

A Pack Of His Own

a commissioned work by David McTaggart (<http://www.patreon.com/CorruptingPower>)

Chapter One

Everyone had told Will Bowland that the University of Colorado at Boulder would be a great place to get an education, and while he'd felt that they were right from the very moment of his arrival on campus years ago, nobody had told him that it would also be the place where the wheels came off on what he thought he knew about life, and where everything seemed to go in an entirely different direction.

When he'd gone off to college, his first thought was that it would be a chance for him to have a completely new start away from all of the baggage that had hounded him for most of his high school year, but it seemed like for all that was new, some things hadn't changed all that much.

In high school, he'd been a bit of a loner, but he'd gotten along with people well enough. All of his friends, however, had big plans that were on the other side of the country, and so he'd shown up at UC Boulder with the intent on starting over and finding a new place to fit in.

He'd gotten it half right.

What he hadn't anticipated was that there would be large swaths of students coming en masse who already *knew* each other, and that meant they had brought all their cliques with them, none of which Will fit into from the start.

Much like he'd been in high school, he was *adjacent* to a bunch of the groups without really being invited into any of them. He was smart, but not smart enough to hang with the nerds. He was athletic, but not athletic enough to hang with the jocks. He could play guitar, but not well enough to be in a band, not that anyone seemed like they were looking for guitarists anyway.

He wasn't tall enough to stand out, but not short enough for it to be unusual. His mom, before she'd passed away anyway, hadn't really talked much about his dad other than to say he hadn't wanted to stay around after he was bored and that he'd been from Eastern Europe, although she was reliably vague about that any time she was pressed on the issue. Based on the sort of features he'd inherited from the man, he would've guessed his dad was Polish or Ukrainian.

Will's hair was short and deep black, his skin also having a bit of natural tan to it, although he certainly could suntan. His face was long and lean, with a bit of a sharp nose, and eyes that were some odd combination of brown and green, although the coloration never seemed consistent enough for them to be faithfully called hazel. He was a little too doughy to be an athlete, as if that last layer of baby fat had just never grown off him, and yet he also didn't seem like he was especially overweight. He just sort of looked 'thick,' according to classmates. He also tended to grow facial hair a bit faster than he cared for. While other senior boys in high school had been trying to let their facial hair grow in, Will had practically needed to start shaving nearly daily before winter had turned to spring. It had also sprung up thick on his arms and chest in the two years since high school, with even some starting to sprout on his back, much to his annoyance.

He also wasn't what anybody described as good looking, although he wasn't really considered *ugly* either. One of his few friends in high school liked to joke that Will had won "Person Most Likely To Be Forgotten About" for the Yearbook, but that nobody had remembered to include the category. In fact, there had been a number of times when Will had been hanging out with a handful of people, and they'd decided to change locations and everyone had forgotten to let Will know where they were going, not out of any sense of malice, but because genuinely everyone had forgotten that he was *there*.

His mom had been third- or fourth-generation Italian-American, but she had sort of been the end of her family line, without any real relatives to speak of. But she'd been proud of him, proud that even though he hadn't really had that many good friends, he'd been a hard worker, and was determined to go to college, to get an education and to do something with his life.

While he'd never felt comfortable with the idea of becoming a doctor, the idea of helping and

supporting doctors seemed like a good use of his time, so he'd gone to college with the intention of learning what it took to get into health administration, so that he could help coordinate and manage a hospital once he got out of school. It wasn't something a lot of people felt drawn to, but Will felt like he'd be a good match for the job. Administrators needed to be able to see the big, big, *big* picture, and to be able to look past the individual pain and troubles with patients to the underlying systems that would help them tend to as many people's needs as possible.

His mom had been so happy that he was dedicating his life to helping people. He still had the last voicemail she'd left him – almost two years ago now – telling them that she couldn't wait to tell all her friends about her son's first big job at a hospital as soon as he graduated.

She'd been killed by a drunk driver about a week after she'd left the message.

It had shattered Will in half. His mom had left everything to him, but with the express intent that he put everything into building his own life, going in his own direction. It was clear from her will that she had expected it to be decades before it was needed, but that she'd wanted to be prepared for everything. She'd always been smart that way.

So after he'd laid his mom to rest in a local cemetery in Denver, he'd followed his mom's wishes. He'd sold the house, liquidated all of her possessions, and put everything she'd saved up towards his education and his continuing survival. The one thing he *had* bought was a condo on the outskirts of UC Boulder. Once he graduated, he'd sell it back and turn a profit on it, but he knew his mom didn't want him living in campus housing forever, and having a place to call his own let him have somewhere to get away from it all.

Whether he wanted to admit it or not, for the first year or so after his mom's death, Will was hiding, trying to bury the loss of his mother by just being head down and focusing on his schoolwork, oblivious to social interactions, which meant his crucial freshman year of showing up to mixers and interacting with fellow freshman was completely lost, and Will was without a support network.

His freshman year disappeared in a blitz of feedback, noise and struggle, keeping his nose to the grindstone so much that he couldn't see the forest for the trees, and so he was never entirely sure if he was going a thousand miles an hour or simply just one. He was doing well in his classes, and he took comfort in that, and told himself that he just needed to get through college, that he just needed to graduate and that once he was out of school, he'd be in the real world, and that was when he could get his *real* fresh start, because the death of his mother had prevented him from getting one in college.

He didn't leave for summer, because where would he go? This was all there was for Will now, and so he'd picked up a job as a fry cook at a local diner. He didn't *need* the money but it gave him something to focus on and didn't let his mind stay at rest long enough for the trauma of losing his mother so suddenly come bubbling back up at any given moment.

In many ways, his sophomore year was very much a case of 'second verse, same as the first,' with him being so laser focused on his classwork and his studies that he didn't even register with the social groups around him. He didn't make friends and he didn't really talk to people that much outside of classes. Having his own place off campus had been especially enabling in that regard, letting him keep himself segregated from other students, just in terms of social gatherings. He didn't have to hear about the mixers or the parties or know about any of the general hangouts where he might have gotten to know some of the other students. It wasn't like he was *actively* trying to avoid everyone; it had just sort of become second nature so that they didn't see the emotional burden he was carrying with him.

By the time the second summer happened, he was so set in his habits that he hadn't even really thought about it in months. School, work, rest. School, work, rest. It was a nice, predictable pattern, one that was keeping his finances above water, his grades in good (although not exceptional) standings, and his mind away from the solitude he'd enveloped himself with, but somewhere deep inside, he knew that he wasn't living a fulfilling life. It was simply wasting time and doing the work needed to get him past this particular phase and up towards the next phase of his life. The loss of his mother still stung, but it was no longer the all-consuming void it had been for the previous few years. People had told him that

eventually he would wake up and feel like it was time for his life to keep going again, but for years, it had been impossible to believe them, but now it felt like maybe that might have been true, and maybe, just maybe, he was nearly ready to start the next phase of his life.

What he didn't know was that the next phase of his life wasn't what he thought it was, and it was done waiting for him to arrive. It had decided to start up without his knowledge, consent or even understanding. That meant he was going to be off guard for quite some time as he caught up to the status of his life, which was starting to change and morph in ways he couldn't possibly imagine.

For a few months, it was lots of little incidents, none of which would've been much on their own, which was how he was looking at them, rather than the slowly escalating pattern that they were. In hindsight, Will would be able to build the correlation out of them, but when they happened, they all just seemed like one-offs.

The first came within the first week of his junior year's fall semester. He was starting to get into some of the more specific classes he would need to eventually run a hospital, but he also had to take a number of classes that everyone else had to, including that one class that typically sent nearly every sane student running – Intro to Statistics.

Stats was the class that broke spirits and lined tutors pockets for the rest of the year. It was the class that many students took twice, or even three or four times to get through. The professor didn't help. The running joke was that Dr. Bruskin didn't speak great English, had a lisp and had terrible handwriting and awful typing skills. Communicating with him on *any* level took at least three or four times longer than it felt like it should have.

Will knew all that going into it, and that meant he was planning to work twice as hard, with a digital audio recorder brought along to record the lectures and make sure he could replay them later if he couldn't quite understand what the professor was talking about. He figured several students would do that sort of thing, but there weren't any other digital recorders up at the front when the class finally wrapped up its first session.

As he went up to pick up his recorder, he saw there was a big hulking mass blocking his path, dressed in a letterman jacket from some high school, blonde hair and rippling muscles obstructing his ability to get his property. He was sure he'd probably had classes with this prick before, but Will liked to stay focused on his classes, so he hadn't really bothered to learn much about his fellow classmates for the previous years.

“You're a fucking suckup, aren't you nerd?” the jock said to him, stepping to one side at the same time Will did, making sure to keep himself between Will and the recorder. “You're the kind of asshole who's always going out of his way to make life harder for all the rest of us who are just trying to survive this shit.”

“I'm just trying to do my best,” Will said, trying not to look up and into the wall of flesh's eyes. He'd learned early on that engaging in confrontation was often just asking for more trouble. “My education is important to me. That's all.”

“That's all?” the jock said, pushing a hand out to shove into Will's shoulder. “That's all? You're gonna be a fucking pain in my ass, aren't you, shithead?”

“I'll stay in my lane and you can stay in yours,” Will replied. “Just move out of my way and let me get my recorder.”

“No way, bitch,” the jock laughed, shoving a hand back into Will's chest once more. “Maybe I'll just take this recorder for myself and then I'll be the one the teacher thinks is hot shit. Last year, I had to deal with other students fucking up my ability to look good, and I'm done letting someone else fuck up the grading curve.”

“Maybe you should try doing the actual work then,” Will said, finally looking up, “instead of trying to bully other students into doing worse so you don't look like shit.”

“The fuck did you say to me, fuckstain?”

“I said get the hell out of my way, shit for brains!” Will said, his voice rising, feeling like there

was a hint of a growl in it.

The next minute was something he would find himself thinking about a lot in the coming months. It was only sixty seconds, and everything was over before he could really give much consideration to any of it. In fact, while it was all happening, he wasn't entirely sure he was actually doing much in the way of *thinking*. It all felt like it was just instinct, like everything was happening purely on reflexes.

The jock started to take a swing at Will, but it almost felt like the punch was coming in slow motion, and Will felt his body moving easily out of the path of it, his arms both lifting up to grab the jock's arm and shove it off to one side before his right arm dropped down and then windmilled in a solid punch to the jock's solar plexus, punching him hard in the guts. While the jock's swing didn't connect, Will's made the guy at least half a foot taller than him collapse to the ground, clutching at his stomach as he coughed, clearly not having expected to be the one taking the punch instead of the one dishing it out.

It all happened in the blink of an eye, so Will wasn't entirely certain *what* had just happened. His body had moved entirely on its own, and he almost felt like he blacked out in the center of it, except that he'd been awake and aware of what was happening – he simply felt like he hadn't been the one to initiate his actions. He'd heard stories of people's reflexes taking over, but generally that was after years of training and practice, not just on a whim some random day in some random classroom.

Once the jock, whose name was Tanner, started coughing loudly, though, it snapped Will back to the here and now. He hadn't gotten up yet, and was still groaning at Will's feet, as a bunch of other students in the class were sort of pointing and laughing at Tanner now, a few of them moving to pat Will on the back, something he *did not* want, but it felt wrong to push the other students away, as they cheered him and scoffed at the jock.

Will, for his part, just grabbed his tape recorder and headed out of the room, wondering what the hell to make of any of it. When the class reconvened a few days later for the next lecture, Tanner was doing his absolute best to stay as far away as he could from Will, like he was afraid Will was going to come over and punch him again at any moment without warning.

And God help him, Will *liked* the feeling of the jock being afraid of him.

It made him feel like he'd somehow exerted dominance over the classroom, like Tanner had been a rival somehow trying to push forth the idea that *he* was in charge, but the minute it had turned to blows, the jock had taken one punch and backed down, and now he was having to content himself with being in Will's shadow, no longer the star of the room.

There had also been a certain shift in the way the *rest* of the class had treated him, one that Will was *less* sure of. It was as if the rest of the room had felt like Will needed paying attention to. People made it a point to say hello to him, and telling him to have a good weekend. A number of other students had suggested to him that if he needed a group to study with, they'd be happy to have him join theirs. It was unnerving, the sudden rush of popularity he felt, even if it was a bit fleeting. Within a few weeks, people had mostly gone back to ignoring him, although Tanner was still keeping his distance, and one time, Will had actually started moving toward Tanner, just to see the reaction. The jock had gone skittering, almost like a cockroach running when the light had been turned on. Will had only moved a few feet in the boy's direction before he'd made a break for the door, just a few steps shy of a full run.

That seemed to be reflected in some of his other classes across campus, although he never heard anyone specifically reference the incident with Tanner, and in some cases, it was clear they hadn't even heard about it. He'd been able to stay out of the way of people and as such, people hadn't paid him much mind, but now it seemed like he was starting to draw some attention for whatever reason. He wasn't trying to get it, but the attention just seemed to be flowing his way.

It was October when things started to get even stranger.

As a shy and someway pudgy guy, Will had grown accustomed to not being the focus of female attention. It was something he'd made peace with long, long ago, and when his mom had passed away,

it had been easier to just lock himself down mentally and not spend any time thinking about it. That had been pretty consistent up until recently. Since his junior year started, he'd begun to feel like he was getting notice more by the fairer sex, and in some ways, the attention was a little distracting.

It wasn't regular and it wasn't predictable, but at least once a week it felt like some girl would come up and just start randomly talking to him. He thought it felt like they were flirting with him, but he was never quite sure about it, so he never tried to push anything. He tried to engage in conversation, but he never pushed them to continue the conversations at other times, and even a few times he'd sort of politely turned down a girl asking him out for drinks, because he felt like the sensations couldn't be trusted, like maybe it was all some sort of prank where they were going to try and get him to do something he'd regret.

One girl in particular, however, managed to keep pushing the matter again and again, much to his complete surprise and confusion. Her name was Lacey McGuinness, and she was something of a controversial figure around campus.

Lacey stood only 5'4" or so, but the minute she walked in a room, all heads turned her way, both men and women. She dressed to provoke and to draw attention to herself, tightly stretched clothes ripped in strategic places to offer glimpses of slightly paler flesh, like a trailer for a coming movie that everyone has to stop and stare at. She was busty without it being too much, and certainly she enjoyed wearing low cut tops designed to give people a focal point for their eyes. She typically wore her long scarlet red hair in a high ponytail, always in the center, never off to the sides, and she liked to wear short skirts with long, thigh high leather boots (generally with a couple of inches in the heels), so that only a thin strip of flesh beneath pantyhose was visible. The whole look sort of gave off a weird combination of local pep squad girl and leader of the 1st go-go stripper battalion regiment.

One of Lacey's favorite past times was reeling men in only to throw them back. She'd made it known quite publicly that she enjoyed getting men to fawn all over her, but once she had their attention, she usually bored of them quickly, tossing them away to go looking for someone newer, shinier, sparklier. She also generally had a type – she liked them rich, she liked them good looking and she generally liked them to be in nearly insane physical condition.

All of which threw Will for a complete loop the first time she tried hitting on him.

Students couldn't graduate without four semesters of foreign language, and so Will had chosen to take Spanish, simply because it was, next to English, one of the most commonly spoken languages in the world. It hadn't gone especially well for him, but he was doing his best to try and pick up the language, working on it as much as he could, but he found that retaining the vocabulary, in addition to all the other words he needed to learn for his business classes and his medical classes, was challenging. Which meant he generally spent all his time in class trying to focus on the teacher.

This, it turned out, was very much counter to what Lacey wanted from Will, because somewhere since the class had started a few months ago, she'd decided that she wanted to get his attention, and that had just been bouncing off Will repeatedly.

The first time she'd apparently thought she'd start subtle, and that Will would be drawn in like all of the other guys she'd simply had to bat her eyelashes at to get the attention of. That had been a tremendous failure on her part. Sitting next to him in class had completely failed to get him to notice her, so she'd started amping her tactics up. She'd chosen not to wearing pantyhose, so the expanse of flesh was bare and exposed, although Will completely missed it entirely, much to Lacey's annoyance.

When going small didn't work, she tried turning up the heat, showing up to class in a dangerously low cut top that made it look like her tits were just barely contained, and that they could burst free at any moment, and from the moment she entered the room, she tried to keep them pointed in Will's direction, so that if he ever glanced over at her, they would almost certainly be directly in his line of sight. He'd noticed, but he'd also heard stories about Lacey and her tendency to chew men up and spit them out, and had no desire to just be another notch in the man-eater's bedpost, so his gaze didn't linger and he moved his eyes past almost immediately. If he'd been *trying* to get her annoyed, he

couldn't have been doing that much better of a job than he was by simply *not* trying. She was practically *thrusting* her tits at him, and yet, he continued to keep his eyes polite and civil and not engage with the smorgasbord of flesh being presented just to him.

Over the next couple of weeks, more and more students were getting caught up in the little drama that was unfolding before and after class, everyone fascinated to see what sort of escalation Lacey was going to get up to.

When the low cut top hadn't worked like she'd wanted, her next attempt wasn't that much of an escalation, at least openly. The main difference was that she'd come to class not wearing a bra, and the outlines of her nipples were immediately visible through the top. Will didn't give her the satisfaction of letting his gaze linger on her, even when she was doing everything she could to keep herself in his line of sight.

The next time she'd come back to class, it looked far less like she was showing up for a Spanish class than she was showing up for a yoga class. She'd completely decided she was going to keep turning things up until she got *some* kind of reaction out of him. She wasn't wearing a shirt – she had a sports bra instead. She wasn't wearing her normal skirt – she was just wearing Lululemon yoga pants, and they were tight on her ass, which she made a point of practically shoving into him, bumping it against him as she bent over to look into her bag, supposedly trying to find something, but it was pretty clear she was just doing it to keep bumping her butt against him.

And yet, he continued to do his best to pay her no mind.

Which seemed like it royally pissed Lacey off.

Near the end of October, Lacey boiled over and finally lost her ability to keep her chill.

Will was gathering his stuff up to leave from class when Lacey grabbed him by the shoulder, pulling a little on him. “Will, can I talk to you for a minute?”

He sighed, rolling his eyes before turning to look at her. “What do you need, Lacey?”

“Not *here*,” she said. “I just need a couple of minutes. Can I walk you to your next class or something? Please?”

That was the final thing that made him decide to let her crack the door open just a little. She'd said 'please' to him. He'd never heard Lacey say please to *anyone ever*. “I'm going to get lunch before my next class, but you can walk with me over to the taqueria.”

“Thank you *so* much,” she said, smiling at him as widely as she could. She'd chosen track pants today and a zip up track up, although Will could tell that she had on a tanktop underneath it. Once they were half a block from the building their classroom was in, she finally spoke again. “Why aren't you paying any attention to me?”

He clicked his tongue, shrugging a little bit. “Because I know you're just pitch me to the side once you have it, and I don't like being a pawn in someone's little game.”

“I mean, we could have some fun first,” she said, almost like she was caving a little in the hopes that it might make him cave a little himself.

“Yeah, pass,” he laughed. “You may not realize it, but this school isn't as big as you think it is, and the fact that you've blown off a bunch of guys after they've tried to get physical has gotten around. If you weren't sort of egging them and getting them all worked up, everyone would be respectful about it, but a bunch of your ex-boyfriends all have the exact same story to tell – you like to get them all wound up and eager to fuck and then seem to take great joy in leaving them high and dry, turned on and blue balled practically to the point of hurting.”

“I mean, yeah,” she said with a giggle. “Sometimes. But they all just wanted to be the first one to say they got some from the most popular girl in school.”

“You're *not* the most popular girl at UCB, Lacey.”

“Whatever. Anyway, they're just pissed they couldn't tell their friends we fucked. But what if I tell you that you wouldn't have that problem?”

“I'd tell you that I *already* don't have that problem,” he chuckled. “Because I'm not trying to

fuck you.”

“But you *could* is what I'm saying.” He glanced over and she was biting her bottom lip, and he could swear he could actually smell her fear in the air. “You could fuck me. If you wanted.”

“If I wanted?”

“I want you to, okay?”

“Bullshit,” he told her. “If that was true, you wouldn't be so shy about it.”

“Yeah, well, you're kinda the first guy I thought might ever fucking say *no* to me, alright? And that's pretty fucking scary,” she sighed, her fingers curling into nervous little balls at her side. “I'm used to being the hot shit girl on campus that all the guys look over at and drool, and it's been nice, knowing that when I finally decided I wanted to fuck somebody, all I'd have to do is wave in their direction, and then shit would be on. But now that I've decided, I can't even get him to fucking look at me while I'm talking to him...”

“Because I don't *believe* you, Lacey,” he said, stopping to turn and look at her. “It's another game or another prank or something and I don't have fucking time for it, okay? I'm not some pimply little nerd who's gonna cream his jeans just because you're pretending to be—”

He was in the middle of a harangue, laying into her when she finally just threw her arms around him and mashed her lips against his as hard as she could, both of her hands on his body, one on his back, the other on the back of his neck, keeping him from drawing back as she invested as much possible desire as she could into that kiss, her tongue storming past the gates of his lips into his mouth, her body giving tiny little whimpers and moans, as the kiss held for a good long minute before she finally pulled back, keeping her searing light blue eyes focused directly on his. “I'm not fucking *pretending*, okay?” she whimpered. “I want you to *fuck* me, and you can do whatever you want with me, as long as you just fuck me, and fuck me *good*. I can't fucking describe it, but there's just something about you that I fucking have to have, that I fucking need, that I can't fucking stand being without, and if that means I have to practically be a total slut and just fucking throw myself at you, then that's what I'm gonna do, okay, Will?”

It was in that moment, looking into her eyes, seeing that intense longing there, that he started to wonder if she might just be being honest with him. So he decided to put it to the test. “Let me see your phone,” he said, holding his hand out.

She nearly fumbled her phone to the floor, she was fishing it out so fast to unlock it and hand it to him.

He took the phone from her and put his phone number and his address into her contact information. “I'm going to go and get lunch, then I have classes until 5, and I should be back at the house by 6 pm. If you really, truly mean it, you can be on my front doorstep at 6 pm, and I'm probably gonna test and see if you're full of shit before anything gets started, so if this *is* a prank or some fucking thing like that, you should just not come by, got it?”

She took the phone back from him and then jumped up, wrapping her legs around his waist, and her arms around his neck as she leaned in to kiss him again, making sure he could feel the heat of her crotch pressing hard against his, practically writhing her body against his before she uncoiled her legs and broke the kiss. “Whatever it takes,” she said. “No fucking hesitation. I'll be there.”

It was about that point that Will started to consider she might be on the up and up.

For the rest of the day's classes, he found himself wondering if she was really going to come by his house once he was done for the day, exactly how far she was going to take this prank, or even if it might actually not *be* a prank.

The last class of his day, when he was walking out, he saw Tanner, the jock desperately scurrying to get out of his way, which made Will smile a little bit. He'd sort of been expecting Tanner to try and nut up and take another cheap shot at him some time, but apparently Will had broken some sense of resistance inside of Tanner and put the athlete back onto his heels, always nervous about Will's attention turning his way again.

The walk off campus back to his house was mostly quiet and Will kept preparing to be disappointed, but when he finally could see the front door of his condo, sure enough, there was Lacey, her fiery red mane not pulled into a tail for the moment, her hands rubbing together, as she was clearly dealing with the cool, crisp autumn air.

“Huh,” Will said, amusement clearly in his voice. “You actually came.”

“No, I showed up,” she giggled, trying to give him a winning smile. “Hopefully you can make me cum soon enough.”

“You could've gotten nailed by pretty much any boy on campus,” Will said, unlocking his front door. “Why me?”

“You're what I want,” she replied with a shrug, about ready to walk into the condo, when Will moved to block her passage in the doorway.

“Not good enough,” he said. “Try again.”

She pouted, stamping one foot a little. “I don't know, okay? You're... there's just something about you. Something raw. Something primal. I just... I just can't help myself around you... I feel myself getting horny all the fucking time... it's hard to think...”

“And you'll do anything I say?”

She grinned a little bit, nodding, licking her lips. “That was the deal.”

“Then show me your tits. Right here.” The position of his condo's front door meant it would be highly unlikely that anyone else would get an eyeful, but she wouldn't entirely know that. He expected *this* was going to be the challenge that made her balk and back down, but instead she unzipped the track top and then reached down and pulled up the tank top to expose a pair of perfectly swelled tits, dusted with a smattering of light brown freckles, the nipples hard from cold or excitement or both, they and the areola a deep, smokey shade of pink. “Well, damn. You didn't hesitate at all,” he said, stepping aside as she headed into his condo. He stepped into his place and closed the door behind them.

“I told you,” she purred, moving into his living room before heading to the windows, closing the blinds, so that passersby wouldn't just be able to look in and get an eyeful, as she shed the track top and the tanktop, leaving her topless in his living room. “Whatever it takes. As long as you fuck me.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his cellphone. “And what if I say I want a video of you saying that all, so I've got proof of it?”

She reached her hands behind her, folding her arms behind her back to make her tits pop out even more as she wiggled them in his direction. “As long as you're not showing the video all around campus, I'll do it.”

“Maybe I won't, maybe I will,” he said. “You'll just have to trust me with it.” He started recording video on his phone, it pointing at the floor, as he slowly started to turn it up to face towards her, giving her plenty of time to cover up or turn away, but she didn't, keeping her blue eyes focused on him the whole time.

“My name's Lacey McGuinness,” she started as she began walking slowly closer towards him. “And I know I have a reputation on campus as a horrible cocktease. And I own that. I've earned it. I *do* like teasing boys and their cocks, but there's something about Will Bowland that I can't help myself around. I want him to fuck me. I want him to fuck me hard and rough and to cum inside of my little cunt until I can feel his jism dribbling down the inside of my thighs, my belly feeling swollen from how much spunk he's shot up inside of me.” She dropped down to her knees and started unbuttoning his jeans. “I want him to raw dog me and claim me like the alpha he is... God, I want that so fucking bad...” she moaned, fishing out his cock before shoving her head down onto it like being away from his prick was actually causing her pain.

It had been years since Will had gotten a blowjob, junior year of high school when Shelly Otis had gone for it after a party, sucking him off in the back of Will's car after the two had found themselves making out for the better part of an hour. Shelly hadn't been all that good at it, but she'd been determined, and she'd gotten a load out of him pretty quickly, because, well, Will hadn't really had

any sexual experiences before that. He hadn't had any since, that much was certain. And the next day Shelly had just started avoiding him. He'd never gotten a definitive answer about why Shelly had either blown him or why she'd gone dark on him afterwards, but it had left a bitter taste in his mouth.

Lacey, on the other hand, showed absolutely no signs of reservation or holding back, as she thrust her face down as far as she could onto his cock, her tongue doing its best to slather his shaft with spit, turning her eyes up to look at him, as if daring him to keep the camera focused on her while she worked, and he hadn't pulled it away, but as she kept shoving the tight ring of her lips down to the base of his dick, he finally stopped the recording and tossed his phone aside, which made Lacey pop her mouth off his shaft and giggle. "I don't wanna swallow your load this time, though, because I wanna feel it all up in my guts," she said, stroking his shaft. "I wanna feel you nut in my cunt."

Will was more than a little nervous he was going to disappoint her, since he was a virgin, but he refused to let that hold him back. So he decided fake it 'til you make it.

He yanked her up to her feet before spinning her around, pushing her forward so that her knees fell on top of his couch, her arms resting on the top of the back of it as she squealed in delight. He then reached down and yanked her track pants and the thong he found beneath them down to her knees, exposing her slippery and eager snatch to his eyes, a small patch of coppery curls peeking out from the top of it, as she did her best to spread her knees apart as much as she could, reaching one hand beneath her to take two fingers and part the lips of her pussy for him, looking back over her shoulder at him, nodding eagerly at him.

Within seconds, he was standing behind her, getting the head of his dick lined up before just immediately shoving it as deep as he could into her twat, feeling that velvety warm glove envelope him, squeezing him in molten sweetness.

"Fuck yeah, daddy," she groaned back at him. "You feel so fucking good."

He didn't want to let on that it was his first time, so he made sure to keep in motion, sliding back before thrusting forward again, both of his hands holding onto her hips, even while her fingertips rubbed at her clit and occasionally tickled his balls.

Whatever tempo he'd picked, it was one she must've been enjoying, because her moans and caterwauls kept coming quickly and enthusiastically, her hips trying to thrust her ass back into him some, but his position mostly let him set the pace.

On a lark, he decided to grab a fistful of her bright red hair and give a yank, wondering if she would ask him to stop. Instead he was rewarded with one of the most whorishly sexual moans he'd ever heard in his life. "Fuck yes," she pleaded. "Toss me around. Claim me. Take me as your bitch. Fucking mark me. Use me and stopper me up with all your fucking cum..."

He felt like his body was almost moving of its own accord now, and he could feel that release steaming up inside of his balls, so he was *damn* sure he was going to make sure she came with him. He started truly plowing her, each slam of his hips into her ass making his balls swat against her clit and fingers, and he could feel her starting to clench and spasm around his dick, as she began to howl at him.

"Oh fuck, you fucker, you marvelous fucker, I'm fucking cumming, holy fuck I'm cumming so fucking hard, cum in me cum in me, cum cum cum CUM!"

Just as he felt his balls draw in, he suddenly felt a sharp compulsion, which he indulged in, leaning forward to place his teeth against the base of her neck, biting down hard at the exact moment his cock began to pump what had to be an insanely giant backlog of spunk inside of her cunt, his teeth breaking the skin enough to draw a bit of blood, and instead of her shrieking at him to stop, he instead felt her clamp down even harder, her legs shaking quickly, a filthy moan filling his ears like his cum was filling up her pussy.

"Jesus Christ," Lacey whimpered. "You've totally ruined my fucking hole. I feel like I'm going to fucking slosh if I move..."

"Sorry about the bite," Will said, only to see her shake her head wildly, her tongue licking her

lips at him.

“Don't be... It marks me as yours. I fucking love it, although I should probably put a bandage on it, just to be safe...”

“So now that you got your go with me, you going to turn and run?” he asked her.

She turned to grab his head, pulling him into a firm kiss. “You own me, Will, and you gotta keep destroying me like this every chance you fucking get... god I feel so fucking warm...”

Something was changing inside of Will, that much he knew, but *what* was happening to him remained a mystery...