



Jane was about to cum in front of everyone, and that made her *furious*.

She was close now, and every guest at the party could see it. The crowd cheered and whistled. Her whole body shuddered and her eyes rolled back. The humming Sybian beneath her was soaking wet, and it was about to get a lot wetter. Just when she was about to burst, the machine slowed down yet again, robbing her of the vibrations her body desperately craved. Sweat dripped off her naked tits as she caught her breath. Denied again. In the moment, Jane wanted this orgasm probably more than anything else in the world.

That was when Millie leaned in and planted a kiss on her breast, playfully teasing her nipple as she did. She kissed up Jane's neck, face, and up to her ear. It was there that she stopped, and spoke with a dusky whisper:

“Soon... soon you can cum, Jane, but not until I say so.”

Jane had learned a few things tonight, such as how Millie becomes a *very* different person after a couple of drinks.

---

The party had been off to a promising start, initially. Jane had just won a blowjob contest, and there was going to be one less virgin in the world the minute Casey Holland got Morgan Kelner alone, but those were just little bonuses. Tonight was about revenge.

Jane scowled as she remembered that fateful night. It had been such a simple plan: hold a strip poker tournament, easily win, and then have a blast sexually humiliating the loser in front of everyone. Fun times like always.

But something had gone horribly wrong. And that something was a twerp named Isaac Marx. This plain, unassuming, vanilla little man had turned out to be a *god* at poker. Jane was good, but it was like this guy could read her thoughts. Jane had ended up locked in the pillory she specifically bought to shame someone else in, and she'd been plotting her payback ever since.

This time would be different. This time, she was *ready*. After announcing another strip poker tournament where the previous winner *had* to participate, the stage was set for her revenge.

The cards were dealt, and Jane settled in for what would no doubt be the most intense battle of wits imaginable...

...and Isaac was the first player to drop out.

It was all Jane could do not to flip the table.

“What the fuck was *that?!*” yelled Jane. “Did you just lose on purpose!? You sick *bastard!*”

“I-I was doing my best, I promise!” mewled the little *monster*. “I guess I just wasn't as lucky this time.”

Jane fumed as Isaac excused himself from the table. There was nothing she could do. Not now, anyway. She looked around at her remaining opponents, settling on Millie Edwards. Tonight was Millie's first

night at one of Jane's fuck parties, which meant she was due for initiation. Isaac may have gotten away, but Jane was going to see *somebody* get tied up and screwed in front of an audience tonight. Jane decided to take out the other players and make sure Millie was the last one standing.

*Sorry, Millie. Looks like you're my consolation prize.*

Millie smiled sweetly from across the table.

---

“Jane?” whispered Millie, snapping Jane back to the present. “I think... it’s time for you to cum now,” she commanded as she turned the machine up to maximum setting.

No. She wouldn't give Millie the satisfaction. If she came right now, on Millie's *command*, she'd never live it down. The whole school would be talking about it on Monday. She just had to hold out. She had to hold out long enough to make Millie look stupid for thinking she had that kind of control over her!

With a knowing smile, Millie leaned in and gave a firm kiss to Jane's quivering lips.

“You tap your toes when you're bluffing.” She said.

Jane came so hard, her brain shut down.

Jane awoke in Millie's arms, she looked more than smug. Smug was an understatement. Millie looked *proud*. The orgasm had been so intense, Jane had fucking *fainted*. How had Jane's plans blown up in her face this badly a second time? How many secret poker masters were still hiding among her classmates? Questions swirled, but one thing was clear:

Now she had to get back at Isaac AND Millie.