



AWAKEN

MIDNIGHTREN

HOTPINK

EROCHI

Chapter 1

My name is Leah Smith. Just a week ago, my plane landed in Tokyo where I began my new life as a student of Japanese history at a university exchange program. But what was I doing in a foreign country 5000 miles away from home?

For one reason, I was a big fan of Japanese culture. The origin of this fascination was long lost to time. It had been around for as far back as my memory stretched. From a young age, I would pour through every encyclopedia and history book in our tiny local library and read up as much as I could about this faraway, distant land. When I had read all the books, I started browsing the internet. My curiosity was boundless. To someday have the opportunity to study all this in the very country where it took place was a dream come true.

But I'd be lying if I said my curiosity for Japanese culture was the *only* reason that I came here. Growing up in a remote, rural community, you don't really get a chance to be yourself. You don't really get a chance to think about what being yourself even means. You just had a role you needed to fill to avoid getting ostracized by everything and everyone. So, while I intended to study and get good grades and all that, I also planned on living a little while I was halfway across the world, away from the prying eyes of my family and my boring hometown. I kinda owed it to myself.

And so I traveled to the other side of the world where I was to spend the next three years of my life. A place filled with flashing night lights, towering skyscrapers, and busy, bustling streets full of people – even at midnight. All of that I was already expecting. The first *real* surprise would come on the day of my orientation.

Our class was given a tour of the university to familiarize ourselves with all the key locations on campus and also to have a chance to meet our professors and fellow classmates. We were a pretty small group, just ten of us including me, but I felt pretty at home with them. They looked and behaved like me – quiet, reserved, bookish types. I had the intention of going outside my comfort zone while I was here, but you always needed something familiar to anchor you down at times like these. But, once the orientation was over and I grabbed some lunch at the cafeteria, I would encounter a completely different kind of people.

"Heeeey~! You're the new transfer student, aren't you?"

I turned to see a group of flashy-looking girls standing behind me in some *extremely* cropped shorts and tops that looked more like bras than shirts. All of them were wearing elaborate makeup and carrying expensive designer handbags. A group of *gyaru*. The fabled 'immoral city folk' I was warned about before coming here.

"Y-Yes, I'm Leah." I stuttered, not used to getting attention from people like them, "It's n-nice to meet all of you."

"Where's all your jewelry? I thought Yankees were supposed to be super fashionable!" one of them said, inspecting my modest and unassuming earrings.

"Come on, girl," another one of the gyaru chimed in, "You're way too cute to be wearing this kind of junk. You gotta come shopping with us!"

"Alright, alright, enough. You're scarin' her, let me handle this," the queen bee stepped forward while all the other girls withdrew, "I'm Miyu. This is Rika, Mayumi and Haruka. You're pretty lowkey for an American, but I know it's probably because you don't want the teachers messing with your scholarship or nothing. Don't worry, we're not spies on behalf of the university, you can be yourself around us."

Before I had time to give any sort of response, she snatched the phone out of my hands and tapped away at it for a couple of seconds before handing it back to me with a smile on her face.

"Now you've got my contact details. We gotta hit the happy hour at Club Shade in fifteen, but if you want some company while you go shopping, or if you wanna know what bars serve the best drinks and which nightclubs you ought to party at, I'll be just a text away~!"

And with that, just as quickly and abruptly as they had shown up, they disappeared into the crowd of busy students. It was definitely one of the strangest interactions I ever had - not to mention they had the totally wrong idea about who I was. Whatever other American transfer students are at this university, they must've made quite the impression for them to look at a girl like me and assume I'd be a party animal in disguise.

Shopping, bars, nightclubs. These weren't the leisurely activities I was used to indulging in. Hell, back home, I wasn't even legally allowed to drink yet despite being an adult. It was pretty apparent why my folks were worried. Those girls were loud, flamboyant, and carefree - all

things I was told a woman could not afford to be. They seemed to be having a damn good time being those things, though, just as I had suspected. Having met them only bolstered my belief that I had made the right decision to come here.

On the train ride back home, I decided to do some digging to find out more about these girls who had impromptu recruited me into their friend group. Miyu had taken the liberty to not only add herself to my contacts but also follow herself on my social media profile - though she was also nice enough to follow me back.

Where my profile was full of text posts that pretty much nobody saw and the occasional change of profile picture that got no more than five likes, hers was chock-full of sexually suggestive selfies that wouldn't look out of place on the cover of an adult magazine. And all of them were taken in public places, too - beaches, nightclubs, even on trains like the one I was currently riding.

One of them had her sticking out her tongue and showing off a piercing on it - I didn't even know you could get piercings there! Something also told me she was pierced in *other* places as well. Another one was her lying down while two of her friends were doing shots off her body. The last one I saw before I decided to stop browsing in public was a picture of her at an outdoor party, topless and clearly drunk out of her mind, using the text feature on the app as a makeshift censor bar over her breasts.

Even calling it that felt like a bit of an understatement since it was hiding little more than her nipples. Somehow, I had a feeling I was getting more embarrassed looking at these photos than these girls felt posting them, and I thanked my past self for having the foresight to go private on those social media pages before I left.



Yeah, I was definitely in for a bit of a culture shock, and I was ready to enjoy every second of it.

#FieryFiesta2025 #NoBikini



Chapter 2

Exciting as my first day was, the ones that followed after were very ordinary by comparison. I did *want* to contact Miyu and take her up on her offer. Not the clubbing part, but maybe the bit about going shopping together. It would have been nice to have some more flattering clothes, but I also had a feeling that if I went shopping with that gang, I'd be forced into outfits like the ones they were wearing - and I was *not* ready to be showing off that much skin at the moment. So I did what I officially came here to do and focused on going to all my classes on time and getting all my assignments done.

But even in these seemingly ordinary moments, there was excitement to be found.

"Hey, Leah. Sorry I'm late! Missed the train this morning."

"Professor's not even here yet, we're good."

There was a boy called Takeru in my class. Not the hunky athlete type of guy that most girls like, but he had a different kind of charm about him that I was into. If I saw myself settling down, it would probably be with a guy like him. We ended up sitting next to each other during orientation, and just kept that seating arrangement going ever since.

When we were given our first group project by the professor and asked to get in pairs, we naturally picked

each other. I thought it was going to be just another regular assignment, but once we turned over our brief, I was brought face to face with a nude woman in recline engaging in sexual acts with a pair of octopi.

"This is...!" I gasped, not even able to finish the sentence as my hands shot up to my mouth to cover it in shock.

"Oh, it's a Hokusai. Nice!"

I was evidently more scandalized than he was, but then again, he had probably watched those kinds of dirty anime where things like this were common. But he was also completely correct, it *was* a piece by a legendary painter and printmaker, probably the most well-recognized of his ilk. It was unabashedly erotic, but it was also a piece of history, without a doubt.

"It's definitely an interesting decision to use this instead of *The Great Wave Off Kanagawa* or *Great Daruma* for an introduction to Hokusai."

"I think we might have gotten assigned this kind of stuff in general," he said, flipping past the cover and pointing to the title of our brief, "See? Shunga."

Shunga. A type of erotic art primarily created through ukiyo-e style woodblock printing. The creation of these images was common from the late 700s right up until the 19th century when the introduction of western cameras gave rise to erotic photography that rendered the art form nearly obsolete. Popular amongst all social classes, from the peasants to the daimyo, it was a noteworthy part of the country's artistic history. It was also the type of thing we would *never* be taught about back home, no matter how historically relevant it was.

"Hahaha, you look like a tomato!" Takeru giggled, pointing at my face, "C'mon, it's just drawings on a page!"

"Y-Yeah! Of a woman having sex with an octopus! With *two* of them, actually!"

"Haven't you watched any anime recently? Don't you know about tentacle p-"

"Takeru!"

The class proved to be more difficult than I expected. The academic side of things was simple enough, but being exposed to so many erotic images was having other effects on me. My face was already flushed, and now I had begun feeling a warmth on the back of my neck. I started getting horny, fantasizing about the acts I was seeing depicted. It was heavily stylized but still expressive enough to make my mind wander off into the gutter. I wondered what it would be like to be in the place of those women in the artwork, what it would feel like to feel the things they felt. Eventually, it also started getting uncomfortable to sit down, since my panties started getting damp, and I began to fear leaving a stain on my seat in class. I would die of shame if that happened.

It wasn't like these feelings were completely new to me. Back home, I'd occasionally get these urges as well. Sometimes, there'd be young men working shirtless on their family farms, and an honest day's work really gave them some bodies worth ogling. Guilt and repression never let me delve into those thoughts too deeply, but they were there. Sometimes, I'd go over to a friend's house who'd have more permissive parents, and we'd watch some 'daring' romcoms together with lots of open-mouth kissing, and maybe even a sex scene under the bedsheets. But whenever that would happen before, they'd always just end up going away with time.

Some three hours later, back at my dorm room, I was still plagued by this burning between my legs. Whatever I

was feeling, it was clearly something strong because time alone wasn't getting rid of it. Normally, I'd be panicking quite a bit, but right now, this could be the perfect opportunity for a little bit of extra self-exploration. I could push boundaries and do things I'd never done before. After all, even if it had gone away, I would just find myself in the same situation tomorrow after picking up where we left off in class. This was a group project that would last a week, and I needed to make sure I was able to focus and concentrate - for the sake of my grades, if nothing else.

Being stuck in a pent-up state was out of the question. Even with the limited knowledge I had about sex, my body was screaming for release. Something had to be done. I put on my jacket, grabbed my wallet, and headed for the train station.

Chapter 3

With my sexual feelings bubbling and getting more intense, now was as good a time as any for me to take my first bold step in carving out my new life now that I was abroad. Tucked away at the back of a side alley on the way to the campus there was a sex shop I intended to visit. There was something undeniably exciting about the store for me; the act of standing outside and peering through the front window alone gave me a rush of adrenaline. From the bright neon lights spelling out 'SEX' in capital letters to the mannequins wearing lingerie and carrying whips and dildos on display, everything was so unapologetically erotic! Even the handle on the door was molded in the shape of a penis!

But with all that excitement came a little bit of intimidation as well. Every first step carried uncertainty, and this one was no different. The only semi-reasonable one amidst my worries was that someone would recognize me, and that would somehow negatively impact my scholarship situation. But would something like that happen? What were the odds?

I grabbed the door by its phallic handle and pushed it open.

There was so much to see that the first ten minutes were just me taking in my surroundings. One of the walls was dedicated entirely to dildos. They came in all kinds of colors and sizes, some sizes so big that I questioned if they

were genuinely meant to be used by a human being or if they were more for show. Most of them were human looking, but there was an "Evil Wyvern" section where the dildos were themed after fantasy creatures. The other walls had everything else, outfits, bottles of lubricant, and a bunch of various toys whose use I could not decipher from sight alone.

Who knew there was so much to sex? I had thought it was just a penis and a vagina and then maybe some sexy clothes for the couples out there that were kinky, but these people had it down to a science. Talk about widening your horizons.

"Excuse me, ma'am. Do you need some help?"

A clerk approached me with a reassuring smile and soft-spoken voice, like she was trying not to scare me. Was I so obviously a fish out of water in this store?

"Yeah, I'm looking for... uhmmm.. for a... well, one of those..."

Yeah. I definitely was. The words kept getting stuck in my mouth, and every attempt to rephrase just backed me further into a corner. Deciding I was going to buy a sex toy to masturbate with was the bold step I had come here with the determination to make. *Telling* someone about it, vocalizing those dirty intentions out loud - that was a totally different story. I was frozen solid.

"Are you looking for some lingerie, a toy, maybe a-"

"A toy, a toy," it felt so much easier to say after the clerk said it first, "Just something not very... you know..."

"Something from the beginner's section, I think. Come with me, please, we'll find just the perfect thing to match your tastes."

I followed her to a considerably smaller section of the

store filled with much more normal and ordinary-looking items. As fascinating as the 'exotic' stuff was to look at, I wasn't sure I even knew how to use most of it. It was better not to bite off more than I could chew in a situation like this. She showed me a couple of beginner-friendly items, but the first few were still too intimidating for me. Four inches? That's way bigger than my fingers, I can't take something like that!

Eventually, she showed me something I could get behind. It was about the length of my middle finger and twice as thick.

"I think I'll have this one."

"Alright, then," she said, putting it back and grabbing one that was even smaller, probably about the length of one of my fingers but thicker, quite a bit thicker, "How about this one? Perfect for beginners and comes pre-packaged with a pair of batteries so it's ready to use straight out the box."

"Batteries?"

"For the vibration function, of course."

"Ohhhh, right, right. Silly me." I tried my best to fake an honest mistake, but I was pretty sure the clerk saw right through me. But wasn't sex supposed to be an 'in and out' kind of thing? I wasn't sure what vibrations would do to help, but I was going to find out soon enough. "I'll take it!"

The train ride back home felt like an eternity. Even though the dildo I had bought was small enough to fit in a purse, the weight of it in my mind made it feel like I was carrying something large and painfully obvious in my backpack. When I finally got off the train right next to the

dorm building, I felt like a spy who just made it back to home territory.

It was time.

I rushed inside, locked the door behind me, and threw off all my clothes. The excitement had intensified tenfold, and by the time my panties finally came off, they were soaking wet. The little bottle of lube the store threw in as a gift went completely forgotten, but in retrospect, it wouldn't really have added much.

My heartbeat started racing as I climbed onto the bed and spread open my legs, holding the toy against my untouched entrance, ready to take it where nothing and no one else had been before. With gritted teeth, I pushed it forward, and the first half of it slid inside without any resistance. There was some pain beyond that point, but my body was craving all the other feelings that came with this. It didn't matter if it hurt a little; I was *sure* this was the path to relief, and I was hungry for it.

It felt so damn good that I had started shaking and moaning, unable to fully control myself with this lustful device inside me. Looking down at my torso and legs, my skin had developed a glistening sheen from the seat. My whole body was on fire.

Scenes from the Shunga began flashing into my head as I pushed in the last few inches, except now it was me in the place of those women. The one that captivated me the most was one in which a man's head was between the woman's legs, with the dialogue implying he was licking her. There was no way I would ever put my mouth there on someone else, but the thought of being on the receiving end had an iron grip over me. What would it feel like to have someone's tongue touch me there? The more I thought about it, the more the stain on my bedsheets



grew, and the more soaked the toy got from the juices that were coming out of me.

Something was about to happen, a pressure was building up inside me, and sooner or later it was going to explode. That's when I remembered there was a "vibe function" on this thing. It was supposed to make it feel better, that's what the store clerk said.

Bzz!

The toy came to life, buzzing and vibrating inside me. Too much was being felt in too many places, too severe to properly process. My brain simply froze. And then *it* happened. A jolt went through the entirety of my body, and something unbelievably intense took over my senses. The trembling I had been experiencing intensified tenfold, and after a few seconds, my hips shot upwards and a jet of water sprayed out from my privates like a broken fire hydrant, sending the toy flying. My hands kept trying to reach for a pillow to muffle the screams that kept coming out of my mouth, but I was shaking too hard to get any sort of proper grip.

For the next thirty seconds, I was a mess of overstimulation and ecstasy. When it all ended, my hips fell back down to the bed, where I kept twitching and occasionally squirting out some juices as I tried to catch my breath. I was worn out, but I was satisfied.

So far the culture shock was going pretty well, even if it now entailed some unexpected laundry work and a changing of the bedsheets.

Chapter 4

The next day I attended class still riding the wave from last night's orgasm. I could tell I was getting more looks than usual, the quiet, shy girl was walking with a little extra pep in her step. But it wasn't just the sexual relief that kept me in those higher spirits. What lingered after the bliss of climax was an intense sensation of freedom, a great weight falling off my shoulders that I wasn't aware I was even carrying. I felt more *me*.

And so, we dove right back into studying shunga with Takeru, without having to worry about my body reacting in any distracting ways. The first few hours of our research had us going over more of the usual stuff that I was mentally prepared to go through. My mind did wander a little, but I managed to avoid embarrassing myself like yesterday. All was going well, or so I thought.

The familiar troubles resurfaced when we began to look into a set of prints which only featured women. Not alone, but two or sometimes more of them together. That was when the floodgates really opened. Where before I had ventured into a world that I knew existed beyond the confines of my strict upbringing, now I was exploring thoroughly unknown territory.

On one hand, I was a little confused. In theory, I knew two men could go at it since they at least had... the 'right parts' to get it done. But two women? There were pictures of oral sex, but there were also pictures of them with their

legs locked, or on top of one another. There was a curiosity eating away at me - how would that feel like? Would the rubbing alone feel as good as having something inserted? I was curious. I wanted to try it. I could already hear the objections of the folks back home, and I also felt free to ignore them. Free to have these dirty thoughts in my head where no one would know about them.

These thoughts remained in the speculative and distant at first, faceless female figures animated in my mind, inspired by the acts and poses I was discovering. But one of the figures began to unblur and come into focus, slowly becoming a reflection of myself. It was eventually no longer a question about the abstract pondering of how such actions would feel physically. I was fantasizing about myself and another woman, irrespective of the fact that my mind could not conjure up a specific face or person to imprint upon this blank partner of mine.

And the more I had those thoughts, the more wet I would become. At first it was easy enough to ignore, but at some point it got so bad that it became uncomfortable just to stay sitting down with all that slimy stuff in my panties. No amount of shifting around was making it any better, and my strange behavior wasn't going unnoticed either.

"Everything okay, Leah? You're looking a little weird."

"I think I... I think I need to use the bathroom."

I excused myself and bolted for the toilet, holding down my skirt with my hands to try and further hide the source of my shame. I had sunk to some terrible lows, but what choice did I have? I was leaking like a broken faucet! It'd be running down my legs by the time class was over if I didn't take care of it.



After finding the cleanest stall, I wiped down a segment of the wall and leaned against it, sliding down my skirt and then my panties. My pussy was tender and swollen, tinted red as if my whole body was embarrassed and blushing at my inability to control my urges. The lightest touch alone was enough to draw moans out of me. One hand tended to my 'needs' while the other covered my mouth to make sure nobody heard me.

It wasn't enough!

Without any proper knowledge of what I was doing, I hastily unbuttoned my shirt and began to grope my own breasts, following my body's perverted instincts deeper into depravity. With no free hand to cover my mouth, the moans began to escape from my lips again, slowly but surely getting louder once my fingers began to tweak my nipples.

My middle and index fingers burrowed deep, exploring the fleshy insides of my pussy in search of that little spot that sent me over the edge yesterday. I felt around hurriedly, closing my eyes and doing my best to focus on my body. Every second spent here in this compromising state of undress was another second of risking discovery, not to mention my continued moans would draw the attention of anyone who entered.

When the spot was finally found, I pressed both of my drenched fingers against it and rubbed as hard as I could, even if I knew that my outburst would be unpredictable and most likely loud. In a matter of seconds, I felt it wash over me. The shakes. The explosion. It was coming again. Oh God, if I started to spray in here like I did in my bedroom I'd probably stain myself with the fluids splashing off the walls. Nnnnngh! I couldn't stop!

A wave of pleasure shot through my body from head to

toe, and my hips shot forward as my pussy started spraying uncontrollably. No vibrating dildo, no bed, not even the comfort of privacy, and I still came harder than I did back in my dorm room. The thrill of doing something like this in 'public,' where I could be caught at any moment, worked wonders on my body. Lucky for me, it was a thrill and nothing else. Thankfully, there was nobody in the bathroom to hear m-

"Uhhhh... everything alright in there?"

Shit! A voice speaking in broken Japanese came from outside the stall, and I froze on the spot. Whoever that was, her lack of fluency probably didn't do much to prevent her from understanding what I was doing. I tried to breathe silently and mask my panic, hoping in vain that she would just go away or mind her own business. Instead, she repeated the question a second time, sounding even more concerned than last time.

I pulled up my panties and skirt with one hand while clumsily rushing to button up my shirt with the other. When I managed to summon the courage to exit the stall, I would have to play it cool and act like nothing strange was going on. It was pretty much my only shot of getting out of this. After a deep breath, I forced the shaking hand on the stall knob to stillness, and opened the door.

Waiting for me on the other side was a girl who towered a full head and shoulders over me, tanned and athletic with short spiky hair that I had never seen on a woman before. She was wearing a volleyball uniform with the school's team branding on it, and it looked like she had just come back from a workout or a training session. Her face was worried at first, but it instantly brightened up as soon as she saw me.

"Oh, hey! You're the new transfer student, right?" she

asked me, looking relieved and switching to English.

Probably because of the Shunga we were studying, I was acutely aware of her body. Maybe a little more than I would have liked to have been. Being so horny about someone standing right in front of you was a new experience, and I could only imagine how red my face must have been. Volleyball outfits left little to the imagination as they were, but her post-workout sweat had hers glued onto her body, with her nipples prominently visible through the fabric of her top.

"Yeah, that's me," I replied, forcing my eyes away from her chest, "I'm Leah Smith, nice to meet you."

"Alex Jackson. Believe me, pleasure's all mine. Feels like it's been years since the last time I got to talk to someone in plain old English. I can't figure out the language no matter how much time I spend in this country."

"The language *is* quite difficult. I've had an interest in it since I was five and some of the nuances in the pronunciation still fly right over my head."

"Oh, you're one of them *smart* smart types. When I say I'm having trouble, I mean I'm barely passing most of my classes. Failed a couple of 'em last year too. I'd probably be getting kicked out if it wasn't for my sports scholarship. Not that many six-foot women playing sports to go around here."

I wasn't sure what shocked me more, the contents of her confession or how casually she admitted to it. In my high school, all the girls were pretty much top students, even the few of them that were into sports. The whole "athlete who doesn't care about grades" thing was something I came to expect only from guys. Then again, this Alex Jackson definitely didn't have much in common with most of the girls I was used to being around, even more so

than Miyu and her group of flashy show-offs.

"How come nobody's ever seen you around?" she asked, sweeping her wet bangs behind her ear, "Most of the American girls flock together with the popular locals."

"I'm uhhh... a little shy. Not much of a party animal. Some local girls also wanted to take me out to a club, but it's not really my thing."

"Mine neither. I wouldn't bother going clubbing if I could find a half-decent concert with a mosh pit around here. I end up staying in most of the time, anyway, gotta be real horny to drag my ass out to a club."

We made some more small talk, but my brain stayed mentally behind on that little tidbit of information until I forced myself to be present again. There was so much I wanted to ask her, but Takeru was waiting for me back in class, and she probably had things to do as well. We exchanged some contact details, and she headed into the showers. I ended up returning to class relieved of my sexual frustration but burdened with more confusion regarding my feelings.

There was still no way I could explain what I felt upon seeing her athletic, tomboyish body for the first time. She was indeed unlike any other girl I had been around before.

Chapter 5

As another week of classes wrapped up, I seemingly bit off a little bit more than I could chew when it came to my plans of self-exploration. I wasn't complaining, I was just caught off guard by how quickly my appetite grew. 'Masturbation' was a word that would make me blush if I as much as thought about it a few months back, and it had now become a part of my daily routine. Not only that, but my fairly innocent fantasies, which might have - at most - involved some shirtless kissing, had now become intricate, passionate affairs with men and women alike.

Thankfully, I had learned to control those urges the more as I partook in the act, and I was no longer running off to the bathroom in the middle of class. But that one excursion did throw the project's schedule a little off balance. There was our ongoing research project about the Shunga. Most groups had finished by now, but there were a few of us who were still working, so we were given the weekend to wrap things up. The other groups were doing finishing touches, but Takeru and I still had quite a bit to get done before we could submit. We had to arrange a weekend get-together and sort it out that way.

LSMITH: Is Saturday or Sunday better for you? I'd prefer tomorrow just in case something goes wrong, we still have another day to do any last-minute changes. It's our first big project, and I'm a little anxious about the grade.

TAKERU99: We would've finished on time if SOMEONE hadn't disappeared to the bathroom for three hours

TAKERU99: Jk jk

TAKERU99: I'm good with either day, personally I'm just glad to get away from my stuffy parents for a few hours

TAKERU99: Just tell me when and I'll take the train. Which dorm building are you in again?

LSMITH: I was actually thinking that maybe we could do it at your house instead. My dorm is all messy and cramped, I think it'd just mess with our workflow to be honest.

But of course, there was *always* the chance that I would end up getting horny again. If we were to study in my dorm room, there was no way I could hide and rub out a quickie, so I wanted to go to Takeru's house instead. The presence of his parents would surely be enough of a deterrent to prevent any errant feelings of arousal to overstay their welcome. Alas, I would never find out if the plan was a good one.

TAKERU99: No way, lol

TAKERU99: Probably a bad time to mention this, but I told my parents that the friend I made at school was a guy

TAKERU99: If they knew you were a girl, *especially* if I brought you to our home, they would probably start trying to get you to marry me.

TAKERU99: I would much rather skip this awkwardness for both of us OTL

That was when a strange idea hit me. Strange at first but

growing more appealing the more I put thought into it. More ideas began whirling around in my head, each one more bold and outrageous than the last, until the ping of my phone snapped me back to reality.

TAKERU99: Leah? You there?

TAKERU99: If you feel uncomfortable being alone with a guy, we could just do it online.

LSMITH: No, no! Please, don't worry, my dorm room is fine. I'll do my best to clean up and have it ready by tomorrow morning. I'll send you the location when I'm done.

TAKERU99: Awesome, thanks. You're a lifesaver!

With the matter settled, I grabbed my jacket, backpack, and purse and made for the door. There was no cleaning to do, but I had other, more *exciting* preparations to see through while stores were still open for the day.

Next stop - the back-alley sex shop, again.

Takeru showed up at my house the next day, just like we agreed, completely unaware of the surprise I had in store for him. For us, really.

We began our meetup as the diligent students that we were, splitting the work evenly between us and getting a massive chunk of our assignment done in a matter of hours. But as the day dragged on, our progress began to slow as we grew weary and tired, until we eventually hit a brick wall analyzing a particularly difficult piece showing a man and a woman engaged in fellatio. We decided to put a pin on our research for the moment, just to clear our heads. In other words - it was the perfect time to enact my plan.

"Whew, I'm beat. Wanna take a break and get some snacks? There's a great hidden gem of a ramen place down the street here, I could take you there."

"I actually bought us some snacks and refreshments already, and... there was something else that I wanted to show you here - if that's okay, of course."

"Oh, that's awesome! Need any help?"

"No, no. You can just stay here. I'll be right back, just give me a second..."

I snuck off to my room, where my most recent purchase from the sex shop, my secret weapon, was waiting for me. My heart began to race as I pushed aside the closet door to reveal it. A bright and shiny latex maid outfit. I threw off all my clothes and began to put it on, it was even smaller than the picture on the box. The skirt didn't even make it halfway down my thigh, and my breasts were threatening to spill out of the corset at any moment. The outfit didn't even come with panties, so unless I wanted to put on one of the totally unsexy pairs I brought with me, I had to go commando.

So risky, but so exciting all at once. I blocked out all my thoughts and slowly made my way back to the living room where we were studying. Takeru was still pouring over our research until I made a knocking sound on the door to catch his attention.

"L-Leah?!" he gasped and stumbled backwards, almost falling over, "Wh-What in the world are you wearing?!"

"Just a little something I bought recently," I replied, nervously but doing my best to put on a coy performance, "I just wanted to get your opinion on this outfit. Do... you think it looks good on me?"

He didn't say anything, he just nodded. Either my false

confidence was working, or the outfit was doing all the heavy lifting for me. Takeru was completely starstruck, and there was a pretty sizable tent being pitched in his pants. From the little knowledge I had of how men operated, that was enough to tell me I was on the right track.

I approached him as seductively as I could, slowly reaching for the waistband of his pants and beginning to unbutton. One by one, I began to relieve him of his clothes.

"W-Wait! You want to do it?! W-With *me*?!" he asked, dumbfounded and in total disbelief at the events happening to him.

"Well... I was thinking that since we got stuck analyzing that last piece, maybe we should give it a shot ourselves. It could help us get into the mind of the characters, understand their thoughts a little bit better. Don't you think?"

That was likely the point where both of us just stopped thinking altogether and just fell into the flow of things. Takeru had probably figured he was just dreaming or something, while I was so horny that I had come too far to hold myself back. I still felt embarrassed, I still felt exposed, but above all I felt horny and I wanted his cock *bad*. I got down, squatting in front of him in such a manner where my skirt would hike up and leave my pussy bare and visible.

After a brief hesitation, I took the thing into my mouth and was rewarded with a brief salty spurt on my tongue. My eyes locked with his for just a moment before he shyly pulled away his gaze. Who knew that ordinary, boring Leah Smith could have this kind of effect on a man? Eager for more, I pulled down the corset to let my breasts hang

freely for him to look at. Almost instantly, I felt him react inside me as soon as he caught a glimpse of my further exposed body. The rush of being desired like this was almost as enjoyable as the movements of my fingers, which had naturally gravitated between my legs and began rubbing the lips of my pussy.

After a lifetime of feeling completely powerless, this lewd, perverted side of me that had been slowly bubbling to the surface had now broken completely free of all restraint. With how familiar he was with sexual things, I had no doubt I was fulfilling some kind of fantasy for him too. Perverted games or anime, I'm sure he'd thought about being 'serviced' by a maid like this at one point or another.

I savored every moment of what my body was doing to Takeru's. How my tongue would make him twitch as it played around with his tip, or how his whole body would shiver every time I took his shaft deep into my mouth. I loved the way his fists would clench when he tried to stop himself from cumming - I was so sexy to him that it warranted an active effort to prevent a premature finish.

Soon, the burning inside me was no longer satisfied by the rubbing alone, and my fingers pushed into my wet, needy hole. The more I worked my own pussy, the more turned on I would get and the harder I would start to work his cock. I wanted him to want me, to crave me, to *need* me. I wanted him to blow his mind so hard he'd think of me every time he jerked off from now on.

"L-Leah...! Oh God...!" Takeru gasped out, "I don't think I c-can hold it much longer! I-If you don't stop! I'm gonna end up c-cumming in your mouth!"

Far from giving me pause, Takeru's words turned my inner fire into a blazing inferno. I was sucking his cock



with everything I had, wanting to milk every last drop from his virgin balls into my throat. Even my own masturbation had been put on hold as I concentrated on the blowjob. Takeru leaned back against the wall for support and pushed his hips forward, letting out one last whimper before giving in to the warmth of my body.

"Oh God...! Leah! I'm gonna cum! Nnnnnnnnng!"

I didn't feel like I was close, but as soon as I felt his cum in my throat, my pussy got completely soaked. The taboo sensation excited me beyond what I could reasonably understand. A matter of days ago, putting someone's dick in my mouth would have been unthinkable, and then here I was swallowing the cum of a man who wasn't even my boyfriend. I'd probably have felt a little ashamed about it if I hadn't been busy cumming my own brains out as well...

Chapter 6

My plan had backfired.

We completed the project on time and wound up getting the top grade in the class, so naturally, I invited Takeru to celebrate with me. Ironically enough, I wasn't even thinking of anything sexual, maybe hitting up that ramen place he had suggested on the weekend, but he ended up dodging me with a fairly obvious excuse. I didn't want to overthink things, but he gradually started getting distant. First, the random greetings would stop, and then discussions would always stay on classroom topics, and then we sort of stopped talking altogether until I finally asked him if something was wrong.

He didn't go into too much detail, but he told me that his parents put a great deal of value in marriage, and he was prepped from a very young age to be a suitable match for a girl from a virtuous family. One of the prerequisites for that was that both parties involved would offer a virgin to the arrangement, and our little escapade had ruined that for him.

Technically, both of us *were* still virgins, but I would always remember him talking about having stuffy, overbearing parents. I could only imagine what mine would have done if they found out I had let a classmate at university go down on me.

It was a little bittersweet. I had gotten off harder than

ever before - and he came pretty hard as well, but my eagerness to spread what I considered to be a blessing might have permanently damaged our relationship.

My mind wandered back to that athletic tomboy I met in the girls' bathroom, Alex Jackson. We had made small talk over text a few times, but never really got to know each other since that day. I scrolled down to her contact on my phone, sighed, and scrolled away, before scrolling back down again. It felt selfish to bother her, but she was so carefree and relaxed about things that would have me pulling my hair out that I wanted to learn how to stop worrying about everything from her.

LSMITH: Hey, are you doing anything today?

AJ: Nop u?

LSMITH: Me neither. Actually, I was hoping we could hang out. We kept trying to find a time but I was super busy with this assignment for class. It's finally done, though. Could use someone to talk to, I have a lot on my mind.

AJ: Fr?

AJ: Idk if I can help, but you can come hang out if u wanna

LSMITH: I would really appreciate it, it would mean the world to me. I wouldn't be causing much trouble for you, right? You probably have better things to be doing.

AJ: U kiddin?

AJ: Dorm 103 building 5 get ur ass in here

Even now, she had her special way to just completely deflate the situation and make me feel relaxed around her. .. and I wasn't even physically with her yet! If there was

anyone who could help pull me out of this rut, it was her without a doubt. Time to head out.

"There's that little nugget!"

"N-Nugge-!?"

Alex rushed up to me as soon as I rounded the corner, hugging me so hard I felt she was going to squeeze the life out of me. She even picked me up somewhere along the line, I don't think I had ever met a woman as strong as her in my life. She practically carried me princess style all the way back to her room, with me blushing the whole way there.

The differences between my dorm room and hers could not have been more pronounced. It was filled with Americana. Every inch of her walls was covered with t-shirts and jerseys and posters of movies and sports teams, but my eyes wandered to a poster of a punk rock band with a topless guitarist throwing the middle finger to the camera. She kinda looked like Alex, full of that fiery rebellious attitude and sporting an even shorter haircut with buzzed sides. There was even a very similar-looking guitar up on the wall right next to the poster, alongside a bunch of worn-out tickets.

"That's not you on the poster, is it?" I joked.

"Pffft, I wish." Alex laughed, but there was a twinge of melancholy behind the laughter, "Gave it my best shot, but the whole music thing never worked out for me. I'm tall and that's about all I've got going for me."

"Don't be like that! I'm sure you have plenty of other skills you're not aware of, or maybe ones you haven't cultivated fully yet!"

I had tried my best to be encouraging to her, at least try

to offer my own words of support to her before I started trauma dumping, but she remained unmoved. That tiny inkling of regret or doubt or sadness in her voice, whatever it was, it was gone as well. The cheerful, carefree exterior was back in full display.

"Nah. Doesn't matter though. I already got my path in life set out for me. Kinda easier to decide which way you wanna go when there's only one way open, you know?" she said, kicking back and cracking open a can of beer, "But we're here to talk about you, remember?"

I went on to explain everything that happened between me and Takeru as well as I could, but the more I told her, the more confused she looked.

"Honestly, I don't know what I'm more surprised at. The fact that a goody two-shoes like you just pounced on a guy and sucked his dick, or the fact that he was anything but ecstatic about the whole situation. Most of the guys I grew up around would be asking you to schedule another 'study meeting' on their way out the door."

"Exactly!" I was relieved. Even if she didn't fully understand the situation, she evidently understood how I felt, "Now I'm just worried I've permanently messed things up between us. Should I apologize? Should I just try to forget about him? You're always so calm, even in situations that would have me sweating. I want to know what you'd do in my shoes."

"Well, can't really help you if it's something I haven't run into myself... but I guess if I *was* in your shoes, I'd be trying to get some action elsewhere. Helps blow off some steam, keeps you level-headed. Say... if you're down on your luck with the guys, ever considered giving it a shot with a girl?"

"N-No...! Well, sometimes... I mean, it's crossed my

mind before, but..."

"But...?"

"Mmmmngh...! Be gentle... I've never done this kind of thing before!"

One moment we were just casually talking in her living room, the next she had already thrown off her own clothes and set about getting rid of mine. It all happened so fast that my anxious mind didn't have the chance to kick into overdrive and go into multiple what-if scenarios to stress over. I was forced to live in the moment, and the gorgeous body of the woman I was sharing it with definitely helped keep me focused.

"Relax and let it happen, pumpkin. You're in capable hands now~"

It began with little more than kissing, but we soon found ourselves in her bed - the most distant spot from the other apartments in the complex. She had left one of her loud records playing in the background, enough to drown out the moans to come.

Both of her hands gently caressed their way up my body, starting from my thighs, up past my waist, and finding their way to their ultimate destination: my breasts. After some brief groping, she took each of my nipples in between her fingers and began to play with them. Almost instantly, my body was thrown into a lustful fury, desperately chasing stimulation for my pussy which had gone untouched so far.

Realizing my need, Alex moved one of her legs forward and held it steady, letting me grind myself against her muscular, iron thighs. She let me go at it for a bit before really turning things up to eleven and showing me what



her fingers were capable of doing. Out of nowhere, the familiar rush that preceded an orgasm was beginning to sweep through me, but I could hardly believe that I could really be brought to that stage so quickly.

"A-Alex...! I...! I think I'm gonna c-cuuuuuum!"

"Don't fight it, let it *all* out!"

I relaxed my body and surrendered to the sensations flowing through me... and climaxed right on Alex's thigh.

The usual spray that accompanied the act came twice as hard this time, and the fact that my pussy was pressed up against something when it happened made it all the more messy. When I half-recovered my senses, I realized that cumming like that meant I also squirted all over her body. I felt a rush of shame for my inability to control myself, and began to apologize profusely.

"Oh my God! I'm...! I'm so sorry...! I just c-came all over your-"

"Shhhhh, shhh. You did nothing wrong," she said, swiping some of the leftover fluids on her thighs with her index finger and then proceeding to lick it clean, "Now, how about we try something a little more intense?"

"B-But... I already came?"

I watched in confusion as a smile crept onto her face, and her hands let go of my breasts to start their journey of caresses once more, except now they were heading back down from where they came.

"Now I'm going to show you what a *real* orgasm feels like~"

I tried to speak, but my voice was instantly stifled once she began playing with me again. Being masturbated by her was a sensation on a whole different level. My rushed,

amateurish rubbing was nothing compared to the expert, methodical work of her fingers. I felt like I was being unravelled, she had more intimate knowledge of my own body than I did. Every touch was purposeful, touching spots I didn't even know existed to ignite the fire inside me further. I was initially arrogant enough to think the music was an unnecessary precaution, it only took her a few minutes to prove me wrong *twice* on that front.

Even the vibrator with its textured surface and its fancy vibrating features couldn't compare to her mastery of the female body and all its hidden pleasure spots. But it wasn't just the physical things she was making me feel, she also made me feel *wanted*.

Physical exertion likely came as easily to her as breathing, but it still felt amazing to be on the receiving end of someone else's efforts. I felt her breathing up against my back, and the flexing of her thighs or biceps as she shifted her center of mass to hold me upright - since her sexual prowess was progressively rendering my legs more and more useless. Everything she did for my pleasure made me feel all the more special.

Unsurprisingly, she eventually made me cum again, and the gushing torrent that sprayed out of me was just as plentiful as the first time, a true testament to her talents.

"Hoooooooooh... that was... amazing..."

"So, now that you know that girls can cum more than once... you got another round in ya~?"

In the end, Alex made me cum *six* times before my pussy had gotten so swollen and tender that even the softest touch was beginning to hurt. That was when we decided to call it quits, and Alex was nice enough to let me use her

shower to freshen up, while she just wiped herself down and sprayed on some deodorant before swapping into a new set of clothes. I waited for her to finish changing in the living room, still feeling a little hazy after so many back-to-back orgasms. This was the kind of high that I'd be riding for a while.

"So, besides finding out a couple new things about your body, how are you feeling?" Alex said as she brought a couple of extra refreshments from the kitchen. With all that squirting, I was probably dehydrated by now, "Whenever I get worried about something I either rub one out or get it on with one of my fuck buddies, I usually figure out what to do after that. Any luck on your end?"

I paused and pondered on that for a moment. After getting so caught up in our little engagement, I had sort of stopped thinking about my problems with Takeru. In some sense, it was nice to let go and let my brain relax for a bit, but I still needed to decide how to move forward on that front.

"I don't really know... I guess I'll just let the whole thing play out and go wherever it takes me." I paused again, knowing what came next might have sounded a little selfish or over-indulgent, but it was the truth, and someone like Alex was the most likely person to understand, "I just wanna enjoy myself, you know? Do more things like what we did just now. I don't know where I'll end up, but I just wanna stop thinking for a while and keep having fun."

"Life's too short to be freaking out all the time," she said with a smile, "That's a little something you *and* that Takeru guy could take to heart. Besides, even if you mess up a little, I'm sure a brainiac like you is gonna figure a way to get out of the mess eventually."

I had never thought of it like that. All this time, I was viewing my academic achievements and constant studying as a prison that confined me to a certain lifestyle. In reality, it was the complete opposite. I had already trained myself to be academically rigorous, I could afford to fall behind just a little and catch up later. Even if my fears of supposed reputational damage were to come true, I would likely be able to fix things.

There was no point in worrying about things that hadn't happened yet like that, and there was definitely no point in worrying about things beyond my control, like what happened with Takeru. If he wants to fuck again, I'll be down. Until then, I'll be having all sorts of fun.

Chapter 7

Time flew by, and while I kept up with all my studies and continued to get good grades, my focus had begun to shift elsewhere. Just as I had suspected, the knowledge I had spent a lifetime building up thus far was enough to carry me with very minimal work on my end. A cursory glance over the study materials was more than enough to fill in any gaps I had, and I could spend the majority of my time experimenting with myself.

Slowly, I began to ditch the baggy and unflattering wardrobe that had been purposefully picked out for me back home to dull my sex appeal. I didn't have the guts for short shorts and crop tops yet, switching instead to a 'smart-sexy' look until I grew more comfortable in showing myself off. I started wearing push-up bras that made my boobs look twice the size they actually were, and tight fitting pants that drew attention to my thighs and especially my ass. Sometimes, if someone was staring at me as I was walking by, I would even sometimes break into a bit more of a strut than a regular walk, to make my 'assets' bounce a little. It felt a little silly, I always got a bit of impostor syndrome, like I was pretending to be some kind of supermodel when I was really just a regular, plain jane, but the rush of excitement that came with it was always worth it.

Makeup had also become a part of my daily routine. I had worn it on occasion before, but always in very

subdued and minimalist looks. Since I stopped spending so much time studying, I could use that time instead to look for makeup tutorials online and practice what I was seeing. It was crazy what you could accomplish when you knew what you were doing, you could get yourself to look like a completely different person.

I had made a different social media under a different handle where I began to slowly post pictures of my 'evolution,' and in a matter of weeks, I had gathered more attention there than on my main accounts over my entire life. Part of me worried that people back home might see, but the account's name was in Japanese, and it was on a foreign social media site, so I was basically in the clear. I could experiment as much as I wanted.

A sense of urgency had overtaken me as I grew to enjoy receiving sexual attention. Something had to be done about all the fun I'd missed out on thus far. Thankfully, Alex was always there to help out on that front, and we continued to meet up multiple times a week. She was teaching me a whole lot of things about my own body and how to get off. In exchange, I was saving her the trouble of having to hit up the local bars for hookups. It was a real win-win.

It was a pretty great arrangement that worked for both of us, until spring break rolled around and Alex was heading back to the States for a few weeks. I was left stranded with little more than my tiny vibrator and the occasional online erotic fiction. There were entire *websites* dedicated to it. It was alright for a day or two, but I think the knowledge that if I got horny I wouldn't have Alex there to help out made the situation feel way more dire than it actually was.

I was already considering going clubbing and giving the whole nightlife thing a shot, but there was never really a

reason to. I had everything I wanted on campus, just a block away from my dorm room. But now that Alex was gone and I was at least a little more confident in myself and my body, perhaps it was time to take up Miyu on that offer of hers.

Deep down, I think I wanted to go clubbing with Takeru more than anything, but if I was barely up to the task, I was sure he was definitely going to pass on my offer. Getting rejected once hurt pretty bad already, and I just didn't want to risk it again. I grabbed my phone and texted Miyu, receiving a borderline indecipherable message full of typos in response, followed by a pin of her location. She was near the sex shop, figures. When I tried to get some clarification, all my messages were left unread, but I decided to start heading downtown regardless.

On the way there, my attempts to get a hold of her kept failing, and after a few minutes at the station, it looked like I wasn't going to find her if I just kept waiting for her to come to me. My only clue as to her whereabouts was the location pin she had dropped for me earlier, so I started heading towards it.

My journey took me past the sex shop and through the winding alleyways in that area, which seemed to get progressively more shady the deeper you went. A bunch of people there were giving me weird looks. Evidently, I wasn't the sort of person who frequented these streets, but I kept following my phone towards Miyu's location while trying not to attract unnecessary attention to myself.

In the end, I found her right around the last corner towards the end of the alley maze, and I also found out why she wasn't responding to my messages.

She was at the back of the alley, with most of her clothes



strewn about on the ground nearby. Shocked at her willingness to engage in public nudity, it took me a second to process the fact she wasn't just naked, but she was also having sex with an overworked-looking salaryman who was pounding into her like his life depended on it. This must have been the 'compensated dating' I had heard so much about, when researching into modern Japanese life, though I was under the impression it was done more privately. At the very least, not in public, where anyone who strolled into the alley could see.

In an impressive display of flexibility and grace, she was standing on one leg while the other was lifted in a standing splits position. In contrast to her 'partner' who was caught between desperately humping her with everything he had whilst also trying to stop himself from cumming, she was hardly breaking a sweat. Instead, she was teasing him with a smug look on her face.

"You're not getting to finish already, are you, mister? The more you fuck me, the less time you seem to last~"

"Wont...! Arggh... cum...! Just you wait!"

"Mhm, I'm sure you won't. Just remember you only paid for one orgasm, if you want more after you cum, it'll cost you *extra*~"

To say that he was the one fucking her didn't really sound right in my head, not with the amount of control Miyu had over the situation. While I would personally never have sex with someone that much older, there was something captivating about the way she had him wrapped around her finger, like a snake charmer that had hypnotized his cock into submission.

From the corner of her eye, she noticed me peeking from around the corner, but just gave me a smile of acknowledgement. She didn't care in the slightest that

someone was watching, in fact, it might have aroused her further. Dropping the aloof teasing, she began to move with the man's rhythm, matching his thrusts with her own and filling the alley with the lewd noises of sweaty bodies crashing into each other.

This last bit of raw sexual aggression from the gyaru was too much for the salaryman to handle, and his composure quickly began to crumble. Overtaken by lust, he began fucking her without restraint until he finished with a loud creampie into her pussy. I was shocked that Miyu just let him cum inside her without using protection, but the smirk on her face suggested this was something she was actually hoping for.

The man held onto her, I imagined he was enjoying the warmth of her pussy, until Miyu eventually told him his time was up and she had to go meet up with some friends. Before he even put his pants back on, he reached into the pocket of his suit jacket and handed her a large wad of cash that he had prepared. Miyu did *not* look happy with the amount she was given. Clearly, she was expecting to receive more.

"What the hell is this?" she said, thrusting the cash back onto the man's chest.

"It's your payment, the amount we originally agreed upon."

"Yeah, the amount we agreed upon *before* you went and came inside my pussy. I told you to use a condom, but you insisted you could manage. It's not my fault you can't control yourself."

"It was a mistake, don't make such a fuss."

"Yeah? Tough shit. I'm the one who's risking getting knocked up here. You *do* remember our little deal, don't

you?"

Instinctively, I reached for my phone in fear that the situation would escalate and Miyu's mouthing off would get her in trouble, ready to call the police if the man got violent with her. Little did I know that she was the apex predator here.

"I do, just let me go back to the bank and I'll get you your extra money."

"Nuh uh. Either you're paying now, or your wife's gonna find out about your indiscretions here."

"Okay, okay! D-Don't do anything rash, now! Look, I have something for you, here!"

The man reluctantly took off his expensive-looking watch and handed it over to Miyu, who put it into her handbag with a smile, along with the money she was offered initially. Effortlessly, she shifted back to a cheerful, bubbly attitude like an idol talking to a VIP fan.

"Thank you so much~! Same time next week?"

"Yeah, same time. Gotta remember to bring a damn condom next time..."

"See you then~!"

Realizing my presence, the man hastily pulled up his pants and rushed past me, clearly embarrassed by being caught like that. He was likely worried that I was going to blackmail him or something, but I hadn't even retained his face, my thoughts were elsewhere. It was crazy to see the power imbalance between a young woman and a rich older man skewed so heavily in the former's favor. I just couldn't get my mind off it. Judging by the wad of cash he had handed over, he had given her over a couple thousand dollars in cash, and that wasn't even counting the watch.

Casually, as if she had just finished up a perfectly regular activity, Miyu collected her bra and panties from the alley floor and began to get dressed again.

"Sorry ya had to see that," she said as she buttoned up her shirt, "Usually this guy cums pretty fast and I thought we'd be done by the time you got here. Had to work a bit of my magic on him."

"N-No, it's fine. I actually didn't mean to interrupt your..." I paused for a moment, unsure of what I was supposed to call it. I knew what it was, but I wasn't sure what the proper etiquette around speaking about it was, "Your arrangement."

"Bah, I was getting tired of him anyway. So what's all this about you wanting to go clubbing, now? Surely you don't plan on going dressed like that."

I looked down at my clothes, coming to the sudden realization that even though butt-hugging jeans and push-up bras were something new and risqué for me, I was still dressed like a nun standing next to a seasoned clubgoer like Miyu. Her outfit was more skin than clothes.

"If you're coming clubbing with me and my friends, you gotta look the part, you know?" she wrapped her arm around my shoulders and started walking, dragging me along with her, "Don't worry, with the cash I just got, I'll get you something nice. Consider it a token of my friendship~"

"Say... isn't it a bit risky to let people cum inside you like that, even if it makes you money. What if... you know...?"

"Oh, that? Hah, there was never really a risk. I wouldn't be fucking any of these chumps if I wasn't on the pill, but I won't say no to the extra pocket change if the

opportunity arises~"

The watch she was given was easily a thousand dollars. If that's what she called 'pocket change,' I was starting to feel worried about the price tag on the clothes she was insisting on buying me.

Chapter 8

"Y-You want me to go out in public dressed like *this*?!"

"A club's not really public if you think about it. It's technically indoors, ya know, and I've worn way more slutty stuff than this. Just try it on, you're gonna feel *real* sexy wearing it, trust me."

The outfit in question was a racy thong and a micro-bikini, along with a cropped jacket and a pair of expensive boots. For the sake of 'modesty,' Miyu threw in a fishnet bodysuit because apparently that was 'covering up' in her eyes. While I was taking it all in, she went ahead and took the liberty of styling my hair into pigtails, since she insisted I'd need something a little more enticing if I was going to attract any good looking guys.

As for the 'way more slutty stuff' that she had claimed wearing before, my mind was probably too innocent to conjure up what that would even be. Still, some part of me must've been at least curious since I obliged her and put the thing on, feeling some safety within the confines of the changing room we were currently in.

I felt more naked and exposed wearing it than I did in the brief period of actual nudity in between the two outfits. Miyu sat in the corner watching with glee, and I admit I felt a little bit of it myself. It was kinda kinky and exhilarating to wear, but only behind closed doors. I think if I wore something like this outside, I'd probably

pass out from embarrassment.

On someone like her, these kinds of 'clothes' looked perfectly natural, but I felt way too awkward looking at my reflection in the mirror. It was the kind of thing that only really worked if you had the attitude to really rock the look and be confident about it. You had to really strut and show off, and I just wasn't quite there yet.

"I don't think I've got the right body type for the kind of stuff you're used to wearing."

"Hmmmm, maybe you're right. Let's see here..."

"H-Hey!" I gasped as she pressed onto me from behind, grabbing my boobs and starting to fondle them with curiosity, like she was analyzing the size, shape and weight to find the perfect slutty outfit for my body type, "Y-You gotta warn me if you're gonna g-grab my boobs like that!"

Without another word, she dashed out of the changing room and went back into the fashion aisles. Carefully, I took off the 'clothes' I was wearing and neatly folded them into a pile. Despite the very tiny amounts of material being used to make them, they were priced at over 500 bucks, and I wasn't about to risk anything happening to them. When she returned, she had a *slightly* less skimpy dress in her hands.

"There you go, something nice and prudish just for you~" she teased me as she handed over the new clothes, chief amongst them a gorgeous rose gold dress. Revealing, much more revealing than her teasing would suggest, but gorgeous nonetheless. It had an open back, a long plunging neckline and showed off plenty of thigh on both sides. She brought a necklace and a pair of bracelets to go along as well, but the dress was the star of the show.

The pigtails wound up a bit too immature looking with

such a classy attire, and she put them into a makeshift updo which looked surprisingly elegant considering she only spent a couple of seconds on it. Her penchant for wearing almost nothing aside, Miyu was a real fashionista. I *did* like what I was seeing, but there was so much skin showing, and so much skin that could be shown if something went wrong. Ugh! I couldn't make up my mind!

"Isn't it still a little too risqué...? I feel like I'll be perpetually one accidental brush or bump away from a wardrobe malfunction."

"So what? A nip slip here and there isn't that bad. Keeps the boys on the edge of their seat and their eyes on you. But this is high-end, well-made stuff," she reached towards the fabric covering my chest and pulled on it with her hand. Much to my surprise, it remained firm and kept my body covered, "See? You got nothing to worry about."

"R-Right... do you *really* think I can pull a look like this off, though?"

"Sure you can! Your makeup's a little off, but we can do a real glam look to bring the whole thing together."

I gave another twirl in front of the mirror, hardly able to recognize the woman looking back at me. If she'd given me this first, I'd probably be more cautious about it, but it looked far less intimidating after I'd been in the last outfit. Maybe this was part of her plan all along. If it was - it was working. This trip to Japan had given me many first-time experiences, many of which I had planned or at least hoped to have, but feeling like a model was nowhere on my list. If I was in the changing room alone, I'd probably have tried a pose or two, but I was far too self-conscious to do that with someone looking. Of course, I'd have all the time to indulge in silly things like that as

soon as I got home.

My mind was made up. Now, the only thing left was to make sure I wasn't making Miyu break the bank for my sake, and possibly find a way to give her the money back.

"So... how much was all this again? I know I probably don't have money to pay you back now, but I could always get a part time job or something. I really don't want to feel like I'm in debt..."

"Trust me, unless you're willing to get frisky with some older guys like me, it's out of your pay-grade. Just come to Club Shade with us next Friday and consider your 'debt' repaid. Oh, and be ready to meet some pretty forward guys~"

Not wanting to thrust myself into a guilt spiral, I left the matter there as she suggested. Club Shade next Friday. I had a little over a week and a half to prepare myself, and given the 'progress' I've been making, it was almost definitely going to be enough. It sounded better in my head the more I thought about it.

Chapter 9

Determined to shed any last remnants of my anxiety so I could freely enjoy myself at the club, I did another round of budget shopping to further spice up my wardrobe. Turns out, I did have the guts for short shorts and crop tops, I just needed a bit of a push in the right direction. I even took to some of my old, boring skirts with a pair of scissors and transformed them into hip and trendy mini-skirts.

Thinking about all the dirty things that could happen at the club, I also wanted to be comfortable with getting frisky in public, since I had a feeling the guys Miyu would introduce me to weren't looking for a bit of dancing and some making out.

The ogling that I had come to enjoy so much now followed me everywhere I went in these more revealing outfits, and now people were getting bold beyond the boundaries of decency. I had become acutely more aware of men's desires, and I would act coy around some of the ones I caught staring on the train. For some, all it took was a suggestive wink or miming blowing a kiss with my mouth, and the 'privacy' of a packed train with everyone minding their own business usually allowed for some pretty heavy groping. Some particularly daring passengers would even reach past my skirt for my panties, usually finding them soaked already.

But my favorite of all was seeing the people who were

clearly into me but weren't making any moves. The types who would try to awkwardly put a bag in front of their erection to hide it, usually having to hold it in an obviously uncomfortable stance - those guys brought out my inner slut without fail. I would go up to them and *accidentally* brush my butt against them while passing by, or *accidentally* stumble into them when the train stopped, making sure to press my boobs up against their back.

Of course, I took all the necessary precautions to obscure my identity while performing all these lewd acts. With facemasks being in such a common accessory in Japanese fashion to begin with, all I needed was a beanie to tuck my hair into and I was ready to go incognito!

As for my secret 'sexy' social media account, I began dabbling around in cosplay there as well. For all my newfound social prowess, I was still a nerd at heart, and kept up with all the weekly anime and manga that I would follow regardless. I used the last bits of my savings to buy a daring cosplay of a magical girl heroine and start posting semi-lewd photos there.

Much to my surprise, I actually started receiving random donations from total strangers who liked my pictures, prompting the responsible part of me to re-establish a small safety net of savings, and the irresponsible part of me to buy a few more outfits with the leftovers and keep the cycle going. Of course, there was an unspoken agreement between me and my fans. More donations meant more updates, fan polls on things like poses, and of course, content that got progressively more lewd over time.

When the date of the clubbing night finally rolled around, I was more than ready to rock my new dress. Miyu and her girls showed up to my dorm about an hour

early and helped me out with my hair and makeup, turning me into a full-on diva. I have to admit, I did look stunning, so it was time for my grand debut!

"Isn't the music a little too loud here?"

If anyone had asked me what my biggest reservation would be about going clubbing, I'd have a million different things that I could imagine going wrong. The volume of the music was something I hadn't even thought of - I still had so much to learn. When we arrived, I could hear the songs being blasted inside while we queued for entry. Once we were inside, the thumping bass was threatening to make my head explode. Everybody else seemed to not be affected by this, while I was struggling to resist the urge to cover my ears with my palms.

"Don't worry about it. We'll be heading upstairs to the VIP section in a moment, I just wanna get some drinks first," she said, or at least it was something along those lines. It was hard to properly make it out over the bass, but I could hear enough to get the gist.

"Sounds expensive, you didn't pay for it just for me, did you? We can just stay on the dance floor, it'll be fine!"

A lie, to be certain. I was going to last ten minutes at most before a headache took me out, but that was a better alternative than feeling even more in debt to Miyu. She had already paid for my dress and accessories, and while I'd never been clubbing before, I had some knowledge that these places tended to mark up these types of 'exclusive' features to milk as much money from rich patrons as possible.

"Wait, you thought I paid for it?! Hahaha!" Miyu laughed as if I had said the most absurd thing in the

world, "Word of advice: if you're paying for something in a club, you're doing it wrong. I have a couple of rich boytoys that rent the room out, and they'll do whatever I ask. *That's* how we're getting in."

"Something tells me you tend to ask them for more than just access to the room."

"Naturally." Miyu gave her hair a haughty flick with her hand, "But tonight, I haven't made any particularly crazy requests. In fact, I just made one on your behalf. They'll be *your* entertainment for the evening instead."

The thought gave me pause for a moment. The word 'boytoy' definitely suggested someone our age, but the memory of Miyu's back-alley excursion was still fresh in my head. I had dove deep into depravity, but I was likely still an innocent angel compared to her. Any assumption I made, I couldn't take for granted.

"Uhhh... if they're anything like the guy at the back of the alleyway, I'm not sure full on sex with someone like that is what I'm looking for tonight."

"Oh, they're not the old pervert types. I figured you'd be picky with the ages, I was too when I first got started, but you've got nothing to worry about here. They're from another college nearby, trust fund kids. At most they're a year or two older, never bothered to check."

After a few drinks, the part of me that was worried was sufficiently calmed to allow its horny counterpart to take over as the driving force behind my actions. I followed Miyu and her girls up to the second floor, where a series of six private room doors were arranged on either side of a hallway, with a final, more decorated double door waiting at the hallway's end. Just as I suspected, that was our destination.

Waiting for us inside was a group of promiscuous looking men. Those were about the best words I could use to describe them. Whatever Miyu and her gang were, these guys were the same thing but male. Tanned, bleached hair, tattoos, shirts with more buttons left open than not. Birds of a feather and all that, but I was starting to see the appeal.

No time was wasted on introductions and pleasantries; we just got straight down to business. Not even names were exchanged before we began undressing and reaching for each other's privates, two stiff and eager cocks awaited my hands in their pants. One of them pressed himself against me from behind and started to grope my breasts, while the other began to finger my pussy. They weren't as adept with their hands like Alex was, but I knew both of them were likely packing something big to make up for it. If these were the guys Miyu fucked for fun, I knew I was in for a good time.

The foreplay lasted a few minutes before I started getting impatient for sex, hurrying my two partners along once I made sure their cocks had reached full erection. The other girls were still mostly making out while I was already bent over, using the guy in front of me for support while the other was rubbing my dripping honeypot with his tip. The dress was permissive enough to let me keep it on, all the while getting fucked. Dear lord, what had gotten into me!?

Feeling the contact of a real flesh-and-blood cock against the lips of my pussy sent me into a frenzy. It wasn't the difference of length and girth compared to my toys or Alex's fingers that made me so sensitive, but the knowledge that I was about to crash through the last remaining 'barrier' of my transformation like a wrecking ball. This was no time for hesitation. The Rubicon had to

be crossed!

Loading my hips, I pushed back, impaling myself on his cock as I let out a groan that came out loud than I expected, drawing all eyes in the room on me. Despite his fingers having played around inside me, there was still more than enough wetness built up to let him slide into me in a single, swift motion. The impact took the wind from my lungs as my pussy spread and stretched to accommodate his size. It took a few thrusts to get used to him proper, but I was far too hungry to show any restraint.

I turned my attention to the one in front of me, who was jerking off as he waited. Beads of precum were starting to form on the head, and the thick scent of his manhood drove me deeper into my wanton trance. A quick lick first to take care of the leaking, then some more to properly gauge his size, before I dove headfirst onto his cock. I was getting fucked from both ends, what I would later discover was called a 'spitroast.'

Perhaps an earlier me would have protested being compared to an animal, but in that moment I was truly little more than a bitch in heat. All of it was so sensual and raw, tearing away the veil of civilized propriety and laying bare the dirty interior beneath. If my mouth wasn't gagged, I probably would have called out for another one of them to come join and fuck me in the ass as well. I wanted all the cock I could handle and then some.

My pussy twitched as I felt one of them grab a handful of my hair and pull while the other gripped my head to try and keep me gagging on his shaft. Two men fighting for my body. God, how I wished Takeru would have shown even half the initiative that was second nature to these people. The twitching got sharper and stronger. These two men had already brought me to my limit, and soon



enough they had me cumming my brains out.

But they didn't stop when I did. I expected my orgasm to bring them both to their own climax, but they just kept fucking me as I came and kept going after I was finished. My pussy was squirting like a fire hydrant and the fucking never as much as slowed for a second. For a few minutes, my brain had gone completely numb and I was getting used like a flashlight. I don't think the two of them noticed until I came back to my senses - still hungry for more cock - and began to actively move again.

I came three more times after that, the fourth one being the group climax I had envisioned but twice as intense as it was in my head. The only thought that managed to persevere through the haze of depravity as both my mouth and pussy were filled was a brief thanks to my past self for having the foresight to take a birth control pill before coming here. With all that cum inside me, I was definitely going to have gotten pregnant without it.

But once everything was said and done, when the dicks pulled out of my holes, I came crashing down from my high of ecstasy. What was this emptiness?

I ended up giving another one of them an absentminded blowjob later while yet another went down on me. It was fun, I came a bunch, so did they... but in the aftermath of it all I felt the excitement died down too quickly. Something was still missing. Something just wasn't there. My antics on the train and social media posts always left me with a lingering rush of excitement that could last up to hours after the fact. I knew I wanted to do it again, just not necessarily like this.

It didn't make any sense, but those were things for tomorrow's Leah to ponder on. Tonight's Leah was just way too exhausted.

Chapter 10

After the somewhat underwhelming night of clubbing, it was time to reorganize my priorities. I was a little disappointed, but in this ever-escalating series of sexual endeavours, there had to eventually be a peak after which some things just wouldn't be as good as others. Armed with more knowledge, it was just another one of those times where I restructured my schedule to fit my newest discoveries about myself. Except now, my awakening was more or less complete.

The weekend outings still had their place in my life, of course. It was better to get one of Miyu's standby studs or random guys in bars and hookup apps to help me out whenever I got pent up than to just sit home alone and take care of it myself. Sometimes you just needed to drink a little and let loose, and leave everything that happened behind once the night ended. It was sort of a glorified version of masturbation, but I figured there was nothing wrong with it since the feeling seemed to be completely mutual.

Throughout the week, I would occasionally spend an hour or two studying, but since my family back home wasn't privy to my grades, they mostly fell to the wayside. The majority of my time was spent cultivating my secret social media account dedicated to slutty cosplay. It was just so satisfying to see the numbers keep going up, my likes, my followers, my subscribers. In a way, that was also

masturbation, but for my sexual ego.

As my following grew, so did the indecency of my photos. What started off as just me posing in suggestive outfits changed to more risque bikinis, then into cleverly censored nudes, followed by full-frontal nudity, and eventually showing myself off as I used various toys on my various holes. I had yet to do a face reveal proper, but I had plans for that down the line as well.

Yet, I still couldn't escape that lingering feeling of emptiness, and for some reason, I was convinced that I wanted Takeru to fill it. Miyu insisted that I was just hung up about getting inadvertently rejected and the guy was nothing special, but there was something deeper there. Most of the men she would introduce me to were just far too casual for my liking. Sex was quite ordinary for them, almost banal and even mundane. I needed someone who would not only share my lust in the moment but also my general enthusiasm about sex. For one reason or another, it was as if I knew for certain that it was Takeru.

Many times, I formulated plans to seduce him in my head with all my newfound sexual prowess, but whenever I dwelt on those thoughts for too long, it was like I would revert to my innocent pre-awakening self. I was worried about being too pushy, or him finding me unlikeable or too desperate, or worrying about rumors spreading. Worse than the initial rejection was the prospect of falling back into my unconfident, passive, and meek habits.

If Takeru wasn't willing to seize the opportunity to free himself of the morality that once held us both in chains, then I would find other men like him who would. And find them I did.

With my online popularity growing, I began announcing my attendance at various anime cons, much

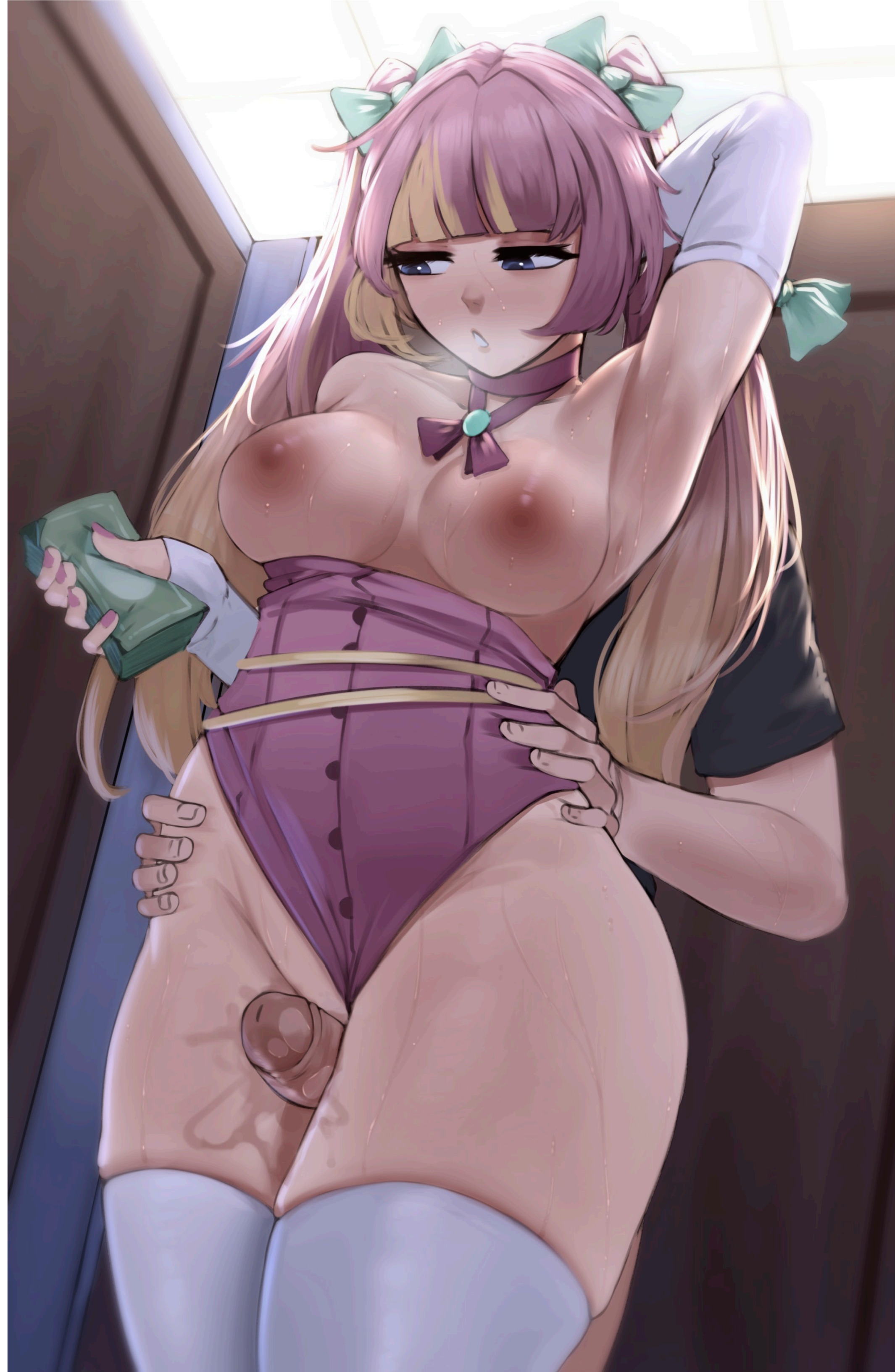
to the joy of my fans. Plenty of them came to show their adoration in person, huddling around me like moths to a flame and waving prints of my photos in my face for me to sign. To them, I wasn't just tonight's fuck. I was something to be adored, bordering on worshipped. Was it a little bit self-indulgent? Possibly. Was it also immensely satisfying? Definitely.

Besides, at the end of the day, it wasn't like I wasn't giving them anything in return. Just like random perverts on the train, there would be plenty of them trying to sneak up behind me and grope me. Most of them would be quite surprised when I wouldn't respond negatively. I let them help themselves to handfuls of my ass and boobs while we posed together for selfies, and they would usually tip me double my photo fee right after.

However, these paled in comparison to the most scandalous of my habits: the fan raffle.

Every time I planned on attending a con, I would open up the fan raffle, and everyone who bought my pictures would receive a ticket. My followers would flood to the site, purchasing picture after picture, often buying multiples just for the chance to get extra tickets into the lottery. Naturally, I had to give them something worthwhile, so I'd pick two or three winners and then show them a good time at the con.

Most of the time, we were having some sort of outercourse. They would either use my boobs, or my thighs, sometimes I'd even have people asking to use my armpits. You learn something new every day. I had no problem fucking these guys, but the more aloof I acted, the more money people spent on me. Even after the raffle sex was done, a lot of them would end up tipping me even more money as thanks. It was probably some kind of kink for them. I had attracted a pretty masochistic bunch.



But just like my first plan to seduce Takeru had unintentionally produced the opposite effect, so did my plan to get over him. I wouldn't find out until months later what fruits my labor had borne, when Miyu spent the night at my dorm room after being too drunk to find her way back home. After regaining some semblance of sobriety, she broke the news.

"You still moping around over that Takeru guy?"

"Oh, come on! I'm not moping. Is it really that bad to want a guy I can hang out with *after* a day or night out partying? He gets me, I get him. We just don't see eye to eye on this whole sex thing."

"Jeez, you're like a schoolgirl with a crush. Pretty weird crush to have, too, but you do you."

I knew I wasn't going to find much understanding from Miyu, but she usually didn't bring up subjects like this out of the blue for nothing. For her to mention this, it meant she was going somewhere with it.

"What does it matter, anyway? I'll get over it sooner or later. He's just a prude."

"Yeah, I'll give you that much. He *is* a prude, but maybe not as much as you think," she countered, "Remember that nerdy looking guy you fucked recently? Bowl haircut and glasses, that guy?"

"You have no idea how little that narrows it down," I laughed at the absurdity of the situation. The innocent college girl that came here almost a year ago now had turned into such a slut that she was losing track of her sexual partners, "That's like the type of guy I fuck the most nowadays."

"Basically, you wound up fucking one of Takeru's friends. Apparently, they go to some club where they

build model robots together or something, but ever since you popped his cherry, that guy hasn't shut up about you."

My heart sank a little. Was that supposed to be a good thing? Given what I knew of Takeru's predispositions, this was only going to make him back off more. On the other hand, how would his friend know who I was unless Takeru was already talking about me? I pressed Miyu for more details.

"Turns out he's still thinking about you, but he's too afraid to talk to you. It really goes either way with timid guys. Sometimes they'll jump at the first chance they'll get, sometimes they're too scared to do anything at all."

"And you're absolutely sure about this?" It was difficult to contain my excitement, "There wasn't any room for misinterpretation or anything? He could just be talking about another girl."

"Nope. I know 'cus his friend teases him for missing out on fucking you. He's one of your subscribers on your website, too. Never tries for that raffle thing you do because he's too embarrassed, but you can be pretty sure he's spending a good few nights jerking off to you every week."

"Wow... How exactly did you find this out?"

"You'd be surprised what many of the guys at our college would do for a pair of my used panties."

All my plans for the following week ended up being cancelled. I suddenly had new matters to attend to.

Chapter 11

Takeru showed up at the dorm's front door like a lost puppy. From the window of our dorm room, Miyu and I could see him fidgeting nervously after ringing the doorbell. Miyu wanted to pounce on him upon entry, so she stayed upstairs in the room while I went down to fetch him. He must have felt that he was being bold, going in for a hug as soon as I opened the door, but then he spent the embrace trying to move his obvious erection away from my thigh. Adorable.

Naturally, I pretended not to notice so he wouldn't get embarrassed. He had plenty of trouble keeping his 'cool' composure as is, and his sweaty hands started shaking as soon as I suggested we should head to the bedroom. That was when Miyu jumped out, already in her bra and panties.

"Wait, th-that's-!"

"A girl who's way out of your league? Yeah." Miyu had a way with not mincing her words, "But my girlfriend here wants to make a man out of you, and I figured I'd hop along for the ride. Today's your lucky day."

"What she's trying to say is we're gonna have a threesome. Aren't you excited?" I followed up, being the good cop in this scenario as I closed the door behind us, "Aren't two girls better than one?"

"W-W-Well, they are, b-but I j-just thought th-tha-"

Miyu, being a woman of action, took a few steps towards him and just grabbed his dick right through his pants. His stammering was silenced in an instant. Her inspection yielded positive results.

"Huh," she said, nodding with a surprised look as she continued to feel around Takeru's groin, "You're actually packing down there. Kinda wasted on a guy who doesn't know how to take the lead, but I'm starting to get what she sees in you."

With a light push, Miyu sent the nervous Takeru stumbling backwards before he fell onto the bed behind him. With two confident, scantily clad women standing over him, he was like a deer caught in headlights. A very *horny* deer caught in headlights, a quick glance at his pants would reveal. She motioned to me with her head towards the bed.

"Go on, he's your crush. You get first dibs."

I climbed onto the bed, approaching on all fours like a tiger on the prowl. This was one delicious prey I'd been craving for far too long. As my panties came off, I held them up on the tip of my finger just to show him how wet they had gotten, before flinging them off to the side and mounting him. By now, he was so awestruck that he was lost for words, but that was fine. I didn't need him to talk, I needed his cock to be hard.

The lips of my pussy gave his tip a sloppy kiss, drenching him with my wetness as I teased him. He had made me wait so long for this moment, I fully intended to give him a taste of what I'd been going through. But there, with sex just a breath away, Takeru finally found it in him to take the initiative. After a gulp, he leapt into action.

"Nnnnngh! L-Leah!"

He panted loudly, grabbing me on either side and pulling down my hips, bringing my body down onto his dick. The sudden shock as my pussy was stretched sent shivers up my spine. This was the cock I had been wanting for months, but he must have thought it was pain that prompted my reaction, because he stopped dead in his tracks.

"Sorry! Sorry!"

"That's alright," I replied, picking up the pace on my own and starting to ride him. Slowly at first, to make sure he knew I was fine, but quickly getting faster because my patience was running low now that I had him inside me, "Feels good, doesn't it? Better than my mouth, I bet. You're probably the only guy I've blown *and* fucked, so you'd be the only one who knows. You want to use me like a fleshlight, don't you~?"

"N-No! Th-That's not what I was trying to-! Ahhhhhh!"

"Shhhh, hush now. No more talking, just enjoy my pussy, yes?"

Awe and arousal kept him mostly still as I rode, but I welcomed the few advances he would make now and again. From him matching some opposing upwards thrusts to my own, to timidly reaching out to grope my boobs, I made sure to show him just how much I enjoyed it with my face and my voice.

From the corner of my eye, I noticed Miyu was ditching the little clothes she was wearing and joining us on the bed. She played at being aloof and disinterested well, but she wasn't the type to let a good fuck pass her by. With no free cocks around, she set her sights elsewhere. Takeru's face would become a chair for her fat, tanned pussy that had gone ignored long enough. But before she took her

seat, she made sure to set some guidelines.

"Keep in mind, this is pussy that guys are willing to pay top dollar for, yeah? You're getting it for free, so I want your tongue to show me some respect."

"Go easy on him...!" I gasped in between moans, "He.... nnnnngh... he doesn't know how to eat a girl out~! We have to teach him!"

"Oh, he knows," she said as she wiggled her ass, further smothering him under her cheeks until her expression shifted to a blissful one, "Mmmmng~! They figure it out pretty quickly if they need to breathe...!"

She was teaching him the art of eating pussy on the fly, rewarding things she liked with a chance to breathe and punishing things she didn't with more smothering, relishing in the power she held over him the entire time. I was a little worried for him at first, but the constant twitching of his cock inside me let me know he was getting off pretty hard, too. He was so passive in real life sometimes, it stood to reason that he'd lean more submissive in bed. With enough time, I knew I could bring out the confident, active man that was buried somewhere inside him - until then, I was more than happy to enjoy this cute side of him instead.

Miyu herself looked fairly appetizing as she got hornier as well, and our lips were soon locked, making out with each other while enjoying Takeru together. This had been what was truly missing from the disconnected, 'distant' orgies we would have in the VIP rooms. No drugs, no alcohol, no blaring music, just three bodies writhing in unison with unbridled passion. In a world where I had a little more self-control, I would have managed the buildup to the climax a little better, but the adrenaline rush was quickly getting the better of me.



I knew just how badly Takeru didn't want to disappoint me, and it turned me on to no end to feel his body shake as he struggled to hold back his orgasm. The responsible thing to do was to hold back mine too, so we could last a little longer, since he would be unable to hold back against the convulsions of my pussy, but the thought of us cumming together was far too enticing.

Pushing down with all my strength, I landed at the base of his cock and grinded myself to climax. When it hit, it was an orgasm far more powerful than anything I had felt. It was comparable in excitement only to my first one, with my whole body tensing up and my mind going blank in that momentary sweet spot between the event horizon and the full-on cumming itself. Then my pussy tightened, and the floodgates opened in response, as it started squeezing out the semen from Takeru's cock.

He must've not been masturbating for days, maybe since the day I had messaged him about meeting up, because his cum felt different than what I remembered. It was hotter, thicker, and full of volume. It had some serious weight behind it as it came flooding into my body, filling up the deepest ends of my pussy like he was laying claim to my body. God, it made me cum even harder. I could hear Miyu's screams as she squirted all over Takeru's face in the background, but my head was thrown back, and I lacked enough control over my body to pull it back up. I was just satisfied to know all three of us got what we came for.

Once we had all finished cumming our brains out, Miyu rolled off to the side and I collapsed forward onto Takeru's chest. Unsure at first, he wrapped his arms around my waist, but I crawled a little higher to position them on my ass. He gave one of the cheeks a nervous squeeze to test the waters before grabbing onto both of

them. Even after I had just blown my back out on his dick, he was still making sure I was okay with him touching my body. I'd be lying if I said I didn't enjoy this cutesy stuff too.

We stayed like that for some half hour before the pink, diamond-studded phone on the bedside table went off with a cash register sound. Miyu's next 'appointment' was coming up, and it was the message tone she had reserved only for her most high-end luxury clients.

"I'll give you two lovebirds a little privacy," she said with a wink, "He looks pretty done, but I'm sure you've got another round or two to squeeze out of him."

Indeed, Takeru still had much to learn, but I would be there to guide him every step of the way.

Chapter 12

"Leah?"

"Finishing getting dolled up! Just a seeeeec~!"

It had been two years since that fateful day that Miyu and I ambushed Takeru in my dorm room, two years since my life took the most exciting turn to date. A little push in the right direction, and he had turned into the kind of guy any woman would be glad to share a bed with. He was the analytical, result-oriented type, and he quickly figured out what kind of behavior got the most orgasms out of me, and eventually out of other women too. It was the nerdiest path to being a stud for sure, but it was also perfectly in character for him.

Beyond that, he started hitting the gym four times a week and even got some ink work done. Just like me, he was a far cry from the nervous, shy boy I had befriended when I arrived at the university campus. Despite not being huge on hunky ones at first, it all felt different when I was doing it with him. Even stuff like clubbing which was always more of a distraction for me had become much more enjoyable when he began joining us there.

Curiously, he always had a lot of money to throw around whenever we'd go out. Whether it was bottle service or high-end designer clothes, the price was just something he handwaved away. He bought expensive champagne the same way he bought water at the

convenience store. I never really thought to ask him about it until about six months ago when he told me he had just inherited a sizeable fortune. Apparently, his parents weren't just the typical stuffy conservative types. They had been grooming him for a political marriage to some other influential family. He likely would have faced heavy pushback if he had made them aware of his secret lifestyle, but due to their sudden passing, the estate was automatically passed down to their only living heir.

Rather than getting involved himself, he had delegated the management of his fortune elsewhere and spent his time travelling around to exotic locations. He wasn't really interested in growing the wealth he had inherited, just enjoying life and living off the money his money was making him. Well, making *us* to be more precise. I didn't fancy myself to be much of a gold-digger, but I wasn't going to say no when he offered to take me along for the ride either.

From that point onwards, I had a new, well-paying career prospect that had just popped up for me despite graduating from a rather unemployable discipline. My full-time job had become keeping myself dolled up and always being down to fuck, the type of job that never really made me feel like I was working.

"Ah, wearing the new jewels I got you, goes well with your tan," he said with a smile as he eyed my freshly adorned nipples, "Where's your friend?"

"Should be on her way, unless she's stopping for drinks at the bar."

"Heyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy~!" The door to our luxury suite swung open as Miyu came strutting in. She was wearing nothing but the hotel bathrobe, which she quickly let drop once the door was closed behind her. I had no doubt

that if it wouldn't get us thrown out of the hotel, she'd be walking around in the nude. "I was worried you two were getting started without me."

Naturally, I wasn't the only one who was interested in this kind of opportunity. If I was a fresh recruit in this career path, Miyu was a seasoned veteran. It didn't make sense to waste time with middle-aged salarymen who couldn't really satisfy her when she could upgrade her standard of living and the quality of her average fuck. She was just as much of a fan of the new and improved Takeru as I was, though I did often tease her that she was benefiting from the fruits of my labor here.

It was kind of funny. Two years ago, we were bullying this guy into having sex with us and dominating him the entire time. Now we were both on our knees in front of him with mouths wide open, ready for his cock.

"Decisions, decisions. I only have one cock, but there's two sluts here. Who do I go with first?"

"Me!" we both cried out in unison, before glaring daggers at each other. We were friends and all, but I was the one who saw the potential in Takeru first. I was willing to share, but just like two years ago, first dibs were mine.

Without wasting time, I shoved Miyu out of the way and got straight to sucking. We had developed a fierce but playful rivalry, and both of us were dead set on competing to show off our sexual prowess as much as possible. This often resulted in a race to the bottom of sheer depravity, but I think both of us got pretty turned on doing it. I could already hear the wet shlicking sounds of her fingers digging into her pussy as her free hand grabbed a fistful of my hair and pushed me down onto Takeru's dick.

"If you're gonna be a greedy bitch, you might as well put



your back into it~"

She kept pushing until my lips were kissing the base of the shaft, and the cock was firmly buried down my throat. My body spasmed and let out a brief squirt, aroused by the use of such force. As much as I enjoyed it, I would also make sure to pay back the favor to Miyu if I ever found myself on the opposite ends of such an interaction. Such was our rivalry.

"Play nice, you two. There's enough for both of you."

Takeru's hands took over, and he drew back to give me a chance to catch my breath before thrusting back into my mouth. His grip around my hair tightened, and I could tell I was in for a proper facefuck. Miyu's hands crept down between my legs in turn, scooping up some of the arousal dripping out of my cunt and using it as lube for a pair of fingers that went right into my ass just moments later.

I let my eyes roll back into my head as I lost myself in the moment. It was pretty difficult to keep your wits about you while getting fucked from both ends. The hypnotic rhythm of cock hitting the back of my neck lulled me into a trance, broken only briefly by the two or three orgasms I had until it was over. It was hard to tell in the haze as they just kinda melded into one another, so I enjoyed it all until a warm and sticky flood began to clog up my throat.

Miyu and I took turns getting fucked after that, alternating between creampiees. It wasn't uncommon for us to get all three of our holes creampieed in a day, each. To this day, I had no idea how his balls kept up with the appetites of *two* insatiable sluts, but it wasn't the kind of thing you really felt the need to question. His cock was always hard and ready to fuck, and that was really what mattered most to our needy, greedy pussies.

And it wasn't just the endless stamina that got my submissive instincts screaming, it was the fact that he'd gotten strong enough to just pick us up and fuck us in midair. Really brings out your inner bottom bitch when you're getting manhandled like that. We did it in all sorts of positions, the typical doggy or missionary stuff was way too basic for us by now, but the staples obviously get stale quickly if you're fucking multiple times a day. On the floor, bent over the tables, up against the windows, or out on the balconies. Many times we'd book reservations in places like swinger retreats, but we weren't shy about skirting the rules even in conventional hotels. We really were shameless.

It wasn't enough to just *be* a slut. I wanted everyone to *know* I was one. Whether it was being seen pressed up against the window and fucked senseless, or knowing the neighbors could hear my moans while I was cumming, it made the experience all the more erotic for me. One of the fondest memories I had was some kinky ball we went to together, where the men went dressed in suits and masks, but the women had to be nude and on leashes. On the off chance that I was masturbating, it would be my go-to series of thoughts. Of course, Miyu was furious when she found out we had gone without her, but some stuff was mine to enjoy alone.

When all was said and done, I was sprawled out on the bed and Miyu on the couch, both of us leaking cum from our assholes and pussies at the same time. Silence filled the room, save for our ragged breathing after a long and satisfying day of fucking.

Some years ago, I came to this country with the intention of being a star student and hopefully making a name for myself as an outsider expert in Japanese culture. It looks like such a silly proposition in hindsight. It

would've been a life full of struggles, money problems, and little joy. Hooking up with Takeru and becoming his personal whore was way more fulfilling, *and* it paid so much more well. Even with my brain engulfed in the afterglow fog, there was never a moment when I stopped feeling grateful for where I was.

This was the single best decision I had ever made.