

*Lesson #0*  
*A Modest Proposal*

Percy Jackson, two time world savior, had a problem.

The news might've surprised some who knew him. He was a guy known for his carefree attitude, who loved his life enough to turn down godhood twice in favor of a quiet existence surrounded by friends, family, and an amazingly awesome girlfriend.

That amazingly awesome girlfriend was actually the source of his problem, although it wasn't anything she did. No, it was about what he did— or rather, what he could do when the time came to... well, *do* her.

Yes, ladies and gentleman. The root cause of Percy Jackson's problem was none other than sex.

It was something he'd never done. He'd never seen a woman naked, and the closest he got to foreplay was a kiss on the neck. It wasn't his fault. He'd just been too busy.

His mid-teens were spent fighting a war in Manhattan, and between Amnesia, kidnapping, and a new world-defining war, the time since hadn't been any calmer. His eighteenth birthday rolled around before he knew it, and by the time his life relaxed enough to worry about normal teenager things, he realized he'd missed out on a whole lot of practice.

Things had been going great between him and Annabeth. No, even better than that. They had been going *perfect*. She deserved a first time just as amazing as she was. Percy was absolutely sure of that. He just hadn't figured out how to give it to her.

His current solution was to go for a walk, and hope that a solution came to him before it was over. He wasn't proud of it, but it was all he had.

Despite moving to New Rome for college, the young couple still spent summers in New York at the camp where everything started. That's where he was now, enjoying a relaxing May before the temperatures ratcheted up too high.

He'd gotten all the way to the canoe lake, and was considering continuing his walk along the lake floor, when someone called his name.

"Peeercy! Over here, Percy!"

When he turned, he found Silena Beuregard, the Aphrodite counselor, bouncing straight for him.

Bouncing was definitely the right word. It fit the way she was jogging, each step its own little hop. She had been sunbathing, going by her bikini top and jean short-shorts, which led straight into the second way she was bouncing. Her generous chest jiggled and swung everytime she moved.

"It's been so long!" she gushed once she closed the distance. "I feel like I've hardly seen you or Annabeth since you got back. How are the two of you?"

A genuine smile spread on Percy's lips. "We're great, Silena. We missed this place."

She leaned in conspiratorially. Percy tried not to stare down her swimsuit, but it was easier said than done from this angle.

"Between the two of us, this place missed you more," she said. "It's boring without you. I don't know if you've noticed, but you've got a way of making fun things follow you."

"I have," Percy said dryly.

"As long as you're aware." Silena straightened. "Were you on a walk before I interrupted you? Care for company?"

Percy had planned on keeping to himself. It was more of a gloomy, troubled walk than a relax and chat kind of one. But maybe this was the gods' way of telling him he'd moped for long enough.

"C'mon," Percy said. "I think the Stoll brothers were selling popsicles back that way. I've got a drachma to spare for two.

The way Silena beamed already had his mood lifted.

Twenty minutes later they were back on the lakeshore, popsicles in hand, patrolling the edges.

"I'm telling you," Silena said, "I know the best spot around here. It's so tucked away that nobody goes to it, but the view is *perfect*."

Percy ran his tongue down a blue raspberry popsicle. He wasn't sure he liked the flavor, but it was worth it for the color.

"You're saying there's a perfect hidden spot, and *you're* the only who found it?" he teased.

Silena huffed. Her own strawberry popsicle was barely touched; probably because she spent the whole walk there catching Percy up on gossip he'd missed.

It was all stuff he was perfectly fine with not knowing. Who cared if the Iris Counselor was dating a girl from the Hecate Cabin? Wasn't that their business? But the cheer in Silena's voice was infectious as she told the stories, so he was content to let it happen.

"You think just because I'm an Aphrodite girl I can't crunch through some bushes to find a special spot?" she said.

"Well..."

"You'd be right." She was still smiling, but she looked down, staring at the grass and roots they were stepping over. "I'd never go looking like that. What if my clothes got dirty, or my makeup ran?"

Percy stayed quiet, taking another lick of his popsicle. It seemed like she was going somewhere with this, and that it would be better not to interrupt her.

“Charlie found it,” Silena finally said. “For us, he was always saying, but we only got to go a handful of times together before... Well, if there’s one person I don’t need to explain this to, it’s you.”

Percy knew she didn’t mean anything bad by it, so he tried not to let her notice him wince.

Charlie. Charles Beckendorf. Together with Silena they had been counselors back when Percy first stumbled into camp as a disoriented eleven-year-old about to start a war. The two had been nothing but nice to him. He really looked up to them, all the way until the day Beckendorf gave his life to save Percy’s, defying Kronos directly in his immortal face.

Bringing the news back nearly broke Percy. For a while, he thought hearing it did break Silena.

But she was strong, no matter what anybody thought about daughters of Aphrodite. None of the counselors of the time could forget the way she marched straight into a war meeting and slammed down a scythe charm, revealing herself as a spy. She told us everything, how Luke manipulated and tricked her, and the way Beckendorf’s death convinced her to change things. Feeding them false information, she led one of the Titans’ trump cards — a full-grown drakon — straight into an Ares Cabin ambush. Without her the whole war could’ve turned out differently. Nothing could bring Beckendorf back, but if anybody ever honored his memory, it was Silena.

She never left camp, even when she was old enough. If asked, she always said it was her probation. In her mind what she did during the war wasn’t enough. She’d only be satisfied when she’d watched over as many young demigods as possible, helping them get their feet under themselves in life.

“Here we are!” Silena announced. “One private lake-viewing spot, exactly as promised.”

Percy had his doubts, but the place was actually super nice. There were a couple of flat stones near the water’s edge, perfect natural chairs. The sandy bank wasn’t too steep or muddy. Thickly-packed pine trees blocked off three sides, so the only way in was to squeeze between the trunks where they entered. Bunches of milkweed with bright orange flowers filled in the gaps, providing color and an extra layer of privacy.

“Wow,” Percy said.

Silena giggled. “Told you it was nice. C’mon.”

She grabbed Percy’s hand and led them to the flat stones. She took the right one, while he sat on the left. You could see out over at least half the lake, even to the opposite side where a few campers paddled canoes. Naiads drifted past beneath the water’s surface, braiding each other’s hair.

“So,” Silena said, “are you going to tell me what the problem is?”

“What problem?” Percy said, very convincingly.

Silena looked at him, unimpressed, over the top of her popsicle.

"I've known you for years, Percy. Stumbling around with a dazed look like that? Something's wrong. Is everything alright with Annabeth?"

Percy opened his mouth, then closed it. "Has anyone ever told you that you can be *too sharp*?"

Silena giggled. "Usually, boys call me soft. So what happened? Did you miss a date? Get caught staring at mom when you visited Olympus?"

"No!" Percy said. "I mean, it's nothing like that. She's not mad at me. I didn't do anything wrong."

Yet, he added in his head.

"Except...?"

Percy tried to figure out how to answer.

"It's... Well, I mean... I'm not sure how to say this in a way that isn't embarrassing."

"Oh, Percy." Silena gave her popsicle a big lick as she offered a commiserating look. "You're talking to the *queen* of embarrassment. Do you know what I've dealt with as Aphrodite counselor? One silly boy mailed my sister pubic hair clippings. Gods know how he thought that would win her over. Then we had that peeper who stayed outside our cabin every night for a month, convinced the rumor about us lulling ourselves to sleep with a nightly orgy was real. They only gave up when the harpies nearly got them for the third time."

"There were rumors like that?"

"And plenty of more extreme ones, but most of them aren't true. That isn't important. Listen— whatever you're struggling with, it isn't that bad, I promise! Just let old Silena know, and she'll help straighten you out! Plenty of campers would pay drachmas for this kind of chance you know."

Percy didn't know, but he could kind of believe it was true. With the gods paying real attention to their kids, demigod lifespans were soaring. So many more of them were reaching eighteen and striking out for college. Then they came back over the summer, and suddenly you had a hormone-filled melting pot of confused young adults with the blood of horny gods inside them. Who better to ask about your sudden love problems than a daughter of love older and more experienced than any other camper?

With a deep breath, Percy dove into his troubles.

Silena was laughing at him.

"You're laughing at me," Percy said, out loud this time.

The daughter of Aphrodite was laughing so hard that her whole body shook. The skimpy swimsuit protecting her chest was straining dangerously, but she didn't seem to notice. It was a wonder her strawberry popsicle hadn't slipped off its stick.

"I'm not laughing *at* you," she managed between chortles. "I'm laughing... With you? No, that isn't right. I'm laughing about you."

“Oh, that’s way better.”

“It is!” she insisted. “It’s just— Percy, you’re worried you won’t be naturally good at sex? Nobody is! Well, nobody except my siblings and I. But we aren’t a good example!”

“You’re making me feel great. I totally see why somebody would pay for this.”

“Percy Jackson,” Silena scolded, finally getting her laughter under control. “You’re gorgeous. You are a hero. Most importantly, you’re *you*, and Annabeth loves you. Everyone at camp knows it. So what are you sitting here worrying about?”

“I know she does!” Percy said. “I never doubted that. It’s not about what she’d accept, I just want to give her what I know she deserves, which is a perfect night.” He sighed, knocking a stone into the water with his foot. “I know how silly it is better than anyone.”

Silena considered that. She twirled her popsicle in slow circles, lost in thought.

“Thanks for hearing me out,” Percy said, getting ready to stand up. “I really do appreciate it.”

“Wait,” Silena said. “I might have a solution.”

Percy stared at her. When he shared what was eating away at him, he didn’t do it for a real answer. As far as he could see, what he wanted was impossible. A virgin couldn’t become some sex god just by wishing for it.

Like she read his mind, Silena said, “You can’t get better at something without doing it. So all you have to do is find someone to help you practice. Preferably, I don’t know, someone with love in their blood?”

“You?” Percy asked, trying to process if she was offering what he thought she was.

“I’ll certainly help, but I have some volunteers in mind,” Silena said. “It’ll be just like tutoring! By the time we’re done with you, Annabeth’s legs won’t know what hit them. I promise.”

“I… I’m not sure.”

Silena pouted. Her cheeks puffed out cutely.

“Do you think I don’t know what I’m doing? I guarantee, nobody at Camp knows sex better than I do. You shouldn’t doubt that I can do it.”

“I never said—”

“I’ll give you a demonstration!” Silena said suddenly. Her pout morphed into a foxy smile. “Let’s see if you still don’t believe in me after seeing my skills in action.”

Percy’s mind raced through a million possibilities for what this ‘demonstration’ could be, and it still didn’t prepare him for the hand Silena jammed down his pants. Her fingers wrapped around his member, pulling it out into view. Percy’s eyes darted around on reflex, but the canoers were still on the far side of the lake and nobody else was around.

Maybe it was the excitement and fear of being caught, or maybe it was how rapidly things were progressing. Either way his blood rushed down at record speed. Once he was hard, Silena's long nails barely brushed each other. Her finger tips couldn't even wrap around him.

Silena giggled. "I see Riptide isn't the only deadly weapon you carry around. I can't believe you were feeling insecure with something like this on you."

"Silena—" Percy said.

"Shhhh," she told him. "Enjoy it... and make sure to pay attention."

Percy's hands had performed similar motions a hundred times before, but something about the way Silena's glided over him felt like eating ambrosia after a lifetime on microwaved ramen. Her fingers were impossibly warm, but never hot. He suddenly understood exactly why boys had described her as 'soft'.

"Uncircumsized," Silena said approvingly as she worked, licking the popsicle that was still in her right hand. "That makes this so much easier."

Her pace was continuously changing. One minute her hand would be nothing but a blur. Then, just as an orgasm got close, she'd knowingly drop the pace. It was like waves lapping against a shoreline, and Percy was slowly losing himself in the bliss of its ebb and flow.

A noise left his lips. It was closer to a grunt than a moan, but it was definitely somewhere between the two.

"Good," Silena praised. "Don't try to keep your voice down. When something feels good, let your partner hear it. It'll only make her prouder."

He almost jumped as a face appeared in the water. One of the naiads that passed by earlier had returned, her hair fully braided now. She had a cute, elfish face that would've fit in on any college campus if not for her almost blue skin. She stared at the scene with open curiosity, before turning and waving over her shoulder. A second later two of her sisters appeared next to her.

"Naiads are watching," Percy groaned, pointing at the water.

"Let them," Silena said. "We're putting on a show— and any show is better with an audience."

Her strokes sped up again. This time, they didn't stop. Percy hadn't known she could even move this fast. Her grip tightened. If the intensity before had been cruise control, this was Silena slamming on the gas.

Percy felt like he did a pretty good job holding himself back. Silena had to keep that crazy pace up over a minute before he finally let go.

Feeling like a sexual failure doesn't put you in the best mood for masturbation. It had been at least two weeks since Percy came, and all of that back-up made for an *explosion*.

Thick streams of semen launched from his cock— three, separated by a half-second each. It flew so far that it cleared the shore, plopping onto the water's

surface. To Percy's shock, the spectating naiad's immediately clawed and jostled against each other, fighting for position. The brunette that appeared first won. She got above her sisters and swallowed the waterlogged cum in one gulp. When she saw Percy staring, his mouth hanging open, she winked. A second later she swam off, two very angry sisters hot on her tail.

"Naiads," Silena said fondly. "There's a reason gods are always chasing after them."

"I think I can see why," Percy said.

His cheeks were flushed, but his breath was even. His penis hadn't shrunk an inch, even after an ejaculation like that, but he quickly tucked it back into his pants. Those canoers were getting a little too close to this corner of the lake for comfort.

"What do you think?" Silena asked him. She looked proud. "My offer still stands."

"I can make Annabeth feel this way?" Percy asked.

"Oh, sweetie," Silena said. "You can make her feel so much more."

Percy considered the best way to answer. In the end, only one question stuck out."

"When do we start?"

Silena stood up. She stretched like a cat with her arms high above her head. At the chest, her nipples protruded obviously against her swimsuit— completely stiff.

"Tomorrow night," she said. "Ten O'clock. Don't be late."

As she walked away, back toward camp, she noticed her popsicle was starting to melt. It was still mostly complete, a hunk of frozen fruit juice at least six inches long and half as thick. She shoved the whole thing in her mouth, popped it cleanly off the stick, and swallowed without blinking. As she licked her lips dry, she looked over her shoulder.

"I'm looking forward to this, Percy," she said. "I hope that you are too."

*Lesson #1*  
*Seductive Subtlety*

The Aphrodite Cabin was a terrifying place, and that was coming from a guy who walked out of Tartarus.

The exterior was gray and simple, but that was just to lull guys into complacency. Percy had seen the inside on too many cleaning inspections (which the cabin always passed with flying colors) and knew exactly what it was hiding inside. Even as he stepped up to the door his nose was already drowning in perfume.

He hesitated for a second, then stepped inside.

There were five different flashy chandeliers hanging from different parts of the ceiling. Just like Percy remembered, every wall was painted in-your-face pink with bits of white only there to accentuate the girliness. He felt for the boys in the cabin, always outvoted on decor choices. Then again, maybe they liked it this way. He wasn't judging.

There were fifteen double beds total, and no bunk beds anywhere. The curtain that separated the boys' side of the cabin was pulled back, but their beds were empty. In fact, only three girls were present total, all grouped together on a bed near the middle.

"Percy!" Silena greeted. "You made it on time!"

"If you hadn't, we would have had to hunt you down," said the girl next to her.

Percy didn't know her well, but he at least knew her name: Valentina Diaz. She'd been at Camp a few years and was about the same age as him. Her skin had a natural tan, with black hair that ran all the way down her back. Like all her siblings she was gorgeous, with high cheekbones and full, inviting lips. She wore designer yoga pants and a Camp-Half Blood t-shirt that she'd somehow modified into a blouse.

The third girl scoffed.

"Of course he showed up," Drew Tanaka said. "*We're* here. He'd be an idiot not to."

Drew Percy knew a bit better. She was Silena's second in command and one of the few campers that had been around as long as he had. She had the personality of a rosebush—prickly, but pretty to look at. She had the tendencies of a bully and liked to throw her weight around, but Silena kept her on a tight leash, and she'd gotten better with time. Or at least, she'd gotten better at hiding her disdain for anybody not on her good side.

"Come on, Percy," Silena said, patting the bed between them. "Come here and sit! We were just talking about you!"

Pretending that wasn't the most terrifying thing three Aphrodite girls could tell you, Percy approached and cautiously took the seat.

From the bed, the scent of perfume didn't bother him as much. It was still overwhelming, but there was a nicer flavor to it now. He wondered if these three were



keeping the top-end stuff to themselves, letting the younger siblings bathe themselves in obnoxious cheaper brands.

"Silena explained everything to us," Valentina said. "You poor, poor boy. I understand your worries completely."

"You know we're like the same age, right?"

Valentina smiled. "I didn't mean boy like that. I'm *very* aware of what a man you are, Percy."

"These two offered to help," Silena said proudly. "I told you I had some volunteers in mind. In fact, the three of us were just chatting about a... curriculum, if you will. We've made very good progress."

"One week," Valentina said, "and I promise we'll have turned you into a whole *new man*."

The emphasis she put on the word made Percy gulp.

"You two are sure you're alright with this?"

Drew looked him up and down in a way he wasn't sure he liked. "Of course!" she said. "This is a great chance for us, too."

"Don't even thank us," Silena said. "For a favor this fun, not gratitude necessary."

"So... How do we start?" Percy asked.

Drew and Silena exchanged a look. They stood up, leaving Percy with Valentina on the bed.

"Valentina will handle the first lesson," Silena explained. "Each of us are better at some things than others. We drew up what you absolutely have to learn, and it just so happens one of her specialties is up first. We're leaving you in good hands, I promise."

Percy blinked. "Just the two of us?"

Silena laughed. "Don't get ahead of yourself."

He blushed as he realized how that question sounded. He had to admit, though, that he was a little nervous. Out of the three, Valentina was the closest to a stranger. At least with Silena he felt like he was around a friend. He didn't expect things to get awkward so fast.

Valentina must've picked up on his nerves. She giggled and patted his knee. "Don't worry, I won't bite. Yet."

"We'll see you two later," Silena announced cheerfully.

She and Drew crossed the room and disappeared without a look back. Percy and Valentina were left fully, completely alone.

"So, uh, how're you?" Percy asked in the silence that followed.

Valentina laughed, covering her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Oh, you *are* cute," she said. "I'm doing great, Percy Jackson. How are you?"

"Better before Silena ditched us," he admitted. "She somehow manages to make this whole crazy plan feel, well, sane."

“That’s how she is,” Valentina agreed. “You’re around her five minutes and she already feels like an old friend.”

“I don’t suppose that’s a built-in Aphrodite skill you have too?” Percy asked hopefully.

“Hm. Not by talking,” Valentina said. She crawled further onto the bed and lay across it on her side, propped up by her elbow. “Don’t sit so stiff! You’re going to give me back pain just looking at you. Relax.”

Percy didn’t lay down, but he did scootch further onto the bed so that his feet weren’t on the floor. He’d left his shoes by the door for good manners, so he tucked his socks up onto the bed.

“Do you ever feel overwhelmed at camp?” Valentina asked suddenly.

“Overwhelmed? Should I?”

“Well, it’s *you*.” She prodded him playfully in the chest. “Whenever you walk by, everybody looks. Us Aphrodite girls get looks too, mostly from the male half of Camp, and even that much can feel overwhelming! I can’t imagine *everyone* paying attention to me *all* the time.”

“Drew would love it.”

Valentina sniffed. “Drew is Drew. I like my share of attention. But I like it to be the right kind, from the right people.”

“Who are the right people?”

She laughed. “You, for one. You know, handsome, strapping, muscular boys who chew up monsters for breakfast.”

“I don’t eat monsters for breakfast,” Percy said. “Usually, I’m barely keeping myself from becoming theirs.”

Valentina sighed. She had nice eyes, deep brown like coffee beans to match her skin.

“Modesty is a wonderful trait,” she said. “But it isn’t *hot*.”

“Oops. Did I kill the mood?”

“Hmmm. With that face of yours, I think you just about got away with it,” she decided.

There was a moment of silence, but Percy was surprised by his lack of nerves. He figured this was as good a time as any to ask a question.

“What lesson are you supposed to be teaching me?” he asked.

Valentina rolled over onto her back, tucking her hand behind her head for a pillow. She didn’t break eye-contact.

“I suppose you could call it, ‘learning when someone wants something from you.’”

“That’s it?”

“It should be especially useful for you,” she said. “You’re a hero. *Everyone* wants something from you.”

It was surprisingly true, although phrased more cynically than Percy would have said it. He was always giving lessons to young campers. That part he didn't mind, but there was so much else. Bad monster infestation? Give him a call. Something dangerous moved into the woods? Percy can handle it. He helped out a lot. He never enjoyed turning someone down. Sometimes it did get tiring, though, getting dragged from one problem to the next.

Something occurred to him.

"Everyone?" Percy asked. "Even you?"

"Oh, yes, Valentina said. "In fact, I want something *very* specific."

She lay there, on her back. Her pretty eyes were still staring into Percy's. Something came over him. He leaned above her, bracing an arm against the bed beside her neck. He leaned in and their lips met.

It was a short kiss, but the soft sensation stuck on Percy's lips long after he'd pulled away. Valentina was smiling.

"That was what you wanted!" Percy said triumphantly.

"Not too bad," Valentina said. She prodded her lips with one fingernail. "You are a very good kisser. Not as dense as I feared, either. You got it on the third hint."

Percy blinked. "...Third?"

Valentina smiled patiently. "When I said I could help you relax using something more than talking, and invited you to get comfortable. You could have gotten much closer than you did. For the second: when a girl calls you attractive three times in twenty seconds as you share a bed, it's an invitation. You did well not to stop and ask when the time came, though. Permission is crucial, but not when the hints are so obvious."

"Is that the lesson?" Percy asked. "I figure out when you want me to kiss you, then do it?"

"That was only the first part," Valentina said. "I'll give you a hint. If I have time to talk like I have been, you're doing it wrong."

Percy didn't answer with words. That was obvious enough even for him.

He leaned over Valentina, positioning his arms and legs to either side of her. She wrapped her arms around his neck, dragging him in for another kiss.

This time, they didn't break apart quickly. Her delicate tongue met his. They danced together, shifting and wrestling. Kissing was something Percy thought he was pretty good at. Even still, Valentina was better. She didn't say anything. She didn't need words. Instead, her tongue led by example, guiding his to move even better. When they finally pulled apart for air, Valentina was smiling.

"You know this," she praised.

"It's about all I know."

"That's good! Some don't even have this much."

Their lips met again, reigniting the dance. Valentina's hands mussed up Percy's wild hair. Time drifted by as Percy lost himself in following her lead, picking up the

queues ever quicker. As the seconds passed, he felt his tongue catching up with hers. He was improving.

“You are a fast learner,” Valentina said after they broke apart for the fifth time.

Percy smiled. His face was flushed, and at least a little bit of it was from pride.

“Very fast,” Valentina continued. “You know, This is Drew’s bed. As entertaining as it could be continuing here, let’s move things to mine.”

She nodded her head toward a bed in the corner with fluffy yellow pillows. With a nod, Percy slid off and started toward it.

Valentina didn’t follow.

“Aren’t you coming?” he asked.

Valentina stared at him, cocking her head. She made no move to get up, continuing to lay on her back.

“What...” Percy started. “Oh.”

He stepped back to the bed and easily scooped Valentina up bridal-style. She squeaked as she was lifted, but the giggle that followed said it was the right answer.

“Always keep the momentum going,” she coached. “If the girl wants to move somewhere, take her there. Initiative is *very* hot.”

She was about five-four. Percy walked with her easily, barely noticing the weight on his arms. What he did notice was the way her thick thighs melted around him. The hand holding her legs sunk half-an-inch into her yoga pants as he gripped her.

Percy dropped her on her bed where she landed with a giggle. He crawled on after her, and she quickly backed him up so that he was sitting against the largest cushion.

“Comfortable?” she asked.

“Very,” Percy said.

“Perfect. You’ll need it.”

Before he could ask what that meant, she’d swung one leg over him and plopped down in his lap.

Percy knew Valentina was pretty, but up this close he saw it in a different way. Her dark skin was a few shades lighter than Piper’s. She had a cute nose that looked nearly too small for her face, with long lashes and full lips decorated by a thin coat of lipstick. She wore less makeup than any Aphrodite girl Percy had ever met, but it wasn’t like she needed it. She had the head of a model superglued onto a thick body blessed by curves.

She kissed him, reigniting the dance of their tongues. Percy could keep pace with her now— until the grinding began.

Her hips moved ferociously. He could feel her through their clothes as his developing erection hardened rapidly. Her crotch scraped against his, undulating without an ounce of wasted movement. The whole time her tongue never stopped.

Hips still moving, she pulled away.

“Don’t get distracted,” she commanded. “Keep kissing me like you mean it.”  
Percy captured her lips.

She giggled, and Percy felt the vibrations in his mouth. He was focused now. He shut out the distractions. His tongue quickly returned to hitting the right notes, shutting out the heavenly feeling washing over his lower body. His hands mussed up the back of her blouse. One slid down instinctively, before catching itself at her lower back and staying there.

Valentina broke the kiss, sliding her lips along his cheek until she reached his ear.

“I’m playing the role of your girlfriend here,” she whispered, breath hot against his ear. “Is Annabeth going to get mad if you touch her? Of course not. So if you want to touch me, *touch me.*”

Percy jammed his hand down her pants.

His fingers slid smoothly under her yoga pants and panties to squeeze her backside. Percy had seen lots of supernaturally beautiful immortals, but on sheer size and shape he was certain Valentina’s butt had theirs beat. His hand dug in without holding back. It was like gripping the luxury cushion he was leaning against, except Valentina was warm and almost impossibly smooth.

“Oh!” she gasped in his ear. “You *are* strong.”

His other hand slid under her blouse, running up and down her smooth back. They kissed and kissed, breaking only when they had to for air. Their bodies pressed ever more tightly together, until there was no space left to fill.

Percy pulled his hand out of her pants and slapped her ass.

“Uhn!” Valentina moaned

Ripples radiated out from where he hit her, all the way down into those delightful thighs. “I seem to have awoken a beast,” Valentina joked.

Percy’s hands shifted. The one planted on her back slid around to her chest, and his other hand quickly joined it. They pushed up under her bra to find her breasts, one in each palm.

“Squeeze,” Valentina said. “Pinch. Twist, even, but not too hard. Girls are sensitive there... So push them to the edge.”

Her breasts were half the size of buxom Silena. Compared to her body they were on the smaller side, but they had wonderful shape. Percy groped them, feeling the firmness. Then his fingers slid down and found her nipples.

He squeezed them, turned them, ran over them with his thumb. Valentina forgot all about kissing now. Her breathing was flushed, but her face was focused. She placed her own hands under her shirt, weaving her fingers between Percy’s to guide them in the best ways. In minutes her breath had become even more ragged as Percy’s strong fingers attacked her weakest points.

Percy leaned forward and she fell onto her back. Her dark hair was splayed out behind her. He bent down, on top again for the first time in her bed—

Her hands left her shirt, pushing him back.

It was the softest of pushes, but Percy immediately backed off. His hands snaked back to his sides. He sat up on his knees, Valentina laying before him.

“That’s all for today,” Valentina said. “If we go any further, I’m afraid I’m going to have to eat you up. And Silena will absolutely kill me if I let you study ahead.”

Percy could feel his boxers straining. He was aroused, and wanted nothing worse than to pounce on the beauty in front of him. But he held back and stood up off the bed.

“Thanks for the— uh, lesson,” he said with an awkward cough.

Valentina giggled. “You have a lot of potential. You should be proud. Tonight, I’ll use the thought of a week from now as my *inspiration*.”

“See you tomorrow, Valentina,” Percy said, trying to figure out what that meant.

She smirked. “Bye bye, Percy.”

He was still stumped until he got to the door. In the reflection of the window, he caught Valentina’s hand darting down the front of her pants.

The moans started when he was still stepping outside. Percy tried his best not to blush and probably *still* looked redder than Ares’ motorcycle.

Six more nights left. And somehow, it was only supposed to get more intense from here.

## Lesson #2 Temptation

Percy stared at the ceiling of the Poseidon Cabin. The soft glow from the walls made it shine seafoam-green, the shade of his eyes, shimmering and shifting endlessly. You could watch it for hours and not get distracted. Percy would know. That was exactly what he'd been doing.

He could still smell Valentina. Her soft, coconutty perfume had marked him, sinking into his skin. Every time he shifted he remembered the feeling of her body against his. It was as if she was still there, coiled against him, but out of his grasp at the same time. He couldn't sleep, and it all came down to the pressure between his legs.

His erection had been there since he first crawled into bed. It strained his boxers. Every time he thought he could finally drift off, something would remind him of his lesson, and his member throbbed until his eyes cracked back open.

Finally he couldn't stand it. He pushed his underwear down and summoned a palm-full of water from the fountain burbling in the corner.

The water gathered around his erection as Percy mentally turned off his ability to stay dry. He grasped his cock, and felt it soaked to the touch.

His hand moved up and down his shaft, starting off slow. It had been weeks since he'd done this, too distracted by his sex-life worries to find the right mood. Now it was the opposite. He needed to do *something* after the way his lesson ended, or else he'd never find sleep.

His fingers lacked the warmth and softness Silena's held. He shut his eyes and pictured himself back on that lakeshore. He imagined Silena touching him again— and more.

He pictured her tossing her popsicle aside, bending over, and engulfing his cock in her pouty lips. Her tongue, sticky from the dessert, dragging across his skin. He remembered the eventual discharge when he couldn't hold back, and imagined all those thick wads firing inside of Silena's mouth. Would she cough? Spit it out? Swallow? The images flashed through his head, one after another, each feeding his lust in a different way.

It wasn't enough. He thought back to the bed from that evening, Valentina atop him, and this time he did more than shove his hands past her clothes, he tore them away entirely.

He would lean forward, and she would fall back on the bed, her whole body at his mercy. He could bite those shapely breasts. Caress her smooth back.

Most of all he could be free of this erection, thrusting it into her body until it was spent.

The soft, sensual voice that had coached him all evening would be there, moaning and begging him not to stop. He'd listen. His dick would keep going, soaked just like it was now, until—

The water he'd been controlling splattered down across his abdomen as his concentration broke under the weight of a sudden orgasm. Cum shot out, but just before it splattered across Percy's chest it froze. He levitated it across the room and directed it to absorb into an old tissue.

He promised Annabeth back in Tartarus not to use his powers on fluids that had water inside of them, but he figured that was limited to more insidious uses. You know, like poison, and blood. Besides, this trick had already proven damn useful to him.

He meant to get up and dry his bed from the splattered water, he really did. But he himself was perfectly dry again, and water never really felt cold to him. The sleep he'd been longing for caught him before he knew what was happening.

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For a moment, when Percy stepped inside the Aphrodite Cabin, he thought it was empty. Then he realized that wasn't quite right. There was one person there.

"Finally showed up?" Drew asked.

Percy walked closer and did a double-take.

The asian girl was sitting cross-legged on her bed, the same one he and Valentina started their fun on the night before. She had a handheld mirror aimed at her face, delicately applying a layer of plum-colored lipstick. None of that was what had Percy staring.

Drew's only clothes were a tight white bra and skimpy panties. Percy drank in her slender figure and suddenly wished his shorts were one size larger.

Drew gave her lips a last daub before capping her makeup. "So, you're one lesson deep. How was Valentina?"

"Sweet," Percy answered instinctively. "I mean, not her taste — although that was too — but... I think you get the picture."

Drew just smirked.

"I gotta say, your approach is definitely flashier," Percy admitted.

"See something you like?"

"More than one," Percy said, not even hiding the way his eyes stuck on Drew's chest.



“Well, I’m not seeing nearly enough. Clothes off,” Drew ordered.

Some part of Percy had been hoping to use all that practice he’d gotten in recognizing hints, just to prove he learned something. Somehow, this didn’t feel like it counted. Drew was way too blunt.

First, Percy pulled his shirt off over his head. He was confident in his physique built over years of fighting, but the intensity Drew stared at him with, her fingers spread against her chin in a philosophical V-shape, was enough to leave a little blush on his cheeks. He pulled his shorts down next, leaving him in only boxers that didn’t leave much to Drew’s imagination with the thick shape straining against them.

One raised eyebrow told him Drew wasn’t satisfied. Light blush strengthening, Percy pushed his underwear down to join his shorts, stepping out of them.

Naked and erect, Percy tried not to fidget as Drew rose from the bed and walked around him in a slow circle. She only came up to the base of his neck. Her long, thin fingers brushed across his abs, tracing the definition lines between his muscles. She moved behind him, and promptly prodded his left buttcheek with a sharp nail.

“Ouch!” Percy said.

“Quiet,” Drew said absently.

She wandered back around to the front of him, completing another circuit. This time, her attention was fixed firmly down. She leaned forward, tucking a bit of dark hair behind her ear. Percy’s cock spanned the short distance between them, brushing against her stomach. There were no worries about it going soft, either. The height difference let him look naturally down her bra, drinking in the ample milky cleavage.

Suddenly, Percy grunted. Drew had grabbed hold of his cock.

This wasn’t the delicate embrace of Silena. Drew’s fingers were equally warm, but tight and stiff, gripping his cock as if worried it would run off.

“Endure,” she commanded.

With that, she began to jerk him off.

Just like the initial grip, her movements were harsh. She moved her hands quickly, but there wasn’t any artistry to it. More than once Percy winced, but not because he was close to cumming. Her nails scraped him at odd intervals. While not outright unpleasant, it wasn’t exactly *pleasant*, either.

Drew sped up, which didn't exactly improve his experience. Instead it was still average, but faster. Percy found himself missing Valentina's methods. At least then he'd felt like a participant, not a prop.

Images of his curvier instructor were still flitting through his head when he heard, "Cum."

The urge sprung up in a flash. It wasn't like the handjob had gotten any better. And yet, the urge to blow a load all across Drew hit Percy with the force of a freight car.

Only at the last second, biting down hard on his lip, Percy managed to force the feeling down.

"Good," Drew said, still jerking him off with a bored look on her face. "It would've been so disappointing if it ended this early."

"That was charmspeak," Percy said.

Drew smiled, although it was quickly replaced again by what Percy had taken to calling her 'Business Face'.

"I see you're familiar with it."

"Piper's used it on me before," Percy said. "I mean, never for anything like this, obviously. That was definitely a new one."

"You liked it though."

It was true. The way it pushed him to the edge, almost making him embarrass himself by barely lasting a minute with a girl, had been such a pleasant—

Percy's willpower snapped back into place, ejecting the foreign thought that had nestled in his head.

"Watch it," Percy said.

"I'm so sorry." Drew didn't sound sorry at all. "But, you're going to have to get used to hearing charmspeak for this lesson. It's necessary."

"Why?"

"Simple." Drew relinquished her grip on his cock. Red spots stuck out against his pale skin where her fingers had held him. "A man is only good in bed for as long as he lasts. I don't care if you've got the skills of Adonis himself, if you can't last five minutes I'm not going to feel a thing. It's my job to make sure you don't end up like that. You passed the first level, by the way."

Percy blinked.

"The handjob was bad on purpose!" he said.

“Don’t say that. Some guys would love that kind of thing. You didn’t appreciate the love-nicks from my nails?” Drew took one look at Percy’s face and said, “Not your thing, I suppose.”

“I guess not,” he agreed.

“Well, it’s still early. Plenty of time to find what *will* break you.”

She stepped behind him.

Percy tried to turn to face her, but she stopped him with a hand on either hip.

“Stay.”

Percy felt the coarse fabric of her bra scrape his back. Her hands released their grip on him, sliding slowly across his pelvis before wrapping around his cock, one on top of the other. The handjob started again, but it was different this time. The cadence had become slow and gentle. Delicate lips pressed to Percy’s back, planting soft kisses.

Percy kept his breathing steady. He knew what he had to do now: endure. Yet, if anything, he was having a tougher time than when he’d been in the dark. Drew was wrapped around him like a blanket, warm and sensual as she delicately operated on his body.

All across his body Percy’s muscles tensed and coiled from the sensation. Drew’s hands struck a consistent rhythm. Sharp nibbles and moist licks joined the kisses being lathered on his back. Percy’s hands drifted behind him, desperate to feel more of her.

“No touch,” Drew said, and there must’ve been at least a little charmspeak in it, because Percy’s hands froze instantly.

“Good... boy...” Drew said, words punctuated by pauses as her mouth worked against Percy’s body. “You deserve... a reward.”

She pulled away from Percy’s body, hands returning to her sides. Percy wondered how that was meant to be a reward, until he heard a quiet metal *pop!*

Something plopped down over his face, blotting out the room. It smelled of pine and cinnamon— in other words, like Drew. Then his tutor was on him again, her hands back on his shaft and her warmth tight to his back. Only this time, he didn’t feel any fabric between them.

Drew’s bare breasts pressed against his back, her nipples leaving impressions as she shifted and moved. Her discarded bra remained draped over his face, reducing his view to darkness. Percy had heard somewhere that not being able to see heightened other senses, and he could believe it. The sweet scent of Drew’s worn bra, perfume and about a dozen other store-bought scents

rubbed into the fabric by its owner's body, almost convinced him his face was buried in the beautiful girl's side. Each wet pop as her lips tethered and untethered from his back sounded deafening to his ears. Most of all, he couldn't have missed a single touch between them if he wanted to— the fingers moored around his cock, the shapely breasts tight to his back, even Drew's bare foot, which was delicately stroking the length of his muscular calf. Without any charmspeak involved, he nearly came and ended the lesson right there.

A wave of warm shame burned into his chest right after, but it quickly turned to determination. With a jolt he realized it wasn't even about impressing his teacher anymore. He just didn't want this lesson to end. Resolve restored, he took a deep breath and steadied himself, even ignoring the deep sniff of Drew's scent that accidentally earned him.

Somehow, Drew was as aware of his internal struggle as Percy himself was. He wouldn't put it past these Aphrodite girl's to have some in-born orgasm meter, the same way he naturally knew his way at sea, just so they could torment boys all the better. He'd met their mom. It was *totally* the type of thing she'd be into.

"Just let loose," Drew said. "There's no reason to hold yourself back."

Except that there was. Percy knew it. And Drew knew it too; the innocent statement had been lined with enough charmspeak to convince Clarisse to take up pacifism. If Percy hadn't already been on guard, that would've been it for him.

"You'll have to do better than that," Percy said.

Drew sniffed. "I'd certainly hope the Hero of Olympus could handle this much."

Her hands left his cock and shoved him forward.

There was hardly a muscle anywhere on her body, but the push caught Percy totally unaware. He managed to twist as he fell, landing on his back. Drew's bra came loose, landing somewhere behind him and blessing him with a first view of his teacher in all her glory.

Drew wasn't as tall as Silena, but she easily had a few inches of height over Valentina. Her skin was as pale as powder, layers of immaculate makeup standing out starkly. She had a slender body with the waist of a runway model. Her large breasts couldn't compete with Silena's enormous chest, and her shapely ass was a fraction the size of Valentina's, but on her skinny frame both looked just as impressive as her sisters' assets.

The purple lipstick she'd been painstakingly applying when he arrived was smudged around her lips. Percy imagined at least half of it was plastered across his back by now. To be honest, he didn't spend long looking at her lips. The beautiful bare breasts just beneath stared him in the face, dark nipples jutting invitingly.

Drew didn't so much sit on the bed as pounce onto it.

The girl jumped on top of Percy, who caught her on reflex. The way her breasts swung and bounced, he debated asking if she'd get up and do it all over again.

"Careful there— Ooh."

Percy cut off with a groan. Wasting no time Drew had started lathering kisses onto him. She planted each firmly, leaving purple marks in the shape of her lips. Her left hand was back around Percy's cock. He hadn't even noticed it land there. Inch by inch the kiss marks trailed lower as Drew slithered down the bed. When she reached his belly button, she finally stopped. Looking up, she held eye-contact. Very slowly, she moved until she was perched on her knees in the gap between Percy's legs.

Percy stared at the trail she'd left along him. "Why put on lipstick so carefully if it was only going to go everywhere?"

Drew smiled savagely as her hand played with the base of Percy's cock, positioning it straight up.

"Sex is only fun if I mark what's mine," she said.

In one motion she slammed her head down, and Percy's cock *disappeared*.

Even Silena, the most experienced girl at Camp, had been awed by his size. But Drew didn't even think twice as she took all of him in her mouth and, when she ran out of room there, deep into her throat. Percy couldn't help but gasp at the sensation— warm, wet, tight. Drew wasn't finished. Her eyes still hadn't left his.

She pulled up, and Percy suddenly saw what she meant about marking. A plum-colored ring was visible against the absolute base of the shaft, a testament to how deep Drew had taken him. It was almost like it was saying, *I got this far, match it if you can*. Of course, there was nobody else there to compete with, so Drew immediately took the chance to try and beat her own high-score.

Drew's head moved faster than it had any right to. One moment her lips were around only the tip, her tongue playing roughly with the slit of his cock; the next moment, her nose was pressed flat against Percy's ribs. It was like Percy's

fantasy about Silena from the night before, except the sensations were even better than his imagination could conjure up. No matter how fast Drew moved, her teeth never so much as brushed him. She didn't gag once.

After a particularly long pause with her face tight to Percy's crotch, Drew pulled all the way off of him like a diver coming up for air, eight thick, sloppy inches sliding free from her throat.

"Cum," Drew commanded.

The full weight of her charmspeak hammered down on him, mixing with the pleasure of the blowjob. The urge to cum rose up in him like an ocean. But Percy was good at dealing with those. He kept his composure, and the intensity passed.

Drew threw her head back down. She bobbed up and down, her straight hair flying as she kept up the frantic pace. After another thirty seconds, she dragged herself off again and repeated, "Cum."

The urge came again, even stronger. Percy gripped the bed as he fought back. He filled his head with the least arousing images he could think of. Mr. D's leopard print speedo. The old Cloven Elders and the potbellies they always showed off. Echidna's overweight scaly skin and too-long forked tongue. The un-sexy barrage was just enough.

Drew refused to admit defeat. She suckled on his testicles before slowly trailing her tongue along the entire length of his shaft. Only when she got to the top did she return to deepthroating him, and the brief pause made the sensations feel twice as good when they returned. She struck the most furious pace yet, and kept it up for an entire minute without slipping once. Percy's eyes rolled back in his head. When Drew finally said, "CUM!" for a third time, he already knew what was coming.

He came across Drew's upper body, everywhere from her breasts up to her neck. It was the most explosive ejaculation Percy had ever had, built up after he'd been pushed to the brink so many times. Drew wiped a glob of semen off her collar bone, licking it dry and frowning.

"That's what you weren't supposed to do," she said.

"Easier said than done," Percy said.

He was panting. His cock was still erect, but his balls ached. Every drop of their contents was painted across his teacher.

Drew regarded him before standing up from the bed.

"That was passable. *I suppose*," she said.

Percy sat up. "You're kidding. Resisting that long took everything I had!"

Drew looked away. “I hope you improve by next time, then. For your sake— and Annabeth’s. I can’t even imagine how disappointed she would be if her beloved boyfriend performed this poorly on your first night together. If I were here I might break up with you right there.”

“You can be a real bitch sometimes, you know that?” Percy said.

Drew blushed. She muttered something quickly and quietly.

“What was that?”

“Nothing,” Drew said. She made eye contact with him. “Keep what you just said in mind. For next time. Now get dressed— as you can see, I’m in dire need of a shower.”

She turned and strutted away. Percy watched her go. He thought he’d earned at least a little praise with his performance, holding out against charmspeak so many times, but that was Drew for you. A kind words from her was as rare as seeing her without makeup. It just didn’t happen

Not that there weren’t reasons to stick around with her, Percy mused. The view of her barely-clad retreating ass was the best reminder of that he could’ve asked for.

Sighing, he went about collecting his clothes while wondering what tomorrow’s lesson might hold. After the first two, he couldn’t even guess.

Not that he was complaining. There was such a thing as a good surprise. If there was one thing this week had taught him, it was that.

*Lesson #4*  
*Rhythm*

“Ah, Percy! Just in time! Come help me move this.”

Percy glanced round the Aphrodite Cabin, disoriented for a moment by the changes. The whole interior was usually so neatly organized that any major changes were almost unthinkable— sometimes, it felt like skewing a single pillow would have every inhabitant chasing you out at perfume-point. But now a wide open space had formed smack in the cabins middle, multiple feet across in each direction, with a throne-like seat positioned in it.

Silena was the only camper present. She wore a usual outfit of basic jeans with a stock Camp Half-Blood orange t-shirt, and she was bent over with her shoulder lowered, doing her best to slowly shove a spare bed across the cabin floor.

Percy joined her and gave the bed a good shove. It skidded away, quickly joining three others that had been moved to make space. Silena almost fell forward as the bed she'd been leaning on disappeared out from under, but caught herself at the last second.

“Boys sure are handy,” she said, standing and knocking imaginary dust off of her hands. The Aphrodite Cabin was way too clean for any of the real stuff.

“What’s all this for?” Percy asked, gesturing at the opened space.

Silena giggled. “You’ll see,” she promised. “Take a seat! I still have a few more things to grab.”

Percy shrugged and moved toward one of the beds at the edge of the circle. Silena grabbed his hand.

“Not there,” she said when he turned with a question in his eyes. “I have a seat all ready for you.”

Percy’s eyes fell on the throne in the center of the room.

“That’s it!” Silena dragged him toward the cushy chair. “Go on, have a seat!”

The chair itself seemed both flashy and comfortable. The whole thing was made out of red leather the same shade as a Valentines day card. There were big armrests with silver buttons on the ends and a headrest at least three inches deep. The chair legs were made out of solid brass. Percy felt like sitting on the throne without a crown would make someone pop out and accuse him of being a presumptuous peasant stealing the king’s seat. But it was what Silena told him to do, so he went ahead and sat down anyway.



Right away, a sigh hissed out his lips. He could feel himself melting into the chair, his joints relaxing and his muscles un-tensing.

“Sorry to make you wait.” Silena had disappeared somewhere behind the chair’s wide back, working on something out of sight. “This was supposed to all be done by the time you arrived. As you can see... Things didn’t work out that way.”

“Where are Valentina and Drew?”

“Don’t even get me started on those two!” Silena huffed. “They’re the whole reason this is taking so long. I ask them to move a few beds around after all we’ve gone through together, and suddenly they’re nowhere to be found. Valentina I expected this from. She’s always been a flake. But Drew, at least, I thought I had trained better than this.”

Percy shivered at the way she said ‘trained’, as if they were talking about a pet rather than her second-in-command. Girls were scary, and in their own way, daughters of Aphrodite were the scariest.

“There we go... And then—”

Percy heard the sound of something sliding into place, followed by soft footsteps. The lights turned dim. Not enough to leave the room black, but just enough to shroud details. Music began to play from a speaker behind him. He recognized the voice, faintly, from trips to Olympus in the past. It whispered the soft words of a love song just loud enough to be heard over piano and some type of stringed instrument.

“You like it?” Silena came into view from behind the chair, trailing her fingers loosely along the armrest before coming to a stop in front of him. She shut her eyes, mouth open, and bobbed her finger in time with the chords.

“It’s really beautiful,” Percy said. “And... familiar?”

“Euterpe,” Silena said. “One of the muses. She’s the mother of music, and—”

Soft, wailing flute notes faded into the orchestra, as inviting as a siren’s song. Silena beamed.

“-the creator of the double-flute,” she finished. “There’s something about her music that is just so... Well, I’ll let you guess. How would you describe it, Percy?”

He listened. The voice was striking, or piercing, even. The Muse’s voice was never loud, and yet once you paid attention it was all you could hear. It was almost a whisper, almost not even singing, like her voice was wrapping you in a warm hug. As if the song itself was only for you.

“Intimate,” he finally settled on.

Silena leaned in until their faces were inches apart. Her smile widened into a grin.

“Yes!” she said. “Intimate, absolutely! And delicate. Descriptive. *Sensual*.”

Her finger brushed Percy’s stomach. It traced slowly up his chest, then along his neck, all the way to the tip of his chin. He gulped.

“This song is my favorite of hers,” Silena confessed, her voice lowering as it took on a husky quality. “It feels like the confession of fresh lovers. And the intimacy that comes after. It’s adventurous... and arousing. Absolutely perfect for this.”

Percy mostly managed to hold his composure. “This being?”

Her index finger slid up from his chin, pressing against his lips in a gesture for silence. Silena slipped further away, coming to stand in the heart of the space she’d dutifully cleared.

It started with her head. She bobbed in time with the song the way her finger had when it started, except now it was her whole body. Dark hair fluttered around her shoulders, glittering in the low light. She began swinging her head left and right.

The dance swept over her naturally, like it was breaking free from somewhere it’d been chained up this whole time. It wasn’t quite a hip hop dance, and she was missing a partner for ballroom. Percy couldn’t even say it was the best dancing he’d ever seen. There was just something honest about it, almost primal, that stopped him from looking away.

Silena gave a twirl. She was smiling. Her breasts jiggled and swung with every major move, so large even her mother would consider her serious competition. She caught where Percy’s eyes were aimed and her smile shifted into a smirk.

It began innocuously like any of the other moves she’d done: her arms hurled up high, toward the ceiling. Her t-shirt rode up, revealing a glimpse of her belly button. Percy’s eyes dipped to the exposed flesh right away. In his opinion, that was a natural reaction.

Before the shirt could slip back to its normal position, Silena’s hands descended. They reached across her body to grip her shirt by the edges, arms crossed over her chest in an X shape. Percy thought she’d gotten embarrassed and was trying to push the shirt down, as out of character as that seemed. He couldn’t have been more wrong.

Her right hand moved first, dragging her shirt an inch higher on that side. Then her left hand did the same on the opposite side. They kept inching higher, and higher, one at a time. The closer they rose toward Silena’s breasts, the less distance they covered each time they moved, until the pace reached a crawl.

The moment the base of her bra peaked out, Silena tore the shirt straight over her head in a single sharp motion, tossing it haphazardly over her shoulder.

Percy's cock, which had been slowly hardening, snapped straight to full-mast. Silena stood before him, naked from the waist up except for a lacy black bra. At least eighty-percent of it was transparent, but in the dim room he could only barely make out the pale flesh peaking through. Darker spots in the shape of rose patterns covered the nipples but little else. Silena returned to her earlier dancing, and her breasts bounced even more now that they were freed from her stiff shirt.

She leaned forward to twirl and shake her hair. It was pretty, seeing the straight dark locks whip in patterns, but Percy was a little distracted by the cleavage staring him in the face. If her bra went down just a centimeter lower, he could've sworn her nipple would've slipped into view.

Silena straightened, but Percy didn't have time to feel disappointed. She danced closer to him.

Her skin shone very slightly in the light. The dancing had been just enough for her to work up the slightest of sweats, but that only made her skin glitter like a jewel.

When she was right in front of Percy she turned her back to him. Her hips went side to side, in time with the rhythm. The strap of her bra was stark against her back, taut with the strain of holding back her bust.

The flick of her hips drew Percy's eyes. The movements had shifted slightly. Less horizontal, more vertical. The change continued, until she was moving as if she were riding something a foot or so in length.

Silena's ass was the least impressive of the three sisters, but it was still a wonderful one with plenty to look at... and grab hold of. Percy wondered what it would feel like to sink his fingers into those cheeks compared with Valentina's. A question like that would need tests. Lots and lots of tests.

She turned back to him, hips still moving. Her eyes found his, and she wasn't smiling any more. She bit her bottom lip as her fingers deftly unbuttoned her jeans, before slowly dragging down the zipper.

Just as Percy was sure the pants were going to join her shirt on the floor, Silena paused. She stepped closer, so close Percy could smell her perfume, a sweet citrusy scent hiding a slight tang. She turned around.

Percy was greeted with an entire face-full of that ass as Silena hooked her thumbs inside her waistband. She bent forward until her torso was level with the floor, stretching her jeans taut. From that position, she pushed them smoothly down.

Two round, shapely cheeks topped a delectable pair of thighs. Dark fabric ran through the canyon between those cheeks, so sheer Percy felt a sudden urge to grab in and tear it. Silena straightened, giving a different but still lovely view of her ass.

Then she did something Percy didn't expect: she hopped onto the chair with him.

Silena positioned herself so that her legs ran between Percy's and the armrests, with her knees against the back of the chair. Sitting on her shins, she continued to bob to the music. She wrapped her hands around Percy's neck, bringing their faces close

together. Every time she moved she grinded on at least one part of Percy's body. He could smell more than her perfume now. He caught the sweet scent of her shampoo. The slight tang of sweat. He could smell her skin itself, carrying a hint of something like nutmeg.

As her dancing hips ground against him through his clothes, his hands naturally drifted toward them to grab hold of her.

"No."

Percy was pretty sure Silena couldn't use charmspeak, but she managed to fill her voice with even more authority than Drew could magically manage. His hands hung suspended in the air.

Silena leaned in until their noses were touching each other, her hands still linked behind Percy's head.

"I touch you, you don't touch me. Otherwise I stop."

Her body was so tantalizingly close. Percy wanted so badly to grasp, grab, and hold her. All the teasing was going to make his sanity snap like his old 'friend' Dr. Thorn. But he gritted his teeth and dropped his hands to the armrests, sinking his fingers into the upholstery instead.

Silena smirked and resumed her dancing, although it was much more like Valentina's lesson now than a proper dance. Her hips still stayed in rhythm with the music, even as she rubbed her panties across his crotch. For some reason Percy couldn't understand, let alone explain, that made it even hotter.

Silena's breath was deep and husky. She'd been moving for a while, but still only showed slight signs of fatigue. Her breasts spanned the entirety of the short distance between them, pressing against Percy's chest. He dug his fingers even deeper into the chair, working desperately to keep them still.

Suddenly, Silena pulled back. She leaned away, tits slipping away from Percy's chest and leaving him conflicted. On one hand, it had suddenly become a lot easier to keep his hands to himself. On the other, the feeling had been absolutely fantastic.

"I'm hot," Silena said. "Be a dear and get this bra out of the way, so I can cool off."

Percy's hands launched up toward her back, but Silena's voice stopped them just as quickly.

"Remember," she said. "Don't touch."

"You're telling me two things, but I can only manage one," Percy said.

"You can do both," Silena insisted. "It just requires a delicate touch."

Percy stared at her. Even as they talked, she was still riding him. That made little things like thinking pretty difficult. But he could guess what she was getting at. With a deep breath, he took the challenge.

Carefully, oh so carefully, his fingers found the clasp of her bra. They pulled it away from her body, slowly, just barely managing not to brush her skin in the process. The entire time Silena stared down at him, her smile slowly returning.

Percy found the clasp mechanism, but no matter how much he pushed it wouldn't come undone. He fiddled with it, shifting the latch to try different angles one after the other. It was careful work, but with the added pressure not to touch Silena's skin it was downright delicate. For a full thirty seconds Percy battled the bra until he felt a subtle *pop!* The bra came loose in his hands and he tossed it away.

Up so close, even the dim room couldn't hide the details of Silena's breasts. Each was as big as a melon, yet perky in shape, protruding far from the rest of her chest. Huge pink nipples hung in Percy's face. Silena's heavy breathing alone was enough to make them shake and jiggle now that they were freed.

"Let loose," Silena said.

The change was so sudden that it took Percy a second to process it, but there was no telling him twice.

He sunk his teeth into one of her breasts, then the other. He lathered on bite after bite, sucking at the flesh and relishing the way it gave under his attack. Taking one nipple in his mouth, he pulled back until the breast stretched taut, Silena unable to hold back a moan as he did. All the desire that had built up as he was forced to hold back flooded out now, his mouth working faster than he ever knew it could.

Silena shifted, and Percy went with it. She slipped in so that her back was to the chair while Percy's faced the room. Then, after a minute or so more of his assault on her breasts, she planted her hands on his shoulders and softly pushed him down. For a moment Percy didn't want to stop, but he caught himself and went with the motion.

Percy slid down until his knees were on the floor, kneeling in front of the throne. Silena kicked her legs over her shoulders, positioning his head between her thighs. For a moment, Percy hesitated, unsure if he was supposed to take the next step.

"Did you use up all that energy?" Silena goaded him. "*Keep going.*"

Percy met her eyes. He grabbed her panties in his teeth and tore them off her body with a jerk of his head.

"Oh my!" said Silena.

Spitting the ripped cloth aside onto the floor, Percy turned back to Silena and... froze.

It was about at this point, staring at Silena's puffy lower lips, that he realized he had no idea what to do with a girl's vagina. But his teacher was just as quick. She reached down with two fingers, spreading her pussy, while her other hand pointed out spots Percy should focus on. He lunged forward and dug in with his tongue.

"Mmmm." Silena's head lolled to the side. Euterpe's music was still going, the flute having hit a crescendo. Silena's hands drifted into Percy's hair, gripping tufts. As his tongue flailed aimlessly she would pull up or push down, guiding him toward the

most sensitive spots. If he moved his tongue too quickly, she would softly push his head away, and if he went too long without speeding up she would pull it close.

With Silena piloting him, it wasn't long before Percy's tongue found purchase. Something small and stiff pushed against his taste buds. Ninety-nine percent certain that this was the famous clitoris, Percy began to attack it with all he had.

Silena's moans increased in volume. Her warm thighs tightened against Percy's ears. But no matter how fervently he worked, the payoff wouldn't come. He couldn't bring Silena to climax!

Her feet started thudding against Percy's back. At first he discarded it as a reflex from the pleasure, but there was something too purposeful about it. There was the rhythm to the beats, just the way there was a rhythm to the song playing this whole time. You just had to find it: the right beat.

Percy's tongue slowed. The constant, wild efforts stopped entirely. Instead, he began to play with the clit at a consistent speed, not so slow but not too fast. Most of all, he timed it. Sucking at the right moment, flicking at the right moment, he allowed Silena to adjust to his pace. A level and controlled ascent, all the way to the climax.

Silena's hands tightened in his hair. He sensed something coming, but couldn't tell what.

"Ooooh," Silena moaned. "That's it!"

Something sweet hit Percy's tongue. He pulled back as clear liquid flooded into his mouth. The sensation was surprising, but not unpleasant. Silena's hands slipped free from his hair and her legs slid off his back. The girl herself looked at him, face flushed.

"The girl's were right," she said. "You *do* learn quickly."

"I try," Percy said.

He felt tired, as if he'd just fought through a hostile horde of Dracaena. He hadn't even gotten undressed for this lesson, and yet somehow it felt more intense than both the ones before it.

"I hope you're prepared."

Silena's voice jolted Percy out of his rest.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Silena giggled. She really did look beautiful, her dark hair plastered to the chair behind her, bountiful breasts hanging free in all their glory. Her orgasm had even suffused her with something else, a slight flush that made her aura outright erotic.

"Starting tomorrow, your lessons get even more intense," she said. "One might even say that's when the *real* fun starts."

That was the most intimidating statement Percy had ever heard.

He couldn't wait.

*Lesson #4*  
*Ladies First*

It was late in the afternoon before Percy's fourth lesson when she appeared.

He was sitting by himself on the shore of the lake, in the spot Silena showed him. The place where their entire arrangement was born.

This time he was alone though. There wasn't a single person visible on the lake. No giggling naiad faces appeared in the water. That was what he wanted—a quiet moment to himself, before he made the walk to the Aphrodite Cabin for the night.

"All alone?"

Percy jumped when the voice spoke. No one had been around, and yet when he turned a little girl was standing behind him. She smiled.

"You shouldn't be all alone," she said. "Being alone is never any good."

"Just... taking a minute to clear my head," Percy said.

"That's not good either. Heads should always be kept a mess. Life has so much more delicious drama that way." The little girl walked closer, taking a seat next to him. "Going somewhere tonight?"

"What makes you say that?" Percy asked, although he thought he had a pretty good idea.

The little girl hummed to herself. "Call it intuition."

She looked about fourteen years old, maybe a little younger. She had blond hair that curled in places and was straight in others, but somehow the style looked complex rather than messy. A faint blush was permanent on her cheeks. Percy had never seen her at Camp before. He was sure of that.

"There's something so special about it," she said wistfully.

"About what?"

"Firsts," said the girl. "Love is always exciting, but firsts are really the best moments. Your first kiss. The first date. A man's first night with a lover."

"What do you want Aphrodite?"

The girl paused, staring at him. After a moment she giggled. "I wondered if this form would throw you off. I guess that's what I get for underestimating you."

"Why're you here?"

"To talk about love," said the goddess. "That's just about the only reason I go anywhere."

Percy stared out over the lake.

“But why are you here *now*?”

“To take your measure,” Aphrodite said. “I wanted to see what you’re like.”

“Well, you’ve seen me. What do you think?”

Aphrodite smirked. The glint in her eyes, ancient and knowing, would’ve given her disguise away in an instant if she hadn’t admitted who she was herself. She patted Percy on his knee.

“I think my daughters are very ambitious girls. I’m extremely proud of them. And I think they don’t have the slightest clue what they’ve gotten themselves into.”

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For the first time since the lessons started, all three girls were waiting in the Aphrodite Cabin when Percy arrived.

The space Silena cleared was gone. All the beds were back in their normal spots. Only the speaker that had played Eurytepe’s music remained. It was pushed into a distant corner, spewing mellow classical music at a low volume.

Percy joined the girls on Drew’s bed. It was the same spot that they sat together when welcoming him to his first lesson. That was only three nights before, but it felt like a whole lot longer.

Silena smiled at him. “Three lessons down, three to go. You’ve reached the halfway mark!”

“Wasn’t it supposed to be a week long?” Percy asked, frowning. “Shouldn’t there be four more days?”

“Are you that desperate for more of us?” Valentina teased.

“There are six lessons total,” Silena explained. “The last night will serve as a final exam.”

“There has to be some way of telling whether we’ve wasted our time with this,” Drew said.

“But don’t worry, I *know* you won’t disappoint,” Valentina said.

Percy had never been one for a test. Of course, he’d never been one for school in general. If there was one thing he felt he could count on, though, it ripwould be a final exam as atypical as the lessons’ curriculum.

“So why’re all of you here today?” Percy asked, pivoting topics. “I thought each of you was handling lessons on their own.”

“Tonight is Valentina’s,” Silena assured him, while the girl in question offered a cheeky wave. “We just wanted to check in, all of us. Do you feel like you’re learning?”



It was a simple question, but Percy gave it serious thought. As soon as he did, the answer was obvious. Valentina's seductions had been like a pop quiz, one graded in real-time. Each time he took a misstep, she would promptly catch and explain it. She guided his hands where they ought to go, coached his tongue until it became a better tool than ever before, and above all, she taught him to initiate. It was her that showed him how to catch hints and move sex along with confidence, fulfilling actions before they were asked of him.

Drew was different. She was harsh, like a whip. She pushed him forward roughly and relentlessly, only being gentle on rare occasions to get him to let his guard down. And it was because of all of this that Percy had so much confidence in his self control. It took a divine blowjob and a half-dozen waves of charmspeak to break him in bed. There was no way he would cum quickly during regular sex ever again.

Then, there was Silena. Even her strip show taught in something: every part of the experience could be erotic. Tearing off clothes just to get them out of the way was a waste. Something as simple as when and how he pulled off his shirt could make the difference. Throughout foreplay and sex, he had to keep the rhythm in mind. Going fast was no good, if it was wild and out of control. As long as he followed his own beat, his own rhythm, pleasure would definitely follow.

"I've learned a whole lot," Percy said, the absolute certainty he felt leaking out in his voice. "Thank you. I can't wait to learn more."

Valentina squealed. "So cool!"

Silena and Drew traded looks.

"Things will really get serious from here," Silena warned. "Are you ready for that?"

"I am," Percy said.

Drew scoffed. "Don't bother with bravado. Can *you* handle this?"

Percy eyed her. The Japanese girl was looking at him disdainfully, but there was something strange about her. She was sitting cross-legged with her thighs pressed tightly together. And the way her hands were gripping the blanket beside her, it almost seemed like she was eager for... something. She was poking him, trying to get a reaction.

So he'd give her one.

"I've held up the sky before," Percy said. "I fought with gods, titans, even the earth itself, and I won every time. Whatever you throw at me, I guarantee I'll get through anything. But if you're curious, we can always start early."

Drew shuddered. Before she could say anything, somebody tackled Percy.

It was so unexpected that Percy didn't have time to brace himself. Even though the attacker was light, they tumbled off the bed onto the floor, Percy himself landing on the bottom.

Above him, coiled against his chest, he found Valentina in all her glory.

"I can't stand it anymore," she purred, hooking her hands onto the collar of Percy's shirt. "You're so cool. So handsome. So *delicious*. I held back for three days already. I won't wait a second longer."

Silena rose from the bed, pulling Dew up with her. "Come on then, lieutenant. That's our queue to leave."

Drew rose slowly. As they walked toward the door, she moved strangely. It was as if she was shuffling, unwilling or unable to keep her legs as far apart as they were supposed to be.

"Hold on!" Percy called after them. "At least tell me what this lesson is supposed to be!"

Valentina was staying, but she didn't seem to be in the mood for talking. She was already sinking her teeth into Percy's neck as he asked the question.

All the way at the door, Silena looked over her shoulder. "Letting the woman take the lead."

Percy felt his eyes widen. Not because of the topic exactly, but because of the way it was worded. There was no mention of how far this would go. Aphrodite's visit came back to his head, all her talk of firsts.

That was what made the lessons so serious now. They would go all the way.

Percy had to admit he felt some nerves, but he also couldn't deny the thrill that rose in him.

Silena and Drew finally left. Percy hardly noticed. Valentina was wrapped tightly to him, suckling at his neck. She moved ferociously. Percy was certain he'd have marks from the jaw all the way down to his collar bone after this.

When she finally pulled away, she giggled.

"I told you I would eat you up," she said.

Percy grinned at her. "My job's just to follow your lead, right? Go crazy."

"Silly boy. I was going to even if you didn't say a thing."

Valentina pulled her shirt off. This wasn't the artful timing Silena had shown, she just wanted it out of the way as fast as possible. She dragged off Percy's a second later in exactly the same way. Then she did something unexpected— she turned around.

She shifted until her ass was pressed to Percy's stomach and her back was facing his head. She lay back, her warm back laying against Percy's bare chest. Her face nestled in next to Percy's jaw, giving him a nose-full of her shampoo's sweet vanilla scent.

"Want to see a trick?" she asked.

Her feet slid up until they were over Percy's crotch. She wasn't wearing socks. Her toes deftly found the button of his jeans and popped it open with a few precise movements. That was impressive enough, but she followed it up by unzipping his zipper with no hands the exact same way.

"You have no idea how much practice it took to learn that," Valentina said.

"Did you learn any other tricks?" Percy asked.

Valentina's toes hooked on the hem of his boxers. "You tell me."

Her tongue poked out the corner of her mouth as she focused. She slowly pushed down Percy's pants and boxers without using her hands, until they were all the way at his ankles. The sensation of her ass shifting against Percy's stomach was lovely, but it had nothing on what was coming next.

With his clothes out of the way, Valentina's feet traced back up his legs, dangling just low enough for her toes to brush his inner calves and thighs. They stopped briefly at his balls, cupping them and scaring Percy slightly. Valentina's skin was nothing but soft, but it seemed all too easy to apply too much force when trying something like that.

He had nothing to worry about. Her touch was lighter than a feather. In moments her feet had moved on, wrapping around his shaft.

He was hard. Of course he was, lying half-naked with a gorgeous girl perched on him. Besides, that trick with his pants had been strangely hot.

It had nothing on what was coming next.

Valentina began stroking his cock. Her feet moved as quickly as Drew's hands had, yet a dozen times gentler. Percy groaned. Valentina groaned too, seemingly from the exertion. She pumped her legs, bringing her feet from Percy's head down the shaft and back up in rapid cycles.

"My bra," she gasped. "Get rid of it."

With his practice removing Silena's, and the missing pressure of trying to avoid touching the girl herself, Percy had the bra loose in seconds. He hurled it away, over his head. Valentina lay back against him, her back pressing tightly to his muscular torso. Her feet kept going, and without her back in the way Percy was treated to a fantastic view not only of it but of her breasts as well.

He'd felt them before, but never actually seen them. They were the smallest out of the three sisters, but as a respectable hot-blooded youth, Percy didn't care one bit. As a wise man once said, boobs are boobs. When Valentina's hands laced with his and led them to her chest, he groped willingly and eagerly.

Valentina let out short moans. The movements of her feet grew slightly sloppier, but somehow that made it feel better. Percy himself grunted and groaned in time with her strokes. Silena's tip from the lakeshore still stuck with him: let your partner hear your voice.

"You feel good, don't you," Valentina moaned eagerly.

Rather than strain himself trying to talk, Percy grunted affirmatively.

"You like my breasts?"

To show he did, he groped them harder, forcing Valentina to pause to get her moans under control.

"You like how my feet feel?"

He nodded, his face mixed up in her loose dark hair.

She twisted, craning her neck to look into Percy's face. "You *really* like it?"

All he had to do was stare into her eyes. The answer was clear from that.

"Then pay me back."

It was a testament to how much he'd grown that Percy didn't need any more instructions than that.

His hand left Valentina's chest and slid under her pants. He found her pussy, tracing its shape with his fingers before pushing two inside.

Without his lesson the night before, he wouldn't have known what to do. But after using his mouth, fingers weren't such a huge jump. He jammed them between Valentina's folds, relishing the pleased gasps she let out in his ear.

Finding the clit, he focused his efforts there. Unlike with his tongue, he didn't focus on force. Too much pressure would only ruin Valentina's experience. Rather than shove, he caressed the clit, offering occasional sharper jabs. Valentina's breathing grew heavier. Percy could feel it on his fingers and sense it through his heritage— she was growing wetter at an astounding rate.

And yet, her feet never stopped. After all that mental bragging about his ability to hold out, Percy was starting to struggle. No matter how well he fingered her, not even when a first orgasm washed warmly over his fingers, Valentina wouldn't stop stroking him. His own breathing grew as hot and heavy as Valentina's.

Maybe it was a coincidence, or maybe the feeling was what pushed him over the edge. Percy came at the exact same time that Valentina hit her second orgasm.

His cum went straight up in the air. Absently, Percy shifted the trajectory to land only on Valentina. It wasn't necessary at all, but he liked the look of his semen decorating her.

They lay there on the floor in a pile, catching their breath.

"Impressive, right?" Valentina asked.

"How do you even figure out you can do that?" Percy asked.

It wasn't like he'd never heard of a footjob. He wasn't *that* sheltered. But the gentleness of it, the way nothing he did knocked her out of her rhythm, was something he would've sworn on the River Styx was impossible if he didn't just experience it himself.

Valentina giggled. "I'll take that as a yes." She stood up, looking down at him. "You'll want to be on the bed for this next part."

Percy swallowed hard. He stood up, kicking his pants the rest of the way off. He thought they would head toward Valentina's bed in the corner. But Valentina was staring somewhere else entirely.

She was looking at the bed they'd just left. A mischievous smile wormed its way onto her face.

"Get on," she said.

Percy stared at her. "Didn't you say it wasn't worth it during the last lesson?"

"That was then, this is now."

"Won't Drew be mad?"

"She doesn't have to know. I won't tell if you don't."

He only hesitated a moment longer. The point of this *was* to follow the girl's lead, after all.

Percy lay down on Drew's bed. His cock was still rock solid. It stood up almost straight with his body laid flat.

Valentina hummed a jaunty little song to herself as she pushed down first her yoga pants, then her panties. She didn't turn to give Percy a view like Silena had, which left Percy sad for all of twenty seconds until she climbed onto the bed with her back to him.

Her round and almost perfect ass hovered above Percy's crotch as she fondled his cock. She tilted his member to a very specific angle.

Then she dropped herself down without any other warning.

Percy gasped as he was thrust deep into a woman for the first time. While he was still coming to terms with the feeling, Valentina was already moving.

His hands went flat and stuck to the bed as if glued there while Valentina rode him. The same ass he'd been admiring so strongly bounced in mesmerizing circles. It clapped against his hips, bouncing and shaking. Percy couldn't look away.

It only got more amazing. With every passing minute Valentina sped up. She never seemed to tire or slip. The claps of their bodies sounded sonorously in the enclosed cabin. Percy didn't have to lift even a finger. Waves of pleasure just washed over him as he lay there. The experience made him feel like he understood what it felt like to be the gods themselves, or at least what it meant to be worshiped.

Her hips still jerking, Valentina bent back at the waist until she was looking at Percy upside-down. Her hair hung like a veil over her thrashing hips, something about the slight obstruction making the sensuality skyrocket.

"In sex, you must not try to do everything, no matter how much you practiced," she said.

"But why?" Percy grunted.

"Because of this," Valentina said. She sped up her hips again, adding a slight rotation to each flick. "Do you think this comes naturally to me?"

Even though it had been less than ten minutes since she climbed on, Percy could feel himself approaching his limits.

"I don't know. Maybe? You're a daughter of Aphrodite."

"The answer is no," Valentina said. "I might've started a little ahead of other girls. But I had to practice and teach myself to be able to manage this." There was no need for her to stop and explain what 'this' was. Her perfect movements. The way nothing ever made her lose her rhythm. In short, the sheer skill that was driving Percy to cum. "I worked hard to learn this, just like you are now."

Percy wished she would get to the point. Pretty soon, the feeling of her insides was going to be the only thing to pay attention to. He was worried he'd stop listening on accident.

"What I'm saying is, us girls have tricks too. As much as you want to make Annabeth feel good, she wants the same for you. If you don't give her the chance to do that, she won't have the best night she could have. It's as simple as that."

"I... Understand," Percy said, just about managing to force the words out.

Valentina smiled at the effort on his face, which looked funny since her head was still upside-down. "That's all I wanted to say. Now give me what I've earned."

Somehow, impossibly, she sped up one final time. Percy couldn't handle it. Valentina must've felt something, because she flicked her hips higher, letting Percy's cock slide free. When he came, it flew into the air, landing on the bed around them and sinking in.

Something fell to the floor by the door.

Percy sat quickly upright as he and Valentina turned, worried someone had walked in. Someone had, but it wasn't a stranger. On the other hand, it was the next worst option.

Drew had appeared. Maybe she left something behind, or maybe she wanted to see if they were done. Either way she stood frozen. A hairbrush rolled on the floor where it had slipped from her fingers. She stared at her bed— and Percy's cum slowly sinking into the sheets.

"My bed," Drew said, her voice robotic.

Percy tried to think of an excuse, but in the end it probably didn't matter. Valentina's howling laughter would make even the best of them pretty useless.

*Lesson #5*  
*Are You Going To Take That?*

“You’re late.”

Percy stared at the girl glaring up at him. Drew’s arms were crossed, her face fixed in a scowl. He’d barely been able to step inside before she was on him.

“This is when I’ve always gotten here,” Percy said.

Drew sniffed. “So you’re a repeat offender. Are you proud of that? Just get in here— if you can even manage that.”

She grabbed Percy by the front of his collar, dragging him deeper into the room. He went with it, more confused than angry. Even by Drew’s standards this was odd.

He didn’t expect them to have company.

“Hey, Percy!” Silena said, giving him a wave from the lavish chair she’d given him a lap dance in two nights prior. It was no longer in the center of the whole room, but it still sat close enough to give her a good view. “Don’t mind me! This is Drew’s lesson. I’m only here to watch.”

“Why?” Percy found himself asking.

Silena shifted. She was in shorts and a Camp Half-Blood t-shirt. A standard, casual outfit.

“I didn’t plan to,” she admitted. “When we planned these lessons, I didn’t even think about it. But things changed, and suddenly it sounded satisfying. Don’t mind me. Just go on like I’m not even here.”

Percy thought he spotted something predatory in her smirk. He couldn’t look any longer though. Drew grabbed his chin and forcibly dragged his eyes toward her.

“Done chatting?” she asked. When Percy opened his mouth, she said, “You are now. We’re on the clock.”

She paused. When Percy just stared at her, she groaned.

“Do I have to do everything myself?!”

She grasped the bottom of his shirt and tugged it off of him. She didn’t quite think it through, though. Going on her tippy-toes to try and get it off, she still couldn’t reach high enough to pull it over his arms.



The result was her face centimeters from Percy's, her cheeks red with exertion as she strained to reach higher. For a second they made eye contact.

Girls like Drew weren't Percy's type. He'd been sure of that, right up until that moment. He always liked a natural kind of beauty, girls like Calypso and Piper that never had to do much but could still knock you off your feet. But in that moment, he couldn't help but appreciate the girl that Drew was.

She was as naturally pretty as anyone; it was literally in her blood. And despite that, she stacked on layers of makeup each morning. She mixed perfumes, shampoos and face-washes until she was as fragrant as a bulk box of scented candles. There wasn't a single blemish or pimple anywhere in sight, nor had Percy ever seen one on her. It wasn't like he was saying Piper and Calypso weren't equally beautiful, just that he could respect the effort Drew was putting into a single thing: her looks.

He bent his knees, lowering himself enough that his shirt finally slipped off. Drew stumbled back as it suddenly came loose in her hands. She stared at him a moment longer before sharply looking at the floor.

She coughed. "Finally, a little agency. Now for the rest—"

She cut off. Percy was already stepping out of his pants. His underwear followed a moment later. Completely naked, he said, "You're right. I should be able to do at least this much."

Silena chuckled. "What now, Drew?"

Drew glared at her.

"Just get on the bed," she muttered to Percy.

He did as she asked.

Drew was dressed a lot heavier than at their last lesson, although that wasn't saying much. She wore a miniskirt and a tank-top that stretched above her belly button anytime she moved. Percy sat on Drew's bed — by now, he'd spent half his nights in the cabin on this bed at some point — and the owner quickly followed him. As soon as she sat down she was pressed to Percy's chest, glaring into his eyes with their faces as close as they had been a minute ago. Her hand reached straight down to grip his flaccid penis in a reverse grip.

"Did you think I was flustered?" she demanded. "Ending up so close to your rugged jawline and stupid, attractive green eyes?"

Percy stared calmly back. The tips of their noses were brushing.

"I never said you were flustered," he said.

Drew's strokes of his cock grew harsh as it slowly hardened. "Well, I bet you thought it!"

“Very smooth, Drew,” called Silena.

“You shut up!” Drew snapped, finally pulling her face away from Percy’s. “He’s mine tonight. If you’re going to watch, do it quietly!”

Silena only laughed.

Drew returned her attention to stroking Percy’s member. Only, that wasn’t going any better than her mission to silence Silena. No matter how much she pushed and jerked, Percy wouldn’t grow past half-mast.

“Get hard!” she told him.

“Pretty sure it’s your job to make me,” Percy said.

Drew sneered. “If you can’t do it with such a beautiful girl on your lap, you have a problem.”

Percy shrugged. “Isn’t it my teacher’s responsibility to any problems? And anyway,” he added innocently, “Valentina never had any trouble.”

Drew growled. She put a hand on him and shoved him back until he was lying flat. Her strokes sped up. None of the changes helped.

“Maybe you’re just too stupid to know what a beautiful girl really looks like,” Drew said.

“Yeah, I don’t think that’s it.”

“No, I’m onto something,” Drew said, working herself up the longer she talked. “The evidence is there. Preferring Valentina to me. That bland blonde you call a girlfriend!”

The sound of rubbing flesh that had been slowly filling the room as Drew moved more frantically disappeared without warning. Percy had caught her hand, freezing it in place. Silena shook her head from her chair.

“Deride me all you want,” Percy said, “but you do not mention Annabeth.”

Drew laughed. She tried to pull free from his grip, except her hand wouldn’t budge. She tried three more times without gaining any ground. Finally she turned her eyes back on Percy with a defiant glare.

“What’ll you do if I don’t?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” Percy said. “That means you shouldn’t do it.”

“Her makeup looks like a satyr trying to pretend they’re a nymph,” Drew snapped. “And those curls? In that shade of blond? I’ve seen Laistrygonians with better hair.”

“Don’t.”

“I heard she was after Luke first. Does she just wander around pining after the hottest guy at Camp all the time like a total—”

Percy moved.

He dragged Drew across his body by the wrist. She yelped, and reached over with her other hand to try and pry his grip loose. Percy did let go, only to snatch both her wrists in that same hand a moment later. By now Drew was the one flat to the bed, with Percy hovering above her.

“You— You think you can just manhandle me?” Drew demanded. “With your... big strong arms? And all those bulging muscles? That you can just... play with me like a complete toy?”

Percy wasn't listening. He wasn't thinking entirely straight, either. He was glad she'd stopped talking about Annabeth, but he wanted her to stop talking entirely. His body just moved, defaulting to the first way he could think of to shut her up.

He jammed his hand down her skirt.

As soon as his fingers passed the fabric, he stopped in surprise.

Part of it was because he couldn't feel anything else in his way. Drew's pussy was right there, at his fingertips. She wasn't wearing any underwear at all.

The other surprise was maybe more shocking. She was gushing like a faucet.

For some reason Percy couldn't quite understand, that drove him into a frenzy.

His fingers barged deep into Drew. It was the same as when he fingered Valentina, yet different at the same time. There was no rhythm. He didn't even think about being gentle. His fingers raked her sopping insides, burrowing until they were in up to the knuckle.

Drew gasped, but things had only just begun.

Percy fingers sifted roughly through her folds in search of one thing. It didn't take long to find. His fingers' assault narrowed in focus, honing all their attention on Drew's clit.

It was a delicate, sensitive part of the body that required meticulous stimulation to feel pleasant and not overwhelming.

Percy offered it none of that.

He shoved, jerked, and flicked it. Each contact dragged a harsh pant out of Drew's mouth. Percy pinched it between two fingers. He pushed it back and forth. He was almost surprised when she came, assuming this approach was too forceful for that, but he didn't stop.

Percy yanked his fingers out, causing Drew to gasp again at the sudden absence. He grabbed her skirt and yanked it down, out of the way. Her pussy

was revealed, glistening to match how wet it felt. Acting on instinct, Percy slapped her lips as if spanking them.

Drew squeaked something that wasn't words, and Percy didn't give her time to collect her bearings. His fingers dug back into her, back to ruthlessly assaulting her vagina.

Drew screamed like she was auditioning for a death metal group. Every time it seemed like she'd adjusted to his fingers, Percy would pull them free and land another slap. As soon as her reaction to that faded, he'd jam his fingers inside again.

It was difficult to tell how many times Drew came. She was as wet as could be even before the first orgasm, and Percy hadn't been stopping to count the ones that followed. Her eyes rolled up in her skull.

Percy realized it slowly. The erection that wouldn't form, what started all this in the first place, was present and throbbing now. In fact, it demanded immediate attention.

He yanked his hand out of Drew one final time. As she lay on her back, dazed, he let go of her hands and crawled across her chest.

His knees pressed to her armpits, Percy kneeled above Drew's upper body. When Drew finally started to rise, she was trapped under him, earning her a face-full of his erect cock.

"Deal with this," Percy commanded.

Even now, Drew somehow managed to summon an imperious look. "Do you think I'll just— Mmph!"

If she wouldn't shut up willingly, Percy had ways of doing that for her. And he proved as much, shoving his meat inside her mouth mid-sentence.

Drew's eyes widened. Percy moved forward, and his cock slid deep into her throat. He knew she could take it. She proved as much two days ago.

It was similar to the blowjob Drew had given him at their last lesson, but it was also different. This time, Percy controlled the tempo. He could go as fast as he wanted, and choose exactly when to stop. He was using her throat for his own pleasure. The thought excited him so much that he sped up.

The more Percy thrust, the farther back Drew's head went. Soon it was flat against the bed. Percy leaned forward himself, bracing two arms on the bed. And he kept thrusting, now straight down, into the depths of her throat.

Gurgling coughs burbled out of Drew, but Percy didn't stop to pay attention. He moved like a pile-driver, completely focused on his own pleasure. Each time he descended his pelvis collided with Drew's face and forced her head

into the bed. Then, with a squeak of springs, the bed would bounce back and propel his hips up, where the process would all start over again.

There were no breaks. Percy didn't pull back and allow Drew a single moment. The pleasure mounted, and after only a few minutes he came, although it must've seemed much longer for Drew.

As Percy slid back out of her throat she coughed, turning to the side and gasping for air. Her eyes were wide. And yet, somehow, her pussy seemed even wetter than before.

"Oh, yes. That was good."

Percy turned to look at Silena, the angry haze that had fallen over him starting to dissipate. In truth, he'd forgotten the older girl was there.

She stood up from her chair and walked closer.

"How do you like Drew's specialty?" she asked.

Percy stared. "Her... specialty?"

Silena stopped beside them. She gripped Drew's head, who seemed to be stuck in a sort of daze, and tilted it upwards. Silena grabbed a strand of hair and flicked it across Drew's face. No reaction.

She giggled. "Every time she gets a hold of a cute boy, this is how it goes. She prods them, and pokes them, and insults them until they finally break. And then they inevitably break her."

Things fell into place for Percy. All the little insults. How he called Drew a bitch the last time, and she'd told him to remember that. Most of all, it explained her aggressive attitude today. Every bit of it was to push him one direction, toward what had just happened.

"Today's lesson is about taking control," he realized. "It only makes sense, after last night's."

"Drew is perfect for the job," Silena said with a smile, inadvertently confirming his theory. "In fact, I just couldn't resist the temptation to watch, after she disappeared when I needed help setting up my lesson. I know she loves it, kinky slut that she is, but you can't deny it *looks* like a punishment."

Glancing and Drew limp and half-lifeless in Silena's hands, Percy decided that he really couldn't.

"Speaking of..."

Percy looked back at Silena as she continued.

"You're only half done," she said. "Go on, Percy. Finish the job."

He almost hesitated. Almost. But the desire to keep going roared to life in him, if it meant he could feel as good as he had a minute ago. Besides, this was what Drew had been after.

And he hadn't quite forgiven her for the Annabeth comments. Even after all that. Even if they had been on purpose.

He grabbed Drew's shirt. As he yanked it up, the girl came with it. As she was forced to sit up, he pulled it off of her, revealing breasts as bare as her pussy had been. Percy didn't stop to stare at them. He flipped her over and shoved her back to the bed.

Drew landed with a grunt. Percy kept a firm hand on her back, although it wasn't like she needed to be held down considering how lethargically she was lying there.

He lined himself up carefully with her entrance, taking a moment to ensure that he got the right hole. And then he slammed forward.

Drew grunted. She was flat on her stomach, and her whole body was pushed forward as Percy collided with her ass. His earlier assessment had been right— she'd gotten even wetter since his fingers played with her. Each thrust created a squelching sound nearly as loud as the claps of their flesh that followed.

It was only Percy's second time inside of a woman, and it was his first time setting the pace. Luckily, his job remained pretty simple.

Go as fast and hard as he could.

His abs strained as the thrusts stacked up, but his body had been through too much to fail with something like this. Drew was starting to let her voice out again. The dull grunts as her body was jerked forward and back were becoming actual moans.

At this point Percy was acting on instinct. He laid down against Drew's back, his upper body dwarfing hers. While he couldn't go as fast from the new position, other perks made up for it.

Percy wedged his hand under Drew, grasping the breasts that had tantalized and teased him before. He found her nipples and twisted, the exact way Valentina had taught him. With his other hand, he grasped Drew's hair.

Already caked with sweat and other dried fluids, what had once been immaculately styled raven locks had become a mess, only made worse by Percy's rough grasping of it. He pulled her head back, until their faces were inches apart.

"Does this still fluster you?" he asked.

Drew's eyes were half-lidded. She opened her mouth, but only managed a gurgling noise that sounded a little like a bass trying to breathe outside of water.

Percy didn't think it was a coincidence that another orgasm rocked her body at that moment.

His own breath was growing heavy. It really was such hot work— and he meant that literally, although the metaphorical way was true too. Moving his body this relentlessly was a workout, not to mention the Aphrodite Cabin was steamy to start with. And then there was the way Drew was pressed to him. Her legs sticking out straight, wedged between his own. Her depths scrabbling at his cock. Her ass, mashed repeatedly against his pelvis. Her exposed back trapped under his bare chest. He could feel sweat beading and dripping all across his body; and hers too, for that matter.

They were both panting. And yet despite the heat, despite aching muscles, Percy refused to let this end quickly. He used Drew's own lesson, the resistance it instilled in him, and kept pounding until long after he should've been spent.

Watching them, Silena's eyebrows climbed higher and higher.

"Look at you go," she said.

Percy tuned her out. Her time would come later. All he focused on was Drew's body and his own, keeping this going as long as possible.

He couldn't be sure what time it was when they started, or when they finished. He didn't have a watch, and even if he did it was the last place his attention would've gone. All he knew was that when he hit his limit, there was no pulling out. He came in Drew, firing off a large load despite it being his second of the night.

Gasping, Percy finally rolled off of his partner. His cheeks were probably bright red. He was content to lie there, staring at the ceiling and catching his breath, until he heard the snap of a camera.

In a flash he hopped up, but his naked body hadn't been the target for the photograph.

Silena stood there with a digital camera she'd pulled from somewhere, checking her work and smirking. The lens was still aimed at Drew, who was too semi-conscious to take much notice.

Silena giggled to herself. She caught Percy looking.

"Don't worry," she said, "I won't do anything *too* bad with it. The next time she wants to flake on me when I ask one simple thing, she'll have some extra motivation to be a good girl and listen."

Percy stared as Silena giggled at her own idea, turning and walking off with her camera still in hand. He looked back at Drew tapped out on the bed. Valentina's prank from the night before played through his head, along with what just happened.

For the first time, Percy felt some pity for Drew.

She had the worst reputation at camp. But for his money, the other two were much scarier. Like she could hear what he was thinking, Drew whimpered.

Percy made sure to cover her with a blanket and tuck her in before he left that night.



*Lesson #6.1*  
*Bad Girls Go First*

Percy was in the same spot by the lake when Aphrodite appeared again. He was glad he was alone. This time, she didn't bother with disguises. A buxom woman with a beyond-perfect body and cascading blond curls sauntered up beside him. Before sitting she snapped her fingers. A half-dozen plush cushions appeared from thin air.

"Perfect," she declared in a musical, lilting voice before settling onto them.

Percy glanced at her from the corner of his eye. If he looked directly, he was scared he'd get sucked into staring. "What is it this time, Aphrodite?"

"Not much," said the goddess of love. "Really, I mean it. All I came for was to deliver one teensy little message. Honest."

"One message? What is it?"

When she didn't answer, Percy turned his head to see if she'd heard. As soon as he did he realized he'd fallen for a trap.

Her face was incredible—the best features of every girl he'd ever admired blended into one, dressed up with impeccable makeup ten times better than the perfect sets Drew always wore. It drew him in like a trance. Percy grit his teeth, and using just about all he had, managed to snap the urge to obsess over her that had blossomed in his gut.

Aphrodite smirked like he'd proven her right. "There it is. That resistance. That pure, unfettered *will*."

"Just... answer the question," Percy said tiredly.

"Oh, very well." She waved a hand dismissively. "I just wanted to tell not to hold back. When your little 'lesson' starts tonight, give it your all."

Percy was about to say, "That's it?" when Aphrodite grabbed his face. Her long supple fingers held him with surprising strength, forcing him to look at her.

"Be a dear," she said slowly, "and give my daughters *exactly* what they want. Break them. Utterly."

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It was the sixth day. The last lesson left before his 'final exam', whatever that was supposed to be. The thought left an odd concoction of emotions roiling in Percy as he stepped into the Aphrodite Cabin. He was sad it was almost over. He was nervous about what the test tomorrow would be. He was sad these lessons were drawing to their end. Aphrodite's ominous message still rang in his ears. But most of all, he was excited. He wanted to see what the girls had in

store for him. He wanted to learn even more, and then show every single one of those tricks to Annabeth in a never-ending night.

Before that, he had a job to do. It wouldn't be right to get distracted now. His tutors would wreck him if he made a mistake like that.

Speaking of his tutors, all of them were there. Usually that would've seemed strange but somehow, on that night, it seemed appropriate.

Two new features had appeared in the room. One was a huge standing closet pushed against one wall, large enough to hold every article of clothing Percy owned... which probably meant it could store a third of what any of these girls had. The other newcomer was a broad bed, one which all three of the girls were perched on.

This bed was wide as three of the cabin's regular beds put together. It had an intricate mahogany bed frame and a headboard that towered above its luscious mattress and array of pillows. As beautiful as the bed was, Percy didn't spend long studying the details. There was something else more eye-catching sitting on it.

On the left, Silena. In the middle, Drew. Valentina sat on the right. Each wore lacy lingerie in different colors... and nothing else.

Silena's bra was the same black one Percy had pulled off of her at the third lesson. Her thong had been swapped for an equally-sheer white one, probably because Percy tore the old one in half. With all due respect to her milky legs, that weren't where any hot-blooded male was looking. Her enormous bust was tantalizingly exposed, cleavage going on for miles. Marks from Percy's teeth were visible as part of the view, which only made him want to make enough fresh ones to blot them out.

Valentina's underwear set was all white, standing out against her dark skin. It was the most elaborate out of the three. Straps around her thighs and waist were connected to her crotch by thin strips. Lacy veils hung down, partially obscuring her stomach and panties. It looked expensive, and long to put on. Percy reckoned he could get it off much faster.

Meanwhile, Drew's lingerie... Percy honestly wasn't sure it counted as clothes. Her thong was so thin that the lips of her pussy stuck out around the sides of the fabric. Somehow, her bra was trying even less. It looked almost normal, pink and frilly, except for two large circles that had been cut out possibly by hand. Each was placed to let her nipples poke straight through. It defeated the entire purpose of a bra, and Percy couldn't deny that he still found it utterly hot for some strange reason.

“So, what is it this time?” Percy asked, coming to a stop in front of them. “We covered reading hints, keeping sex going, foreplay, letting the girl take the lead, and even taking the lead myself. What’s left by now?”

The girls exchanged looks. Valentina pouted, while Silena just smirked.

“Phooey!” Valentina said. “I really thought he’d be at least a little flustered by all this.”

She pulled a golden drachma from... somewhere, promptly handing it over to her counselor. Silena accepted it readily.

“I told you he’d grown,” Silena said proudly.

“You bet on me?” Percy asked.

Valentina laughed. “Oh, Baby, you have no idea how much money Silena has gotten out of us this way. She really knows you well.” Her eyes dipped to the drachma she’d handed over and her voice turned sour. “Maybe *too* well.”

“Can we get started already?” Drew snapped, rubbing her legs together.

Valentina yanked her long dark hair, causing the asian girl to fall back with a yelp. “Don’t be impatient, Drew.”

“She likes that,” Silena warned.

“I know,” Valentina said. “That’s why I did it. I want to see how worked up we can get her before Percy gets to her. If we boss her around a few more times, I bet she’ll cum the second he touches her.”

“Good points,” Silena said thoughtfully.

Percy held his hand up. “First of all, no they were not. Second... Can someone answer my question?”

“About what the lesson is?” Silena asked. “Well, I suppose it’ll be whatever you make it.”

“*Technically* it’s endurance,” Valentina said. She saw Percy about to interrupt and held up a hand. “Not like with Drew. It’s not about you trying not to cum — although I certainly hope you will for the experience’s sake — but about going for as long as possible. A good lover doesn’t keep only one in the chamber, if you catch my meaning.”

“She’s saying keep fucking us after you cum,” Drew said, still laying on the bed. “I figured I should explain it, because you’re probably too dull to understand.”

“And to give you the best chance, we decided to let you decide what happens tonight,” Silena said cheerfully. “We’ve told you what to do an *awful* lot recently. Tonight, at the final lesson, you don’t have to listen to a single thing we say.”

“And we have to listen to *everything* you say,” Valentina added huskily. She turned her head away and held up her hands between them, cowering playfully. “Whatever will you make us do? I... I... can’t wait!”

For a moment Percy stood frozen, grappling with what he’d heard.

It wasn’t like he didn’t have a lesson for tonight. If his stamina gave out, it would be a failure. He couldn’t forget that. But it didn’t change the wave of raw anticipation rising inside of him.

He stared at Drew and Silena kneeling there in the bed, looking up seductively. Drew was more glaring at him than anything, but he hardly noticed. The lower lips visible around her thong were already glistening slightly. She was probably the most eager out of all of them.

Percy would be lying if he said the lessons hadn’t left him with certain... fantasies. Beyond even the curriculum. Even the night before it felt like he was dancing to someone else’s tune, as crazy as that sounded considering the brutality he’d dolled out on Drew. This was different. This time, *he* was calling the shots. He pulled his shirt off.

Each of the girls traced his muscles with their eyes. It was nothing they hadn’t seen multiple times by now, but that didn’t stop them from enjoying the view.

“Get the rest off of me,” he commanded.

The girls leapt forward, even Drew who’d been laying down. She popped open the button on his jeans, loosening them. Valentina and Silena pulled the pants down the second they were loose, each yanking on one leg. The three girls moved like person. Their movements were perfectly in sync.

His boxers followed his jeans just as quickly. The three girls quickly grouped up, kneeling in front of him at head-height with his cock. They looked up, awaiting further instructions.

Needless to say, Percy was already hard. He had been since the moment he caught sight of their outfits, and it had only swelled since. There was only one thing to do about that.

“Suck it.”

The girls shared a look, just for a second. Somehow, that was enough for them to come up with a plan of attack. They surged forward.

Drew attacked the top of his shaft, shoving it against her throat. She forced herself down further and further, taking his massive length inside of her far past the point most girls would’ve been left a choking mess. That much Percy had felt before (twice!). But this time, she wasn’t alone.

Valentina ducked down lower, suckling on his balls. Her soft lips caressed him. Her tongue worked in subtle little circles. It was perfect for her delicate, domineering style. Drew could go on obliterating her own throat. Valentina would get the same results with technique and a softer touch.

Percy groaned. The chemistry of both of them at once made him shut his eyes from pure pleasure. It also made him lose track of Silena. That continued right up until he felt a tongue at his opposite side.

He almost snapped around as fight or flight roared to life in him. He thought that was a perfectly reasonable response, considering a tongue had just *entered* his asshole. He managed to rein the urge in, although his whole body did noticeably tense.

Silena giggled at his reaction. He felt the vibration in the sensitive skin her mouth was pressed to, nearly flinching all over again.

Drew's relentless assault on his cock was well and truly underway. Although maybe it was more accurate to describe it as an assault on her own throat. Percy's cock battered relentlessly against the vulnerable skin inside her all without him having to move at all. She did it to herself, thrashing up and down with a raw kind of violence.

Silena and Valentina's tongues worked just as tirelessly. With Valentina, every time her skin brushed his she felt softer than satin. Always moving, never harsh, she caressed his hairy balls like they were the world's greatest treasure.

With Silena, her tongue didn't need to be so delicate. Percy was so sensitive back there, so unused to this kind of treatment that every touch felt amplified multiple times over.

Percy's groans had become all out moans, and he wasn't embarrassed about that. Not even slightly. With three of the hottest girls at camp down there worshiping him, you'd be moaning too. It would've been rude to hold himself back when they were working so hard.

Three different strains of pleasure rocked his body, mingling into something that transcended each of its parts. One of his hands went back to grip Silena's head while his other grasped Drew. He shoved both of them forward. Silena went with it, using the push to dig her tongue in even deeper. Drew, on the other hand, played dead. She let his girth fill every corner of her mouth. Saliva and moist flesh clung to Percy's cock, amplifying the pleasure that had been building. Riding the rising wave, Percy came for a first time.

It was fairly fast, but when three daughters of Aphrodite come together to make you burst, there's only so much you can do.

Cum flooded Drew's throat. Most of it slid straight down to her stomach, entering her too deep to spit out even if she wanted to. The rest bubbled back into her mouth as Percy dragged his cock free from her. So much filled her, twin white trails even dripped back out of her nose, dribbling down her face.

Lipstick ruined, eyeliner running in trails from her watery eyes, Drew looked up at Percy with a look that solidified his next step in his mind.

"Get her on the bed," Percy told the others, inclining his head at Drew.

Silena leaned around from behind him, her eyes sad. "You give her the whole first load, and now she gets to be fucked first? We're here too you know."

Percy grabbed her, physically pulling her around next to Drew and Valentina. Silena's eyes widened slightly at the move.

"Tonight I'm choosing," Percy reminded her. "You and Valentina will get yours too... so hold her down for now."

Valentina moved first, Silena a moment later. They hauled a mostly-unresponsive Drew onto the fancy bed set up for their use. Under Percy's directions they set her down in the middle. Each of them took one of her legs and pulled them up, until they were holding her ankles next to her ears. Drew was incredibly flexible; the position didn't even make her flinch. Only when Percy stepped onto the bed himself, positioning himself in front of her crotch, did she show some reaction. She craned her neck to look up at him.

Percy held eye contact. That only seemed fair. Then he grasped his cock and pushed it under her thong. Slowly lifting it back up, the fragile fabric strained against his length until it quickly couldn't take it. The thong snapped in half. Drew whimpered.

Percy slammed his whole length into her without any more warning.

If anything, he figured that was doing her a favor. Drew had shown just how little she cared about small things like *comfort* and *taking it slow*.

She gasped as Percy thrust into her. His hands found the nipples poking out of her 'bra' and pinched down, hard. He pulled her breasts with so much force that she would've risen off the bed if her sisters weren't pinning her down by the legs.

As he turned and twisted her breasts, his hips never stopping, Drew raised her voice as loudly as he had earlier. Percy was glad to see he could get reactions himself, instead of just giving them. With one more harsh twist, he released her breasts.

Drew looked disappointed, but only for a moment. She quickly found two fingers shoved into her mouth. Her moans were muffled now. Percy sped up. His fingers clawed around her mouth, and almost to his surprise, she responded.

Drew's cheeks hollowed as she sucked on his fingers. Even as her eyes rolled up. Even as her pussy shook under his onslaught. She went on sucking.

"Now *that's* Aphrodite's kid," Percy mumbled

"You want to really drive her crazy?" Valentina asked suggestively. "Grab her throat."

Percy gave her a disbelieving look. But he didn't think she was lying. He jerked his fingers out of Drew's mouth and grasped her neck.

At first he didn't notice a reaction, but as his fingers tightened the change came on quickly. Drew's mouth shot open to drag in more air. At the same time, a violent orgasm hit Percy's cock, washing against it. Another followed not ten thrusts later. Drew looked like she would've been screaming, if she could generate any noise at all.

Apparently sick of being sidelined, Valentina and Silena joined in. Each of them used their free hands to grab Drew's nipples the way Percy had earlier. They twisted them, especially Valentina who seemed to draw vindictive pleasure from watching Drew thrash.

Percy let go of Drew's throat. She looked confused for a moment, or even disappointed, but that didn't last. Percy descended on her. He supported himself with his hands, attacking her throat with his mouth. The red lines where his fingers had been became targets. His teeth sunk in with too much force to be considered a hickey anymore, but Drew adored it all the same. Voice returning, she moaned and screeched to her heart's content.

The new position directly above her let Percy spear straight down into her on every thrust. Drew's taut pussy was mashed down with resounding claps. The heat from her uneven breathing washed over Percy's left ear. He could feel Silena and Valentina's hands under his chest as they continued to drag and jostle Drew's nipples.

Finally, Percy sunk his teeth in so deeply he was almost shocked it didn't draw blood. He couldn't be gentler though; the rush was more than he could take. He came inside of Drew for the second time in two nights.

When he pulled himself up and struggled off of her, he felt his cock beginning to soften. Two ejaculations in under half an hour will do that.

Luckily it was a problem that didn't last long. One look at Drew, held down with his cum dripping out of her, red marks around her nipples and all along her neck as she stared dazedly at the ceiling, and his erection came roaring back.

Then he looked past her, at Valentina and Silena, both in their full lingerie sets eagerly awaiting their turn. Suddenly he was harder than a rock.

"Bend over," he told Valentina. "You're next."



*Lesson #6.2*  
*Anticipation*

Valentina didn't hesitate even slightly. The second Percy ordered her to bend over she practically jumped off of Drew, shoving her face against the bed and raising her massive mocha ass.

Her underwear, the fanciest set out of the three girls, was still entirely intact. Thin ribbons around her thighs were attached by straps to her thong and beyond. Nettings made of felt hung across her stomach and ass in the form of veils. Percy decided that the entire snow-white array was like frosting on a chocolate cake. It made the view better, but Valentina's body was the real treat.

Well, nobody ever accused him of having too much restraint. He grabbed Valentina.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, but it was muffled by the blankets her face was pressed into. Percy gripped her backside with a hand on either cheek, just squeezing. His fingers sunk impossibly deep into the depths of Valentina's satin skin. She mumbled soft groans as he kneaded her flesh. Coming from a guy that tore off a legendary monster's horn before the age of 12, his grip strength was no joke, but she took it all like a champ.

As he got busy with Valentina, Silena took some initiative. And by that he meant that she stood up and dragged Drew off the bed by the ankles. The Asian girl thudded onto the floor — her head landing on a pillow, thankfully — without a single external reaction. Percy might've been slightly concerned about the state she'd been left in, if he had any attention to spare.

Using the entire bed now left to them, Percy moved freely around Valentina. The whole time she stayed still with an arched back. Without another order, she wouldn't leave the position he'd told her to adopt. Percy smirked to himself.

His hands, rough with callouses from many years of wielding swords, roamed her body freely and thoroughly. He traced the crook of her spine. He brushed against her breasts. He rolled his fingers across the back of her neck, mixing with her dark hair. He slid hands underneath the straps and lace across her body to better reach all her hidden spots. He gripped her voluminous thighs. He squeezed the side of her stomach until small rolls of fat oozed between his fingers.

"Y'know, on the first day, you said you were going to eat me up," Percy said casually.

“I did,” Valentina said.

At least that’s what Percy was *pretty sure* she said. It was a little hard to tell, what with the way she was practically eating bed at the moment.

Without warning, he gave her ass a good sharp slap.

“How’s that going for you?” he asked.

“Not goooood,” she moaned. “But... also sooo good.”

Percy laughed. His hands slid up across her sides, leaving goosebumps in the wake of their path. His fingers found the latches to two of the minor straps and carefully, delicately, unhooked them.

When he saw Valentina’s outfit, his first thought had been that it was overcomplicated. All he’d pondered was how quickly he could get it off of her. But now... no his opinion had changed. The destination was important, but so was the trip to get there.

The two minor straps dropped after he undid them, dropping to hang past Valentina’s sides. Percy moved onto the next two, then the two after that. The veil over her stomach came loose. It floated delicately down to the bed sheet, landing without a sound. Valentina whimpered.

Percy’s hands roamed further. The lower veil joined its twin in the bed. More and more straps hung loose, until soon the only ones still fastened were the ones holding up her bra and panties. As Percy worked his hands moved progressively faster, but now they stopped completely.

“That first night, you imagined me as you masturbated,” Percy said. “That’s what you said you were going to do, and you followed through.”

“Mhm,” Valentina moaned.

She was quivering, and it wasn’t from the strain of staying in a yoga-like position for so long. The trembling increased with each of Percy’s touches. The feeling of him, so close and yet not taking things to the final step, had her ready to burst. Pure anticipation was pumping through her system like adrenaline.

“Tell me what you imagined,” Percy said. “Don’t leave out a single detail.”

There was a brief pause as Valentina’s desire to take things further warred with her need to complete his command. Ultimately, the promise to do as Percy asked for the night won out.

“It started where we left off,” Valentina began slowly. “You pushed me down on the bed. You were on top, and hands were up under my shirt. Your fingers...”

Valentina trailed off as Percy undid the final clasp on her bra.

“Continue,” he said, slowly lowering the cloth out of the way onto the bed.

“Your fingers were grabbing me. Playing with my nipples, exactly the way I showed you.” A tremor had entered Valentina’s voice— one that only grew more extreme as Percy began acting out exactly what she was describing. “I could feel your muscles. All those big, strong, bulging muscles. I writhed on the bed but couldn’t get away. Which was fine. I didn’t *want* to get away.”

Percy bent down, until he was whispering in her ear. His hands still toyed with her breasts. Not only did he twist and turn her nipples, he pulled down on them, working with gravity to draw out even more stimulation.

“And what did I do next?”

“You pulled down my yoga pants,” Valentina said. “And then... Then you did the same to my panties.”

“Really?” Percy’s hands left her breasts, sliding down to her waist. “Like this?”

He looped the white cloth over her ass, down to her upper thigh.

“Yes!” Valentina gasped. “But more!”

“More?” Percy tried his best to sound truly confused as he slid them another inch. “This much?”

“Even more!”

“Thiiiiis much?”

“Even *even* more!”

The pattern repeated multiple times over. Adopting a trick from Silena’s striptease, the distance he moved the panties decreased with each repetition. Valentina was beginning to truly shake. He could feel it even in her thighs, and see it on her face.

“This much?”

“More!”

And, on a seemingly normal repetition coming after so many others like it that Percy had stopped counting, he took another trick from that Silena show.

He tore the panties all the way off in a single rapid swoop.

Valentina inhaled sharply. Her lower body tensed, almost as if orgasming except not so extreme. Percy shifted, moving behind her as he casually tossed away her panties.

“What next?”

Valentina didn’t answer immediately. Percy delivered another sharp slap to her now-bare ass.

“I said, what next?”

Valentina collected herself with a deep breath. “You took your fat, girthy cock—”

“This one?”

Percy slapped his cock against the lips of her pussy, letting it bob and rub the most sensitive area on Valentina’s body.

The girl shuddered. “Th-That one. You took it, and you shoved it all the way into my pussy, so deep I could feel it even in my stomach. It filled me up so much. And it kept filling me, over and over again...”

“Interesting.” Percy hooked his hands around her hips. He lined himself up carefully, making sure he wouldn’t miss where he was aiming.

“I want you to fuck me— I mean, you fucked me!” Valentina caught herself at the last second. “You fucked me better than anybody ever had before. I came, and I kept cumming, until I felt like my whole body had dried out. Then you filled me up with your goopy, delicious, heroic baby-batter!”

Exactly as her story hit its fervent peak Percy slammed himself forward. With a shrieking moan, Valentina climaxed in time with her fantasy.

Only, Percy hadn’t filled her up at all. His cock was shoved into the narrow gap between her voluminous thighs, so high up that the top of his shaft rubbed the lips of her pussy. Moist leakage dripped from her lower lips onto the top of his shaft. It took Valentina a long moment to realize he wasn’t inside her at all.

“What—?!” she started.

Percy cut her off with another spank.

“I don’t want to fuck you yet,” he said simply. “You have to prove you’re worth it. Make me cum once with these things.

Valentina started to raise her head. “What things?”

Percy pushed her back down with one hand while using the other to deliver a slap. Not to her ass this time, though. No, it collided with the side of her thigh. Her legs jiggled just as much as any ass.

“*These*,” Percy said.

He pulled back and thrust again.

It was a bit different from regular sex. There was more resistance; more force pulling back on his sensitive skin. It made him go slower, but he wouldn’t describe the feeling as bad.

After his soft shove, Valentina took all his efforts with her head down. It was clear something was building within the girl, though. He caught the way her hands were suddenly gripping the blanket like a lifeline, or the way her breaths grew progressively deeper and rougher.

Which was good. That was exactly what Percy had been hoping for.

It was still all about anticipation. After all his playing around he got her worked up until she was expecting the sex to finally start, only to disappoint her again. This time, it was even worse. He was rubbing her slit every time he moved. For her, it would be like the very last moment before sex truly begins, when a man rubs himself against his partner before entering her, except that the entry never came.

“Are you frustrated?” Percy asked as he continued to pleasure himself with her thighs.

The whimpers Valentina let out sounded roughly affirmative.

“Then take initiative— make what you want to happen, happen!”

At first, his words didn’t create a change. Valentina stayed totally still except for the jolts from his thrusts. Then, slowly, it happened.

Her hands uncoiled from around the sheets they were grasping. Her upper body relaxed, but only so she could focus on another area. Her hips began to undulate in time with his thrusts.

At first there wasn’t much effect. Percy kept going like he had been, hardly noticing a thing. But Valentina didn’t just move one way. She continued to flick and to twist, and each time the movement changed just slightly. That rough feeling of resistance began to decrease. At the same time, the pressure on his cock increased. Percy started to sweat. With every thrust the sensation became more pleasant.

Valentina didn’t speak anymore. She was completely focused, and it was working. In real time she was teaching herself a new trick in bed using nothing but her divine instincts.

“You girls really do have cheats, you know that?” Percy grunted.

Valentina didn’t answer, of course. She just continued milking him with her thighs.

He held on for as long as possible. He fought, tooth and nail. But Valentina was too good. Honestly, he’d known she would be from the start. And she got her reward— all over her upper body and face.

When Percy came, the long build-up added extra force to the shot. His semen fired almost straight out of the gap in Valentina’s thighs, landing across her breasts and face. The sudden explosion seemed to catch her off-guard, snapping her out of her focused trance. She adjusted quickly. Her tongue darted out over her dark lips, licking her face clean.

Her body relaxed slightly. There wasn't any reason not to. Percy had just cum; it would take him a moment to collect himself. Learning a trick on the fly like that must've exhausted her some. It was the absolute perfect time to catch her breath.

Which is why Percy chose it to shove himself all the way into her pussy, exactly like she originally asked.

"BY OLYMPUS!" Valentina shouted in pure surprise.

Percy didn't answer. The time for witty teasing was gone. Now was when he had to capitalize on the anticipation he spent so long building up. Valentina was as ready for this as any girl could be. All he had to do now was fuck her with all he had, before admiring the results.

His hips blurred. His hands found the snuggest spot on Valentina's hips as he used them purely to keep steady and speed up. Fleshy smacks resounded faster and firmer than even the roughest moments of his fuck with Drew.

Valentina's entire body was impossibly soft. When his hips struck her thighs, the ripples would travel up as high as her shoulders, and down as low as her ankles. Her insides were equally soft. Her pussy didn't so much grip him as it caressed his shaft, driving him toward an orgasm with that same delicate touch Valentina always carried in bed.

After her first exclamation, words abandoned her. All she did was moan while Percy kept going. Yet her moans were almost musical. They sounded like a symphony to Percy's ears.

A staccato one, put to the tempo of their clapping flesh.

For all the wonderful feelings, Percy wanted more. His willpower was shot to Hades at this point. His ability to hold back his orgasms had been slowly deteriorating as the evening dragged. If this was going to end, he wanted it to be on his terms, and nobody else's.

Somehow, without slowing down, Percy struggled to his feet.

He didn't stand all the way up. Rather, he stood crouched in a stance that left even his superhuman muscles on fire. It was worth it, though. From the new angle, he could use his entire body. His hands shifted from Valentina's hips to grab her luscious ass for a more efficient grip. All added together, he managed to about double the speeds he was moving at.

Valentina's musical moans became shorter, sharper shouts. She bellowed out her pleasure for the whole room to hear. Percy himself couldn't keep his grunts to himself. Just as he was hitting his muscles' limits with the taxing position, he hit his limit in another way.

When he came, he didn't bother pulling out. Considering Valentina's fantasy that was the least he could do. Despite two orgasms separated by such little time, he still managed to pump a decent amount out deep between her legs. Certainly enough to keep her satisfied, if the deep sigh she let out was any indication.

Percy himself stumbled back, landing on his butt on the bed. His legs ached as if on fire. Sweat decorated every inch of his skin, and he smelled about as pleasant as a cyclops coming back from a week-long camping trip. Every instinct in his body screamed at him to lie down, relax, take a nap. He'd done more than enough to earn it. All he had to do was shut his eyes...

*Smack!*

Rather than give in, he delivered two heavy slaps to either of his cheeks. They went bright red, throbbing with a rush of blood, and he took a deep breath.

Good. He was awake now. That had been dangerous. If he gave in there, he would've failed.

There was still one girl left. Despite everything that had happened, this lesson wasn't over. In fact, he still had an entire third of it to make his way through.

Looking up, his eyes found Silena.

She'd been so quiet for so long that he forgot she was there. Not like the night before where she heckled Drew the entire time they were at it. The counselor had retreated to the far side of the room, standing for some reason next to the other new furniture piece that had appeared that night along with the bed: the large walk-in closet.

It almost looked as if she'd been facing the closet, conversing with it, but she quickly turned and offered Percy her full attention. A smile bloomed across her perfect face.

"My turn?" she asked eagerly.

Percy pulled himself up off the bed, walking toward her. That was answer enough. Her smile got wider.

"It's about time, isn't it? All this was my idea, and yet somehow those two got you twice before I even got a single ride. Doesn't seem very fair."

Percy stopped in front of her, both of them standing in front of the strange armoire. He didn't know why it was there, or what its purpose was supposed to be, but he did know one thing: he could use it.

Percy shoved Silena back against the polished wood as hard as possible without causing her pain.

“Who cares about fair?” he asked, leaning down to get close to her face.  
“Just get excited about what’s happening now.”

Rather than back away, Silena wrapped her arms around his neck, dragging him in even closer.

“Oh, believe me sweetie,” she whispered huskily, “I already am.”



#6.3

*A Spectator Sport*

It started with a kiss. That sounds innocent enough, but take Percy's word for it: that couldn't be further from the truth.

Their tongues found one another, embracing in the neutral space between their mouths, but that was only half of the full picture. Silena's hands roved Percy's body like Tantalus let loose in a grocery store. One moment she was gripping tufts of his hair, the next he felt her nails sliding down the side of his neck to feel up his collarbone of all things, then they were dipping down to grope his muscles. It wasn't long before one gave his firm buttocks a good squeeze. The onslaught wasn't limited to her hands, either. Her breasts were so large that they not only bridged the gap between them, but were even pushed flat to lack of space. Silena frequently flicked her hips forward. Every time, the motion was perfectly calculated to barely brush the coarse fabric of her panties against the swollen head of Percy's erect cock.

It felt amazing. But Percy refused to be tempted.

His hands found each of Silena's wrists, easily overpowering the greedy limbs. Within seconds her hands were pinned to the armoire as Percy took an extra forward, making those tits flatten even further against his bare chest. Silena looked slowly left, then slowly right, eyeing the grip he had on her.

"Oh, my," she said, followed by a chain of giggles.

Percy's dick rubbed up against her stomach, reaching as high as Silena's belly button. Goosebumps formed on Silena's skin around his shaft. Percy imagined that was her body's way of showing its anticipation; they both knew what was coming.

For a while they stayed like that, unmoving. Percy's eyes found Silena's. Slowly, even their breathing synced up. Neither of them said a thing. They both held back for as long as possible, all so that when the moment finally came...

They exploded into motion.

Percy released Silena's hands. They didn't snap back to his body, instead sticking obediently to where he'd placed them. He grabbed her bra with both hands. Roaring, he snapped it in two with nothing but strength, tossing it aside behind him.

He figured that was only fair. Now it matched the old thong that originally went with it.

Speaking of thongs, the replacement for the one he snapped nights ago was also in the way. This one, he didn't bother breaking. He didn't bother taking it off at all. That would take too long. He just shoved the fabric to the side and shoved his cock inside.

It wasn't all that romantic or gentle, but the time for both of those was long passed. There was still a subtle haze clouding Percy's head.

He had to satisfy Silena. If he did that, he passed this lesson. He could rest then... and in order to get there, he just needed to focus on doing what he had to.

Silena gasped, but it didn't last long as Percy's lips captured hers. His arms came up, elbows pressing Silena's arms back against the wood while his hands shamelessly groped her breasts. His body moved jerkily as he thrustured against her. Grace, dexterity and timing were all shot to Hades by now. He was running on willpower and distilled lust.

His fingers rubbed roughly over Silena's stiff nipples. Although it was faint, his legs were shaking. He felt like he'd run five miles with Tyson strapped to his back, but he still refused to stop.

Not yet. Not now. Not until the time came.

Silena was more than a passenger. As he continued to drive their hips together, she began moving herself. Subtly at first, then stronger, she undulated in time with him, dropping herself onto his thrusts to drag out every last centimeter of penetration. While she wasn't gushing down there like the two girls before her, she was wet enough to let them keep up the frantic and desperate pace.

Their kiss broke. Both of them panted out hot and short gasps, Percy in particular. Even Silena's breath smelled nice, spicy like peppermint. Her lipstick had become smudged in the wild kissing. Their foreheads rested against each other as they fucked. Somehow, maybe because of the exhaustion, it didn't quite feel real.

Percy had a confession to make. He'd harbored a slight crush on Silena for years. He was pretty sure every boy at camp below a certain age did. It wasn't love — not the romantic kind — but a certain level of raw attraction was impossible when faced with a knockout, mature older girl that took such careful care of so many young campers. Everyone remembered the first time they met her— always immaculate in appearance, always smiling, always willing to lend you an ear and a hand.

He pulled back, separating their heads, and really *looked* in front of him for the first time.

Silena's enormous bust swelled and shook side to side, spurred on both by her own rises and falls and the shockwave following each of Percy's brutal thrusts. That perfect makeup was ruined, the eyeliner trailing from sweat and the lipstick smeared, yet to Percy it had never looked better. Her eyes were still kind just like they were when she'd listen to whatever silly problem you were dealing with. That hadn't changed, and yet something was different. Something else had mixed in. Percy almost called it lust, but that wasn't quite right.

It was pure pleasure, the type that could only be born to overflowing passions. It was eroticism in its final form. It was... hot as shit.

Roaring again, even louder than when he tore apart her remaining clothes, he grabbed Silena by the back and twirled away, dragging her from the armoire. The two fell to the floor with him on top, landing with a heavy smack that they were both too distracted to notice. His hips teamed up with gravity to drive him deeper yet into her depths. Silena moaned and wailed. Her hands shot out to the sides, nails digging into the carpet.

Under all of that noise, neither of them noticed the light squeak that came from the *other* side of the armoire's door.

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When Piper McClean got Silena's sudden invitation for a Camp Half-Blood visit, she was overjoyed.

It was unexpected, sure, but there was hardly anyone that had been as much of a guiding light in her life than her older half-sister... even though they only met when she was already in high school. Silena was simply the type of person you could rely on, a type that had been sorely lacking in Piper's life considering her dad's faults. After months away, she jumped at the chance to revisit her home away from home, *borrowing* her neighbor's car the very same day the message arrived.

It wasn't stealing if said neighbor agreed. And if a little bit of charmspeak leaked into Piper's voice as she asked, well, that was hardly her fault. Demigod powers were hard.

For the first day, everything had been great. She got to know the newer campers, spent the entire day hanging around with Silena, and even Drew was strangely out of it and not as obnoxious as usual. She could hardly imagine a more perfect day, right up until all but three of the campers filed out of the cabin and Silena shoved her into a piece of furniture.

The walk-in closet had caught Piper's eye when she walked in, but it wasn't like she thought twice about it. These were daughters of Aphrodite. Space to put more clothes was about the least shocking new addition the room could've seen.

She never expected the size wasn't about fitting in more clothes, but about fitting *her*.

"What's even happening right now?" Piper had exclaimed. "You can't just put people into furniture, Silena. Don't tell me you gave my bed away and I'm supposed to *sleep* in here."

Even as Silena answered the question, she was pulling her shirt off. Behind her, Drew and Valentina, the only other two that had stuck around, were stripped naked and slowly pulling on some of the most over-the-top lingerie Piper had ever laid eyes on.

"Honey, words would be a waste," Silena had said, smiling kindly. "Rather than listening to me just watch, and listen to your body."

And she shut the door, closing Piper in the dark.

Except, it wasn't really all dark. There was a spot of light, looking almost blue because of the background, just big enough to peer through.

Piper thought about slamming the door open and bursting out, she really did. It wasn't like the dresser was locked. But part of her was going crazy with curiosity. What could this possibly be about that had Silena acting this way?

So she stood and waited, and she wasn't waiting long.

All her half-sisters had quickly suited up in their outrageous uniforms before settling down on another feature Piper didn't remember: a bed bigger and fancier than any of the rest. Then, just a few minutes later, *Percy Jackson* of all people walked in.

Piper was shocked to see her friend stride into someone else's cabin with a clear air of familiarity. And that was the least shocking thing he did all night.

Piper watched her sisters spring up and service Percy like he was an Olympian himself. She watched him decimate the ever-uppity Drew and pound her into anthropomorphic oriental pudding. She watched Valentina submit to him, and more than that, she watched him take complete control of her. Piper had seen Valentina leave even some of the most experienced boys at camp shaking, and yet Percy had her completely at his mercy. It was a side of him she had not only never seen before, but couldn't have imagined without seeing it for herself. As she stood there marveling, her hand drifted down to her jeans.

"Surprising, right?"

Piper jolted. From her peephole, she could just barely see Silena standing on the other side of the door.

“What is this, Silena?” Piper asked. “Why are all of you doing this? And with Percy, of all people?”

“It’s the lessons,” she said, like that explained anything at all. “We’re teaching him... although, between us, I’m not sure how much there is left for us to give.”

Piper just watched as Percy continued to plow Valentina. They were teaching him? If anything, though, it seemed like her sisters were the one getting the lesson.

“This is the last of the lessons,” Silena confessed. “All we can do is test his endurance now. He’s off to a good start, but there’s still lots left to do. He’s come so far in the last week.”

“One week?!”

Piper couldn’t help the way she raised her voice. Was Silena seriously implying that a week ago, Percy had never been with a woman? He’d already risen to a half-standing position that was letting him plunge into Valentina at speeds a mortal body may not have been able to handle. Piper unconsciously chewed her lower lip. She could tell right away when he came, and not just because half of it promptly leaked out and streaked down Valentina’s dark legs.

“He’s a fast learner,” Silena said. Suddenly, and seemingly without warning, Percy slapped his cheeks hard enough to make Piper jump. Silena turned away from her. “I think that’s my turn. I’ve got to admit, I’ve been waiting for this.”

And before Piper knew what was happening, Percy had her older sister shoved up against her hiding spot like a common slut.

Silena’s back blocked Piper’s peephole, leaving her in proper darkness for the first time. She couldn’t see anything, but she could hear *everything*.

She heard their flirtatious banter. She caught the wet swishing of their interlocking tongues. She listened as Percy’s thuds impacted the armoire’s exterior. And above all, she noticed the exact moment he began to thrust that monstrous cock deep inside Silena’s innards, wet slurping mixing with the sound of smacking flesh.

Piper could taste a hint of blood now, owing to the force her teeth had been applying to her own lip. One hand came up to her chest, groping breasts only slightly smaller than Silena’s. How different would Percy’s powerful fingers feel? Meanwhile, her other hand dipped down, pushing against the hem of her jeans

before sliding under. How many times larger than her fingers was that cock? At least five times, maybe six or seven.

A finger teased her own entrance, finding it wet to the touch, but Piper barely felt her own fingers, preoccupied with imagining something far larger.

Her imagination proved so distracting, in fact, that Percy's sudden roar made her audibly yelp, smacking backwards against the deepest part of her hiding spot.

For a moment she froze. Even though being shoved away in here was hardly her choice, she couldn't shake the feeling of being covert, like being caught would reveal some kind of guilt. It wasn't a totally unpleasant feeling, lending an extra thrill each time she caressed her own body, but it did make her heart hammer in her throat.

Slowly, she crept back to the peephole and peered out.

What she saw made her gasp.

She certainly hadn't been caught. Percy hadn't even glanced her way. In fact, looking at him, she was fairly sure a full-grown hydra could slither past away and he wouldn't notice a thing. That was just how utterly focused he was on Silena.

They didn't look like the people Piper knew and respected anymore. The way Percy growled and poured his all into thrusting down with his hips made him look like a wild beast. And Silena, pressed to the floor beneath him, looked like his mate. Or maybe not even that. She looked like his plaything.

Piper was already back to touching herself, but it wasn't enough. She tore her shirt off and pulled down her bra, baring her larger dark tits to grasp them better. But the strongest pinches she could apply to her nipples only felt like a pale imitation as she watched Percy's teeth sink deeply into Silena's. She unbuckled her jeans and plunged three full fingers into her folds, and still they paled in comparison not only in length but even to the girth of Percy's cock.

She'd forgotten entirely about attempting to keep her voice down. Luckily, Silena's unfettered screams blotted out Piper's wild moans. The warbles that echoed out of Piper's throat were as much from desire to experience more than they were about any stimulation she was managing to generate herself.

Her eyes slid to Drew, and she imagined herself in the girl's place, treated like a toy beneath Percy's powerful muscles. Her eyes moved to Valentina, still frozen in the posture of a mating cat— head down, back sloped, ass up. From a position like that, just how deep would Percy reach inside her if Piper was the one taking his cock?

Finally, her eyes returned the floor and the spot her role model was screaming and cumming. Silena and Percy had landed directly in front of Piper, giving the native girl a view from directly behind. She watched his hairy balls rise and fall as his slick shaft repeatedly rose into view before burying back out of sight. As she watched those testicles smack down against the increasingly soaked area between Silena's legs, Piper came to a shocking realization.

For as long as she could remember, Piper had become accustomed to not settling for less. It wasn't a conscious thing, and it wasn't arrogance, it was simply the way she lived. With her famous father and stunning looks, people simply fawned over her. Whether she liked it or not, she would be the center of attention wherever she went, and after a while that rubbed off on her tastes.

In bed, she liked men to worship her. Nothing turned her on like a man slaving away to please her. She controlled the tempo. She controlled the mood. She would ride them until their hips gave out, and feel the thrill the entire time. Whenever a man caught her eye for his looks, the first thing she pictured was that lovely face buried in her crotch, tongue working to please her.

Which brings it back to why what she realized while in that armoire was so shocking. When she pictured herself joining in, hurling herself at Percy and Silena, she imagined crawling up to those hairy testicles and licking them clean. The mere idea sent waves through her body strong enough to make her legs shake, despite the fact that it couldn't have been more different from her usual fantasies.

Percy jerked his head up, pulling one of Silena's breasts up with him by his teeth. He pulled so hard, Silena's back rose slightly off the floor. She wailed like a rescue siren. A moment later, Percy erupted inside of her at the same time that Silena came. More blood leaked into Piper's mouth as her teeth sliced her lip fully open. It was the sight of those hairy balls, wet with Silena's juices and the little bit of Percy's own cum that dribbled up out of her, that threw Piper over the edge. A moment after the coupling pair, Piper reached her own orgasm. She dragged dripping fingers out of her folds, breathing hard.

With his last wad shot, Percy rolled off of Silena. She didn't move, fucked comatose just like the other two sisters. After moving onto his back, Percy didn't move either. Piper stared out, wondering if she really would have to spend the night in this dresser, when she heard the sound of snoring. Percy's eyes were closed. After that last dash over the finish line, he'd passed out and slipped straight into sleep.

Carefully, Piper pushed open the dresser. Still half-naked, she crept across the floor on tiptoes. When she reached her destination she stared down. Still half-hard, Percy's cock was dirty with a concoction of juices accumulated from all the different partners, including his own cum. Slowly, Piper knelt down. Gently, she guided his partially-flaccid member straight up.

And she licked his penis clean.



*Final Exam*  
*Study 'Hard'*

The first time that Percy walked into the Aphrodite Cabin, it scared the spirits out of him. There was so much perfume in the air, so much giggling (that kind you just *knew* was about you), and everything was so perfectly ordered that just taking a step inside felt like tracking mud into a hospital.

Then, over the last week, he really spent some time here. He didn't think it was *just* the hijinks he'd gotten up to with some very attractive girls that warmed him to the place. It was different from what he was used to, sure, but that didn't mean it was all bad. The store-bought scents grew on you, and it wasn't awful spending time in a place where everything was neatly put away for a change. What Percy was trying to say was, he pushed past his comfort zone and came to appreciate the place for what it was, not what he was used to.

And the sex hadn't hurt either.

The point was, Percy had finally decided the Aphrodite Cabin wasn't all bad. And then they went and made it worse again.

He wondered if they'd gotten the Hephaestus cabin involved to have remodeled so fast. Even then, it seemed like they would've needed the god of blacksmithing himself for this, not just his kids.

All the beds were gone except for the fancy one that showed up the night before. Its twin, the armoire, had disappeared too. In fact, the lone bed was all the furniture that was left. Spotlights had been rigged from the ceiling, all pointing toward the sheets. They were intense enough to generate heat under their light. Percy would know, because as soon as he entered the cabin he'd been sat down on said bed. He was starting to sweat and he hadn't even done anything yet.

The feeling of pressure wasn't helping. The new space had been put to use accommodating a fairly permanent-looking desk that was at least twenty feet long, built of sturdy wood. It was also painted pink, for some reason. Four gorgeous women sat behind it in high-backed office chairs.

Three of them were the usual suspects. Drew, Silena and Valentina each wore different getups, but all of them eyed Percy with the same intensity. They looked perfectly put together, despite the rather raucous activities they had gotten up to just the night before.

Percy wondered if they'd used some kind of magic on their appearances. He was sure he left more visible marks than what he was seeing.

The last woman was equally familiar, although Percy hadn't expected to see her again so soon. Aphrodite sat in the fourth chair in her true appearance, shining as if it was her skin the spotlights were aimed at.

"The council will decide your fate!" Silena said loudly.

"My fate? I thought I was just here for a test."

"You are," she said, "but I've always wanted to use that line."

She wore a baby-blue corporate suit with a handkerchief stuffed in the breast pocket. Of course, because it was *Silena's* breast pocket, the whole suit bulged way out in that area, and the handkerchief hung out over open air like a waterfall cascading over a lip.

"Don't be nervous!" Valentina urged beside her. "We all know how much you've studied. I just know you'll impress us."

Valentina was in a nice button-up dress a little too low in its cut to be passable at an ordinary business meeting. Its white fabric was a great contrast to her skin, but the main thing looking at it did was remind Percy of all the lingerie that color that he'd peeled off of her the night before.

Strangely, that memory reassured him more than her words. It proved they were true. He *had* studied. He *would* pass this.

So of course Drew chose that moment to open her mouth.

"Don't take anything for granted," she said. "If it's you, something like this will never be easy."

To tell the truth, Percy was too distracted looking at her to pay much attention to what she was saying. She was dressed the strangest out of the three of them, by far. Her shirt, an official looking white button up, had seen scissors taken to it. Two large patches had been cut out of each side, placed so that her breasts stuck through them. She wasn't wearing any bra. Band-aids had been placed in X-shapes over each of her nipples. Drew didn't seem to notice. Her hands were steepled on the table, and despite a rather unprofessional sneer she seemed to be maintaining the serious sort of diligence you'd expect from a member of an actual board meeting.

"You look like an office worker that went through a midlife crisis and found her calling in porn," Percy told her.

"I have a degradation kink, so thank you," Drew said. "Anything else you'd like to add while you're at it?"

"Not anymore."

"Aww," she said.

“The test format will be simple,” Aphrodite explained. “We, the judges, will choose one task each. You, as the examinee, must complete it to the best of your ability. Each judge will offer a score for that task before we move to the next one. You must gain at least eighty points in total to pass.”

“What happens if I fail?”

“We blow up New York,” Aphrodite said.

“...But don’t you live there too?”

Aphrodite gave an exasperated sigh. “Oh, I’m not serious. But pretend that I am! Think in your head, ‘If I don’t do my best, everyone I love will die, and I’ll have to tragically take my own life by leaping off the Golden Gate Bridge!’ That way, you’ll know you’re giving it your all.”

Even her daughters looked at her a little strangely.

“Why the Golden Gate?” Valentina asked.

“Because it’s the prettiest bridge. Duh,” Aphrodite said. “Killing yourself on an ugly bridge would be a tragedy.”

“I jumped off the St. Louis Arch before,” Percy said.

Aphrodite nodded approvingly. “Not bad.”

“I survived though. I’d survive jumping off the Golden Gate, too. As long as it was into water.”

“Okay!” Silena clapped her hands. “Percy knows how the test works now, so let’s not waste any more time. You can come in!”

Percy expected someone to walk into the room after that. He was only half-right.

The spotlights changed color, going from simple white to having every shade of the rainbow represented. They pointed away from Percy toward the walls, their bright beams created slowly moving patches of color. Music started up, even though there weren’t any speakers in sight. It was a Michael Buble song. Percy only recognized it because of a phase his mom went through a few years back. Aphrodite snapped and bobbed her head, tossing blond curls back and forth. He was pretty sure he could tell who picked the soundtrack.

A sudden hissing sound came louder than the music. Percy was forced to shield his eyes as a rectangle opened in the floor, steam rushing out. As he watched, an elevated platform rose into sight. More steam poured out to obscure their features, but Percy was *sure* he saw a figure standing at the center.

Aphrodite held her arms out straight, doing jazz hands. “Introducing my favorite daughter—”

“Hey!” shouted the other judges.

“Oh I didn’t really mean that,” Aphrodite pouted. “Fine. *One* of my favorite daughters. Is that better?”

“Actually, I’d prefer if you doubled down,” Drew said. “Being called inferior really did something for me. Could you do it again, and maybe throw in a disappointed look?”

“Of course!” Aphrodite said. She frowned in a way that made me feel like I was about to be told ‘It’s not you, it’s me’. “I’d do *anything* for my least impressive, most embarrassing daughter.”

Drew shuddered. “Oh yeah, that’s the stuff.”

Percy ignored those two and didn’t even feel slightly bad about doing it. The steam was starting to disperse. When it finally cleared, the colored spotlights all converged to illuminate the newcomer. She held up a dark hand to shield her eyes from the onslaught.

“Piper?”

The Native girl smiled at him, although it turned to a wince a moment later as she got a green spotlight beam straight to the eyes.

“Hey, Percy,” she said.

“What are you doing here? I thought you were back in LA.”

“I was,” Piper said. “Silena called me.”

She wasn’t looking at him. It took Percy a moment to notice, because at first he thought she was just avoiding the spotlights. But every time he was about to catch her eyes, she’d find a patch of floor to stare at instead.

“I didn’t expect you to get involved in something like this,” Percy said.

Piper muttered something that sounded suspiciously like, “Neither did I.”

“What was that?”

“I said, uh, that you never know what to expect!” Piper said. “Sometimes, people are interested in surprising things. Even me, apparently.”

“Enough talking!” Drew suddenly broke in. “Join him on the bed.”

If Percy hadn’t been on the bed already, his body would’ve sprinted to do as she said. He jerked his head sideways, snapping the residual effects of the charmspeak. Piper, though, only gave Drew an unimpressed look.

“Slap yourself,” Piper said.

Instantly, Drew’s open palm collided with her own face.

“You’ve gotten rustier, Drew,” Piper said.

“You didn’t charmspeak me,” Drew said. “I just thought it sounded like fun.”

Either way, after giving her half-sister a truly disgusted look, Piper did as she asked and walked over to the bed.

She sat down close to the headboard, as far from me as possible while still being on the mattress. She was wearing a bathrobe, which was kind of weird but was probably the least strange thing in this whole situation. As soon as she sat down she was looking straight at the judges as a way of fixing her eyes far away from me.

“I’m first up, right?” Valentina asked.

When the other judges nodded, she squealed.

“Okay, this is going to be so much fun! For the first task, Percy, I want you to make Piper cum three different ways— and you can’t use that wonderful dick of yours!”

The others made appreciative noises. Percy hadn’t been nervous before Piper appeared, but something about the situation really felt awkward now. He took a deep breath and stood up.

“You ready?” he asked.

“Uh-huh,” Piper said.

But even as she nodded, she still wouldn’t look at him.

“You’ll be judged on style, effectiveness, and above all, our personal tastes,” Silena reminded him. “The clock has started. You may begin whenever you’re ready.”

Percy didn’t move right away. The tension in that moment was nearly physical, four sets of eyes glued on him as he did nothing while Piper avoided acknowledging his existence.

“Piper,” Percy repeated.

“Yes?” she said.

“Are you sure about this?”

She sounded slightly concerned as she said, “I already agreed, didn’t I?”

“This is really what you want?”

“It is,” she insisted.

She still didn’t look at him as she said it, but for the first time there was real certainty in her voice, even if it was mixed with something else Percy couldn’t place his finger on.

That was enough for him.

He stooped decisively, stepping closer to Piper and going down on one knee. He could feel the confusion in every set of eyes on him as they tried to puzzle out what he was going for. His strong, calloused hands wrapped around Piper’s ankles.

Abruptly, he stood all the way up in a single fast motion. Piper's feet came up with him. The girl squeaked as she was rolled back onto the bed, her robe flopping down across her upper body.

Even Percy's newfound momentum was briefly put on pause by what was revealed.

Dark legs ran all the way to her hips without a scrap of fabric to shield them. Long dark muff covered her pussy, but not enough to block the sight of it. Staring down the top part of the robe, Percy could see that her upper body wasn't any different. Piper had come completely naked beneath the robe.

The idea surprised him, but it only further cemented his self-confidence. Even if he didn't know why she seemed strangely nervous and withdrawn, Piper obviously wanted this.

So he'd give it to her.

He pulled her legs even further up, so that her knees were hooked over his shoulders. He leaned forward and pushed her tighter to the bed. Almost Piper's entire body was vertical now. In that position, Percy dropped his mouth onto her pussy and went to town.

It was a different experience to going down on her sisters, but Percy found that the longer hair wasn't all bad. It felt pleasant on his nose as he moved his head side by side, forcing his tongue as deeply as possible into Piper.

He opted for an approach between what he would use on Drew and Valentina— not quite as brutal an assault as the former would enjoy, but still more violent than the latter would want. If Piper's moans were anything to go off then it was a good balance to strike. Her robe flopped completely open, the panels falling on either side of her head, revealing her large breasts as they hung down under gravity's effects.

The first orgasm was almost disappointingly easy. Piper came the moment his tongue found her clit. But there were still two left to go, so Percy didn't stop. His tongue stopped moving so roughly, and instead traced the areas around the clit. He only brushed against her most sensitive spot, dragging things on and letting frustration simmer inside Piper.

This went on for minutes. Percy felt his partner beginning to shift and twitch beneath him as the wait continued. Then, without warning, he reinitiated the assault in even greater intensity. His tongue shoved Piper's clit left, right, up, down, *everywhere*. With a deep wail, Piper came for the second time.

Now, Percy didn't take his foot off the gas. He pulled his tongue out, but promptly reached around and shoved two fingers into her, clawing at her depths.

The change in stimulation worked wonders. Percy felt Piper tense. He could tell a third orgasm was coming soon.

So he stopped.

“Do you want more?” Percy asked.

“Yes!” Piper gasped.

“Then beg for it.”

“I want to cum on your fingers!” she belted out with zero hesitation. “I want to cum for you, all for you. Please let me!”

“I can’t say no to that.”

Within five seconds his fingers had brought her to a final climax. The shudder that rocked Piper’s body in its wake was intense enough to make her chest jiggle. Percy stepped back, unhooking her legs from over his shoulders and letting her slide down flat on her back. He turned to face the judges.

Each of them grabbed a scorecard in front of them. Valentina was the first to raise hers.

“Nine!” she announced happily, revealing the number. “That was great, Percy! So sensual. I especially liked the position.”

“Two,” Drew said, sounding bored. “She probably barely felt a thing. You didn’t even hit her once!”

“Seven,” Silena said. “I especially liked the last part. Making her speak spiced up the experience a ton. That was probably half the reason she came so soon afterward.”

Finally, all that was left was Aphrodite. Our eyes turned to her.

“One,” she announced irritatingly happily. “You used your mouth for two of them. Nobody likes an old trick, not even old dogs. You need to be more creative than that in bed, Percy.”

Those scores totaled to nineteen. If he got nineteen four times, he’d end up on seventy-six points. That was four points below passing.

Percy took a deep breath and tried not to feel annoyed. He didn’t think he was being arrogant when he said that he’d done pretty well with that one. But if that was how they wanted to play it...

“What’s next?”

Drew smirked. “That would be me.”

Percy waited and wondered what she’d come up with. Spank Piper as many times as possible within a minute? Choke her until she passed out? If he was telling the truth, most of the guesses he came up with were things he’d rather not do.

“You have the next five minutes to get the loudest moan possible out of Piper!” Drew announced.

That was... not as bad as he feared.

Seeing as there was a time limit now, Percy didn't hesitate like last time. He pulled off all his clothes and crawled onto the bed, laying down in the middle. His erect cock bobbed above his crotch like an askew tower.

“Get on,” he invited Piper.

He wasn't completely sure what reaction to expect, but she practically leaped onto him.

Piper lined him up with her entrance, her bubble butt facing Percy. Right away she started to move. Her hips flicked up and down at impressive speeds, ripples passing through the jiggly skin as she struck his pelvis with repeated claps.

Her voice started up right away, but the volume was low. More mewls than moans, she was clearly just enjoying herself. Over time the frantic pace she was striking got faster, rather than slowing down. Percy expected that to continue for the whole two minutes. After having saved the world with her, if there was one daughter of Aphrodite he trusted to have plenty of physical stamina it was the one currently bouncing on his dick.

But these soft noises wouldn't do it for this task. They weren't even close to good enough. So Percy allowed Piper thirty seconds to get adjusted to her own pace, and then he began thrusting himself.

His knees came up as he got his feet underneath him. Using the new leverage, he put his own momentum into thrusting into Piper, making sure to time it with the movements she was already making. The results were claps of flesh twice as loud as the ones before, and shouts from Piper that drowned out even those slapping sounds.

In his peripherals he caught a couple of approving nods off the judges, all of them except Aphrodite. But Percy hadn't played all of his tricks just yet.

The next time their hips met, Percy landed a hard spank on one of Piper's dark cheeks. The resultant ripples were mesmerizing. Piper yelped a few decibels higher than anything yet. Each time they met, Percy now added a spank, alternating between her cheeks each time. After every one, the noise Piper let out climbed slightly in volume.

The two minute deadline was steaming forward at the speed of a moving train. Percy counted in his head, trying to pinpoint exactly when it would end. The entire time he kept his body moving. He never let up.



At exactly the moment he was pretty sure the time was about to end, Percy gave a thrust that contained absolutely everything he had. Piper was literally lifted off the bed. Right when her upward force reached its peak, both his hands descended, slapping each of her ass cheeks at the same moment. All the blows before had served to make them sensitive, and this final heavy slap set her over the edge.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhnnnn!” Piper moaned, so loudly that Percy was certain every cabin at camp must’ve heard her raised voice.

She came all over Percy’s cock and fell back, landing against his chest. Percy turned to look at the judges through threads of dark hair that had landed across his face.

“Eight!” Drew said first. “That was pretty good, but you could’ve been rougher.”

“Four,” Valentina said. “She looks like she had fun. But the best moans are the ones lured out by good technique, not force.”

“Eight,” Silena said. “You clearly had a plan, and you executed it well. The results speak for themselves. Using the earlier parts to soften Piper up for the finale was a great idea.”

He had a suspicion what Aphrodite’s card was going to say before she even raised it.

Sure enough— one.

“I’ve heard Hephaestus moan louder than that while jerking off to cogs and gears,” she said. “I expect a hero to be able to get one of my daughters to scream so much harder.”

Piper suddenly squeaked. When she fell back he’d grabbed her hips to slow the fall. Now Percy realized his hands had unconsciously squeezed down, digging into her sensitive sides.

“Sorry,” he muttered to her, letting go.

“Don’t mind me,” she whispered back, her tone strange. “If you want to do something, just do it. My body is at your disposal.”

Percy couldn’t see her face with the way her head was nestled against his neck, but he suddenly wished he could. He wanted to know exactly what expression she was making to have a slightly better idea of what exactly she meant by *that*.

“My turn, then,” Silena said, interrupting their little chat. “I’m going to keep it simple. I want you to make Piper cum without moving. You don’t have to stay

completely still, but that does mean no thrusting, fingering, or anything fun like that. Good luck.”

“What do you want me to do?” Piper asked him.

“Ride me again,” Percy told her. “But face me this time.”

She almost jumped into action. She spun around, pushing herself up with two hands on his broad pecs. Sitting back, she allowed his cock to slide into her. It wasn't hard. She was the wettest he'd felt all night.

Piper began moving almost tentatively. For the first time, Percy wondered if he might've overdone it in the last challenge. Her legs were shaking too badly to readopt the rapid pace from her reverse-cowgirl ride.

So he opted for a different approach to this one.

“What made you want to do this?” Percy asked.

The casual question seemed to catch Piper off guard. She stopped moving entirely for a second. Even after she started up again, back to the slow speed she'd been forced to adopt, she sounded slightly confused while answering.

“It just seemed like something I'd like to do,” she said.

“Did Silena tell you about it when she called you?”

“No. She just said she wanted to see me.”

“Huh.” Percy linked his fingers and put his hands behind his head. “Did you just get back today, then?”

Piper blinked. While slow, her initial movements had at least been smooth. Now that she was getting distracted, the movements were becoming jerkier too.

“Yesterday,” she said. “Why?”

“Oh, no reason,” Percy said. “You can keep going.”

Piper still looked confused, but she did focus on riding him again. She braced her small hands on his abs, movements growing smooth once more. Just as she was getting in her groove, Percy spoke again.

“So did you enjoy it?”

“What?” Piper gasped, stopping again.

“I'm asking if you enjoyed watching fuck your sisters into the ground.”

This time, she didn't start moving again right away. She just stared at him. “How did you know?”

“Something had to have gotten your attention,” Percy said. “I didn't think you'd agree to something like this just because you were asked. That's why Silena didn't even mention it in her letter. She had to *show* you. If you got here yesterday then you would've been around for the final lesson. You know, the one with a person-sized piece of furniture shoved in the corner...”

“You knew,” Piper breathed.

“Back then? Not a chance. But I figured it out tonight. So I’m asking you: did you enjoy it?”

Piper started moving again. A blush was spreading across her features.

“I did,” she said.

“What, exactly, did you like? Tell me, in detail. And don’t stop moving for a second.”

“I liked watching my sisters worship you,” Piper admitted. “I liked watching girls that most boys only dream of serve you like you were a god. It made me want to feel your dick— *this* dick. I wanted to know exactly how good it felt.”

“What else? That can’t be everything.”

It was slight, but Percy thought he could feel Piper beginning to tighten.

“I liked watching you treat Drew like your toy. I loved watching her break, almost as much as she enjoyed being broken. I couldn’t get enough of the way you led Valentina on, pushing her past limits she didn’t know she had. It wasn’t even as if I wanted to be in either of their places. I would’ve been satisfied with just cleaning you up after your work was done.”

Percy blinked, but didn’t let any more surprise than that show on his features. That really wasn’t the kind of talk he expected out of the proud girl that he knew and considered a close friend.

But he didn’t doubt the words were true, because this was working. He was sure now. The longer Piper talked, the closer she came to cumming.

“Tell me what pushed you over the edge,” Percy demanded, steel entering his voice. “Tell me what convinced you to come here tonight.

Piper shuddered. “I saw what you did to Silena,” she said.

She had to pause with her words as a gasp forced its way from her mouth, but her hips certainly didn’t stop.

“She took care of me when I got to camp. She was like a flawless older sister. She always seemed in control of everything, like she was larger than life.”

Piper’s head bent forward, braided hair hanging between her and Percy’s faces.

“You pushed up against the dresser I was hiding in. You tossed her around. You pinned her on the floor.”

Something was happening, finally, in her pussy. Precum leaked out around the base of Percy’s cock. Something unexpected was occurring, too. As Piper talked herself closer to a climax, she was talking him into one too. Hearing his

night told from her point of view was affecting him way more than he thought it would, and he found he didn't mind one bit.

"I watched the way you plunged into her from above," Piper said. "And in that moment, behind the two of you, I knew what I wanted. I didn't just want you, I wanted to serve you. I wanted this body of mine to make yours happy. And I'm doing that now, aren't I? Aren't I?"

She looked desperately into Percy's eyes, and he just about had the wherewithal to confidently say, "Yes, you are!"

Piper grinned. As if her body had been waiting for permission, she came hard enough to make her whole frame shake, and Percy came with her. Neither of them breathed for a few long seconds, the pleasure of a shockingly intense orgasm silencing them both. Piper fell forward, landing on his chest for the second time that night, except now her face was tucked against Percy's chest.

He didn't even have it in him to look over at the judges and see their scorecards. He just waited for them to read them off.

"Ten!" Valentina announced first. "That was soooo sweet!"

"Ten," Drew reluctantly admitted. "Considering you weren't allowed to hit her this time, I guess that was passable."

"Ten," Silena said. She sniffed, and Percy thought he might've even heard her wipe a tear away. "I'm never going to forget that."

Combined with his scores earlier, that brought Percy to a total of seventy. Aphrodite's score could pass him right here and now with one task to go, and even without her score he was basically guaranteed to pass off of the scores from the other judges.

Which is why it really wasn't from fear about failing when anger gripped Percy as he heard, "One."

The surge of energy was enough for him not only to finally look at the judges, but even for him to slip out from under Piper.

"What do you mean, one?" he demanded.

"I mean that it was a poor performance," Aphrodite said, yawning and fanning her mouth. "I mean, I'm immortal, and I still feel like I wasted my life watching that. How long do you want to take to make a woman cum? She'll have gray hairs before you're done in bed at that rate."

"Mom?" Silena said uncertainly. "What are you playing at right now?"

But Percy hardly heard her. Riding his rage-induced second wind, he marched over to the judges table and planted his hands on it. Leaning across the surface, he glared at Aphrodite directly in front of him.

“Let’s hear your task then,” I demanded. “I’ll knock it so far out of the park, you won’t be able to even think about giving me a one.”

Aphrodite pushed back her chair, rising to her feet. Percy tracked her face with his eyes the entire time, not backing down. She snapped her fingers and a \ vernal breeze blew through the cabin. Piper disappeared from the bed with a startled shout, reappearing in the chair Aphrodite just vacated. Her robe disappeared from the floor and reappeared over her shoulders. At the same time, Aphrodite herself disappeared.

When Percy twisted, she was lying on the bed on her side, supporting her head with one of her hands, every article of clothing she’d worn suddenly completely absent.

“Your final task is to treat me like I’m one of my daughters,” she said with a (literally) divine smirk. “You won’t allow me to give you a bad score on this one, right? I certainly hope you aren’t bluffing. There’s nothing a lady hates more than a man that’s all talk.”

Percy merely growled as he advanced toward the bed.

*Final Exam*  
*Play Harder*

Aphrodite's naked body was enough to make a blind man stop and stare. Her breasts were huge, bigger even than Silena's and absolutely perfect in shape. It didn't even make sense. It was like gravity didn't dare to touch them. Perfection was a theme with Aphrodite's appearance. Hourglass figure? Check. Wide hips? check. Clean-shaven crotch and long, soft legs? Double check.

But Percy only noticed all of this in the back of his head as he stomped to the bed. Skin-deep perfection only meant so much if what was underneath was ugly.

Aphrodite smiled at him. "So, you've decided to— glurghk!"

Her sentence never reached completion. As soon as he was close enough, Percy grabbed the back of her head and shoved it straight down on his cock.

He held her in place, staring coolly down.

"Much better," he said. "All quiet now."

This wasn't like when he fucked Drew's throat. It wasn't *really* a blowjob at all. He wasn't even allowing Aphrodite to move. Seconds dragged on as Percy held the goddess down.

She adjusted quickly. Without biological roadblocks like needing to breathe she was perfectly equipped for this situation. Her tongue *actually lengthened* in her mouth. Percy felt it, and his eyes widened. He knew that gods could change their appearance, but he never considered it could be used on a specific body part like this.

Aphrodite's suddenly plus-sized tongue rapidly filled what little space there was in her mouth that his meat hadn't already taken up. It wrapped around him, almost reaching all the way around his impressive girth. Slowly, that tongue moved up and down his cock, milking him with thousands of years of whorish experience.

Expressions flitted across Aphrodite's face. One moment she was making eye contact, the next her eyes had rolled up like a hentai character, the next they were shut in a perfect picture of concentration. Every single look that a man could find arousing alternated rapid-fire style over her features. Her tongue moved the entire time. Percy's lower head, deep into her esophagus, twitched and started to tremble.

He missed the way Aphrodite's hands were moving until they had grabbed his arms and pulled. Maybe he was distracted by the blowjob, but his balance

never stood a chance. He rolled over the top of Aphrodite, landing on the bed on his back.

As he fell, Aphrodite shifted like a snake. Somehow, even as his body turned and tumbled, she never allowed even a single centimeter of him to escape her throat. That was when it sunk in.

He hadn't trapped her. No. She had trapped *him*.

Not only did she contort to continue the blowjob, even her lower body moved. Before Percy could react, legs were pushing on his ears like headphones while Aphrodite's crotch hovered above him.

Her pussy lips were perfect. Percy hadn't even known it was possible for that part of the body to *be* perfect, but somehow this one was— average in the best ways, protruding slightly but not too much.

And it landed smack on his face.

Now it was his turn to have his nose mashed flat. Karma, maybe, for how many times he'd done that to this woman's daughters over the last week.

Good karma, obviously. This was far from a punishment.

That said, it wasn't what he had planned. He came in with so much confidence, ready to take control, and in under a minute Aphrodite had flipped the situation in her favor... literally.

He had to turn this around. But how?

He'd been aggressive. He started on the front foot, but Aphrodite just used that against him. She went with the flow and molded it into what she wanted. Percy needed to learn from that.

Just because this was a test, didn't mean he couldn't find a lesson in it.

*Smack!*

Percy had reached around, wrapping his elbows past Aphrodite's legs and bringing his hands down on her voluptuous backside. His fingers sunk in almost endlessly, but they finally found a firm grip. With that done, Percy wasted no time in pushing her downward.

At the same time, he drove his tongue up. With zero hesitation he ravaged Aphrodite's folds, finding her clit as quickly as possible. He didn't have the luxury to build up to the main event slowly; this was not the time to take things slow.

If he did, he'd be eaten up.

Aphrodite's tongue had changed its length again. In fact, it was constantly changing now, shrinking and growing just to add another source of slick torsion. Her lips tugged at the root of his shaft. She was pursing them, actively sucking to tighten her grip further.

Something tickled Percy's tongue. There lots of sensations against it, what with the dirty work it was doing, but this one immediately captured his attention. Slick juices ran down the length of the muscle, trace drops even slipping into his mouth.

Percy grinned even as his lips were pressed against Aphrodite's body. That was a tangible sign of arousal. He knew what he was doing was working.

It was a race now.

His arms pushed down with even greater force. His tongue redoubled its efforts, moving with real brutality. Her entire body was as fluffy as a cloud, from the ass cheeks leaking between his fingers to the huge tits propped on his pelvis, to even the depths of her pussy and throat. If she was soft, he was firm. A third of the blood in his entire body felt like it had taken up residence in his throbbing cock. Every one of his impressive muscles were flexed. His fingers were locked and stiff as they strained in their grip. If it wasn't broke, don't fix it— Percy didn't try to copy Aphrodite's soft approach as he ate her out. He played to his strengths and tensed his tongue, using it like a weapon to batter her most sensitive part.

It was a good decision.

After a few intense minutes, his work was rewarded. Aphrodite's body shuddered against his face and a sudden profusion of liquid made his work much slicker. Percy's earlier grin became a smirk. He'd done it. He made the goddess of love orgasm first.

The satisfaction was short lived, although it was quickly replaced by another kind of satisfaction. As she came, Aphrodite finally pulled her head up. The slick sensation of her tongue disappeared as all that suction she'd been applying evaporated in an instant. The sudden shift in stimulation was more than Percy could handle. He came, firing a load into Aphrodite's wide-open mouth.

She rolled off of him, sitting up so that he could see her face as she swished his cum around in her cheeks. Eventually, she swallowed.

"A tie!" she declared loudly.

"Bullshit!" Percy pushed himself up to a sitting position, glaring. "You totally came first!"

"But you came harder," Aphrodite said. "When did it ever become a race?"

"It was an implicit agreement forged in the heat of the moment!" he argued.

"I don't see proof anywhere," Aphrodite said innocently.

Percy rolled his eyes and pushed her back. She didn't fight it, falling back with a squeak and a giggle. A moment later he was on top of her.



“Tiebreaker?” he asked, lining his still-stiff cock up with the spot his tongue just exited.

“So you’re admitting it was a draw?”

Percy slammed his cock inside of her.

“Oooh,” Aphroditie moaned lowly, her lips stretching out in an O shape.

“That’s it! Stab me!”

Percy planted his hands on either side of her neck. He was on top, gravity helping as he plunged into her. Aphrodite’s tits bounced back and forth. As he fucked her, the goddess brought one to her mouth. They were so big that it easily reached. She held eye contact with Percy as she sucked the protruding nipple.

It felt great. There was something different about Aphrodite’s body, something extra, like just being in her presence made a person’s pleasure receptors go haywire. Percy could’ve fucked her like that for hours, and as long as his dick didn’t go soft he would’ve been completely content doing it.

But that wasn’t what he set out to do. He didn’t want to bed her, he wanted to prove a point. So after only a few minutes, he rolled her over on her side.

Percy pulled one of her legs up, hugging it to his chest. His other hand dipped down, spanking her oh-so-soft ass.

In the new position he was penetrating her in a different way. The angle had shifted, reinventing the sensations. He didn’t give her any time to adjust, continuing right where he left off.

Just as the new position was settling in, Percy changed things up again. He threw the leg he was holding down on the bed, rolling Aphrodite around on her stomach. He went back to pounding from above, this time leaning in flat to her back.

She smelled incredible, somewhere between a spice cabinet and a flower patch. The immaculate curls of her long blond hair had somehow survived unscathed. Magic, it had to be. Percy pressed his chest to her back, wrapping an arm around her throat. Aphrodite’s face was forced to turn to the side.

Percy was there to meet it.

His tongue entered the goddesses’ mouth. He kissed with all the dexterity and passion he could bring to bear. His hips never stopped. Despite the cock rampaging through her innards and the muscular arm tight to her neck, Aphrodite responded with almost inhuman skill, kissing him right back. Percy refused to lose. It was Aphrodite who broke the kiss first, moaning huskily.

“You like that?” Percy asked. “It was your daughter who taught it to me.”

He pulled up, separating from her back again. It felt like a tragedy to lose so much of Aphrodite's warmth, but it was worth it in the long run. His fingers grasped those immaculate curls and yanked. Aphrodite was dragged up on her knees. Still thrusting, Percy delivered his heaviest spank yet.

"I learned this from another of your daughters," he said. "I wondered where she got this streak from. Now I know."

The harder he went, the more he pulled her hair, the tighter Aphrodite became. She alternated between moans and yelps. Percy landed more spanks like the first, beating her flawless skin bright red.

Finally, Percy flipped Aphrodite back into the position she started. The goddesses' eyelids fluttered as her raw backside was reintroduced to the blanket. Almost counterintuitively, Percy slowed from the frantic pace he'd been maintaining. At the judges table, Silena smiled widely.

"Hard can be good," Percy said, "but someone showed me that it won't beat technique. To do this right, you need timing. You need *rhythm*."

A song began to play in his head. The imaginary record swelled and sunk between its chords, and Percy synced his hips up with the imaginary tune. Sex was a song. Sex was a dance.

The air in the Aphrodite cabin was becoming humid. In his peripherals, Percy could see Piper leaning her chair back as she watched, a hand shoved down her pants. Valentina was chewing her lip with an inordinately proud expression. Drew gripped the table, eyeing her mother with unsuppressed jealousy.

Silena just beamed.

"Ten!" she announced loudly, making the other judges turn toward her.

"Ten!" Valentina added after only a moment's hesitation.

"Nine—" Drew cut off as three glares instantly bored into her. "What, am I ruining the moment? Fine. *Ten*. There, happy?"

Percy's hips clapped against Aphrodite's body with a resolute smack. The song in his head was striking the climax of its final chorus. His body wailed for release. Aphrodite's legs rose up, wrapping around him and trapping his cock in her depths. At the same time, her arms grabbed his shoulder and pulled him down.

He exploded. The orgasm burst out in her deepest parts, and her legs refused to let Percy pull back. Every last drop was emptied in her pussy as her body shook wildly.

“TEN!” Aphrodite howled along with the orgasm, before pulling Percy’s lips down to her own, kissing him as deeply as anyone ever had before.

Even as his tongue worked, Percy’s mind was elsewhere. One thought repeated in his head.

He’d passed. Not just the test, but the rigorous standards of the love goddess herself. The lessons were finally done, and more than that, they had worked. He learned all the tricks a man could need, along with earning the experience necessary to use them.

He was finally — *finally* — ready.

His grin that formed didn’t have a single thing to do with the naked goddess underneath him

## *The Date*

Some scenes not even a camera could capture. This was one of those, Percy decided, and he swore to himself never to forget it even if he fell into the Lethe.

He and Annabeth sat at the end of the boat dock, just the two of them. The stars were out, old friends and ancient myths gazing down as they sat and talked and laughed, polished-off plates of pasta between them. Percy moved his hand in aimless patterns, conjuring water in exciting shapes and dazzling patterns, but for his money the most beautiful sight wasn't anything to do with the lake. It was Annabeth's smile, bright and simple, and he couldn't get enough of. From her slight dimples to the way the moonlight reflected her bright blond hair, there wasn't a thing he would change.

The watershow he was putting on got sloppier as he stole more glances at his girlfriend. The mistakes culminated when a watery drakon accidentally flew too close, clipping the lovers with its wing and splashing water across their clothes and the wood of the dock.

Percy got rid of the water with a quick thought, but he couldn't help his blush.

Annabeth crossed her arms, smiling. "You know you can look, right? You don't have to hide it."

"I am so glad you said that," Percy said.

So look he did.

He looked at her gray dress—gray, not silver. She'd already corrected him once. Silver was the color of weapons, of Reyna's automaton dog, of Artemis and chastity. Gray was the color of Athena. It was the color of Annabeth's eyes. Gray was *her* color, and so that's what this dress was: gray.

And boy, did she make the dress look like it was hers. The fabric shimmered softly everytime she moved. It hugged her body in a classy way, just tight enough to feed your eyes rumors about what was beneath. Her tan shoulders stuck out the top, contrasting both the fabric and her golden hair in a way that just worked. Owl-shaped earrings dangled from her ears, gifts from Percy himself to celebrate their two-year anniversary.

"Like what you see?"

Percy didn't hesitate to say, "So, so much."

Annabeth smirked. She reached over, placing her hand on top of his, and their fingers weaved together a moment later.

Percy had allowed the water to settle back into its peaceful waves as he drank in his girlfriend's appearance, but that didn't stop Annabeth from looking out over the lake with pure joy.

"I love this place," she said.

"Camp?"

"Here, specifically. You know why?"

Of course he did.

"The kiss."

Annabeth just nodded. "That wasn't even our first," she said.

"Mount Saint Helens. I remember."

"Right, here wasn't our first, but it was the *best*. It was when we knew everything was going to work out great. We haven't made a better moment than that one... but we've come close a few times."

Percy felt a smirk forming. "Think we could beat it tonight?"

Annabeth smirked back.

"I don't know," she said. "But it doesn't hurt to try."

Percy stood up. A helped Annabeth to her feet, using the hand she had curled in his. Together, perfectly in sync, they stepped off, plummeting into water that never touched them.

Down they sank, perfectly dry even as their hair floated up above their heads. When they were almost to the lake floor, Percy summoned an upward current to stop their momentum. He raised his arm, twisting Annabeth toward him as if they were dancing, albeit with much more grace than they'd shown at Westover all those years ago. Annabeth spun in close to his chest, and his arms wrapped around her, one against her shoulders and another on her lower back. She giggled, small bubbles trailing up toward the shining surface of the water distant overhead.

Their lips locked together.

So much had changed since the last time they were here. They were older, stronger, wiser. They'd fought another war, beating separation and Tartarus and the earth herself in the process. All for moments like this. You couldn't explain it, you couldn't ever give it an exact value, but holding the one you love is what makes every scrap of pain worth it. It's what you live for.

Which is why when that moment comes, being able to kiss them *really well* only makes it sweeter.

For as long as they'd been together Percy and Annabeth were fairly even kissers. That made sense, considering they were each other's practice partner.

But Percy had hit his limits in the last week and busted past them. When their tongues came together this time, he was as prepared as he'd ever been in his whole life.

His tongue darted around Annabeth's. Never tensing, it slid and slipped around her mouth faster than he would've thought possible before Valentina's lessons. He dominated Annabeth's tongue with a velvet touch. If Annabeth was moving at a waltz, Percy was swing dancing.

Which didn't mean he left her behind. There was nothing wrong with deliberate movements. He embraced what Annabeth offered, understanding what she was going for almost before she herself did, and locked their tongues together. He wasn't sure how long they went without pulling apart for a breath, only that it felt like they could've swam all the way to the surface in the time they ended up taking.

When, finally, they did break apart, both gasped for air, breathless, a little flushed, and maybe even slightly dizzy.

"Think we beat the moment this time?" Percy asked.

"It's a good start," Annabeth said hungrily. "Enough not to let this night end. If... if you're okay with that."

For the first time, a bit of uncertainty reached her voice. It wasn't an emotion he saw from her often, but it only made Percy pull her tighter.

A week ago he might've hesitated, purely out of self-doubt, but in that moment the only thing he thought to growl was, "All night long."

And boy, did that make her blush.

-

They kissed and laughed as they stumbled through camp, leaning against each other's bodies just to feel the warmth. Percy couldn't remember crossing camp this slowly before, but he also couldn't remember having so much fun doing it.

There was no doubt where they were headed. When they finally reached the Poseidon Cabin they stumbled inside as if drunk, finally pulling apart.

Annabeth reached for the straps of her dress, ready to pull it off, before Percy's hands stopped her. Not yet. He pulled her toward the bed.

There was no need to rush.

He guided Annabeth down, sitting her on the edge on the edge of the bed. He kissed her, bending forward to do it while his hands slid across her shoulders, trailing the faintest of touches onto her exposed skin. Goosebumps roamed in the

wake of his hands. He played with the straps of her dress, inching them closer to coming off. When they were at the brink, he stopped entirely.

His lips left Annabeth's, pressing into her nape. He felt her groan and dig her hands through his hair. As lovely as her neck felt, he didn't allow himself to spend long on it. In seconds he had moved on to her collarbone, then lower. He slid down her body until he was kneeling in front of her while she sat above him. Looking up, their eyes met.

Only they did his hands rapidly flick her dress straps off.

The second the gray fabric was loose, he grabbed the base and pulled it off of her, tossing it aside. The suddenness made Annabeth gape. She made no move to cover herself, and Percy realized he wasn't the only one that prepared for this.

Lacy lingerie in the same color as the dress half-shielded Annabeth's modesty. It wasn't anywhere near as outrageous as what the Aphrodite girl's wore, but Percy didn't care at all. On Annabeth, anything would be the best that he'd ever seen.

The scraps of fabric weren't even the point. What thrilled him was what it represented. She cared about this night just as much as he did.

He'd known that already, rationally, but seeing it confirmed like this made it feel all the more real.

And he knew exactly what it made him want to do.

Percy shifted his weight forward. He let Annabeth's legs ride up on top of his shoulders as his arms reached behind her. They grasped her ass, not as huge as Valentina's but oh so different, tight and tense with muscle as his fingers dug in. Annabeth stiffened, already letting out a moan.

He leaned into her crotch, teeth grabbing firm hold of the fabric. And in one violent motion he whipped his head back, tearing the panties off of her

Annabeth gulped. "Whoa..."

Percy spat the panties out and stared up at her. "We haven't even started yet.

Annabeth shuddered. A moment later, as Percy buried his face in her crotch, her back arched like a Khopesh.

Percy moved hungrily. He moved ferociously. His hands pushed Annabeth toward him while his tongue drove forward into her. He felt her grab clumps of his hair. To start he purposefully avoided the clit, letting her adjust to the feeling of his tongue.

When finally he felt that he'd stalled enough, feeling Annabeth's reactions beginning to wane, he made his move. He stood up, and with her legs over his shoulders the shift made her fall back on the bed, her legs going into the air.

All at once Percy's tongue targeted the clit he'd been ignoring. He went after it wildly, making up for lost time. Annabeth gaped and gasped. Her hands came down next to her shoulders, helping support and trying to stabilize herself.

Percy's hands moved too. They gripped her sides, holding her steady while his tongue did its work. He tasted her arousal. He felt the way she tensed.

"I'm getting close!" Annabeth shouted.

If the end was coming anyway, Percy would meet it with a bang. His fingers slipped off her sides to deftly unlatch her bra, moving with competency he couldn't have dreamed of a week earlier. As he pulled her bra away her breasts came free, perky and more than a handful each, being pulled down toward her face by gravity. Percy tossed the bra away and groped them hungrily. The whole time his tongue never slowed even slightly.

Pulling his mouth away, Percy allowed Annabeth to orgasm. There was force behind it, a spray that flew nearly a foot before splattering against his bed. Those sheets would be getting much dirtier before this night was over.

He moved Annabeth's legs off his shoulders, allowing her to fall completely onto the bed. After a dazed moment catching her breath, she rolled over on her stomach.

Percy had pulled off his shirt and was going for his pants when he felt hands at his belt. Looking down, he found Annabeth unbuckling them. She made eye contact as she pulled them down.

"My turn," she said.

Percy knew better than to argue. Which was good, because he was completely on board with this.

His cock was completely hard the moment it came into sight. Of course it was, with his naked girlfriend being the one pulling down his pants. Annabeth just stared at it for a moment. She wrapped her hand around his shaft, pulling up and down in one deliberate jerking motion. She nodded to herself... and then plunged him into her throat.

Laying on the bed while Percy stood next to it, her head was naturally at crotch-level with him, and she made complete use of that as she stuffed him down her mouth. He felt her tongue, caught on the side of her mouth, and when she pulled back a moment later she coughed a few times, which didn't stop her from attacking his cock again the moment she was done.



Percy groaned. He drew his hands against the back of her head, petting her pretty golden hair. He was careful not to push her down or prevent her from retreating. Her technique was amateurish compared to Valentina or Drew, and Percy didn't care one bit. She wasn't great at this, but she was trying, pumping all her desires into the task of making him *feel*. That counted more than any roll of the tongue or trick of the throat ever could.

"I love you," Percy found himself saying.

He was pretty sure Annabeth said it back. His cock could feel the vibrations of her vocal chords working.

The instincts that his second lesson had instilled in him rose up, demanding that he hold himself back, and to tell the truth it wouldn't have been much of a challenge to listen. As wonderful as Annabeth's efforts were, Percy had become extremely good at keeping his balls on standby over the last week.

But he didn't. Five minutes after Annabeth started her work, Percy let himself go, cumming straight into her mouth.

This wasn't the right part to drag out. Annabeth was pushing herself trying to make him feel good. She needed a sign that she was succeeding.

He could tell that the taste of his sudden spunk caught her off-guard. Her eyes widened as she pulled off of him. Her head turned toward the floor, cheeks puffing as she almost spat on reflex before she caught herself, pressing a hand to her lips to prevent any from leaking. As soon as she adjusted, she looked up at him. Slowly, she swallowed.

Percy couldn't hold himself back and pounced.

He jumped onto the bed, rolling her over onto her back with him on top. Their bodies wrapped together even more tightly than they had on the walk over, now naked and even warmer than ever. Percy found Annabeth's lips. He bit her neck. He sucked her collarbone. And every time he moved on to a different part, his heart ached that he couldn't have every inch of her at once.

But Annabeth wasn't passive. When he kissed her, she kissed back. When His mouth moved lower, she bent her neck, nipping his ears. They started to roll— sometimes he was on top, sometimes she was. Both of them were completely focused on giving as good as they got.

This continued right up until they rolled one more time and Percy hit something hard. He'd been backed up against the headboard, his shoulders propped against it, while Annabeth had free reign on top of him. And she wasn't wasting any time in taking advantage.

She sat up straight, propped on her knees. Her hand reached back around her ass, gripping the base of his shaft and pointing it upward. Her eyes wouldn't leave Percy's as she did it. For the first time in minutes their mouths weren't on each other, but that didn't make the moment any less enrapturing.

Percy felt his cock tracing over moist, hairy skin. It moved left, right, then slightly left again. There! He felt Annabeth's entrance at the same time it must've felt him. Annabeth chewed her. His hands wrapped lightly around her hips, just to show he was there, that he was supporting her.

She dropped herself down.

He filled her slowly, in a chain of incremental inches. Every time she pushed another part in, Annabeth would gasp and stop, only to start up again a moment later. Pain flickered on her features, but this was Annabeth. After you walked through Tartarus this much was like a paper cut.

Percy still hated every second of it.

He almost held his breath until finally, with a few heavy breaths, Annabeth reached the base. She caught her breath slowly, hands holding onto Percy's forearms for support.

She started moving after a moment's rest. The last vestiges of pain lessened rapidly before finally disappearing entirely. Annabeth wasted no time in capitalizing on it. Once she could move freely, she hurled everything she had into bouncing her hips.

Percy let go of her, allowing his hands to rest at his sides. Watching her blond curls bounce behind her perfect face and its magic, flushed smile, filled Percy with urges. He wanted to flip them over right away, to trap her beneath him and bathe her in every single trick he worked so hard to learn.

But he held back. A spectral Valentina appeared in his mind, wagging her finger sternly. He couldn't just think about himself. Sex had more than one performer on the stage.

So he lay there, allowing Annabeth to bounce up and down on his length, and he did *nothing*.

Annabeth filled the space left by his inaction with gusto. The longer she went the more confident her hips grew, bouncing on his cock with more speed and increasing flare. She giggled and laughed even as she moaned, striking the perfect pace to make her first time comfortable. She bent forward.

Without her hips stopping, Annabeth kissed Percy. He hadn't expected it, which allowed her tongue to take the lead the way his had earlier. Percy decided

he was more than okay with that. He closed his eyes, enjoying his time as the one being led.

The kiss lasted a long minute, but Annabeth didn't linger. She bent completely flat against him, closing her teeth around Percy's nipples. His muscular body stiffened, then went soft in a way he wasn't used to. Annabeth's rising and dipping ass was visible across her lithe back. Percy gripped the sheets feeling like he needed help keeping stable, even though he was laying on his back.

His girlfriend really was smart. He always knew that, but sometimes there were moments that just made him stop and say, 'Wow.' Her mouth bit with varying amounts of force. She mixed in smacks of her lips and flicks of her tongue as she worked against the sensitive tips of his chest.

But the really impressive thing was that she was gauging his reactions. If licking after a bite made him shudder, she would file that away as effective. If she chewed too hard and he flinched, her teeth would never close that hard again. She was learning as the minutes ticked by, all while riding him for the first time ever. That was analysis on a completely different level.

Percy was trapped in that Elysian experience for a full twenty minutes before cracks began to form. Annabeth was still working frantically, but the techniques she'd so impressively built up were starting to falter. It took Percy a moment to notice why, and when he finally understood he felt like an idiot.

Her hips were growing jerkier. Her mouth still worked against his body, but sweat was shining on her skin, and her breathing had become audibly harsher. She was simply tired.

What started as simply allowing her time to take the lead had become something different. He got so wrapped up in the moment that he completely forgot how taxing this must be.

He was going to fix that, but first he couldn't let all this work go unrewarded.

"I'm going to cum," he warned Annabeth.

She pulled her lips off his chest, panting.

"Inside!" she said. "Today's safe! I picked it on purpose!"

He obliged. His hands wrapped around her hips one more time as he emptied his balls for the second time, thoroughly filling her.

That was enough to push Annabeth into a climax of her own. Her eyelids fluttered, and her head fell to rest against Percy's chest. She could've fallen

asleep against him right then and there, but they could still make this nighty better.

Annabeth yelped as Percy slipped out from under her. She started to roll over, but Percy put his hands on her hips, stopping her with her stomach still toward the bed.

“Relax,” he ordered. “I’ll take it from here.”

He felt her shudder at the authority in his voice. She listened, tucking her head into one of the pillows.

Percy guided her hips into the air, making sure her knees were braced beneath her. He put one foot on the bed beside her while keeping his other knee flat, so that he was half squatting and half kneeling. It was the perfect position for stability... and, of course, speed.

He started off simple. He struck a decent pace, claps of his hips against her ass spaced out by a second or two each. He watched Annabeth’s reactions, making sure she didn’t flinch. Only when he was completely certain she was comfortable did he move on.

This part he didn’t build into. He sped up to the fastest speed he could strike, their bodies suddenly colliding multiple times each second. Annabeth’s low moans became yells as pleasure flooded her. She came, and Percy didn’t stop for a moment.

Ten whole minutes. Ten minutes of this almost impossible pace. Ten minutes of the room heating up, turning humid from the releases of their bodies. Ten minutes of dripping sweat and shrieking bed hinges. Ten minutes of Annabeth shouting out her pleasure for him to hear, and him grunting as he poured all his strength into fucking her.

The pillow Annabeth had shoved her face into was now glued to the headboard, pressed there and held fast by her own head. She’d slid forward as Percy relentlessly mashed against her, but she certainly wasn’t complaining. Five times she’d cum as he ravaged her. When he ultimately, finally couldn’t hold the pace anymore, he didn’t stop entirely.

Instead, Percy dropped his pace to the slowest yet, but struck with the force of a mace on each thrust. The rhythmic bangs were the loudest noise yet, spaced out by multiple seconds.

Percy slapped Annabeth’s ass and watched it jiggle. He heard her gasp through the pillow.

“You like that?” Percy asked.

So that he could hear her answer, he grabbed her hair. Far gentler than he'd been with Drew or Aphrodite, but still hard enough to drag her head up and pull golden curls taut.

"I looove it," Annabeth moaned. The raw pounding she'd taken had already affected her speech, leaving her slurring words.

He smacked her ass again. "You really like it?"

"Fuck me," Annabeth begged. "Pound me, Peeercy!"

She came again, but Percy was well and truly using his second lesson now. He could've cum anytime, but he was holding it all back. It would be a waste like this.

He knew how he wanted to cum. So after delivering another chain of slaps to Annabeth's ass, he flipped her over.

In seconds he had her pressed up against the headboard. Her legs were pushed straight up in the air while her face was right in front of his. Her pussy was trapped between his hips and the wall, finding no give as he continued pounding her.

Their eyes met. Annabeth's were half-lidded, and she was still moaning incessantly, but her lips were turned up in a dopey smile. Percy captured them with his own, pushing his tongue into her mouth, and only then did he allow himself to climax.

They stuck in that position without moving for at least a minute, their tongues locked together and his cock still filling her dripping pussy. When Percy finally pulled back, Annabeth fell past him and landed bonelessly on the bed.

"That was amazing," she moaned.

Her eyes widened as Percy's body descended on top of her, something long stiff and wet still rubbing her lower back.

"It was one hell of a start," Percy said in her ear. "I've already cum three times. I've probably only got two more in me."

Annabeth whimpered the happiest little whimper he'd ever heard as he shoved himself between her legs again.

More than an hour later, the two lay on the floor of the cabin. The stained sheet from the bed was on the floor with them, twisted up around their legs. Both were sweaty, stinky, and all around filthy. Cumstains were spattered across Annabeth's face, breasts and back, while a consistent stream leaked out between her legs into a growing pool on the floor. Percy, meanwhile, was covered in lipstick and other smeared makeup in at least a dozen places. His nipples were swollen and sensitive even under the touch of air, red circles around

each of them. Bites and love bruises decorated their bodies like badges of honor. Both Annabeth and Percy were staring dazedly at the ceiling, exhausted but somehow still awake.

“How... In the... world did... you get so... *good* at this?” Annabeth panted out, long pauses between each batch of words.

“I don’t know,” Percy said. “I guess Love itself was just looking out for me.”

Just then, the wooden door burst open. Percy and Annabeth sat bolt upright in time to watch four bodies topple face-first into the room, landing in an awkward pile with a chain of squeaks.

From the bottom, Valentina Diaz said, “I told you not to push harder!”

“Well sor-ry!” said Drew Tanaka. “I just wanted to find out if they were still fucking!”

“Um, they definitely aren’t now,” Piper said, blushing.

Rounding out the pile, Silena gave us a cheerful little wave, as if she’d just seen us around camp and not been caught peeping with her sisters.

Annabeth crossed her arms, smiling slightly as she shook her head. “Love, I presume?”

**The End.**

### *Extra Credit Question*

“Is this the part where we throw away our morals and engage in a highly erotic polyamorous relationship as the scene descends into a blistering ten-thousand-word-orgy that goes until the four of us have to steal Chiron’s wheelchair just to move around?” Drew asked.

“No!” everyone shouted.

Silena smacked the back of her head. “And stop breaking the fourth wall just because the story’s over!”

Drew shuddered with pleasure, both from the hit and from the degradation.

“How about just the orgy part?” she asked.

“No!” we shouted.

“Maybe,” Annabeth said.

Everyone turned to her.

“But I’m going to need a shower first,” she said. “And a very, very large strap-on.”