

Jealousy

Let me just start out by saying that I don't intentionally lead guys on – they do it to themselves. If a guy tries to take things somewhere I don't want them to go, I say No – direct and simple. If he still wants to hang with me and get his hopes up after that? Hey, not my fault.

I can't help it, and I don't think it's my responsibility to help it anyway.

Take my friend Mark. He made a move on me a while back, and I told him I only saw him as a friend. As a brother, really. A lot of guys, just hearing those words is enough to send them running off in tears and never come back, but not Mark. He said he understood, and that he cared about me too, and that he'd rather have me as a friend than not at all.

I was nervous – some guys say that just as a prelude to trying to get me drunk enough to change my mind or to make some sweeping romantic gesture. Not him, though – with Mark, it was business as usual. Being rejected is never easy, but before long, we both kind of forgot the whole thing.

Honestly? I was kind of impressed with how he handled it. Not impressed to give him a shot, of course. Sure, we have lots of similar tastes in music and movies and books. We get along great, he really gets my quirks and all, but... to be blunt, I'm kind of an 8, and Mark's more in the 5 to 6 range. There's nothing wrong with him, but it just wouldn't work, ya know?

Besides, I honestly didn't think Mark knew the first thing about girls anyway. Never talked to them, flirted with them, hung out with them, never even *talked* about doing those things with them. Heck, if I got drunk and let him go down on me or something I'd always sorta doubted he'd know what to do.

So we went on as just-friends. He got to sneak the occasional peak at a hottie, and I got to enjoy a little power trip having this sweet guy all to myself. It was a solid arrangement as far as I was concerned – all the perks of having a stable, caring guy to lean on, without having to put out when I didn't feel like it.

Only... then there was Joanna.

The first time that name came into my head was just seeing it pop up on his caller ID while we were lounging around my apartment watching old Sponge Bob cartoons. He glanced down, then excused himself and answered it out on the balcony.

I wondered a little, but only until the commercials were over. Then I forgot all about her. But when he came back in and didn't say anything about it...

I got curious.

"Who was that?"

"Oh, nobody."

"Yeah? You and Nobody just had a twenty-minute discussion out there."

"So?"

"It's like 40 degrees out and you were out there with no shoes or jacket. You're shivering, Mark."

He frowned, then snatched the blanket off of me and wrapped it around himself. I let it slide – he really was shivering.

"Well?" I asked when he didn't say anything after a minute.

"Well what, Sidney?"

“C’mon. Who was she.”

“Who said it was a she?”

“Only two things would make you leave the room to take a call. Some kind of family emergency – which it obviously wasn’t because I saw you smiling – or a girl. Or a guy, maybe? Maybe I misread you.” I playfully nudged my foot against his cheek.

“OK, fine. If you’re not gonna let it go... her name is Joanna. We met the other day and exchanged numbers. I wasn’t really sure if I was gonna call her, but she called me. So.”

“So... what? You guys gonna go on a daaaaate?” I asked in a teasing sing-song.

“Yeah, we are. I’m taking her to dinner.”

“Oooooooh. Somewhere fancéh?” The idea of Mark going on dates kind of blew my mind. He was just one of those guys who seemed like he was born to live in the friend zone.

“Nah, just going to East Side Diner. Casual.”

“Cool, cool. When does the grand date go down?”

“Tonight, actually. We both happened to be free. I gotta go get ready pretty soon.”

“Oh.” Hmm. That shouldn’t sting, but it did. Just a little. Not that Mark and I had Plan plans, but I’d been kinda looking forward to hanging out.

I dropped it after that, and soon enough he left. Curious, I texted him late that night to ask how it went, but I fell asleep with no response. Weird. He must’ve just forgotten his phone in his car or something. He stayed up late, and of course Mark wasn’t the type to sleep with a girl on the first date.

I was like 90% sure of that. But... maybe there was something special about Joanna. Surely he could resist, though. If he wanted to. She couldn’t possibly be that amazing.

He eventually replied with a vague thumbs-up emoji and nothing else. I was really curious, but I didn’t want to be a pest so I waited to ask him in person. The opportunity came when Mark swung by a couple nights later after he got off work along with a couple mutual friends to hang out, have some drinks. I asked him how his date went over dinner, but he just said “it went fine” and then engaged somebody else before I could follow up.

Eventually everybody else left, and I could finally press him a little. “So? C’mon, really, how’d things go?”

It took him a minute to figure out what I was talking about. “Oh, you mean with Joanna? Like I said already, it went all right.”

“All right?” I repeated. “What’s that mean, nobody actively canceled the date mid-way through?”

“All right just means all right, Sid.” He shrugged.

“Fine, be mysterious. So you and Miss All Right going out again?”

“Yeah, tomorrow night.”

“Ooooooh, cool.” I grinned, but he mostly just looked tired. Why didn’t he want to talk about this? Here he was finally starting up a sex life, and I couldn’t get him to say more than three words about it. For my part, the idea of Mark putting his cock to work at last was immensely interesting – I wouldn’t have thought so, but here I was obsessed with thoughts of the two of them and what they were doing.

I tried another tactic. “Hey, you know... if you ever need any dating advice, do’s and don’t’s, you know I’m happy to help, right? I got your back, boi.”

“Thanks, but I think I’ll be OK.”

I made a face. Here I was, practically inviting him to use my insights (and maybe hear some steamy personal stories) to help him round the bases, and he shrugged it off. This Joanna chick must be something to have him spurn that. “You could be better than OK with my help, you know.”

“Nah. Joanna’s... well, she’s different.”

“Different how?” I asked.

“Just... well, she’s not like you. Not in a bad way, just different. No offense.”

And yet I was offended. He said he was beat and needed to get home and hit the hay, so I tried to shrug it off and went to bed. But heaven help me if I wasn’t wondering what made this Joanna girl so “different.”

Was he saying she was more sophisticated than me? Probably. Something about that name, Joanna, just exuded class and elegance to me.

Or was she not being as hard to get as me? I mean, I’d shut Mark down, but here she’d been the one to call him. She was available, not some ice queen like I’d been to him.

Or maybe she just flirted more openly. Could that be it? What was it that made my input so worthless, that unlike me, she didn’t need to be swept off her feet.

By the time I fell asleep, I was wondering as much about what was so great about her as about what was so very wrong with me.

The next night I had to watch our shows all by myself, and I realized how much lamer it was without Mark to make color commentary with. Stupid Joanna. I bet she didn’t even like *The Walking Dead*. I bet a girl like her would think it was all icky squicky. *West World* too – no way she’d be cool with all the nudity and sexual overtones. She’d be covering her eyes every time Dolores showed a little nipple.

Prude.

Unless they were just making out and having sex all night, in which case I was the prude. No matter how I looked at it, it felt like Joanna had her shit together and I was just some lame-o spinster.

The next day, Mark texted me to ask if I wanted to catch up on said shows. I pretended I hadn’t watched them already and told him to come on over. I figured I’d at least get to hear how his date went. Maybe find out what was wrong with me.

Not *actually* wrong, I reminded myself. Just why he was suddenly interested in such a “different” girl. I was fine. Maybe not Joanna fine, but fine.

Just to reassure myself, I slipped into a relatively skimpy pink tank top, one that showed a good amount of cleavage. Like most guys, Mark was prone to ogling my boobs when I gave him the chance, and it’d be a little morale boost to remind myself what I had going for me.

We were between shows when I finally calmed the butterflies in my stomach (I have no idea why those were there) enough to ask.

“Sooooo... how’d things go with Jojo the Clown?” I asked, as casually as I could.

“Don’t be like that, Sidney. Her name is Joanna. And they went just fine. Better than the first time, actually.”

“Oh? She spit or swallow?” I joked. But I actually did want to know if they’d gone that far yet. And which one she did. And how he felt about it.

“She’s not like that. You see, with her, it’s not all so... physical.” Aha! He definitely glanced at my chest when he said that. He still had physical thoughts about me after all. My nipples actually got a little hard at the thrill of siphoning some of his attention away from Joanna.

I laughed. “Translation: no spark. Am I right?”

“No, Sidney, you’re not. In fact, she’s quite pretty. Like, *really* pretty.”

“Pic or it’s bullshit.”

He smiled. “We haven’t yet reached the taking-selfies-together phase of the relationship, but as soon as we do I’ll let you know.”

“Sheesh. Well describe, at least.”

“Hmm. OK. She’s about your height – maybe just a little bit taller. A lot of it in her legs. Hourglass figure. Blonde hair, green eyes. Cute dimples.”

I was forming a mental picture of her – and maddeningly, even when I self-corrected, she kept making herself prettier than me. Not even in the sense that people would give her a 9 (maybe a 10) and me an 8, but like, they’d see us side-by-side and I’d be like a 5 by comparison. “She sounds pretty hot, all right,” I conceded glumly. Mark was looking off at nothing with a dopey expression, obviously fantasizing about her. I took a moment to peer down my neckline to reassure myself, but it didn’t do much. Not when Mark wasn’t interested in them.

“She is. Hotter than any girl I’ve ever dated, for sure.”

“Only because you and I never wound up dating, right?” I batted my eyelashes, struck a cute pose. Tried not to let how much I wanted him to agree with me show.

“Sure, that’s it,” he said with playful sarcasm. At least I hoped it was playful. It had to be. Right? Please be sarcasm.

I don’t know what came over me, but suddenly, I “accidentally” dropped the TV remote on the floor between us. Before Mark could react, I bent over to pick it up – giving him what ought to be a mouth-watering view down my shirt. I was wearing a bra, but it was a cute one, pink and lacey. Cuter than that bitch would wear for him, no doubt.

(Oh who was I kidding, Joanna probably had closets full of sexy lingerie that would make my panty drawer look like the laundry bin at a nunnery.)

But when I looked up, just to make sure he’d noticed, boy was he ever. Eyes locked on them like they were laser guided. Damn straight. Boobs like these were tough to compete with.

Even for a girl as crazy hot as Joanna. I learned something in that moment, that if I wanted to compete with her for time with Mark, I had to be ready to use all of my assets.

Slowly, I sat back up, and he watched the whole time. “My eyes are up here,” I said, pointing, smiling a little to ease his tension.

“Sorry,” he said with a bashful grin.

“Don’t be. Every once in a while, it’s nice to be noticed.” I swear, that thought had never occurred to me in my life before that moment, but it was so true. Not that I really wanted my friend to be checking me (not all the time, anyway), but I definitely liked the little reminder that I might have something on this Joanna girl. If I really tried.

I didn’t see him again for a few days. No biggie, I told myself. New relationships were like that. I tried to be patient, even though from time to time I was kind of lonely. Bored, I mean. I don’t want to sound pathetic.

Still, sometimes I even day-dreamed about snatching him away from her for an evening. Not for anything kinky, but just to do it. To show I could. A girl as hot as that, I'd have to really turn up the heat – but I hung out with Mark enough to know what liked.

I'd put on my skinny jeans and my backless top, some nice heavy makeup, thick wine-red lipstick. Mismatch my underwear – I remember he said he liked that once, though I'd forgotten when – and let my panties ride up just so he could see the top. So he'd imagine the rest.

Maybe I could even have a big meal, unbutton and unzip the jeans, let him really see them. I'd say it was just because I was so full, so he wouldn't think I was being a slut. Joanna wasn't slutty – she was all class. Sensual, yes, impossible to deny. But not slutty. A man would have to earn her affections, and I was in awe of Mark that he had such a woman so obviously crazy about him.

So naturally, if I wanted him to want to spend any time with me, I'd have to really crank up the easy.

I'd catch him looking at my panties peeking through my open pants. "See anything you like?" I'd ask, coyly. He'd blush, but I'd just shrug. It was just panties, and Mark had seen me in my bathing suit so I could pretend it wasn't really any different, even though we both knew it was. Then I'd slide up my shirt to show my tummy – still pretending to be full, even though I'd have to under-eat so I'd still look trim and thin for him.

That's when I'd really drop the hammer. Say something about how hot it was in here so I could go check the thermostat. All the while, every step letting my pants sink down until half my butt was exposed. Oh, he'd rue those panties then. I wouldn't notice him watching. I'd just lean forward, butt thrust out towards him as I inspected the dial, making up my mind – at length – about what was the perfect temp.

(69 was the obvious answer, and I'd tell him that's what I set it to like it was just any old number, glancing down at his lap to see if his cock moved at all, if it was enough to get him excited about diving between my legs face-first while I gobbled his cock.)

Then I'd sit back down, and while I waited for the new temp to kick in? Flap my shirt up and down to fan myself. And if I happen to reveal my bra while I was at it? Oopsie, silly Sidney! He'd be really staring then. Joanna would never go just casually flashing her perfect boobs around like that. I was a way better deal. Maybe not as hot, but easier. More eager to please.

Then my day-dreams got messy – sometimes it ended with Mark undoing my bra and sucking on my nipples for a while; sometimes I got caught up in things and stripped down to my bra and panties for the rest of the night, acting like it was no big; sometimes he took off his own clothes and drove me crazy teasing me with that monster cock of his. I'd never seen it actually, but I'm sure it had to be a python to satisfy a girl like Joanna.

Naturally, he never actually fucked me in these fantasies, not even in the ones where I offered. He had a girl in his life, and even in my own imagination I didn't think he'd throw it away for someone like me.

In fact, Joanna was usually how that fantasy ended. I'd be hot and bothered, half-naked, soaking in Mark's attention – when suddenly his phone buzzed, and he dropped me for her in a hot minute. It was unfair. I was plenty hot. We got along super well. It wasn't fair, damnit!

Yet I understood. A man like Mark... what competition could I offer against *that*? It was spitting into a hurricane. Still, the fantasies were always fun up until that cold hard slice of reality slammed home.

Back in the real world, Mark and I almost always hung out at my place – sue me, but since I knew he was a little bit into me I liked to enjoy the comforts of my own home. But after almost two weeks of nothing but the occasional short text from my friend, two weeks of jilling myself off to increasingly desperate fantasies of getting him to notice me, I found myself one night sitting in my car outside his house waiting for him to get home. From work, hopefully, but if I had to wait there all night until he was done with Joanna, then fine.

Luckily for me, it was the former. I smiled and waved to him as he pulled into his driveway and I got out of my car. He looked surprised – this wasn't really like me – but pleasantly.

And for the reason I hoped, as his first words to me revealed. “Hey, Sidney. Wow... you look... nice.”

I preened at the compliment – important to show I was grateful if I hoped to hear more. And I'd gone out of my way to get that first one, to be sure. Dressed exactly like in my fantasy, except I'd taken a trip to the salon that afternoon to get my hair and makeup done just so. And a pair of five-inch heels, which my fantasy hadn't included since I'd been at home. (It would include them from now on.)

“Thanks. Is it cool that I'm swinging by? I hadn't seen you in a while, and I didn't want you to think I'd forgotten you.”

“Oh sure, come on in.”

I walked through the door as he held it open. “And you're sure I'm not in the way? Joanna's not coming over tonight, is she?”

“Nah, she's taking a personal night. You're cool.”

Mmm. That was nice to hear. I mean, I know he was basically saying Joanna didn't want him for the night so I could have her left-overs, but... well, a girl like her, what did one expect. The rest of us had to take what we could get.

“So you two have been getting along then?” I asked after he'd changed out of his work clothes and settled in across from me on his couch. I curled my legs up under me, trying to make sure my ass was good and viewable.

I caught him looking, but I just smiled. Let him look. Please look.

“Yeah, it's been going great. I think we really have chemistry, good give and take.”

“So she gives as good as she takes, you're saying?” I giggled at my own double entendre. It wasn't subtle, but I didn't have the luxury of subtle. I wanted sex on his mind, so naturally talking about things between him and Joanna was the starting point.

He caught it, and gave a little smile. Not much, but enough. That's right, Joanna, that was *my* smile. Not yours. Mostly mine, anyway. Hell, we could split it 50/50. “Well that too. She just understands me really well, I guess I meant. She gets what drives me, what I need and what I want.”

Whip out your cock and I'll drive it right down Canal Street, I thought. Yeesh, I needed to get laid. I shouldn't be this wet just from Mark looking at my butt in my skinny jeans. If this kept

up, I'd have to shift position so the wet spot didn't show. Or maybe not. Maybe if he knew how wet he got me, we'd hang out more.

Then, while I was weeding out other knee-jerk responses like *tell me what you want and I'll give it to you* and *I think you just need a good hard cum*, who the hell should call but good old Joanna.

He didn't even bother to leave the room this time, just held up a finger while he answered. I strained my ears to hear her voice, even though I'm sure it was rich and throaty and just made for phone sex and I'd just wind up realizing I was all the more inadequate, but still, I wanted to know.

No such luck. All I could hear was Mark; the white noise of some background music drowned her out before she could reach my ears.

"Oh hey, Joanna." Ugh. The way he said her name. He never said *my* name like that. Like he was totally focused on me.

"Nothing much, just sitting at home with Sidney." So casual. He could've been sitting at home with his pet gerbil in the same tone.

"No, that's Marcie. Sidney's the brunette. No, the other brunette. No, that's Lucy, and she's blonde. Look, it doesn't matter. Just some girl, OK?" Ouch. I was just some girl? Here I was up at night over my feelings of inferiority to this bitch, and she couldn't be bothered to know I existed. I was nothing to her.

"No, I think we're just going to hang out tonight. Nothing exciting... Why, are you jealous?"

If I could make only one wish in my whole life, it would've been to hear her answer, and to hear her say yes.

But she obviously didn't. "I know you're not. And you're right not to be." Right. Why would Joanna, Miss Perfectest Girl In The World, be jealous of Sidney, the desperate pitiful nobody.

"All right, hon. Can't wait to see you again." He made a kissy noise, and hung up. "Sorry about that."

"No, it's cool. Does she... is she... um, you know, normally the jealous type?"

"Well sure, every girl's got a little jealousy in her. Even you, I bet." He smiled and flicked me in the knee playfully. Thank goodness he didn't know how right he was.

We side-tracked for a while. Mark was just being Mark, cracking jokes and being casual, catching up on recent events. I did my best, but I also tried my hardest to get him to notice me while we chilled. I told him about how I'd just shaved my legs and even gotten a bikini wax (true), how the other day I'd sneezed so hard my boob popped out of my neckline (it had happened, but like five years ago), how I hadn't been laid in months and how horny and bored it was making me all the time.

Mark just nodded, expressed sympathy – it was like I'd told him I'd had a cold that wouldn't go away. I cursed myself for wearing something cute instead of something slutty. Slutty would be so much better.

Then, when I'd almost given up on getting any reaction, I hit pay dirt. "OK, Sidney, I get it, you're proud of your ass."

I looked back at him over my shoulder. "What do you mean?"

“That’s like the fourth time you’ve dropped something and bent at the waist to pick it up. Either you want me to notice your butt or you’ve lost all coordination.”

I blushed a little as I stood up. It had been five times, actually. I bet if I had Joanna’s ass he’d remember them all. “Sorry. I, um... well... never mind.” I sat back down, diverting my attention to the television.

“No, come on. Tell me what’s going on with you.”

Something in his tone – the patience, the sincerity – just melted my knees. Flooded my panties too. Not that I found it so charming, just that it was a glimpse at the man who’d won over Joanna. That lucky bitch. “It’s just... you always used to like my butt.”

“Used to?”

“Yeah. I mean, before Joanna.”

“Just because I’m seeing someone now doesn’t mean you don’t have a nice ass, Sidney.”

I almost swooned. Even with Joanna in the picture, he still appreciated me. Or part of me, anyway. It felt fucking amazing, like a breath of fresh air after a near drowning. Just to ride the high, I twisted around and leaned on my elbows over the armrest. My ass was pointed right at him, its shape perfectly outlined by the skinny jeans. It was absurd, and practically whorish, but it felt right.

“You really think it’s nice?”

He studied it for a while, and I was only too happy to let him. “Yeah, Sidney. It’s a really nice ass.”

Not just nice. *Really* nice. I sighed happily, and went on posing for him. Then I asked one of the questions that had been burning on my mind for weeks. “Is it as nice as Joanna’s?”

I braced myself for him to laugh, to say *of course not, you’re no Joanna even on her worst day* or something, to bring me back to reality. Instead, he was actually very gentle about it. “It’s not about a direct comparison. Your ass looks nicer on you than it would on Joanna.”

“Yeah, I can imagine,” I said, after I choked down a sob of despair. I mean, I’d known I couldn’t compete and he was really sweet not to just say I was nothing compared to her. Feeling suddenly self-conscious (I mean c’mon, like he’d want to stare at my rear end when he’d had weeks of Joanna’s perfect butt), I sat back down.

“Hey, I didn’t mean it as a put-down. You’re really pretty. In lots of ways, you’re more or less as attractive as Joanna.” He put a comforting hand on my shoulder.

“Yeah? Like what ways?” I swear, I’m never this needy for a pick-me-up. I’m a really confident person, honest – but what girl wouldn’t get a little heady at being compared favorably to a goddess like Joanna? (“More or less” favorably, anyway. I’d take it.)

“Well, you have that cute little mole on your chin.” He touched it gently with a finger, and I brightened further.

“What else?”

“I’ve always been partial to brunettes, to be honest.” He ran his fingers through my hair, and a shiver of delight ran up and down my spine.

“Anything else?”

“Better boobs than her. I think, anyway. Bigger, at least. Hard to say if they look as good on you.”

I didn't hesitate for a second. I had to know – and only he could tell me. I lifted off my shirt, and before his eyes could widen to adjust for the view my bra was gone too. There they were in front of him, bare and bouncy.

I let him stare – it felt so amazingly wonderful to have him stare, knowing right now it was my boobs he was lusting after. Even if he was imagining them on her body. Or imagining hers on me. Or just imagining she was here instead. I was still the one he was staring at, and not even Joanna could take that away from me.

“Y-you can f-feel them. If you w-want,” I stammered nervously. Not about being topless in front of my friend, but about the reminder that was surely coming about how much better hers were than mine.

Mark seemed to think it over for a moment, then helped himself to two handfuls of Sidney-jugs. I trembled with desire as he gave them a few soft squeezes, tweaking the nipples and seeming to even weigh them with his hand. He really was clumsy with them, but I didn't say a word. Joanna wouldn't criticize. She'd make him feel like the god and ruler of her body. I just smiled, and moaned softly.

The moans weren't fake, either. His attention, refined or not, felt incredible, because I had it and she didn't. I rode that high, only semi-conscious of what was going on around me as he fondled my breasts.

“I don't think Joanna would appreciate that, Sidney,” he said.

Oh shit. I'd been thinking it, over and over, but had I actually said it? No way. I wasn't that big of a slut. But from the faint color in his cheeks as his hands left my boobs, I could tell I had.

I'd just asked my friend Mark to fuck me. The guy who I'd shut down without a second thought not that long ago.

And he'd said no. Because I wasn't Joanna.

“Oh. Yeah. I mean... Sorry. I was just... caught up, I guess.”

“It's cool – you always were kind of a tease,” Mark said with a smile.

“What?” I said with an indignant sneer. “I am SO not a tease.”

“Really? So then you're really cool if I fuck you then?”

Ugh, he had me there. Joanna wouldn't have just spread her legs right off, ready to screw from the moment Mark first saw her tits. A girl that sophisticated would need to be wined and dined first. Romanced.

Not like me – seems like all I needed was a nearby willing cock. God I was such a slut. And really, if I reneged on my offer... I was a tease, too.

“Yeah. You can fuck me.”

Mark made a dubious face, so I stood up and undid my jeans. When I stood up from peeling them off my ankles, I saw he'd realized I was serious. “Hang on, Sidney.”

I paused, standing there in front of my friend in just my panties. I knew there was a damp spot visible in the front, but I didn't care. Hopefully it would just help convey that I was no tease. My pussy was ready to make good on my mouth's claims.

So was my mouth, for that matter.

“Damn you're hot,” he said. “Never thought you'd actually look this hot.”

“Thanks,” I said, turning in place so he could see me from all sides. “I know I’m not Joanna hot or anything, but—”

“Shh.” He made a good point – I should shut up. I didn’t know how to talk to guys, not like Joanna would. She’d have him eating out of her hand. So I just stood there smiling while he walked around me, feeling up my ass, running his fingers along my slit through my panties, awkwardly groping my boobs some more like some geeky high school sophomore touching a pair for the first time.

I don’t think I’d ever been more turned on in my life.

Only then, even though I’d never been more ready to have sex in my life, I still managed to fuck things up.

“Take off your panties and bend over, Sidney,” Mark said casually.

I should have. I mean, duh. How else was I going to prove that I was like Joanna, not just some skanky tease who flashed her tits and offered her pussy only to withhold them in the eleventh hour?

Instead, something in me bristled, just for a moment, at his tone, the way he just ordered me to strip off my underwear and pose for him like it was his right to insist. Before my brain could catch up with my mouth, before I could shuck my sodden panties off and grab my ankles, wait for him to give me a few minutes of the kind of pleasure normally reserved only for Joanna...

“Fuck you, you can’t boss me around.”

Oh my GOD I was a fucking moron. Where had that come from? Sure, I’d never met her, and increasingly I hoped I never would so I wouldn’t spend the rest of my life seeing her perfect face haunting me in the mirror. But there was no way Joanna would tell her guy off like that. How the hell did I expect Mark to fuck my pussy if I wouldn’t take my panties off and give him access to it?

“Hmm. Must not be working as well as I thought yet.”

“Wow. Yeah, you’re right, Sidney. I guess I got ahead of myself in the process.” What process? Was watching me be a total slut a process? But he kept talking before I could ask. “You know... why don’t you get dressed and go home.”

“What? No! No, I was totally kidding. See, look!” I dropped my panties off, stepping out of them so quickly I almost tripped. I flopped down on my back on the couch and spread my legs as wide as they would go, looking up at him desperately.

“I can’t. Joanna would never approve of this kind of behavior. I don’t know what I was thinking, letting things go this far.”

Now, in hindsight I would wonder if he meant his own behavior, inviting his friend over, checking out her ass, complimenting her boobs, feeling her up, telling her to get naked and ready to fuck. At the time, though, his words went through a translation process in my head so that they sounded a little more like this:

Joanna would never do this. Be a tease, hesitate, not put out. Be a slut, throw herself at a guy, then push him away. You just proved why you’ll never be as good as her. She’d be laughing in your face if she were here right now.

I grabbed my clothes and ran to my car, humiliated more from the way I’d behaved than from my nudity. I tugged my shirt back on after I started the car, and awkwardly got my pants

back on when I pulled into my parking space back home. Then I went upstairs and spent the rest of the night waiting for a response to my text, in which I apologized for being a total bitch, and telling him he could come over and fuck me if he wanted to.

He didn't respond.

It was almost another week before I saw him again, during which he continued not responding. Not to my initial text, nor to the many that followed. In some, I described many of the acts I would be willing to do for him, some of which I plucked right out of what I knew were fantasies of his. In other messages, I just acknowledged my inferiority to Joanna and told him even if I could never be as good as her I still wanted to be his friend – then I explained the ways in which it seemed reasonable that one friend would pleasure another to make up for the sacrifice of not spending time instead with his vastly superior significant other.

Some were just naked selfies, so he'd know I was serious.

It was frustrating all right, knowing that every night while he was out there fucking the hell out of his flawless blonde goddess, basking in her wit and charm and grace and sensuality, I was stuck lying around my apartment diddling myself silly with my vibrator fantasizing about them doing so. I had to remind myself occasionally that I was attractive too. I mean, even if the existence of Joanna on the number scale (obviously a 10) knocked me down to a 3, Mark still used to think I was cute enough to ask out anyway. Maybe he could lower himself to a girl like me once in a while?

Then, one rainy Friday afternoon, Mark finally texted me. *I'll be over in ten.*

Mind you, I was out running errands at the time, but I dropped what I was doing and raced across town like a madwoman. I drove over 70mph in a school zone, and nearly ran over this little old man taking his dog out in my apartment complex's parking lot. I ran over a few trash cans swerving to go down a sidewalk when there was some back-up in traffic. (There was nobody on them, and I totally hit my horn to be safe.)

I beat him there.

In fact, I beat him there by almost two hours. I sat there staring anxiously out the front window the entire time. I kept telling myself I should change, that the first thing Mark saw when he arrived shouldn't be me in boring sweats and a hoodie, but I didn't want to risk making him wait while I was picking out the perfect outfit. He could tell me what to wear when he got here – unlike Joanna, I didn't have perfect fashion sense to tell me what to wear to please him.

He finally pulled up, and I sighed in relief to see he was alone. I'd worried Joanna was with him, and that was what was keeping so long. Worried she'd gotten upset about me pestering her boyfriend and was coming to kick my ass, in which case I of course wouldn't be able to stop her. Thankfully, Mark shuffled up to the door all by himself.

"Hey there," I said as he came in, trying to act like things were still normal between us. "Wondered when you'd get here."

"Yeah, just had to clear up a few things with Joanna first," he said. I mean, of course. If I had a girl like that, I wouldn't rush off to settle for me either. "Now, let's see if we've got you good and ready yet."

"Good and ready? Um, for what? What does that mean?"

He sighed. "Sorry, I almost forgot how you are. Being around Joanna... well, she just never pesters me with stupid questions."

UGH. Of course she didn't. Here he was, willing to take time away from the lust incarnate to see my ungrateful ass, and I was wasting his time with my idiot curiosity.

"Sorry! I mean, I didn't really care, just making conversation. Forget I said it. Can I, um, get you anything? *Anything?*" I offered.

Mark smiled, seeming placated that I wouldn't be playing the inquisition any more. "You sure can," he said, kicking off his shoes. "Why don't you start with those clothes?"

"You got it!" I said cheerfully. I'd learned my lesson. If he wanted to order me around and treat me like a piece of meat, that was fine by me. It was obviously the only way I could stand even a chance of earning his attention. I stripped out of my clothes like they were on fire, not stopping until I was completely naked. I handed the pile over to him, though he just tossed it aside.

"Put your hands behind your head."

I did, naturally. I kept smiling as Mark walked over and planted his face between my boobs and motor-boated the hell out of them. It was childish as hell on his part, but so what? He knew what he was doing. Joanna wouldn't settle for some amateur. No, he motor-boated me like a flautist playing *Flight of the Bumblebees*. It was masterful.

"Give me a titty-fuck."

It was like a dream come true. Here he was, this man who could quite possibly be out doing things to the tits of the most amazing woman on the planet, and he'd rather stick his dick between mine! It was so flattering.

Mark shed his pants and underwear and plopped down on my couch. There it was, the very same cock that had pleased Joanna who knew how many times. I gave myself a moment to stare at it, trying to discern any trace of her passing – a lipstick ring, her juices dried in his pubes – but there was nothing. Because Joanna was classy as fuck.

"Mark? Can I please suck it a little first? Not for my sake," I added quickly, lest he think I was just being selfish, "but so it will glide better."

"You don't have any lube?"

I did, having bought some a few days ago after envisioning a scenario not unlike this where Mark wanted to fuck my ass because Joanna's was too special, because she was too classy to be a little butt-slut. Like I would gladly be, if it gave me the high of a few minutes feeling like her equal.

Still, I had other ideas.

"Wouldn't you rather let me suck your dick? I promise I'll be good to it. I've practiced a lot, getting ready for you. And if it starts to dry up, I'll just suck it some more. I've got all evening to do it right for you."

He shrugged. "Get to work then, Sidneyslut."

Oh fuck that was hot, the way he trusted me to pleasure him without question. The way my friend just tossed out a demeaning nickname like it was nothing, because we had history and knew I'd be cool with it.

He was looking right at me as I took him in my mouth. I didn't even have to fake how happy his cock made me – just knowing that *I* had his dick, *I* made it hard, *I* was going to make him cum...

Not Joanna. Me. Sidneyslut.

Honestly, Mark was already totally hard before I even took him in my mouth, and it only took a few seconds to have him good and lathered up. Still, he deserved better than a few dismissive licks, so I sucked him for several minutes before I readied for the transition. I think I almost felt him cum in my mouth a few times, but whenever I did I just slowed down and took my time.

I almost laughed at myself. The idea that someone who'd been having sex with Joanna – *Joanna!* – would have a hair trigger... it was preposterous.

"Ask permission," he said, just as I reared up to put my boobs at cock level.

I wondered if he had Joanna do this. Probably not. She'd have any guys permission by default, hot as she was. "Can I use my breasts to get you off?"

"Ugh, no." I wilted. How could I have fucked up something so simple – and whatever it was, why did it only seem to make his cock twitch as if he was becoming even *more* aroused? "They're not breasts, Sidneyslut. They're tits. No – titties. Big titties. Jugs. Boobs. Funbags. Hooters. Fuckable jiggy honkable boobies."

I made myself not laugh again – some of his terms I hadn't heard since like middle school – and instead nodded vigorously, sincerely grateful for his instruction. "Please fuck my big titties, Mark? Stick your cock between my funbags and let me make you cum all over my huge slut boobs?"

He seemed to consider. "Yeah, I guess so." Apathetic as his words were, his wolfish expression was pure male power trip – I had no doubt about it. Which was awesome, because that was exactly what I was out to do right now. That was why a slut like me titty-fucked a man – so he knew he could do whatever he wanted to her, use her body however he liked whether it gave her pleasure in return or not.

I went back and forth between my tits and my mouth, taking it slow, making sure I didn't end his fun too soon. Each time I made the switch I asked fresh permission. "Can I get your cock slick again with my whore mouth?" "I'll give you anything you want if you let me put your dick between my slutty jiggy hooters." "Pretty pretty please will you stick your cock in Sidneyslut's mouth?"

Joanna would never say these things – but then, Joanna didn't have to be a slutty desperate whore to make Mark want to spend time with her. She was so lucky.

I dragged it out as long as I could, but eventually even a titan like Mark couldn't hold back. He came so hard it made noises when it splatted against my face and my big fuckable tits. He hadn't told me where he wanted to cum, so I swallowed some and painted myself with the rest.

"Wow," he said, falling back against the back of my couch and panting. He was sweating even though he'd hardly moved. "I can't believe it's working."

I wasn't stupid enough to question what that meant this time. Not when I was doing so well. "I did OK? I know my titties aren't as good as Joanna's, but... I really tried. Honest." I almost said I tried my best, but what if he'd thought I was pathetic? Then he'd think my best was worthless, and never want to hang out with me again.

"Your titties are decent, Sidneyslut. Don't feel too down about them. Besides, now that I've seen you in action, I actually think you just might have one thing over on Joanna."

My throat went dry in an instant. It was the most romantic and erotic thing anyone had ever said to me. “I... I do?” I croaked. It seemed impossible. She was prettier than me, had better jugs than me, better ass, tighter pussy. Without any data, I’d even begun making assumptions like she made more money than I did, was definitely way smarter, earned respect in a way I would never learn how. She was so amazing in all those ways that she made me not just worse by comparison, but objectively bad. I was a cheap, stupid tramp.

“You do. You see, Joanna, she’s got it all. I’m sure I don’t need to tell you, but she’s so much better than you in pretty much every way.”

I nodded. I mean, duh. While we’re at it, the sky is blue and circles are round.

“But the thing is... she knows it. She’s all class and elegance, grace and sophistication. You see where I’m going with this?”

I shook my head. How was me being a wanton needy desperate stupid slut a positive?

“See, it gives her airs. I’m crazy about her, but she wouldn’t scurry to obey me, bow and scrape, fulfill my every whim, beg me and thank me for the chance to beg. You see... she’s so amazing, she’s incapable of jealousy.”

As his meaning sunk in, my mind was suddenly blown by how much sense it made. Of course someone like Joanna was above this, kneeling in front of a guy who used to be way below your league and pleading with him to fuck your slutty throat. I finally realized I was good at one thing she wasn’t.

I could be an obedient, submissive slut.

“So, if I do everything you say and let you fuck me however you want whenever you want... then will you sometimes hang out with me instead of her? I don’t mean date me or anything – I know I’m not date material compared to her. Just come over, use me until I bore you, go home.”

“If you keep it up like this, I might forget all about her. But only if you keep giving it your best.”

“Oh I will! I will I will I will!”

“Well then? I’m getting hard again, and my cock’s not going to fuck itself.”

With a giggle of triumph, I sprang up to my feet and scooped the jizz off my face with a finger, sucking it clean. I would’ve just wiped it off on my couch or something in case he wanted to kiss me without tasting jizz, but since I’d already swallowed a bunch, I just added this to the mix. He didn’t complain.

I settled onto his lap, murmuring pleas in a plaintive voice for him to “stuff my slut cunt full of Mark cock” and “pick a hole, pussy or ass, tell me where you want it” and “pretty pretty please can I fuck you? Pretty pretty please?” It wasn’t inventive, but it was sincere. With this new revelation, my willingness to debase myself and to be debased by Mark was now one of my favorite personality traits.

Soon enough, I was impaled on my friend’s cock and riding him like the world’s sluttiest cowgirl, all the while telling him how huge his cock was and whining my desperation for him to drill my creamy pussy harder (even though he was mostly just sitting there while I did 90% of the work) (which was totally fine by me). I couldn’t even tell you how many times I came – from the sex, yes, but also from imagining the look on Joanna’s perfect face at seeing her boyfriend, my

friend and now fuck buddy Mark, as his eyes rolled back in his head when I squeezed him with my vaginal muscles, when I smothered him with titty-meat.

He fucked me long into the night – he had lots of ideas for positions and acts he wanted to use me in – and eventually he pulled out of me and almost instantly fell asleep. He held out just long enough to say, “suck me, Sidneyslut.”

So I did, fellating him in his sleep just in case he woke up and wished he’d stayed with Joanna instead of me. While I obeyed, I snagged his phone from the nightstand and snapped a selfie. There I was, looking deliriously happy with his cock in my mouth, and there he was in the background, sawing logs and drooling a little out of the side of his mouth onto my pillow.

With a mischievous (and cock-muffled) giggle, I opened his messenger and composed a new message. I entered Joanna’s name in the recipient line... but no conversation history came up. Weird. I guess they didn’t text.

Still, I needed her to see this, to feel like I’d been feeling even if only for as long as it took her to remind me I was an insignificant speck. I sent her a copy of the image of me dutifully sucking her sleeping boyfriend’s cock.

Bitchy? Maybe. But once in a while, a girl just wants to prove she can make another girl jealous.