ones, and an actual branch of a tree covered in plastic. There was even a mould for a dildo to fill with water and put in the freezer to make an ice toy.

The shop sold dozens of types of condoms. Small, medium, large, ribbed, thin, thick, app-connected, flavoured, glow-in-the-dark, and many more. Brooke chose to buy a handful of femidoms, a new dildo and even considered getting that real tree branch.

With the pair both having bought what they needed, they prepared to leave – until they saw a sign directing them to different floors. Above them was a BDSM department, but even that wasn't as intriguing as what was waiting for them in the basement – a brothel, run under the nose of the upper management of Jane's Abode and kept a half-secret. Even the sign it was advertised on was unassuming and hard to see compared to the rest. Brothels were legal but as tempting as Brooke and Jack were, they decided against going that evening. That would be for another time.

Instead they walked ten minutes down the road to a nightclub. Hayed City Nights was its name. You could easily have confused Hayed City Nights with any other of the many nightclubs in the city, but what stood out for Jack about HCN was its owner – Johnny De La Sol, his father. Naturally, Jack had special

privileges here. He got all drinks for free, as did anybody he brought to the club. They'd also get to visit staff-only areas, which was where Jack liked to spend time when he had nothing to do.

The club took up all three floors of the building. There were balconies on each floor – you could see from the highest floor down to the lowest. Each floor had a different theme. The ground floor was the normal floor – dark, loud, neon-lit. The floor above was seductively painted in red and purple shades. The top floor was white, like a spaceship. Each floor had a different ambience, but all shared similarities. Each had a bar and unisex toilets, and the two floors above the ground had a window to the street below, which was now lit by streetlights rather than the sun.

Jack and Brooke were greeted by loud, thumping music and hundreds of other visitors. However, they instead went to the back of the building and into the offices. Sat at his desk was Johnny, working on his computer. He excitedly greeted Jack and Brooke as they arrived.

“How was your first day?” Johnny asked as if Jack was a child starting school for the first time.

“It’s a long story...” Jack answered, trying to avoid the subject.

“Oh well, we can talk about it later on.”

Johnny turned to Brooke.

“Brooke! I’m shocked. I thought you hadn’t seen Jack in years. What are you doing here?”

Brooke explained the situation. “We hadn’t, but we decided to be roommates in the halls. I’m surprised Jack didn’t tell you about it.”

“No, he didn’t mention it.”

“Sorry,” Jack apologised, “I didn’t know whether I should have or not. Still, we’ve been getting along well today and we thought it would be fun to visit the club.”

Jack’s father invited them to use the club’s facilities as much as they wanted, and the pair left. Despite the slight irony of saying him and Brooke got along

(disregarding the threats earlier in the day), both were excited to spend the night in the club. But while Brooke got straight to the dancefloor, Jack chose to sit at the bar. He ordered a free drink just as another man sat near him having been dancing by himself.

"It's hard out there." The man said.

"What do you mean?" Jack enquired.

"Being here, I mean. My friend has gone home without me and now I'm just waiting here doing nothing."

"Couldn't you have gone home with him?"

"He has a two-seater sports car," the man explained, "and he went home with a woman he was grinding up against on the top floor. I can't get any women but he goes home with one every other week."

Jack felt sorry for the man.

"I guess you're just coming for the reasons – if you're coming for girls that is. You're good looking, so it can't be that. How do you approach them?"

The man explained his method. It was horrible – nobody would want to hook up with him if he used the method he used.

"You need to have chemistry first," Jack tried to teach the man, "I get girls sometimes when I go clubbing and usually I don't need to approach them. It just happens I guess. It isn't a common occurrence though, you need to be lucky."

"And I'm not." The man answered bluntly.

Jack stayed silent for a short time. He didn't know how to help the man any further. However, he soon had an idea. Jack pointed at Brooke, who was in her own world dancing, seeming to attract the attention of at least several people.

"What do you think of her?" Jack asked the random man.

"Hot." He commented.

Jack grinned.

"She's my friend, Brooke. She asked me if I could set her up with men. She's looking for casual sex. She's pretty wild."

"Have you slept with her then?"

"You could say that." Johnny answered, vaguely.

Saying little more, than man took one last sip of his drink and left the bar to dance with Brooke. Before Jack could leave to, the woman working the bar started talking to him, having overheard the conversation.

"Do you think it'll work?"

"Setting them up?" Jack asked.

"Yep."

"I don't know Ruby. In a way I'd be jealous if it did."

Jack had previously told Ruby about his past. They were good friends.

"Maybe you just need to let her go. Let her enjoy herself."

"Earlier today she asked me for sex. I said no."

"Why did you say no?" Ruby asked, surprised at his celibacy.

"I just wasn't up to it. I might come to regret it."

Ruby looked at Jack, who was staring at the man grinding against Brooke's backside. She thought to herself for a second.

"Do you remember when we last Jack?"

Jack looked surprised. Firstly because she brought it up in public, and lastly because he thought they'd agreed to never talk about it again.

"We weren't going to talk about that Ruby!"

"Sorry," she giggled, "I didn't think when I said that. Tell you what, my shift ends in ten minutes and your dad goes home then, so meet me up in the office and then we can talk more. I have people to serve."

And off Ruby went to serve the clubbers she'd kept waiting. Jack went upstairs to dance for a little while to pass the time. He felt a tap on his shoulder and

turned around to see Ruby, who followed him into the empty office. At the table he poured a drink for both of them.

"We're alone now," Jack told Ruby, "so we can talk about it now."

"I know it was a one-off thing last year, but it meant so much to me."

"That's the problem. We were friends before Brooke moved away, so she thought the reason we split up was so that you and I could get closer. And when she found out we had slept together she thought it proved her right."

"But it wasn't because of that," Ruby continued, "We really were just friends and we just decided one day to have sex. It didn't mean anything at the time, even if I did get feelings for you afterwards. And on that note, why the hell did you not feel the same way about me?"

"It wasn't because of you. Just because we fucked doesn't mean I'd fall in love, and when we did it I still missed Brooke."

"But you and Brooke never really worked, did you?"

"What do you mean?" Asked a confused Jack.

"You became friends when you were both twelve. You met in school. Until you left school when you were both sixteen you were on-and-off all the time. One week you'd be thinking about marrying and the next you'd hate each other. You even told me you regretted losing your virginity to each other on your 16<sup>th</sup> birthday."

"I know, Ruby. I know that."

"Just after we had sex last year you said it was liberating. You'd finally done it with someone who you weren't in a toxic relationship with. We have never had an argument in all the years we've been friends. All your friends said we could have worked together as a couple. But you never listened. You just chased after Brooke. And now you're roommates with her, presumably so you can slip in her when you're both feeling turned on. Hell, I guess I'm right since she tried to shag you earlier."

Jack was mortified at what Ruby was saying – even if he knew it was true.

"I can't tell if you're just angry I wasn't into you," Jack snapped back, "or you just don't like Brooke."

"Don't be stupid Jack, you know what's up. Don't lie to yourself. Look into my eyes and tell me you didn't arrange to be roommates with her just to get back with her."

Jack called her bluff.

"I didn't arrange to be roommates with Brooke just to get back with her."

Jack was telling the truth, but Ruby was unconvinced – however to be nice she decided to leave the subject for now. Instead, she chose something else to talk about. Ruby brushed her fingers against Jack's hand and arm.

"I know I shouldn't ask this, but when we did it... What bit was your favourite?"

"That's quite the question to ask," Jack said, flustered. "Do you start off a conversation with this when you're talking to other men?"

Ruby laughed. "You're not 'other men'. You're Jack."

"What's that meant to mean?" Asked the man in question, who was opening up.

"I'm sure you know what it means. Since the time we had sex I've been with two other men. One was a one night thing, and I was dating the other for two months. Now I don't want either of them again nearly as much as I want you."

"What's so appealing?"

"Everything. You're good looking to me, you know what you're doing down there, you're a nice guy... Every girl should want you."

"Is that all you look for in a man?" Considered Jack.

Ruby didn't answer Jack's question.

"What do you see in me?" She asked instead.

Jack looked at her in the eyes, leaning his head to the side.

"Someone who I think about."

Ruby stared at him, signing for him to keep going.

"I guess you're a bit of the one who got away. I wonder what would have happened if we were both in the same state of mind at the time. It could have been more than just a one-time thing."

"I don't know," Ruby returned, "there's something nice about a one-night stand. Still, you never answered my question. I could tell you which bit I enjoyed the most, but only if you tell me yours."

"You win... When you got on top of me and started going in circles... That felt so good..." Answered Jack, enjoying remembering what she'd done with him.

"I loved the warmth when you came inside me. And then using the mirror to watch it ooze out, that was amazing."

"It was." Said Jack, who was slightly embarrassed.

"You're blushing."

Ruby walked around the bar to be on the same side as Jack. Standing close next to him, she turned him to the right, so they were facing each other. Once again she brushed her hand against him, this time stronger and for longer, moving up and down his arm while speaking to him. They looked deep into each other's dark brown eyes. Jack moved his hand to stroke her brunette hair, and Ruby reciprocated by getting even closer to him and stroking his brown hair too.

Their bodies were touching. Listening to the music from the dancefloor they swayed, still staring with their beady puppy eyes.

"There's no-one else in this office..." Ruby whispered.

Jack leaned in for a kiss. The pair locked lips for a moment, Ruby falling into Jack's arms. While kissing, Ruby stuck her hand into Jack's pants. His erection was already full and ready to go. He fumbled out of the kiss to mumble...

"Are we really doing this?"

"Do you want to?"

"I do."

And with that, Ruby closed the blinds of the window, locked the doors to the office, and undressed Jack. He wore a black shirt and black suit trousers – an

attractive combination. He reciprocated the favour. Jack tore off Ruby's white shirt, revealing her blue bra. She sat down on the ornate leather sofa. There, she pulled Jack in. Rushing, Ruby pulled down his silk boxers.

"Silk?" She pondered.

"Feels good down there."

She had let out Jack's penis. It stood straight, pointing at her face. Using one hand she started to massage Jack's anus. Using her tongue, she licked the tip of his penis, trying her best to manoeuvre it inside his foreskin. He looked down at awe while playing with her silky ponytail. He felt her attempt to fill her mouth as much as she could with his penis. While sucking she'd lick the shaft and move her head about so the tip was massaged at the back of her throat. She didn't gag once.

Jack was enjoying the moment but was left unsatisfied. He held on to the back of her head before thrusting it forwards and backwards, using her mouth like it was a sex toy. Surprised, Ruby looked Jack in the eyes – not that he was looking at her. A layer of saliva dripped from his cock. From the slap Ruby's nose made when it hit his crotch on the inward thrusts to the breaths for air she made going outwards, a cacophony of noises formed at the end of Jack's penis. He let her go, not wanting to finish right away.

"I was wondering if you'd do that again!" She screamed.

"So you enjoyed it?"

Ruby didn't answer, but had one last suck before leaning backwards into the back of the sofa, enticing Jack to go further. He unbuttoned and pulled off her tight black denim miniskirt, throwing it to the side, on top of her shirt. Underneath Ruby was wearing sheer tights. The light showed her exposed vagina – she had gone to work commando. Jack cut the seam with a pair of scissors left on Johnny's desk.

Jack slowly inserted his dick into Ruby's soft and moist hole. It was tighter than he expected, so each thrust was tough on both of them – however, the benefits were greater than the downsides. Every part of their genitals was being stroked in some way. Each time their equipment was pushed together Jack would jump between staring at Ruby's cute face and her tennis ball-sized

tits. She noticed this and unbuckled her bra, letting it fall further and further with each of Jack's thrusts.

"Fuck... Me... Harder..." She struggled to say.

He did just that. The tip of his penis became red with the slight pain he'd feel every time he'd push in, but the pain was good. He held on to Ruby's boobs as they fucked. At the same time, she was playing with her clit, making the pleasure even more enjoyable.

Jack leaned his body downwards to give Ruby another short kiss, before lifting her up and pushing her against a wall. Holding her, he kept on making love to her, just a bit slower. They enjoyed a passionate kiss, biting each other's lips and using their tongues to explore each other's mouths.

The quelches of her moisture and the saliva from earlier were only broken up by the occasional moans made by the two of them. However, Jack started to get tired from holding her up, so he rested her on Johnny's desk, clearing his things from where Ruby's bubble butt was placed.

He pulled out of her vagina, spat on his penis to lubricate it, then docked in her anus. With one hand still on her breast he used the other to finger her vagina while destroying her butt. Ruby's moans became screams. Jack's became descriptions of how much he was enjoying himself, varying from "You're so fucking tight" to "God you look amazing right now" and even "I wish we'd done it more than once."

Just as he finished saying that, Jack pulled out and squirted his semen over her body. It oozed down, some collecting in her belly button, some reaching her roughly shaved pubes and some even landed on her boobs. Ruby pulled Jack into her, sharing one more kiss. His sperm passed onto him as well. They both looked at what had come out of him, impressed.

"We still need to get you to cum." He pointed out.

"I already did."

Ruby had climaxed, but Jack never noticed. He was pleased with himself that he had made her orgasm without trying to, and with that they agreed they'd best get going. But before they did, Ruby had one last thing to say.

"I know you have my number, but you don't text me much. Get it touch with me some time, I'd like to do this again."

With both of them cleaned up and dressed, Jack needed to go to the toilet. He walked across the balcony looking down to the dancefloor and opened the door to the unisex toilet. In a cubicle he unzipped his trousers and began to piss. However, he was distracted by loud noises coming from the far end of the room. After finishing he decided to check it out.

The cubicle door was ajar slightly. He saw movement inside, so he sneakily pushed open the door. There was a man sat on the toilet with a blonde girl bouncing on his dick.

"What the fuck are you looking at?" Said the man, who did not recognise Jack.

"Oh, god, sorry, it's you" The man corrected himself, realising who he was talking about. The girl turned around – it was Brooke.

Jack immediately felt a sense of dread. He'd just spied on his roommate and friend having sex with another man – the man he'd set up with her. Jack rushed outside.

A few minutes later Brooke found him at the bar.

"That's twice you've watched me doing something sexual."

"This time I wasn't watching for fun." Confessed Jack.

"Sure." Brooke was unconvinced.

They headed home, not saying a word to each other. They felt too awkward to do that. Brooke didn't want to be looked at having sex (without her permission that is). Jack wasn't keen on watching her doing it with a random man. At home, Brooke and Jack watched television. They were still quiet, only asking simple questions like "What do you want to eat for dinner?" and "What should we watch?"

Sat on the sofa, Jack got a text from Ruby. It was a nude. He was once again greeted by her round, olive-skinned boobs and her enticing face. He tried to hide the photo from Brooke, but she managed to get a look at it.

“Why is there a photo of Ruby on your phone?” Brooke asked, not knowing what had happened at the nightclub.

“She just sent it to me.”

“That bloody bitch, always trying to get in your pants. I’d kill her if you could.”

Jack already wasn’t planning to tell Brooke what had happened, but this sealed it – Brooke couldn’t know. To avoid further questioning he quickly went to bed, although he did masturbate to the photo before going to sleep obviously.

Under the covers of his bed in the black of night, he pumped his penis, feeling the cloth rub against the shaft and head. He’d slap his balls to increase his pleasure, but not too much – he didn’t want to get caught by Brooke, as hypocritical as that might be. His cum erupted from his urethra and soaked into the sheets of his bed. He couldn’t be bothered to clean it up, but he still needed to go to the toilet. He bounced naked into the bathroom, not noticing the light was on and Brooke was in there.

She looked at his naked body. Ruby noticed the semen dripping from his foreskin, piecing it all together.

“Were you wanking over that photo?” She asked.

“No, I was watching porn.” He lied.

Again, she was unconvinced but chose not to ask any further. They both went to bed, trying not to think too much about the day’s events.

## CHAPTER 03 | MED14

The rest of Jack's first week of university was unremarkable, but after an unusually quiet weekend fresher's week was over. It was Monday, 8am, and the alarm beeped, waking Jack up. In the living room, Brooke sat watching breakfast television. She had dark spots around her eyes.

"Good night's sleep?" Jack asked sarcastically.

"Not at all." Brooke failed to understand he was being sarcastic. Then again, Jack wasn't awake either.

He stumbled to pour himself a bowl of cereal while the two presenters talked about the inevitably bad news from around the world. Both Brooke and Jack struggled to keep their eyes open, but after drinking some coffee and eating a little, they were ready to leave. Brooke's class was later, so Jack left earlier to walk to his first lecture.

At 8:50, he finished his twenty-minute walk and took a seat in the lecture theatre. The bland white room was bustling with students meeting for the first time, exchanging small talk with each other and trying to make a connection. However, Jack was too tired for that – at 9am his lecturer entered. Miss James was a 30-something-year-old mixed raced woman. She had previously run a game development company and using this experience started her software development course at Hayed City University. She'd left her studio after a nepotism scandal, but the company still exists and produces some very high-quality games.

Miss James started by setting an essay to be written. In a pre-defined group, Jack would need to work with his team to write about a piece of software or game they all felt like talking about. But before Jack could even meet his group, he needed to sit through an hour-long lecture on things he wasn't interested in. He had joined this course to make games, not listen to policies on using hand sanitiser, or where to get free condoms (although the latter would be useful for Jack).

One thing that he did enjoy about the lecture was being able to look at the person speaking. Miss James was older than Jack but he still was attracted to her. She had an authoritative but calming presence, and her corkscrew hair

and snug grey business dress suited her slender body well. She didn't know her first name but he still wanted to have her as more than just a lecturer – or perhaps that was just his lust speaking. And that is why after everyone had left at the end of the lecture Jack stayed to talk to her, under the pretence he was talking about the essay.

"This essay we have to write – can it be on any game?" Jack asked.

"Any game *or* software. You could write it with your group about a spreadsheet editor or a war game, it's up to you really."

"And our group, is it set in stone or can we swap?"

"When you interviewed for the course I got to know your personality well enough to group you with people I think you'd work well with. Prove me right or prove me wrong, it doesn't matter to me – just put in some effort."

Jack wanted to sneakily flirt with her in some way but he could not figure out a way to do it in a natural and subtle way. Therefore, he blurted out the first thing that came to his head.

"Is there anything I can do to help you here?"

Miss James gave him a blank stare while thinking of things to do. She then looked at a pair of boxes by the side of the hall.

"You could help me unpack if you'd like?"

Jack agreed to it. They pulled out the boxes from under the desk and carried them to Miss James' secluded office up a few floors in the main building. The room was L-shaped. Two desks were placed on opposite sides of the room. One desk was close to the door, while her desk was on the other side and couldn't be seen from the corridor. Her side of the room was blank, featuring only a posh desk and a standard computer. One plant pot sat on the windowsill – a wonderful little orchid.

Jack and Miss James put each of their boxes on the floor, opening them up. At the very top of Jack's was a framed photograph of Miss James and her daughter.

"She's cute." He said, complimenting her toddler.

"That one was taken years ago. She's your age now."

"Hold on," Jack started, "if she's eighteen now you must have been very young when you had her."

Miss James had a faint smile. She sat down in the chair at the desk and explained.

"I was indeed. Seventeen, to be exact. Now I'm 35. It feels like she's been a part of my life forever. Such a wonderful child."

"I'm sure she is." Jack commented.

"Now I don't see her that much anymore. She went with her dad."

"Do you mind me asking what happened?"

"Eric is a nice man, but we just kept on arguing when we were together. We couldn't live together. We got a divorce. He took Jade, I kept the car. If only it was the other way around. He'd say to me sometimes, 'I can't do this anymore Amelia' and I always thought he was exaggerating and then it happened."

Amelia James spoke faster as the memories flooded back. She could see her past, one that she regretted, and wished had gone another way.

"Sorry Jack," she whispered with tears in her eyes, "I shouldn't have told you all of that."

Jack consoled her. He pulled a chair next to her and let her hug him as she tried to hold in her crying fit. While the details weren't detailed, they painted a picture that made Jack sympathise with Amelia.

"I can only imagine what it's like," Jack spoke softly, "you are so strong for getting through this. You'll be alright, I'm sure."

Amelia squeezed him tighter. Even though she didn't speak Jack could tell his words were helping.

"I don't tell many people about that." Amelia revealed, "I guess you have a trustworthy energy."

"Thank you. If you want to talk to me you should, it'll help. Do you have a counsellor?"

“They never worked for me Jack. I’d rather speak to friends.”

“Does that mean we’re friends?”

“I don’t know,” Amelia wondered, “but I think I’ll take up your offer. Give me your number and we can arrange something. I know it isn’t professional, but I don’t care enough to worry about that.”

After hugging once more, they both left. Amelia James unpacked by herself whilst Jack met the people he was grouped with. Sam, someone he’d met on the first day, was joined at a table near reception by two new people.

The conversation about the project was nothing out of the ordinary. However, Jack struggled to focus. He was imagining Amelia, completely forgetting that she was his tutor. He could see her naked in his mind. His erection grew under the table, pushing against his trousers. Her skin was soft and shaved. Her hair bounced when she turned her head to look at him in the eye.

“Penetrate me” she ordered.

Jack walked towards her in his vision. Amelia turned around and leaned over to display her butt like it was art. She pulled her cheeks apart. Her anus and vagina were well-proportioned – he struggled to look at both at the same time. The wrinkles leading towards her butt were too tempting. He got on his knees and began licking it. The imagined Amelia moaned, smacking her own cheeks. Red blemishes appeared on them, which Jack could see clearly when he stood up to penetrate her butthole as she’d asked. In this dream world there was no need for lube – he slid in without a fuss. Holding on to her torso for support he thrust. Her walls massaged his penis whilst his shaft pushed into her. Every ridge and ripple rubbed against him, teasing Jack in his dream. They were both in heaven, even if it was just in Jack’s imagination.

A spout of cum erupted from his balls, coating the walls of Amelia in a hot white liquid. He pulled out, leaving a trail of semen to drip down past her vagina and onto the clean white floor of the dream. The dream faded; Amelia walked away from him, slowly disintegrating. Back in the real world, Jack felt something wet – it was his precum, that has soaked into his pants. Jack peered under the table to see a dark, round spot on his crotch. It’s a good thing

nobody else could see it; Jack doubted those sat around him would be impressed.

Sam looked at Jack and asked if he was still in the conversation. He clearly wasn't, but Jack lied anyway to not bring any attention to the sex dream he'd just had. Pip and Michael were tapping away on a laptop, writing the first draft of the essay. The two of them were new to Jack, and he felt disappointed in himself he'd barely introduced himself to them.

"What game have you picked?" Jack asked them, knowing full well he should know already.

"We decided that ages ago," Michael answered arrogantly, "it's OpenCity, the city builder."

Jack had never played it. He'd heard of it before but wouldn't have chosen it for the essay. Not that he could have, since he was busy imagining having sex with his lecturer.

Pip and Michael had written 500 words so far, of which Jack had contributed zero. He was bored but couldn't go anywhere else until the precum stain dried. He dawdled. Jack politely agreed to suggestions made by the other three, not providing any himself. Every few minutes he'd take another look. Each time the precum was a little more dry, but before it was fully dried something happened.

Jack jumped in his seat as the fire alarm activated. Everybody got up and left the building, gossiping about what they thought caused the alarm to go off. Jack timidly stood up and walked outside, making sure to position his hand above the stain. Once the all clear had been given, Jack took his opportunity not to rejoin the group.

"Guys, you've been doing a great job but something's come up. Do you mind if I leave a little bit early? I need to go."

Not assuming anything was up, the rest of the group let Jack go. He walked home.

In his flat he quickly changed his trousers before joining Brooke on the sofa, watching television.

"How was it?" She asked.

"Boring. Boring, boring, boring."

"What makes it boring?"

"I know nothing about the game they're writing about, OpenCity."

"Oh, I love that game. I assume they're writing about how it's designed?"  
Brooke asked, cutting Jack off.

"Probably. I wasn't really listening."

"Why not?"

Jack sniggered.

"What's up?" Brooke persisted.

"Let's just say," Jack started in a playful tone, "I was thinking of things in my head, *if you know what I mean.*"

"Oh, I see... Who was it?"

Jack couldn't answer truthfully.

"I can't tell you that."

"Fair enough. I assume it's me then?"

"Absolutely." Jack lied.

"I've offered to do it with you before but you keep on saying no. When are you ever going to let me get on top of you?"

"We'll see." Jack said while grinning.

"Look, Jack, you think about fucking me again while I go out for a while. I'll be back soon."

Jack said goodbye to Brooke as she left. Just ten minutes later, Jack heard a knock on the door. It was Amelia. She walked in with Jack's invitation, wearing a white tank top and black jeans. She was carrying a bag with a bottle of wine inside, which she placed on the table in the flat's living area. The pair sat on the sofa and spoke for close to an hour.

Together they covered topics such as living with Brooke, Jack and Amelia's pasts and their ideal relationships.

"I'd like a handsome man," Amelia explained, "Nothing amazing, just someone who looks nice enough and who is nice to me. What about you?"

"I'm not picky."

"You must get loads of girls then!" Amelia joked.

"No, but let's just say I'm not 'inactive'."

Amelia caught on to what Jack was suggesting.

"Oh, so you get a lot of action do you?"

"I guess. Nothing spectacular, but I'm in a position where I can have it at least every week. Often with different women!"

"Who's the best you've had?" Amelia asked, slightly drunk. Her questions were getting more personal.

"I don't know. I know the worst."

"Tell me!" Amelia begged while laughing.

"One time there was with this woman a little older than me and she said she was very experienced. She was lying; she knew nothing. When she got on top of me she slid about from side to side; she had no idea what you were meant to do."

"A little older, eh? Who's the oldest girl you've fucked?"

"Your age, ironically. Or at least somewhere around there. That was about a year ago. A wild ride."

"Would you do it with someone her age again?" Amelia asked suggestively.

"Of course."

Amelia laid down, placing her head on Jack's legs.

"You know Jack, I haven't got along with a man this well for years."

Amelia stared at Jack, trying to get him to understand.

"Christ, you aren't on it are you?" She insulted Jack.

"What?"

Instead of explaining, Amelia sat up and placed a hand on Jack's crotch. His erection immediately grew. The two stared as they moved in for a kiss. She massaged his penis as they made out. In a rush, she pulled down his trousers and pants. She got on the floor and licked the shaft and tip of his penis while looking in his eyes. With Jack's penis lubricated with saliva, Jack pulled down her jeans. She had come to the flat with no pants on. Her vagina was shaved except for a few bristles she hadn't waxed.

Amelia sat on his lap, directing his stone-hard, hot and throbbing penis into her soaking vagina. She bounced with their arms wrapped around each other. They stared in each other's eyes, occasionally kissing when they were at the right height. Amelia would even lick his face a little when she couldn't get in the right spot for a kiss.

Jack had left the heating on. Both were sweating profusely; their foreheads were dripping. Amelia leaned backwards to lift off her tank top. She had not worn a bra, so her tanned and loose breasts dangled and jumped with her movement. Jack stabilised them by holding on and squeezing them.

She reciprocated, pulling off Jack's blue shirt and touching his chest whenever she was stable enough. Deafened by the joy, neither of them could hear the door opening. It was only when Jack looked over with a shocked expression that they noticed Brooke was stood watching them, aghast.

"What the fuck are you doing?" She screamed. Jack and Amelia were still.

"Please, you mustn't tell anybody." Amelia cried.

"Why shouldn't I?"

Amelia dismounted and walked closer to Brooke.

"It would end my career."

Brooke stayed silent before coming up with a solution.

"I want in. I want you to fuck me."

Reluctantly Amelia and Jack followed Brooke to her bedroom. It was similar to Jack's. Brooke pushed the lecturer onto the bed before she undressed. Using a pillow to lean on, Brooke directed Amelia to lick her vagina. This was simultaneously a scary and hot experience. Jack's boner throbbed. Amelia's pussy was empty. He chose to fill it.

Positioned behind her, Jack thrust into Amelia while she explored Brooke's insides. He smacked Amelia's butt cheeks, the skin rippling from the impact. Brooke pushed Amelia's face further into her vagina, moving it around to brush it on her clitoris. Before long Amelia reached her climax – she squirted onto the bed, the strong gush pushing his penis out of her. A puddle soaked into the sheets. Both Amelia's vagina and Jack's penis dripped.

Jack stood on the bed and walked up to Brooke. She grabbed hold of his penis tightly. She slowly stroked it, trying to squeeze cum out of it. He couldn't hold it in. This was too much for him. Cum squirted onto Brooke's face. Shortly after, she squirted onto Amelia. Brooke's cum-stained lips spoke some very important words.

"I won't tell anyone that you've been sleeping with a student as long as we meet again."

Lying face up in Brooke's squirt puddle, she agreed. Her face was shiny with Brooke's liquid. Her vulva was tinged red, as was Jack's penis. Brooke continued to stroke it, squeezing even more cum out, which dropped onto her belly. The squeezes were so tight they hurt Jack.

"Stop, stop!" He pleaded.

Brooke smacked it. A dribble of cum that had gathered on his tip flew onto the bed. Another squeeze. The final drop was licked up by Amelia, who stared at Jack while doing it. Glad it was over, Jack wanted a bit of sexy revenge.

"Okay, both of you get one more tight squeeze and then I get to do whatever I want with you."

Both girls agreed to the offer. Jack suffered through the first squeezed. Brooke held him tightly, while Amelia slapped his butt. With the stroke complete, Amelia went for another slap – an extra-strong one this time. The impact rippled across his cheek. Amelia wrapped her thumb and index finger

around the base of his penis. Slowly, she pulled towards her, the tight loop pulling his skin up Jack's penis. At the end, she massaged the head a little before letting go. No more cum had been released.

"So now what?" Amelia asked.

Jack hadn't thought about what he wanted to do with these beautiful women. His mind was in full degenerate mode – they had agreed to do anything for him. He didn't tell them what his choice was first, but took them into the bathroom for all of them to have a large drink. Jack directed them to stand up in the bathtub. Brooke and Amelia watched Jack as he got in and stood between them, still not sure what he was going to do. Weirdly Jack started a completely normal conversation. His erection was mostly gone by the time he was ready. Jack didn't inform them what he was about to do.

Jack grabbed his soft penis, turned to Amelia, looked at her in the eyes, aimed slightly upwards and pushed. A jet of urine shot onto Amelia's chest. He pointed in circles, covering her torso in piss. He began turning to Brooke. He was unable to stop the flow, so his piss was directed onto the walls, splashing back onto him. Eventually he reached Brooke, and he gave her a coating as well. The women laughed. Amelia got on her knees and opened her mouth. Jack urinated in it, much to her delight. He felt a warm liquid on his legs whilst doing this – he looked back to find Brooke trying her best to aim her stream onto him. Jack used up all his piss. He turned around again, positioning his now-erect penis underneath Brooke vagina, where the piss flowed around the shaft.

Brooke and Jack sat down in the bath, their crotches touching. The last of Brooke's tank emptied onto him. Amelia lowered herself onto Jack's face. He closed his mouth and eyes, aware of what was coming up. Warm piss flooded his face, flowing down over his body and down into the bathtub.

Excited was an understatement for the three of them. Dirty was also a word useful here. Brooke turned on the shower. They huddled together as the warm water washed off the various shades of yellow. Jack rubbed soap into both of their bodies while they rubbed it into him. Soon their bodies were all coated in white foam. Jack couldn't help but rub his cock on Brooke and Amelia's butts. Soon they were all clean, and Amelia headed home.

In the evening, Jack sat in bed before going to sleep. But before he could, Brooke walked in, got into bed too and started hugging Jack. They went to sleep in each other's arms, with Jack not knowing what this meant.