

Mr. Magpie – Part Two: Joy
by Corrupting Power (<http://www.patreon.com/CorruptingPower>)

Part Two – Joy

The next seven months, I saw either Madi or Saffi once a week, and they always brought Alistair in tow with them. I felt bad for the guy at first, but after a few weeks, he began confessing every sin of his life to me until I told him to stop, and the guy was an endless well of shitty behavior. Nothing completely criminal, at least not that he confessed to me, but if there was any chance he could fuck someone over by making a decision, that was *always* what he was going to do.

He'd called ICE on the family maid because she'd turned down his advances and wouldn't fuck him. When his best friend got arrested because he was holding onto a bag with Alistair's drugs in it, Alistair claimed his best friend was a dealer to ensure that he personally didn't suffer any repercussions for his actions. And that was supposed his best fucking friend. He'd tormented and bullied kids at every school he'd ever gone to. He'd cheated on every girlfriend he'd ever had. It was like a neverending, bottomless pit of shit and cruelty. It made it much easier for me to tolerate his ever present observing eyes, even if I didn't like it. Some people are built to be an asshole, but that's not me.

Which, it turned out, was fine, because while Saffi mostly just wanted to ignore his presence, Madi absolutely enjoyed the shit out of punishing her ex-boyfriend. It felt like Alistair just became a stand in for every person who had ever treated her terribly in her life, and the fact that Alistair agreed that he deserved all of it and worse just seemed to push her to push *him* further and further into his shame and penance.

I tried going a week without calling either of the girls, just to see what would happen, and I thought I was getting away with it, but come that Saturday morning, they showed up at my house together and refused to let me turn them away until I'd used at least one of them. I thought about trying to push it, but when Saffi began stripping on my front porch, in what could've easily been in view of the neighbors if not for the hedges around my door, I ushered the three of them inside and gave in. It was the last time I tried arguing with them about it.

The strangest part of the whole thing was the way it all ended. The last time we had together, both Madi and Saffi were incredibly sweet to me, making a full day of it, taking loads of pictures and videos on my cellphone, even making Alistair work as a camera man in our own little private porno for a day. Instead of torturing Alistair, the two girls were focused on making sure we had a great time together, and Alistair just sort of drifted into the background, as if they wanted be to remember how good they were to me, instead of how horrible a shit Alistair was. The girls insisted on staying the night, curling up on either side of me as we all fell asleep.

When I woke in the morning, they were all gone, and true to their word, I haven't heard *from* them or even *about* them since. I tried doing some internet research – I'm not completely useless when it comes to those kinds of things – but after a day or so, it dawned on me... I didn't know anything about them for a *fact*.

I didn't know their last names, and, I realized, I didn't know that the names they'd given me when they showed up on my doorstep the first day *were* their *actual* names. I didn't know where they lived. Uber didn't give us records of passenger's names, and I hadn't remembered what Alistair's actual name was on the day, and now seven months had passed and I didn't have anything to go on.

The phone numbers were dead ends, and the lines had been disconnected. I even tried running reverse image searches on their faces, taken from some of the copious photos and videos they'd left me as mementos, but those turned up dry as well. There are nearly eight million people in the Bay Area, and I still have no idea of those three remain among them, or if they've since relocated back out into the wider world.

I wondered for a long while whatever became of them.

I still wonder.

As soon as the trio disappeared from my life, I started pondering when the next secret was going to drop, but it seemed like things went silent for a while. My life had gone through a number of changes during the months the girls had been in my life. I stopped driving for Uber when I began to find contract work for my skills as a modeler and animator again, maybe three months after Alistair had first appeared on my doorstep. Nothing permanent, mind you, but enough gigs here and there that I was making enough to keep my head above water, and that gave me the freedom to get away from the horrible model that Uber was presenting as a 'business' and not 'exploitation,' which it absolutely was. I'd done the math, and taking into account gas and mileage, Uber was paying less than minimum wage, generally. And Uber considered the wear and tear on my car as "my problem" not theirs. So fuck them for that. On top of that, some asshole had complained that I didn't have free bottles of water in my car, and rated me 1 star because of it. A single rating meant next to nothing, but it was yet another nail in the coffin after why I left. I could go on for hours, but I won't.

Despite how definitively I'd been sure that Mrs. Choi had gifted me some sort of magic, as the months passed with no second secret coming, I began to think that maybe it was all just one sort of weird, freaky coincidence.

God, looking back, I wish I hadn't been so complacent upfront. Or, maybe not complacent, I guess, but observant? Later on, I would know exactly when secrets were arriving, but at this point, I hadn't figured that out yet.

Her house, interestingly enough, hadn't sold yet, and I'd contacted her real estate agent to ask if he knew how to get in touch with her, and he said while he could pass on messages and mail to her if need be, he wasn't to give her new residence out to anyone, for privacy reasons. That irked me, even if I understood why.

Any answers I wanted regarding this were going to come on their own time, not on mine.

I did a little bit of research into the magpie nursery rhyme, but despite how well known the verse was (and how there were multiple versions of it), there wasn't a lot in terms of what any of it meant, beyond the fact that magpies were often considered bad luck, and that the number of them you saw had some sort of mystical importance.

I've always hated magic numbers.

As months turned into seasons, my obsession with the rhyme started to fade as I wondered if maybe that had been all there was to it, and that what I'd experienced was all there was to it. I'd later look back and think trying to write it off was a one-and-done was one of the stupidest things I'd done over the course of my life.

Nearly seven months after my last day with Madi, Saffi and Alistair, my second secret arrived.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and I was at home playing *The Witcher 3* when there was a knock on my door. I debated not answering it, but the house is far up enough in the hills that generally someone at the door was either Amazon dropping off a package or a neighbor asking to borrow something. Very rarely it would be somebody's daughter or granddaughter trying to sell Girl Scout Cookies, but that seemed unlikely since it was January of 2016. (I can never remember when 'that time of year' is, no matter how much I enjoy the cookies.)

I stepped away from my Xbox One and headed to the door, opening it to find a very unexpected and highly familiar face on the other side, even if it was one I hadn't seen in almost a decade. "Freya?" I said, unsure of what the hell was going on.

"Hey Raf," she said, that easy going smile melting any resistance I had in second, as she pushed a long curly strand of blonde hair back over her shoulder. "Can I come in?"

Even though it had been nine years since I'd seen Freya Thompson, I wasn't ever going to forget her. I'm only 5'7", and Freya is a good foot taller than I am, even way back when. She never lorded it over me, but I always felt a little small next to her.

Freya had been my girlfriend my junior and senior years of college, and I'd hoped that we were going to stay together, but a few weeks after college graduation, she told me she had gotten a job offer

in Copenhagen, and that she was going to take them up on it, even though we'd been talking about moving to California together.

We'd both been interviewing at a lot of Californian companies, and I knew she had offers from several companies in Los Angeles and in the San Francisco Bay Area, but she'd decided that being an investment banker in Denmark was what she wanted to do, and whatever she and I had (or what I *thought* we had, I guess) wasn't strong enough to keep her from that.

She broke up with me that night, and moved all her stuff out and over to her friend's place the next day. A week later, I had the offer from Arcadia Games, and I relocated from Chicago to Oakland in the summer of 2005, which put me only about an hour's drive away from my grandfather, Arturo, my Mom's dad. He and I became good friends, and when he passed away in 2010, he left me his house in the San Jose hills, which I moved into, somewhat cementing my home in the bay.

Freya and I hadn't spoken since the night she moved out.

"I, uh, yeah, sure, I guess?" I said, stepping in so that she could move into the house. "What the hell are you doing here? Shit, how did you even *find* me?"

She laughed a little bit, that joyous chiming sound like freshly fallen autumn leaves, as she moved into the house, heading towards the living room. "I originally came here to ask your grandfather if he knew where to find, so imagine my surprise when I found out you were living here now. I'm sorry he's gone, but he lived a good life. How old was he when he passed?"

"Ninety-two, although the neighbors thought he couldn't have been a day over seventy, even up to his last days," I said, looking her over.

Freya had put on a little weight, but it looked good on her, because back in college she'd been rail thin, and I'd always worried that she was starving herself. She had on a long navy summer skirt, loose and billowing, like it wanted to flap and dance in the wind, and a black top that left most of her arms and toned belly exposed, revealing a pierced navel, which was a new addition since I'd seen her last. She had a large satchel-like purse that could have easily concealed a small dog or a large handgun. Even with the heavy, chunky black rimmed glasses on her beautiful face, she looked more like a yoga instructor going out to visit a crafts fair than the corporate banking raider I suspected she still was. She still wore her natural blonde hair long, leaning slightly more towards curly than wavy but still mostly in that mid range. I also noticed a diamond ring on her finger with a stone large enough to have cost a small fortune for some lucky man.

"That's a good run," she said with a warm smile, her blue eyes still as bright and shining as ever. "So how have you been?"

"Some days are better than others," I said, quoting one of my favorite song lyrics at her. "I was *fun*employed for about half a year or so, but before that, I'd been with the same company since I moved out here. Now I've been getting regular contract work, but no steady employment, so good money, but no benefits and no job security. That's life in the games industry, though, I guess. I see you're doing well. That must have set your husband back quite a pretty penny."

"Fiancé, actually," she said with a slight pip of laughter. "And yes, I imagine it very much did, although I couldn't bring myself to ask. "You'd like him, Raf," she said, looking directly at me. "His name is Christof and he's originally from Germany. In fact, he's sort of the reason I'm here."

"Oh, how's that? We both know you haven't been hiding some secret love child from me all these years," I said, maybe a shade more bitterly than I would've liked.

When I was thirteen, I was diagnosed with testicular cancer, and to prevent it from spreading, they had removed one of my testes. I'd gone through a yearly screening since, but the cancer had never returned, and they felt comfortable declaring me cancer free. I'd had a prosthesis installed, so I felt more normal and appeared more normal, but the removal of one of my balls had lowered my sperm production significantly. While most men with only one testicle were able to father children, my doctor had repeatedly told me that it would be highly unlikely that I would be able to get a woman pregnant, as my one remaining testicle wasn't producing a normal amount of sperm.

I made peace with that when I was in high school.

It had been something of a sticking point between me and Freya, as she desperately wanted to be a mother, and I'd had to tell her about the medical problems that would probably keep me from being a father, without a lot of luck or a significant amount of medical help. The subject had only come up a couple of months before we'd graduated, and I always suspected it played a bigger part in our split than she wanted to let on.

"That's harsh," she said with a soft sigh. "Probably fair, but still harsh, I guess. I know it did have a bit of an impact on our relationship, but I couldn't pass up the job and that made more of a difference than anything else. And you were never going to move to Copenhagen, were you?"

"I dunno," I said with a sigh. "You never asked, did you?"

"I knew what the answer was going to be," she replied. "The video games industry doesn't have a good inroad into Denmark."

"I think by that point in our relationship, I deserved to be asked, don't you?"

She shrugged a little bit, but then nodded. "Looking back on it? Yeah, I made mistakes. I'll own that. I was young, and I was only thinking about myself, which wasn't fair to you. We were in a relationship, and I should've taken your feelings into account and I should've talked to you before I made any decision. It's easy to see that now, looking back, all the mistakes I made, like leaving and never calling or checking on how you were doing. You could've called me as well, though."

"By leaving without saying goodbye, you made it pretty clear you didn't want to talk to me ever again, so I was respecting your wishes," I told her.

"Everyone's an idiot at that age. We were just getting out of college," she said. "We weren't adults; we were barely more than giant toddlers."

"Why are you *here*, Freya?" I asked her, hoping I wasn't coming across as *too* rude, but this woman I'd spent two years emotionally invested in had left me without so much as a hug, and now, nearly a decade later, she had walked back into my life and acted like the break wasn't as big a deal as I remembered it being.

"So I'm getting married in a few weeks," she said. "And instead of having bachelor and bachelorette parties where we do all sorts of stupid shit as our friends goad us on, things we have to keep from one another, Christof and I came up with... something different. Can I just show you?"

I had no idea what she was talking about. "I mean, I guess? Am I going to be angry?"

"I truly don't know, Raf..." she sighed, reaching into her back to fish out her cellphone, a large screen iPhone. She unlocked it, tapped on it a few times, then stood up, walked over and held it out to me. "I hope not. Here."

I took the phone from her hand, and she remained standing there. On the screen there was a movie of her and the guy I assumed was her fiancé, Christof, sitting on a very expensive looking couch. At that point, I figured I should just watch the damn thing, so I pushed play, and the video started to play, with Christof speaking first.

"Hey, I'm Christof and this is my soon-to-be wife Freya, and we're recording this video for exactly two people – my high school sweetheart Lara, and Freya's college boyfriend Rafael. Hi Lara!"

"Hi Raf!" the video version of Freya said to me, waving.

"Before we get married, we wanted each of us to have one last taste of someone other than the person we're going to be with the rest of our lives, and so we wanted to go back to the best lover each of us had before now."

"For me, that's obviously you, Raf," she said to me on the video, "and for Christof, that's Lara. We're each going to have one night where we have anything goes sex, Lara with Christof and Raf with me, so that we don't enter our marriage with any regrets."

"It is sort of a one-night-only hall pass, I guess is the expression," Christof said, his voice lightly tinged with a German accent. "And it is not being unfaithful, because we both know about it. In fact, it is happening at the same moment."

“You see, while I'm playing the video for you, Raf, Christof is also playing this video for Lara, across the globe,” video Freya said to me.

“And we are going to have a little competition,” Christof said with a smile. “Who breaks first. You see, Freya and I have a bet, who is better at seducing. If I can convince Lara to touch me first, I win. If Freya can convince Raf to touch her first, she wins. The prize isn't of any concern to either of the two of you, but I do hope you'll give me a fighting chance, Raf.”

“And I hope you won't make it easy on him, Lara,” Freya's image said on the phone.

“Once it's settled, assuming you're both interested, both pairs can have up to twelve hours of no-holds-barred, whatever-you-want sex,” Christof said, “as long as neither party gets bruised or broken, since we're getting married in a week, and a black eye or bruising around the throat wouldn't be a good look for that.”

“Most importantly, it's *just* sex,” Freya's recording said. “No need for emotional attachments or worrying about saying the wrong thing, because there are *no* consequences for you afterwards, for either of you.”

“Neither of you have been part of our lives for quite some time now,” Christof's image said to me, and to this Lara person, somewhere else in the world, I guess. “So neither of you are invited to the wedding, but if you want to be friends again after this, that would be just fine. On the other hand, if you want us to disappear from your lives again, we will both happily do that as well.”

“Just think, Lara,” Freya's voice on the video said. “You can do whatever you want to with him, however you want to. Anything he didn't want to try back in high school, it will be a *joy* for him to do.”

Joy? I thought for just a moment before nodding in silent recognition. Right. *Two for joy.*

“And the same for Freya, Raf,” Christof told me. “She's always spoken fondly of you as a partner, but I know she has a couple of hangups, and I bet you'd take great *joy* in making her get past them. This is your chance for that.”

I knew what he was talking about, of course, because as much fun as Freya had been, she'd also been something of a prude in the bedroom, wanting to stick to just a couple of basic positions, and never once giving me head while asking for it all the time. When I heard the Chris Rock bit about women who don't give head – “They still *make* you?!” he'd said – it clicked with me hard. Hell, she didn't even like doggy position the couple of times we tried it. Missionary and cowgirl were her two speeds and damned be asking for anything else.

“Just remember, Christof and I have a wager riding on this, so the longer you can resist, the better it'll be for the winner. We can touch you, but can't take any of your clothes off without your permission, and as soon as one of you two touches your partner sexually, that person loses. So hold out as long as you can,” Freya's video double said. “And thank you for giving us a chance at closure, with one last night of intense passion. Give him hell, Lara! Good luck!”

“And good luck to you, Raf,” Christof said to me. “I know you're a man of steel. Be strong.” He raised a fist in solidarity to me, as the image froze, reaching the end of the video.

“So are you game?” Freya said, taking the phone back from my hands. “If not, I need to let Christof know and move on to my second choice. I just got a text message from him saying Lara's agreed to it.”

It was ridiculous, to be sure, but there was also something about getting over someone by getting them under you one last time, and maybe, I realized, I'd never fully gotten over being abandoned by Freya, just as college ended.

Fuck it, I thought. I didn't really have anything to lose.

“Yeah, hell with it,” I said. “Why not.”

“Okay one sec,” she said, tapping a button to make a call on her phone, holding it up to her ear. “He's game. Ready then? Three. Two. One. Begin.” She hung up the phone and tossed it onto my coffee table as she moved closer to me with a wicked smile.

The thing I will tell you about Freya is that she has always known how to use her size to her

advantage, to make people feel intimidated by her presence. She was 6'7" and played basketball while we were in college. She was good too, with a long reach and strong sense of what was going on around her at all times. The first year or so of us dating, she would lean over me during arguments, to get me to back down quicker, but by the time we were seniors, I'd grown immune to that trick, and I was pleased to see that whatever resistance I'd built up to that particular mannerism of hers, it was still holding inside of me.

"I know you're thinking you want to resist as long as possible, Raf, but believe me when I tell you, I *am* going to win this, whether you like it or not," she said, that overly confident smile I remembered all too well making its reappearance. "So you might as well touch me so we can move on to the fun parts."

This *was* going to be therapeutic, I thought to myself, as I slid my hands off the armrests of the chair and folded them behind my back. "Jesus, Frey, you always did *love* to hear yourself talk, as if the sound of your own voice was the greatest music you could ever hear."

She smiled at me, taking off her glasses, setting them on the coffee table next to her voice, before turning her gaze back at me. "I seem to recall you liking it a great deal yourself, Mister. I know how dirty words make your cock twitch. I bet they still do," she said, reaching forward to smooth one of her hands along my cheek before running her fingertips through my scraggly black goatee. "I remember how I wouldn't let you grow facial hair when we were dating, because I thought it would be all scratchy when you were going down on me."

"A favor you never returned, I'd like to remind you."

She giggled, trying to sound like the twenty-year old girl I'd met in sophomore English composition class. "I'm a good little cocksucker these days, though. If you want, you can just push my head down and give it a go."

"Or I can not fall for your obvious ploy," I said, rolling my eyes. Freya had always overestimated her ability to manipulate people. "No dice. Maybe later, though."

"C'mon Raf," she said, her fingertips trailing along my collarbone slowly. "Wouldn't you love to just hold my head down, force your cock into my throat and just hold it there until I'm coughing around it, my eyes all watering up? You can fuck my face like you've always wanted to, make me gasp and plead for air, all the while I'm still begging for more?" She placed her other hand on my knee and smoothed it along my thigh. "I bet if I rub against this cock, I'm gonna find it nice and hard, aren't I?"

"You can't take my clothes off, Freya," I warned her. "Those are your rules, remember?"

"I can't, but I can rub your cock through them," she said with a giggle. "That's technically within the rules."

I unfolded one of my arms from behind my back and grabbed the wrist of her hand on my cock, pulling it over to the arm of the chair, holding it there forcibly. "Then I suppose so is this, isn't it? In fact, I could just tie you up and leave you there for as long as I wanted, and that's not touching you sexually."

She stuck her tongue out at me, rolling her eyes. "You're no fun. Fine, I won't touch your cock until after the game, although I might rub up against it every so often." She turned to rub her ass against my crotch for just a minute, giving it a little bounce before standing up again, pulling her hand back from mine only long enough to drag her fingernails across my chest through my t-shirt. "We were good together, Raf, and with what I've learned over the years, we could be so much better. I can be whatever you want."

"What if I don't want *you*, Freya?" I said. I knew that in the end, I was going to give in. The years had only made her more beautiful, and knowing it would be a nothing off limits, no consequences fling was certainly appealing, but I wasn't going to make it easy on her. The heartache over the years had built in some resentment inside me that was doubling as armor. "What if nothing you do can make me want to touch you?"

She rolled her eyes again, grinning at me. "Give me a *little* credit, Raf," she said, sliding her

fingertips along the back of my head. "I'm just getting started, and I'd like to think I'm pretty good at getting guys all worked up, what with my strong thighs, my luscious ass and my firm tits. Ooo! I don't know if you noticed, but they're bigger now than when we were together. I know you always tried to make me feel better about having small tits, but after I moved to Copenhagen and I found out how cheap it was to get them done, I got them enhanced, so they're nice and big now. I even shelled out a good amount of money to make sure they were as good as possible. No scarring, they feel natural, they aren't too big for my frame... now I'm just a pretty girl with the size of tits I always should've had growing up. You want to touch them?" Her fingertips were toying with her top.

"I'm not going to, Freya," I said, starting to see the fun in the game, especially watching her pout every time I told her no. "Not for a good long while."

"Well, I guess there's no reason I can't show them to you," she said, grabbing her top to pull it aside, her tits dropping one at a time like strikes on a drum, dum dum, and she was right, they were much fuller than they had been in college. Back in college, Freya had wavered between an A cup and a B cup, depending on how her diet was for the particular month. Now she was easily a C cup, if not a D cup, and they did look entirely natural, large heavy swells of soft flesh capped with dark pink stiff nipples, one of them a little bit longer than the other, like maybe it had been pierced at some time, but wasn't any more. "See?" She made a hand bra for herself, clutching her large breasts in her fingers, squeezing on the massive mounds, a delighted look crossing her face. "And they're still, like, totally sensitive. I was worried I wasn't going to be able to get a nipplegasm after they did it, but I still absolutely can." She licked her lips slowly, then brought one of her breasts up to her mouth, proving she could flick her tongue against it before letting the mound fall. "You remember that time you made me cum just from playing with my nipples while we were at my little sister's play? God, I felt like such a dirty whore, trying to swallow my moans, biting down on my sweater even as you were twisting my nip and making me cream my jeans. I had to wear my sweater around my waist, 'cause I was afraid the dampness would seep through and show."

"Hey, you *bet* me I couldn't get you to do it, because we were surrounded by people, and you'd be too nervous," I scolded. "That's what you said to me, remember?"

"Oh, I remember," she said with a nod. "And I remember I stiffed you on the bet too, because I was *sooo* confident you wouldn't be able to do it, I agreed to let you fuck me bent over something..."

"...which you never let me do..."

"...which I never let you do... but you could do it now... You could bend me over this coffee table and ram me until my knees go weak... You could shove me down on all fours on your couch and ram me from behind... whenever you touch me, your twelve hours of 'anything goes' starts, so why are you waiting?" Her fingertips were tugging her skirt upwards a little bit now, swishing it around as it lifted to expose her calves. "You can grab this, flip it over my head and pound away..."

"Except that I'm not going to give you the satisfaction of winning, Freya," I told her.

"Come *onnnnnn*, Raf," she whined. "Don't you wanna fuck me? I know I wanna fuck you... that's why I'm here... other than Christof, you were the best fuck I ever had..."

"And that's why you're losing, Freya," I told her. "Just like back then, it's all 'you you you' and never about me, what I want, what I need, what I'd like." I shook my head with a smile. "God, you always *were* like this, weren't you? Unable to think about anyone other than yourself for any length of time, even if you really wanted something. Shit, I can do this all damn day..."

She frowned for a second, the mask of unbreakable confidence shattering in that instant, as she looked at me with genuine concern, as it dawned on her that she was *entirely* capable of losing this little game with her husband-to-be, and that I wasn't the pushover I'd been in college.

She may not have changed, but I certainly had.

"Then what do *you* want, Raf?" she said, deciding to see if it was in her to switch tactics. "Do you want a woman who pushes you around? Do you want a whimpering little virgin, so shy, but so willing for you to take her? Do you want a wanton, desperate slut, so blind with lust for you that she'll

do anything, say anything, just to get your affection? What is it you want out of a woman, Raf?"

I chuckled, nodding my head. "Yeah, that's what I figured. You don't even *know* what I want, Freya, because you thought I should just consider myself lucky to be with you. So we always ate where you wanted to eat, watched the shows you wanted to watch, listened to the music you wanted to listen to, but you never bothered to learn the things that made *me* happy, never took the time to figure out how to give instead of receive."

"Raf," she whined. "Even if you aren't going to do it, tell me what it is... you're right. I was a shitty girlfriend, and I didn't care about you like you cared about me. I see that now. Shit, maybe that was the point of all this, that both Christof and I confront the mistakes we made in the past so we don't make them moving forward, because I don't know enough about what he likes, what turns him on. So help me learn, help me learn how to make amends and how to better please a partner instead of thinking like a stuck up bitch the whole time."

"Asking isn't enough, Freya," I told her, shaking my head. "It's a start, and shit, maybe it's where *you* need to start, but you need to be able to learn how to read your partner, how to spot the subtle signals. Shit, do you even know what turns Christof on, because I don't think you ever figured out what turns *me* on. Maybe you just lucked into it from time to time."

She groaned, her face scrunching up in frustration, as she moved to sit on my lap, her legs on either side of me, just inches between her titflesh and my face, as if she knew pressing her boobs against my mouth would be a step too far. "Then *tell me, Raf*, so I can do that! I'm trying to turn you on, and I just don't get it!"

I decided to help her out and give her at least a starting point. "It's real simple, Freya. I even played a song around the house all the time, hoping you would get the idea. Like Cheap Trick said, 'I want *you* to want *me*.' You need to make me feel important, to feel wanted, to feel needed. Every chance you got, you made it clear that was I was just holding the seat until someone better came around, and I know you think it was just playful teasing, but that shit stung, and it hung over my head for a long time."

She looked like she was about to say something so I cut her off and started talking again. I wasn't done; shit, I was barely getting *started*.

"You never wanted *me*, you just wanted a cock around whenever you needed it. You wanted someone to bolster your confidence and you never wanted to do anything to boost mine. Fuck, most of the time, you were trying to make me feel worse about myself, so that I wouldn't ditch you. At least that's how it felt at the time. I could've been anybody, because you didn't give a damn about me or what I wanted. When you told me you didn't suck cock, I said okay. When you told me your ass was exit only, I said okay. When you told me you only liked sex when you could make eye contact, I said okay. You set down all these rules, and I respected them... but fuck, Freya, you never once respected *me* or what *I* wanted."

The look on her face said that I had shattered her worldview, and suddenly she was looking back at all the experiences we'd shared in our two years together in college in an entirely new light. I wasn't trying to be *mean*; I was trying to get *through* to her, to make her consider things from a point of view other than her own.

"I should've broken our relationship off after just a few weeks, but I started believing you when you told me I couldn't do any better, that I'd end up alone and that nobody would love me if you didn't. My friends back then *hated* you, because they said you treated me like shit, and I just kept telling them that they didn't know you like I did, but now I can see that *they* were right, and I *should* have gotten clear of you, because you never put anybody's needs above your own. You can't take take take and never give anything back. Maybe you aren't that way now, but you certainly were when we were together, and to me, it doesn't seem much like you've changed."

Honestly, it almost looked like she wanted to break down crying, and from my coffee table came a sound from her phone, a quick blast of Beethoven's "Ode To Joy." She looked over her shoulder

with a slight sniff, fighting back the tears, before she looked back at me. “Well, it doesn't matter now,” she sighed. “You won, I lost. Or, I guess, Christof won. Either way I still lost.”

I took her hand in mine, holding it gently. “Can I tell you the *most* important thing you need to keep in mind right now?”

“That I'm a failure?” she sniffed, the tears threatening to come hard and fast. “No no, I got that already, Raf.”

“You're *not* a failure, Freya,” I laughed, rolling my eyes. “You're past the hardest part now – admitting to yourself that you *have* a problem. That's always the first step towards *fixing* the problem. You don't have to stay the way you were. And maybe you're already part way there. Christof asked you to marry him, so clearly you aren't as bad as you were back in college.”

“Well, I'm still way too selfish a bitch,” she said, settling her ass down on my knees. “Even now, thinking back to all the things I demanded that I get my way for the wedding, fuck, it's a wonder anyone wants to be with me.”

“Then change,” I told her. “Figure out how you can give a little, or give a lot, and where compromising won't kill you. Remember how I went with you to your sister's play, and then like a month later, I had to go to that formal dinner for the opening of my friend's art gallery, and you just refused to go with me? I asked like twice, and both times you gave me some lame excuse.”

She nodded, having pushed back the tears now, but still being near that edge of crying. “Fuck! I do that to Christof, too!” Freya leaned down and hugged me hard. “I needed this. Fuck I needed to hear this years and years ago, Rafael, but I don't think I would've been ready before now. And I am going to make it up to you. For the next twelve hours, I'm going to focus entirely on you. I was going to sort of half-ass it before, since I figured if there was anything you wanted that I *really* didn't want to do, I could weasel my way out of it, but now I want to know what you want.” She kissed my cheek then turned my head and pressed my lips against hers, her tongue sliding into my mouth as she moaned into me, her hips scooting just a little bit forward on my lap. “Beyond me wanting you, because fuck, when Christof and I came up with this idea, I... my *pussy* got wet at the thought of getting to fuck you again.”

“You don't have to lie to me and say I was the best you ever had, Frey,” I said with a soft laugh.

She shook her head emphatically. “I wouldn't do that to you, Raf. And you aren't the best, but you were the *second* best, behind Christof, and I think Christof got the benefit of all the other guys over the years breaking down some of my prudish barriers.” She leaned in and flicked her tongue along the shell of my ear. “I was fingering myself thinking about getting the chance to suck you off for the first time in my hotel room this morning,” she whispered at me. “I hoped you'd be standing up, with me down on my fucking knees. I knew I hurt you, and I felt like if you wanted to hurt me back, well, I'd been such a bitch that I probably deserved it. And I kinda liked how it felt, knowing I'd be punished by the man who'd earned that right more than anyone else.”

“Let me see the phone,” I told her.

“What?” she said.

“Let me see the phone,” I repeated.

She slipped from my lap, looking at me shyly, then picked it up, unlocking it before holding it out to me. “You don't trust me, huh? I guess that's fair. I'm not above being a lying, manipulative bitch.”

I took the phone from her hand and saw the message from Christof from a couple of minutes, saying “I win” with a photo attached of a woman's hand wrapped around what I assumed was his cock, and I have to say that while Christof's dick certainly looked longer than mine, it was also skinny as a garden hose, no real thickness to it at all.

“Okay,” I said, standing up. “Just wanted to be sure.” I handed the phone back to her, and then grabbed her shoulders and forced her down onto her knees, but even then, she was still too tall to be face level with my crotch. “Unfold your legs.”

“God yes,” she said, her sky blue eyes looking up at me adoringly, lifting one leg to unfold it before doing the other, sitting on her ass with her legs in a V shape surrounding me. “I want this. I want

you to do this. I want you so bad, I'm itchy and wet.”

“Prove it.”

Freya licked her lips and then nodded, reaching down to draw up her long, flowy skirt until it was at her waist level, exposing she hadn't worn any panties on underneath, lifting the skirt up and over her head, setting it aside before she reached a hand down to rub two fingers across her snatch, pushing her middle digit in before sliding it out, holding it up to me, an offering for me to lick up.

“Clean it off yourself,” I said to her, a tiny hint of that lingering frustration still rolling around inside of me. “You know what bothered me the most about you not sucking cock, Freya? The fucking hypocrisy of it all, because you wanted me to eat your pussy every fucking chance you got. And I did. I licked you out until my tongue was sore and my jaw ached, and never once, not one fucking time did you return the favor.”

She reached up and started unbuttoning my jeans frantically. “Then I've got a lot of cock sucking to make up for it, don't I?” she said, before yanking my pants and my boxers down to my ankles with one hand, the other reaching up to stroke my cock, bringing it to her lips, pushing her mouth down it like she was going to die if she didn't force the head of into her throat. She was groaning with excitement, drooling and slobbering all over my shaft, as she pulled back long enough to inhale a deep lungful of air and then instantly dove her face back down again, her eyes tilted up the entire time to hold my gaze, almost daring me to look away.

It was almost like Freya was trying to make up for all the time she'd spent *not* sucking cock, and was determined to show me what she'd learned over the years. I was clearly benefiting from time she'd spent practicing with other men, because in the end, she was a voracious cocksucker, bobbing her head up and down in a frenzy, never once breaking eye contact. I wanted to put up a good fight, I honestly did, but she was *relentless*, suckling and smacking her tongue all over my dick until finally, there was just no way I was getting out of it.

“I'm going to cum,” I said to her, fully expecting her to pull her head off, but instead, she pushed her mouth all the way down to the base, her hand reaching up to fondle and squeeze my nuts, until I had my load coaxed from me, and she was doing everything she could to swallow it down, finally sliding her head back until her lips formed a seal around the head of my shaft, her other hand stroking the base of my cock like she wanted to make sure she got any of my jizz she might have missed.

After licking me clean, she popped her head off, still keeping her eyes on me. “Hopefully that's a good start on showing how much I want to please you,” Freya said to me. “I think I was so against sucking dick when I was younger because I thought somehow it was giving up control, but eventually I realized what incredible power I had when I was blowing a man, and the huge amount of trust he was putting in me, letting me get my teeth near his most sensitive bits.”

“Weren't you asking me to fuck your face earlier?” I asked her. “How are you in control then?”

“Well, I'm fighting for control at that point, and that sort of push and pull seemed like it would be good in a sexual relationship, isn't it?” she said, looking up at me with a wild, almost dizzy smile. “And we're just getting started, aren't we?”

“Anything I want, huh?” I asked her, placing a hand on my hip, the other hand reaching to get some of her Nordic mane of blonde hair from her face.

“That was what I said, and I'd be a right shit if I didn't abide by those rules,” she said, licking her lips, making sure she'd gotten all of my cum from them. “What's next?”

“Do you *want* there to be anything next?”

She looked up at me with an almost drunken smile, rolling her eyes a little. “We're only getting started, Raf. And you've got free reign of this body for the next twelve hours. Not only *can* you do whatever you want with it, I *want* you to slake *any* thirst you have with me. All the things I always said no to in college, I'll do them all now, if you want. I figured we'd go at it for two or three hours, sleep for five or six, and then wake up and go at all over again to wrap up, but if you think you can keep it up for

twelve hours—”

“If your erection lasts longer than four hours, contact your physician, Freya,” I said, which made both of us laugh. “But I think that's a doable plan.”

“And you're a doable *man*,” she purred at me. “And I want you to do *me*. So how do you want me?”

I have a nice little footstool in my living room that was one of the few pieces of furniture I kept from when my grandfather left me the house, but I'd never really found a good use for it, before that moment, when I pulled it over, setting it in front of the couch. Then I decided that I could put Freya to a real test, see if she meant it. So I grabbed my phone, setting the camera on video, placing it on the couch, pointed right at the footstool. I tilted my head towards the footstool, and then looked back at my Nordic giant goddess on the floor. “Go on, then.”

She stood up and moved to sit down on the footstool, facing me. “Like this?”

“Are you having a laugh?” I said, shaking my head. I stepped over to her and pulled her to her feet, spun her around and pushed her knees down onto the footstool, then shoved her forward hearing her giggle as her hands landed on the far end of the rectangular footstool. “You know the camera's on, right? Just so we're clear on that?”

“You want a keepsake of me begging you to ram your cock in me even harder?” she said, looking straight at the camera. “I told you, I can't say no to anything. Do you want me quiet or loud? Innocent or dirty?”

“I don't know that you're capable of being truly dirty, Freya, so let's see if you can prove me wrong,” I said, kicking off my shoes and pulling off my pants and boxers and finally my shirt, so that we were both naked.

“Over the years, I've come to love a challenge, Raf,” she purred, lifting one hand up and pushing it between her legs, taking her middle and pointer fingers and spreading the folds of her snatch for me, as she looked back over her shoulder at me. “And I want to be fucked until my eyes roll back into my goddamn skull, until I feel like my cunt's been stretched to the breaking point, like a good little whore who's been used so much, her legs don't work and she can't stand up. Look at what a wet bitch you have on her knees before you, Raf. Ready. Willing. Wanton. Needy. *Eager*.” She looked forward again, staring straight into the camera. “C'mon, Raf. Fuck my brains out. Plow my pussy so hard that I'm still feeling it when I say 'I do,' in a couple of weeks.”

“You think you can handle this?” I asked her, placing my left hand on her hip, using my right hand to get my cock lined up before I pushed into her twat, feeling just how wet she truly was, even as she moaned, a shiver running up her spine. I lifted my now free hand up and slapped it down on her ass with a good hard crack, spanking the flesh, hearing another moan burble from her throat.

“I'll go one further, Raf,” she whimpered. “I know the chances of you knocking me up are low, but it's a good time for me, and if it happens, I'm going to keep it and Christof's gonna raise it as his own, and you don't even have to be around for it. That's what you won... the chance to fucking *breed* me. That all you got?”

Now that I was inside of her, my other hand reached up and grabbed her mane of hair in my fist, giving it a sharp yank, which made her gasp and then giggle. My hand on her hip slid down and pulled on one of her thighs, making her spread her legs wider, as I rammed my hips against her ass, banging into her, even as I could hear her tits jiggling beneath her, knowing that the camera was catching a great angle of that.

“Fuck yes!” she squealed. “Do it, do it, god, fucking do it. Pound it, pound your little slut, fucking rail it, rail me, drill that hole, drill your hole, harder harder harder fuck I want it I want it I want it I want it!” Her voice was dancing up and down the octaves, her face looking directly into the camera of my phone.

I gave her head a shove downward and watched as her arms splayed out forward, her chin resting on the top of the footstool, her ass clapping against me each time I railed into her, and I was

plowing her hard and fast, as I could feel the footstool starting to scoot a little bit, so I yanked it back into me, pulling her hard onto my cock, feeling her pussy walls quivering around me, like she had forgotten what a thick dick I had.

“Harder harder harder Jesus I'm gonna fucking cum fuck fuck fuck I can't fucking believe it don't stop don't stop don't stop don't stop oh god oh god oh god fuck my pussy my pussy oh fuck I'm fucking cumming I'm cumming I'm cumming I'm fucking cumming my bitch brains out oh my fucking god you baaaaasssttttaaaaaarrdd!”

Her body was lost in a sea of shakes and shivers, spasms trying to milk my dick and when she lifted one of her hands up and slammed it down as a fist, she clamped down hard on my cock, and all I could do was blast a heavy load of hot jizz against the back of her cunt, filling her up with spurt after spurt of cum.

“Oh my fucking god,” she cooed, finally placing her hand on the footstool to lift her head and shoulders up off the surface of it. “I think I feel my belly's paunchy with your cum. Did you fucking inflate my snatch?”

I laughed a little bit, shaking my head. “You don't need to stroke my ego, Freya,” I said to her. “But I do feel a couple of pounds lighter.”

“Don't tell me you're going to tap out already,” she giggled, sliding forward, letting my cock pop out of her, pressing her thighs together as she rolled onto her back. “Surely there's other things you always wanted to do with me,” she purred, swaying her legs to and fro, to punctuated each word. “Any. Thing. You. Want.”

“If you're suggesting what I think you're suggesting, Freya, I'm certainly not going to take you up on it if you don't want me to.”

She smiled like a teenage girl trying to tease her first boyfriend into doing something naughty. “I want you to walk away from this with no regrets, Raf,” she said sensually at me.

“I'm too thick for—”

“I've been training,” she said, licking her lips. “With plugs. Started small. Worked my way up.”

“Ever done it before?”

“Nope,” she said, still swinging her closed legs back and forth. “Wanted to save it for you.” She rolled her legs all the way to one side, to show me her toned, pale ass. “Told Christof I was gonna do it with you.” She reached back and peeled her cheeks apart, to show me her winking anus. “He said to tell you he envies you, but that you should definitely do it.”

“I can tell you've never done it before because you're *going* to nee—”

“It's in the bag,” she said with a scampish laugh. “Want me to get it?”

“Tell you what,” I said to her, not believing she would do this in a million years. “If you've got lube in there, and you can actually tell me to do it, then we can.”

She rolled off the footstool and headed over for her bag. “Oh I'll tell y—”

“On camera,” I said to her. “And you don't know what I'll do with the videos.”

Freya rolled her eyes with a grin. “You might jerk off to them, or maybe show them to another partner later, neither of which is a thing I'd be bothered by,” she said, opening up her bag, grabbing a bottle of clear lube, tossing it to me. In return, I tossed her the phone, which was still recording.

“Then hold the camera to film yourself, looking at me, telling me that you want it,” I said, as I moved to sit down on the couch. I opened the bottle and started to drizzle the clear liquid over my cock.

She brought to phone up to hold it in front of her face, but just off to the side so that she could look directly at me. “I've never been fucked in the ass before, Rafael, but I want you to do it. I want to feel you sodomizing me. I want to feel you jamming your cock up my virgin asshole. I... I know it's going to be a lot. I mean, a lot a lot. But I want it. Blow my mind. I wanna feel it. I...” She looked down and licked her lips once more, then looked back up at me again. “The first time I put a plug into my ass, fuck, it felt like my body was being... changed... pried open... I was a little scared... but what I've learned is that it's *good* to be scared, and to challenge those fears... to push yourself. I didn't know that,

back when we were together, because... well, because I was trying to prove that I wasn't just big physically, but big emotionally too." Freya held out her hand, and I handed the bottle of lube to her. "So how do we do this?"

"Lube your ass up and then you can sit on my cock, so if it's too much—"

"It won't be too much—" she said, smearing lube on her fingers before reaching down to spread it all over her back door.

"If it's too much, you can just get up."

She moved over towards me, holding the camera on her face as she straddled me reaching beneath her to grab on my slippery dick, wiggling it back and forth before getting it lined up. She took in a deep breath, pursed her lips together and finally said, "Fuck it, let's do it."

I felt her slowly pressing down against me, and while her sphincter was tight, she had been training it over the past few weeks or months, because the tip of my cock forced its way inside of her ass without too much work.

"Fffffffuck that's big that's big you've got such a big fucking dick, Raf, and my fucking virgin ass is soooo fucking tiny but it feels so fucking good even though it hurts a little bit but I fucking love how it feels oh shit why the fuck was I so scared fuck fuck fuck fuuuuck!"

She slammed her hips down, forcing my cock hilt deep into her ass. I figured I was in for a slow ride, but instead she was going at it like she *wanted* it to hurt a bit, one hand holding the phone, sometimes focusing on her face, sometimes pointing it at my cock stretching her ass open or my cum leaking out of her pussy, but after a minute or so, she dropped it on the couch and just started pogoing on my dick over and over again until the sheer tightness of it set me off, and when I started cumming, I think she did too, although it was hard to tell, considering she was squealing the whole fucking time.

We sat there, my softening cock getting pushed quickly out of her ass, before she finally kissed me again. "Shower, nap, then round two?" she said with a giggle.

"The first two for certain," I said, "and we'll see if I'm able to do the third after all that."