

Stephanie - Chapter Three

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Stephanie masturbates her frustration out

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I'd been at college a month now and James hadn't returned any of my texts, calls or Skypes. I was hoping that was because his phone and laptop got lost in the flight, but he would surely have had them replaced by now. I was aching for a cock inside me; my dildo simply wasn't enough. But James and I made a promise to stay faithful, no matter how horny we got, so all I had to pleasure myself with was my fingers and my dildo. My phone started ringing; it was my best friend, Emma. Emma was at the same college James was, so maybe she could tell him I'd been trying to contact him. "Emma!" I answered my phone. Her crackly voice came through the earphones I was wearing. "Stephie, oh my God I have the biggest news, but I'm not sure you'll like it." "Em just tell me, how bad can it be?" I sighed. "It's about James." "What about him?" I asked. "Well I- I saw him with another girl... Making out and getting all touchy-feely. I have photos to prove the fucker cheated on you." "No- no I believe you," I muttered, my heart in my throat. I couldn't believe it, but Emma wouldn't lie to me, not about something like this. "I'm still sending them to you, so he knows that you know, and that he can't justify it," she said. "But what if I want him to justify it, Emma?" "Then you have a serious problem, and you need to get laid. Honestly Steph, he hasn't returned any of your calls or texts, and he's not dead, so what did you think was happening? Move on girl, if he cheated on you, dump him and fuck another guy to show James you don't need him." "Emma-" "No," she interrupted, "I'm right. You know I'm right. I'm sending the photos now. I'll call you in a week and I expect you to have fucked at least once by then, okay?" "Yeah, whatever," I muttered. She hung up and my phone buzzed as she sent the photos. I took a deep breath and opened them up. And sure enough, there was a picture of James kissing another girl, another picture of her giving him a blow job and another of him fingering her. Honestly, how did Emma even get these? I knew she had stalker tendencies, but this? I was grateful, but jeez, even my best friend managed to surprise me. I sighed and texted James again telling him he needed to call me urgently, that I had huge news. I got to work on my history homework to distract me from my inner turmoil, secretly hoping it was just one huge misunderstanding and it was some sort of photoshop as a prank or one nasty dare he was forced into. I knew deep down it wasn't, but maybe a little hope and disbelief would prove Emma wrong. It would be a first. Apparently that text got his attention because he called me an hour later. "Babe?" he asked when I answered the phone. "Hey James." I tried to make my voice sound cheery, but I don't think it worked. "I have to ask you

something." "Yeah, babe, what is it?" His weariness pretty much verified what I dreaded. "Emma sent me photos of you and another girl, and I want you to explain them." "What photos, babe?" "Photos of you and this blonde girl making out, her giving you a blow job, and you fingering her pussy, James." "Haha, you'd be talking about Roxy, yeah?" "I don't fucking know and I don't fucking care, what the fuck do you think you were doing?!" My anger finally exploded and tears flooded my face. "Calm down, baby. Relax, I was just horny and she was curious. We were both drunk, it doesn't count." "Yes it fucking does. We made a promise, James, that no matter what we wouldn't be a part of any sexual activities with others when we're at college!" I yelled. "Did you really expect me to put up with my horniness?" "It's called masturbation, you fucker. Like what you said you'd do. What I've been doing, not going off fucking every guy I see!" "I'm a guy, what did you expect? If I'm horny, I'll have a good fuck. I highly doubt you kept the promise either." "Actually," I screamed, "I have." And it was true. I'd kept the promise I made. "So you're wrong." "Oh well look at you, so fucking perfect aren't you? Seriously, Stephanie, get over it." "I will. And I'll get over you too. Consider yourself dumped, tell Roxy I said fuck you. And James, fuck you too, you ass." I hung up before he could get another word in. I texted Emma that I'd dumped him, and she replied by giving me links to porn sites. Good old Emma. I opened up the first link, and was awarded with a lot of juicy sex videos. I clicked on the first video and waited for it to buffer, and pressed play when it had loaded enough. It was one of those roleplay ones, where the guy slowly leads the girl on and slowly kisses her and rubs her pussy. He got her into bed rather quickly and was soon eating out her pussy. My own pussy was soaking; I stuck a finger in and added more when the guy added more. He eventually started to fist her, so I took a bold step and slowly stretched my pussy with my fist. I hadn't been fisted since James had done it. I spread my fingers inside my pussy when the guy spread his and my impending orgasm was building. He started to pump his fist in harder, so did I. The girl was screaming and rubbing her clit, and I rubbed my swollen one. My orgasm came in waves, the first one rendering me breathless as my pussy clenched around my fist; the second wave left me screaming in pure pleasure. I pulled my fist out and reached for my dildo, just as the guy started to fuck the girl hard. I pushed my dildo in and out. Tomorrow, I decided, I would get fucked hard and long. And the party scheduled for tomorrow night was the perfect way to lure in a boy.