

## Character Creation

### Chapter Ten – Demand

*A proper fantasy role-playing game must attempt to encompass all possibilities, ranging from such mundane actions as sleeping and walking around, to fantastical ones wherein the laws of the multiverse can be broken in precise, specific ways. In any game of such scope, there are bound to be rulings that defy common sense, or even threaten to end suspension of disbelief. Is there truly no 9th level cleric friendly to the throne willing to revive the king after his assassination? Can't one wizard with a fabricate spell out-produce a thousand common laborers? Does magical healing really go from an average of 28 hit points with cure critical wounds at level ten to 110 hit points at level eleven?*

*No game system is perfect. These issues will arise from time to time, and competent DMs and players will navigate the system with an intention to avoid breaking it at its weaker points.*

I'd always considered myself a whimsical person, a fly-by-the-seat-of-my-pants kind of gal. Base-jumping, sky-diving, skinny-dipping... I live in the moment and don't usually think of the consequences. I'd done some modeling after high school, backpacked through Europe, spent a year "teaching English" in Korea that was basically just a paid vacation... I was #winning.

Sure, as 30 stopping being a distant landmark and was starting to look ever larger on the horizon, I might've slowed down a little. Ever since I'd taken my Permanent Serious Job job, the shenanigans had been more wild karaoke bars with co-workers and less wild peyote hallucinations at a reservation in the New Mexico desert. Still, I liked to think I was carefree in comparison to my fellow office drones, and now I at least had a steady roof over my head and an accumulating collection of reusable dishes. I didn't cut loose like I used to, but maybe I'd just finally muted that voice in my head always telling me to carpe diem. So I wasn't a maniac anymore. I was growing up, and that was OK.

At least, that was what I'd been telling myself until I woke up in the middle of the night last night with a strange and unignorable need to suck a man's dick.

Maybe I should be more specific. See, I wasn't just out to find a dick and put it in my mouth. If that's all it was, I wouldn't have needed to buy a plane ticket and jet halfway across the country. Dicks, as it so happens, were pretty easy to come by. Hell, my next-door neighbor's been looking to cheat on his wife with me since the day I moved in. No, I was out to suck a very particular dick.

Jack Knight's.

Crazy? You betcha. But last night, I'd dreamed that I'd heard a voice that was very precise on the subject. *Revive your wild side: go to Gardner and earn permission to suck Jack Knight's dick.* It was a dream, I guess, though I don't remember anything but the voice, and only saying those words. Still, it woke me up, and once I was awake, I couldn't shake the idea. I needed to win back my wild child street cred, and what better way to do that than by sucking Jack Knight's dick?

I was really pretty surprised with myself that I even remembered the guy existed. I'd left my hometown of Gardner before the end of my first summer after finishing high school and

hadn't looked back. I barely even thought of the place, to be honest. It was just a dusty corner of my long-term memory filled with dorky clothes, jealous girls, and horny boys.

Jack Knight had been one of the latter. He was one of the geeks who, bless his heart, had actually had the confidence to ask me out rather than just stare at me creepily. He'd made a big to-do about asking me to senior prom. (Or was it homecoming?) Even as a girl who's been asked out and propositioned more times than she can count, I still remembered him. He'd actually rented a horse – an honest-to-god horse! – and flown a big banner behind it. “Your Knight In Shining Armor” it had read, or something like that.

I'd said no, obviously – he was a band fag and sported boobs nearly as big as mine – but I'd remembered the gesture. So when I had that dream last night, I woke up and thought... yeah. Yeah, I need to do this.

Honestly, it was the least expected thing I could possibly do. All those asswipes at work who balked at my stories, thought I was making it all up – they'd eat crow after this, boy howdy. One guy, Donny, teasingly called me Stacy Story-Topper; after this he'd be calling me Stacy Stiffy-Sucker. That'd show him. The wild child was coming back – with a vengeance.

I'd left in such a hurry that I hadn't even packed – not a suitcase, not my phone, not even my purse. I didn't call in sick, didn't ask my neighbors to water my plants. I would've made the trip in my nightie if the cabbie hadn't insisted I get dressed first. Then off to the airport to buy the first ticket I could, and here I was in another cab on my way to Jack Knight's house. Aside from my credit card in my bra, I was coming in with nothing but the crazy, inexplicable desire to find Jack Knight and convince him to let me suck his dick.

(Listen to me – “convince” – like it would be difficult.)

The cabbie who drove me from the airport to Gardner, thankfully, did have a cell phone, and with only a little nudging from my pouty-girl act looked up Jack's address. It was barely 7am local time, but really, I didn't care. He'd be lucky to have me, and I couldn't imagine he'd be upset at my choice of the hour. If Ed McMahan shows up at your house with a check for a million bucks, you don't tell him to come back when you're better rested. I gazed out the window at the sights of streets and buildings I'd thought I had forgotten long ago, caring nothing for any of them until I would find out that it was the place I could find Jack Knight.

Then suddenly, there I was, standing on the porch of an unfamiliar house in an upscale area. I knew the neighborhood only from the parties I'd attended here in years past, the houses of kids who were popular on account of their parents' money rather than their own attributes. Jack had certainly never been invited to them; it may well be he'd never been to this part of town before moving in. I could see through the open gate in his privacy fence that he had a nice big in-ground pool out back. Very swanky. For Gardner, at least.

I rang the doorbell, a big grin blossoming on my face. No way he could possibly see this coming – his childhood dream girl showing up out of nowhere to give him the thrill of a lifetime. I imagined the way his jaw would drop, his eyes light up, his pants tear themselves out of my way... this was going to be off the hook.

The door opened. There he was, the grown-up version of the acne-prone kid who'd rented a horse and made a punny banner to impress the school It Girl. He was in his boxers and a white t-shirt he'd undoubtedly been wearing to bed, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Jack had a mustache now, and looked like he'd shed the love handles even if he wasn't exactly ripped. Better than I'd expected.

“Hiya, Jack! Remember me? Stacy Robbins?” I said, like my being here wasn’t at all unusual. “Can I come in? I know it’s early, but I just need to talk to you about something. It shouldn’t take long.”

“Oh? And what’s that?” he responded. He was remarkably nonchalant about my being here, I have to say. Most disappointing. Oh well.

“Don’t you like surprises?” I asked, though I gave him a hint with a long, slow, theatrical lick of my lips.

“What, you here to ask if you can suck my dick?”

It seems Jack Knight was either a mind reader, or unbelievably good at reading body language and more than a little presumptuous. “Maaaaaaaybe,” I said coyly, grinning directly at his crotch to make sure he knew which side of maybe I was leaning towards.

“Not dressed like that you aren’t,” Jack said, then shut the door in my face.

*What the hell?!*

OK, yes, I wasn’t exactly dressed to the nines. I’d gotten dressed in a hurry, which meant just grabbing whatever was closest at hand, in this case just the clothes I’d worn out to the movies the night before with some friends. Comfy jeans and a loose-fitting t-shirt, plus a pretty standard set of bra and panties (not that Jack knew that, obviously). Still, what gives! I’m hot as hell, and where did he get off not letting me get him off?!

I rang the doorbell again; when he didn’t answer, I started pounding on his front door. “Jack! Jack, let me in! Come on, it’s me, Stacy! Robbins? From high school!”

“I know who you are,” he called from inside. It didn’t even sound like he was standing by the door, like it wasn’t even important enough for him to wait for me.

“So come on, let me in!” I demanded, moderating my tone as an afterthought. “I’ll make it worth your while, I promise.”

“Yeah, so you implied. Not interested.” Not interested! How in the hell could he possibly not be interested!

I wasn’t having it. I banged and pounded on that door for another ten minutes until it felt like my hands were starting to bruise, at which point I just started kicking the hell out of it. Jack’s was a sturdy door, but I felt pretty good about myself for every scuff, scratch and nick in the paint. I caught his next-door neighbor glaring at me for the ruckus I was making through a crack in his blinds; I just flipped him the bird and went right on pounding.

Finally, at long last, the door opened. There was Jack, this time dressed casually and smelling like he’d just taken a shower. Had it been that long? “You don’t take a hint, do you?”

“Look, all I want is to just come inside and give you a quick blowjob. Is that so much to ask? Just say yes. C’mon, a lot of guys would be beside themselves for the opportunity.”

“Really? Because when some chick I haven’t seen in a decade wakes me up kicking the shit out of my door before my alarm’s even gone off, looking like shit and demanding I partake in some slutty little game of hers, that sounds like an obligation, not an opportunity.”

“It’s... I’m... I don’t... I’m not...” I wanted to protest everything he said simultaneously, and instead wound up just babbling indignantly.

“Yeah, yeah. If you want to do a proper job, come back when you’ve actually spent a little time on your appearance. Show some self-respect, for god’s sake.”

Again, the door shut. This time, I thought better than to resume my assault. Straightforwardness had failed. It was time to try a new tactic.

I headed out to the mall to take care of my appearance. Gardner being the small town that it was, it seemed like everywhere I went I was encountering people I knew, or at least whom I used to know. Former classmates, mostly, but even some of the employees in the various shops were familiar. I felt like I was getting a lot of looks of recognition, but nobody actually approached me to say hello. I'd burned a lot of bridges on my way out of town, so no surprise there.

No matter. I started with my outfit, prowling the racks until I found the perfect sexy little dress – thin cotton, bright red, deep cleavage and tight across the butt. Very hot. A man would have to have ice in his veins not to want to fuck me in this thing. Only... I asked myself: what if Jack wants something more low-key? What if he wants something less sexy, but more outright slutty? What if, what if, what if...?

I couldn't risk messing this up. I *needed* to secure that blowjob.

So I went for variety. It wound up costing me half a month's salary to cover the bases, but I had to nail this. A pair of cut-off denim shorts with the pockets hanging out the bottom with a top cut to show midriff; a see-through hot pink negligee; a skimpy bikini in brightly colored stripes. Half a dozen little variations in class and cut, style and sluttiness. I soon had enough sexy outfits to last me two weeks in Jack's company. Feeling a little wild, I bought only a single set of underwear; my younger self had always enjoyed going commando. The little black thong and cupless bra I'd simply worn out of the store beneath the dress.

The clothes I'd worn from home were left in a trash can at the mall. With my bevy of sexy attire in hand I'd made for the salon. The same woman I used to come to when I'd lived here still worked there; she didn't remember me, but she was nevertheless perfectly happy to help me run up my bill. We teased my hair up like I was auditioning for shampoo commercials; we exfoliated every bit of dry skin; we waxed legs (then, to be sure, my bikini line); we manied; we pedied. We did up my makeup so severely it was like I was going back to that homecoming (or was it prom?) I'd rejected Jack Knight for all those years ago.

With my little red dress clinging to every hill and valley on my body, I returned once more to Jack's, trying not to think about how much I'd spent since this whim struck me the night before. Thousands, for sure. I might not be able to make my rent payment this month. Yes indeed, I was living wild and free again!

My worries that Jack might be off to work by now (it was afternoon already) proved ill-founded. Not only was he home, but this time he answered the door without making me throw a tantrum. Better yet, I could tell from the way he looked at my body that he was now pleased with what he saw.

"Sooo... can I come in now?" I asked.

"Can I come in now...?"

What? What could he want? OH. "Can I come in now *please*?"

With a satisfied little nod, he stood aside to let me in. Yes. Jackpot. I thanked him, and endured a brief tour of his house. Blandly decorated, the kind of home you see in advertisements for homes. He showed me knick-knacks, family photos, even a display with his high school and college diplomas as well as a master's in something-or-other-ology, which was right about when I'd finally had enough of being Little Miss Polite Houseguest.

“You know you don’t need to show off to me, right? I already told you I’ll suck your dick.” Which was becoming less appealing every second he droned on.

Jack set down the picture he’d been showing me, taken on some trip to some beach somewhere. I hadn’t been really listening. “That’s funny, Stacy. I don’t remember telling you that you could.”

“Well yeah, I’m not gonna rip your pants off and force my mouth on you or something. Just... you know. Let’s get on with it. Get to the bedroom already.”

He folded his arms across his chest. “You know, I’ve half a mind to just toss you right back out again. It’s not like you’re doing me a favor.”

I arched a well-groomed eyebrow. “It isn’t...?”

“I’m not the one who up and flew halfway across the country to suck a guy off, Stacy. If anything, it sounds to me like I’m doing *you* the favor.”

I folded my arms across my chest. “What? You mean the girl of your dreams flying in to blow you and asking nothing in return *isn’t* a favor?”

“Girl of my...?! You know what? Fine. Go.”

My jaw nearly hit my chest, it dropped so wide. “What?! No way! I’m sucking your dick and that’s all there is to it!”

“Not with that attitude you’re not. Your days of lording your sexuality over the men of Gardner are done.”

“But... I didn’t mean to... c’mon, Jack...” I put my hand on his forearm. It was a small thing, but I’d seen that hand melt stronger wills than his.

In fact, it seemed to do the trick better than I could have possibly imagined – after only a few moments’ contact, Jack suddenly undid his pants, then shucked both them and his underwear to the floor in one quick motion. There it was. Jack Knight’s dick. It wasn’t hard, but even flaccid it wasn’t too shabby. I had high hopes for it. I wondered what it would taste like. If he’d prepped himself for me, or was planning to make me rough it. What sounds I could get him to make as I licked it.

*Just say it, I willed him. Say it. Say, “suck my dick, Stacy.” Fucking SAY IT.*

“Ahem.” I looked back up with more difficulty than I cared to admit. Fuck, I *needed* to suck that dick. He waited for me to maintain eye contact (which took several attempts) before speaking. “If you want this, then I have some expectations of you.”

“Expectations? Jack, I know maybe I came on strong and gave a false impression, but I’m not looking to start a relationship here. As soon as I’m done sucking that thing, I’m off.”

“See, this is what I mean. You’re approaching this like it’s all about *you*. But that’s entirely antithetical to the spirit of the blowjob. A blowjob, you see, is supposed to be all about *him*. It’s an act of generosity. Of love.”

“Um, no offense, but I’m not in love with you, and I doubt I ever will be.”

He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. Why was this so difficult for him to understand? All I wanted was his blessing to go dick diving. “All right, let’s do some plain talk, shall we? You want to suck my dick. But I’m only going to let you if you agree to and meet my preconditions. If you don’t, and you keep on like you have been, then you may as well leave now. Is that what you want?”

I shook my head. He was suddenly so forceful, so commanding. “All right. First off, no more bringing up the blowjob. I’ll tell you when – *if* – I’m ready. I know you want it, so stop badgering me. Understand?”

“Yeah, I guess.” I frowned.

He rolled his eyes. “And there’s number two. No more acting like you’re being put upon. From here on out, you’re to act like you’re elated to be here. You say you’re not in love with me? Fine. But I don’t let any old tramp suck my dick, so if you want a shot at this, you better convince me you’re infatuated with me.”

“But...” I caught myself already slipping up, and snapped my mouth shut. “I can do that.”

“Finally, you came here to get me to do something for you – to let you suck my dick. So in exchange, you’ve got to do for me. If you want my permission, from here on out, your purpose has to be to earn it. Give me what I ask for, and I’ll give you what you need. Sound fair?”

It didn’t sound in the least bit fair. It sounded like he was asking me to wait on him hand and foot, simpering like he was my lifelong crush, until he finally deigned to allow me to blow him. Still, from the look on his face, and the continued limpness of his cock, it didn’t look like I was going to get it any other way.

“Sounds fair,” I said.

“Good.” Then, without fanfare or warning, he reached out and grabbed one of my breasts in each of his hands. By reflex, I jumped back and very nearly slapped him across the face.

“Jack!”

He clicked his tongue at me reprimandingly. “Stacy... that was your last warning.”

There was no hesitation – not being allowed to suck Jack’s dick simply wasn’t an option for me. I didn’t just *want* to, I *had* to. I needed his permission, or everything I’d ever thought of myself would be proven a lie. From wild child to mild child, doomed to live out my days as yet another uniform cog in the wheels of the world. I couldn’t let that happen.

“No!” I exclaimed, grabbing his hands and mashing them against my chest. “I’m so sorry, um, sweetie. I was just surprised was all. Of course you can touch my breasts.”

For the first time since I’d arrived, he smiled at me as he squeezed. “Atta girl. Though I always sort of imagined you being kind of a dirty talker.”

I was, actually, but my libido wasn’t exactly going wild here, trading my dignity for my identity as I was. “Oh I am, Jackie—”

“Jack.”

“–Jack, I just love it when you fondle my big tits.” I pressed them into his palms. With the thin dress and cupless bra, my nipples hardened right against his hands as he groped me. Jack was playful about it, squeezing and squishing and even lightly smacking them as if I were a doll rather than a person. I kept a smile on my face, which was made easier by the sight of his dick finally beginning to show signs of life.

“You know, I used to fantasize about fucking these all the time back in high school,” he said, mashing them together so my nipples popped out into view. He rubbed them appreciatively.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t rather have me give you...” I stopped myself just in time. No more mentioning the blowjob, he’d said. “...um, you know, like, a lap dance?”

“Nice save,” he said. “But no, I had something else in mind. Get on your knees, Stacy.”

My smile became genuine. That sure was quick! I sunk on down, his hands only leaving my boobs when he could no longer reach. There it was, mere inches from my mouth. I was salivating, actually salivating at the prospect of sucking Jack Knight’s dick. I couldn’t wait. All he had to do was say those magic words: *suck my dick, Stacy*.

“Pull up my pants, Stacy.”

My neck snapped up to look at him, and I can only imagine the crushed expression on my face. “I... you’re sure...”

“Do I have to repeat myself?”

My pout was totally sincere. “Of course not, sexy.” I gave his cock a few soft pats. “I’ll play with you later, I hope.” Then I did as I was told. What game was he playing?

“Good girl,” Jack said when I finished, then held out a hand to bid me remain on my knees. “Next up, I need you to make up for this morning.”

“Of course, Jack. Anything you want.”

He snapped his fingers, and mindful that he’d wanted me still on my knees, I had no choice but to crawl after him. It wasn’t far, just back to the front door, which he was holding open for me by the time I caught up with him.

“But Jack, baby, lover, *please!* Please don’t make me go. I promise, I’ll be so good to you, just give me another chance! I’ll do anything you want if you just let me—”

He laughed softly. “No, Stacy. I just need you to fix the mess you made of my door. I had the darn thing painted a few months ago, and you royally fucked it up. Scrub it good and clean, get off what you can, then fetch the spare paint from the garage and touch it up.”

I looked up at him in disbelief. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“Or you can scoot on out and I’ll lock it behind you.”

Aware I’d just been crawling on all fours, trailing him at the snap of his fingers, I had to ask. “All right then. So when you say ‘fetch,’ you mean...”

Jack laughed again. “You don’t have to carry it in your mouth. Now c’mon, get to work, Stacy.”

It took me nearly two hours. Two hours on my hands and knees, crawling and scrubbing and painting, all the while dressed like I was heading out to the clubs to get myself laid. It would’ve been fine, except I was still wearing my little red dress. Bent over like this, it was so short that there simply wasn’t a way to do this without flashing my thong to passers-by. I was honked at, whistled at, cat-called, and I’m pretty sure one guy pulled over to snap a few pictures. I made sure not to turn back and look, so at least I’d just be some anonymous perfect ass.

Yet in spite of the humiliation of it... there was something about it oddly thrilling. This was the town where I’d first made a splash as the girl who pioneered quarry diving in Gardner; where I’d forced the school to rewrite both its dress code and code of conduct after my first school dance; where I’d unflinchingly won every game of Truth or Dare I’d ever played. Now, I was flashing my scantily covered pussy to anyone who drove by, and it felt amazing to just cut loose like this. It had been too long.

Jack himself by and large ignored me. I used his absence to rehearse my reactions, my mannerisms, all the little things I’d do to break his resolve like a twig. I’d come on too strong; I saw that now. I’d put all the power on his side by showing up and telling him what I wanted, revealing how eager I was. Now I just had to make him want it as much as me.

“Jack?” I called out once the paint and everything was cleaned up. “I’m all done, baby. Come see?”

I was still down on my sore, aching knees, chest thrust forward, thighs mostly bared by the brief dress. I made myself the picture of innocence as he came to inspect my handywork, just a doting girl hoping she’d done right by her man. He inspected me nearly as much as the door, but when he was done with each, he gave a nod. “Good work. That’ll do.”

“I’m so sorry I was such a silly girl,” I said, batting my eyelashes up at him. “I was just so eager, and I see now I should’ve just been patient, not bothered you when you weren’t in the mood to play with me.”

That earned me a little smile. “Apology accepted, Stacy.”

Jack offered me a hand up; I instead took his hand in both of mine and kissed it, soft and moist. Only then did I let him help me up. My hands and knees alike were both filthy by then, and Jack noticed me noticing. “Dirty girl,” he said.

I leaned in and whispered in his ear. “You have no idea how dirty.” Then, after a little suck on his earlobe, I withdrew. “I don’t suppose you’d like to help clean me, Jack? I remember where the shower is, from your tour.” I envisioned him rubbing my body all over, losing himself in his need for an orgasm from this fantasy made flesh, pushing me down to my knees and fucking my face.

It was so fucking bad-ass. I hoped he’d tell everyone he knew, so everyone would know the wild child might be gone, but she was as much a loose cannon as ever.

Jack’s voice snapped me out of my reverie. “Actually, I was thinking we might hit the pool. How’s that sound?”

“Sounds like I could get to see you wet and mostly naked,” I said with a naughty little giggle. Hamming up my attraction to him had factored prominently in my rehearsal time. “I even brought a few swimsuits by, just in case.”

“So get to it,” Jack said, reaching under my dress to smack my bare ass. I grinned at him, then scooped up my shopping bags from where I’d set them down before and made for the bathroom. I set out my choices before me, and wanted to kick myself for bothering with options. As if Jack would care if I were wearing baby blue or bright stripes? All that mattered was looking sexy, driving him over the edge where he’d finally give in his libido. I needed to suck that dick, damnit.

I opted – obviously – for the sexiest of the options. Purple fish scale material, its scant coverage a monument to the glory of side boob. The bottoms weren’t a g-string, but they were tight and skimpy enough that I’d either constantly be tugging it out of my crack or just letting physics reveal my butt cheeks all day. I had one hell of an ass, and anything that turned on Jack was just fine by me.

I strutted out to the backyard nice and slowly, one foot in front of the other, acting like I didn’t realize the cascades of jiggling flesh that heralded by arrival. A pair of gaudy sunglasses would protect me from betraying myself with stray eye-rolling and glares, which would hopefully help me maintain my role as doting girlfriend. Jack was already in the pool splashing around in the shallow end, but he stopped dead in his tracks when he saw me.

“Stacy... you look... wow.”

I smiled. “Thanks. You’re looking pretty delicious yourself, Jack.”

“Why don’t you lie down on the towel over there. I’ll get the lotion.”

Ah, more groping. Well, so be it. I laid down on my stomach, the hot cement instantly warming my body through the thin cotton beach towel. Jack was there mere moments later, then came the sudden chill of the lotion. He was thoroughness itself, and didn’t hesitate to lather even my most intimate areas. As he was delicately gripping my butt in both hands, fingers deep underneath the bikini in a pretense of protecting them from the sun, I couldn’t help but start to get a little wet.



“If I didn’t know better, I’d think you had ulterior motives for helping me out, Jack,” I giggled.

He grunted, then slowly removed his hands, like it took real effort to convince himself not to fondle my ass. I could feel his fingertips teasing little traces across my bare back. “God I wanted to fuck you back then,” he said at last.

“Only back then? I must be losing my allure.”

“Well sure, you’re every bit as hot now. More so, maybe. And maybe back then, it was just my own raging teenage hormones, but I swear... you used to be such a hellcat. You just had this way of sweeping by like the winds of chaos itself. You made us all feel like anything might happen when you were around. Like anybody had a shot, because maybe that’d be the day you felt like giving it to them.”

“Maybe not ‘anybody.’ But yeah, I did some crazy shit back then.”

His face suddenly soured; the conversation was over. “Roll over, Stacy. Let me see your tits.”

It was abrupt, but no matter. I obeyed, easing onto my back, tits bouncing in their minimal constraints. Even with the cold water soaking his trunks, I could see Jack’s cock was good and hard. “You mean, like, all of ‘em?” I pinched the sides of each little triangle, ready to tug them out of his way on command.

Jack didn’t bother replying; he just swept them aside for me, two heavy DD tits springing out into the open. Moments later he was rubbing more lotion into them, though really, it was more of a frenzied gropeathon that happened to be making use of lotion. “This is enough for now.”

I let him work, smiling blandly as he fondled me. “You know,” I said after a few minutes, “I can actually get this side by myself.”

“Are you saying you want me to stop?”

I took note of the gleam in his eyes; this was a question with a wrong answer. “Of course not, Jack baby. I was just teasing – you know I love it when you play with my titties.” I licked my lips, a subtle reminder of the offer he was still foregoing.

“Cool, cool. So then, you don’t mind if I fuck these, do you?”

Fuck my...! Damn my perfect boobs! “You’re... you’re sure you don’t want anything else?” I asked.

Jack paused, then lowered his shorts. There it was, the object of my obsession. “Hmm. You know, you’re right. Here I am, passing up on a golden opportunity. All right, hands and knees.”

Finally! With a giddy giggle of triumph, I assumed the position. I put my mouth right there in front of him, open wide, ready for those magic words to validate me. *C’mon, Jack. C’mon, tell me to suck your dick. Call me a bitch, a whore, tell me I’m a hot slut piece of ass, whatever you need to do to work through your issues, but tell me already. Make me your cock-sucker.*

Only then... he stood up and walked around behind me. Wait, was he...?!

“Been wanting a piece of this for half my life now,” he said, tugging my bottoms down around my knees.

“Wh-which?” I stammered. “My pussy, or my ass?”

As I held my position, waiting to see whether Jack was going to stuff my cunt or go right for the ass-fuck, I suddenly marveled at how far I’d come for this. On the verge of letting a

veritable stranger have his choice of holes, outdoors in his backyard, not even considering backing down. I wasn't just wild – I was practically psycho. I ought to come with a goddamn warning label. This was so fucking hot.

Jack answered my question nonverbally by slipping himself into my steaming pussy, moaning at discovering how utterly ready I was for him. And fuck me he did, with a vengeance. My hands balled up into fists around the towel beneath me as he hammered into me, soon knocking me forward so I was resting on my face and my elbows, just holding on for dear life as he had his way with my body. This was so fucking wild. I'd have let him do it all day.

“Oh, Jack,” I moaned, thinking back to my rehearsals. *Exaggerate your pleasure*, I'd told myself. *Make him want more than he's getting*. “God I love your fucking cock in me. Don't stop fucking me, baby. Your fucking dick is so fucking good.”

I was barely faking it, to be honest. The whole thing was so crazy and slutty and dirty and, well, wild. Not what I'd come here for, precisely, but it was on theme for sure.

Evidently, Jack was pretty damned excited himself, because it wasn't two minutes before his hips thrust forward and stayed there, penetrating me as deeply as any man ever had, his cock spasming inside me as we came in unison. I screeched in bliss. He gave me a few more thrusts as I trembled helplessly in aftershocks of the mind-blowing orgasm, my whole body twitching as my nerve endings fought to regain control.

“What do you say?” Jack asked as he finally pulled out, his cum trickling out of my loosened pussy, drizzling onto my ass as he stood over me.

My mouth got away from me in this moment of haziness. “Um, you're welcome?”

“Wrong.” Next thing I knew, Jack was smacking the hell out of my bare bottom. I yelped in surprise and pain at the first crack of firm hand on soft ass. By the second, I was expecting it; by the third, I was braced.

By the fourth, I was eager for it.

“Ow! Thank you, Jack! Thank you for fucking me! Ow-ow-ow! Thank you! You can do me again any time! Mmm-ow that actually feels fucking awesome, thank you thank you ow thank you!” Getting my ass smacked like a little bitch in some guy's backyard – this was a high bar for wildness.

He didn't make it to ten. “Damn. You really are a crazy slut, aren't you Stacy?”

I shook my ass at him. “I told you so.”

“Well good. Now this time, I really do wanna fuck those tits of yours. What do you say this time? Mind you, I won't be so forgiving this time around.”

I knew what I had to say if I was ever going to get dick-sucking permission. “Oh god yes, Jack, fuck my big tits – why are you still waiting?”

“Make me believe you. Ask me like you were asking for permission to suck my dick.”

Oh fuck, that was all the reminder I required of what it felt like to want something more than mere desire. To *need* it.

“You know, I've always had big tits, but what's weird is I never truly appreciated them until right this moment. Being hot, and having guys be into me... that's cool and all. But this, here, with you... that's why I have these boobs, Jack. To get off the hottest, hunkiest, sexiest stud I ever saw.”

“Wow. You're, um, not playing hard to get.”

“Fuck no, baby. I'm easy – the easiest set of tits you'll ever see. All you have to do is say yes. They're already good and slick for you. I'm already going gaga for how bad I want you to

fuck ‘em. Just say yes. Please, Jack. Please fuck my tits. I’ll make sure you don’t regret it. Please, baby. Please fuck your Stacy’s big titties.”

That’s all the more goading it took – if only he were as interested in my mouth as he was my boobs! Next thing I knew I was shoved flat on my back, bikini tugged aside, Jack’s dick already good and hard again as he plunged it between my tits. I’d never actually had a guy titty-fuck me before, and I can’t say as it ordinarily would’ve done much for me.

But then, this wasn’t just any dick – it was Jack Knight’s dick.

Each thrust into my cleavage brought his cock within licking distance of my lips. Right then, I didn’t even care that he was covered in suntan lotion and whether or not the stuff was toxic to ingest. I just wanted that dick in my fucking mouth, damnit! Yet every time I reached out my tongue to dare a taste of him, I stopped myself. I had to *earn* his permission. That was what this was all about.

So I just lay there, tits held firmly in place, and let him fuck the hell out of them. Every thrust was a hot little reminder of what a bad girl I was, how carefree I was becoming on this trip. For that alone, I actually loved having him titty-fuck me. I’d have rode that high all evening if his stamina could’ve held out.

But then he came. Not as explosively as before, but there was still plenty. It pooled in the middle of my cleavage, little pearl-colored blobs gliding across my lotion-coated tits. “Thank you, Jack,” I cooed, making sure this time I got the response exactly right.

“Holy shit, is that Stacy Robbins!” came a voice behind me. Looking back, I saw three more guys entering the yard via a side gate, each of them with a six-pack of beer in hand. There was a skinny one, a pudgy one, and a very pudgy one. I didn’t know them from Adam, but they obviously recognized me.

“Yep, what’d I tell you guys?” Jack said, tucking his package away again in still-dripping swim trunks.

The skinny one answered. “Sure, just... we didn’t really believe you. I figured Stacy was... I dunno, dead in a dumpster somewhere by now.”

“Hey!” I exclaimed, repositioning my bikini to cover my boobs.

“No offense, Stacy,” he replied. “You just... well, you always sorta looked without leaping.”

“Damn right I did.” Could they see the cum on my boobs? I quickly rubbed it in, like it was just a little extra lotion. Hopefully they hadn’t actually seen Jack making his deposit. It was impossible to say whether they were incredulous at my being here at all, at my being topless, or if they actually understood the reason for the toplessness.

“Dang, though, Stacy, you sure look amazing still. You don’t remember us, do you? We weren’t friends, exactly, but we went to school with you and Jack.” The skinny one made introductions; he was Walter, the medium-heavy one was Roger, and the fat one was Dan.

“Well, nice to be seeing you again,” I said, walking down the steps into the shallow end of the pool, eager to wash off my jizz coating.

“So what brings you back home? And, uh, to Jack’s?”

I looked to him, unsure how to respond. “Go on, Stacy. Tell the truth.” There was something in his tone; I could tell if I held back, he was going to make me pay.

“I’m, um, here to... ah... askjacktoletmesuckhisdick.” I said, then lowered my head beneath the surface and started swimming. It was mortifying. Muffled sounds of incredulity

made their way to me underwater, but I just kept swimming back and forth. I didn't surface until my lungs demanded it.

"—when I tackled that car-jacker?" Jack was saying. "Well, there was this old guy there, and he said something about rewarding bravery, and... I dunno. He told me I could make people—"

I went back down. This was all going so badly. I just wanted to *feel* wild, not to have the whole world now I was some dick-sucking tramp. At least, not first hand. Rumors were fine – legends had to begin somewhere – but not eye witnesses. Ugh. Finally, I heard Jack shouting my name, trying to get my attention underwater. I surfaced.

"Was starting to worry you'd turned into a mermaid down there," he said. "Now tell the guys again what you're doing here."

They were all staring at me as if I hadn't just told them a minute ago. I said it slower this time. "I'm here to suck Jack's dick. I just really really want to, to remember what it felt like to be wild and carefree again. Fuck adulating, right?"

"Damn," Dan said. It was like the admission had transformed me from attractive person in a swimsuit to piece of flesh on a plate. Their eyes roved my body unabashedly.

"And what would you do to be allowed to suck my dick?" Jack pressed, smirking.

"Anything," I said. It was true. I *needed* it. It was a compulsion. No sense playing coy with him.

"Well then, I tell you what. If you want to suck me off so badly, I want a little evidence that you're not an amateur. You satisfy each of my friends here, and then maybe – if they tell me you did a good enough job – I'll think about giving you my blessing to suck mine."

"Seriously?!" I whined, but my voice was drowned out by the exultant shouts of his friends.

"Shotgun!" called Roger. Jesus, like I was a cheap prize at a carnival. The others grumbled, but nobody could come up with a more fair way to decide who got first go. And since I didn't object, didn't try to run, they could see that this was going to go just as Jack had said.

"C'mon, let's give them some privacy, fellas," said Walter.

Jack nodded, waving for the other two to follow him into the house. "No rush, Rog – have fun with her, take your time. When you're done, come on in."

"Any rules?"

"Not for you," Jack said with a laugh. "For Stacy, there's just one. Do your best, or you'll never even get to kiss my dick goodbye."

I nodded. Damn it! How could this be going so wrong? What were Jack's friends about to do to me? Why was I so obsessed with sucking Jack's dick that I was about to let myself be defiled by them? And why did it feel so fucking good?

I answered my own question. *Because it's wild*. And Jack expected sterling reports, so there was no sense pretending I wasn't going to play ball.

"How can I please you, Roger?" I asked, smiling as brightly as I could.

He was grinning down at me from the edge of the pool, my face on a level with his knees. "I don't know how Jack got you so good, but I tell you what... if he's too damn dumb to give you what you want, I'm sure as hell not." Without fanfare, Roger kicked off his swim trunks; his cock was already hard, the tip up against his belly. He sat down on the edge of the pool in front of me, looking expectant.

“So, to be clear, you just want a blowjob?” Ugh, I can’t believe I was even considering this. Still, after the way he’d banished me this morning, the way he’d relegated me to chore duty all afternoon... I didn’t doubt that refusal here would mean I’d *never* be allowed to suck Jack’s dick, and that just wasn’t an option.

“Not ‘just a blowjob,’ Stacy. I want you to *want* to give me a blowjob. I want you to suck my dick like you owe me money.”

“Well aren’t we full of ourselves,” I murmured.

Roger frowned at me. “Or I can go tell Jack you weren’t interested...”

He didn’t have enough of a poker face that I couldn’t see plain as day he was bluffing; he’d accept a lackluster blowjob and count himself blessed by the heavens. But if he and the boys got to talking shop, comparing notes, I knew Jack *wasn’t* bluffing. If they weren’t impressed with my efforts, it could mean the worst result possible. Never getting to hear Jack grant his blessing.

“What, don’t I look interested?” I said, adopting a sultry smile and bouncing over to rest my arms on his thighs. I took Roger’s cock in one hand, stroking softly. “My, if it feels this big in my hand, I can only imagine how it’ll fit in my mouth.”

“Only one way to find out,” he said with a smirk. Yet when I leaned down to take him in my mouth, he stopped me. What the fuck! Doesn’t anyone in Gardner actually *want* me to suck their fucking dick?!

“You forgot to say please, Stacy.”

I swallowed past a lump in my throat, nearly choking on a piece of my shattered pride. “Please, Roger? May I please suck your cock? Pretty, pretty please?”

He giggled, elated with how easy it was proving to manipulate me. “OK, now say, ‘I’m Stacy Robbins, and I’m a cock-sucking slut.’”

I nuzzled his dick with my nose to remind him he was depriving the poor thing of my attentions, then did as he asked. “I’m Stacy Robbins, and I’m a cock-sucking slut.”

Another giggle. “Now say, ‘I’m a little slut and I can never get enough dick in my mouth.’”

It took me two tries; after the first attempt, he said I had to sound like I meant it. So the second time, I just tried to think of Jack’s dick, how badly I needed it, and put my heart into it. “Oh, Roger, don’t you know I’m just a little slut who can never get enough dick in my mouth?”

His reaction told me he didn’t mind my minor improvisation. Evidently, my words had pushed him across the line, where on one side was a childish desire to lord his power over me, and on the other was a need to have the hottest girl in his high school blow him like dick was her favorite flavor.

Roger grabbed either side of my head and impaled my face on his dick. What followed wasn’t really a blowjob, not in the true sense. I’d sucked my share of dicks over the years, and I knew what a blowjob was. It had bobbing and rhythm, tongue and lips, slick friction. This... this was a man fucking my face. The difference was profound; I thought back to a few minutes ago when Jack had bent me over and fucked my pussy. This was like that, forceful and eager to the point of insistent. I didn’t really need to do anything but keep my teeth back and tongue in place, licking and lapping where I could. He didn’t seem to notice or care.

The cold pool water dripping out of my hair and onto his lap didn’t seem to deter him; that he barely knew me and hadn’t seen me in a decade didn’t slow him down; that both his

friends and Jack's neighbors could well be watching didn't slow him down at all. No, Roger was getting his blowjob, as he saw it, and nothing was going to sour this for him.

I'd be lying if I didn't say those thoughts started getting me horny again. The sheer risk, the pointless excess of it all... this was why I'd come here, after all. Wild child Stacy Robbins, getting her mouth fucked by a stranger in another stranger's pool.

With a half-grunt half-shout, Roger came. Between his unkempt manscape and his unimpressive reserves, this was clearly a guy who'd not counted on needing stamina for getting his dick sucked today. I wondered if he ever thought of me when he jacked off.

He definitely would now, that was for sure.

Roger relinquished his grip on my head so suddenly I stumbled backwards and fell underwater; by the time I righted myself and popped back up, Roger was already standing and pulling up his boxers. "Tell you what, I could sit here and play with you all night, but I know the boys are impatient. Better head inside, let Walter and Dan have their turn with you."

"Tell them to hurry?" I implored him. "I'm just a little slut, and I can never get enough dick in my mouth." I winked. His smile assured me I'd be getting a 5-star review with Jack.

After Roger came Walter (no pun intended). Roger was apparently one to get-blown-and-tell, as Walter immediately seized upon the same demand. I remained in character, giving him every reason to believe I was as eager for the event as he was. For such a skinny guy, he sure had a fat cock. Unlike Roger, however, he actually let me ply my trade, and for the first time that day I got to actually practice giving a blowjob.

It was easy as hell to motivate myself to do good work. All I had to do was imagine the dick was Jack's, that the voice chanting, "that's it, bitch, suck that fucking dick, suck it like you're starving for cum, suck me, Stacy you fucking whore" (and so on) was Jack's. Then each word became a heavenly choir of permission, reinforcing itself over and over that yes, I may suck his dick. That it was not merely encouraged, but demanded.

The sun was at the horizon when Dan came out for his turn, waddling out while I was still splashing pool water in my face to wash away the surprise facial Walter had given me. (I'd giggled and told him I'd wear his spunk proudly, of course.) Dan, however, had something else in mind. He'd been waiting for almost an hour now, and he'd used the time to indulge in some forethought.

"Did you remember you were in my swimming class in freshman P.E., Stacy?" he asked as he pulled me into his lap on the steps of the pool.

"I guess I must've forgotten," I admitted, unsure how to turn that into yet another forced slut-line. "Bet I never wore anything as skimpy and slutty as this though, right?" I shook my breasts a little for him.

"You sure didn't. And it wouldn't have been as hot if you did. Back then you were still growing. Tits weren't as big, ass still too tight for my tastes. But now... fuck, you're perfect."

"Well thanks, big guy," I said, tracing my nails down his flabby chest, "you're not too bad yourself."

"Oh, cut the act, I know what I look like. There hasn't been a single solitary day in your life where you didn't think you were too good for me. Which isn't untrue, I guess. Though it looks like it doesn't much matter any more."

Per his wish, I cut the act. It made me nervous, being more myself, and I was surprised at the extent to which I'd been using the bimbo-slut routine as a shield against the humiliation of

what I was doing. But he didn't want me to bullshit him, so... "Yeah, looks like you and your geekwad friends finally get the chance to have your way with me."

"That's more like it," he said, and my anxiety eased. "Now from here on out, I want you to be yourself – except a very obedient version of yourself. I don't want you to pretend like you like it. Just do what you're told, and I'll tell Jack you earned your blowjob. Deal?"

"Sure, if you say so," I said. I didn't have a great handle on what 'be myself' meant anymore, because Stacy Robbins definitely wouldn't give this fatso the time of day. So I figured he just wanted me to be kind of a stuck-up bitch (guys always think a girl who won't fuck them is a stuck-up bitch), and went with that. It wasn't too hard. "So you gonna make me blow you yet or what?"

He laughed. "This is much better, really. Like I said, you were in my gym class freshman year. Some of my best and earliest fantasies were about ripping off that ugly-ass standard-issue swimsuit they put you in and fucking you right there in the pool."

"Can't say I'm sorry to have disappointed you then, Danny Boy."

He smiled, but a moment later seized the string that connected the two sides of my bikini top in his meaty fist and pulled. I heard a rip, and a moment later the shredded thing was discarded, slowly sinking in Jack Knight's pool. I wondered if it would sink low enough to find my self-respect.

"You really do have absolutely perfect fucking titties, Stacy, you know that?"

"Um, duh, they're *my* titties. Obviously I know they look perfect – unlike you and your dork friends, I can see them whenever I want."

"Funny you should mention that..." Dan bucked me off his lap and into the water, then removed his phone from his pocket. "Now I guess I can see them whenever I want too. Pose for me, bitch."

"You've got to be kidding me. Ugh, fine, let's get this over with." What choice did I have? This close to securing my third and final endorsement, I pranced and puckered for him, squeezing and kneading and shaking my tits for him. Dan took so many pics he had to stop, go back and delete some old stuff to make room for more. He got a fair number of my ass, too, though I was surprised I wasn't made to take off my bottoms.

"All right, I think that takes care of the ol' spank bank," he said, tossing the phone aside and joining me in the pool. "Now let's enjoy the here and now, eh? Stand up against the side of the pool. Facing the wall." He pointed to a spot in the shallowest part of the pool; there, I was only in the water up to mid-thigh, my waist and exposed chest in the open air. I felt conspicuously exposed.

Dan came up behind me, taking me by the hips and pulling my ass up against his crotch. Fat or no, I could still easily feel the raging hard-on I'd inspired throbbing against my butt. "Tell me, Stacy. Do you want me to fuck you? Go on, you can be honest."

"No. No, I don't want to get fucked by some lard-ass friend of Jack's. Here's hoping you don't use hookers so I don't have to worry about catching anything."

He laughed. "Nice one. Now here's how this is going to work. I think you're a little brat, Stacy. I think you always were. So I'm going to bend you over," and he did so, grabbing my neck and bending me double until my boobs and cheek rested on the cement beside the pool. "Now, I'm going to punish you like a little brat, and when you can't take any more, I want you to ask me to fuck you. Understand?"

Jesus. One of those guys who regarded women who wouldn't fuck him as somehow being a slight to his masculinity, and here I was at his tender mercilessness. "I... I understand."

"Mind you," Dan added, positioning himself for a good solid ass-paddling on me, "I don't want you to just give up after three swats and pretend that's it. When your butt is so sore that you'd genuinely rather take my cock than one more swat, only then. Then you can try to convince me."

"Just get this over with already, all right? I got more important dicks to deal with tonight."

He laughed. "Count off, Stacy."

As it turned out, it took fully quite some doing before I was ready. Jack's work earlier was nothing compared to this – he'd been spanking me softly and to enjoy the sound, to amuse himself watching my well-padded posterior tremble like a bowl of jello in an earthquake. It hadn't hurt, hadn't been a punishment. Just a means of making my ass jiggle.

Not so with Dan. Dan was here to take out the pent-up frustration and impotence he'd felt over every hot piece of ass like me who'd ever pre-rejected his non-advances. Of course, all the while – as long as I could, before I was gritting my teeth too hard to talk back any more – I was taunting him, because that's what he wanted. A bitch, a bitch who needed to be broken.

"Three. That all you got, Danny Boy?"

"Nine. Must feel like quite the bad-ass, smacking a girl when she's totally helpless and vulnerable."

"Fourteen. That was a hard one... hoping a sandwich would pop out of my bottoms if you went full force?"

"Twenty-two. I'm never going to want your shriveled cock in me, so knock yourself out back there."

"Thirty. Is it in yet? I can't tell."

And so on. Every spiteful, bitchy word only renewed his vigor. It hurt like hell – my ass was positively on fire before long. When I was driven to wailing in spite of myself, I decided to surrender. I admit that I went a little bit early... but not by much. It was finally time to reverse course.

"Thirty-four. OK, OK, you win! Jesus that hurts."

"Thirty-five! Hey! C'mon, I said you won! Fuck me already!"

"Danny, no more! Please, just get out your cock and let's get on with it!"

He stuck a finger in my sopping pussy. "You forgot to count." And then he pulled it out and gave me another one.

"Thirty... is it six? Just stop, OK? Please! Ow, oh please no more! Please, just fuck me, OK?"

"Thirty-seven! Oh shit that hurts! I'm sorry I was a bad little bitch before!"

"Thirty-eight! Please! Fucking please fucking fuck me! Please Danny, I'm begging you, just fuck me!"

I was only acting somewhat; since fucking him was a foregone conclusion, I really didn't want to sit there getting my ass hammered all night. Worse, in spite of everything... I was getting really fucking horny. This whole thing was the most humiliating, degrading thing I'd ever been through. When I'd been younger, being wild had just meant doing whatever and not caring about the consequences, but this... I understood the consequences full well, and was doing it



anyway. This was wildness on a whole new level. It was so fucking hot that when Dan finally tore my bottoms aside and thrust into me, I couldn't help but moan.

I only hoped he didn't know how sincere it was.

When Jack, Roger and Walter joined us in the backyard again, I was lying slumped over, face down and bent over the edge of the pool. Dan's jizz was still dribbling out of my ass – he'd switched holes in the middle of things by accident, but decided to stay once he had – and I could only wonder if the other three's deposits were still noticeable on my thighs, on my tits, on my face, on my breath.

"J-Jack?" I managed, seeing him standing over me. "Did... did I do good?" *I need to be a good girl for Jack. Please tell me I can do it now. I've done everything you asked.*

"I dunno, what do you think, guys?" Jack said, turning to his judge panel.

"She took my load like a champ. Got my vote," said Roger.

"I'd give her my blessing for that ass alone, but that aside, she sucks a mean dick, man. Seriously, I can't believe you held out this long."

Jack laughed. "Well the old man said the spell's got a once per target limit – wanted to have some fun before the big event," Jack said. I had no idea what he was talking about, but it didn't really matter. I looked to Dan.

"Dude," he began eloquently, "that was the hottest fucking thing I've ever done. If you don't let her suck your dick after that effort, I'll be pissed on her behalf."

Jack stroked his chin pensively, but finally nodded. "You guys are right. She's tried her best, and even if she had a rocky start, Stacy's come around. Crawl on over, babe."

A blissful smile stole over my face. It was here. Permission time. I'd never worked so hard for something in my whole life. I'd whored myself out for this, humiliated myself, let strangers take porno shots of me. I'd given this my all. I hopped out of the pool. Naked and dripping wet, I crawled to Jack's feet, kissing them reverently.

"God she's pathetic," said Walter.

"She's just dedicated is all," said Dan. "You should respect her determination."

I didn't think there was anything remotely respectable left in me aside from my indisputable status as the wildest girl in Gardner history – hell, in the history of the world, maybe.

"Look at me, Stacy," Jack commanded, and instantly, I rose up to look at him. I threw my sunglasses aside – how had those stayed on all this time? – projecting all the need and desperation and devotion in my heart at him. "OK. Go ahead..." – my heart swelled – "...and ask." My heart sank.

*Here it goes. All or nothing.*

"Jack, I woke up last night from a dream, and it was like a vision. Like I'd been struck by lightning, and it woke up the deepest part of me with the sudden certainty of what I need to do with my life. To tell the truth, I've let myself settle these past few years. I'm boring. I hate what my life has become. I needed to rekindle the old Stacy, the wild child of Gardner. And you've helped me do that – you all have. I've never been crazier, more wild, in my whole life. Now, to cement it for all time, I just need you to tell me the words I've longed to hear all day.

“Tell me to suck your dick, Jack. Let me be your fantasy slut, your hot, dick-sucking, highschool crush fantasy whore. Just tell me. Tell me I can. Please. Give me your permission.”

I could practically hear Jack’s friends’ fresh boners straining at their shorts at my begging. Even with the bullshit I’d summoned for them, the begging and pleading and self-degradation, it was nothing compared to this. I’d just told them – quite honestly – that my whole life was now defined by whether or not Jack would grant me his blessing to suck his dick.

Heart in my throat, I awaited his response.

“Stacy... you may suck my dick.”

It was like fireworks were going off in my cunt, like a thousand tongues licking every nerve ending between my brain and my clit. I gasped in rapture upon hearing his words, collapsing forward and barely catching myself before face-planting in the grass. I had it. I’d been given his permission. I’d done what I came here for. While I recovered from the most mind-blowing orgasm of my life, Jack had bared his cock for me once more, his balls red and swollen, looking as eager for me as I had been for him moments ago.

I uppercut him right in the nuts with all my strength as I stood up.

Roger, Walter and Dan each leapt back, mouths open like trout as they watched Jack collapse to the ground. He was clutching his nuts and gasping, a thin wheezing noise continuously emanating from his throat. He definitely wouldn’t be getting up any time soon.

“What the fuck, you crazy bitch?!” Dan shouted.

Without hesitation, I turned and punted him right in the groin. He was evidently too stunned to have yet activated his fight or flight response, and was soon on the ground on top of Jack, the two of them trying to make sense of a world that could possibly have so much senseless agony in it.

Roger and Walter scampered away in terror, and I didn’t bother pursuing. After stomping a few times on Dan’s cell phone and throwing the bits in the pool, I just went inside, called a cab, got dressed, and made my exit. (Oh, and I scratched *Stacy Was Here* in the fresh paint on the front door, just for good measure.) If Jack and Dan recovered by the time my cab arrived, they had the good sense not to come after me.

On my ride back to the airport, I couldn’t stop smiling. Life was no longer stale. I was an honest-to-god authentic wild child, and nobody but me could take that away again.

*One of the core balancing issues to several of the game’s most obvious balance issues revolves around the issue of interpretation. Reasonable and responsible uses of power that advance the game should not be punished, but greed can be an unbecoming trait at the table. After all, a wish is a most powerful thing indeed, and players who blithely abuse such a gift should be put on notice. A player who uses it saying, “I wish for two more levels” should not be surprised when a two-level building suddenly drops on his head.*

*Suggestion (and its infinitely mightier cousin, Demand) can be handled in much the same way. Using these as a tool to rob a woman by suggesting that she “give me everything [she’s] got” can be a swift route to contracting abyssal herpes, or at the very least a burdensome child support payment.*



