

## What's the Matter with Megan?

May 2023 – Commission

Chapter Three

"Oh, um... okay! You're sure you don't want dessert, Natalie? Or anything?"

This guy's so awkward – so sincere and yet so utterly unsure of himself. We may both be in college, but sitting here in this mediocre little Italian restaurant, it feels more like he's a high school kid about to ask me to the prom. Corey, I think he said his name was – an English Lit major. I hate to break his naive little heart, but...

Some guys have it, and some don't. And he simply doesn't.

"No, no! I'm fine," I assure him, glancing around the room quickly to see if that waiter is anywhere nearby to settle the bill. "Really, it was super good. Really nice..." *Ugh, can we just go already?* It's Friday evening of a damn long week – and what with midterms approaching and all, I've got more than enough better things to do. I've got that group project to think about, and that class presentation to make slides for, and those readings to finish, and-

And yeah – in the back of my mind, I'm also wondering how Megan's doing.

She's out with Dan on a date again, of course. I'm reflecting on that fact even after we've paid and parted ways – after I've given all the bland smiles and polite thanks needed to shake that lame Corey guy off. I make my way through the cool night air, angling back along the darkened streets toward campus, but all the while my mind is very much with my them. With that handsome Dan... and how he looks at Megan... and how she gazes shyly up at him...

*Ugh. Goddammit, girl, jealousy isn't a good look!*

I manage to thrust those troublesome thoughts away long enough to figure out my next steps on that stupid group project. *Gotta DM Lexi to see if she's got that book the prof recommended. Check the references to see what sources they used. Yeah, that makes sense. And then...*

"Hey," I offer, clicking the door of 238 shut behind me and blinking in the bright glow of our little dorm. Anya's splayed out on the couch in her favorite torn Hot Topic jeans, two White Claw cans beside her and her phone in hand. "How's it going?"

She grunts out her typical noncommittal response, plucking out a single earbud with an air of dismal resignation. "Huh. Thought you were on a date." It's not a question, but for the sake of friendliness I pretend it is anyway. "Oh... yeah. I was. He was... I dunno. Nothing special."

"Sadge," Anya shrugs, uttering that enigmatic monosyllable in a tone that could be anything from deeply depressed to caustically sarcastic. And back to her phone she goes, her heavily mascara-ed eyes dropping once more into introverted withdrawal.

Ugh. Anya's not the worst roommate ever, I guess. But sometimes I wish she'd be a bit more... talkative? Willing to listen? Maybe even happy to see me? Kind of like... Megan?

And here we are: back at my roommate. I can't get her out of my mind – nor Dan, either. Ever since they showed up together, I've been unable to resist thinking and wondering about the two of them. I mean, they're good together, I guess? But then there was that weird movie date we had – and that little chat I caught between them on the way out...

*"Things are going to get very interesting tonight."*

Oh, my. What on earth had that handsome hunk actually meant? Megan isn't exactly the out-and-out slutty pervert type, you know. Hell, I think she's only had two other boyfriends before Dan. So when her guy talks about things getting *interesting*, and she's blushing up a storm... what does that even mean? For anyone other than Megan, I'd expect they'd be trying out... I dunno. 69'ing or eating each other's asses, I guess. Maybe trying a drunken threesome or something. But with *Megan*... well, I'd expect "interesting" to mean something more like "third base."

Then again, maybe she's secretly a lot sluttier than I think? Or maybe Dan's been corrupting her? I'm musing on the possibilities now as I tug off my clothes and pad into the shower. Yeah, maybe that last idea makes more sense. God knows that that handsome hunk is light-years ahead of poor Corey tonight in the sex appeal department. I mean, let's be honest! If Dan looked at me the way he was looking at Megan... if he told me to do *anything* while staring at me with those eyes of his... like if he told me to get down on my knees and suck his dick...

Hell, I'd happily do it – and *thank* him for it afterward.

*Hang on there, Natalie*, I tell myself with a shake, as the warm water cascades over me and my hands furtively slip down toward my tingling lady bits. *Listen, this is all just because you haven't had sexy times in a good long while. Anyone starts thinking dirty thoughts when they've been on edge for a week,*

*right? So maybe... hmm, maybe? Since Megan's not here – and since Anya's clearly not gonna hear anything through those earbuds of hers...*

I slip out of the shower and into the soft embrace of the towel, tugging it tight around me and shivering quietly at how it resembles a hug from a strong-armed guy. I'm dry soon enough – all except in one particular spot. But oh, I know that *that's* not going to change anytime soon...

Into pajamas. Into my designated top bunk. And then... *ooohhhh, yesss...*

Visions swirl behind my closed eyes now: technicolor visions of the most delightfully dirty things my horny imagination can cook up. Dan is ordering me into the bedroom. Megan's there, too – but she doesn't mind. Oh, no. She's already waiting for us: in just her lingerie, turning discreetly away with that shy little smile on her lips. And then she ceases to matter for the moment. For Dan's tugging me close: those massive hands closing around me, effortlessly removing my clothes with his gentle strength...

I half-roll onto my side, my fingers working deeper in my aching pussy. *Ugh, yes! Just like that-* I'm naked now in my vision, and I'm dropping to my knees. Dan's jeans are falling down around his muscular legs, and I can't help but stare up at that ... oh, that gargantuan cock of his! It's perfect – so thick, so long and lusciously curved...

"Yes, that's it. Open nice and wide. That's how he likes it..." Fantasy Megan's telling me, and I shudder as the first hints of an impending orgasm blossom deep within. *Of course I'll open! I'll open for you- I'll do anything-* I'm on my belly now, fingers working furiously, my other hand clenching in the silent intensity of my private pleasure. God, this fantasy is so- so good. So naughty and wrong, somehow – and yes, fuck me if that isn't precisely what's making it so... hot...

"Milk it..." That weird phrase of his comes back to me now, and my mouth begins working silently. For here in the world of my own private porno I'm staring up at him, feeling that gorgeous cock slipping in and out of my mouth, gagging me with its formidable length. And yet I suck. Because Dan is telling me to. Because Megan loves it when he's happy. Because she wants me to know exactly what it's like being with Dan when things get... *interesting...*

"Aahh!" "*Uuubhnnnn!*" "Hhhnnnnhhh-" "*Mmmmbbbmmmm...*"

I guess somewhere along the way, I lose count of the orgasms that ripple through me. It doesn't really matter, after all. All that matters is that one solid hour later, I'm lying back on my little

bunk, flushed and disheveled with quiet, suddenly self-conscious fatigue. *Ugh. I- that was good, yeah. Fucking good. Especially that bit when I was imagining him pushing me down on the bed... thrusting inside...*

But now, I'm starting to have second thoughts. After all, the things I was thinking about were, well... Not exactly PG. Not by a long shot. And sure, I know it's all just in my head. But I can't shake free of this nagging feeling that maybe, just maybe, I *shouldn't* be dreaming about having a threesome with my best friend and her boyfriend.

Whatever. I slip onto my side and let out a final sigh. What's done is done. I'll just see how I feel tomorrow.

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Absolutely great – that's how I feel the next morning. Which makes me think that a couple of orgasms a day – together with sleeping in until 9 – might be a pretty great way to stay healthy.

"Morning, Megs," I grin softly, stepping off the bunk ladder and casting a fond glance down at the tousled red hair on the pillow. *Wow, she actually came back instead of staying with Dan? That's interesting...* "Want me to get you some breakfast?"

"Uuuhhhh..." She's clearly still mostly asleep – and so I try again, this time in a slightly louder tone. "Hey, Megs?! You want breakfast?"

"Uh-huh..." she mumbles, almost unintelligible because of the muffling pillow. She stirs, gives a drowsy sigh, and pulls aimlessly at the covers with one uncoordinated hand. "Uh-huh... Yes... Daddy..."

*'Daddy'? Wait, what the actual fuck?*

*(To be continued!)*