

Double or Naked
A
One-Shot Novella
by
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“You’re a dick Eddie, you know that?” Cheryl asked. “I can’t believe this.”

“No, *this* is a dick,” I said, gesturing down to my hard cock sticking in the air in front of her. I was sitting on the living room couch with my pants around my ankles and she was kneeling on a pillow between my legs, grimacing as she lightly reached out and held my dick with the fingertips of her right hand. They were cool and sent a little shiver up my spine and a tingle down to my sack. “And you’re the one who made the bet and lost. You could always admit ultimate defeat.”

Cheryl glared at me, her icy blue eyes flaring competitively.

The bets had started when we were both freshmen living in the dorms. Cheryl and I had lived down the hall from each other and I had quickly developed a crush on her. She had red-gold hair and a cute, angular face, but most of the guys ignored her in favour of girls with bigger tits or butts - Cheryl was short and had assets that suited her small body. My little crush for Down-the-hall-Cheryl both grew and eased when we became friends as it turned out she was a lazy gamer like I was, nerd posters coating her dorm room walls, but she also had a boyfriend from back home. By the time Thanksgiving came and went and she didn’t pull a Turkey Dump on old Oliver-the-boy-back-home and break up with him I had mostly given up hope we would be anything more than buddies.

We hung out often, and she sort of became one of the guys, until after Christmas break. It was the first weekend back and most of our friends from the dorm hall were headed out to a house party, but neither of us had felt like going. In true gamer fashion we ended up hunched over the little TV that Cheryl had in her room, old Nintendo 64 controllers clutched in hand and fingers mashing buttons as our digital avatars smashed into each other.

“Eat it,” Cheryl had said. “You’re about to... eat... it!” My character went flying off the screen and started to respawn.

“One battle. I’m gonna win the war, Ginge,” I had said, using my nickname for her.

She’d growled lightly in her throat, a smirk on her face as she said in a fake hillbilly accent, “I’m gonna fuck you up, son.”

“Put up or shut up,” I had replied.

“Fine,” she’d said, pausing the game. “I bet you a foot rub that I win this round. And it’s gotta last an entire movie, winner picks.”

“Done,” I’d said. “Get ready for explosions and my feet-stink.”

I’d lost, we’d watched the new Star Trek movie for the seventh time, and Cheryl had wiggled her toes in my face, gloating in her win.

Two years later and our bets were almost unrecognizable, yet had followed a steady progression towards this moment. “Are you gonna do it or not?” I asked her. I’d dropped my pants almost a minute ago and a couple of strokes had gotten me to full mast and ready to go.

Cheryl wrapped her hand more fully around my base and squeezed threateningly. “Shut up, Eddie.” She did lean forward then and her little rounded tongue darted from between her lips and gave my crown a lick, sending a shudder through me. She glanced up, her eyes bright despite her scowl, and I thought to myself for the umpteenth time that the silver septum piercing in her nose made her look extremely hot. Another bet lost on her part where my nipples had been on the line, but the nose ring looked perfect with her face along with her cute freckles so she had kept it.

By the end of that first year Cheryl and I had been betting more often, the big end-of-semester bet on who would do better in our Chem 101 class getting pretty risky with whoever lost needing to walk to the coed washrooms butt naked, take a shower with the curtain open, and then walk back.

I hadn’t lost a bet since that first one, which had led Cheryl to upping the stakes. “Double or nothing,” she would say while she was editing my English paper or doing my laundry. Well, somehow she managed to score a point and a half higher than me on the final exam. After about an hour of teasing and taunting I had started taking off my shirt. “What are you doing?” she’d asked.

“Getting this over with.”

The blush on Cheryl’s face that first time she got an eyeful of my dick was priceless. The walk to the shower had been a breeze when no one came out of their rooms, but the actual showering itself was a different matter when a few of our floormates came in and out of the washroom. By the time I finished half the girls we’d been living with for the year had been waiting to cheer me on my walk of shame back to my room. Cheryl had thrown a towel at me from her doorway, giggling, her pale, freckled face almost beet red.

She finally pursed her lips and kissed my shaft, tilting my dick up to kiss underneath and then lick her way lightly up to the tip. I took a deep breath and groaned out my appreciation, her eyes flicking up to mine at the noise and a trace of a smile crossing her lips. Slightly encouraged, she

did it again, lips opening a bit more and suckling on me as she kissed from base to tip again.

“Wow,” I said, unable to wipe the grin from my face. “That feels really good.”

“Oh yeah?” she asked, taking the head of my dick between her teeth lightly and tugging on the sensitive skin.

“Yeah,” I groaned, and she closed her lips around me and sucked again.

We had always been sort of flirtatious, but I think the reason we’d been able to become friends was because I hadn’t kept pushing, at least more than playfully, when I found out Cheryl had a boyfriend back home. She didn’t really talk about him a lot, and I didn’t ask after him unless he came up, but I was respectful. That first bet crossed a line with us though, the physical barrier was broken. She asked me for foot rubs when we were hanging out, and her clothing started to get looser as we got more comfortable with each other. It started with her going braless beneath her tight, nerd-branded shirts, her small pert tits pressing wonderfully against the fabric and her nipples occasionally showing little bumps. Pants turned to workout shorts, showing off her dancer’s legs, then to baggier men’s boxers, and sometimes even just panties that cupped her athletic little butt and showed off hints of a camel toe.

During our first summer break, living two states away from each other, I had figured the bets would stop. Cheryl and I had agreed to be housemates, finding a little two-bedroom apartment off campus. Our parents didn’t know we were living with someone of the opposite sex, but Oliver and I had a conversation about it and he’d given his approval. I was a friend, a buddy. I wasn’t a threat.

Well, if he knew Cheryl texted me the second week of summer vacation betting a picture of her bare ass I wouldn’t be able to beat her high score on a little flash-based internet browser game, he might have changed his mind. I still had that picture on my phone, hidden away in a password protected file along with all the others that had been taken over the past year. Her ass wasn’t very big, but it was cute on her small body and there had been a hint of lips beyond in the shadow between her thighs. I’d jerked off to that picture plenty of times.

Cheryl’s lips slid lower down my shaft as she took a bit more of me in her mouth, running her tongue along the ridges of the head while she sucked softly with her lips. I groaned and reached out to her, but she pushed my hand away before I could stroke her cheek.

“No touching,” she mumbled around my cock.

“God, you look beautiful like this,” I said.

She blushed and pulled my dick from between her lips. “Thanks, Nickleback.”

“Cause you look so much cuter, with somethin’ in your mouth,” I crooned back, mimicking the song.

She snorted and went back to sucking me.

The bets got more intense during our sophomore year. Over the summer I’d gotten a picture of her mooning, a picture of her posing in a bikini and one of her kissing a friend of hers on the lips - a pretty blonde named Danielle. In return Cheryl had won a picture of me in a speedo at a public pool.

I got my first look at her tits on Halloween our second year. We went out with a bunch of friends to a club, and the bet was on who could get the most phone numbers from strangers. The next morning Cheryl had had a skip in her step while I’d been moaning into the couch nursing a hangover. “Double or nothing,” she’d said with a smirk. “Pictures included on the bet.” One of us had to flash the other’s friends. Most of the girls Cheryl was friends with had lived on our dorm floor though, and had already seen my dick on the fateful Shower day, so I shrugged and grumbled, “Sure.”

“I got six,” she had beamed proudly, showing me the paper they were written on.

“Um,” I said, rolling over. “Three on this arm, three on this arm, and one here,” I lifted my shirt and a girl named Alyssa had written her number in permanent marker on my chest. “That’s seven.”

“Fuck!” Cheryl had said with a laugh. She’d owned up to the deal, flashing a few of my buddies while we had been hanging out at our place, though I was the only one who took a picture. Her tits were nice handfuls, rounded and pert with a little bit of bounce to them, her nipples pink, and pert and slightly upturned.

I leaned back on the couch and watched my roommate as she gave me head. The sensations of her lips, the way she ran her tongue up and down the shaft as she sucked me, were fantastic and probably would have had me close to an orgasm by now. What Cheryl didn’t know was that I had jerked off twice that morning while she had been out at class.

“Fuck,” she finally gasped after she had been blowing me for a good five minutes, lifting from my dick. “How close are you?”

I shrugged, “I can keep going.”

Cheryl rolled her eyes. “Alright big shot, guess I need to pull out all the stops.”

“You’ve been holding back?” I asked.

She blushed and shrugged, "Maybe a little bit. Just because I have to give you a blow job doesn't mean I have to love it."

I snorted, "I bet."

She got that look in her eyes. "Oh yeah?"

Uh-oh.

"Maybe," I said. "On what?"

"If I get you off in the next five minutes, you have to return the favour. Anytime I want. For an entire week."

"And if you lose?"

"Same deal. All week."

I shook my head, "Nuh-uh, you're already giving me a blow job so it isn't new, plus you've already got me all warmed up and you want *another* five minutes? Not good enough."

"Fine," she said, one hand stroking me from root to tip. "That whole time I walk around the apartment naked too."

"And I get to jerk off whenever and however I want to you," I countered.

"Whatever," she said, with a cautious look. "I win, you have to give me head whenever I want for a week. You win, same deal but I walk around naked and you get to jerk off or whatever." She hesitated. "This isn't really fair."

"Neither are the terms to win, but I'll spot you an extra week if you do," I said.

"Done," she said.

Two weeks going down on Cheryl whenever she wanted? I didn't have any kind of problem with losing this bet, especially if it meant another escalation afterwards. There just wasn't a downside for me, which made me a little cautious after realizing how unbalanced it was. What did she have planned if I lost?

She dropped her head back to my dick and immediately started slurping at me, lips and tongue working harder than before as she bobbed, taking me deeper. Her lips were nearly touching my base, the head bumping against the back of her mouth and I could feel her throat working to try and let me in. Cheryl slid her tongue past her lips and licked past my root, the tip playing against

my sac, making me groan and shudder from the delicious wave of pleasure that passed up my spine.

I reached out and this time she let my hand curl over her cheek and thread into her ginger hair. She had it straightened today, otherwise it usually curled in big ringlets. There was something about her hair that I just loved and she could change her look from one day to the next and still look just as sexy to me. She slurped noisily, the suction trying to pull my orgasm out of me, but I was still in a comfortable place.

Cheryl pulled off of my dick noisily and used her hand to jerk me rapidly. "Come on, Eddie. I'm going to suck that cum right out of your big, hard cock," she said, her voice low and brimming with a lust I couldn't decide was real or fake. "I know you love my pretty little lips wrapped around your dick." Cheryl leaned forward and spoke into the tip as he worked the shaft with her hand, her lips brushing against me. "All you have to do is let go and then you can taste my sweet - little - pussy..." A kiss, wet and hot, enveloped the head of my dick to emphasize the last three words.

Jerking off before the blow job was cheating, I admit it. But damn was that cheat worth it. As Cheryl went back to giving me the messiest, greatest blow job I had ever received I couldn't help but congratulate myself on a well maneuvered plan. She looked up at me, blue eyes shimmering, and let go of my cock with her hand before slowly taking more and more of it into her mouth.

"Holy fuck," I groaned.

Cheryl gagged once, eyes tearing up, and then she swallowed the end of my dick and I was in her throat. "Oooh, fuck," I said. Her nose was pressed into the root of my cock and I could feel her bottom lip brushing against my balls. She'd squeezed her eyes shut and now she pressed herself into me, taking the last half inch of my dick in and out of her mouth as the head bobbed inside her throat. I very quickly realized the earlier jerk off session might not help as much as I thought.

She pulled off quickly, gasping for breath and a couple of tears running down her face, but she pursed her lips and went back to jerking me off using the mess of spit she had left along my length. "Come all over my face, Eddie," she said. "Come on, make me a mess. Fuck my slutty mouth and feed me your cum. Ooooooh, I want it so bad."

She took me into her mouth and throat again and this time it was my turn to squeeze my eyes shut as she deepthroated me. In a panic I glanced over at the clock. How long had it been? When had we started the timer? *Five minutes, I need to last five minutes.*

"I'm-" I grunted, trying to suppress the urge to blow. It was boiling inside of me, I could feel my orgasm brimming over like a too-full glass. "I'm gonna-" I glanced at the clock again, trying to

breathe deeply. We'd started this whole thing about fifteen minutes ago - it had to have been five minutes by now. It must have.

"Fuck, I'm coming," I blurted out, warning Cheryl. She pulled off of my dick and jerked me with both hands. It only took three up and downs and I let out the first wonderfully searing blast. Cheryl had looked up at me and opened her mouth, probably to talk dirty again, and the first string splattered her cheek, the end of her nose and between her pretty little lips. Her eyes went wide and her mouth opened more as she gaped up at me, and I let out another blast of cum that dropped mostly into her mouth and onto her lower lip and chin. The last spurt hit her nose again, catching up in her looped septum piercing before trailing over her top lip.

I sighed heavily as my body relaxed, blinking as I tried to clear my head from the orgasmic overload. I tugged with my hand still woven into Cheryl's hair at the base of her neck and she moved forward automatically, taking my quickly deflating cock between her lips and sucking lightly. She swallowed what was in her mouth as she did it then seemed to wake up and pulled away. "Fuck, Eddie. You didn't have to fucking cover me in it," she said, then glanced at the clock.

"I win," I said. "Seven minutes."

I could tell Cheryl wanted to argue but didn't have a time to base it on. For all that we had taken our bets so seriously in the past, arguing details to minute degrees sometimes, neither of us had set a timer or checked the clock. It was obvious why I hadn't - I'd been getting my dick sucked after all. But Cheryl should have thought of it.

"Fuck," she sighed, then licked her lips forgetting there was cum all over her lower face. "God damn it," she said, standing up and moving from the sitting area to the kitchen mere feet away. We lived in a small, open concept apartment so as she went to grab some paper towel I could watch her the entire way. I had always loved the way she moved lithely, her feet soft on the ground from her dance training, her posture perfect even while wiping cum from her face. She looked back at me, watching me watch her, and I could see her eyes trail from mine down to my cock, lying limply in my lap.

She finished cleaning herself off and came back over to the couch, sitting next to me and turning so we were facing each other. "Well," she said.

"Well," I agreed, waiting to see what she would do.

"I lost," she said. Her lips pursed as she bit the inside of her cheek in thought. She was considering her options. She took in a deep breath through her nose, then Cheryl pulled off her t-shirt. The rest of the undressing was just as fast. Her bra snapped open quickly, revealing her pert little rounded tits with their thumbnail sized pink areola and little pencil eraser nipples. She had powerful, lithe shoulders and lean arms that even I was a little jealous of, and her abdomen

was trim and firm. Her shorts, denim ones that clung tightly to her thighs down to the knees, went next and she hesitated just a moment before peeling her black thong off as well.

I had seen flashes of Cheryl's pussy before and even had a picture of when she'd lost a bet to cut her bush into the shape of a hand flashing the middle finger, but it hadn't been low enough to show the lips. The middle finger was gone, replaced by a finger-width strip of tight, curled ginger pubic hair, below which she had two puffy little lips that were flushed a little bit and the soft rise of her clit hood peeking out from between them.

"There, naked," she said. I looked up from where I had been staring and Cheryl had leveled her gaze at me. "Want a picture? It'll last longer."

"I do," I said, but didn't reach for my phone. It had become a standard between us that we could keep evidence of our wins in picture form. "I've got a week, though. Maybe another time."

She took a reassuring breath, chest lightly rising. "Eddie," she said, voice softer now. "Just-don't say anything to Oliver."

I raised my eyebrows and leveled my own look at her. "Cher, have I *ever* said *anything* to him all this time?" Why would I tell her boyfriend about this?

"I know," she said. "This one's different though. Bigger. Promise me?"

"Of course," I said. "My lips are sealed, he'll never know a thing."

She leaned forward and wrapped her arms around my neck, hugging me tightly. I could feel her nipples pressing through my shirt as I hugged her back. "Thanks," she whispered, then kissed my cheek before standing up. "If you don't mind, I'm going to go have a shower now." She continued, her voice back to normal and her self assuredness returning. "I can still smell your cum, did you have to shoot it up my fucking nose?"

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It had gotten dark outside by the time I had worked myself up to taking advantage of my win more than just staring at Cheryl across a room. I'd spent the afternoon working on a paper from my laptop in the living room while she did the same at the kitchen table, which gave me a perfect view of her legs from her cute little feet all the way up to between her thighs. She caught me looking every once in a while, glancing over the top of her own laptop at me, but I couldn't tell what she was thinking. She would just stare at me for a second, her blue eyes reflecting the light from her computer screen, then go back to working. She hadn't bothered re-straightening her hair after her shower and now it was hanging in long, full ringlets again.

It was when Cheryl closed her laptop and groaned, stretching her arms above her head, that my

libido really started to push at me to do something. She stood up and moved into the living area, kneeling down in front of our TV and searching through the basket of old VHS tapes we had scavenged from used electronics shops in town, along with the VCR to play them. Cheryl had gotten into watching old aerobics videos the winter of our first year in the apartment and I'd spent dozens of hours surreptitiously watching her as she worked out along with them despite the baggy sweater and sports shorts she usually wore. All that time spent imagining and now I got to watch her do it naked.

I was hard before the tape was even in the player and by the time she hit play on the remote and the corny music started blaring from the TV speakers I had sat my laptop aside. What was the point in even pretending I wasn't looking?

My favourite part about Cheryl, or at least the sexual part about her, was her ass. It was wonderfully rounded and tightly muscled, reminding me of a firm plum even though it was small and didn't jiggle like it might have if she were slightly less fit. She started copying the motions on the TV and I sat back, letting my mind blank as I stared at her body moving and twisting. She looked over her shoulder at me and rolled her eyes, breaking her movements to flash me the finger.

After about five minutes of watching Cheryl work out I unzipped my pants and pushed them down, pulling my dick out through the hole in my briefs and slowly stroking myself. The next time Cheryl looked back at me her eyes widened and she turned around again quickly. I kept slowly stroking, not really feeling a need to push for a quick release and enjoying watching Cheryl do high knee lifts and arm rotations in time to the music. The glimpses and hints of her pussy from between her legs were tantalizing, but just watching her body move was the real treat. She had a small frame and years of improv dance training before and during college had shaped her into a wonderfully sleek figure. As her body turned and twisted with the repetitive movements of the aerobics my mind drifted, thinking about my hands running over her skin as she moved beneath them.

Things only got better as the crew on the tape clad in bright primary coloured spandex went down to do some ground work. From my position on the couch I watched as Cheryl copied them and soon I was getting broader flashes from between her legs in time with the music. Time seemed to slow down and speed up at the same time as I settled into a slow rhythm of my own, watching as my naked crush stretched out and spread her legs, her ass and thighs and hips moving and bulging as they worked. I continued to drift, thinking of the 'Call on Me' dance video that had copied these sorts of aerobics videos. All of the moves had been sexual, lots of hip thrusting and asses shaking.

Cheryl had all of the women from that video beat and she wasn't even really trying to be sexy. The one thought I spared, and eventually had to concentrate on, was keeping my slow rhythm from speeding up. I had a burn going, like the warm coals beneath a fire pit, and I didn't want to shake from it.

The crew on the TV was suddenly clapping and the music had died down. "Great job at home there, folks," the lead guy said, speaking into the camera. His voice had been leading the exercises over the music but I hadn't even thought to tune him in. "Be sure to check out our next vide-"

Cheryl stopped the tape, setting it to rewind. She was sweating and smirked at me from across the room. "Having a good time over there?"

I took my hand from my dick and sat back up. "That was really hot," I said dumbly.

"Thanks, I guess," she said, her smirk growing as she shook her head, her eyes watching me with an odd expression on her face. She changed the auxiliary channel on the television, booting up our Playstation and grabbing a controller. Soon she was laying on her stomach on the floor, leaning her upper body up with her elbows as she faced the television and away from me. She flicked through the system menus to start her game while my eyes traced down her body. Her shoulder blades were jutting out slightly, the muscles on her back squeezing together, and I followed the soft shadows down to her lower back, which arced as her stomach pressed into the floor before rising to the curve of her ass. Her legs were pressed together but were bent at the knees, leaning them back with her feet hanging in the air.

As Cheryl started her game I started stroking myself again. The show was over and my slow burn was pushing for full ignition. I stood quietly and stroked myself, moving closer to her. She looked back and saw me moving, dick in hand, and watched me silently for a moment before turning back to the television. I knelt down next to her, staring at her ass and letting my eyes roam up and down her body as I worked myself. I breathed deeply and she looked back again.

"What are you looking at?" she asked me.

"Your ass," I said. "I've always liked your ass."

"I know, you stare at it all the time," she said. I looked up at her face and I couldn't tell if she was smirking or smiling, the look she was giving me was confusing.

We locked eyes for a long moment as I jerked off, then my eyes slid back down her body as my hand picked up speed. I could feel my orgasm building.

Cheryl slowly shifted her ass, waving it back and forth, and her legs parted slightly. I leaned over her, looking down at it, imagining grabbing it, driving my face between those perfect little cheeks to lick her and eat her until she writhed on my tongue.

"Don't come on me," she said quietly. "I don't want to shower again."

"I'll clean it off," I wheezed through clenched teeth. "Promise."

She sighed. "Fine." She turned back to her video game and away from me but the pause menu didn't drop from the screen.

I took another two deep breaths before I felt my orgasm push out from my balls. My hand kept jerking and I plastered her ass cheek with one shot of cum, the other one landing on the upper curve of the same cheek and down into the crook of the small of her back. The sweet agony of release shivered through me quickly and I sighed heavily, my hand slowing. I squeezed out another heavy drop onto her ass before sitting back on my knees.

"God damn," I breathed.

"Done?" Cheryl asked.

"Yeah," I said. "Fuck. That was good. Thanks."

"I didn't even do anything," she said. "You gonna clean up your mess or what?"

"Yeah," I said, still breathing heavily. "Yeah." I got up, wobbling slightly for a moment as I got my feet back under me, then went and grabbed an old hand towel from the kitchen. I wet it down, squeezed out the excess, then came back over and knelt next to her, softly washing my cum from her back and ass. The skin was firm underneath the towel and my fingers as I pressed them against her butt.

"Don't go diving deep back there," she said as the towel brushed near the crack of her ass.

"This is look but don't touch, remember?"

"Sure," I agreed. "Sure."

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The next morning I woke up in my room before my alarm, blinking at the light seeping through the blinds. I rolled over and felt my dick resist bending against the mattress, my morning wood rock hard.

Usually I was more annoyed than anything by it since it made taking a piss so fucking annoying and I wasn't much into jerking off in the morning. Yesterday had been an exception to prepare for Cheryl.

Thinking about *why* it had been an exception reminded me of the rest of the day, and the options open to me. I rolled out of bed and quietly left my room, easing open the door to Cheryl's room and tiptoeing my way over to her bed.

I always thought she looked pretty, but as she slept peacefully, sheet tucked up around her arms and her bare shoulder poking out, she was just plain beautiful. Over our friendship I'd seen Cheryl in all states of makeup, from fully done up to absolutely bare, and I had to admit Cheryl without makeup was one of my favourite looks because there was nothing covering up the constellation of freckles on her face. Her forehead, cheeks, nose, even the fringes of her lips were spotted with freckles that gave her an asymmetric natural beauty only highlighted by the silver open loop from her nose piercing. The way her hair bundled around her, the heavy, ruddy ginger curls framing her face and licking against her fair skin only served to make her freckles pop all the more.

I knelt down next to her bed and brushed a lock of hair from her face back behind her ear, then patted her hair again. "Cheryl," I said softly, hoping to ease her awake. "Cheryl."

She groaned softly in her throat and her eyes squeezed tighter before she opened them dreamily. "What? What's going on?"

"Shh," I said, then stood. My erection hovered between us. "I'm gonna get rid of my morning wood."

"So early?" she groaned, half a confused question and half an accusation.

"You don't have to do anything. I'm just gonna pull your sheets back so I can look at you."

"Perv," she grumbled, but let me pull the sheet away from her. She was naked underneath except for a thong, which was more than naked enough for me.

I started stroking myself, eyes running along her body again like I had last night only this time she was half on her back, her breasts rising and falling as she breathed softly. Not wanting to take my time, I went at it with a will but was surprised when Cheryl's hand slid over her hip and across her stomach before slipping down to her thong. A glance to her face and I realized she was watching me stare at her through hooded, dreamy eyes. She slowly stripped off her thong, pulling her knees up and slipping it off the side of the bed. It landed on my foot and sent a thrill through me despite the more dynamic view that should have held my entire attention.

Cheryl's fingers drifted down again and soon she was softly rubbing at her pussy while I jerked my shaft. We watched each other as we touched ourselves and soon Cheryl's fingers were dipping out of sight inside of her, coming back out to rub more and more quickly over her clit. Her chest had flushed, the heat rising up into her cheeks, and her pussy had turned a deep pink as she brought herself closer to her own orgasm while staring at my naked body standing over hers. The way her fingers disappeared, sliding between the two slick lips as she entered herself, was mesmerizing and I imagined pressing the head of my dick between those same warm folds.

I bent down and picked up her thong, wrapping it in my fingers before going back to jerking off, feeling the lace and fabric along my shaft. Cheryl's lips pursed open and she moaned softly, and I let myself echo her as I chided myself for not taking the opportunity to inhale the smell of her before wrapping the garment around my cock.

I came first, wrapping the bulk of the thong around the head of my dick and catching the cum in it as I pushed my hips forward, shooting off. It dropped from my hand when it was done, landing on the bed next to Cheryl, and her eyes followed it down. She opened her mouth in a silent cry as she came as well, the hand that wasn't working her clit coming up to cover her mouth and stifle whatever noise she might have released. I was stricken by the way her shoulders tensed while she came, her collarbone showing clearly as her body tensed and flexed.

It felt wrong to leave without saying anything, but nothing flowery would come to mind as we looked at each other, licking our lips from dry morning mouth. "You should wake me up tomorrow," I said.

"Ok," she agreed, panting out the word as she tried to recover from the dreamy bliss she was feeling. My eyes watched her chest and stomach rise and fall with her deep breaths for a moment before I turned and left.

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I assumed Cheryl went back to sleep because she didn't come out of her room before I left for my own classes. Part of me worried that something was wrong between the two of us, and not in a twisted but sexy way. She had never backed down from losing one of our bets before but this one - well, it was obviously going farther than either of us had spared a thought over. It had been made in the heat of a blow job and I wondered if I was a horrible person and abusing my win.

It bothered me the entire day, but not because of the guilt. There was another part of me that was chastising me - if I had been the loser, Cheryl wouldn't have held back. She demanded full payment on all bets. The last time I had won and held back from taking advantage was when she had bet which one of us could do a lap around the pond in the local park faster. She'd been running all summer and was sure she could beat me, but my longer legs had carried me to victory even though I was panting on my knees after the race and she barely seemed winded. If Cheryl had won she would have gotten our apartment to herself for an entire weekend when her boyfriend came to visit, but in return she now had to set me up for a night with one of her friends.

"You don't need to," I had told her, feeling awkward thinking about Cheryl shopping 'a night with Eddie' around to the girls she thought would give me a wild ride. In response Cheryl had punched me on the arm so hard I had a bruise for a week, calling me a pussy and a chickenshit.

Returning home from the University, it might have been pure coincidence, or kismet or something, but when I walked into the apartment expecting to find Cheryl, I also found her friends Amelie and Heather.

It had been Heather who had taken Cheryl up on filling the bet, and no one would ever say she'd held back. She took me out dancing and drinking, then back to her place where she gave me a hand job then rode me until I filled up the condom while still inside of her. For the past year, every time I saw her I couldn't help picturing Heather naked, brunette hair bouncing wildly as she worked those hips of hers and laughed breathily.

"Hey, Eddie," Heather said, the first one to speak. She had a big grin on her face and was wearing a low cut blouse that showed off some cleavage. I immediately felt the heat rising to my cheeks as, once again, I thought about those tits jostling back and forth.

"Hey Eddie," Amelie said, more offhanded and sweet. She had a darker complexion, part Filipino, and the two of them together made up Cheryl's girly clique of friends.

I was also fairly sure they knew about all of the bets Cheryl and I had ever made, and Cheryl had teased me incessantly since my 'one night of Heather' about how embarrassed I acted around her. Cheryl herself was sitting on the couch with Amelie while Heather had gotten up from the chair and came over, giving me a hug.

"Hey Heather. Amelie." I said, shrugging off my backpack and kicking off my shoes. "Cheryl."

My roommate was looking at me with one eyebrow slightly raised and I knew immediately what she was doing. She was challenging me, pushing me, to make up for my waking her up early that morning. I'd gotten more than I should have when she got off along with me, and now with her friends over she was sitting on the couch, fully clothed, and I couldn't make use of my win until they left. *Fuck that*, I thought. *She wants to play dirty? Let's play.*

"So I guess you've given up then, Cheryl?" I asked openly in front of her two friends.

"No," she said scornfully, rolling her eyes.

"Really? Cause it looks to me like you have."

I could see the surety in Cheryl's eyes fade a little, replaced by worry. She hadn't been expecting me to get back at her so quickly or openly.

"What's going on?" Amelie asked.

"Oooh, is it a bet?" Heather asked.

I looked at Cheryl and crossed my arms over my chest, raising my own eyebrow. *Well?* I demanded silently.

"Fuck," Cheryl groaned, running a hand through her curly hair. She stood up and started stripping.

"Um," Amelie said as she watched Cheryl, but Heather just clapped her hands and laughed.

"Oh my god," she said, her face pinching as she watched Cheryl taking off her bra and then slipping out of her panties. "Naked Cheryl, we should have known this would happen some day." Heather turned to me, one hand holding my arm lightly. "How long does she have to be naked?"

"A week," I said.

Amelie was laughing now too as Cheryl rolled her eyes and sat back down, her cheeks flushed a little but otherwise unperturbed. "He won fair and square," she admitted. Neither of us were going to admit the other part of what I had won, even if the two girls did know about most of our bets.

Cheryl's friends quickly got used to the fact that she was naked and they went back to their conversation while I made a snack in the kitchen and then disappeared off to my room to unpack my bag and get some work in on my reading.

It was about twenty minutes and I had barely finished reading a chapter of my text book when their voices raised in the living room. I couldn't tell what they were saying through my closed door, but someone started walking back towards the bedrooms and a clutch of panic pinched in my chest. Had she told them? Were they shocked and appalled at me?

Heather opened my door and stuck her head in. "Eddie," she said. "Cheryl keeps trying to put her shirt on since you're not in the room."

I blinked, my mind working to clear the fear from my thoughts and understand what she was saying.

"Well," I said, leaving the word hanging. What did she want me to do?

"I think you should punish her for trying to get out of her bet," Heather said.

"Uh, sure?" I said, getting off my bed and following her back out to the living room. Amelie was sitting with all of Cheryl's clothes in her lap, holding them tightly while Cheryl sat with her arms folded over her chest, frowning at her friend.

"What the hell?" she asked her friends. "It's like you *want* to see me sitting around naked."

Heather snickered and said, "Well, maybe yes and maybe no, but it's fucking hilarious."

"So what now?" I asked.

"I think Cheryl needs to be taught a lesson," Amelie said. "You should give her a spanking."

"What?" Cheryl practically shouted.

"I agree," Heather laughed. "A couple of good smacks to make her butt red so she doesn't forget."

"Are you serious?" Cheryl demanded, then turned to me. "Come on, Eddie. That wasn't part of the deal."

"What was part of the deal?" Heather asked, catching the tone in Cheryl's voice and her emphasis on 'that.'

"Nothing," Cheryl said quickly. "Naked, that's all."

Heather pushed me over towards the couch. "Oh, yeah? Well then a little spanking fits just right then, Miss 'Naked-That's-All.'"

I quickly found myself sitting on the couch while Cheryl was maneuvered over my lap by her two friends, not really putting up a struggle but complaining loudly. Her hips were slightly bent over my right thigh, her ass up and presented at a perfect height for me to swing my hand down on it.

"Alright, Eddie," Heather said, standing next to me. "Give her a couple of good ones."

I let my hand brush against Cheryl's thigh and move upwards until it was cupping her ass and squeezed lightly for just a moment with my fingertips before drawing it back away from her. Cheryl looked over her shoulder at me, glaring at me with an '*I'll get you back*' sort of look. My hand flew down and clapped against her ass, skipping off her firm cheek with a clean smack and leaving a dull red mark in its wake.

"Uuungh," Cheryl screeched in her throat. She shook her head then looked up at Heather. "This is your fault," she said.

"Yup," Heather laughed.

Before Cheryl could say something else I pulled my hand back and smacked her other cheek just as hard, making her gulp in a surprised breath. I let my hand fall to the first cheek I had spanked and rest lightly on it, feeling the heat.

"I think that's probably enough," I said, and Cheryl sat up. My hand stayed on her ass until she moved away, fingers tracing against the hot skin.

"Thanks," she said to me.

Thanks? I'd just spanked her, and hard, and she was thanking me. Then I realized it was because I'd only done it a couple of times instead of making a big thing of it.

"Awe, that's all?" Amelie asked. I glanced over at her and realized she was on her phone. Had she taken a picture, or a video?

"Yeah, that's all, you bitches," Cheryl said, but chuckled. "God damn, can't get away with anything with you two. Couple of snitches." All three of them laughed and Cheryl reached around, rubbing her ass and wincing slightly. "I'll say one thing Eddie, you've sure got big fucking paddle hands." That brought out another jet of laughter from Heather and Amelie.

Instead of heading back to my room I hung out with the three girls, talking and fetching them each a beer. Cheryl's nudity was still distracting for me but it had the bonus effect of making me less embarrassed around Heather. By the time the afternoon started to slip into evening it was like I had come home on any other day and the three of them had been in the apartment.

"See you later," Heather said as she and Amelie headed out the door. They had begged off of staying for dinner since they needed to do grocery shopping before heading to their own place a little ways away. Heather leaned in for a hug from me and surprised me with a kiss on the cheek. She winked and laughed when she pulled away. "Nice to see you, Eddie."

I shut the door when they were gone and could hear both girls laughing in the hallway.

Turning back to Cheryl, she had gone back to the couch and was looking at me with that odd expression again. I walked over to her and silently pushed her so that she was laying on her back. "I'm sorry I spanked you," I said as she watched me take off my pants.

"Thanks," she said.

I was hard, and had been hard and hiding it since I had spanked her. With her hips pressed against my thigh and her stomach leaning across my lap, she had felt me harden as I slapped her ass almost two hours before. I'd seen her glance at my crotch every once in a while during the conversation. She knew I wanted to get off.

My pants and boxers off, I got on the couch and straddled Cheryl's hips, sitting up on my knees. My cock was standing out above her, hovering in the air as she looked up at it. "This ok?" I asked her.

"Yeah," she said, then cleared her throat and said it again more clearly. "Yeah.

My hand went to my dick and started jerking it, the movement rocking down through my legs and wobbling us both slightly on the cushions of the couch. Her tits started to bounce just slightly, barely more than an enticing wiggle, but I was focusing on her lips.

"You want to fuck my tits, don't you?" Cheryl said, her voice low and husky. "They're small though, won't even wrap around your cock, not that you're allowed to do that anyways. No touching. Then again, you touched me in front of my friends. Felt up my ass, then spanked me. I can't believe that made us do that. You know it was kinda hot? I'm not a big fan of spanking but the way your fingers felt on it afterwards, the sting and heat. I bet you would have loved to keep going. Just let loose and spank me again and again."

I knew what she was doing, using her words to get me off quickly. I loved it.

"So now what, are you going to come all over me again?" She asked. "Last night you came on my ass. Is it tits night, tonight? You better not be aiming for my face, Eddie. Splattering your come all over my lips and cheeks again, gumming my eye shot with your spunk. Aim at my tits, my bouncing little tits." Cheryl started moving her body under me, shifting back and forth so that her boobs bobbed up and down as if she were getting fucked. "Come on, Eddie. Shoot all over my little tits. Cover my nipples in your come, make me feel the heat rain down on my chest all because I'm a dirty, filthy girl getting naked for you."

My hand had been working fast while my eyes had roamed but when she said the word 'filthy' I felt my balls tense up and I was quickly overtaken by my orgasm. I tilted my hips, pointing my cock down to do just like she said, shooting out three long globs across her chest, pearly white against her rosy skin and freckles.

I fell forward a little, panting and catching myself with one hand against the arm of the couch, still holding myself with the other. She was right under me, looking up at me as I blinked and panted. I wanted to lean down and kiss her, press my body against hers despite the cum covering her chest, but her words ran through my head. *No touching.*

Slowly, I dismounted from over her and stumbled over to the kitchen, getting some paper towel and wetting it in the sink and bit before coming back over to her. Cheryl watched quietly as I knelt next to her and softly wiped away the cum from her chest.

"I'll make dinner," I said as I rose and started to pull my pants back on.

"Thanks," she said, watching me.

* * * * *

Both of us were quiet while I made dinner, a simple 'gourmet-student' meal of chicken breasts cut in half and stuffed with cheese and some herbs and then pan fried until they were golden and the cheese was melted. Cheryl turned on the TV and let the Food network play while I was in the kitchen, some reality show about baker's playing inanely in the background.

I brought her plate over, the chicken accompanied with some simple pasta and chopped peppers, and we sat eating and watching television. "She needs an attitude check," Cheryl said out of the side of her mouth, gesturing at the woman complaining on the screen about her teammates. It was a simple comment, but it shook off the strange vibe that had been hovering over us, and for the next couple of hours we sat and laughed, making snarky comments about the competitors we liked and groaning over the food we wished we could taste.

Cheryl got up and brought our dishes to the kitchen, bringing us each back a beer, and my eyes lingered on her naked body. She chuckled and shook her head when she caught me looking, handing me the beer and then sitting down on her end of the couch. I didn't take my eyes from her, unashamedly staring at her face as she watched the TV, trying to memorize the line of her jaw and the curve of her lip as she smiled lightly. I got another urge to crawl over to her and kiss her, but instead I turned back to the show.

It was another hour before Cheryl got up, heading towards the VHS basket to pull out another one of her aerobics videos for her workout. I cleared my throat softly and took a deep breath, steeling my nerves. "Cheryl?" I called her softly.

She turned, standing next to the basket, and moved her hair over her shoulder with one hand. She was naked, not that she hadn't been before, but the pose just emphasized her form.

"Could- I mean, would you mind-" I was stumbling over my words, trying to find a polite way to ask something dirty of one of my best friends and a girl I had crushed on for over two years now. "Dance for me?" I asked.

"Dance?" She asked, her eyebrows raising and coming together in surprise. Happy surprise.

"Yeah," I said. "Just- you're stunning when we go out to a club. Would you dance for me like this?"

She smiled softly, a blush rising on her chest and cheeks and she glanced away from me. Her eyes came back and locked with mine. "Ok," she said. "Come here, sit on the floor."

I did as she directed and sat on the floor in front of the couch, and she knelt next to me and undid my belt, pulling my pants down and leaving me in just my briefs. She tossed the pants onto the couch behind me and then walked over to her purse, pulling out her iphone and searching through it before plugging it into a cord we had hooked up to the TV speaker system.

Her walk had changed, shifting from easy and graceful to purposeful, her weight on the balls of her feet and her hips moving sinuously.

Cheryl turned on the music and turned up the speakers until the light sounds of a piano playing a chord filled the room. Any louder and we would probably have had someone banging on the door of our apartment. I knew the song, it was a popular one from a couple of years before. The piano built quickly in staccato beats and then the bass cut in, heavy and dirty. Cheryl turned with the slow beat, her eyes dark and focused on me. She took two slow, languorous steps towards me, then froze as the song broke in properly.

This is how I show my love, the first line of the lyrics called, and then I wasn't paying attention to them at all. The heavy beat of the bass was all I felt, the vision before me all I needed to pay attention to. Cheryl lifted her arms above her head, her body moving with the music as her hips rolled and her waist wove in the air. One hand came down from its slow, rolling position in the air above her head and slid down her body, between her breasts and down her rolling abdomen to press past her vagina and down between her thighs.

I'd seen Cheryl dancing plenty of times, and even danced with her occasionally. We'd laughed as I spun her in the middle of a club dance floor, we'd ground together to hip hop as my heart fluttered and she worked her hips, I had even seen her win a twerking competition.

I had never seen Cheryl move like this before.

She stepped slowly in a circle, her body rolling in waves as if the music were carrying her. Her hands ran up and down her body, brushing against hip and side and breast, grazing over her face. She would close her eyes, letting herself get swept away by the music, and then open them only to stare at me again.

Cheryl was dancing only a couple of feet to my side and turned, her ass slightly above my eye level, and her upper body dipped forward, legs spreading slightly, ass shifting and revealing the hint of her pussy from between her firm cheeks. I'd seen it plenty now, even seen her getting herself off, but that teasing hint was like a whole new vision. My mouth was dry and I felt light headed as if all the blood in my body were trying to jam its way into my cock.

She stood back up quickly and turned, stepping right over me and flashing me a front view of her pussy from inches away from my face before continuing her dance on my other side. She was like a snake, her sinuous hips weaving back and forth, and the rest of her body followed. She moved back in front of me and went to the floor facing me, stretching her arms out in front of her and rolling her neck, her mane of red hair cascading around her. She crawled towards me then up my body, hovering with just an inch between us. My cock, hard but trapped in my briefs, passed in the space between her pert breasts as she moved upwards.

Cheryl stood over me, her legs straddling mine, her body leaning over me but from farther away

now as she braced both arms on either side of my head, keeping herself up and away from me. It was like I was watching her on a giant imax screen - I could see her entire body held above me but I had to tilt my head up to see one part and down to see the other. Her hips continued to roll with the heavy bass humm, her abdomen flexing and moving. Her breasts hung above me, shaking with her movements, nipples hard and erect, the only thing between them and my mouth half a foot of space and the hanging locks of Cheryl's hair. Her legs were straight and spread, the lips of her pussy flush with arousal and her clit hood pushing from between them.

And then the bass heartbeat my body had come to rely on was gone and Cheryl's body slowed to a halt. We were both breathing heavily in the silence. Was it over?

The next song on her iPod started, the beat instantly much faster, the electronic tones beating an almost latino swing. A Jamaican voice started singing and I recognized the sounds if not the artist or lyrics. It was a fast hip hop style and Cheryl began to move her hips in time with it, back and forth. She leant her weight onto one of her hands and the other one moved between us, grabbing one of her breasts for a moment before sliding down her stomach and abdomen until her fingers reached her pussy, slipping in between her lips and teasing herself.

She braced herself with both arms again and dipped her head down, my vision filling with her face and hair, her breath hot on my lips as she swung her body low, rolling it over mine once, twice, three times. Her nipples brushed against my shirt, her inner thighs brushing against the outside of my legs as she straddled them. The beat came in threes and her hips were moving with them. I couldn't see anything that her body was doing though, her efforts going to waste, because we were staring intensely into each other's eyes. Her bright blue eyes looked dark as she hovered over me and I wished she hadn't done up her makeup to cover her freckles so well.

Her head weaved with the rest of her body's movements and as she lowered her chest and hips down onto mine, still rolling them and pushing against me, it got closer as well until the silver septum piercing in her nose brushed against the tip of my own nose. My vision was filled with her eyes and I could see every swirl of blue. I felt surrounded by her hair, curled and cascading around us as it brushed against my face. She licked her lips and when she breathed out one of her lips brushed mine. It wasn't a kiss, but a thrill went through me.

Cheryl pulled away, rolling her body heavily against me before suddenly leaning back. Her body leant away from mine creating a 'V' that was joined at our hips as she used her arms to brace behind herself. The body roll continued from her hips, up her abdomen all the way to her chest and she threw her head back, chin pointing to the ceiling. None of that took my attention though, because I was staring at where our bodies were pressed together. Her cunt was pressing directly into my erection, the only thing separating her wet lips from my dick the thin fabric of my briefs. As her hips rolled her pussy would shift against my cock, the wet fabric gripping at both of us.

The song broke and another one started in the same Jamaican hip hop style. They were songs

built for dancing, the rhythm light and meant to catch your movements. Cheryl didn't need any help on that account.

She leaned back forward, pressing her entire body against mine, and her chin rested on my shoulder. She rolled her hips hard in time with the music, grinding our groins against each other. Her arms were up around my shoulders and pulling me to her, getting her leverage to push against me harder and harder. My hands went to her waist as I leaned back against the couch, squeezing her soft skin as I felt her hard muscles moving beneath. The song pushed us and Cheryl gasped raggedly, squeezing me tighter.

I squeezed back, my hands on her waist tightening as I came, pinching her. It was the first time I had ever actually come in my shorts and I felt hot cum soak the inside of the briefs as my body tensed and pushed out at Cheryl's even as I pulled her harder down against my cock.

Cheryl gasped again and I knew warmth flooded my crotch. She had come too.

We sat, holding each other, heartbeats trying to pound through our chests and our breathing syncing up in a ragged tempo as the music continued. Cheryl rolled off of me, and sat, her legs still crossing over mine. We looked at each other and I could see a flash of guilt in her eyes. She scrambled to her feet and unplugged her iPod, walking down the hall to her bedroom and shutting the door.

"Fuck," I said, not caring if she heard me. "Sweet fucking fuck."

* * * * *

I went to bed after cleaning myself, and the living room floor, up as best I could. My thoughts before I fell asleep were frustrated and fearful, slipping back to that guilty look on Cheryl's face before she left me. I knew why she would feel guilty, but I didn't know what exactly it was over.

It just had to do with Oliver, her boyfriend.

My dreams, however, were very much unrelated to anything that had been going on and I woke from one of them confused by the oddly wonderful sensation that I was stepping into a hot tub. No, not a hot tub, or at least not all of me.

As I slowly left dreamland behind and moaned as I woke up, the feeling continued. In fact, I knew that feeling, and I liked it a lot. Groaning and opening my eyes, Cheryl looked up at me and let my dick fall from her mouth. "Good morning," she said. "You sleep like a fucking rock."

She bent back down and took my cock back into her pretty little mouth. Gone was the makeup, and her hair was curled and falling down her back as she straddled one of my legs, sucking me off with little bobs of her head.

"God damn," I groaned, enjoying the feeling of Cheryl's warm, wonderful tongue. "This is fantastic."

"It better be," she said, pulling her mouth off of me again and using a hand to keep me going. "You do remember that the original bet was for giving head, right? It's been two days and you didn't ask once. I was starting to think you liked your hand better."

I'd prefer what we did last night, I thought, but instead I just took a deep breath and grinned sleepily. "Never," I said. "You're magical."

"I'm a wizard, Harry," Cheryl joked in a gruff voice, bastardizing the quote.

Cheryl bent down to my cock and I leaned back, enjoying her ministrations. I was hard and felt like a king, which only made it more enjoyable when Cheryl took me into her throat, pushing her nose up against my pubic bone as she forced as much of my cock into her as she could.

"Fuuuuck. Fuck," I groaned, and she pulled off to use her hand on me again, the sloppy spittle acting as lubricant.

"You like that?" she asked me. "You like it when I take your cock all the way down?"

"Um, yes," I deadpanned back to her.

"You ever have a girl do that for you?" she asked me.

Cheryl knew full well that I didn't sleep around much. There had been a girl in first year on our floor that I fooled around with a couple of times, and then there had been Heather. Before that a few blow jobs in high school. "No, never," I said truthfully. "You're the best."

She rolled her eyes and smirked. "Great. I'll put a certificate on my wall. Best Cocksucker Around."

"Well you should get back to it then," I laughed, and she did. I didn't last long, quickly succumbing to her mouth and hand, and she wrapped her fist around my cock and jerked me through my orgasm, letting it shoot onto her cheek as she kissed my shaft just under the head.

While I was still trying to recover brain function from the orgasm Cheryl grabbed my bedsheet and wiped her face off before standing up. "Thanks," I said.

"No sweat," she replied, winking at me before walking out of my room.

God. Damn.

We both had class that day and left for the bus together. It was almost strange when Cheryl came out of her room fully dressed and I wanted to ask her to skip our lectures and stay home with me. She had straightened her hair and then braided it into two pigtails that fell over her shoulders, and I hated every stitch of clothing she had on even though I liked the outfit itself. We walked out to the bus, chatting and joking, and it felt like we had left everything else behind in our apartment. There wasn't any tension, no wondering glances, no nervousness. Cheryl and I were just two friends again.

Cheryl's last class started after my last one ended so I rode the bus home alone and spent the next couple of hours on my laptop on the couch, procrastinating doing the readings I should have done the day before. I'd just turned on the TV and started channel surfing when the door to the apartment opened and Cheryl walked in.

"Hey," she said lightly, smiling when she saw me.

"Hey, how was class?" I responded. Normal, it all felt so normal.

Cheryl dropped her bag and then pulled her t-shirt over her head, quickly unsnapping her bra and discarding them both to the side. "It was good. That bitchy chick who always asks the stupid questions wasn't there today so we actually got through the whole lecture this time." She undid the snap of her jean short shorts and pulled them off, then pulled off the fishnet leggings that went from her waist down to her toes. Those took longer to take off and she had to balance on each foot to make sure she didn't yank and tear them. Once they were off she bundled them up and dropped them with the rest of her clothes.

All she had on were a pair of simple pink cotton panties, and our conversation kept going as if everything were totally fucking normal. "That's good. Maybe she dropped the course?" I said.

"Doubtful. I told the professor I appreciated the speed of the lecture this week and he said he did too. I bet he gets at least one student like that every year and just hates them. I would." Cheryl walked over to the couch and took the laptop off of my lap, setting it on the floor, then she took off her panties and let them drop.

"I would too," I said, watching as she reached forward and unbuckled my pants before pulling them down to my ankles. My briefs followed them, allowing my cock to spring upwards. "I don't know how some professors can stand some of the people in their classes. I mean, I can't stand some of the professors who can't teach either, but at least they're trying."

"Right?" Cheryl said, getting up on the couch on her knees. "I just hope I don't get paired with her for some project or paper." Then Cheryl leaned down and started sucking my cock.

It was all so... surreal. The conversation didn't match up with the actions at all. She was acting

like we did this every day. The blow job that morning I hadn't asked for, but I *had* told her to wake me up. This, though, this felt different.

It also felt very, very good. Cheryl was quickly taking more and more of me into her mouth and I shifted so that I was leaning back more, giving her more space. She was still kneeling, leaning forward low, which put her ass up in the air.

Taking a chance, I put my hand on her bare back, feeling her warm skin. "That would really suck," I said, the only thing I could think of to continue the conversation.

All I got was a slurp in return.

I breathed deeply through my nose and Cheryl worked her lips up and down my shaft, her tongue circling the head when she wasn't teasing it at the back of her throat. My hand rubbed her back and slowly moved towards her ass, the fingers and heel of the palm massaging softly as it moved. It reached her ass and I palmed her cheek fully, squeezing it, and Cheryl kept blowing me.

No touching, she had said, but that had been days ago. Or just one day? I wasn't even sure any more. Now she wiggled her hips as she squeezed, humming around my cock in her mouth. I let my fingers travel, dipping down into the crack of her ass, skimming over the tight circle hidden there and lower to the heat and slick folds of her pussy. She was wet.

Is that why she's blowing me? I wondered. *She's just horny? Or did thinking of this make her horny?* I let my fingers slide through and around her labia, pinching the puffy little lips between them softly. The tip of my middle finger played around the entrance to her pussy for a long moment before I pulled it away, bringing my fingers to my lips. I sucked on them, tasting Cheryl. She was tangy and sweet and I wished I could reach her with my mouth, but didn't dare pushing this farther than she seemed to want. I sucked on my fingers, wetting them as much as I could with my spit, before bringing them back to her pussy.

Cheryl moaned around my cock as I ran my slickened fingers low, blindly finding her clit and pinching it lightly in it's hood between two fingers. I adjusted the way I was reaching around her, coming in low around her thigh instead of over her ass, and used my thumb to brush back and forth and around that thick little hood while I started running my fingers back up into the folds of her labia.

While I slowly inserted my middle finger into Cheryl, her hot cunt clenching rhythmically around it, Cheryl took my cock into her throat again and sat with her nose pressed into my pubic bone. She swallowed over and over, working the head, as she calmly breathed in through her nose.

"Oh fucking," I groaned loudly. "You're a fucking magician. Wizard. Whatever."

Cheryl tried to laugh and gagged, forcing her to pull off of me completely and cough. I stilled my hand while she did so, then when she seemed fine I pulled my finger out of her and added my ring finger, inserting both and feeling her pussy stretch to accommodate both fingers. Cheryl moaned through parted lips, her breath hitting my dick, until both fingers were buried as deep as I could get them. My forefinger and pinky were both stretched upwards, pressing into the bottom of her ass cheeks, leaving my thumb in the perfect position to keep teasing her clit.

I started moving my fingers slowly, my fingertips searching inside of her, and Cheryl lowered her mouth back to my dick, slowly sliding her lips from the head all the way down the shaft, resuming her position with me buried in her throat as she milked my cock with her throat. My fingers nudged something inside of her and Cheryl squeaked around my dick, making me grin. I'd found her g-spot.

My fingers immediately started brushing against that point inside of her, petting it over and over while my thumb pressed against her clit, and Cheryl started to shake. She pulled my dick out of her throat and started bobbing up and down quickly, pushing me towards my own orgasm. Her natural lube started to drip out of her, dripping down my hand and onto my arm, and Cheryl drew back so that all she had in her mouth was the head of my dick. She sucked hard, tongue slithering around the ridges of the head of my cock, and I came. She didn't pull away, instead pulling about half of my cock into her mouth as she sucked hard, pulling my cum out of me and swallowing it down quickly.

I kept my hand working, fingers inside her pressing harder and harder against her g-spot and my thumb sliding against her clit hood, pressing it out of the way and glancing off of the little nub of nerves directly. My cock still in her mouth, Cheryl came as well, humping her ass back at my hand, and a gush of juices leaked out of her over my hands.

"Huummmmmmmugh," she moaned around my dick, hips pushing back over and over as she rode the orgasm and squirted around my fingers as I kept pushing on both of her buttons. Her body seized up and my dick slipped from her mouth as she pulled away from my hand, eyes glazed over and mouth open. I let her go, my fingers sliding from inside her followed by another rush of girl cum that dripped onto the couch.

Cheryl let her legs slide out behind her so that she was lying flat on the couch, her face still in my lap, as she slowly caught her breath. I moved the two red-orange braids of her hair out of the way and used my clean hand to brush her head soothingly, the one I had been using on her laying on her ass lightly.

"God damn," Cheryl said finally, rolling over onto her back and looking up at me.

"Yeah," I said. "You ever done that before?"

"Once or twice," Cheryl said. "With a vibrator. Never with someone else."

"I think you've ruined the couch," I laughed.

"We'll turn the cushions over," she chuckled. Her breasts, now facing up as she lay on her back, wiggled with the movement.

We didn't say anything for a long time and eventually Cheryl turned her head, looking at the TV where I had left it playing on the Food network before she had walked in the door. My dick softened and my hand at her head continued to brush at her hair, now just with a fingertip or two. The other hand rested on her flat belly, feeling the warmth of her skin in an intimate touch that had nothing to do with sex.

I eventually started to get hard again, what with the naked girl laying on my, but moved her off of me before she could notice. The kitchen ended up being a decent destination and I scrubbed my hands and wrists thoroughly in the sink before opening up the fridge to look for what I could make for dinner.

"Just bring popcorn," Cheryl called to me from the living room. "Movie night."

There was no way that I would argue with her, well, probably ever again. I made up a couple of bags of popcorn in the microwave and poured them into a big bowl before heading back into the living room. Cheryl was curled up in the middle of the couch, close to the side I usually sat on, the VCR remote in hand. I turned off the lights and took her invitation, sitting next to her and Cheryl immediately wrapped her arms around mine, hugging me close and leaning into my side.

She pressed play on the remote and the VHS tape started up, another one of our scrounged classics. Disney's the Little Mermaid, Cheryl's red-haired doppelganger of a cartoon character. As the movie played Cheryl would sing along, or just mouth the words, to the songs and I found myself joining her softly. We had watched it enough times that I knew the tunes to the songs if not the exact words.

About halfway through the movie, during the song where the Mermaid, mute and now with legs, and the handsome prince were in a rowboat on their own cartoon version of a date, Cheryl took the bowl of popcorn off of my lap and set it aside, moving up and sitting on my lap, wrapping her arms around my neck and cuddling into my chest. I shifted her a little so that she was pressing down on my dick and wrapped my arms around her, holding her comfortably.

As the movie continued her hand slipped from my shoulder and started running circles on my chest through my shirt. She tugged at it, then pulled with both hands until I leaned forward and let her take it off me, leaving me as naked as she was. Her hand slipped between us, moving downwards to play lower on my abdomen and I followed her lead, one of my hands running softly up and down her back while the other one curled between us, fingertips brushing at her breasts.

Cheryl shifted, turning on my lap until she was sitting with her back to my chest, her ass pressing into my waist. My cock, fully hard, had been pressing against one of her ass cheeks but was now caught between her legs, pressing up with its head peeking from between her thighs. She took both of my hands and wrapped them around her, firmly planting one on her breast and the other lower on her abdomen. Then she reached between her legs and her fingers started playing with my dick with the barest brushes of her fingertips.

I let my hands explore Cheryl slowly, tweaking her nipple lightly, feeling the heft of her small breasts. Sliding my fingers in the soft chasm between, then up to play along her collarbone. She breathed in deeply when I wrapped my arm around her chest and pulled her against me, and then again when my other hand explored lower, fingers playing across her firm abs and then lower still into the little jungle of her strip of pubic hair. I tugged at it and let my fingers press into the tight curls. The movie ended, the last musical number sung, the movie fading to credits as the songs played in the background. Cheryl widened her legs and took hold of my dick, sliding her fingers up and down the head and shaft.

Now I was the one to breath deeply as she continued to tease me, sliding her body down mine slightly until the heat of her pussy pressed along the top of my dick. She squeezed her legs together, pressing at my cock, then used one hand to push it harder against her pussy. She tensed her ass against my waist and her crotch shifted up slightly, then released and it shifted back down. A hard nub brushed against the head of my dick, her clit pushing against it.

She did this over and over as I used both of my hands to palm her breasts, rolling her nipples between my fingers as she pressed them harder into my hands with an arch of her back. My breath was heavy but the only thing I could smell was her shampoo as I buried my nose into the back of her head and kissed her neck. Cheryl rolled her hips, her clit dragging up and down across the head of my dick, and I could feel her breathing get shorter and shorter.

Then Cheryl lifted up a little higher, her ass clearing off of me, and she rolled her hips just a little farther and when she came back down I gasped as she hissed out a simpering moan.

I was inside of her.

Cheryl slowly settled lower and lower, more of my dick sliding into her until he settled back onto her ass. She was tight and hot and oh so slick, and I wondered if I had fallen asleep during the movie and was dreaming. I'd wanted this, buried the desire from her for so long, then dreamed of it happening in the last couple of days. It didn't feel real, and yet as she settled her back against my chest again I knew it was. I was inside Cheryl, and we were going to make love to each other. It wasn't a fuck, neither of us wanted that I think. We wanted each other.

One of my hands left her breasts and slid down her abdomen to trail the fingers over her clit and explore where we were joined. Both of her hands were down her side, clutching at my hips and

the sides of my ass as she slowly rolled her hips up again, sliding off of my slightly, before rolling back and taking me in again. I left our joining alone and concentrated on massaging her mound above her clit as Cheryl braced one leg on the ground between my own, the other foot planting on my knee. She used it to raise up further and then back down, slowly taking me in and out.

"Cher'," I moaned into the back of her neck.

"Shh," she shushed me.

The songs ended on the tape and it clicked, shutting off. The movie was done, but we weren't.

We didn't fuck, we didn't screw. Our movements were so slow, so calm and careful, that it was hard to say what we were doing. My fingers eventually slid lower on her mound to play at her clit again and Cheryl squeezed me with her interior muscles, pleasure rippling down my cock and up my spine in an ooze of glory. One of Cheryl's hands left my hip and came up behind her head to mine, weaving fingers into my hair and pulling my lips to her skin.

I'm not sure how long we were together like that, Cheryl slowly riding me as I used my fingers to tease every pleasure point I could think of reaching on her. I sucked on her earlobe, kissed the crook of her neck. My fingers traced the lines of her throat, playing along the bridge of her nose and her lips.

Eventually the inevitable happened and I felt the urge build quickly inside of me, an orgasm riding the slow pleasures she was giving me like a dingy headed for shore.

"Cheryl," I said again, and she shushed me. "No, Cheryl, I'm close."

She didn't stop moving and I could imagine her trying to ignore my words, eyes shut as she buried herself in the feelings between us.

"Cheryl, I'm close," I said again.

She didn't stop.

I breathed in deeply, my throat hitching as I pushed down with my abdomen, trying desperately to suppress my orgasm.

"Cheryl, if you don't pull off right now I'm going to come inside of you."

She groaned in desperation but pulled off of me, her hand slipping underneath her and her fingers wrapping awkwardly around my cock. I didn't need the help and started coming, shooting pulses of cum up and, unhelpfully, right onto Cheryl's flowered open cunt which was still gaping from the loss of my cock.

Cheryl hissed in a breath and shuddered lightly, her own small orgasm riding through her, as I came all over her pussy. She fell back onto my abdomen, winding me slightly, and I felt her hand go to her pussy and start rubbing frantically. I pawed at her breast, trying to give her anything I could, and kissed her spine. She shuddered again, harder this time, her orgasm taking hold for a long moment as she rubbed her fingers hard against her clit, my cum acting as a warm lubricant.

When her body released her from her own orgasm she collapsed back on top of me and I held her, arms wrapped around her stomach. Our breathing matched again and I closed my eyes, reveling in the warmth of her on top of me. We could figure something out if Cheryl wasn't on the pill, there were morning-after jobs we could grab.

My preoccupation with being safe, and joy at finally consummating whatever sexual relationship we were in now, meant it took me a long moment to realize Cheryl had started heaving just slightly. She slipped off of me and headed out of the room.

"Cher'?" I asked.

She looked back at me and the guilt and tears in her eyes tore me apart.

"Cheryl," I croaked, my voice catching in my throat.

"I need to make a phone call," she said, and then disappeared. I heard the washroom door open and close and running water for a minute, then she went into her room.

"Fuck," I said. "Fuck, fuck, fucker fuck."

Cheryl came back out and glanced at me. She was wearing her bathrobe and was clutching her cell phone to her chest. She walked passed without saying a word and went to the sliding door that led onto the little balcony of the apartment. It wasn't even big enough to hold a barbecue or a lawn chair for sitting, but she went out into the dark of night and slid it shut behind her.

I got up after a while and tossed my clothes into the laundry bin of my room, putting on a pair of sports shorts and a shirt to cover up before heading back out to the living room. I turned on the light and viewed the carnage we had wrought on the couch. Both large cushions looked like someone had dumped a drink on them, though my side had a clear ass-print as well. I flipped both cushions, making it look presentable again, then gathered up Cheryl's clothes from the door and carried them into her room, laying them at the foot of her bed neatly.

It pattered for a bit. I did the dishes, cleaned some things. I could hear Cheryl talking outside, and a couple of times she raised her voice but I couldn't tell what she was saying. Eventually I ran out of things to do and went to the door, looking out and knocking lightly. Cheryl was sitting

with her back to the railing, knees tucked up under her chin as she held the phone to her cheek. She looked up at me and waved me away loosely with her other hand. I nodded and left her there.

Back in my room I couldn't focus on school work and it felt wrong to try playing a video game. Porn was clearly out of the question. When I heard a knock at my bedroom door I looked up hopefully as Cheryl opened it.

"Hey," she said.

I started to stand up. All sorts of scenarios had been going through my head and I knew the only person she could have been talking to for so long, yelling at, was Oliver. No matter what was about to happen, even if she said what we did could never happen again and she was moving out in the morning to make sure it didn't, I wanted to be there for her. All I could do was start with a hug.

"Hey," I said.

"Can I use your phone?" she asked me. "Mine ran out of batteries."

Oh, I thought. That was one scenario I hadn't thought of. "Sure, of course," I said, grabbing it and handing it to her.

"Thanks," she whispered, then backed out of my room and closed the door.

There was nothing else for me to do but wait until she was done, but after another half hour my eyes were starting to droop and I nearly fell asleep at my desk. I went over to my bed and flopped down, quickly falling asleep.

* * * * *

I woke up when my door opened, but Cheryl turned off my bedroom light and closed the door again. It took me a moment to realize she was still in the room, and she walked over to me quickly, climbing onto the bed and curling up next to me.

She shook and sobbed softly. I immediately wrapped her up in my arms and pulled her close, bending my head down to kiss her forehead softly. "Shhh," I hushed softly. "Shhhh."

Cheryl cried into my shoulder and chest quietly for a long time while I held her. I wiped the tears from her cheeks every once in a while, kissed her forehead and cheeks, and kept her wrapped up in my arms. "We're done," she finally sobbed softly, and my heart shattered. We were? "We broke up," she continued.

It's a little shameful to admit that my heart stopped mid-shatter and instead exploded with relief. She was talking about her and Oliver. Which meant we were still... well, something.

I held her for another long moment, not sure what to say. I finally decided on, "I'm sorry."

"Thanks," she whispered. The tears slowed, then stopped, and finally I could feel her light breath as she slipped into a quiet sleep in my arms.

I eventually followed her lead.

* * * * *

This was a sensation I had woken up to before. Warmth, rolling pleasure. *Mmmm, blow job*. Bits and pieces of the last night slowly came back to me and I opened my eyes.

I was on my back again and Cheryl was kneeling between my legs, a hand on either of my thighs as she sucked on the head of my dick with long, slow pulls. I sat up and she glanced up at me, her blue eyes brilliant and she blinked, the dick still in her mouth.

"Cheryl, stop," I said. "The bets done, I don't care. Call me a chickenshit, you don't need to do that."

She released my cock and sat up. She was naked again, the bathrobe she had been wearing when she curled up with me last night discarded on the floor. "You're right. I don't need to," she said. Then she leaned back down and took me right back into her mouth.

I groaned as she sucked me. "I'm serious, Cheryl."

Again she released me, but instead of leaning back she crawled up my body until we were nose to nose. "So am I, dumbass. I broke up with Oliver last night because I wanted to keep sucking *this*," she grabbed my cock with her hand and started stroking it. "I felt guilty about cheating on him, not because we had sex."

"Still," I said weakly, my arguments slipping away under gaze and the hand on my dick.

"The last time Oliver and I fucked before I left home to come back this year, I couldn't get off. We were together for years and he knew how to get me off, but nothing was working," she said. "Then, I pretended he was you, and I fucked him hard, and I came."

I swallowed in a gulp.

"We've been dancing around each other for years," Cheryl said. She moved her hips, positioning my dick at her entrance and then slowly sitting down on it. I groaned as I entered her

and she hummed her appreciation, both of our eyes closing dreamily for a moment. "You wanted to fuck me the first time you saw me, didn't you?"

"Of course I did," I gasped.

"So did I," she said.

I got that urge to kiss her, and this time I did it. I wrapped my fingers on either side of her head and pulled her lips to mine, kissing her with every bit of effort I could. Every missed opportunity felt like it poured out of me in that kiss until all I was left with was fulfillment. And Cheryl kissed me back, desperate as she started moving her hips, fucking me. I brought my hands around her and grabbed her ass hard, pulling her against me. Our kiss broke and she laughed into my mouth before throwing her head back, writhing her hips faster.

"Fuck," I said, then trailed kisses down her throat and onto her chest, eventually down to suck at one of her nipples.

"Oh, God," she cried out to the ceiling. She pulled my head back from her chest and up to kiss her again. I was lost in her as we fucked.

Cheryl slowed us down and pulled back from my lips, hovering over me. "Double or nothing," she said, grinning down at me.

"What's the bet?" I asked her, grabbing her ass firmly again.

"Whoever comes first loses," she said, leaning forward and nipping the tip of my nose with her teeth.

"Terms?" I asked, bending my head and doing the same thing to her chin.

"If I win, you've got to walk around naked just like I've been doing, and I get to demand you eat me out whenever I want," she said.

"And if I win?"

She slammed her hips down on me, pushing against my hands on her ass to do it. "If you win, you can have the one thing Oliver never did."

He slammed her hips again, sending a shudder through me. "And what's that?" I asked.

"You can have my ass," Cheryl grinned wickedly.

It was a win-win proposal. I don't think there was a single thing that could come out of those

terms that I wouldn't be alright with. Hell, I was ready to walk around naked and eat Cheryl out on command anyways.

The problem was that I came immediately, my cock pulsing as I shot my load inside of her in one long jet as my body clenched up. Shivers ran up and down my spine as I came in Cheryl and she shuddered on top of me, groaning at the feeling of me filling her up.

The tension in my body released and I fell back against the bed, Cheryl moving her hands to my chest to keep her leaning over me. She laughed softly and wiggled her hips, "Looks like I won."

I blinked and sucked in a few breaths before shaking my head. "I'll take the bet. Starting now."

Cheryl blinked and looked down at me, then slapped my chest lightly. "Cheater!"

"Says the woman who woke me up with a blow job," I replied, reaching up and wrapping my arms around her, pulling her down so that our chests pressed together and I could kiss her. I rolled us over so that I was on top of her and thrust with my hips, proving I was still hard inside of her. "You've still got a chance, of course," I said. "You'll just need to work your magic on me, won't you?"

"Fuck," she grunted, reaching up and hooking around the back of my neck with one hand and wrapping her legs around to dig her heels into my ass, pulling me in tightly. "Looks like I've got my work cut out for me. Now fuck me."