

If I'm Honest – Chapter Ten (Part 2 of... ?)

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Chapter Ten – Madison (Revisited) & Vitamin K (Pt. 2)

My plan was just to walk around the house and see each of the girls for a few moments in turn, but again, that was *my* plan, and the girls clearly had other thoughts on their minds. And it didn't help that Harvey was keeping a conversation going with me the whole time.

As much as this is a gift for you accepting my guidance, there's also going to be a lot of lessons for us to talk about during all of this, Harvey thought inside of my head. This whole thing will be a bit like speed dating, where I learn a lot of little things at once, all of which I can compile into picking better partners for you.

“At this point, I feel like you should know everything you need to know about me, Harvey.”

You're a riddle wrapped in a puzzle circled by an enigma, Deke. I only know what I see and what you tell me. The voice in my head paused for a minute. *And I don't know that I can believe everything you tell me, because you don't necessarily know what you want.*

“I don't think you're going to learn a whole lot by throwing seven cheerleaders at me simultaneously, Harv.”

Oh, you might be surprised. Each of these seven has at least an attribute or two that you've led me to believe you're into. Once you're actually fucking around with them, I can start to employ my skills and see what does and doesn't look like it's working in terms of your fates.

“Well, I've already hooked up with Madison, so you know she's not the one.”

Not necessarily, Harvey said to me. She might have changed. The situation might have changed. Shit, you might have changed. It's highly unlikely, but it doesn't hurt to double check my work sometimes. I'm only a magical bracelet created by a Roman goddess who's mostly faded into obscurity by now. Sometimes I'm going to get things wrong.

“That's not a real confidence booster in your abilities, Harv.”

Look, once I know, I'll just know, okay? I know how fucking weird that sounds, but you just sort of need to trust me on this.

“Whatever you say, Harv.”

I headed into my kitchen and found that the Latina girl with the braided pigtails was doing her best to clean off my stove, which, I have to admit, was a little funny to watch. See, I generally clean up everything after I cook, but I always seem to miss stuff on the stove top itself, and that means it gets encrusted around the burners or on the surface top. For months, I've been meaning to do a hard clean of the top of it, but now it looked like I didn't have to, as Kennedy seemed to have gotten a butter knife from my drawer to help her scrape it away, a bottle of Windex and a roll of paper towels sitting off to one side.

“Hiya Mister King!” Kennedy said to me, looking over her shoulder at me. “Give me just one second to get this encrusted cheese off...”

“You don't—”

It didn't really matter what I said, because Kennedy pried the encrusted cheese off and flicked it into the wastebasket she'd pulled out from under my sink and brought over to throw away all of the paper towels she'd covered in dirt and grease.

“No no, I got it!” she said, turning to face me, leaning forward a little to make her large breasts press together. “How lucky am I that you came into the kitchen first?” she said, clapping her hands. “Does that mean I get to be the first lucky girl to get a turn on the King train?”

The King Train? Harvey asked me.

“You have been with me the *whole* time, Harvey,” I thought at the bracelet. “Never once have I called it that.”

Well, don't start calling it that.

I looked over the girl. She still had on the Udub cheerleader skirt, and was wearing a pair of white Addidas with little white socks on, but other than that, she was nude, her voluminous tits on display for my eyes, her body language doing everything she could to draw my attention to them, as if she was used to having them stared at and knew what to do to either encourage or discourage the behavior.

No need for you to guess which she was doing for me.

“Is... is that something you actually *want*, Kennedy? I mean, if you're just doing this because I won the raffle, you don't have—”

“That's just an excuse for all of us to do this, Mr. King,” Kennedy said, walking over towards me. “When Madi got talking about what a great fuck you were—”

“She wasn't supposed to tell *anyone* about it...”

“Aw, c'mon, Mr. King,” Kennedy said with a smile. “You gave her the best fuck of her life. Of course she was gonna tell her friends about it. Anyway, once she told us, we were all super jealous and wanted to have a go at you, but we couldn't think of an easy way to convince you to have a go at all of us, and if it was just one or two of us, well, that totally didn't seem fair to the rest of the girls she'd told about what a great fuck you were.”

“So you're all really gonna do this, huh?”

“Absofuckinglutely, Mr. King!” she said, moving in very close to me. “Although I think most of the girls on the squad would be happier if you didn't have any interest in butt stuff.” She looked around the room, as if making sure the two of them were the only ones in it. “I mean, some of the girls might be into it, but I think most of us are afraid it would hurt too much. We'd still do it, if that's what you wanted, because the customer is always right, but, well, like, we all saw how Madi was walking the next day, y'know?”

“I'm not gonna make any girl do anything she doesn't want to, Kennedy,” I told her. “That's uncool, and very much not my style.”

She reached out with one hand to brush her fingertips across my pectorals through my shirt, having to reach up to them, looking up at me with big soft brown eyes. “Well, Kasey likes to pretend she's saying 'no no no' when really she's saying 'yes harder harder,' so maybe keep that in mind when her number comes up, okay?” She licked her lips, twisting impatiently back and forth on one of her heels. “Can... is it okay if I see it now?”

“It's just a cock, Kennedy,” I told her with a smile. “There's nothing magic about it.”

Not entirely true, but I guess I'll allow it.

“I mean, you *say* that, Mister King,” Kennedy said as she slowly started to slide down onto her knees, “but Madison's fucked a *lot* of guys, and she talks shit about almost *all* of them. After you, though, she started comparing everyone else afterwards to you, like you were the gold standard in fucking. Like all other dicks she had for the rest of her life were going to be compared...” she said, tugging down my jeans and boxers to whip out my cock, only at half mast despite the parade of naked flesh running through my house. “...to this monster. Dios mio, Mister King... it's beautiful.”

“It's not all that, Kennedy,” I said to her, but she was already pressing gentle kisses to my shaft, running the head of it across her lips.

The Latina girl pipped with musical amusement, humming along the length of my dick before she wrapped her head around the tip of it and enveloped it with her mouth, turning her eyes to look up at me in adoration and excitement, smiling around my cock as she slowly began to push it deep into her mouth and throat.

Her fingers curled around the base of it, pushing to keep my balls cupped with that one palm, while the other hand slid up and grabbed one of my hands, bringing it down to her head, as if she wanted me to guide her.

As if in response to the quizzical look I was shooting her, she popped her lips off my dick for a moment. “I've only blown, like, four guys before, so I don't know if I'm any good at it,” she said shyly,

“and Madi said you were such a good coach for the butt stuff that you might be a good coach for the other stuff too, so if you can help me be a better cocksucker, I'd super appreciate it, sir.”

“It's just like anything with sex, Kennedy,” I told her with a grin. “There isn't *one* right or wrong way to do things; it's just a matter of what people like.”

“Then maybe show me a bunch of things people like, and, like, I'll take it from there...”

“Just don't use your teeth and experiment around,” I said. “Sometimes people don't even know they'll like something until you try it on them.”

“Okay, sir, I'll poke around a bit...” She slipped her lips back down onto my cock, working it deep into her mouth until the head of my shaft was pressed against her throat, never once taking her eyes off my face, even as I saw her brown eyes start to water up a little bit. She was trying, bless her heart, to take my shaft down to the hilt, but she just hadn't practiced enough to do that yet, so I used my hand on her head to pull her face back a bit, letting her drawn in a thankful wheeze of air.

“The reason most guys like blowjobs, Kennedy, is because it gives them a feeling of power, a sense of control, something they may not always get in their day-to-day lives,” I said, as she pushed her lips back down onto my shaft. “Much like when a guy's going down on you, you should feel like a queen getting worshiped, like you're the center of your man's attention.”

Kennedy giggled a little bit, pulling her head back. “When a guy's going down on me, I feel like he's trying to figure out how his tongue works, not really paying attention to my vagina.”

“Then you definitely need to get better boyfriends, Kennedy,” I laughed. She slipped her head back down once more, and I stroked my palm across the top of her head, leaning my head back just a little bit, hearing a little giggling sound coming from the door.

My eyes glanced over that way, and I saw the door was open just a little bit, and I could see two pairs of eyes on the other side of it peeking in, although the light difference between my kitchen and my dining room meant I couldn't tell *who* was looking in.

It wasn't like Kennedy was bad at blowjobs, but it was clear she was simply inexperienced at it, or that she'd just had boys who were so easy to pop that it only took a few seconds of head bobbing to get them off. I wasn't that guy.

My kitchen has three doors leading into it, one from the living room, one from the dining room and one leading into the back yard. The one from the dining room still had two eyes peeking in as the one from my living room opened and Madison strolled in, a broad smile on her face.

“You want a hand, Kennedy?” she said to her.

Kennedy popped her mouth up off my cock and looked up at her friend with a little bit of a pout. “I must be bad at this, 'cause normally a dude would be done by now,” she sighed. “Am I a bad cocksucker, Mr. King?”

“Kennedy, you're not—” I started, but Madison put a fingertip to my lips before she knelt down next to Kennedy.

“Don't ask him that,” she scolded the other girl. “It puts him in an impossible position. If he tells you you're not a good cocksucker, you feel bad. If he tells you that you *are*, you aren't going to try and get any better. If you were *bad* at it, he'd probably have offered you some suggestions on what to do, and if he hasn't done that, you just need to spot the cues.”

Madison flicked her tongue along the length of my dick before moving to press a kiss against Kennedy's lips, the other girl gasping just a little bit before leaning into the kiss. The two locked lips for a moment, and Kennedy seemed to be getting very much into the kiss before Madison moved their lips to push the head of my cock between them, so they were kissing each other around my shaft.

The two girls slid their mouths down together along my prick before working back up, Madison helping Kennedy push her head down firm, an inch or so deeper than she had before. “If you can't go deep, then go fast,” Madison said. “And work on deep some other time. And rub his balls with one hand while you do it.”

Kennedy popped her head off and looked over at Madison with a conspiratorial smile. “What do

I do with my other hand?"

"I usually rub my my clit or finger myself," Madi laughed. "Just cause I'm focusing on someone else doesn't mean I can't have a bit of fun." She moved to get behind Kennedy, sliding one of her hands down to cup one of the Latina's puffy nipples, the other hand reaching down beneath Kennedy's skirt, taking care of tending to the girl's clit for her. "Go on. Go fast and frantic, and you'll get him off quick."

The cheerleader took the lesson to heart, and starting making excessive noise, slobbering all over my cock as she started to thrust her face onto it, while I leaned forward, pushing my cock just a little more, my hands both resting on her head, where she'd left them. The faster she went, the more I could feel my resistance grumbling.

"Make sure she swallows, Deke," Madi said, looking up at me, licking her lips. "At least most of it. I won't mind if the little slut wants to share some with me."

Kennedy was groaning and wheezing on my dick, blowing out her cheeks to rush air along my dick along with all the spit. I'd like to tell you it was Kennedy's technique, but it was the intense eye-fucking that Madison was giving me that finally pushed me over the edge. I made sure to cum into Kennedy's mouth, and the Latina drew her head back finally, pursing her lips together to keep my spunk contained before she kissed Madison, and the two of them both swallowed my jizz, not letting any droplets of it before the two girls started giggling, breaking the kiss, both of them looking up at me with minxish smiles.

"Don't worry, Mister King," Kennedy said to me, licking up a little bit of cum that lingered on the head of my cock. "I'll keep practicing, and I'll get better! Promise!"

Madison stood up and then helped Kennedy to her feet. "Why don't you head up to the third floor studio and get to work there? I'll make sure Deke continues his tour."

Kennedy nodded with a grin. "A'ight. If I'm honest, you're loads of fun, sir, but I'm soooo not ready to settle down yet. See you in a bit" She then scooted over towards the dining room door, heading through it. The two sets of eyes that had been there had disappeared at some point during when I was getting blown, so I don't know who it was.

Kennedy. Pros? Cons?

I made sure I thought, and didn't say, my opinions back to the bracelet, as I tucked my cock away and rebuttoned my jeans. "She's nice enough, I guess, although she seems pretty inexperienced, and I don't think that's what I'm looking for at my age."

No need for a virgin so you're exploring uncharted territory?

"The idea of being the first for a girl's time at anything is, if you ask me, over rated. Why the fuck would I want to be the only experience someone had with sex? You learn more the more practice you have, so there's nothing wrong with people who've gotten around a bit."

But if you're with someone who doesn't know any better, you can teach them exactly how you like things done. Doesn't that hold some appeal?

"I mean, I guess, for some people maybe," I thought to Harvey. "But not me. Because if I'm teaching them how I like it done, I'm not learning *new* ways that I *might* like it done. Everything's always being done one way and experimentation's at the bottom of the barrel. That doesn't work for me, because the minute you stop learning, you might as well be dead."

Hey, it's your life, Derrick. I'm just trying to figure out how to serve you best.

Madison nudged me a little bit. "You're not mad at me for all of this, are you?" she asked with a mischievous little titter of laughter. "I was taking about my first time with anal, and the girls had *so* many questions that I completely forgot I wasn't supposed to tell them who you were."

I grinned sideways at her. "I'm more worried that I won't be able to keep up. You promised I'm paying out six girls, and I dunno if you know this, but the older men get, the longer the refractory period gets. I know teenager boys can knock out three or four in a day without much of a problem, but me, I ain't so young any more."

"Look, you get three done tonight, and then you can do the other three tomorrow after we all

wake up.”

“You're all going to sleep here?”

“We're not high schoolers, Deke,” Madi said, giving my ass a squeeze with her hand. “We're all college girls and if we want to have ourselves a slumber party at your house, we don't have to ask anybody's permission or tell anyone where we are. Hell, at least a few of us are old enough to have a few beers while we're here, if you're sharing. But if you don't feel okay with that, I get it, and I'm sort of playing captain tonight, even though I'm just a freshman.”

“I think it's hilarious that you think it's going to take a whole day to clean my house,” I said. “Especially considering how many of you there are.”

“You've got a two story house, with a basement, and a backyard, not to mention your garage and car, Mr. King,” she told me. “Anybody who isn't fucking or sucking is supposed to be cleaning, because we want this whole place looking like it's brand new, so you can take pictures of it for your real estate broker.”

I cocked my head at her carefully. “What are you talking about? I'm not selling my place.”

“You aren't?” she asked, blinking her eyes in surprise. “Oh, maybe they just haven't come to talk to you yet. Someone's trying to buy up the entire block. I think they want to convert it into a condo complex or something. A guy came by and made an offer to my mom and dad last week. According to my dad, they offered him three times what the house is worth, so they decided to take it and move. Whoever it is, they also bought the Alonzo's house on the other side of my folks place, and the Gutierrez's place behind ours. I figured Dad would've told you over your monthly beer.”

I sighed, shrugging a little. “I've been a bit lax about that the last few month, Madi, because my life has been completely upended for a lot of reasons. Not just work, but personal life too. I've been out of town a bunch.”

“Oh,” she said. “Then maybe you should consider taking them up on their offer. I know this is your home, but with the amount of money they're offering, you could buy a way bigger home out on the outskirts or something. Or, shit, build a mountain mansion or something.” She licked her lips with a grin. “Like I said, Dad told me it was a *lot* of money. Mom was all hell-bent on not leaving, but then she saw the check, and she told Daddy that of *course* they were taking it.”

“Wait... *check*? They just bought the house *outright*? Like, 100% cash offer, no mortgages, no loans, just straight up full cash transfer?”

“Yeah, why? Is that uncommon?”

I rolled my eyes in amusement at her naivete. “Yeah, it's not exactly like most people have several million dollars laying around, Madi. Your folks place is probably worth nearly a mil, if I had to ballpark it? What with all the upgrades I've done to mine, mine's probably worth a little *over* a mil. Buying up the whole block is a very significant investment, for anyone.” I frowned, scratching my chin. “And usually if they're doing something like that, they'd hit everyone on the same day, so nobody has time to warn anyone else. Holdouts tend to be able to ask for lots more money, so they try and avoid things like this.”

“Maybe you weren't home the day they bought everybody, and they've just been looking for you.”

“I guess that's possible.”

“Anyway,” Madison said, leading me to the dining room door. “You've got one down and five more to go.”

I laughed softly, as we reached the door. “I don't owe you one?”

“I think six will be more than enough to keep you taxed, so I just shared mine with Kennedy,” Madi said with a wink. “Let's move on to the dining room, shall we?”

The two of us set foot into the dining room, where the giant blonde, Kari, was dusting my chandelier that hung over the large table. I was a little thankful for her doing it, if I'm honest, because the thing is an absolute bitch to clean. I usually have to get the step ladder from the kitchen, but Kari

was inches taller than I am, and had long, reedy arms and legs. She almost seemed too tall to be a cheerleader, so I wondered if maybe she doubled as either a basketball player or a volleyball player.

“Oh, hey there Mister King,” Kari said to me, a wide and incredibly white smile shone my way. “I figured since I could get this myself, I might as well handle all the tall shit.” She gasped a little, giggling. “Sorry, I have kinda a potty mouth some times...”

“It's okay, Kari,” Madison said with a giggle. “Mister King *likes* a potty mouth.”

“Oh does he now?” Kari said with a coy wink. “So if I want him to just fuck me stupid, I should just say so?” She licked her lips before moving to slide her ass up onto my living room table, lifting one of her legs up to drape it over the high back of one of my dining room chairs. “I'm bendy and flexible, so if you just wanna put my ankles behind my head and test the strength of your dining room table, believe me, I'm down to fuck. I'm sick of dudes not really getting in there, just two pumps and then an apology... Madi told us she was *sore* after you were done with her. I wanna feel that way. I wanna feel like I got rode hard and put away wet. I wanna feel like you shoved a fucking telephone pole up my pussy. I wanna feel like you wanted me to learn what it feels like to get fucked in *half*.”

Madison strolled over to the table, and grabbed Kari's other leg, lifting it up and over another of my dining room chairs, so the statuesque blonde was spread wide for me, one of her hands reaching down to rub along her own cunt, trailing a fingertip along that tight slit, Kari's folds very neat and clinging together, as Madi grabbed the blonde's long, braided tail, flipping it over onto the girl's chest, lightly whipping her with it. “Kari's always complaining that none of the boys make her *feel* like she's been fucked, so why don't you give her a go, Mister King?”

I moved over towards her and shifted her so that her ass hung just a little off the edge of the table before taking one of her feet, pushing on her leg until it was bent back to be parallel with her body, her ankle pressed against one of her ears. Then I grabbed the other leg, lifting it up, going a bit more slowly this time, but the look on Kari's face was one of excitement, as she nodded. “That's it, fold me up and pound my pretzel pussy. Get the fuck in there...”

I unbuttoned my jeans again, realizing how silly it was that I'd just put them back on, pushing them down to get my cock out once more before lining it up, pushing it against Kari's cleft. As soon as I started to push in, Madi stepped over to get closer to me. “Don't dawdle. You heard the slut; get *in* there...” She was trying to push me quickly, but I was making it difficult, working my shaft into Kari's twat slowly instead of with the one brutal quick penetrating dive she'd been expecting.

That said, I also didn't stop until I was nuts deep inside of her, the feeling of her pelvic bone against mine a little jarring, but softened by the matte of blonde curls she had in a neat triangle wedge above it. Once I hit my deepest, she groaned, her arms wrapped around her legs and trying to reach to hold onto my forearms. “God that's good. Hit that shit. Fucking hit it...”

With the angle, I was able to get deep, feeling her body ooze and wriggle around me, as I drew back and then rocked forward again, swinging up and in, pushing into her, as Madi mostly just stood to the side and watched me rail this giantess, her legs keeping her tits from bouncing too much. The angle wasn't perfect – we were on my dining room table, not a bed, so the height wasn't ideal – but Kari didn't seem to mind, and she was babbling like I'd broken her and she didn't know how to stop talking within a minute or two.

“Harder harder fuck you feel so fucking good so much better than Brian fuck that cunt show it how it feels to be fucked by a real fucker you fucker oh fuck I'm gonna cum fuck I never cum from being fucked I never I never fuck I never cum but I'm gonna cum fuck fuck fuck I'm cumming holy fucking shit I'm fucking cumming I'm cumming you fucking fucker fuck me me I'm fucking cumming!”

Kari's hands grabbed onto my forearms and clung hard onto them as her eyes screwed shut and her head started to flick left and right then shake suddenly, as I felt her inner walls nearly vibrating she was clenching and relaxing so hard, so fast, and there was no way I was getting out of that, so I relaxed and let my second load of the day paint a Jackson Pollack along the inside of her cunt.

A few seconds later, I helped her lower her legs back down, knowing that staying in that position too long was going to be uncomfortable, no matter how much she'd done it, as I slipped back and out from her. She giggled a little. "Have to remember to make sure I didn't leave a puddle, or a smudge on the table," Kari said, leaning up to kiss me, holding my face against hers for a long moment before pulling back. "Now I know what *real* fucking is like. If I'm honest, you're wild but not athletic enough for me. Thanks Mister King!"

I chuckled, shaking my head, kicking off my shoes and stepping out of my jeans, folding them up and laying them on top of the dining room table. "I feel like putting these back on tonight is just a waste of everybody's time."

"Probably," Madison agreed, as we started to head out of the dining room and back towards the living room, making our way over towards the stairs.

"So who's Brian?" I asked her once we were out of earshot of Kari. "Ex-boyfriend?"

"Current boyfriend, actually," she giggled, as I stopped dead in my tracks.

"That's not okay with me, Madison," I said, turning to look at her. "We can continue this little game if you want, but if I find out anybody else here is cheating on their boyfriend, I'm going to shut the whole fucking thing down. I wouldn't have fucked that girl back there if I'd have known she has a boyfriend."

"It's not serious, Deke," Madi said, like I was the one being stupid.

"I don't give a shit, Madi," I told her, my hand grabbing her forearm. "Should I shut this little party down now?"

"Ow! No! Kari's the only one who's got a boyfriend, and she's gonna break up with him anyway. He just hasn't done it yet, okay? What's the big deal?"

"The big deal is that my last real relationship ended when I found out she was cheating on me with multiple other people," I said. "Fidelity may not mean much to you, but I am not going to be 'the other man' for anyone. Am I making myself fucking clear?"

Madi whitened when I told her that it was with multiple people that my last partner had cheated on me, as if that hadn't even occurred to her, and she nodded. "Yeah, I mean, yes, yes, Mister King, sir, sorry sir. It was fucking stupid of me, and I should've made her dump him before she came over here, but I won't let her do anything else with you until she calls him and dumps him, okay? I should've... fuck, I should've thought about that."

I sighed, lifting my hand from her arm in surrender. "That's... that's fine. Now you know and now you can ensure it doesn't happen again. And it better not happen again, because if I find out any of these girls are cheating on a boyfriend, I'm going to throw all of you out on your asses."

"I got it, Deke. I fucked up. I majorly fucked up. But I won't do it again."

Man, the fidelity thing for you is a real dealbreaker, isn't it?

"You get why, don't you?" I thought at Harvey.

Shit yeah, man, I get that. And it's not just on her, it's on me, too. I should've thought to look for that when I was setting this up. But Madison's telling the truth. Nobody else here's shacking up with someone on the reg.

"You wouldn't lie to me, would you, Harvey?"

Mislead you, maybe, but never outright lie, okay? And I get how much that bitch hurt you, so I won't forget again. My bad, kid.