

## C.A.R.P.

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### **Part Four – Summer Break (Freshman → Sophomore Year)**

The summer break wasn't really a 'break' so much as it was a 'light' period. As Dr. Igarashi had told me, I did need to have classes during the summer, but the schedule was much lighter, and as such, it meant I only really needed to be in classrooms two days a week.

That meant I could spend more time with Julia exploring the Bay Area itself, and she could spend more time teaching me how to surf, although to be fair, I think she was still struggling to get the hang of it herself when we started.

We would take a day or two to drive down to Santa Cruz, check out the boardwalk and hang out with the surfers and the stoners down there before coming back up. Julia loved just getting out and travelling, saying she really hadn't seen all that much of the world, and hoped that once we were out of CARP that we'd be able to go places and see things.

"I don't want to ask a lot of you from our partnership, Josh, but that's one thing I want you to promise me – that we're going to travel as much as we can, anywhere we've never been before," she said sitting next to me on the Santa Cruz boardwalk beach, watching the waves come in. "Not just you and me, but the whole big weird family, whatever it ends up being."

"Tell me about *you*, Julia," I remember saying to her. "You're always sort of ducking the question, but if you want me to make that kind of promise, you have to promise to be open and honest with me in turn, and that means opening up about who you are and where you came from."

She sighed, hanging her head for a second, then nodded. "You're right. You're absolutely right. And that's completely fair of you to ask. We need to be on equal footing. What do you want to know?"

"What was it like growing up in San Diego? Do you miss it?"

Julia smiled although it was a bitter and spiteful smile, one I didn't like seeing on her face. "I don't miss it one fucking bit. My parents are both real blue collar – Dad works at Walmart and Mom works at KFC. Neither of them went to college. When I was born, I wasn't the smartest kid, but I was smart enough, and athletic, so my parents did what they could to keep up. One of the girls in my grade school, Mary Lou, started taking tennis lessons and her parents said she was having trouble focusing on them because she didn't have any friends in the class, so they offered to pay for me to take classes with her, just so she'd have a friend there. But after a few months, it was clear Mary Lou was fucking terrible at tennis and I was actually really good at it, so she quit taking classes, and she quit being my friend on top of that. The teacher, on the other hand, offered to continue coaching me for free."

I could feel her tensing up at telling me this, so I wrapped my arms around her, squeezing her body close to mine.

"By the time I got to high school, I was playing on a competitive level, and guys were starting to really notice me, although not always for the right reasons. I got teased a lot because of my height – I've basically been this tall since I was thirteen – and guys were scared off by that, although once my tits started coming in, a few of the more bold boys were coming around sniffing for pussy. But I found a lot of the guys were intimidated by my athleticism. I had boyfriends on and off, though, and when senior year rolled around, a handful of schools were interested in offering me tennis scholarships. I was considering those offers when Dr. Igarashi came to see me. She told me that while I was definitely good enough to play tennis for a living

for a bit, that wouldn't last forever, and I needed to start making plans for my second act before I finished my first one. And she had some thoughts about that.”

“Good lord, really?”

“She said that the people who instigate real change in the world, they're the sort of people who have a small, but intricate social clique that help insulate them, so that if one person begins to doubt or falter, the rest of the clique helps buffer against that adversity. And part of the problem is that these cliques usually form in college, and then dissipate when the students graduate from college. Sure, a person might take one part of the clique with them after graduation, usually in terms of a partner, but the majority of that social equity and support network is lost,” my Amazonian girlfriend told me. “But what if it didn't have to be? The Doctor's theory is that if you built a sort of polycule, a group of five individuals built over time, they could buffer one another against strife, doubt and adversity, and each polycule would stand a chance at legitimate long term systemic change. I could be an athlete for as long as I could last that way, and my polycule would help me transition into something else if playing tennis didn't work out as a long-term plan.”

“So you knew that you and me were going to be fucking before I even walked in that door,” I laughed, swiping my hand across my face in astonishment.

“Well, I knew that if I wanted this to work, I'd have to trust that the Doctor would be good enough to find people to pair with me,” Julia said, a wry grin on her lips. “But all betas have a ripcord they can pull if they want to, which is to say that they think the matching was poor and they want to be reassigned. None of the betas have pulled that yet, though, so I think whatever pairing research the Doctor is doing beforehand seems to be pretty good at getting us matched well together with people we'll get along with in both the short and long term. We're gonna need more people in the unit, though. And I still need to map out your limits, which is a thing I promised to do for the Doc over the summer.”

“My limits?” I wasn't at all sure what she meant by that statement and was a little worried about where she was going to go with this. “What did you have in mind?”

Julia gestured towards one of the surfers who was almost right in front of us, but still out on the ocean a bit. “Take a look at the girl in the floral print bodysuit on the turquoise board. If I told you I wanted the three of us to have a one-night stand, how would you react to that?”

“I'd tell you yet *again* that I really don't need anybody more than you.”

Julia giggled a little bit, leaning over to kiss me. “You're sweet, you know that? But you'd better get over that shit quick. You're gonna have three more girls in this new little family unit of ours, maybe even *four* if the Doc deems it necessary, and I'm *never* gonna get jealous unless, like, you totally aren't paying me *any* attention. But sharing you with another girl? Fuck man, that's only fuel for my fire, okay? I'm gonna play with girls too. I like girls. Girls are soft and smell like strawberries. So let's try this again. The girl in the floral print bodysuit on the turquoise board. Would you hit that?”

I think if Julia hadn't been so straight forward, open and honest about all of it, it would've taken me a lot longer to find acceptance with the situation, but she was so upfront about all of it that it felt like arguing with her was just a waste of time. “Yeah, I'd hit that.”

“Good,” Julia said, giving a big wave towards the girl, who waved back and started riding in all the way towards the beach itself. “Her name's Naomi, and literally *any* freaky shit you've ever wanted to do, even thought of, she's gonna be down to clown.”

Naomi picked up her board out of the water and started walking towards us, a wide smile on her face. She looked like she was about our age, nineteen or twenty, with dark brown hair that

had a blonde stripe right at the very front of it, with a tanned face, a tiny little button nose and a sort of high refined beauty, like a weird combination of surfer girl and debutante. "Hey Julia, this your man?" she said to me, her voice sultry and playful.

"Josh, this is Naomi. Naomi, this is *my* Josh," Julia said with a smile. "Naomi's rented a room for us to stay in at the beach tonight, and she's got a bet with me. We're all gonna stay the night tonight, and I want you to take out every dirty little thought you've ever had that you haven't tried with me yet, just so I can see how far you're gonna go on your horniest days."

"How do you know that's not too far?" I asked Naomi with a smirk.

Naomi moved over and suddenly sat down on my lap, facing towards both me and Julia. "Because my safeword is 'bramble' and I've never, ever had to use it," she giggled. "You won't get there. But even getting half way there will win you the bet."

"And you'll be there too, Julia?"

"Of course," Julia purred. "I'm not gonna leave my man alone with some girl I only partly know. And besides, I'm gonna egg you on, see if I can push you even further, to do even more. Because I wanna see you *break* this little bitch, Josh. She thinks you're nothing but a goodie two shoes who won't do anything at all even the slightest bit edgy."

I shook my head and then slid my hand right up between Naomi's thighs to rub my fingertips against her pussy through the bodysuit, completely out in the open, not even making any effort to hide it, which made Naomi gasp and then giggle a little bit. "Can't have that now, can we?"

"Mmmmm... God, he's got good hands, but let's not go getting arrested, okay?" Naomi said, wriggling her ass down a little on my lap. "Let me grab my gear and we can go straight to the room, see if you're all talk or the cock of the walk."

Naomi pulled herself from my lap and headed over to a blanket, scooping everything up and putting it into a bag next to it, wagging her ass in my direction a little when she did.

"Break her, huh?"

"Hard as you can. Harder than you think you *should*. And she's gonna use every trick that she can to get you to ease off, but you know her safeword, and you know she loves it rough, so I want you to leave her a shivering, filthy mess by the end of this, okay?" Julia said. "Don't let up. I want to see you fucking manhandle this girl. She's only gonna thank you in the morning, but if you hold back, she's gonna know and I'm gonna know. So *don't*."

We headed over to the hotel, putting my car into a set parking spot before Naomi let us into the hotel room. It really was the sort of room you only get by the beach, where the room itself is nothing special, just a bed, a chair, a television, a nightstand and some curtains to cover the windows. The bedspread looked like it hadn't been replaced since the 1970s. The bed was a little lower to the ground than I think I expected it to be. As soon as we were in, Julia pulled the curtains closed and Naomi started peeling the wetsuit off of her.

Once she got it off, I was astonished at just how big of tits Naomi had, natural but almost like the maximum her frame could handle, with large patches of untanned skin that a bikini clearly covered up. The same for her bottom, with a triangle shaped untanned swath on her ass, and a triangle of untanned skin over her completely shaven pussy. Julia had on a bikini top, which she whipped off immediately, and a pair of jean shorts over her bikini bottoms, but all of it was on the floor by the time Naomi was on her knees in front of me.

I'd gotten my t-shirt off, but Naomi was faster to get my jean shorts undone, yanking them and the swimtrunks underneath down to my ankles before she started wrapping her lips around the head of my cock, a slow soft swirl of her tongue against the head of it.

But I remembered what Julia had said, about this girl wanting me to go hard. So I decided we'd start early. My hands reached down and grabbed her head and pushed her face all the way down onto my cock until her lips were at the base of it, and while she wasn't panicking, clearly she was a little concerned as I held her face down there for a long moment, longer than I felt like I should, before I pulled her head back and slipped her mouth off my dick, saliva and precum going everywhere as she laughed wantonly. And then she dove her face back down.

The angle, I decided, gave her too much control, so after about five or six long thrusts of her face onto my cock, I spun her around and backed her up to a wall, pinning her there while I forced my dick back into her mouth once more, and this time her hands grabbed onto my hips with a bit more concern or surprise, I could never really tell which.

Because the back of her head was right against the wall, there wasn't anywhere for her to pull back, so it was up to me to fuck her face and set the tempo of it, and whatever she thought I was going to do for the pace, it certainly wasn't the one I was giving her, hard and rough thrusts giving her no space to escape, her whimpers and whines sounding excited as I continued to cut her airway off over and over again. Eventually I felt my nuts starting to boil, so I shoved my hips forward until her nose was buried in my short and curlies as I blasted a hot load right against her thrust, her fingertips dragging against my ass. When I pulled back enough to let her gasp for air, she started giggling with a wild look on her face. "Good start," she said to me, spit and cum spilling out of her mouth. "But I hope that isn't the main act."

Julia rolled her eyes with a ferocious giggle. "Honey, he's just getting started."

"Give me a few minutes to recover and we'll be back at it again before you know it," I teased. "Tell me something about you, Naomi?"

"Other than the fact I want you treat me as nothing more than a set of holes for you to dump your cum into?" she replied with a wink. "I'm a student at UC Santa Cruz. Pre med. Gonna be a vet."

"C'mon, Josh," Julia laughed. "You should be ready to have a go at her now."

I was ready to go, and so was Naomi, so I reached down and pulled her to her feet before hauling her over to the bed, throwing her down onto it right next to Julia, who reached over and gave Naomi a light slap across the face, which only made Naomi laugh in response.

I folded one of Naomi's legs back until her thigh was pressing against one of those enormous tits of hers, mashing the flesh in as I lined my cock up and just rammed good and deep, a wanton moan of pleasure burbling out of her throat, her back arching into me.

"Fuck!" she shouted. "You've got such a thick fucking dick!"

She was tight, tighter than Julia was or Paige had been, and it felt like her fleshy walls were practically clinging to me when I drew back, only to saw forward again with another hard thrust.

"C'mon, you fucking pansy," Naomi howled at me. "You gonna tickle me or fuck me?"

I grabbed Naomi's other leg and folded it back as well, basically doubling her over as I started to rail her even harder, pumping my cock deep inside of her as I felt her squishing all around me, the sound sloppy and filthy to the point of being almost comical. And then, on a whim, I took my right hand and wrapped it around her throat, squeezing as she started nodding frantically at me.

For several minutes, I kept plowing her enough to make the bed creak and groan in protest, but between gasps and pants, Naomi was licking her lips and pursing her lips to blow me kisses, letting me know that she could handle it, even with my fingertips clutching on her neck every now and then.

A couple minutes into my drilling, Naomi’s breathing went shallow and ragged, and I was worried that maybe my grip on her throat had been too strong, but then I felt her start to tremble around me, her vaginal walls spasming in vibrating clenches, and I realized she was having an orgasm that was shredding her down to the bone, her eyes rolling back in her head as her body was consumed in the moment, unable to think or process anything else.

“C’mon Joshie,” Julia teased. “I wanna see your face when you nut up inside of her slutty cunt. I wanna see if it can pierce through that orgasm of hers.”

I think Naomi was just starting to come down from it as her legs parted outwards and then wrapped around my waist, her heels digging into my ass, and when I saw Julia reach over and pinch one of Naomi’s thick pink nipples, it made her clench down again and I couldn’t help but let loose a second load, this time right in Naomi’s cunt, and as Julia had expected it to, it set Naomi back off on another wave of shakes, rolling back into another sexual plateau that was unrelenting on her nerves.

I had to put my hand on the bed itself to not flop forward, but after a minute or so, Naomi started giggling beneath me. “Tell me you’re not done yet,” she teased. “You’ve barely even gotten rough. If this is all you can get out of pushing him, Julia, I dunno if you should bother.”

Naomi was obviously being bratty for a reason, but if that was what they wanted from me, I could oblige them. I pulled back and slipped out from between her legs and flipped her over onto her belly, pulling her to get her on the edge of the bed before lifting one of my hands before slapping it down hard on her ass.

*She laughed.*

I spanked her ass again, this time harder, enough to feel the flesh redden and warm beneath my touch, and this time she let out a whorish groan of pleasure, her head nodding. I was about to say something when Julia beat me to it. “You want him to be rough with you, don’t you, fuckmeat? You want him to drill and hammer you like you’re nothing more than a cumdump to him, you want to feel him destroying you, molding your tender fucking form into his liking.”

“Fuck yes! Fuck me fuck me spank me plow me drill me fill me full of your fucking cum!”

For reasons I still can’t explain, I pushed her face down hard against the mattress, grinding it down before I lifted one leg and put my barefoot down on her cheek, using my foot to push her down even more, which made her squeal in excitement, especially as I slapped her other ass cheek, my hand whipping onto the flesh with about as much force as I could put into it.

“Break her, Josh,” Julia said to me. “Absolutely destroy her!”

My foot came off her head because I needed to put it on the ground for the leverage, and once both of my feet were on the ground, my hands grabbed onto her hips and yanked her back hard into my thrusts, feeling my cock squishing around in the cum I’d just left inside of her pussy.

But I knew more was expected of me, even as I saw Naomi’s fist slam down on the top of the bed before grabbing a fistful of the sheets. I drew my hips back, sliding my cock out of her sloppy snatch before lining the head of my cock up against the rosebud of her asshole, then just forced my way in as one of my hands held onto her hip and the other reached forward to crank back a fistful of her hair, making her whole back curve down as that growl bleated out of her lips.

I think the whole experience might have been a little more nerve wracking, considering that was my first experience with anal, but Naomi wasn’t pulling away. Hell, she was pushing back and yanking the sheets off the bed, her fingers trying to grab the actual mattress.

“Ohfuckthat’sbig!” she wailed, but she didn’t use her safeword and didn’t ask me to stop, so I kept on battering against her asshole for as long as I could, but she was *extremely* clenched around me, and way faster than I wanted to, I found myself spewing hot cum into her back door. What surprised me was that as soon as I started burbling what I was certain was my final release it seemed to set off another orgasm inside of Naomi’s body.

I was so damn tired, but I wanted to push it just that one last bit, so I slipped my cock out of Naomi’s ass, pushed her up a little more onto the bed, flipped her over, spun her around and hung Naomi’s head off the edge of the bed, then pushed my dirty, messy cock right into her mouth and made her lick it clean.

I felt bad about that; Naomi apparently thought it was *super* hot.

Julia won the bet. I found out that Naomi had thought I’d be too nervous to try and take a swing at her ass. After we were done, I figured we wouldn’t see Naomi any more, but it turned out she became a play partner for the rest of the summer. By the time fall came around again, Naomi had found herself a boyfriend and we parted ways on friendly terms.

We talked a lot about what I’d liked and what I didn’t for the rest of the summer, and about a week after I’d first met Naomi, Julia asked me to take a turn fucking *her* in the ass, which was entirely different than it’d been with Naomi. Julia would confess to me that I was the first for her there, which made me feel special. And I told Julia that while it was a nice thing to do every now and then, it certainly wasn’t the kind of thing I needed all the time. I also didn’t need to show off how strong I was, or make it clear that I was in charge. I was a bit more mellow than that.

I remember suspecting at the time, but eventually I’d find out that everything I’d tell Julia about what I liked and didn’t like sexually was getting put into a file on me that Doctor Igarashi was keeping, helping her sort me and pair me with other people who’d work well in our group. I guess I never got asked about what Julia liked sexually because she was self-reporting on her own likes and dislikes as well, but I did have a few appointments with Dr. Igarashi about how I thought Julia would react to failing to reach beyond a certain level in athletics, and what I felt like she could be interested in if she wasn’t going to be a professional tennis player. I remember saying that athletes, like creative people, were just gambling that they were going to be good enough and lucky enough to succeed, and that all of us should always have a plan B. The doctor asked me what *my* plan B was and I pointed out that if I needed to, I could always pivot or turn to marketing. Of course, I pointed out to her that I wasn’t settled on which *field* I wanted to be writing in anyway – writing a novel is massively different than, say, writing a movie, or a play, or a piece of television. I could even theoretically get into speech writing, I remember telling her, and she told me that it would probably be a smart idea to have that quiver in my arrow, even if I rarely needed to use it, just to help out a friend in need.

The last part of my conversation with Dr. Igarashi that summer almost threatened to put my entire year into turmoil though. When we were talking about skills to pick up and develop, the good doctor suggested I learn how to shoot. She told me that the gun problem in America was only going to continue to escalate, and that at some point, having a gun on me might be necessary, so I should be trained in how to use it. Now, let me be clear, she never told me I *had* to get a gun, but the good doctor had a knack of talking at you long enough to make you think something was your idea and that she was simply agreeing with you, so a couple of weeks before the fall classes started up, I started taking classes at Bay Area Firearms, learning how to manage and use a handgun effectively. It *will* be relevant later in our story, but I don’t want to spring it on you out of nowhere, so I’m laying the foundation for that right here and now.

I expected Julia to freak out when I first told her about it, but instead, she asked to come along and start taking firearms lessons herself. I certainly wasn't going to tell her that she couldn't do something that I was already doing, so we signed up for a twice weekly class in the evenings. I think the teachers were more comfortable with me once Julia started coming as well, because it was clear the two of us were a couple, and it made me look less the deranged loner type.

Kidding.

Two weeks before we were scheduled to be meeting new arrivals in the week before our second year started, we were allowed to pick our rooms in the year two building. Instead of a single dorm room with no facilities inside, we got little mini apartments, with two bedrooms, a master and a smaller, a living room and our sort of mini-kitchen area. It wasn't anything particularly fancy or big, but it was definitely a step up from our original spartan dorm rooms.

I remember thinking at the time that in addition to the new freshman class, they were probably going to pair us up with another person early on. Julia was meant to be my sexual caretaker, and in reading through the doctor's research, it seemed like the second person to be added to our group was going to be our emotional caretaker, with our physical caretaker showing up in year three and our mental caretaker showing up in the final year. It didn't *quite* work out like that, but at the time, all I had was the doctor's writings to predict on where we were headed next.

The doctor also informed us we were going to be mentors for a freshman alpha/beta pair that was incoming in the fall, that we would be their point of contact for things that they didn't understand, or when they just needed help getting used to all of that.

God, looking back at it all now, I see some many times where I should've been more attentive, should've asked more questions, but maybe if I had, we wouldn't be where we are now...

One of those old axioms people tell you is that you always regret the things you haven't done and that you rarely regret the things you *did* do. I suppose they're right, but in some ways, my time with C.A.R.P. changed me on such a fundamental level that even now, as far removed from it as I am, I still have trouble distinguishing from decisions *I* made from those that Dr. Igarashi made *for* me.

I suppose I made more and more of my own decisions the further along it all went, but at some point, it truly did feel like I didn't have any choices that weren't approved by the good doctor. We'll get there in good time, though. Everything in time. Because I didn't figure out where the bodies were buried until *much* later in our story...