

My New Girlfriend
Chapter Eight

“Turn it on, Erika.”

She spread her legs apart in her seat, then reached down and flipped the switch. A muted buzz emitted from inside her. When she spoke, her voice was tremulous. “It’s on, master.”

I drove on in near-silence for a few blocks. Around us, other drivers kept doing double takes at the sight of the sexy Latina in my passenger seat, naked but for the trench coat. Even that was parted to give me ease of access to any part of her I would like.

“You know not to call me that in front of people, right? Other than Courtney, that is.”

She nodded, breathing shakily. “Of course, master. Slave Erika wouldn’t want to embarrass you. Are there any uh-HUHther rules... I should... mmm... know?”

“Hmm. No climaxing without permission.” I didn’t really intend to withhold that permission, but still. Today was about getting her good and trained.

Courtney and I had had a long talk over breakfast. We’d agreed that if I was going to keep Courtney as my girlfriend – which I was – while still keeping on Erika as our sex slave – which we were – that we needed to get her acclimated. My girlfriend had insisted she’d be happier, and in turn make us happier, once she understood her new life and settled into a rhythm.

To that end, and with her being declared the winner of last night’s competition, she and I were heading off for some “basic obedience training” as Courtney called it. (“At least that’s what they call it when you do it for your dog,” she added with a giggle.) Courtney was making herself scarce for a few days so it would be just me and Erika, and I’d called in to work to use some PTO.

For the next few days it was just me and the quivering, whimpering slave girl in the seat next to me. She didn’t know it yet, but we were heading to her apartment to pick up her personal effects – so when we wanted her clothed, we could dress her. Courtney had given me the address, as I wanted the destination to be a surprise. I was even staying off the expressway and taking a roundabout route to throw her off scent.

Though as I watched her chest heaving, tight little ass squirming in her seat, I doubted she was fully aware what continent she was on. Her eyes were closed, and her jaw hung slack. Even someone just seeing her from the neck up would guess what was happening down below from the look on her face.

“Either that’s a seriously top notch vibrator, or you’re just over-sensitive,” I observed.

Her eyes opened, and she took a few deep breaths. “N-no. Well, maybe, I don’t know, there’s not exactly a diagnostic for that. But... ever since... well, everything just feels better when it’s obeying. Normally this would feel good, but since you told me to do it and I did, it feels amazing. Which probably makes no sense to you at all, but whatever.”

“Not really,” I agreed. Still, useful information.

“Oh FUCK,” she panted, fingers digging into her smooth brown thighs. “Drew, if I’m getting too close, can I shut it off? Just until I can handle it?”

“No. You have to control yourself. And what happened to ‘Master’ and ‘Slave Erika’ – forget yourself?” She rushed to correct herself, but I held up a hand to quiet her. “I’m kidding. Actually, why don’t we save that for when we revive the harem girl character. I like the dirty talk, but ‘Drew’ is fine.”

“But... Courtney told me to call you master. Are you totally sure?”

I laughed. Courtney, always looking out for my ego. “I’m sure, Erika.”

She mulled this over for a moment – or diverted her attention back to her pussy. “All right then... Drew. If that’s what you want, I obey.”

“Good girl.” This phrase had also been Courtney’s idea – following her rationale about the puppy training, she’d thought some kind of positive reinforcement would be the equivalent of a treat for good behavior.

Erika moaned, grabbing her friend vibrator and giving it a few little twists. She caught herself in time though, suddenly splaying her legs and gripping her armrest with one hand and my forearm with the other.

“I’m sorry. Almost... almost got away from me. It won’t happen again. Promise.”

“It better not.” It was strange how her subservience brought out my bossiness, but then, that was part of the point of this – to acclimate us both to the new status quo.

We went on in silence, and I amused myself just by watching her struggle not to orgasm. I wondered if she was thinking about baseball, or what her technique was. Whatever it was, it seemed to work. I pulled up into a parking spot alongside her apartment complex and put it in park. It was not a very good neighborhood – I’d thought not from the address, but I never came to this part of the city.

“Put these on,” I said, handing her a pair of Courtney’s panties. Courtney was a little bigger than her, but these were good and tight on her, and the elastic should hold them onto Erika just fine.

She seemed to realize where she was as she did. “We’re... we’re at my apartment.”

“We sure are. Come on.” I got out. She followed a moment after, cinching up her trench coat as she wobbled over a bit unsteadily, the vibrator now held snugly in place by her panties.

“Drew, I... we... we shouldn’t be here.”

“What, embarrassed to be seen with me?”

“I... well, yes, I’m mostly naked and anyone in ten feet is going to hear that buzzing.”

“So get over it.”

“But–”

“Are you going to obey like a good girl? Because if not, I know where I can find someone who’d be happy to take your place.”

She still hesitated for a moment, but took a deep breath – then another as she fought off another near-orgasm – and made for the building. “Then let’s hurry.”

I followed her up the stairs, enjoying a nice view up her coat all the way. She fumbled in her purse for her keys, and then it took her three tries before she could get them in the lock. I slipped my hand under her coat and rested it on her ass. No sense resisting the impulse, I rationalized, trying not to think about Courtney.

I kept it there as we went inside. The place was on the dingy side, and the odor clearly marked it the abode of a smoker. Erika just shut the door behind us quickly, looking to me for direction.

“Cozy little place.”

“Yeah, sorry about the smell. I told my roommate a million times to take that shit on the balcony.”

We were both startled by a sudden voice behind us. “Yeah, well when you skipped out on three months’ rent and then disappeared for the fourth, I sorta thought maybe I was entitled to do what the fuck I wanted in *our* apartment that *I’ve* been paying for.”

There behind us was a young woman about Erika’s age, dressed in black pants and a white button-up shirt with a nametag pinned on the breast button. She was also wearing a deep and very natural-looking scowl. “Oh hey, Morgan. I... didn’t think you’d be in.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet you didn’t. Who’s this, your new pimp? Doesn’t look like much.”

I realized I still had my hand up her coat, now slowly twisting at Courtney’s vibrator. I pulled my hand back so fast I turned it off by accident, and the white noise of its buzz halted. “Sorry, no. I’m her friend Drew.”

“Well, just super meeting you, Andy,” she replied sarcastically, “but maybe you should give me and E here and minute. See, your little slam-piece here owes my ass almost four grand.”

“The hell I do!” Erika retorted, and the two launched into a spirited argument. It was evident Morgan was mostly in the right; Erika conceded to missing some of the rent, and yes, she’d borrowed some but she’d been paying it back where she could. Finally, Morgan just threw up her hands and stormed out to the balcony for a smoke.

(As Morgan explained in yet another redressing of her roommate, she’d been working all night at her second job to have enough to cover rent, and she needed a smoke, and a moment away from Erika before she hit her in the face.)

“Do you want to fuck her?” Erika asked the moment the balcony door closed behind her. I started. “Excuse me?”

“I asked if you wanted to fuck Morgan.”

“Hey. I mean, she’s very attractive, but I do actually have a girlfriend, you know.” To say nothing of the fact that, like Erika and Courtney, Morgan was another twenty-something bombshell. Her dynamite figure was apparent even in her rather drab work outfit. It was easy to see how the three of them would fit together, and impossible to see how a normal girl of that ilk would throw herself at me the way Erika and Courtney had.

“So? Courtney doesn’t care. She lets you fuck me. Hell, she *wants* you to fuck me. Remember what she said, right before we left? She said, ‘make sure he doesn’t want for anything.’”

“Yeah, so?”

“So, I’m just saying, if you want to fuck her, I can make it happen. She’s frosty, sure, and she might hate my ass, but she’s got some kinks. Say the word, and I could make it happen.”

Glancing out to the balcony, I saw Morgan’s ass as it was hugged by her tight black pants, the shape of her breasts in her blouse. She was built a lot like Courtney, busty and hippy, only with dark curly hair instead of blonde, and a trace of an olive complexion rather than

fair-skinned. She was definitely hot, and I felt something twitch in my pants at Erika's suggestion.

What was happening to me? Here I was in the best relationship of my life, but all of the sudden just the thought of having another girl was just so...

Well. Never mind that thought. "She wouldn't be interested," I insisted. "Just because you got roped into being my sex slave doesn't mean every hot girl you know wants to sleep with me."

"Bet you a hundred bucks I can talk her into it."

I arched an eyebrow. "Should you be gambling when you're already deep in debt?"

"Two hundred."

"And don't I technically own everything you own now? I could just tell you to give me the money."

"Of course you could, but that's no excuse to be a pussy. C'mon. Bet you I can. Not like you have to go through with it. I just want to prove what I can do for you."

"What is it with you two and trying to get me laid all the time?"

She leaned in and whispered into my ear. "We just want you to be happy." With a little suck on my ear lobe, she drew back.

"Fine," I said after a moment. "I'm not going to do it. But if you want to make your point, go ahead."

I wouldn't do it. I was in love. Even if Morgan was crazy hot, and even if Erika could do whatever it was she going to do.

Hold on.

"Wait."

Erika paused at the balcony door and turned back to me. "What's up?"

"You are *not* to turn her into another sex slave. Understand? I have at least one more than I can handle as it is. If you do to her... whatever Courtney did to you, whatever someone did to Courtney, then we're done. I'll never so much as look at you again."

She just laughed. "You're the only guy I've ever met who'd say no to having a harem of adoring little bimbos bowing and scraping for him. But don't worry. I won't do anything – promise. She's just got kinks, and I know how to work 'em."

I gave her a hard look.

"Hand to God, OK? No funny business. You can watch right through the window – you see me whip out my voodoo kit, I'll accept whatever punishment you like. Relax."

I nodded. For the life of me, I knew I shouldn't. Too much was happening that I didn't understand, and I'd come here to get answers, not score more pussy. But there it was, this drop-dead sexy girl not thirty feet from me, and just that thought, of her... being like them...

I shook it off, and went into observation mode.

Their discussion was thorough, and it was clear the first end of it was just Erika mollifying her roommate – ex-roommate, I supposed – and smoothing things over. Soon their conversation looked casual, and knowing what Erika was about, I could see the tell-tale signs of someone working a deal. Innocent expression, calm explanations, a little point of the finger to note when she'd made a good argument.

I watched Morgan for when she'd slap her, or storm away, or come in and tell me I was a pervert and needed to get the fuck out before she called the cops.

Instead, the two came inside grinning like Cheshire cats. Morgan didn't even say a word as she began unbuttoning her blouse.

By some dim-witted reflex, I averted my eyes respectfully and turned around. "Whoa now," I stammered.

"He really is a sweetheart," Morgan said to Erika, then addressed me. "You can turn around, Drew. I promise, the view's better in this direction."

"You're... you're taking your shirt off."

"Update: it's already off, and now I'm taking my pants off." I could hear the fabric sliding down, informing my mental image. I'd seen her panty lines when I was scoping out her butt earlier; now I was wondering what color those panties were.

And why I was imagining instead of just turning around and looking.

Courtney. That's right. I had a girlfriend. I should definitely not be looking at this beautiful woman stripping for me.

Not that Courtney would mind. She was the one who'd set up the threesome with Erika, after all, and she was a bigger cheerleader for getting me to stick my cock in Erika than the girl was herself. She wanted me to be happy, have as much fun as I could.

And Morgan certainly seemed to be a fun kind of girl.

I could hear her coming closer even before I felt her warm breath on the back of my neck. Something brushed my back – her breasts, I realized, that's how close she was – and then her voice was in my ear, soft and sultry.

"I wish you'd turn around. I've got so much I want to show you," she said breathily.

"I... err... I have, um, a girlfriend," I stuttered. My voice almost broke, I was so nervous.

"Two of them, from what I hear. Well, one girlfriend and one fuck toy." She rested her chin on my shoulder, her hands resting on my hips. "Which is a good fit for her, I think. How about for you?"

"Huh?" With my nervousness mounting, I remembered the other reason I'd never had a shot with girls like this.

"I said, is having Erika as your fuck toy a good fit for you?" Her fingers kneaded my skin, creeping toward the front of me bit by delicious bit.

"Um, yeah. She's... she's hot."

"Yeah she is," Morgan said, nuzzling her cheek against my neck. "Is that what you like, Drew? Hot little bitches that do whatever you say?"

"Y-yeah. I, um, I mean, I guess so."

She began working at my belt, and I was powerless to stop her. "Yeah I bet you do. I bet she likes it too, huh, little slut that she is. I bet all you'd have to do is tell her to get her ass over here and suck your cock and she'd be doing it like she was grateful for it. Is that right, Drew? You think Erika would like to suck you off?"

I could feel the hard points of her nipples pressing into my back as she pulled me up against her. "Yeah. I mean, I think so."

"Why don't you show me." When I didn't, she grabbed my rock-hard dick through my pants and rubbed along the length of me slowly. If it was meant to get my attention, it was only

middlingly successful. “C’mon, Drew. Let me hear you tell her to suck your dick. Say, ‘Erika, come suck my dick.’ Go on, say it.”

Damn, but did she ever have a good idea. “Erika, come suck my dick.”

“Happy to,” Erika said. I’d almost expected her to call me master, but I remembered our discussion in the car. She’d shed her coat while my back was turned, and she crawled around in front of me in nothing but the panties she’d borrowed from Courtney.

Which was the closest I could come to thinking about my girlfriend just then – someone who gave my fuck toy panties.

“Doesn’t she look good like that? I think she looks so good, on her knees, her little slut mouth full of cock. Don’t you think so?” Morgan asked as Erika obediently began sucking me off. She was still running her fingers all around my pubic region.

“Uh, huh,” I managed between groans.

“You should tell her, then. Even little cock-sucking sluts like Erika like compliments. Why don’t you tell her what a good little cock-sucker she is.” Morgan pressed her wet lips to my neck, kissing it up and down.

“She is. You are,” I said, correcting my address mid-way. “You’re a top notch cock-sucker.”

Erika smiled around my shaft as she kept working me. Morgan let her for a time, still kissing along my neck and jaw, her hands still teasing at me. “You know, some boys have told me that I’m a pretty good cock-sucker, too,” she said.

I didn’t know what to say to that, lost in a fog of arousal. “One time, my boss, he told me he’d give me a raise if I sucked his cock. And you know what? I did the math, and by now my mouth would’ve earned me over six thousand dollars.”

“That’s... that’s good,” I said. By now, I was leaning back against her; if she took a step back, I’d fall.

“Do you want to see if I can do as good as Erika, Drew? Do you want to feel what a six-thousand-dollar mouth feels like sucking your dick?”

I did. I hadn’t even seen her naked yet, but right then I didn’t need to. Only... “I, um, I have a... you know. A, um, girlfriend.”

“And what a lucky girl she must be. Your fuck toy thinks so too, don’t you Fuck toy?”

“Uhm huhm,” Erika replied, never letting my shaft out of her mouth.

“I tell you what, I don’t want you to cheat on her, so why don’t we just pretend I’m just another fuck toy like Erika? You can’t cheat on your girlfriend with a toy, after all. Then you’re just taking care of yourself.”

“I... but, you’re not...”

“I’m not? C’mon, tell me just like you told her. Tell me, ‘Morgan, come suck my dick.’ And I’ll do it. Watch.”

“But she’s already...”

“Tell her to stop. Tell her to make room for your new fuck toy.” She combed her fingers through Erika’s black hair where it hung down on her forehead. “I’ll say please, if you want. That’s what a good fuck toy would do, isn’t it Drew? Ask nicely? Pretty pretty please, may I suck your big hard dick?”

Honestly, I can’t believe I didn’t cum then and there.

“Erika... make room for her. Morgan... suck my dick.”

Erika let me slide out of her mouth with a wet *pop*, somehow looking smug even under these circumstances. Morgan gently helped me correct my balance and stop leaning as she came around to the front, sauntering a good deal out before me so I could admire the sway of her hips, the lingering jiggle of her tits as she spun to face me.

I'd not been able to see with her clothes on that she was well and thoroughly inked; dozens of colorful tattoos decorated her shoulders, upper arms, her breasts, back, her thighs, even one on her bare-shaved pussy that was a small naked female angel with a lustful expression on its face.

I'd not take it all in yet when she knelt beside Erika. By some instinct – the same one that last night had made me fuck Erika so hard in the shower that I'd nearly pounded the door off its track – I put one hand on Morgan's head and one hand on Erika's then pressed their mouths to either side of my shaft.

In tandem, the two of them sucked me off like never before. Whenever one took me into her mouth, the other would lick and suck on my balls or at the other's cheek until she could no longer stand the deprivation and nudged her playmate aside to suck me into her own mouth. Morgan wrapped her huge tits around my leg and shamelessly rubbed herself on me whenever it wasn't her turn; I granted Erika's request when she asked me to be allowed to turn her vibrator back on, promising she'd be a good girl and not cum until given my permission.

I gave her that blessing at the same moment I gave it to myself, filling Morgan's mouth so full her cheek's bulged before she could swallow it down as Erika shrieked in release and collapsed onto her back, twitching in the aftershock of her orgasm.

“Holy fuck, thank you,” I said as I slumped back on the couch.

“Why would you thank us?” Morgan asked, licking her lips as she knee-walked up to me. “We're your fuck toys, remember? Do you thank your toaster, or your doorstep?”

“Uh, no, I guess not.”

“Then why would you thank us? We're just two more objects that exist to make your life better.”

The orgasm had cleared my mind somewhat – though with this vision of sexuality still kneeling at my feet, her tits resting on my lap, only somewhat – and I began to grow suspicious. I'd seen this look before. This behavior.

“Morgan, you're not... Erika, tell me you didn't.”

Erika lolled her head to look her our direction. “Of course not. I told you, she's kinky. Girl gets off on weird stuff. I never used to understand it until now.”

“I'll get off on whatever, whenever, Drew. That's what you like, right? Hot little sluts like me and Erika, our drippy pussies leaking all over the place while we fulfill your every perverted desire?”

“I mean, yes, I liked it, but... this isn't normal behavior.”

“Well sure,” she agreed. “Normal girls don't serve and obey and give men their tits and asses and cunts and let themselves be used however a man likes. Normal girls are boring. You like obedient little fuck toy girls, don't you.”

“That's it, I have to check. Morgan, stand up.”

She did, dragging her boobs across my chest and then rubbing them in my face a little before she stood fully erect. “You got it. What now? Want me to dance for you? A little twerking? A lap dance?”

“Stand on one foot.”

She giggled, and left her feet planted. “Don’t go over-estimating my balance now. I look more graceful than I am.”

“I said stand on one foot. Obey.” I made my voice firm.

Morgan did nothing of the sort. “You have two sexy little fuck toys here, and you want to play silly little games? Come on, you know what you really want to do to me, and it’s not a game.”

“Bark – bark like a dog,” I said, remembering Courtney’s eager willingness to do so when I’d commanded her to do so the other day.

“Oh, you want to fuck me like I was a little bitch? You can fuck me like a bitch, Drew.” She settled onto the couch beside me, resting her forearms on the far armrest and pointing her naked ass at me. It was a foot away from my head. I could smell her arousal, see where her pussy was literally dribbling down her thighs. She wagged it at me, giving me an inviting smile over her shoulder.

“You’re... you’re not obeying.”

Erika crawled over to me, the contents of her pussy still buzzing. “See? I told you I didn’t turn her into your brainwashed slave or something.”

“Turn me into a slave? What do you... oh...” Morgan began her question, but it died as Erika guided one hand to her ex-roommate’s pussy and slipped two fingers inside her. I pumped gently in and out of her, and she just moaned and waited.

“Fuck toys are meant to be seen and not heard,” Erika instructed.

“Mmm, come on now, I bet Drew likes hearing us moaning like the little sluts we are,” Erika said, wriggling her hips to grind her pussy around my fingers. She moaned a little extra, making her point.

My suspicions faded – Courtney and Erika had both proven they would obey even these stupid, petty commands unquestioningly. Morgan, for all she was playing a similar role, seemed to just be doing it for fun.

Which was good, because I was already hard again. Erika seemed to be reading my mind (though I guess it was actually pretty obvious what I wanted), and gave my cock a few soft strokes with her hand. “I think he’s ready to fuck his fuck toys, Morgan.”

“Oh thank god,” the busty girl said with a happy sigh, still thrusting back against my outstretched hand. “Where do you want me, Drew? Do you want to just sit there and let me ride you, do all the work? Or do you like me like this, on all fours ready to get fucked like a bitch in heat? Or maybe on my back so you can watch how good your big hard dick makes me feel?”

Erika gave her roommate’s wide ass a playful swat. “What makes you so sure he wants to fuck *you*? Yours ain’t the only available cunt in the room, princess. C’mon, what do you say, Drew? You haven’t fucked me in hours and hours, and I’m so fucking wet and horny for you,” she whined.

“No fair, you’re his on-call fuck toy, you get to fuck him all the time,” Morgan shot back with a sulk.

To the extent that I'd gained any control over this situation, I soon lost it all over again as my two self-styled fuck toys fell to an enthusiastic argument over who was more deserving of a good fuck. Their voices became a cacophony of whorish pleading, their bodies twin whirlwinds of teasing, fondling, grinding, wriggling, suckling girl flesh. I couldn't even make out whose voice, whose offers, was whose.

"C'mon, Drew, don't you want to fuck your hot little slut's pussy?"

"My pussy, my ass, whichever you want."

"There's nothing you couldn't do to me, Drew."

"I'll fuck you so good you won't ever want another pussy again."

"She's just being selfish, Drew – I want to fuck you to make *you* feel good."

"Don't listen to her, Drew, my pussy is yours to fuck whenever you want."

So naturally, I fucked both of them. By the time the haze of lust had lifted sometime that afternoon, I couldn't even remember which one I'd fucked, or where I'd been with each.

I remembered lifting up Morgan's robe and fucking her on the balcony while she took her smoke break, smiling and softly grunting out at the neighborhood.

I remembered Erika bending over and grabbing her ankles while I fucked her, sandwiched between me and Morgan as she cradled my face to her tits.

I remembered lying on someone's bed – I didn't know whose – staring up at the ceiling while I caught my breath, not knowing who was sucking my dick to get me hard again, not caring who mounted me after, not caring who climbed aboard and began to ride me, not comprehending whose pussy I was eating as they sat on my face.

Morgan and I fell asleep for a time, and when I awakened I saw Erika had packed what few effects she intended to. A couple trash bags filled with clothes, and a box with a handful of personal effects. The rest, she told us as we stirred, she was leaving to Morgan to pay down her debt.

With our sexathon concluded, I saw no need to linger around the place. I thanked Morgan for the great time, and told her I hoped to see her around. She gave a response that made me sure she'd bear no ill will if I didn't come around again, while still being friendly enough that I didn't think she'd be upset if I stopped by. I didn't mean to – really, with Erika and Courtney, what would be the point – but it was nice.

I left the two of them to say their goodbyes as I carried down the first load of Erika's stuff. (She might be bound to my service, but she was still a hundred and twenty pounds soaking wet. Not exactly a pack mule.) As I stepped out, Morgan was saying that Erika had better have another apartment full of stuff to give her if she wanted to show her face around here again, but I could tell she was mostly teasing. Even if they might not like each other, the hatchet was buried.

"... everybody my best," I heard Erika saying as I came back up.

"Yeah, we don't really see each other so much any more. I bumped into Lacey the other day though. She asked about you."

"Cool."

I stepped back in and picked up Erika's remaining stuff. "We all set here, ladies?"

"Look at him, being all respectful, carrying your stuff, calling us 'ladies.' You landed a pretty good master here, Erika."

I blushed to hear our relationship acknowledged. “Yeah, I like him pretty well even aside from being his obedient little bitch,” Erika said, kissing my cheek.

Erika turned over her keys. This time, she was clothed – skimpy, but not trench coat-panties-and-vibrator skimpy – as we set out. “So where we off to now?” she asked as we settled into the car.

“Not really sure. I’d planned on hanging at your place – you never said you had a roommate.”

“On the money I was making, you think I could afford my own apartment?”

“Fair enough. I guess we can just get a hotel.”

“Why don’t we just go back to your place, kick out Courtney while you break me in? I *did* win the contest after all.”

“You’re my fuck toy; she’s my girlfriend,” I said firmly. As much for me as for her. “Which means you don’t get to kick her out of anything.”

“I’m sorry. You’re right. I was out of line, mast... Drew.”

It was quiet as we rode along. I wondered how much it stung for her, that minor expression of my displeasure. A little, I hoped, but I also hoped not a lot.

“Say, what did you used to do, by the way?” I asked after a while.

“Come again?”

“You mentioned you couldn’t afford your own place. What did you do?”

“Eh, various things. Made ends meet.”

I looked at her sideways. “Erika, answer the question. That’s an order. Always answer my questions honestly from now on.”

“Yes master,” she said reflexively. “I’ve done lots of jobs. I used to work as a waitress at a night club downtown, and before that for a while in retail.”

I was about to say something, but evidently she wasn’t finished. “And I delivered drugs.”

I blew right through a red light. Brakes screeched, horns honked. Somehow we didn’t die, and mercifully there was no cop to witness it. I pulled into a gas station and threw it into park as Erika looked around wide-eyed.

“You did *what*?”

“I... delivered drugs. For this guy. Look, it’s not that big a deal.”

“Not that big... are you still doing it?”

She shook her head. “No, not any more. I haven’t heard from him in a while. Which probably means he’s either dead or moved to the other side of the planet. Or maybe just laying low, if he’s smart.”

I gave myself a moment to process this. “So... if you were delivering drugs, were you using them too?”

Erika looked down, ashamed, and nodded slowly. Tears began running down her cheeks. “I’m sorry. I know you’re disappointed. I’m not a junkie or anything. I barely use any more. I mean, I don’t, now that I belong to you.”

I took her forearm in my hand and squeezed firmly. “Erika, I need you to listen to me, all right? I have a question, and it’s very important you be completely honest. I’m not mad at you, OK? I just need you to be honest. Can you do that?”

She nodded, brightening at the chance to obey.

“Did you use – get high, whatever – at my apartment the night of our threesome? This past weekend?”

Her chin quivered. I’d always been the sort who melted at the sight of a beautiful woman crying, but right now I had to be firm. “I... yes. I did. I was a little nervous – believe it or not I didn’t used to have random threesomes all the time – and I brought the last of my stash to help take the edge off. I shouldn’t have, I know. I’m sorry.”

“So you’re saying *you* brought it. Not Courtney.”

“Yeah. It was all me. I don’t think she’d even know how to get her hands on stuff any more. She had nothing to do with it.”

I didn’t answer, slumping back in my seat. I’d been so sure of my theory – that the contents of those syringes had been the agent that turned these two girls into my sex slaves. That Courtney had duped her friend with the promise of a fake high, then treacherously made her my play thing. I’d been so sure that this would lead me to whatever supposedly terrible secret Courtney didn’t want me to know. That she feared I would learn more than anything.

Instead, it was just a party girl getting high in my bathroom because she was nervous about fucking some guy she didn’t know.

Back to square one.

I put the car back in drive and got back on the road without another word, trying to puzzle through it all. If not the syringe, then what? What had Courtney used to enslave her? I didn’t believe in magic – at least, I hadn’t before all of this – and I was sure Courtney wasn’t some closet chemist who’d concocted a mind control pill, or a mad scientist who’d built a brainwashing ray gun.

How had she done it?

When it hit me, I almost ran another light. (I really needed to do my detective work off of the road.) There it was, embedded right in my own question: What had *Courtney* done to enslave her?

Erika wasn’t my sex slave. She was Courtney’s.