

Commission 12
corrupted_file.sumi - Part 1
Fandom: Persona 5

Tags: NTR Fantasy, Cuckoldry, Voyeurism, Exhibitionism, Humiliation, Verbal Degradation, Size Difference, First Time (Het)

It was late afternoon by the time they finally boarded the train home.

The carriage was moderately busy. Not packed enough for people to be pressed together shoulder-to-shoulder, but busy enough that only a single seat had been available when they'd stepped through the doors.

Sumire had surrendered it without asking.

Futaba had long since learnt to stop arguing.

Now Futaba sat on the last seat before the door while Sumire stood beside her facing away, leaning lightly against the barrier with her hands folded in front of her long coat as the train's gentle rocking and swaying, combined with the sun's golden rays through the window, threatened to lull them to sleep.

It had been a good day.

A *very* good day she amended, with a perverse giggle.

Futaba couldn't wait to get home and start sorting through the thousands of pics she'd taken.

Getting Sumire into the slutty cosplay had been a victory in and of itself, a feat usually only reserved for special occasions.

Getting her to actually wear it *outside* had been a *miracle*.

It was a testament to how much of a *pleaser* Sumi could be—it was one of the things she loved most about her.

That and her smile... and that ridiculously *thicc* gymnast's ass of hers...

Futaba resisted the urge to let out another perverted giggle as she imagined burying her face in said ass the second they got home. She tried to distract herself from her most degenerate of tendencies by remembering the events of the day.

It didn't help.

Already struggling in the packed convention centre with all eyes on her, people asking for photos had been enough to stun-lock Sumi for several seconds. When one of those people turned out to be a “cute boy...?”

Watching her beautiful, shy girlfriend blue-screen in real time every few minutes had been enough to *send* Futaba.

And the photos...

Oh, the photos...

They would sustain Futaba for *months*.

As amazing as that had been, however, it wasn't even the highlight of the day.

That honour belonged to the guy currently talking to Sumire.

This guy's dangerous.

Not because he seemed threatening or gave off creepy, train-groper energy.

Quite the opposite.

The guy looked to be in his thirties. Tall. Broad shoulders. Dressed like he'd just walked off the set of an Armani ad. Handsome enough that even Futaba, a lifelong lesbian, *understood* when several women on the train turned to look in his direction.

More importantly, he was *smooth*.

He hadn't barged into the conversation, hadn't crowded Sumire and, most importantly, he hadn't pushed when she gave short answers.

Every time she looked like she was running out of social battery, he'd effortlessly change topics or make some self-deprecating joke that would cause her beautiful girlfriend to let out a relaxed giggle.

The sound hit Futaba like a bolt of lightning.

Her stomach had immediately twisted into a bizarre cocktail of jealousy and delight.

Oh, you're gonna laugh for him, you dirty, cheating slut?

Her thoughts lacked the venom the words might entail, but regardless, Futaba still felt a need to *punish* her delightfully misbehaving better half.

Turning down to her phone, the orange-haired hacker turned the dial up on the app she had open and hit send.

The effect was immediate.

Sumire *instantly* froze, her shoulders stiffening and her back going ramrod straight.

Then she started to tremble.

A sharp-eared passenger might have noticed the increased buzzing coming from Sumire, though Futaba found that unlikely given the general noise of the carriage.

Her reaction on the other hand? That was... *less* subtle.

‘Are... you okay?’

Even the concern in Mister Armani’s voice sounded genuine and caring.

‘Y-yes,’ Sumi gasped, blindly reaching back to grip Futaba’s shoulder and squeezing hard. ‘S-sorry, I’m j-just a little, *nngh*, a little t-tired.’

Futaba winced. Gymnasts had... *strong* grips.

Though if Sumi thought that was enough to dissuade Futaba from her trolling, she had another thing coming.

As if she can still speak! I shouldn’t have cheaped out with this piece of junk and sprung for the pro version!

‘Are you sure...?’ Mister Armani asked, a concerned frown on his annoyingly handsome features.

Sumi cleared her throat, trying valiantly to regain her composure. She looked from the man to her girlfriend, her voice trembling but determined. ‘A-actually, I wanted to i-introduce, this is F-futaba, she’s my—’

Oh, no you don’t!

Futaba's eyes darted to her screen. She clocked exactly where this was going. Before Sumi could even get the next syllable out, Futaba's thumb flicked across the app interface, cranking the slider straight to max.

Sumi's jaw instantly snapped shut. Her eyes widened into saucers as a sudden, violent jolt of pleasure seemed to shoot straight up her spine and make her knees weak. The words died in her throat, replaced by a strangled, breathless moan that she barely managed to swallow down.

'—my gnnnnngh!'

She stood utterly frozen, knuckles turning white against Futaba's shoulder, focusing every single ounce of her willpower on keeping her lips sealed so she didn't moan out loud in front of everyone.

Hehehehehehe.

It was so easy to tank her mortified girlfriend's aggression when Futaba could watch her squirm so deliciously.

The train finally began to slow, the announcement chiming overhead as passengers started gathering bags and shifting toward the doors.

Unfortunately, it also marked the end of Futaba's entertainment.

The moment the doors slid open, Sumire practically bolted from the carriage. The redhead moved with none of the grace of the gymnast she was and all the panic of a frightened rabbit. One second she was trembling in front of Mister Armani, the next she was rushing off the train.

Futaba rose from her seat with a wicked grin, eager to chase down her misbehaving girlfriend.

Flirting in front of your girlfriend? With a MAN? You dirty, filthy whore!

She couldn't wait to get Sumi home. The things she'd do to the adorable little slut...

'Excuse me.'

A polite voice behind her made Futaba pause.

She turned to find Mister Armani standing there, one hand awkwardly scratching the back of his neck.

'Futaba, right? Sumire is your friend?' he asked, fidgeting awkwardly as the diminutive hacker turned to him with a raised eyebrow.

The question made Futaba perk up, her wickedly devious mind doing backflips.

Her wide smile was apparently answer enough, and he took it as a sign to soldier on.

'If you don't mind me asking...' He glanced toward the platform, where Sumire had half-turned and watched them with wide, incredulous eyes, trying desperately to mask her squirming. 'Does she have a boyfriend?'

Oh, this was *perfect*.

The delicious jealousy that had been simmering in Futaba's stomach all train ride immediately flared back to life. She didn't even care that she'd been relegated to "friend," apparently not even worthy enough to be considered the crimson-haired beauty's partner.

All she cared about was the look of horror on said beauty's features.

'She doesn't!' Futaba answered, gleefully.

Not even a lie.

The man's expression brightened instantly.

'Really?'

'Really.' Futaba leaned forward, offering a conspiratorial wink. 'Why? You offering?'

The poor bastard looked like he'd just won the lottery.

'I mean... if she'd be interested.'

'Well, gimme your number and I'll make sure she gets it.'

His phone was already halfway out of his pocket when a horrified squeal echoed through the open doorway.

Both of them turned at the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps.

Sumire stood beside them on the platform looking absolutely scandalized. Her face had somehow become even redder, which honestly shouldn't have been physically possible.

'W-what are you *doing*?!'

Futaba immediately lost the battle against laughter.

The next thing she knew, Sumire had looped an arm through hers and started dragging her toward the exit, leaving a thoroughly confused and disheartened Mister Armani in their wake, the train doors closing in his face as it departed.

'Something wrong, baby?'

'It's n-not f-funny!'

Oh Futaba very much disagreed, but she was too turned-on to argue the point right there on the street.

Another thought came unbidden, one that would fuel her fantasies for as long as the convention pics might.

Sumire was enjoying that guy flirting with her...

By the time they made it back home, Sumi was a mess and had barely dragged Futaba through the threshold before the orange-haired hacker spun them around and slammed her startled, and more powerful girlfriend up against the door.

With an impatient yank, Futaba tore the jacket open and groaned at the sight that greeted her, a sight that *thousands* of fans at the convention had been greeted with too.

Sumi's cosplay was still every bit as scandalous as it had been that morning when she'd surprised her with it and watched her struggle to put it on.

Long black gloves and boots running most of the way up her legs and arms, both disappearing beneath ornate, flared-out golden armour at her hips and shoulders.

The rest of the costume could barely qualify as a leotard, black fabric and golden plates somehow working together to expose more skin than they concealed. Her toned midriff was completely bare, the massive cutouts at her sides leaving little to the imagination, while polished, golden cups did even less to dissuade people from looking at her delicious cleavage.

It was fantasy armour at its most ridiculous, from one of their favourite video games.

Futaba loved it.

'What—nnngh!'

Sumi's question was cut off when Futaba's hand slid into the cutout at her stomach and shot *down*, right to her girlfriend's core.

'You're too sexy,' she growled, finding the still buzzing vibe inside her and pressing it *harder* against her most sensitive bits.

Now in the privacy of their own home, Sumi was less restrained about letting her pleasure be known. With a squeal, she threw her arms around Futaba and collapsed against the door, screwing her eyes shut as the pleasure surged through her.

'You like that, my kinky little slut?'

'Yes!' Sumi cried, her body trembling. 'D-don't stop, *nnggh*, I'm n-nearly there!'

When her girlfriend finally came, it was with a muffled squeal. Her legs completely gave out and she slid to the floor, her body trembling with aftershocks as the pleasure continued to roll through her. An entire day of build-up, leading to this euphoric moment.

Biting her lip, Futaba took out her phone and snapped several pictures for her personal collection.

The pure, innocent, angelic Yoshizawa Sumire—her girlfriend—looking like a filthy, kinky little slut.

When her eyes fluttered back open, Futaba nearly melted at the smile she favoured her with, and the way her eyes lit up with joy and love.

'How was that?'

'Was?' Futaba fired back, raising an eyebrow in challenge? 'Babe... we've only just started...'

A soft peck on the lips stirred Sumire from her nap.

'Mm...'

She smiled sleepily as Futaba pulled away, the mattress shifting beneath her girlfriend's weight.

'Bathroom,' Futaba mumbled.

The orange-haired hacker received a sleepy nod in response before disappearing from the bedroom. A moment later, the bathroom door clicked shut.

Left alone, Sumire's eyes slowly fluttered open.

The first thing she saw was the clock.

8:03 PM.

The second was the moon beyond their bedroom window, pale silver light filtering through drifting clouds and spilling across the room.

A contented sigh escaped her as she pulled the blanket tighter around herself and settled deeper into the mattress.

Futaba could be a bit... *much* at times, her tastes seemingly defined by what would embarrass Sumi the most in the moment.

Despite that, she found herself indulging her more often than not.

Not only was Futaba always *voraciously* grateful afterwards, but Sumire had always been a pleaser. She genuinely loved her girlfriend, and loved making her happy even more.

Still, a small part of her couldn't help but wonder whether Futaba's recent *enthusiasm* was a result of the cosplay she'd been paraded around in that day, or whether it had something to do with what had happened on the train.

What was that about...?

The question had been bothering her ever since.

The man had been handsome. Charming too. Older than most of the boys who hit on her, but kind, confident and respectful despite the admittedly questionable setting he'd chosen to strike up a conversation.

Unlike her girlfriend, Sumire was bisexual. She hadn't exactly disliked the attention, and under different circumstances she might even have found the flirting flattering.

What bothered her was that it had happened right in front of Futaba.

He didn't know.

That was the crux of the issue, wasn't it?

There was no realistic way he *could* have known.

Even if Futaba had been standing beside her instead of sitting behind her, most people wouldn't immediately assume two women were dating. It would have been quite a leap. That was just the reality of the time they lived in.

And yet at no point had Futaba attempted to correct him.

Worse, when she'd finally been given the opportunity...

She'd done the exact *opposite*.

I don't think she was trolling. She would've given him my number...

The thought still made her cheeks warm.

Not because she believed Futaba wanted to get rid of her.

No, what bothered her was how *enthusiastic* Futaba had seemed.

Why?

A thread of unease wound its way through her chest as she rolled onto her side and stared out the moonlit window.

None of the answers she came up with felt particularly comforting.

A soft notification chime cut through the silence.

Blinking, Sumire looked across the room.

Futaba's workstation had sprung to life.

Calling it a computer hardly felt adequate. The sprawling collection of monitors, cables and glowing hardware looked more like the command centre of a small spacecraft than a gaming rig. One of the displays illuminated, revealing a familiar progress bar.

Photos.

Frowning, Sumire sat up a little straighter.

There had been countless. Futaba had spent the entire convention snapping pictures whenever she thought Sumire wasn't looking. If anything, she should have been uploading enough photos to fill up her harddrive...

Yet the progress bar suggested only a few dozen files.

Weird...

Realising Futaba had likely started the upload remotely from the bathroom, Sumire slipped out from beneath the blanket and padded across the room for a closer look.

The folder name alone was enough to make a silly smile grace her features.

♥️😘♥️SUMI♥️😘♥️

Choosing not to acknowledge the existence of the several terabytes of embarrassing photos that undoubtedly occupied the rest of the directory, Sumire opened the latest upload folder.

Immediately, she was reminded of just how scandalous her cosplay had been.

She'd obviously *known* that already, but actually seeing herself in that... embarrassing outfit, in 4K, was another thing entirely.

Her cheeks warmed as she clicked through image after image. The costume looked every bit as revealing as Futaba had insisted it did. Worse, she knew exactly how many people had seen it.

You'd think I'd be used to people seeing me in almost-nothing by now. Somehow, this is so much worse than my leotard...

As she continued scrolling through the pictures however, something began to bother her.

The pattern didn't jump out at her at first, but when it finally did, the unease in her chest returned with a vengeance.

She paused, frowned in thought, then continued scrolling more quickly through the photos, her attention focused on one undeniable fact in particular.

Every single uploaded photo featured her posing with one of the convention's more attractive male attendees.

Photos with women were nowhere to be seen, and her photos with the far more numerous *otaku* attendees were also missing. Those images made up the overwhelming majority of the pictures taken throughout the day, yet Futaba hadn't uploaded a single one.

It was as though Futaba hadn't even saved them... if she'd actually taken them at all.

Okay... this is weird.

Sumire went through the folder a second time just to make sure she wasn't imagining things.

She wasn't.

Her frown deepened.

I don't get it... why?

As she sat there trying to puzzle it out, something else caught her attention.

Specifically, the dozens upon dozens of browser tabs occupying the primary monitor.

Sumire stared, her OCD screaming at her as the affront against humanity stared back.

I genuinely don't understand how a human being can live like this.

The thought drew an exasperated smile from the gorgeous gymnast.

Despite still trying to puzzle out the mystery of the missing photos, curiosity kept drawing her attention back to the innumerable tabs.

Unable to help herself, she dragged the cursor over to the main monitor and clicked one of the tabs, so tiny she couldn't even see the website's icon on it in full.

The smile vanished and her eyebrows disappeared into her hairline.

Porn.

...so much porn.

Specifically... *hentai*. More than she'd ever seen in her life.

More than most seedy bookstores would even have in stock...

Every tab seemed to contain a different *doujin*, each one with a full-screened page depicting women in various states of exaggerated euphoria. Eyes-crossed, saliva dripping, tongues lolling...

Sumire didn't particularly object to *hentai*. Futaba's *quirks* were hardly a mystery to her after so many years together.

This, however, felt excessive even by her girlfriend's standards.

Unable to stop herself, she began looking for patterns just as she had with the photos from the convention.

Thankfully, the website seemed to have some kind of tagging system. Each *doujin* had a list of tags attached to it, allowing readers to identify the themes and content without having to click through hundreds of pages first.

Many meant nothing to her, and she only recognized a few of the terms.

One tag, however, appeared on *every single tab* she opened.

Her eyes narrowed.

What's netorare...?

A quick search provided the... frankly disturbing answer.

All of the weirdness lately started to make sense. The photos, the handsome stranger on the train Futaba had nearly given her number to, the *hentai*, flaunting her in front of men every chance she got...

Sumire's blood ran cold.

No.

Surely not.

Surely Futaba wasn't—

The toilet flushed.

A moment later she heard running water.

Then the bathroom door opened.

'*Whoo*, that'll teach me for eating spicy curry...' Futaba's voice drifted into the room, trailing off when she noticed Sumire staring at her with wide eyes. 'Sumi...? What's wrong?'

Sumire didn't answer.

She remained frozen, staring at her girlfriend at a complete loss for words.

'Do you... want to break up with me?'

In retrospect, the correct question might have been if Futaba wanted *Sumire* to break up with *her*, but the question still stood.

'What?!' Futaba yelped, her face going deathly pale. 'What're you talking about?!'

Then, as if only just noticing, her gaze turned to her main monitor.

To where there was an image of a *doujin* page blown up to take up the entire screen, an image of a girl on her hands and knees, cheeks flushed, eyes crossed and her tongue hanging out like a dog.

A girl with crimson hair.

'Oh... shit...'

For a moment, neither of them moved.

Then Futaba exploded.

'No!'

The response came so quickly it was almost reflexive.

'No, no, no, no, *no!* Sumi, what? Where did that even come from?!

'Futaba, I—'

'Break up with you?' Futaba squeaked. 'Why would I want to break up with you?! You're literally my favourite person!'

Sumire blinked, somewhat shocked by the incredulity in Futaba's tone, all things considered.

'I saw what was—'

'I *know* what you saw!'

Futaba buried her face in her hands and let out a long, suffering groan before she began pacing as she worked herself into a frenzy.

'Sumi, I don't want to break up with you. I don't want *anybody* else. I don't even know *how* you got there from—'

Her gaze flicked toward the monitor, then immediately away again in embarrassment.

'Okay, maybe it's not a *total* mystery...'

'Explain it to me,' Sumire pleaded, trying to sound as non-judgemental as possible.

Futaba froze, her mouth moving as she tried to form the words that wouldn't come.

'I...' The hacker rubbed the back of her neck, looking as if she wished the ground would open wide and swallow her whole. 'I don't really know *how*.'

'You don't know?'

'I mean, I know what it is!' Futaba said quickly. 'I just don't know why it's a *thing* for me.'

As she built up a head of steam, the words started to come faster.

'I don't actually want to get rid of you. That's the *opposite* of what I want. I just...' She gestured vaguely. 'I don't know. My brain's weird.'

Sumire remained silent.

That, more than anything, seemed to encourage Futaba's rambling. Though Sumire's mind kept replaying something Futaba had said.

What does she mean by opposite...?

In reality, she knew the answer. Had known ever since she'd looked up what *netorare* meant...

'I see stuff in porn and I start wondering things. Like whether any of it's true. Whether you'd actually enjoy any of it. Whether you'd find certain guys attractive. Whether you'd like the attention. Whether you'd react differently than you do with me. Whether you'd cum as hard as they do...'

She winced and Sumire tried her hardest to keep the embarrassed flush from creeping up her pale cheeks.

'That sounds worse out loud.'

She smirked, unable to help herself. 'Maybe a little...'

Futaba resumed pacing as if she hadn't heard her.

'The point is, I don't *actually* want you to leave me. I don't want you dating somebody else. The idea of *actually* losing you sounds... *horrible*.'

She paused, a complicated expression crossing her features as Sumire got the impression her girlfriend wasn't being entirely truthful.

Perhaps not even intentionally.

Though despite whatever internal battle Futaba was having, it was undeniable that she was struggling. It took every ounce of Sumire's willpower to not rush over and envelop the little idiot in a hug, but she just about managed it.

Futaba was in a flow now. She didn't want to interrupt her.

'But then my brain starts asking stupid questions and next thing I know I'm down some internet rabbit hole at three in the morning wondering if you'd actually squirt if a guy with a huge—'

She stopped abruptly, her eyes wide and her petite body trembling.

Sumire gaped in shock.

Futaba was *blushing*.

Not the embarrassed pinkening of her cheeks she'd been sporting since walking out of the bathroom.

She was all-but blowing steam out of her ears, her breath coming in deep, laboured pants.

The realization hit Sumi like a slap to the face.

Is she seriously getting turned on right now?!

The words were still pouring out of her mouth at a mile a minute, hands flying through the air as she desperately attempted to explain herself, to justify her *kink*.

'Or maybe it's because you're so gorgeous and you somehow don't notice how everyone looks at you and I start thinking about that and then one thing leads to another and before I know it I've got twenty-seven *doujins* open with hot redheads getting their backs blown out—'

'Only twenty-seven?' Her lips twitched in amusement as she watched Futaba bite her lip, look away, then amend her statement.

'Okay, maybe more than twenty-seven.'

'Futaba.'

'The point is that none of it means I want to *lose* you! I *love* you!'

You just want to feel like you're losing me...?

Futaba stared back, panting heavily, as if she'd just finished the arduous round journey to her fridge.

The silence stretched.

Finally, Sumire asked the question that had been bothering her since she'd read the definition.

'...Is this something you actually want?'

Futaba froze, her oversized glasses slipping down her adorable nose as her eyes widened and her mouth dropped open in shock.

'What?'

'This.' Sumire gestured vaguely toward the monitor. Toward the photos. Toward *everything*.

Her voice softened.

'Is it something you want... or is it just a fantasy?'

For the first time since walking out of the bathroom, Futaba had absolutely nothing to say.

She clearly warred with herself as Sumire put her on the spot. It was do or die—shit or get off the pot.

Despite everything she'd just admitted—her embarrassing, crazy fetish, her secret desires, her late-night rabbit-hole wants—it was one thing to acknowledge them to herself. It was clearly quite another to speak them into existence.

Sumire wasn't entirely sure how she was feeling about it all herself. She'd need time to process.

She'd always been a pleaser, doubly so ever since they'd started dating. Typically shy, Futaba had always been the instigator in their relationship, gently pushing her further and further out of her conservative comfort zone until they'd arrived right here at this precipice.

In her girlfriend's defence, at no point had Sumire felt pressured or stressed. Futaba possessed a keen, innate instinct for how far to push, and how much she could handle before the embarrassment became too much.

Thinking about it, Sumi hadn't ever felt truly overwhelmed until this very conversation. And even then, beneath the shock, she found herself... surprisingly willing to play along *if* this was what Futaba *really* wanted.

But of all the "ifs," that might have been the biggest one to have ever existed.

It was one thing to fantasize and seek out internet porn to cater to weird fantasies at three in the morning.

It was quite another to pull those tags out of the monitor and drag them into reality.

Does she actually want this? Or does she only think the idea is—

'Yes.'

Sumire blinked as Futaba cut off her thoughts.

'I... I want it,' Futaba admitted, visibly relaxing as the words left her lips, as if a giant weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

She closed the distance, took Sumire's hand in her own and held it tightly, her cheeks flaring a brilliant crimson. Shockingly, her brash, endlessly confident girlfriend couldn't meet her eyes as the moment grew heavier.

'If it's too much... I understand. B-but this is something I... something I've *always* wanted. Not just with *anyone*, Sumi. But with *you*...'

Sumire's eyes widened at a revelation that felt far more profound than it seemed on the surface.

Because if Futaba had wanted this for longer than she'd expected... did that mean everything they'd done together, all those little games of hers that pushed Sumire further and further out of her comfort zone... were they just preparatory steps? Was the remote control on the train, the

revealing cosplay, the flaunting in front of crowds—were they all just conditioning to get her ready for this eventuality?

And... why did Sumire find that thought so *hot*?

It was naughty. Wrong. Salacious and perverted in a way that was so *Futaba* that Sumire found it hard to be angry.

Because she loved her girlfriend... even when she was clearly corrupted by the endless porn she consumed..

Sumire let out a long, shaky breath, getting her thoughts in order before she finally spoke the words.

'Okay...'

Futaba froze, her head still bowed and unable to look Sumire in the eyes. But at hearing her speak and getting over the initial shock, her head snapped up to look her girlfriend dead in the eyes.

Sumire genuinely struggled not to squeal and squeeze her adorable, degenerate partner—she just looked too cute with her oversized spectacles askew, eyes wide and her mouth dropped open in slack-jawed shock.

She didn't speak, but the look on her face said it all.

Sumire nodded and, as if to drive the point home, she reiterated.

'Okay.'

She said the words with far more calm than she was feeling, her mind and insides roiling with conflicting emotions as she imagined just what she was agreeing to.

Though bisexual, she'd never actually been with a man before. The thought, while mostly terrifying and overwhelming, also sparked a sense of exhilaration within her. A forbidden thrill just hanging tantalisingly out of reach.

The memory of the handsome stranger on the train suddenly took on a different meaning.

What if Sumire *had* let Futaba give him her number?

Would that have been so bad...?

She wasn't nearly as excited as Futaba, however, as the hacker finally registered her words.

And if Sumire had any lingering reservations, seeing the way her girlfriend's face lit up at the affirmation put most of them to rest.

'REALLY?!'

At Sumire's shaky nod, Futaba launched herself into her arms and captured her lips in a searing, passionate kiss.

It was over before Sumire could properly reciprocate, but before she could feel put out, she had to suppress a smile as she watched Futaba break away and start bouncing around the room like a horny, overexcited monkey.

'OMG YES! I can't believe it, this is so hot! Ooooh, I can't *wait*—'

She cut her celebration short, darted back to Sumire and kissed her again, gratitude and love flowing into her as the shorter girl practically vibrated with excitement.

Excitement... because Sumire had ostensibly agreed to... *cheat* on her.

Is that even the correct term...? Did I just agree to netorare her? Is that it...?

Evidently, Sumire had a lot to learn...

While Futaba continued to bounce around and do God-knows-what on her computer, Sumire began to dress, slipping out of what remained of her ridiculous cosplay. Finally realizing the fact, Futaba stopped acting like a toddler on a sugar rush long enough to turn and regard her with the most adorable look of confusion.

'I'm going to the gym,' Sumire explained with fond exasperation, pulling on her regular clothes. 'I think I need to clear my head.'

Futaba started, then shot her a pair of enthusiastic finger-guns. 'You do that, I have a lot to prepare.'

Sumire grinned, a mixture of unease and anticipation bubbling in her guts. She'd never felt both at the same time before, and never so intensely. It was a strange, thrilling feeling.

'Should I be worried?'

Futaba rushed over, closing the distance between them instantly and putting her face so close their noses touched.

This close, it was easy to see and hear how incredibly turned-on she was. Flushed cheeks, heavy breathing, wide, dilated eyes—she was all-but salivating. In that moment, her beautiful, adorable partner reminded her more of a perverted old geezer than the girl she shared a bed with.

'The only one that should be worried is *me*,' Futaba whispered, her voice dark and hoarse.

And despite the ominous words, Sumire got the distinct impression that they had the absolute opposite effect...

Then Futaba confirmed her suspicions by taking her hand and guiding it into her panties. Sumire's fingers instinctively curled but they hadn't needed to.

Futaba was wet.

No, wet was an *understatement*. In the low light of the room, Sumire had somehow missed just *how* wet.

Futaba whimpered as Sumire stepped back and looked down to see the flimsy material was *soaked through*.

'You're the worst,' Sumire whispered as Futaba's whimpering grew more insistent. Biting her lip at the adorable reaction, she pressed further, thrilled for the shoe to be on the other foot for once. 'I can't imagine being turned on by something like this... don't you have any shame?'

Holding her arm in a vice-like grip, Futaba buried her face in Sumire's chest and let out a long, exultant groan, the sound muffled by the fabric of her hoodie.

With a twist of her hips and a large step back, Sumire snatched her arm away and almost lost it at the forlorn, devastated look Futaba sent her way.

Instead, she wiped her hand clean on the baggy tee Futaba was wearing and turned to leave without a word, leaving her perpetually horny girlfriend hanging in the worst possible way.

There was a flash, and suddenly Futaba was barring the door.

'You can't *leave* after all that! I'm horny!'

Sumi didn't look Futaba in the eyes, instead she looked down at the soft, pale legs peeking out from under her tee.

Or, more specifically, the thin trail of excitement running down the inside of her thigh.

A part of her wanted to drop to her knees right there. As much as she'd commented on her girlfriend's arousal, she wasn't immune to the effects of their "heart-to-heart" either.

But... despite being very new to this, she just had a feeling denial would play better—even if she was denying herself in the process.

Not for long...

That thought caused an unexpected, elicit thrill to shoot up and down her spine, her core to blazing with warmth.

Remembering one of the words she'd seen repeatedly in many of the *doujin* she'd scanned through, she hoped she would be using it right and not making a fool of herself.

'Why should I care if a *cuck* like *you* is horny?'

Futaba's mouth dropped open in shock, but before she could even fully register the words, Sumire breezed past her and out of the apartment.

She didn't leave immediately though. As soon as the door slammed shut behind her, Sumire turned and put her ear against the solid oak.

There was mostly silence for several long, uncomfortable moments where the only sound Sumire could hear was Futaba's heavy breathing.

'Nng...'

Her eyes widened.

Is she...?

Her suspicions were almost immediately confirmed as Sumire could *just* make out the faintest of wet, squelching sounds even through the heavy door.

'Oooh... yes... mmm, spit on me mommy... your cuck's been a very bad girl...'

Mommy?!

Taking a silent, cautious step back, Sumire left before she could hear more.

Because despite having agreed to explore this new kink of Futaba's further, she wasn't sure she was quite ready for all of *that*...

She really is a horny little gremlin...

-

Futaba's mind raced as she replayed how both awesome and terrifying the past few days had been.

She'd always intended to leave a trail of subtle breadcrumbs, allowing Sumire to discover her deepest, darkest desires organically. But her own carelessness and overeagerness meant she'd been utterly exposed before she was ready, her kinky secrets laid bare.

Thankfully, her girlfriend was the understanding, patient, and loving sort.

Not that anything had actually come of it.

Yet.

Futaba had spent the days since teasing, prodding, and borderline badgering Sumire to take the next step. Unfortunately for the hacker, her girlfriend had remained as sweet and faithful as ever, only occasionally indulging in a bit of dirty talk when they got freaky in bed.

Seriously, what's a cuck gotta do to get cucked around here?!

Thankfully, Futaba had a plan. Or the bare bones of one, at least. And her hopes were high.

'Hey, Sumi?'

Sumire was fixing her makeup in the bathroom mirror while Futaba engaged in her absolute favorite pastime.

Watching.

Gloriously naked, the gorgeous gymnast's toned body a piece of finely sculpted art, she offered the perpetually horny Futaba quite the view.

'Hmm?'

Futaba reached under the bed with her foot, hooked a hidden box, and kicked it across the floor. It slid smoothly into the bathroom, coming to a halt right against her girlfriend's heels.

Sumire glanced down, then looked at Futaba's reflection in the glass, her eyebrows raised.

'Should I be worried?' Sumire asked with a naughty smile that made her knees weak. 'Is that another remote vibe?'

Futaba pouted, crossing her arms in deep dejection. 'No,' she huffed, genuinely annoyed—the new, slimmer, more powerful vibe she'd ordered would have made her genius plan *even better*. 'That's still a couple of days out. Serves me right for not buying it through Amazon...'

'Wait, I was *joking!*' Sumire sighed in exasperation, her cheeks tinged pink when she realised Futaba *wasn't*. She turned and picked up the box, opening it to peer inside. When she looked back up at Futaba, her expression was entirely unimpressed. 'Are you serious?'

'If I wait for *you* to pick up a guy, I'll be an old hag before I get *any* of my cucky fantasies fulfilled.'

It felt so nice and freeing to be out in the open with her desires now. The fact that being so brazen about them caused her girlfriend to blush so prettily was just a bonus.

Sumire let the cardboard box drop, pulling the garments out. One piece she set aside, but the other she stretched between her hands, holding the fabric up to the light to give Futaba another deadpan look.

'I'll get arrested if I leave the house in this.'

Futaba couldn't help the perverted giggle that escaped her. Sumire was holding up a pair of scandalously high-cut, scrunch-butt booty shorts—the exact kind endless insta thots wore on social media for gooner-bait clips.

But those girls were all *mid* compared to Sumi. Her girlfriend didn't need any cheap tailoring hacks to make her ass look incredible.

Although... the booty-shorts *would* make it look as if Sumi was wearing nothing at all, the fabric clinging to her immaculate physique and disappearing into her crack.

If there was one thing Futaba knew about gym bros, it was that they *lived* for that exact look—even if the “alphas” tried to deny it. Making Sumi wear this to her workout? It was like throwing a pack of starving hyenas a fresh wildebeest carcass.

Internally, the hacker cackled like an evil genius. Her plan was *flawless*.

'I'm not wearing this, Futaba. I'll be laughed out of the gym.'

Sumire hadn't denied her on principal alone, that was honestly better than she was expecting.

Futaba stamped her foot like a petulant child. 'Don't be stupid! The gym bros will be falling over themselves the second you walk through the door. I'll put *money* on it that someone falls off a treadmill because he's staring at you!'

Sumire rolled her eyes, but she couldn't quite hide the amused grin tugging at her lips at the mental image.

'This isn't going to have the effect you think it is. I know how your mind works, you horny little gremlin, but this *isn't* that kind of gym. Everyone minds their own business there. It's a place for *serious people*. Pros, not casuals.'

She's so clueless it'd be adorable if it wasn't so damn annoying.

'Alright, let's make a bet!' Futaba challenged, having accounted for this pushback in her plans.

Sumire perked up, her curiosity clearly piqued by the sudden shift in stakes. 'Oh?'

'I bet at least *three* of these "serious" guys hit on you if you wear that outfit tonight.'

Sumire rolled her eyes again, adopting the patient tone of a parent tolerating a stubborn child. 'I told you, it's not that kind of—'

'Then you have nothing to lose! If I'm wrong,' Futaba interrupted, raising her voice over her girlfriend's, 'I'll give you a foot rub. Two hours!'

This time, Sumire's skepticism was entirely earned. 'I've heard that one before. I'm not falling for that again.'

Honestly? Fair...

She'd totally weaseled out of their last wager because two hours was a *ridiculously* long time and she'd tapped out early, whining that her fingers felt like they were gonna fall off—which, of course, Sumi hadn't appreciated.

But this time, she came prepared.

Sumire watched, increasingly intrigued, as Futaba scurried over to "The Vault"—the heavy safe where she locked away her most prized digital and physical loot. Unlocking it with a rapid sequence, Futaba retrieved a heavy object and turned around, presenting it like a holy relic.

It was her ultra-rare, limited-edition Evangelion Unit-02-themed mechanical keyboard, complete with custom-anodized crimson plating and hand-lubricated switches. Signed by *Yuko Miyamura* herself!

'You're joking...'
Sumire breathed, eyes wide with shock. She *knew* how much Futaba treasured this. If her loot were graded, this was definitely *mythical* rarity.

'If I don't follow through on the two hours, you can throw this directly in the trash as punishment!'

The things I do for the goon...

Sumire reached out to take it, but it required a literal tug-of-war. A visibly queasy Futaba gripped the chassis for dear life, her knuckles white before she finally managed to let go.

'Wow... okay. Maybe you actually *are* serious.'

Staring at the keyboard as if she had just handed over her firstborn child, Futaba forcibly ripped her gaze away before she could physically get sick.

It's only temporary. There's no way I'm losing this bet anyway!

'Okay,' Sumire countered, cradling the heavy prize and still getting over the shock. 'And if you win...?'

Futaba's nauseous grimace instantly dissolved into a sharp, vulpine smirk.

'*When* I win, you have to flirt back. Properly. Whatever happens... happens.'

Sumire's eyes widened, a sudden rush of heat turning her cheeks pink. 'You're still not letting this go?'

The light caught her spectacles just right, the glare shielding her eyes from Sumi's view. Pushing them back up her nose, she called upon all of her conviction and channelled her desires with her answer.

'*Never.*'

Setting the keyboard down, Sumire closed the distance between them. She stepped right into Futaba's personal space, using her height to stare down her smaller girlfriend.

'And what exactly do you *mean* by "whatever happens, happens"?'

'You know what I mean, Sumi!'

'I'm sorry, but I want you to be specific.'

Futaba's heart threatened to beat its way right out of her ribs, but she held her ground, her voice dropping as she delivered the terms.

'Touching. Kissing. Groping. *Whatever* they want. Just don't turn them down just because you're taken, alright? Act like you're single!'

Sumire stared deep into her eyes, the silence in the bedroom stretching for several heavy seconds. Finally, she let out a long, shaky sigh.

'You're playing a *dangerous* game, honey.'

'I... I k-know,' Futaba admitted, an excited, helpless hitch catching in her throat. 'It's *awesome*.'

Laughing softly, Sumire shook her head and sauntered back into the bathroom.

Futaba watched with bated breath as her girlfriend pulled on the booty shorts. The skin-tight fabric did absolutely nothing to conceal the incredible shape of her gymnast's ass, while simultaneously making her toned legs look miles long. If they were the same colour as her skin, you'd be hard-pressed to tell she was wearing anything at all!

The skimpy crop top was slightly less overt, but without a bra underneath, Sumire was a cold breeze away from giving everyone a *show*.

'I look ridiculous,' Sumire bemoaned, turning side to side in front of the mirror. 'They're all going to laugh at me.'

'You're the most beautiful woman in the world,' Futaba said, her tone suddenly so raw and breathless that Sumire flushed, caught off guard by the sheer intensity of the stare meeting her in the reflection.

Futaba didn't protest when Sumi threw a hoodie on over the new outfit—her ass was still totally visible anyway and it was cold out.

When she finally grabbed her gym bag, Futaba shadowed her all the way to the front door. They shared one final kiss—slow, deep, and heavily charged with a thick layer of erotic possibility.

'I hope you know what you're doing,' Sumire murmured against her lips, the sense of finality in her voice only sending a fresh spike of adrenaline through Futaba's chest. 'I'm not sure I'll be able to handle it if you end up hating me after this...'

With their lips mere millimeters apart, Futaba whispered her reply, gently pressing a small, familiar plastic case into her girlfriend's palm.

'Don't forget your earbuds,' she murmured, giving her one last lingering kiss. 'And don't be stupid, Sumi. I could *never* hate you.'

Sumi trained every single day, so seeing her disappear into the evening wasn't an uncommon occurrence.

This time felt different, though. Heavier. Far more significant.

They shared one final smile before the apartment door shut quietly in Futaba's face, leaving the hacker entirely alone with her own thoughts.

OMG this... this is really happening!

As far as she was concerned, the "bet" was a total foregone conclusion. It was just a clever hack—a way for Sumire to be eased into doing exactly what Futaba wanted her to do, completely guilt-free.

And just thinking about what she wanted her to do made the room spin. Her breathing turned shallow and labored, her heart threatening to explode as conflicting emotions warred within her chest.

I... I feel sick.

But, strangely... not in a bad way? The feeling was nauseating, but it was thrilling in a bizarre, intoxicating fashion. She found herself trembling from head to toe, utterly helpless against the wave of raw excitement roiling inside her.

Focus!

Slapping her own cheeks twice to snap herself out of the daze, Futaba all but teleported back to her workstation. Collapsing into her expensive gaming chair, she allowed herself only a single second to crack her knuckles and loosen up her fingers before she excitedly got to work.

In a comically short amount of time, she had bypassed the gym's local security protocols. One by one, her half-dozen monitors populated with live feeds from the facility's working cameras.

They even have cameras in the changing rooms... Naughty naughty... pretty sure that's highly illegal...

Futaba giggled perversely at what the glorious 4K feeds revealed. While the weight room wasn't packed, there were about half a dozen guys currently working out. Every single one of them was handsome, jacked, and looked like they had just walked out of a supplement ad.

Sumi's not wrong. None of these meatheads look like casuals...

But even better, despite the fact that said meatheads did absolutely nothing for Futaba personally, she just *knew* the same couldn't be said for Sumi. As someone who comfortably played on both sides of the fence, her girlfriend was just as enamored with a perfect masculine physique as she was with a feminine one.

And tonight, she was going to have an absolute buffet to look at.

Best of all? Zero guilt for looking.

Futaba had to physically resist the urge to cackle like a cartoon villain when the camera monitoring the main desk showed the automatic glass doors slide open. A thoroughly flustered Sumire hurried inside, clutching her gym bag to her chest.

As she made her way toward the female locker room, the reaction was immediate. One by one, every single guy stopped what they were doing. They looked up as she passed... and they did not stop looking. As if they were one hive mind.

Can't blame them, Sumi's hot as fuck! And her ass, my God!

This time, Futaba really did let out a loud, evil cackle.

Sumire must have sensed the sudden weight of the attention, because she noticeably quickened her pace in an attempt to escape the hungry gazes.

Back in the apartment, Futaba could do nothing more than sit on her own hands to keep from typing as she watched Sumi duck into the safety of the changing room, leaning her back against the metal lockers to let out several long, ragged breaths.

The moment the gorgeous redhead reached into her bag for her wireless earbud case, Futaba's fingers were already fly-typing across her secondary keyboard.

As easy as it had been to break into the gym's local closed-circuit system, it was even easier to hijack a commercial pair of Bluetooth earbuds. It was exactly why Futaba refused to wear the things herself without completely rewriting the manufacturer's firmware from scratch.

'Starting to second-guess yourself, baby?'

Sumire jumped like a startled kitten at the sudden sound of Futaba's voice whispering directly into her ear canal. She whirled around, glancing frantically at the empty space as if expecting her tiny girlfriend to pop out of one of the lockers.

Futaba rolled her eyes at the monitor and spoke with fond exasperation. 'The *buds*, dumdum...'

Sumi froze, her hands instinctively flying to her ears before she looked up at the ceiling, acting as if Futaba had never pulled a stunt like this before.

'*Can you hear me...?*'

'Yes,' Futaba answered with a quiet chuckle. 'That's generally how mics work, baby.'

'*You scared me half to death!*' Sumire hissed, her voice echoing softly off the tiled walls of the empty locker room.

Futaba completely ignored the complaint.

‘See all those beefcakes eyeing you up like a bunch of wild animals?’ Futaba teased, her voice dripping with mischief. ‘Bet you liked that, didn't you, you kinky little slut?’

Pulling the changing-room feed over to her primary monitor and blowing the image up to full screen, Futaba watched with perfect clarity as her girlfriend's face flushed a deep crimson that perfectly matched her hair.

‘Slut?! I haven't even done anything yet!’

Futaba shuddered as the words washed over her, a massive spike of arousal shooting straight down her spine.

‘Yet? God... that is so insanely hot...’

Realizing exactly what she had just admitted to, Sumire buried her burning face in her hands and let out a miserable groan.

‘You're corrupting me!’

Futaba chuckled at Sumire's accusatory tone, leaning back in her chair. ‘That's the plan.’

Seeing Sumire adjust her grip on her gym bag and turn toward the exit to get on with her workout, Futaba cleared her throat, effectively stopping her girlfriend dead in her tracks.

‘I think you're forgetting something, baby...’

It only took a few seconds for the realization to click. When it did, Sumire's head drooped in embarrassment.

'God, this is so embarrassing...'

Like the good, compliant little pleaser she was, however, her amazing girlfriend did exactly what Futaba wanted. Reaching up, she unzipped her heavy hoodie and pulled it off, stuffing it into the dark depths of her locker before turning back toward the gym floor.

With her monitors filled with dozens of live-feeds from the gym's cameras, Futaba reclined in her seat, slipped a hand in her shorts, and waited, eagerly, for the fun to start.

She watched, tracking her through the different feeds, as Sumi reemerged from the changing room, projecting as much faux confidence as she could muster. She just about pulled it off, too, heading toward the cardio area with a natural, sexy sway to her hips. Only a barely noticeable tremor in her stride betrayed her true state of mind.

The regulars tried to be discreet. After snapping their heads up to stare in sheer shock at the barely clothed bombshell suddenly in their midst, they collectively tried to pretend they were returning to their own sets and not ogling like a bunch of perverts.

It was a losing battle.

Stepping onto the platform of an empty treadmill, Sumire eased into habit. As a lifelong athlete, stretching wasn't a choice, but a necessity if one hoped to avoid injury. She hopped up and down on the balls of her feet, arched her back, and lifted her right leg, preparing to throw her foot up onto the chest-high safety rail for her usual hamstring routine.

Mid-motion, she froze.

With her leg hung awkwardly in the air, the sudden, horrifying realization of exactly *what* she was wearing—and exactly *who* was standing directly behind her machine—finally caught up to her. If she bent forward in these micro booty-shorts, she was going to give the entire weight room a humiliating show they'd never forget.

Slowly, awkwardly, she lowered her foot back to the floor, her shoulders tensing as she stared straight ahead at the treadmill console.

‘Tsk, tsk baby, you tell me all the time how important it is to stretch before working out. Are you perhaps... slacking?’

‘It’s embarrassing,’ she hissed into her microphone, her voice a sharp, mortified whisper that the others couldn’t hear over the thumping, motivational music blaring out over the gym’s speakers. *‘I’m not wearing any underwear! If I bend over in these, they’ll see—’*

She abruptly cut herself off, unable to bring herself to finish the thought as a violent wave of heat turned her face a brilliant crimson.

A low, delighted chuckle vibrated through her earbuds.

‘Exactly!’ Futaba gloated, her voice dripping with absolute satisfaction. ‘But it’s not as embarrassing as pulling a muscle because you slacked off. Come on, baby. A pro athlete like you knows better than to skip your warm-up. Go on. Stretch it out. Show off that perfect ass. Give ‘em a show!’

Sumire bit her lip, glaring at nothing in particular as she warred with herself. But, ever the pleaser—and knowing she was trapped by the good-faith rules of the bet—she ultimately capitulated.

Taking a shallow breath to steady herself, she lifted her foot back up to the chest-high rail. With effortless, jaw-dropping gymnast flexibility, she locked her knee and bent deeply forward at the waist, reaching for her toes.

The guys positioned behind her could only stare. Sumire’s high-cut booty shorts highlighted her absolute best feature, framing her immaculate curves perfectly as she held the daring, hyper-extended pose for the entire room to see.

Immediately behind her, the two guys doing bicep curls dropped their rubber-coated dumbbells in sheer shock, gaping like a couple of school boys.

Hearing the muted thuds against the rubber floor, several of the other regulars looked over, only to be instantly hypnotized by the sight themselves.

As Sumire finished with her first leg and smoothly swapped to the other, Futaba gleefully reported the chaos unfolding behind her.

'These guys are bringing out the popcorn, baby. Every single one of them is staring at your ass! Who can blame them, really? You might as well be naked—I can *definitely* see your lips, *hehehe*.'

'*Shut up, horny gremlin,*' Sumire hissed, her flushed face pressed almost flat against her raised knee.

Futaba completely ignored her.

'You know, their gym shorts aren't actually that much bigger than yours. I can *totally* make out some bulges. Big ones too,' she said with a sharp, wicked cackle. 'Bet you love that, don't you, you little slut!'

Sumire didn't respond this time, but the camera poised over the cardio section perfectly captured the way her flush deepened even further, her skin turning redder and redder.

Futaba nearly cheered when one of the guys decided that merely staring wasn't enough. After a bit of aggressive urging and nudging from his buddies, he mustered up the courage to separate from the pack. He approached just as she was lowering her leg to start her warm-up walk.

'Don't look now, baby, but you're about to have a visitor.'

'*Wha—?*'

Before she could even finish the thought, the guy bent down next to her machine. He smoothly scooped up the hand towel she'd accidentally knocked to the floor while stretching and presented it to her, flashing a confident, charming smile.

'*Hey, Sumi. You dropped this.*'

'That counts! He's *totally* flirting with you,' Futaba whispered into her ear, practically vibrating in her chair. 'Look at him puffing out his chest like a peacock. One down, two to go, baby.'

Of course, Sumire couldn't actually respond to her girlfriend with the man standing right in her face, so she simply offered a soft smile and accepted the towel.

'Thanks, Shinji.'

'You, uh... you look really good,' Shinji stammered, rubbing the back of his neck. *'That outfit... it really shows off how hard you've worked to get that body.'*

Coming from anyone else in any other context, it would have been incredibly creepy. But coming from a gym bro in his natural habitat? While Sumire voluntarily displayed the "goods" like she was? It was almost sweet.

'Compliment him back,' Futaba urged, her voice dropping. 'You haven't lost the bet yet, so you don't have to flirt properly, but don't be rude. Keep him on the hook.'

Sumire tucked a stray strand of crimson hair behind her ear, offering him a polite, disarming smile. *'You look good too, Shinji. Are you prepping for a show? You're looking really lean.'*

Futaba felt herself flush with a sudden, overwhelming wave of desire as she watched the exchange unfold. Sumire was effortlessly working the gym bro without even realizing it. This was everything she had ever wanted, and the sheer ease with which Sumire fell into the role was both terrifying and exhilarating.

'Yeah, actually! In a few months,' Shinji grinned, clearly thrilled she'd noticed. *'Hey, uh... if you're not doing anything after your workout... do you wanna grab a drink and I'll tell you all about it? I know a bar down the street that does some amazing zero-calorie cocktails!'*

Back in the apartment, Futaba nearly wept. On screen, Sumire actually looked on the verge of agreeing before she seemingly remembered herself, blinking out of the trance to gently turn the man down.

'Ah! You were so *close*!' Futaba bemoaned.

Sumi didn't reply through the mic until Shinji had finally rolled his shoulders and strolled back to his bench, dejected, but buoyed by Sumi's gentle rejection.

'The bet was that three men would hit on me before I had to flirt back,' Sumire pointed out defensively, getting back to her stretching.

'As long as we understand each other,' Futaba agreed a perverse giggle that had Sumi pausing, scanning the room, then looking deadpan right into a camera when she found it.

Still trembling with a dark, voyeuristic thrill, Futaba forced herself to take a deep breath to calm her racing heart. She had already gotten far more than she'd ever expected from the evening, and the night was still incredibly young. By entertaining Shinji so politely, Sumire had unknowingly signaled to every other hungry gaze in the gym that approaching her was fair game.

It was only a matter of time before she won the wager. Futaba only had to wait.

It didn't take long for a second gym bro to make his move, stepping up just as Sumi finished her warm-up run.

He was equally charming and respectful—at least, that was Futaba's guess, given she wasn't exactly an authority on the nuances of straight dating. A visibly flustered Sumi had to let him down gently too, a task that proved incredibly difficult with Futaba relentlessly egging her on in her ear.

The hacker made sure to lewdly point out all of the man's best physical features in real time, while Sumi struggled not to react.

She failed miserably. Futaba cackled as Sumi's traitorous gaze flicked to every single muscle group she mentioned, inadvertently turning both herself and the gym bro on in the process.

Unfortunately, Futaba's fun came to an abrupt halt when the owner of the gym stepped out from the back office.

The owner, who also happened to be Sumi's personal trainer.

'If you've got time to flirt, you've got time for more reps, Daichi!'

The man... was an absolute specimen. Even Futaba, whose eyes typically passed over men without a second thought, couldn't help but take notice.

Marcus was simply impossible to ignore. A giant expat with deep chocolate skin, he was stacked with the kind of crazy, hyper-inflated muscles that didn't even look *real* to Futaba.

He looked less like a real human and more like a two meter tall DBZ character come to life.

Futaba had met him a couple of times before. His story was a classic one—ex-Marine who'd been stationed out of Okinawa, fell head over heels for the culture, married a local woman, and never left after retiring from active duty.

After Sumire had retired from competing, she'd stumbled onto Marcus and his gym while looking for a serious, low-profile place to stay in shape while she focused on her studies.

They'd been training together ever since.

For a brief moment, Futaba worried that Marcus was going to completely ruin her brilliant plans. At forty years old, he was happily married to a gorgeous, overachieving Japanese woman who had bucked every societal expectation to become a top executive at one of the country's largest corporations.

He didn't seem like the type of guy to hit on clients, let alone spoken-for women that were young enough to be his daughter.

But just before panic could set in, Futaba manually adjusted the camera, zooming straight in on his face. She let out a silent, breathless cheer as she caught the exact millisecond his professional mask slipped—his gaze darkening with a heavy, unmistakable lust at the sight of the barely clothed Sumire.

Oh, this is PERFECT!

‘Hey Sumi, Marcus is totally checking you out.’

‘That’s not funny,’ Sumire whispered under her breath, watching through the reflection as Marcus finished giving pointers to the other patrons, throwing each of them a custom dap before turning his massive frame toward her. *‘Besides, Marcus would never do that. He’s married, and I’m his client.’*

Seeing no point in belaboring a point she’d win by default, Futaba changed her angle of attack.

‘Hey, Sumi, do you think what they say about Black guys is true? He’s gotta be wearing those baggy shorts for a reason, right? Like, what’s he hiding under there?’

Marcus was drawing near, so Sumire didn’t deign to respond and risk giving herself away to the room. Futaba, safely behind her screens, had no such filter.

‘Aren’t you even a little curious? Wouldn’t it be hot if you “accidentally” brushed against something while you were training? Bet he’d love it...’

Rather than answer, Sumire whirled her head toward the nearest security camera, sending a death-glare straight through the lens before Marcus finally reached her treadmill.

‘Ah well, a cuck can dream...’ Futaba murmured to herself.

A vulpine grin spread across her face as the earbuds picked up the two of them greeting each other. Leaning forward in her chair, she delivered the *coup de grâce* ‘Then again... if Marcus hits on you, that’s three for three. Which means you *have* to flirt back with your big, sexy, black trainer. God that’s so hot... Ooooh, maybe we’ll get you a spade tattoo on your ass!’

Sumire froze mid-motion while exchanging her own routine dap with the massive trainer, her eyes blowing wide with shock.

'Something wrong?' Marcus asked, his deep, resonant baritone easily cutting through the gym's background hum as he noticed his client lock up.

'N-no! Nothing.'

'Aight, cool.' Marcus paused, openly taking a second to look her up and down. His gaze lingered on the alluring cut of the shorts before he looked back into her eyes, his eyebrows raised in amusement. *'Does your little girlfriend know you're in here with your booty hanging out like that?'*

I've never wanted to kiss a man in my life, but Marcus is testing me...

Futaba shuddered at the casual, dismissive way Marcus had referred to her status, but she ruthlessly shoved the spike of jealous arousal down. This was too perfect.

'Tell him I don't,' Futaba urged frantically into the mic, her breathing turning shallow. *'Tell him I don't know, and that I don't need to. God, that's so hot, Sumi—he'll think you're sneaking around behind my back!'*

Swallowing thickly, Sumire capitulated to the voice in her ear, though she didn't sound nearly as slick as Futaba had hoped. *'She... she doesn't know. And she doesn't need to.'*

Marcus blinked in surprise, the professional mask fracturing for just a fraction of a second before he let out a low rumble of a laugh and shrugged. *'Aight, bet. You warmed up? Ready to start?'*

'Y-yes!'

What followed was a fairly routine training session. It was so routine, in fact, that Futaba might have actually worried about losing the bet had she not possessed a flawless angle on Marcus's face throughout the entire workout.

Whenever he thought Sumire wasn't looking, the man's dark eyes absolutely *devoured* her. His hungry gaze was mostly anchored to her ass, but he openly ogled every single part of her gorgeous girlfriend and her slutty outfit at every possible opportunity.

Futaba no longer feared losing the wager. At this point, it was purely a matter of *when*, not *if*.

Yet, when their formal session finally wrapped up and nothing further untoward happened, Marcus simply disappeared back into his office. Sumire practically *skipped* back to the changing room, no doubt eagerly awaiting her hard-earned victory massage.

Sitting on the bench, she pulled a clean towel out of her gym bag while smugly crowing to Futaba through her earbuds. *'I honestly can't wait for that massage. My feet are killing me...'*

With the gym's live security feeds still dominating her wall of monitors, Futaba grinned wickedly as the camera covering the hallway captured exactly what she'd been waiting for.

'Hold that thought, my sexy little slut.'

'Wha—'

Before Sumire could finish the thought, her head snapped up in pure shock. The entry to the changing room was suddenly blocked by two meters of solid, obsidian muscle.

'Yo, Sumire. Need some help washing up?' Marcus asked with a charming grin, his glossy white teeth contrasting sharply against his dark skin. *'Your little girlfriend doesn't need to know...'*

'That's three for three, baby... I win,' Futaba wheezed into the mic, her fingers gripping the edge of her desk as she struggled to rein in her own spiking arousal. *'Now you flirt back. Properly. Go on, Sumi. Remember the deal—act like you're single...'*

Through the screen, Futaba watched Sumire gape, utterly stunned by how she'd seemingly snatched defeat from the jaws of victory.

But more importantly, Futaba felt a devastating, erotic thrill shoot straight up and down her spine as her girlfriend openly stared at Marcus's nearly naked form. He had tossed his tank top and shed his gym shorts, his modesty protected only by the relatively tiny towel he had wrapped around his narrow waist.

'Is he hot?' Futaba asked, her voice dropping to a raw, genuinely curious whisper. 'Do you like what you see?'

'Yes...' Sumire whispered back, her cheeks flaring crimson. The syllable hung heavy in the quiet locker room, answering both Marcus and Futaba at the same time.

The man's smile grew wider, entirely encouraged by her compliance. *'Always knew you were a freak—the shy ones always are...'*

Spurred on by Sumire's obvious desire, he unknotted the fabric at his hip, letting the towel drop to the floor as he stepped forward. Sumire gasped at what greeted her, and back in the apartment, Futaba blinked—her voyeuristic arousal momentarily overridden by sheer, unadulterated surprise.

I guess this is the one thing porn doesn't actually exaggerate...?

Futaba had only ever seen dicks in porn, and only rarely were they unpixellated. Even with her relatively meagre experience... Marcus seemed, frankly, OP.

He's not even hard and that thing is hanging halfway down his thigh...

Futaba shivered as she imagined Sumire sucking—*no*, as she imagined Sumire *fucking* that monstrous member.

One step at a time. There's no way she goes for—

Futaba's thoughts ground to a screeching halt as Marcus crossed the distance between them, gathered up Sumire with arms bigger than Futaba's torso, and crashed his dark lips against hers.

It took a second for the scene to compute, for her blue-screened mind to restart. Marcus was just so... *big*. Almost twice the size of Sumire.

Unlike Futaba, Sumire wasn't all that small... yet Marcus dwarfed her all the same. Like a bear mauling a fawn.

It wasn't until she heard Sumire moaning into her instructor's mouth—her arms wrapping around his narrow waist—that Futaba *lost* it.

OH MY GOD!

It's happening! It's really happening!

Futaba started rubbing herself with one hand, the other shakily hitting keys until she yeeted all the unimportant feeds from her monitors and blew up the ones showing the *action*.

She's actually doing it. Tongue and all! And she's coming apart for him!

Her pale face as red as Sumi's hair and her breaths coming in laboured wheezes, Futaba's masturbating grew more intense as Marcus gently peeled off Sumire's barely-there outfit.

'Grab it,' Futaba pleaded as they went back to kissing. 'I want you to grab the thing I can never give you...'

Futaba let out a piteous moan as she watched Sumire almost immediately reach down to cup Marcus' huge cock, the appendage as long as and thicker than her forearm. She couldn't even wrap her hands around the dark pillar of flesh, and Futaba had to bite her lip to stifle a moan as she pulled back to stare down at his hardness with awe.

'Come on,' Marcus urged, his voice deep and as smooth as honey, *'Let's clean up before we get dirty again...'*

Sumi didn't protest, her breaths coming in rapid, excited pants as Marcus removed her clearly distracted girl's earbuds, set them down on the bench by her bag, and guided his client over to the shower.

Now deprived of audio and her direct link with her girlfriend, Futaba hyperfocused on the feed and watched—one hand moving like a blur and the other stuffed under her shirt and pinching a rock-hard nipple—as Marcus turned on the water and brought Sumi with him under the spray.

She watched as they *devoured* one another. This was kissing like Futaba had never experienced before, with hands desperately exploring unfamiliar flesh and tongues duelling for dominance.

In that moment, if nothing else happened and they called it right there, Futaba could have died and gone to gooner heaven.

Then Marcus gently guided Sumire into a kneeling position, that huge, oversized cock resting against her wide-eyed face.

Futaba wondered if Sumi would call it. They never discussed going this far.

She'd underestimated her girlfriend.

Deliciously eagerly, after getting over her shock, Sumire spread her lips wide and swallowed the fist-sized head of Marcus' arousal.

'Oh fuck,' Futaba cried, rubbing harder as Sumire sexily, with obviously very little experience, tried her best to blow her trainer.

It was like watching a level 1 adventurer try to battle the final boss.

She wished that big brute hadn't taken the earbuds—they were waterproof for crying out loud! Futaba desperately wanted to hear her girlfriend's slutty little moans and whimpers as she choked on that huge pillar of flesh.

Marcus, if anything, looked amused by her efforts. He let her try and wrangle his endowment for a few more minutes before calling it quits and gently pulled a shaky Sumire back to her feet.

Futaba let out a disappointed sigh as the action came to an end. They were speaking now, and while she couldn't hear the words, she figured it probably had—

Her eyes widened and her thoughts came to a screeching halt as Sumire looked up directly into the camera, bit her lip, then nodded.

'Oh *fuuuuuuuuck*, no way!'

Futaba watched, mouth gaping as the towering personal trainer pressed a forearm against the tiles above Sumire's head, the other arm dangling low, tracing a line down Sumire's immaculately toned body until his sausage-like fingers came to a rest at her flower.

She didn't have to wait long to realise she'd underestimated her girlfriend *again*.

Curling his fingers inside her, Sumire's mouth opened wide—a silent or not-so silent scream, she couldn't possibly know. She watched as the large man fingered her girlfriend, the room spinning as she noted Sumire clinging to his arm for dear life, refusing to let him go.

Before Futaba could even catch her breath, before she could come to terms with this going way farther than she'd ever expected, Marcus pulled his fingers out of the pouting Sumire, a knowing grin on her lips.

No... no fucking way!

Once more, Futaba marvelled at how fantastically she'd underestimated Sumire.

Because as she watched, her eyes wide and mouth agape in shock, Marcus bent down and lifted Sumire up, pressing her against the tiled wall at the perfect height as he lined himself up.

Maybe... maybe she wanted this a lot more than she let on...

Futaba was hyperventilating as she watched Marcus awkwardly angle his huge cock so the oversized head was pressing against her girlfriend's delicate, virgin flower.

Virgin when it came to a *man's* touch anyway.

Just as she thought the scene couldn't get more erotically overwhelming, Sumire once more looked directly into the camera, her chin resting on Marcus' massive shoulder as she braced herself.

Though miles apart, Futaba felt a connection to her girlfriend as they stared into each other's eyes through the digital wall separating them.

One that grew fundamentally weaker as Marcus shifted his hips and, in a blink, impaled the gorgeous redhead on his manhood.

Futaba didn't have a good angle on the physical act... but she didn't need it. She saw, in crystal-clear high definition, Sumire's eyes widening before her head rocked back against the unforgiving tile.

It was torture.

It was bliss.

It was hot because it was *both*.

He wasn't brutal like you'd see in porn. Marcus knew his size and understood it wouldn't be fun for anyone to bring his partner to tears. Instead, he controlled his thrusts, sinking deeper and deeper each time before slowly pulling out to start again.

Futaba's first orgasm hit her out of nowhere as, unprepared, she was hit with the sight of Sumire's eyes crossing and her tongue lolling out with demented bliss as Marcus bottomed out inside her.

It was an expression she'd *never* managed to force on her girlfriend's features and, even if she had a hundred years, she very much doubted she ever *could*.

This was the kind of pleasure only a *man* could give Sumire, not her *little girlfriend*.

It wasn't the *ahegao* that triggered her orgasm however, at least not entirely. With a sense of urgency Futaba didn't understand without the audio to make the scene clearer, Marcus pulled out and stuck his fingers back into her flower.

Left gaping by his vacated dick, he easily slipped three of his sausage-fingers inside and curled, rubbing harder and faster than Futaba had ever managed before.

Futaba watched Sumi writhe for her trainer, her perfect body undulating like a dance while her mouth hung open. She wished the earbuds were still there, she *desperately* wanted to hear the moans that were no-doubt echoing off the tiled-walls.

Then, much to Futaba's shock, she watched as her girlfriend experienced *another* first for that evening.

One of many.

Biting her lip, she shook, trembled, then buried her face in her hands as liquid *exploded* from her core, covering both Marcus and herself in squirted juices quickly washed away by the shower.

Futaba could only gape, a gnawing chasm opening up in her guts as she watched this *man* fuck her girlfriend better than she *ever* could.

As she watched this *man* slowly and steadily *steal* Sumi from her.

Her hand crept back down to her womanhood, her fingers finding her clit.

Rather than her despairing thoughts killing her buzz... they only *inflamed* them.

This... this is awesome!

-

The locker room was finally silent, though the echoes of her euphoric moans still rang in her ears.

It was late into the evening—they had been at it for *hours*, and Marcus finally needed to lock up the facility before heading home.

He hadn't been in a rush, but it had been a grueling day and he was apparently eager to call it.

Good that he did... I'm not sure how much more I could have handled...

After washing up, Sumire sat on the wooden bench, frozen in a state of absolute, vegetative shock.

I... I can't believe I let it go that far...

She had lost the bet fair and square. In her mind, she had fully intended to pay up by maybe flirting with her older trainer, giving the admittedly handsome man a kiss, or at worst, engaging in some heavy petting.

It had gone... *way* further than that. The moment she'd felt his lips on hers, his large hands all over her body, she had lost all semblance of control, entirely consumed by Marcus's easy confidence and domineering nature.

To say there had been *fireworks* would have been an understatement. Obviously. Marcus had steered her into an intense, mind-numbing experience she hadn't been remotely prepared for.

And she was terrified.

Not of Marcus—the man was her friend, and he had been incredibly sweet and attentive despite how aggressive the sex had been.

No, she was terrified by how much she had liked—no, *loved* it.

She had never been with a man before tonight. The sheer physics of it were completely different from anything she shared with Futaba, and if she were being brutally honest with herself... physically?

It was... *better*.

And that realization scared her to her very core. It made her feel guilty and sick and like she was the worst girlfriend of all time.

'That probably turns you on though, doesn't it, you horny little gremlin?' she murmured aloud, a tired grin curling at her dry lips.

When only the hum of the gym's ventilation greeted her, Sumire reached up to her ears. Her eyes widened as a memory suddenly flashed through her mind—Marcus gently pulling the wireless buds out of her ears hours ago so they wouldn't get ruined by the spray.

Looking around frantically, she spotted the buds sitting innocently beside her gym bag. She snatched them up, shoved them back into her ears, and tried to hail her girlfriend.

'Futaba? Honey, can you hear me?'

No response.

She tried again... and several times more... still, the same.

A cold, suffocating wave of panic instantly settled into her chest.

Did I go too far? Is she angry? Oh no... Oh nonononono!

With her heart simultaneously breaking and threatening to beat its way right out of her chest, Sumire threw on her clothes, grabbed her bag, and rushed out of the building into the cool night air without another word to her new lover.

As she sprinted through the quiet streets toward home, the adrenaline spike lent a desperate speed to her steps. She tried to hail Futaba through the earbuds again, then pulled out her phone to call her directly.

Both attempts went entirely unanswered, ringing out into the void.

By the time she finally collapsed against the front door of their apartment, her hands were shaking far too violently to align her key. Forcing herself to take three ragged, trembling breaths, hot tears of sheer panic streaming down her flushed cheeks, she finally managed to turn the mechanism. She pushed the door open, her mind screaming with the terrifying certainty that she had just ruined the best thing in her life.

Then, she froze dead in her tracks.

Futaba... well, at the very least, she *probably* wasn't angry. Deductive reasoning had always been more Ren or Makoto's thing, but she didn't need to be Sherlock Holmes to put two and two together in this instance.

The first thing Sumire's eyes locked onto was the glow from the workstation. The sprawling wall of monitors was entirely lit up, all of them replaying video clips on loop.

Clips she was *intimately* familiar with, despite having never seen them from this angle.

Clips of herself... completely unravelling under Marcus' experienced *attention*.

And sitting in front of the array of monitors—her legs spread wide and bare feet resting on the lip of her desk—was Futaba, one hand furiously rubbing circles over her clit and the other groping a pert, perky breast.

Sumire let out a breath of relief. The reason Futaba had ignored her panicked hails was because... she was too busy masturbating like the horny little gremlin she was.

Her face flushed as she took in the clips once more—no longer freaking out, she let curiosity win out and saw what, exactly, her girlfriend found so titillating.

Each clip made Sumire's face flush a darker and darker shade of red.

The first was a graphic closeup of her own vagina with Marcus' huge manhood plowing into it, their combined slick frothing against her skin. The next showed how effortlessly Marcus could support her weight, holding her clean off the floor as he bounced her on his cock.

The third clip showed Sumi wetting herself on repeat—*squirting*, Marcus had called it. She remembered her girlfriend mentioning it in the past, but she'd never experienced a sensation quite like that violent, uncontrolled release.

The final clip—the one dominating the most real estate on Futaba's main monitor—was a close-up of Sumire's face. Her eyes were rolled back into her skull, her tongue lolling slightly while drool trailed from her mouth.

It was all a bit of a blur, but if Sumire had to guess, it had been recorded in the thick of her most powerful orgasm. It was an expression she'd seen countless times while scanning through Futaba's porn collection—one she'd always written off as unrealistic and ridiculous.

Little did she know, all she'd needed was a man to unlock that degenerate side of her.

Remembering the sheer distress and panic she had just been suffering through, all because this little degenerate had been too busy getting herself off to answer her phone, a spark of genuine irritation flared inside of Sumire.

I was terrified, and she was... masturbating?!

The question of whether she had gone too far felt entirely redundant now. The evidence was plain as day.

Sumire stopped creeping toward her girlfriend when she realized Futaba was wearing her heavy, noise-canceling headphones. A herd of elephants could stampede through the apartment and she doubted the hacker would notice.

Especially given how... *occupied* she was.

Her mind spun, unsure of how to handle the situation as she stood there, silently watching Futaba furiously pleasure herself to the embarrassing footage.

Well, that's not entirely true... you read up on her fetish. You know exactly what to do.

Sumire bit her lip as the thought came unbidden, realizing the absolute truth of it before she could even bother denying it. She warred with herself for several moments, her earlier anxiety dissolving into a wicked, daring resolve.

This was what Futaba wanted. She trusted their relationship enough to know that if she went too far, her girlfriend would speak up.

Coming to a decision, Sumire slowly crouched behind the gaming chair. In a blur of movement, her hand shot forward, ripping the headset off Futaba's ears with one hand while firmly smothering her mouth with the other.

Futaba squealed with fright, caught completely off-guard in the most compromising position imaginable. But Sumire easily overpowered her, pinning the thrashing hacker to ensure she didn't accidentally hurt herself.

'Do you have any idea how *worried* I was?' Sumire hissed in annoyance, leaning down close. 'Why didn't you answer your phone?!'

All the fight instantly bled out of Futaba the second she recognized Sumi's voice. Still, she squirmed against the hold, her breaths coming in rapid, shallow wheezes.

'Y-you—I—' Futaba wiggled again, trying to free her mouth, but with how much stronger the gymnast was, she might as well have been fighting against steel cables. 'You've got some nerve talking to me like that! *Cheater!*'

The words might have felt like a dagger to the heart under any other circumstances, but they lost a lot of their edge when Futaba didn't actually stop rubbing herself while spewing them.

Batting Futaba's hand away, Sumire took over, cupping her girlfriend's exposed, slick center and blocking her from pleasuring herself while keeping her securely trapped in the chair.

'Aren't *you* the one that calls yourself a *cuck*?' Sumire purred, slipping seamlessly into her role. The room fell into an intense silence, broken only by the sound of Futaba's ragged breathing as she was momentarily stunned by Sumi's brazen words. 'Isn't this *exactly* what you wanted?'

Futaba wiggled and bucked again against her grip, finally settling when she realised Sumire wasn't budging.

'H-how was it?' she wheezed, finally breaking the silence. There was an odd tone to her voice, one that belied her eagerness. 'W-was it as good as it looked, you, you *cheating bitch*?!'

She didn't need to look at the embarrassing clips looping on repeat to refresh her memory. The pleasure she'd felt at Marcus' hands, the feeling of exquisite *fullness* being impaled on his manhood sparked... it was not something she'd ever forget.

Still, she followed Futaba's gaze, her face growing warm at having that embarrassing look on her face plastered all over the screen.

Licking her lips, she briefly wondered if she should sugarcoat her words. To spare her girlfriend's ego.

What ego?

It was... a valid point.

Should I tell her the truth? What if it upsets her?

The thought felt ludicrous in retrospect, especially given the state she'd found Futaba in, or the questions she was asking.

'Are you sure you want to know?' Sumire purred, the "acting" coming more naturally to her the longer this went on. As much as she didn't want to admit it... she was starting to enjoy herself. 'What if you don't like what I have to say, hmm?'

'I-I bet you were faking it!' Futaba shot back, egging her on. 'There's no way it was that good. Y-you were putting on a show, weren't you? Exaggerating, right?!'

There was no mistaking it. The hitch in her voice, the odd, strained tone.

Sumire knew she was being baited. Or more accurately, Futaba's questions were very obviously *leading*.

She may have been a little innocent and naive when it came to these things... but not *that* naive.

And no longer that innocent.

You better not hate me for this...

Cupping Futaba's chin, she turned her girlfriend's face to look at the clip of Sumire... *squirting*.

'That was so embarrassing,' Sumire began. 'I thought I was about to wet myself. Marcus was focusing on that special spot inside me. He was relentless. No matter how much I begged and pleaded, he didn't stop, rubbing *rougher* and *harder*. I felt *full*, even with just his fingers... and the orgasm...?'

Sumire closed her eyes and *remembered*, no acting required as she recalled the sensation she'd *never* forget.

'It was so *deep*, my whole body started to *throb* with pleasure. It's hard to describe... because I've *never* felt like that before...'

At this point, Futaba was all-but clawing at the hand covering her nethers, desperate to touch herself.

Sumire didn't let her.

'I was... so tired after. I remember thinking I'd never felt that good before... and that I'd never feel that good again. I was... so wrong.'

Futaba was wiggling again like a feral kitten, whimpering and begging for Sumi to let her go, to let her touch herself.

Sumire ignored her.

'I wasn't expecting much, even when Marcus took off the towel and I saw... *it*. He's just a man, after all. Basically a stranger when it comes to knowing my body—no love, no connection, just raw, carnal lust. How could sex based on that feel as good as when doing it with my love? Looking back, I'm genuinely embarrassed by how.. *wrong* I was.'

Inexplicably, as Futaba's breathing grew more laboured, her struggles against her grip more desperate as her arousal sky-rocketed, Sumi was surprised to find her girlfriend wasn't the only one enjoying themselves.

Why am I getting so excited? It can't just be remembering Marcus... can it?

'In the beginning, all I had in my mind was to just get it over with,' she whispered, as if she were talking about the weather. 'I'd just make him cum as quickly as possible... that should be enough to satisfy my degenerate little girlfriend, no? Anything more, and that'd be too close to *cheating*. I didn't want that, not at all...'

Futaba whimpered adorably as she kept writhing and trembling.

'But the second he touched me... the second he picked me up in his big, *strong* arms... it was so hard to think straight. Then he kissed me... *touched* me, down *there*...'

Her words were having a notable effect on her girlfriend, but they were affecting Sumire just as much. Her body felt flush, a pleasant warmth surging through her very being that she couldn't easily dismiss.

This is so embarrassing... but it's so fun too... what's wrong with me?

'Then... when he finally put it in me... honey, I can't even *describe* the feeling. Everything else just... stopped mattering. I could barely breathe, I couldn't resist... I could barely *think*.'

Her girlfriend's moans were growing more urgent, the whimpering and mewling more insistent.

'And then I realised something,' she purred, licking her lips as the deliciously wicked words came to her as easy as breathing. 'Is *this* what sex is supposed to feel like? I started wondering if what we shared even counted—it was like I was a virgin all over again.'

Sumire trembled, eyes fluttering closed as her mind drifted back to the locker room, to her time with Marcus...

When her eyes fluttered back open, she was greeted with the sight of her lover's huge manhood spreading her flower wide, the looping clip enough to spark that delicious, stinging sensation in her lips as she came apart for him.

Putting her lips right next to her girlfriend's ear, her next words came out in a breathy whisper, her warm breath flowing over Futaba's flushed, overheating skin.

'He made me cum harder than I've *ever* cum before,' she confessed, barely able to get the words out as her voice trembled with need and barely-repressed passion. 'Thinking back, I guess I was too distracted to realise it at the time... but it was the best orgasm I've *ever* had... and it's not even close.'

'B-better than any I've given you?'

Sumire bit her lip, switching over to Futaba's other ear as she spoke her sinful truth.

'I thought I knew what pleasure was... but then Marcus... he showed me what true pleasure *really* is. What we have?' She paused and, feeling wicked, she nibbled Futaba's ear, earning herself more bucking and whimpering. 'It's *nothing* compared to how Marcus made me feel.'

She let the powerful words settle in the stunned silence before delivering the *coup de grâce*.

'You've *never* made me feel as good as Marcus made me feel, and you—'

'CUMMING!'

Futaba screamed the word, her entire body going completely rigid. Sumire let go as if she'd been burned, stepping back in absolute awe as she watched her girlfriend shake and tremble through the most violent, explosive orgasm she had ever seen her experience—from just... *words*.

Finally, when the waves of pleasure stopped coursing through her petite frame, Futaba spun around in her chair. She lunged forward, grabbing Sumire's hand with a molten, frantic desperation in her eyes.

'Bed. *Now!*'

Seeing the way Futaba looked at her—the sheer devotion overriding any trace of real anger—caused the last lingering weight to completely lift from Sumire's shoulders.

Feeling a sudden spark of playfulness replace her unease, Sumire stood her ground, resisting as Futaba tried to drag her toward the mattress.

A strange, intoxicating realization bloomed in her chest.

She had agreed to all of this initially out of a desire to please her girlfriend, assuming she would just be the passive participant in Futaba's crazy games. But somewhere along the way, the script had flipped. Watching how her borderline cruel, teasing language fired Futaba up—how just a few choice words could spark such an overwhelming, euphoric reaction—lit a fire in Sumire that was unlike anything she'd ever felt before.

It was a rush not too dissimilar to the one Futaba had seemingly been chasing all evening.

Maybe she wasn't just the eager-to-please submissive she'd always thought herself to be. Maybe, she realized with an electric thrill, she had a lot more 'top' in her than either of them suspected.

'I dunno,' Sumire countered, a slow smirk spreading across her lips. 'Marcus kind of wore me out. Can't you just... handle it yourself? *Cuck.*'

Sumire's grin widened as she watched Futaba's knees *literally* buckle at the word.

Her cheeks flushed a furious, iridescent crimson. With eyes wide with pure, submissive glee, the hacker dropped directly to the hardwood floor like an obedient puppy.

'Please, Mistress!' Futaba begged, her voice hoarse with arousal. 'I'll do whatever you want! Let this pathetic cuck service you. Just please, don't leave me!'

As Futaba eagerly crawled toward her, rubbing her flushed face against Sumire's foot while still trembling from the aftershocks of her orgasm, Sumire realized their relationship would never be the same again.

And while the terrifying unease inside her had completely vanished, she idly wondered if that was a good thing...